Australian Essays

SELECTED BY

GEORGE H. COWLING

AND

FURNLEY MAURICE

MELBOURNE: MELBOURNE UNIVERSITY PRESS

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AUSTRALIAN ESSAYS
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### ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The editors and the Melbourne University Press wish to make due acknowledgment to the following authors, authors’ representatives and publishers, for permission to use the essays named:

To John Murray, London, for the Rev. W. H. Fitchett’s *The Man Who Discovered Australia*, and the essay we have called “Australia,” which is the introduction to *The New World of the South*; to the family of the late Marcus Clarke for his *Buckley, the Escaped Convict* and *Adam Lindsay Gordon*; to Mrs. Nina F. Moyes and The Bulletin Newspaper Company for James Edmond’s *Up a Northern River*; to Mrs. Elaine Whittle for Donald Macdonald’s *Village and Farm*; to Professor T. G. Tucker for *On Reading the Best Books*; to Angus & Robertson, Sydney, for the late A. W. Jose’s *The Art of Translation*; to Mrs. Constance Robertson and The Bulletin Newspaper Company for A. G. Stephens’ *A Word for Australia*; to Miss Mary E. Fullerton for *The Old Bookshelf*; to Professor Ernest Scott and Wilson & Mackinnon (Proprietors of the *Argus*) for *After Many Days*; to Angus & Robertson, Sydney, for the late Professor J. le Gay Brereton’s *Our Country*; to Angus & Robertson for Professor Walter Murdoch’s *On Doors*, and Robertson & Mullens (Melbourne) for *An Australian in London* and *An Australian in Florence*; to Thomas C. Lothian Pty. Ltd. for Sir Archibald Strong’s *Pugilism in Antiquity*; to Edward Arnold & Co. (London) for Professor Wood Jones’ *Of Coral Islands and Claypans*; to the Oxford University Press and Professor J. J. Stable for *The High Road of Australian Verse*; to Mrs. Vance Palmer and Angus & Robertson for *Austral English*, and Mr. Vance Palmer for *The Great War*. 
Introduction

THE word 'essay,' which is another form of 'assay,' meaning the trial of the fineness or the value of gold, is derived from a Latin word *exagium*, a test, a weighing. An essay was originally a consideration of a subject with the intent to find out its value in human life and conduct. Michel de Montaigne (1533-1592), a philosophically minded French lawyer, after his retirement in 1571, began to write his thoughts on such subjects as Friendship, Solitude, Anger, Cruelty, and Books, in order to wile away the time and to prevent his mind from becoming brutish and sluggish.

Montaigne was a very great man, not an eager partisan for any particular opinion, but wise, hesitating and tolerant, a great reader and a great scholar; and in his essays he was entirely natural and sincere. He said in his preface: 'I desire therein to be delineated in mine own genuine, simple and ordinary fashion, without contention, art or study; for it is myself I portray.' His essays became recognized as a new form in literature. To set down one's ideas about a given subject, as Montaigne had done, became fashionable; and across the Channel in England, Bacon's *Essays* and Ben Jonson's *Timber or Discoveries* are examples of a new literary form, the essay, which arose early in the seventeenth century.

The history of the essay as a literary form does not concern us. But we might note that the form of the essay commended itself to those writers who contributed to the periodicals of the eighteenth century. Addison and Steele wrote essays for *The Spectator*, Goldsmith for *The Public Ledger*, Dr. Johnson for *The Rambler* and *The Idler*. And in the nineteenth century the essay became recognized as an established form in which journalists contributed to magazines and reviews. Lamb's 'Essays of Elia' were written for *The London Magazine*. Macaulay's essays were contributed to *The Edinburgh Review*. The essay is now well established as a literary
form in which a writer, be he poet or critic or historian or economist, communicates his views upon some subject of his own choice to the public through the medium of the press.

The essay is journalism; but at its best it is excellent journalism, wise or witty in its treatment of the subject, and having some grace or force of style. Because it is journalism and because it is topical, many otherwise excellent essays fall into oblivion. The passing interest of their subjects is exhausted. The essays are forgotten. But on the other hand, some essays are for all time. Some subjects never wear out. Some essays are written with such fineness and force, and are so wise in their consideration of the subject, that they have the power of interesting a second and a third generation as strongly as they interested those for whom they were written. Some essayists, too, were, and are, men of great force and independence of character. They possess distinction. They have qualities which mark them out from their fellow men. They are wise, or they are observant, or they have learning, or good taste or, it may be, the power of writing English in a style which charms. The essays of such men are worth preserving, not only for their own sake, but as examples of how the essay, which is the opinion of one who knows, on something which is worth knowing, has been and can be written.

The essay has something in common with reflective poetry. At first sight this may appear to be ridiculous, but it is not so ridiculous as it seems. Reflection and reminiscence, memories of the essayist's life and experience, thoughts upon which his mind has pondered until they are ripe for expression, these are found in the essay no less than in verse. And hence at times the essay may rise to almost lyrical heights. The quickened emotion in the writer's mind communicates itself to his pen, and raises the dignity and the rhythm of his language to unwonted heights. There are sometimes passages in the greatest essays which are written in poetic, almost lyrical, prose. The best essays are not only interesting descriptions of things and events, not only valuable
Introduction

discussions of matters of inexhaustible interest: they are literature.

It is this fact which has led the editors to gather these Australian essays together between two covers. Australian literature does not consist entirely of verse, as is sometimes assumed. Some of our essays have a genuine interest of subject and a real distinction of style, and such essays are too good to let perish after being the idle man's recreation. Here are some gleanings from the multitude of essays by Australian writers. We do not claim that these are the best essays. It is possible that others would choose differently. But they are representative of the essay in Australia, and, we hope, of Australian essayists. If they convey a fair impression of what has been done, and of how it has been done, we shall be satisfied. If from this book, others, seeing what can be done, extend the scope of the essay, we shall be more than satisfied. We have purposely omitted any essays which introduce fiction and dialogue, in the hope of collecting, later, a similar volume of sketches.

The Australian essay is the product of that most potent force in the cultural development of Australia, the newspaper. The magazine and review have not flourished here. The struggle for existence has been too severe to allow the growth of a completely leisured class, and the partially leisured have developed a taste for reading, rather than a taste for distinction in literature. The story and the newspaper have been preferred to the novel and the review. Consequently, most of our essays have seen the light in the columns of newspapers, especially in the Saturday journals, rather than in more ambitious periodicals. The essay began in Australia with the example of Lamb, Hazlitt and Leigh Hunt before it, and it has followed in their tradition. Reminiscence, description and discussion are its modes.

Garryowen wrote for the old Melbourne Herald a series of papers, which were largely reminiscence, flavoured by his Irish blarney. Daniel Deniehy, lawyer and politician, was cultured enough to have become no mean critic, if his attention had been devoted entirely to
Australian Essays

literature. But the critical review was only a side-line in a very busy life. Donald Macdonald, who loved the sights and sounds of Nature, made observation of bird, beast and flower his subject, and his essays appeared in the Melbourne Argus. Professor Wood Jones, Welsh in his keen artistic sense, contributed his 'Unscientific Essays,' dealing with curious things seen and observed in his travels, as much with imagination as with calm scientific analysis, to various periodicals, including The Argus. Walter Murdoch, Professor of English in the University of Western Australia, is our Addison, one who can see our weaknesses and satirize our follies without forfeiting our admiration or losing his charm. His essays, which are collected in volumes, entitled, Speaking Personally, Moreover, and Saturday Mornings, were contributed to various newspapers.

There is nothing narrowly Australian in our essayists. But for the ever-present influence of locality, they might have communicated their thoughts in any English-speaking country. They write like educated men and women. This is as it should be. What they write is universal in its appeal. It is as easily comprehended in Auckland or Edinburgh as in Canberra. It speaks to an educated dustman no less than to a lawyer. It is free from the unblushing cheek and the inexperienced pretentiousness of the ignorant patriot. They have written sincerely with a keen delight in things as they see them, yet they are not self-satisfied, and certainly not completely satisfied. In other words, they are good Australians who possess that rare thing in Australia, real distinction; who are able to communicate their force of character and richness of mind in their writing. And to the editors, at any rate, it appears that distinction, if found at all in Australian literature, is to be found in this favourite literary form. The fact that the essayist has a public to write for, who will tolerate no 'flam,' has kept him at the top of his form. The fact that he has an editor to satisfy restrains the essayist from faults which may pass in a book of verse. An essay is easier to write, being so much shorter, than a novel. This is not to say that there are no good
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novels in Australian literature. But it is to say, quite definitely, that there are more good essays than good novels. That being the case, let us not lose sight of our essayists. They have something to say to us, and we have something to learn from them.

And one of the things is that literature is enjoyable. These writers found certain things and certain subjects so full of pleasurable sensations leading to pleasant thoughts that they found pleasure in communicating that pleasure. The aim of literature is not only to instruct: it should also delight. And whenever it touches the hem of beauty's garment, it becomes more than a temporal occasion of pleasure, it becomes a joy for ever. Literature is not something grand and far away. Its subject-matter is life as it is, or as it ought to be, lived. It is something that concerns us all, delighting us, whilst it imparts to us without our knowing it, right instincts, fine emotions, and thoughts worth thinking. We do our essayists a wrong if we think of them only as informative writers. They do inform, but they give us pleasure, too.

THE essay is a modern form of writing that has no counterpart in classical literature. The origin of the form has been referred to earlier in this introduction, and it is now intended to indicate the character and quality which the form has gradually acquired at the hands of successive masters. The essay has passed through evolutionary stages as all other literary forms have done; and it demands, if we wish to appreciate it fully, a special kind of approach. In its beginnings the essay was enormously serious, and to some extent it is so to-day; but the finest thing which modern essay writers have done for literature is that, to a greater degree than writers in any other form, they have made writing more human, and have brought the author into a closer and a friendlier contact with the reader. They have made writing a friendly art, and scouted the dreadful awe in which we formerly approached our masters.
There was a loftiness of aim and a depth of thought in the earlier essays which the form has gradually shed. The modern essay appears to be modelled more upon the manners of Hazlitt and Lamb than upon the styles of Bacon and Montaigne. Its chief qualities are freshness, freedom, open heartedness, friendliness and even a cheerful intimacy. So that now-a-days the word essay is misused when applied to ponderous and serious writing such as, for example, those wonderful lectures in which Ralph Waldo Emerson presented his transcendental philosophy to the thinking world of the nineteenth century. The tendency of the modern essay shows that writers are, first of all, human beings who make no claim to omniscience, and possess a sense of humour, a quality in which cloud-thunderers have been somewhat deficient. And humour has put life and vigour into writing by making it idiomatic and colloquial.

The essay gave humour a place in serious writing (if that is not a contradiction). Charles Lamb said of the Quakers: 'If my pen treat you lightly—as haply it will wander—yet my spirit hath gravely felt the wisdom of your custom.' So that an open mind is the main essential if we would read essays and enjoy them. We must not insist upon the logical and orderly development of profound arguments, and we must train our minds to appreciate a delicate discursiveness or a grave whimsicality. Outstanding English writers in this mode of the essay are R. L. Stevenson, Andrew Lang, Robert Lynd, and Max Beerbohm; and the most important Australians are Professor Walter Murdoch of Perth and Professor Wood Jones of Melbourne. Many of us have experienced at gatherings of intelligent and imaginative people those orgies of talk, fascinating while they last, which leave behind nothing very real. Only recollections of irresponsible argument with occasional flashes of cleverness remain. A good essay is better than talk. It gives us that pleasant sense of intimacy and delicate suggestiveness, without that final feeling of vacuity which mere conversation so often leaves. 'It is better,' says R. L. Stevenson, 'to travel hopefully than to arrive.' The good
Introduction

essay travels hopefully with alert eye and delicate paces, for its life depends upon its style.

Whether stylistic affectations and conscious departures from ordinary ways of expression are art, or merely artifice, is a question that cannot easily be answered. Everything depends upon the writer's character, his sincerity and the peculiar quality and temper of his ideas. When Charles Lamb, Thomas Carlyle and Charles M. Doughty wrote, they did not merely use the English language in a new way to express old things; but their styles revealed an approach that created new subjects, and set unimagined overtones vibrating to disclose new facts about the life men live. Style is the most important quality in the structure of a modern essay. In some of their miraculous associations, words open unexpected doors in the imagination and create new mental life. It is obvious that the charm of an essay depends upon its 'style,' but, as Mr. Middleton Murry says: 'All attempts to analyse a word so Protean are lost labour.'

The question of 'style' is an important one for every reader who makes a serious approach to the study of essays, and is one of the most important in the realm of literary criticism. A logical scientific idea may be clumsily written yet the idea remains; on the other hand an imaginative idea, if ineffectively written, has scarcely begun to exist. A study of the essay must arouse in a more acute way than any other form of writing the question which Mr. Middleton Murry has called 'The Problem of Style.' In some quarters the idea prevails that 'style' in writing is the particular kind of literary varnish which a writer decides to apply to his subject. Another idea is that the subject is the style; and that, also, the style is the subject. The only comment one can make is that much might be said on both sides, and neither be wholly right. 'Subject' is a personal matter just as 'style' is. Andrew Lang, Max Beerbohm, Stevenson and Walter Murdoch, by virtue of their particular ways of writing can see 'subjects' in topics that no other writer could see. The effect of their work depends entirely upon the way in which it is written. If treated in a different way
or by another writer, the result would be, not that the
writer was treating the subject in a different manner, but
that here was an essay on a different subject altogether.
For instance, a love scene written by Charles Dickens is
different from a love scene by George Meredith not
merely because two Victorian writers are writing about
a similar subject in different ways. Their differing types
of minds, their idiosyncrasies of vision, their different
ideas as to what is really important in speech and
behaviour, have the effect of presenting to the reader two
entirely different performances.

The question of style is important when we come
to consider the history and the evolution of the essay. The
novel took a long time to acquire its present shape, and
the essay had a no less evolutionary career; some phases
of that development can be discerned by a chronological
study of the essays collected in this little volume. The
modern trend of the essay is toward release, freedom,
emancipation from the severity, the heaviness of the tradi-
tional form and manner. The modern essay is also
helping to remove the idea that writing, to be interesting,
must be 'exciting' in a sensational way, with hairbreadth
escapes and extravagant emotionalism. The essay-writer
sees life steadily, even if he does not see it whole. Now,
few writers have seen life steadily and none has seen it
whole, although a large number have pretended to; and
the charm of the modern essay is in no small degree due
to its efforts to destroy this pretence.

Discriminating reading depends upon the ability of the
mind to adapt itself to the different qualities of different
kinds of writing. A liking for good short stories is often
a sign of discrimination and taste; the short story is a
beautiful and effective form. Yet many hundreds of
novel readers definitely dislike them. Why? The reason
is that such folk prefer the more regular and sustained
interest they derive from a full length novel; they dislike
the necessary readjustment of their minds to fresh sets of
characters and new interests which reading short stories
requires. To some extent the same objections apply to
essays, which have been likened also to chamber music.
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The essay, like chamber music, aims at its own limited perfection; and any sense of incompleteness which the hearer may experience from either of these forms is not always due to the shortcomings of the author or the composer, but to the inability of the audience to grasp and appreciate delicate suggestions, when it has been in the habit of expecting only definite conclusions.

For reading is an art, an accomplishment in which we can become expert only by experience and practice. Some people are not content unless their reading makes their minds up for them, and supplies them with definite attitudes toward all the questions that engage their interest. But that is not intelligent reading. It is to expect far too much from an author. Though a writer uses an Olympian style, like Edward Gibbon; although he imagines himself to be inspired like John Knox; the reader should always bear in mind that a writer is only a man expressing his views, even as you or I. It is quite likely that he is better informed than the reader, has a brighter intelligence or a keener wit, or he may have the faculty to penetrate so deeply into a philosophic theme that only a trained philosopher can follow him, but the intelligent reader is happy in this respect: he is not compelled to believe all he reads, if he can find good reasons for not doing so.

The modern essay has many of the qualities of the best kind of conversation. It is friendly, it is intimate, and it does not always arrive at conclusions.
EDMUND FINN

Edmund Finn (1819-1898), or 'Garryowen,' as he called himself, was an Irishman who came out to Melbourne early in the 'forties' of the nineteenth century, in 1841 to be precise. Though small in stature he was an engaging personality, entirely in his element on the occasion of the St. Patrick's Day procession and dinner. He contributed regularly to the old Melbourne Morning Herald, which was owned by Mr. George Cavanagh from 1840 to the time of Finn's abandonment of journalism about 1855. In 1858 his old school-friend Sir John O'Shanassy offered him the post of Clerk to the Legislative Council, which he held until 1886. He was an important personality in old Melbourne. In August, 1880, Finn published The Garryowen Sketches, delightful reminiscences of early colonial life in Melbourne, from which the following essay is taken.

Garryowen: what it means and who he is

On the banks of the Shannon, the Premier River of Ireland, stands an old city, renowned in song and story; for Limerick, though second to Cork in commercial importance, is unquestionably the historic capital of Munster. It was the last stronghold of the Irish Nation, aided by a French Contingent, in the campaign of 1689-91, the City of Sarsfield, which withstood two determined sieges by the Williamite army, and finally capitulated under circumstances which make it known to this day as 'The City of the Violated Treaty.' The first besieging force was commanded by the Prince of Orange in person; and though the French General (Lauzun), when he saw the defences, declared the place could be taken with 'roasted apples,' the invaders were compelled to raise the siege, but not before the women of Limerick volunteered to aid the defenders, and improvised a novel species of Lady artillery, i.e., a fusillade of broken bottles, which they plied with much effect.

In one of the then picturesque suburbs of Limerick, an old fellow named Owen, who had great taste in horticulture, established a sort of tea-garden, which very soon became a favourite place of recreation on Sundays and
holidays; for in addition to the flowers and the tea, another
kind of home-made fluid, which never paid any excise
duty, was surreptitiously introduced; so, with junketings,
dancing, fiddling and bagpiping, Master Owen succeeded
in rendering his little territory such a pleasure-ground as
made it a very popular resort for the light-hearted and
fun-loving folk of both sexes, so characteristic of the
Limerick of the time. It was called 'Garryowen,' which
means simply 'Owen's Garden'; and after old Owen was
gathered to his fathers, the 'garden' in process of years
began to decay, and ultimately succumbed to the influence
of other and later sources of attraction. But there was
something so taking and pleasant in the name, that Lime­
rick could not permit it to be sponged out of existence,
and so it got transferred to the street or suburb which, in
the lapse of years, grew rather loose and boisterous in its
habits, and 'Garryowen' remains to this day, and will
so for ever. Gerald Griffin did something to perpetuate
the name by making 'Garryowen' the birth-place of his
never-to-be-forgotten 'Colleen Bawn,' the heroine of
his beautiful novel, The Collegians.

What was often a very rowdy quarter, however, owes
its immortality to the singular fact that a miserable
'Larrikin' doggerel, misnamed an English comic song,
has, under the style and title of 'Garryowen,' been
written to one of those thrilling Irish airs—so many of
which have been wandering wordless for centuries
through the music and traditions of the Irish people, until
Moore and other bards, coming to the rescue, wedded
some of them to melodies which will live as long as the
English language. The air is as old as the hills, and it
was only about the middle of the last century that it was
provided with an accompaniment—as grotesque and in­
compatible a kind of union, as if a blue-blooded, spiritual­
ized, young lady were to be married to a rude, rough,
drinking, boisterous rake-hell. A very laughable anomaly
has, for a long time, existed in Ireland in connection
with this song. It possesses no literary merit what­
ever, contains not a single political or party allusion, but
is simply a noisy tavern lilt of the most Bacchanalian dye;
yet, in periods of Party Warfare in Ireland, through the
Edmund Finn

feuds of the Orange and Green, and on more than one occasion in the Imperial Parliament, it has been denounced as an ultra-Rebel tune of the Catholic party of the South; whilst, at the same time, and through one of those inconsistencies for which it is occasionally impossible to account, the Southerns have raised similar denunciations against the North of Ireland Protestant ditty, known by the anything but elegant designation of 'Kick the Pope before us,' an Orange March, which is nothing more nor less than 'Garryowen' under another name—the same air without the change of a single note! If ever a poor, innocent piece of music were condemned to suffer for its sins in this world, it must be this; for no Purgatory on earth, or anywhere else, could equal the sufferings of being knocked about from every point of the compass—the Paean, or the byeword respectively, of the fanaticism of both Orange and Green.

So much for 'Garryowen' the song; and now for 'Garryowen' the man. He is an Old Colonist. The period of his arrival in Port Phillip is so remote that when he was put ashore at Sandridge there was no landing place, and only two houses there. The Yarra was unbridged, and you had the choice of two crossings—by a shaky old punt, or a shakier old ferry boat. Where the Argus Office is now, was then outside the town; St. Francis' Church was on the confines of the Bush; and the site of the Parliament Houses a good stretch into the country. The streets were quagmires, and the only beacons to guide the wayfarer's sliddering course at night, were the dingy, spluttering, oil lamps, one of which every publican was supposed to keep alight in front of his Groggery. Tytherleigh 'coffee' was then one shilling a cup—and vile value for the money, too; and in addition to the 'tap' prescribed by law, usage introduced the humane addendum of a 'dead-house' to most of the premises—not the kind of morgue over which that amiable, and kindly-looking of coroners, Dr. 'Dicky' Youl, now presides; but a comfortable, water-tight, darkened room, bedded down with straw, like a stable; so that after getting 'lambed down' in the bar, the customer was
quietly turned off and 'littered down' until his debauch was slept away. To modern ears this may sound a rough-and-ready way of winding up accounts; but there is much more good nature in it than now prevails, when a poor, cleaned-out, drunken devil is led to the hotel door, and, with a hand and foot, chucked into the streets, to be found dead in the morning; or if picked up by some Bobby, taken with a broken rib or fractured skull, to the lock-up or the hospital. There was then no Hospital, no Benevolent Asylum, no Immigrants' Home, no Orphanages, no beggars, and no Lunatic Asylums; but there was a gaol, a stocks, and instead of 'Black Maria,' the sombre hearse-like police-van now in requisition, a huge chain officiated as an assistant Pacifier at races and sports, to which refractory individuals used to be manacled, and a very unwholesome string of rascals might, at times, be so seen escorted through the streets by the nondescript expiree constables of the period.

The whole aspect of things gradually changed—the colony prospered; settlement extended; first Local Government, and then Responsible Administration were acclimatised, and the old colonist was, more or less, a 'part and parcel' of everything that went on around him. He witnessed with wonder the incipient symptoms of the great gold fever in 1851, and the marvelous, material and social revolution that was effected as the epidemic progressed and calmed down after a few years. In 1852 and 1853 there was an almost universal stampede to the 'Diggings,' and he was one of the few who never adventured his luck with pick, or shovel, or cradle-rocking, at Mount Alexander, Bendigo, or Ballarat—and never put a shilling in a gold mining company, or a Chinese lottery. He was never stuck-up at night in Melbourne when robbers prowled about every right-of-way and street-corner; never kept a public; never was thrown out of a cab, or abused, or overcharged by a cabby; never sat in the City Council or the Assembly, or had his pockets picked—though the latter operation would never have turned out a good spec. He travelled more than once over all the Victorian Railways without incivility from stationmaster, guard, or porter. He never
Edmund Finn

filed his Schedule when insolvencies were fashionable, nor compromised with his creditors; and though he never 'made a pile,' he always paid his way—a rule, in all modern times, more often 'honored in the breach than the observance.' He never backed a bill, though he must confess he often gave money away, no doubt a very laudable, but—as he well knows—a very thankless thing to do; and as for Ca Re's, Ca Sa's, Fi Fa's, and all such refined instruments of torture as Civilization finds needful to screw out its own great ends, he knows as much about them as he does of the picture-writing of the Aztecs. He saw George Coppin on his first appearance on the Melbourne stage, and many a year after he listened to his ponderous eloquence in the Senate; but he always deemed the 'Artful Dodger' more at home before the foot-lights, and would sooner see him blubbering as Perkyn Mid­dlew­ick (the butterman), than posing as Lycurgus (the law­­giver). For twenty years no public proceeding occurred in the colony, from laying the foundation stone of a church to a prize fight, from the opening of a Parliament to an execution, without his forming a unit of those present.

He is proud to hail from that country which has been justly, though poetically, described as

The Emerald gem of the Western World!

and believes his native land to be, notwithstanding all its feuds and factions, its misfortunes and misgovernment—

The first flower of the earth, the first gem of the sea.

He is Irish of the most pronounced type—not only in 'the back-bone and spinal marrow,' but longitudinally, latitudinally, diametrically, diagonally, literally or figu­ratively, or any other way it is capable of being described; is in fine—Irish from top to toe; but, despite all this, now that he has planted his standard beneath the stars of the Southern Cross, he clings to the land of his adoption, and his motto is, 'Victoria first, every other place after.' He believes in the exhaustless resources, the great recuperative powers, and the vast industrial forces at the command of his new country to ensure her a great future, if wisdom and coolness, sagacity and patriotism, actuate the public
men who may be chosen as her administrators; and he now writes in a spirit altogether irrespective of any particular political party.

In conclusion, 'Garryowen' mentions that his lucubrations would never have seen the light of an editorial sanctum, but that he is subject to an affliction unknown to the pharmacopoeia, and incurable by the medical faculty. He has tried Allopathy, Homoeopathy, Hydropathy, and half-a-dozen other kinds of Opathies, but all to no purpose. He has one consolation in his trouble, viz., the disease is not an epidemic, and he has no fear of communicating contagion. The fact is—intermittent fits of Cacoethes Scribendi affect him, and, after trying every conceivable remedy, he has made the discovery that the only specific to which it will yield is the application of the process which the auditors of financial institutions resort to for the cure of bad debts, and 'write it off;' and so it is written off accordingly. Like the gout, however, there is no such happy thing as a perfect cure—the virus remains in the blood—the spells of painlessness are long or short, according to constitutional conditions; and when the twinge returns all one has to do is to steer the same course as that taken by Bob Acres' courage, and work or write it out through the fingers' ends. A sufferer not able to do so may look out for bad times of it.

'Garryowen' now makes his bow. He has lifted the veil of anonymity a little, but would deem it imprudent and, indeed, almost unbecoming, to throw it aside altogether. His reappearance in the press will depend, to a great extent, upon the caprices, and good, or bad, humour of his malady; but whether he do or not, he cannot do better than say 'Au revoir'—let the period of the re-union be soon or—never.
DANIEL HENRY DENIEHY

Daniel Deniehy (1828-1865) was born in Sydney and educated at the old Sydney College. A man of excellent taste and learning, he practised law for a livelihood, and engaged in politics and journalism from the very brilliance of his mind. He was a member of the Legislative Assembly of New South Wales from February, 1857, to November, 1860. He edited The Southern Cross (1859-1860) and The Victorian (1862-1864). The following essay was contributed to The Southern Cross.

Australian Federation (1860)

ONLY in New South Wales, where the importance of it should be perhaps most obvious, do people seem to look upon the great question of Australian Federation with indifference. It has been mentioned as an affair of moment in the speech placed by one Ministry in the vice-regal mouth, and extinguished, with the characteristic shuffle of Cowperism, by that of another. Our legislators can fight with the acharnement of a storming party, night after night, in the House, about questions too trivial almost for the attention of a rural municipality. But this great business of securing national growth and national advancement on a basis of territorial union, there is no one to call attention to. Mr. Deas Thompson did, we believe, take some preparatory action on the matter in the Legislative Council, but there it rests. Is the neglect because of a general belief that nothing good can come out of the Nazareth of that most ancient and honourable gentleman?

But however supine we in New South Wales choose to be in this business, the neighbouring Colonies view it as its paramount importance deserves. Victoria, South Australia, and Van Diemen's Land (Tasmania), have for a considerable time past, by their respective Legislatures, appointed delegates for the purpose of meeting to consider the matter fully, and of endeavouring to fix the terms of a Federation. The mother-territory of New South Wales has alone neglected to send representatives, and mainly from this cause, we believe, nothing has yet been done:
either, therefore, our Parliament is infinitely more sagacious than the combined legislative wisdom of the three Colonies, and stands aloof with haughty indifference, from a thing too puerile to be even worth talking over; or otherwise, our rulers and our representatives are guilty of a dereliction of duty quite as worthy of debate as, for instance, the motion on which some nights ago that illustrious triumvirate Messrs. Weekes, Pemell, and Robertson, divided, in the prettiest minority that ever found itself ‘like honey pots all of a row,’ since, in very recent times, representative bodies have come to be a laughing-stock.

The political benefits of Federation range themselves, we take it, into two classes. The first connects itself with the creation and preservation of a broad national polity. Though the advantages of this are directly and practically political, yet it is in its essential nature a moral and social gain. The curses of a small community in dealing with questions of State—that is, questions moving on great principles and liable to arrest from powerful interests—are the municipal spirit and the spirit of personality. These are intestine evils. But if the community be one of a group, it has external ones besides.

History, ancient and modern, illustrates this—the wars of the Saxon Heptarchy, the feuds of the petty Irish monarchies, as well as the everlasting heart-burnings and strifes of the Italian and Flemish republics. Under the influence of this spirit, to hinder mutual progress and to do immense damage, it is not necessary that the spirit itself should take active practical shape in vast armaments or invading squadrons. Its destroying power, under the conditions of modern society, when much of the military thirst of aggrandisement has given way to the commercial, may be felt in a variety of ways; and even in a group of British Colonies like our own. It will be recollected that during the period extending from the latter days of the American Colonial Confederation that sprang up to oppose British tyranny, to the times of the specific settlement of the Federal Union, the trade of these Colonies and their commercial honour were almost
ruined by mutual jealousies and obstinacies. We suspect at this moment that there are Victorian and South Australian colonists who, as regards people from New South Wales or Tasmania, have the germs of that which in their native-born descendants will ripen into national differences, and certain qualities of national feeling, about which resides some danger. And clearly, by way of a moment's digression, if the Australian Colonies are ever to become a powerful nation, it must, for every conceivable reason, local and general, internal and external, be by union.

If, then, union be good, the sooner we have it the better, in order that the natives of the soil may as soon as possible feel themselves citizens of one great state and fellow-countrymen; particularly as there are immense practical advantages to come into operation the moment the thing is effected.

Let us have no local differences—some spring up from ethnologic causes, but not a whit the more to be desired for that; and others for political reasons; both of which may be figured by the cases qua each other of the Englishman and the Scotchman, the Austrian and the Prussian. But of this first class of advantages of Federation, that which we would particularly insist upon as a sure result, is the elevation and enlargement of the nature of administration and of parliamentary government on all great questions. The mischief to arise, and which has already arisen, by legislation on matters affecting Australian interests of general character, as contradistinguished from purely local affairs and local questions, would be kept in check, without interfering with the constitutional rights of the different colonies. We see here in New South Wales, day by day, election after election, what parliamentary government is coming to. The element to be most vigorously and thoroughly eliminated in a National Council is the merely municipal or parochial one. None brings in, while operating under motives perhaps honest and well intentioned enough, so much ulterior danger; none is so likely to prevent a new community from dealing with and treating all things in that advanced spirit which
is creative of nationhood. We have men, worthy men no
doubt, but altogether out of place, entering Parliament
latterly, whom not only no employer would trust in matters
requiring intelligence, capacity, and experience, matters of
any profound, complex, or comprehensive kind—but who,
themselves, would claim no higher endowments than those
which are loosely generalized under the phrase ‘common
sense,’ which means, in fact, the skill to drive a good
bargain, to purchase store bullocks, or to do a ‘stroke’
in land-jobbing. To think of these men handling matters
which may affect the country as a component of the
Australian States, and eventually may affect entire Aus-
tralian interests, is no very pleasant thought to people
clearly alive to the possible power and glory and the
benefits for mankind to flow from a great British Con-
federation in the Southern Ocean.

In the administration of federal government in a
larger arena we should have larger men; on a national
platform we should have powers and sentiments of
national bulk and comprehensiveness. Noble ambi-
tions would have a noble field. Mr. A. or Mr. B.,
from various local causes such as we have seen exercising
themselves around very little men indeed, in the recent
Ministries in New South Wales, would on the floor of
the Federal Chamber be reduced to the dimensions which
really belong to small people away from Sydney, or
Melbourne, or Adelaide, as the case may be, when chal-
lenged on the grounds of native and actual incapacity to
govern, and on their equivocal abstract of character to be
trusted. The other class of benefits a Federal Union of
the Colonies would obtain us are too obvious to enlarge
upon. A uniformity of tariff, an assimilation of land-
policy, and ultimately a central power, somewhere, to deal
for purely national purposes with the public lands; a
harmonious, because national, management of mail sys-
tems; a large dealing with economics of immigration, a
removal of all vexatious barriers of regulation likely to
prevent the most fluent intercourse of the inhabitants of
Australia, such as affect professional men and others, are
amongst the benefits.
One has been touched upon, especially in this Journal—the establishment of a Court of Appeal from the local supreme tribunals of the various colonies, which should supersede the only appeal at present existing—that to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, so ruinously expensive and inconvenient as in effect to be prohibitory. In times of war, by Federation alone could the colonies effectively protect themselves, with England with enough to do on her hands elsewhere, as when war does break out she will have. And this, as an able Melbourne contemporary—the Examiner, we think—puts it; and not Dr. Lang's experimentum crucis of 'cutting the painter,'—while the 'painter' is an admirable appendage—is alone the way to meet war-emergencies.

We have mentioned Dr. Lang. With that honourable and reverend gentleman we have few sympathies, and the measure of our respect for him is by no means large. But he is a man of great ability, and has far more of the statesman's perception in him than is generally found amongst local men. From his turn of mind, and his habit, for years, of looking at Australian topics through a medium of national largeness, we know no man in the House, just now, in whose hands the question of Federalism would be safer.
Rev. W. H. Fitchett (1842-1928) was born in Lincolnshire, England, but came with his parents to Australia in 1854, and was educated at Melbourne University. He became a Methodist minister, and was Principal of the Methodist Ladies' College, Hawthorn, Melbourne, from 1882 until his death in 1928. He was President of the Conference of Australasia, 1904-7. He won wide recognition as a writer by his patriotic historical sketches, which made their appearance in a soil already prepared by Henley and Kipling, and in a world stirred by the Boer War in South Africa of 1899-1902. One of his books, How England Saved Europe, was used as a text-book in English public schools.

His reputation will rest chiefly on these writings, the best of which are Deeds That Won the Empire and Fights for the Flag, but he also wrote a life of John Wesley entitled Wesley and His Century, and several volumes of sermons and addresses. The essay on ‘Captain Cook’ comes from The New World of the South (1913), of which the essay on ‘Australia’ forms the preface.

The Man Who Discovered Australia

‘TALL, thin, grave, even austere’—this is how Besant, who was an artist in words, describes the personal appearance of Cook, the famous seaman, who effectively ‘discovered’ Australia. Some seven portraits of Cook exist, and for the most part they are in furious artistic quarrel with each other. But from them all, and from such personal descriptions as may be collected, scattered through contemporaneous literature, it is easy to form a picture of the famous circumnavigator.

He was over six feet high, spare-built and erect. The Scottish strain in him is written in his high cheek-bones. The small head might seem insignificant but for the broad, meditative forehead; and the brown eyes, clear and well-set as they are, would appear inexpressive but for the definite curved eyebrows above them. It is not a fighting face, but there is strength in the full, long chin, and steadfastness in the firm-shut lips. A fine seriousness lies on the whole countenance; every line in it suggests fortitude. The nostrils are clear and finely cut; the brow is sagacious and meditative; the eyes seem to be searching
William Henry Fitchett

some far-off sea-horizon. As one studies the face the impression grows of a strong, grave spirit, lonely perhaps, and meditative, accustomed to dwell apart, and familiar with the vast solitudes of the sea; but humane, resolute, unselfish; a master spirit amongst men.

And this is the man who 'discovered' Australia in the true sense of the word. Portuguese and Spaniards and Dutchmen had bumped up against the continent by accident, had sprinkled its shores with quaint wrecks and quainter names; but they had never succeeded in bringing Australia, in any practical sense, within the realm of human knowledge. They were never quite sure whether it was a continent or an island, or even an archipelago of islands. The most famous of Spanish seamen thought he was touching Australia when he landed on an island in the New Hebrides. The greatest of Dutch discoverers, Tasman himself, was confident that New Zealand was part of the great southern land of which geographers had dreamed, and which explorers had sought so long.

It was Cook who, with patient and skilful daring, groped his way, in the Endeavour—a ship worthy to be classed with the Golden Hind of Drake, or the Centurion of Anson—along the whole eastern coast of Australia, sounding his dim and perilous way through strange seas, and defining the vast coastline—headland and reef and river and harbour—with a scientific accuracy that brought the huge continent at once within the realm of definite knowledge, and opened it to commercial use. The British Navy of that date was rich in splendid seamen, and they made memorable contributions to history. But no other seaman of exactly Cook's type can be discovered even in the naval records of that day. And if it be true that 'peace hath her victories no less renowned than war,' amongst the most shining of these—the nobler and more enduring achievements that history records—few can be found that exceed those of Cook. Canning claimed that he had 'called the New World into existence to redress the balance of the Old'; but that was only a glittering phrase. The seaman made a better contribution to history than the politician. Cook's spacious, enduring, and
A u s t r a l i a n  E s s a y s

magnificent epitaph is that he gave Australia to the British Empire.

Cook's fame springs from three great voyages round the world that occupied the last ten years of his life, from 1768 to 1779. He was forty years of age when, on August 25, 1768, he sailed from Plymouth in the *Endeavour* in charge of an expedition to observe the transit of Venus. Those forty obscure years are a record of hardships endured, of difficulties mastered, of knowledge won, and of success achieved by patient and resolute effort; and the record makes a bit of very inspiring literature.

Cook came of a hardy northern stock, half Scottish and half Yorkshire. He was the son of a day-labourer, born in a two-roomed cottage built of mud. He learnt the rudiments of spelling in a dame's school in the intervals betwixt crow-scaring. The sea, in a sense, was native to him. At twelve years of age he was a shopboy in Staithes, a fishing village, squeezed into a narrow crevice in the cliffs, on which the mighty waves and fierce winds of the North Sea break. The little shop was within actual sound of the sea; the encroaching waters, as a matter of fact, have since washed away the ground on which it was built, and to-day the sea rolls where the counter once stood. At thirteen years of age Cook became a sea-apprentice in a collier, trading on the stormy eastern coast, the best school for hardy seamanship in the world. But by virtue of the Scottish strain in his blood, he had a thirst for knowledge which lifted him out of the forecastle; and when not yet twenty-three years of age he was mate of a Baltic trader.

But there was something in his blood, or in his brain, which made the deck of a trading-ship too small a field for him; and in 1755, when twenty-seven years of age, he volunteered into the navy as an able seaman. Here was a new school of discipline, a field of great opportunities; for it was the great age of British seamanship, and war with France was just about to break out. Cook was quickly made master's mate, served on long cruises in the Channel —again a splendid school for seamanship—took part in a
smart frigate action, and by the time he was twenty-nine years of age was master on board the Pembroke, a fine frigate, under orders for America. He took part in the siege of Louisbourg, and, later, in the siege of Quebec, under Wolfe. Here, in the perilous navigation of the St. Lawrence, Cook found the natural field for his genius. No one ever surpassed him in the skill, patience, and hardihood with which he could sound unknown waters or chart unknown shores. He was something more than a seaman familiar with storms, and as much at home in them as a sea-bird. He was a pilot by bent of nature, cool, steady, vigilant, with a strange gift for reading the puzzling, changeful cipher of shoal and current, of sea and sky and wind. In 1761 he was made a special grant of £50 'in consideration of his indefatigable industry in making himself master of the pilotage of the St. Lawrence.'

But he was preparing himself for something better than even pilotage. There is a mathematical basis to good navigation; and Cook, who had the strong brain of his northern stock, was by this time master of the scientific side of his profession. During the winter months, when his ship was laid up in Halifax, he read Euclid and studied astronomy. He was just thirty years of age, and it may be safely guessed that in the British Navy of that period not many officers of Cook's age spent their hours ashore, like him, in a study of astronomy and of the higher mathematics.

He had his reward, in the shape of new tasks. He was put in command of a schooner, the Antelope, with the magnificent pay of 10/- a day, and set to chart the harbours and coasts of Labrador, a work which he did with a thoroughness that makes his charts even to-day recognized standards. Later he was sent to survey the foggy shores and waters of Newfoundland.

While engaged in taking soundings on the Newfoundland coast, an eclipse of the sun took place on August 5, 1766, and from the deck of his little schooner Cook took very careful observations. It was a trifling incident, but characteristic of the man; and, as it turned out, it changed
his whole career. He wrote a paper on the eclipse, and sent it, with his observations, to Dr. Bevis, a Fellow of the Royal Society. The paper was read before the Society, and the phenomenon of an obscure seaman—a mere warrant officer—who on the foggy coast of Newfoundland could 'observe' an eclipse, and report it with scientific intelligence and accuracy, arrested the attention of the pundits of the Royal Society.

In June, 1769, a transit of Venus was due, and the Royal Society petitioned the King to send out an expedition to observe the event from a favourable point south of the Equator. It was decided to despatch a ship with a staff of astronomers to Tahiti. The astronomers demanded that one of themselves should be in command of the vessel, but Hawke—'the great Lord Hawke' of Burke—who was first Lord of the Admiralty at the time, declared he would rather cut off his right hand than permit anyone but a King's officer to command the King's ship. An astronomer, the famous Halley had been allowed, in 1689, to command a ship on a scientific cruise, with very melancholy results—on the marine side, at least—and the blunder was not to be repeated. Cook's paper on the eclipse of the sun had made his name familiar to the men of science, and he was accordingly appointed, and sailed in the Endeavour on the voyage which made his name immortal, and brought Australia within the realm of civilized knowledge.

Cook's three famous voyages had distinct aims. The object for which the first was proposed was astronomical; but to send a ship into unknown waters for the mere purpose of watching the transit of a pin-point of black across the disc of the sun seemed to the practical seamen of that day insufficient. Cook accordingly was instructed to proceed, after the astronomical observations were completed, to 'make discoveries in the South Pacific Ocean,' pushing as far south as latitude 45 deg., till he fell in with New Zealand. He was then 'to return to England by such route as he thought proper.' Australia did not find a place, even as an afterthought, or a postscript, in Cook's instructions; and yet, as a matter of fact,
Australia was the chief and enduring result of that voyage.

The voyage lasted three years, and brought Cook immediate fame. He dropped anchor on his return, on June 12, 1771; on November 28, of the same year, he received his commission as commander of a new expedition, consisting, this time, of two ships, the Resolution and the Adventure. Cook’s task on his second voyage was the pursuit and capture of a continent. For centuries the idea of a great unvisited southern land had haunted the imagination of geographers. It was supposed to stretch up from the Antarctic ice almost to the Equator, and to contain treasures greater than Cortes found in Mexico.

Cook was to test that dream by driving the stems of his ships through the whole stretch of the unknown southern waters. The voyage, on which it is needless to dwell here, lasted for three years. Cook fought his way, through fog and snow, and storm, completely round the splintered edge of the Antarctic ice, circumnavigating the globe in those wild latitudes. The voyage cost £25,000, and, as an incident in his cruise, Cook discovered New Caledonia; but its chief result was, not to put a new continent on the map, but to banish the obstinate ghost of an imaginary continent from it.

‘Had we found out a continent,’ says Cook, with characteristic modesty, ‘we might have been better enabled to gratify curiosity; but we hope our not having found it will leave less room for future speculations about unknown worlds remaining to be explored.’ Forster, the naturalist of the Resolution, says that in the course of the voyage ‘it is computed we ran over a greater space of sea than any ship ever did before us; since taking all our tracks together, they form more than thrice the circumference of the globe.’

On his return Cook, amongst other rewards, was made fourth captain of Greenwich Hospital. ‘My fate,’ he wrote to a friend, ‘drives me from one extreme to another. A few months ago the whole Southern Hemisphere was hardly big enough for me, and now I am
going to be confined within the limits of Greenwich Hospital.' A seaman so famous, however, was not likely to be left long in Greenwich Hospital. The Resolution dropped anchor at Plymouth on July 29, 1775; a year after, on July 12, 1776, Cook sailed in the Resolution, with the Discovery, under the command of Captain Clerke, as his consort, on the voyage which ended in his death. The object of the third voyage was almost as unreal as that of the second. It was the discovery of that north-west passage by sea between the Atlantic and the Pacific, in the achievement of which so much treasure has been expended, and so many lives wasted. Cook brought to the task all the hardihood, the sea-craft, the scientific intelligence which marked his whole career. He rounded the Cape, struck boldly northwards across the Pacific, and fought his way through Behring Straits to the icy latitudes beyond. The most northerly point he reached was 69° 36″, right in the polar ice. But no north-west passage was discovered; and after ten months' battling with Polar seas and storms he fell back southwards to the warmer latitudes, the sun-bathed islands of the Equator, where his death awaited him.

The ships had anchored in Karakakoa Bay, in Hawaii, on January 17, 1779, and remained there for a fortnight, Cook himself—with his gray face, his look and tone of command—being regarded by the natives as a sort of god. On putting to sea again bad weather was struck. The Resolution sprung her foremast, and the ships put back into the bay. Some strange change of mood had passed over the natives. They were surly and inhospitable; many thefts were committed, quarrels broke out, and Cook himself at last landed with a small party of marines, ordering his boats to lie off a little distance, and wait for him, while he, with his marines, marched up to the king's house, about two hundred yards from the water's edge. His purpose was to win the natives by courtesy and to persuade the king to visit the Resolution.

He found a noisy crowd of nearly three thousand natives, most of them armed, and the chiefs angrily refused to allow their king to go on board the ship. While the debate
William Henry Fitchett

proceeded, the sound of shots was heard, and a native came running up to say that an English boat's crew had landed on the other side of the bay and a chief had been shot. The story kindled the natives to passion. Some of the chiefs pressed, with menaces and threatening spears upon Cook. His Northumbrian blood at last took fire, and he struck one of the most offensive of them with the butt of his musket. The little party began to fall back to the boats. Cook's gun was loaded in one barrel with small shot; he discharged it ineffectively at the crowd; then he fired the other barrel, which was loaded with ball, and killed a man standing beside one of the chiefs. This checked the natives, though they still pressed on the little party till it reached the beach.

The men in the boats by this time had begun to fire on the crowd, and Cook turned round, waving to the boats to stop firing. That movement was intended to save life, but it was fatal to Cook himself. While he faced the crowd of natives, the tall, commanding figure, the cool, stern eyes held them in check; but when he turned, the magic of his glance was lost. A chief ran in and stabbed him betwixt the shoulders with an iron dagger, another struck him with a club on the head. He fell into the water, and in a moment a crowd of natives had leaped upon him and were holding him under the water to drown him. A corporal of marines and three privates were killed; the rest of the party swam out to the boats and were saved.

Gilbert, the master's mate, was the one man in the expedition of the Resolution with a touch of literary skill, and his log gives the best account of the whole tragedy. When the boats returned to the ships without their captain, then, says Gilbert, 'a general silence ensued throughout the ship for the space of half-an-hour, it appearing to us somewhat like a dream. Grief was visible on every countenance, some expressing it by tears, others by a kind of gloomy dejection. All our hopes centred in him; our loss was irreparable.' The sailors begged that they might be allowed to arm themselves and go ashore to avenge the death of their captain. Clerke, who had
assumed command, was opposed to the plan, but saw that a direct refusal would be the signal for mutiny. He begged the men to put off their expedition till the foremast of the Resolution had been got into its place. Negotiations with the natives were with difficulty resumed, and Cook’s head and hands were secured. ‘The head was too much disfigured to be known,’ says Gilbert, ‘but one of the hands we were well assured was his from a wound he had formerly received in it, which made it remarkable.’ While taking soundings off Newfoundland, in 1764, a large powder-flask Cook held in his hands was by some means exploded, shattering his fingers. When healed, the wound left a scar which divided the thumb from the finger the whole length of the metacarpal bones; and that scar, fifteen years afterwards, enabled his dissevered hand to be recognized.

Cook’s death scene was marked by one discreditable incident. One of the boats that lay off the shore was commanded by an officer who lacked courage to pull in to his captain’s assistance. The fury of the seamen and officers against him was great, and he would have been court-martialled but for Captain Clerke’s death. Nineteen years later this officer was in command of a ship in the battle of Camperdown, and misconducted himself so grossly that he was tried on a charge of cowardice and disobedience to orders. He was cashiered; but Nelson’s stern verdict on the man was that he ‘ought to have been shot.’ The incident shows that even in the band of heroes that gathered round Cook there was at least one unheroic spirit.

Besant, who loves to write in large terms, describes Cook as ‘the greatest navigator of any age.’ ‘No other sailor,’ he adds, ‘ever so greatly enlarged the borders of the earth.’ Is there any justification for praise so splendid?

These terms are, of course, too spacious; but it is certainly true that Cook practically gave the Pacific as a field for trade and settlement to the human race. It is the indictment of Spanish seamanship that for more than two centuries the Spaniards held large settlements on the eastern and western shores of that great sea, and they
left it unknown. Their galleons crept across from Panama to Manilla, along one uniform course some 13 deg. north of the Equator; and their ships scarcely once, except when driven by stress of weather, diverged from that narrow track. Southward lay the calling Pacific; but it called to them in vain. In its vastness a score of archipelagoes were hidden. Australia itself, a Titanic jewel, lay in its purple waters, waiting for someone to claim it. If British seamen had held the trade betwixt Panama in the East, and the Philippines on the west, the challenge of the great unknown sea to the south would have turned half the British stems in that direction. But the hardy seamen who broke first into the Pacific—Magellan, through the straits far to the south which bear his name, and those who followed him—were strangely unfortunate. As soon as they had struggled or crept through that narrow and tangled waterway—and they sometimes took months to achieve the feat—they turned their stems northward along the American coast, and left the great prizes of the unexplored ocean to the east—Australia and New Zealand, and the groups about them—untouched.

But with the Spaniards, their neglect of the Pacific was deliberate. They lived in luxury under tropical skies, amidst subject races, wringing wealth by cruelty from the unfortunate natives, and trying to bar the rest of the world out from any share in the magnificent heritage. Any ship flying a foreign flag that ventured into the Pacific was treated a pirate. But the Spaniard paid the price for those eight generations of slothful indulgence. He lost his seamanship, his daring, his hardihood. Spain, indeed, still pays the penalty of that far-off misuse of a great opportunity. It is to-day a nation without a colony and without a fleet.

Cook, of course, was not the first Englishman who crossed the Pacific; but the earlier adventurers under the British flag—from Drake to Anson—were buccaneers rather than discoverers. They sought fat prizes rather than new lands. Cook's immediate predecessors, Byron (1764-1766) and Wallis—who actually spent four months fighting his way through the straits—and, the bravest
name amongst them all, Carteret—missed making great discoveries in the Pacific in the strangest way; chiefly because, after getting through Magellan Straits, they took a northward course.

But we have only to look at Cook's track in the first of his three historic voyages to see the daring character of his navigation. He followed his orders till he reached Tahiti; then, when the astronomers had done their work, he ran boldly down on a southward course to New Zealand, reaching it on October 7, 1769. Here Cook spent six months, charting the coast line with the scientific patience and thoroughness characteristic of his genius; and when he had finished his task New Zealand had ceased to be a terra incognita, the horn of some imaginary continent. It was brought definitely within the realm of human knowledge.

Cook's orders ceased here; all that remained was 'to return to England by such route as he should think proper.' But to the westward lay the New Holland of Dutch and Portuguese geographers, its eastern coast absolutely unknown. A geographical mystery of this scale was to Cook a resistless challenge; so he turned the stem of the Endeavour westward, and on April 19, 1770, struck the Australian coast a little to the south of Cape Howe. From thence he crept northward along the whole vast stretch of more than two thousand miles, sounding almost every fathom of the waters through which he passed, charting every curve and headland of the shore line; shipwrecked once, and in danger of shipwreck often, but never once turning back or losing heart, till he crept through Torres Straits and bore up westward for Batavia.

The passage of the Endeavour up the Australian coast was like a ray of light creeping through age-long darkness. It left the long-sought island-continent visible to the whole world. It revealed lying far to the south of the track along which the lazy Spanish galleons had crept for eight generations, a new land as vast in area as those Cortes and Pizarro plundered, and with happier conditions. The Pacific itself, in the light of a single voyage, became a new sea with definite navigation.
So if it is Cook's title to deathless fame that in this way he conquered the Pacific for civilised use, it is of more immediate interest to Australians to know that the result of his voyage was to give Australia to the British Empire. It is, in a sense, almost amusing to take the clue of Cook's log and follow the little bluff-bowed *Endeavour* mile by mile along the Australian coast. The *Endeavour*, it must be remembered, was simply a North Sea collier of 370 tons burden, sheathed in wood, as unsinkable as a bottle, and about as weatherly. She was what is called a "cat-built" ship, with apple bows, a wide, deep waist, the hull narrowing towards the stern. She was bought at the modest cost of £2,800, and Cook, who had Nelson's trick of always falling in love with the ship he commanded, was never weary of praising the *Endeavour*—or, after the *Endeavour*, the *Resolution*. 'I do now,' he says, 'and ever did, think her the most proper ship for this service I ever saw.' The small tonnage of the ship was, to Cook's practical mind, its merit. She could be easily careened and easily handled; and struggling with the currents that thread the Barrier Reef, Cook was actually able to thrust out oars through the ports of the *Endeavour*, and turn her, in this way, into a galley.

Into this ship of less than four hundred tons was crowded a complement of eighty-five men, with provisions for nearly two years. But the *Endeavour*, though seaworthy and handy, was an amazingly slow ship, and the rate at which she crept along the Australian coast scarcely exceeded the walking pace of an active man.
It is the fashion to say that Australia as yet has no history, or, at least, none worth writing. It is too young—not to say too insignificant—and its records are distressingly tame. It has known no serious political struggles; the sound of a hostile shot has never been heard in its waters or along its shores. It is taken for granted that there can be no gleams of the picturesque in a tale so brief, and of tints so sober! And it may be frankly admitted that the story of Australia is both tame and juvenile when compared with that of the other great dominions within the circle of the Empire.

The story of India—or of Canada, or of the Cape—has its roots in great and far-off events: and the tale when told runs through centuries. The origin of these great provinces of the Empire is wrapped up in the issues, one or other, of those wars which filled the eighteenth century with their resounding tumult. Macaulay, in one of his curiously picturesque sentences, discussing the invasion of Silesia by Frederick the Great, says: ‘In order that he might rob a neighbour whom he promised to defend, black men fought on the coast of Coromandel, and red men scalped each other on the great lakes of North America.’ That sentence, of course, has even less of sober truth in it than most epigrams contain. It inverts cause and effect. War raged in India and America, not ‘in order’ that Prussians might overthrow Austrians in Central Europe, but as a result of the fact that those two nations and their allies were wrestling together for victory.

Seeley, who loves—sometimes not wisely but too well—a spacious generalization, says that all the European wars of the eighteenth century had, in the last analysis, a common purpose. Each was a phase of the stupendous duel for the new world—the wrestle betwixt Greater Britain and Greater France for the prize of a Colonial
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Great battles, he thinks, were fought on the Rhine and the Danube to determine which nation should own the Mississippi, or be supreme on the Ganges. Even Napoleon was aiming at Calcutta when he hurled his invading army at Boulogne; he fought his way into Vienna or Berlin, because through it lay the road to Quebec or to Bombay.

This, again, is an over-statement. The vision of the actors in those obstinate and bloody wars did not extend beyond the foes immediately in their front. Not many even of the statesmen of the eighteenth century had any adequate sense of the remoter issues wrapped up in the conflict. Chatham, it is true, saw further than most. He would conquer America, he said, in Germany; but few statesmen of his day—or of any day—had his wizard-like vision. Yet it is historically true that the wars of the eighteenth century determined that India and Canada and the Cape—and many an island group—should be British, and not French or Dutch. As a result, what a picturesque history that, say, of India is, from Clive at Plassey to Henry Lawrence at Lucknow! Or that of Canada, with Wolfe and Montcalm struggling together on the Plains of Abraham; or that of the Cape, from the story of its capture in 1795, its return to the Dutch in 1802, and final capture in 1805, down to Majuba and Paardeberg!

There are no ‘drums and tramplings’ of this sort in Australian history. It is, from the military point of view, drab-coloured and unpicturesque. Above all, it is short. Little more than a century stretches betwixt 1788, when Phillip with his tiny squadron, and its strange human freight, dropped anchor in Botany Bay, and 1901, when the Australian Commonwealth was proclaimed. And a century in the history of a nation is but the tick of a clock.

Yet, as a matter of fact, the story of Australia is, from some points of view, curiously interesting. It offers the spectacle of the evolution of a nation, lying so near to us in time that the process can be studied with scientific minuteness, and as under the lens of a microscope. And the factors, if not the events, are on a great scale. The
stage is an entire continent. For Australia offers the only instance in history where a whole continent has flying above it the flag of a single people. And this is a continent with the climate of Italy, with more than the mineral wealth of Peru, and as fit to be the granary of the world of to-day as Egypt was for the world of the Caesars.

It is a land, it may be added, as fair as it is rich. Australia, it is true, might almost bring an action for libel against her own poets. It is the fashion amongst most of them to be as 'melancholy' as Shakespeare's Jaques. They love to pitch their songs about Australia in the minor key. Its forests, they declare, are melancholy; its birds are songless; and when Nature sprinkled its monotonous plains with flowers, she did it with a reluctant hand, and forgot to add perfume.

But a generalization, when stretched to cover a continent, is apt to crack. Nature has her equities; if she denies some things, she gives others. It is true that there are nowhere to be found under Australian skies great mountain ranges like the Alps, with their white coronets of snow, and flanks mail-clad with glaciers. But beauty is given to Australian landscapes in other terms.

For Nature has her compensations. The horizon curves round an Australian landscape with an azure so exquisite, a sapphire so perfect—borrowed from some relation of sun and atmosphere—as can hardly be seen anywhere else in the world. And if Australia has no Alps, yet an artist may go far, and see many lands, before seeing anything fairer than, say, the Western District of Victoria; the far-stretching plain, rich in lakes and strewn with round volcanic hills, set apart from each other, and each, as seen in distance, a perfect cone of blue. The undulating wheat-lands of South Australia, fresh from the hand of Nature, and ready for the plough, have—as the day breaks, or as the sun sets over them—a grace which the naked prairies of Canada, sea-like in their vastness—but sea-like, too, in their monotony—certainly do not possess.

Are Australian birds songless? The present writer has
heard the nightingale lament in an Italian twilight; and he has heard the lark—it was Shelley's lark!—sing above a Devonshire valley, while a brook—Tennyson's brook!—sang at his feet; but for resonant, far-running and thrilling sweetness, an Australian magpie, heard in the keen air of a spring morning, is equal to either. The non-deciduous trees of Australia cannot vie, in leafy wealth, with, say, an English chestnut-tree, which crowds into three months the verdure an Australian tree spreads over twelve. But does an Australian forest lack grandeur? The eucalyptus of the Cape Otway Ranges, for height of trunk and majesty of foliage, can challenge any tree the planet carries. No cedar on the Lebanon hills can surpass it. A Queensland hill-slope of blue-gums, again, might stir a very dull imagination. The great trees are

'Ivory pillars; their smooth, fine slope
Dappled with delicate heliotrope.'

And seen at night, under a full moon, the 'heliotrope' of the great columns becomes milk-white; and the ranked trees—tall, stately, majestic—recall the white and pillared majesty of the Parthenon. A later and younger Australian poet, Miss Dorothea Mackellar, in the London Spectator, takes up the artistic defence of the whole colour-scheme of Australia. She tells her overseas critics:

'Here dwells a beauty you have not seen.

. . . . . . . . .

Amber sunshine and smoke-blue shade,
Opal colours that glow and fade.
On the gold of the upland grass
Blue cloud-shadows that swiftly pass;
Wood-smoke blown in an azure mist,
Hills of tenuous amethyst. . .
Oft the colours are pitched so high
The deepest tint is the cobalt sky.
We have to wait till the sunset comes
For shades that feel like the beat of drums
Or like organ-notes in their rise and fall—
Purple and orange and cardinal,
Or the peacock-green that turns soft and slow
To peacock-blue as the great stars show. . .

. . . . . . . . .
Grey of the twisted mulga roots,
Golden bronze of the budding shoots;
Tints of the lichens that cling and spread,
Nile-green, primrose, and palest red....

Fawn and pearl of the lyre-bird's train,
Sheen of the bronze-wing, blue of the crane;
Cream of the plover, grey of the dove;
These are the hues of the land I love!

Australia, it may be added, is—with the exception of New Zealand—the only great province in the Empire occupied by men of a purely British stock. In Canada, two-fifths are French; at the Cape, one-third is Dutch; in India, the British are but a tiny garrison ruling nearly 300,000,000 coloured men. The very happiest example of the colonizing genius of the British race, again, is to be seen in the brief history of Australia. Its story, as it happens, begins at the moment when Great Britain, by the loss of the Thirteen Colonies, had been taught the secret—as no other nation in history has ever learned it—of erecting remote settlements into communities with the freedom of independent States, and yet linked to the Motherland by the tie of an absolute loyalty. As thus read, the story of Australia is a revelation of the political temper and genius of the British race. It certainly represents an experiment which, so far, has succeeded brilliantly.

A community has been evolved, set in conditions so happy—at once so sheltered from external pressure, and so absolutely free to seek its own ideals—that it forms a kind of sociological laboratory with, for the most part, the equable temperature—if not always the scientific intelligence and methods—of a laboratory. And if its experiments sometimes amuse, they sometimes, too, instruct the rest of the world.

And how Australia, under these conditions, has grown! The contrast in scale and wealth betwixt that strange cluster of 'pilgrim fathers' which Phillip landed in Botany Bay in 1788, and the six States, with their separate Parliaments and great cities, which, by the Queen's proclamation of 1901, were united to form the
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Australian Commonwealth, is simply amazing. To-day, 1912, the annual revenue of the Australian States and Commonwealth together exceeds £55,000,000. This is more than four times the revenue of the United Kingdom in 1750, seven years before Plassey was won. It is equal to the revenue of Great Britain in 1810, the very year of Busaco, and five years after Trafalgar, when England had made herself supreme on the sea, and was holding Portugal against Napoleon.

Let the results achieved in Australian history by what it would be possible to describe as a century of drowsy and uneventful peace, be compared with the results, say, of the Hundred Years' War, which filled the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries with its tumult, or of that second Hundred Years' War, which wasted the civilized world through the whole course of the eighteenth century; and then let it be soberly asked whether the story of that Australian century, if less resounding, is not almost as well worth telling.
MARCUS ANDREW HISLOP CLARKE

Marcus Clarke (1846-1881) was born in Kensington, London, the son of a barrister of Irish descent. He was educated at Chomley School, Highgate, under Dr. Dyne; but before his education was completed he was left an orphan, and at the age of seventeen was sent out by relatives to try his fortune in Australia. After two years on a station near Glenorchy, he became a member of the literary staff of the Melbourne Argus in 1867, and contributed to The Argus and The Australasian. In 1870 he was appointed Secretary to the Public Library of Victoria. He also acted as Australian correspondent for the Daily Telegraph, London. His last days were clouded by monetary difficulties. The following essay is selected from the Australian edition of his Selected Works; and the essay on 'Adam Lindsay Gordon' is taken from the first edition of Gordon's verse originally published by Massina and Co. He was the author of For the Term of His Natural Life, the most famous of all Australian novels.

**Buckley**

EVERY country can claim for itself a Robinson Crusoe of home manufacture. He of Australia is William Buckley.

The story of this gentleman's Selkirkian experiences is in good truth an old one, for not only is his name familiar enough to all Australians, but he was one of the first settlers in the colony of Victoria. As the majority of reading Australians are aware—Victoria, or, as it was originally called, Port Phillip, was twice colonized—first, by Lieutenant-Governor Collins, and, secondly, by Batman and Fawkner. The first was a forced, the second a voluntary colonization. Governor Collins came in 1803, with convicts. Batman and Fawkner came in 1835, with free men. Buckley belonged to the first expedition, and, the only white man who remained in the country, he lived long enough to see the second. He was one of the convicts brought out by Governor Collins, and succeeded in escaping to the bush and maintaining himself there for thirty-two years. His 'picture in little' has been often painted, but as perhaps few persons are familiar with the
details of his life and adventures, this sketch (compiled from an account of his wanderings written by himself) may not prove unacceptable.

William Buckley was born in 1780 at Macclesfield, in Cheshire. His parents were poor folk, who cultivated young William upon a little oatmeal. He had two brothers and a sister, but at sixteen years of age he left them, and never saw them more. Apprenticed to a bricklayer he scorned the hod, and longed, like Norval, to ‘follow to the field some warlike lord.’ His father objected, but the Norval parallel still holding good, ‘Heaven soon granted what his sire denied.’ A sergeant in the Cheshire militia, assisted by ten guineas bounty, proved too much for parental advice, and William enlisted. He was at that time a prize for any recruiting sergeant. His height was gigantic, his strength excessive, and his brain-power feeble. He made a capital soldier. Getting into the King’s Own (4th Foot), he was sent to Holland, and fought there, receiving a wound in the hand. On his return to England he obtained leave of absence, and indulged in ‘riotous habits.’ His Dutch experiences did not appear to have been of an improving kind. Possibly the army swore as terribly in Flanders in the days of Buckley as it did in those of Captain Tobias Shandy. However, be that as it may, Buckley would seem to have borne rather a bad character; and being, as he neatly puts it, ‘implicated in an offence that rendered me liable to punishment’—to wit, receiving stolen property—was tried at Chatham, found guilty, and sentenced to the hulks. After six months’ work at the fortifications of Woolwich, he was ordered on board the Calcutta, bound for Australia; and from this date his story, as far as we are concerned with it, may be said to commence.

Lieutenant-Colonel Collins, of the Royal Marines (who had previously been Judge-Advocate to the colony of New South Wales at its establishment by Governor Phillip), had been compensated for loss of legitimate promotion by the governorship of the projected colony of Van Diemen’s Land. He was placed in command of the ships Calcutta and Ocean, with instructions to form a convict settlement
on the south-east coast of New Holland, and on the 27th April, 1803, left England for that purpose. A journal kept by the Rev. R. Knopwood, chaplain on board the Calcutta, gives us some particulars of the adventure.

After a somewhat stormy voyage, the expedition sighted Port Phillip Heads at 5 a.m. on the 9th October, and moored in the bay. After some prospecting on the adjoining land, it was resolved to go higher up the bay, and eventually near Point Lonsdale a site was fixed on for the new city, and the stores were disembarked. On the 25th October, at 8 a.m., the British flag was hoisted, and it being the King's birthday into the bargain, some waste of powder was occasioned. The convicts were then divided into gangs and put to work; and after a skirmish or two with the blacks, the colonists began to shake themselves down. Our hero Buckley was by this time in a position of some importance, and Mr. Knopwood records that on the 2nd November a complaint was made to him by the future Crusoe that 'one Robert Cannady had defrauded Buckley, the "Governor's servant," of a waistcoat.' Hearing the case in his capacity of magistrate, the worthy chaplain upheld Buckley's cause, and ordered the waistcoat to be given up. Notwithstanding his apparently comfortable condition Buckley was discontented. He complained that the rope's-end was a little too freely administered, and that the work was too hard. A magazine and storehouse were the first public buildings erected, and upon these Buckley—in virtue, I suppose, of his early lessons under the Cheshire bricklayer—was employed. He had been brickmaking or bricklaying for about three months when he resolved to attempt his escape. Such attempts were frequent.

There seems to have been some wild notion abroad that California was situated on the other side of the continent, and that Sydney was within easy walking distance. The prisoners were not very closely watched: some of them were employed at some distance from the barracks, and escape was not difficult; but the character of the surrounding country rendered any projected stroll to China or California a serious matter, and in the majority of cases
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the poor ignorant fellows returned with gaunt frames and hungry faces, begging to be flogged and fed. The Rev. Knopwood's journal is full of attempted escapes, but he usually records one of two results—a return or a death. The soldiers shot at any escaping convict, and if they missed him, the settlement would content itself with the surety, proved by sad experience, that in a few days he would return to the camp, or his dead body would be brought in by some exploring party.

On the 27th of December, one of these 'escapes' took place. At 9 p.m. six convicts endeavoured to make their escape, of whom Buckley was one. They were beset by a look-out party, and one man was shot. His name was Charles Shaw. The next night great fires were seen at a distance, and supposed to be lit by the runaways. On the 6th of January a search was made, the worthy chaplain himself armed and assisting, but without any effect. The colony became alarmed. Six men away in the bush was a bad example. The next day the drums beat to arms, and a select body of marines were sent in pursuit of the fugitives, but though they were tracked for fifty miles, they could not be discovered. Believing that the absconders had died in the bush, the commandant was satisfied, and refrained from further exertions. On the 6th of January, one of the party named McAllender, came in and surrendered, giving up a gun which he had stolen. He said that all the others had died or been lost in the bush. This intelligence was for the colonists satisfactory, and in four days the occurrence was almost forgotten. Indeed, the Governor and his officers had something more interesting than convicts' escapades to occupy their minds.

From the very first landing, the people had grumbled at the situation and the climate. It was the height of summer. The thermometer averaged 110 degrees in the sun. Fires were frequent; once, indeed, the huts of the officers and marines, and the marquees themselves, were nearly consumed. The soil was sandy and uninviting, the surrounding country barren and grim. Water was not too abundant, and as yet no river of any importance had been discovered. Collins had not the wit or the luck to
penetrate to the Yarra, or to coast to the Barwon, and disgusted with the inhospitable soil, he yielded to the entreaties of his officers, and broke up the settlement. The 24th, 25th and 26th of January were spent in re-embarking the convicts, stores, and soldiers, and by daylight of the 30th, Port Phillip was deserted. It had been colonized for the space of three months, and during that time one child had been born. 'On the 5th of November,' says the chaplain, 'Sergeant Thomas's wife was delivered of a boy, the first child of European parents born at Port Phillip.' This boy was named Hobart.

The record of the chaplain's experiences, as far as I have been able to follow it, ends at 3 o'clock on the afternoon of the day of the desertion. 'At 3 p.m.,' says he, 'I dined with the Governor.' Perhaps the conversation at that dinner was not without reference to the fate of Buckley and his companions. I can imagine the good chaplain sighing over his glass, and mentally congratulating the repentant McAllender upon the good sense which induced him to return to bondage. There could be no hope for the runaways now. Even if, by some wild chance, a hardier absconder succeeded in dragging himself back to camp, eager for the lash and loaf, his tardy penitence must come too late. The hot January sun would glare down now but upon deserted and unfinished buildings, bared spaces of ground, and all the melancholy ruin of abandoned habitations. Convict McAllender himself, snugly disposed in the lower deck of the Ocean, might feel not uninclined to plume his ruffled feathers at the good fortune which had preserved him from the hideous fate of his unhappy companions.

Let us see what that fate was.

On the evening of the 27th of December this occurred. At sunset, the hour of returning to the shed, four men—one of whom had possession of a gun obtained from the Governor's garden—sneaked round the partially finished buildings, and took to the bush. A sentry challenged, and receiving no reply, fired, and shot the last of the party. The others ran for the best part of four hours, and though pursued, were not re-captured. That night they
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camped on the bank of a creek, and in the morning pushed on again with redoubled vigour. They had some bread and meat, sundry tin pots, the gun before mentioned, and an iron kettle. It was resolved to head for Sydney, and in happy ignorance of the whereabouts of that city, the adventurers set their backs directly against it, and made straight towards the present site of Melbourne.

They crossed the Yarra, and reached the Yawong hills on the third day’s journey. Here the last particle of the treasured bread and meat was consumed; Sydney was distant, and starvation imminent. Buckley, who by virtue of his size and courage was elected leader of the party, ordered a retreat to the sea-coast, where mussels and limpets might keep life in them. With some difficulty they made their way to the beach, and wandered along it for three days, subsisting on gum, fish, and limpets. They broiled their poor fare on the embers, having flung away their kettle on the second day’s march, as being too heavy to carry. It was found, Buckley says, thirty-two years afterwards by a ploughing settler. By this time they had made the circuit of the bay, and from their lair could see the Calcutta lying at anchor below them. Maddened by hunger, and desperate with dread of death, the grim philosophy of the lash and loaf overtook them. They lighted fires by night to attract the attention of the settlement, and hoisted their ragged garments on trees by day. Once a boat—probably the one with our armed chaplain—was seen to approach, and a rescue was hailed with a sort of dismal delight, but she returned without seeing their signals, and hope vanished.

For six days the miserable wretches starved within sight of their prison home, and at last plucked up courage to make a last effort for life. They told Buckley that they had determined to retrace their steps round the bay to the settlement, and urged him to accompany them. The desperate giant refused. He would have liberty at any hazard. Death in the gloomy swamps, the fantastic underwood, or the barren sand-hills, seemed not so terrible as the death-in-life of the convict sheds. They might go if they pleased, he would remain. They did so,
and all but one (McAllender, who carried the now useless gun) met the fate they dreaded.

Buckley, left to himself, turned his face to the wilderness, and doggedly set out in search of Sydney. 'How I could have deceived myself into a belief of reaching it,' he says, 'is astonishing. . . . The whole affair was, in fact, a species of madness.' For seven days he travelled, swimming rivers, fording creeks, and plunging through scrub. His hope was to follow the coast-line until he reached his destination. He lived on shell-fish, gum, and the tops of young plants. On the sixth day the climate grew warmer. This added to his distress, for it increased his thirst. He began to have difficulty in finding food, and coming to two rocks that stood close together, flung himself down between them in despair. The rising tide drove him out of his miserable refuge, and, climbing to the top, he slept, and hoped to die.

The next morning, however, he found something which cheered him. All through the journey the runaways had seen and heard the natives. Buckley had twice swum a creek to escape from them, and at night the forest was glow-wormed with their fires. The dying wretch—he had been without food for three days and was at the last gasp—came upon a smouldering log. The sight gave him new energies. He tore down some berries, roasted and ate them, and searching a little further found a 'great supply of shell-fish.' At this place he remained for more than a week, and then coming to a big rock, sheltered by an overhanging cliff, from which a plentiful stream of fresh water continually gushed, he made himself a sort of hut. Here he lived in rude contentment, and feeding on shell-fish and a sort of wild berry, began to experience the delights of freedom.

He was soon disturbed. One day three natives appeared and took possession of his home. They did not seem terrified at his appearance, but ate and drank (crayfish and water) with great gusto. They were dressed in opossum skins, and armed with spears. Buckley, weak with illness and unarmed, made no resistance to their will,
and they bore him off to their huts. That night they watched him, or he would have escaped. In the morning, after a vain attempt to obtain such remnants of his woollen stockings as time and the shingle had left him, they went away, and he, frightened at the chance of their return, took to the bush. For some months he wandered about, living the life of a wild man, and subsisting on roots, berries, and shell-fish. The weather set in gloomy and tempestuous. He was frequently without fire, food, or shelter, and his sleep was broken by terror of the natives. The physical instinct of life-preservation must have been very strong in the man; a less stolid animal would have got rid of his burden long ago. One day, crawling rather than walking through the scrub, he saw a mound of earth with a spear sticking up out of the top of it, and being in want of a walking-stick, he pulled up the weapon. That spear saved his life.

Having lain down that night under a tree, at grips with his last enemy, and not expecting to see the light of another morning, he was perceived by two lubras, who brought their husbands in great amazement to see the white man. The husbands, with that intelligence which is the privilege of the male sex, saw the state of the case at a glance. A great warrior had been buried at the mound. Great warriors, as all the world knows, change into white men after death. Buckley was a white man; and, moreover, he had in his hand the very spear that had been stuck into the tomb. Nothing could be more satisfactory, and saluting the half-starved convict, by the name of Murrangurk, they bore him off to their huts, with much shouting and demonstrations of joy. Luckily for the restored Murrangurk, this joviality soon took the practical form of gum-water and chrysalids, upon which he dined heartily.

After a terrific corroboree, in which the women beat skin-drums until they fainted, and the men hacked themselves with knives until they bled, Buckley was duly received into the black bosom of the people, and presented with a nephew. This ready-made relative proved attentive, and Buckley accepted his position with grace,
reflecting that if his nephew was not very wise, 'there was no chance of his uncle having to pay his tailor's or other bills. A consolation.' he adds with some humour, 'that many uncles would be glad to possess with equal security.'

Buckley soon fell in with the customs of his rescuers, and for the next thirty years lived with them as one of themselves, joining in their fights, and taking a prominent part in their councils.

He was married to a charming but faithless woman, who, unmindful of the honour done her, eloped with a young warrior of her own race a fortnight after her marriage. Her justly indignant relatives, however, quickly knocked her on the head, and upheld the sanctity of the marriage tie. Despite his ill-success in the matrimonial lottery, Buckley appears to have found considerable favour in the eyes of the lubras. He relates with calm satisfaction many interesting intrigues, and pauses frequently in his narrative to heave a tender sigh at the recollection of the many ladies who were waddied for his sake. He became at last a sort of father of the people, presiding in the council and issuing orders to the senate. The tribe which originally adopted him were almost totally destroyed in battle, and he then found a home among the friends of one of his wives.

His account of his wanderings is not particularly interesting. The Australian black is as far removed from Uncas and Chingachgook, as Uncas and Chingachgook are from reality. Mr. Buckley's friends had no medicine-man, no tents, no Great Spirit, no fawnskin clothes, no mocassins, no calumets, and no buffalo. They were simply a set of repulsive, filthy savages, who daubed themselves with mud, and knew no pleasure save that of gorging. I am afraid that Mr. Buckley's narrative shows the beautiful fallacy of the native poetic theory. An Australian Romeo would bear his Juliet off with the blow of a club, and Juliet would prepare herself for her bridal by 'greasing herself from head to foot with the kidney-fat of her lover's rival.' Poor Paris!

However, here and there we get amusing hints of
primitive innocence. In happy ignorance of cookery, Mr. Buckley's friends eat 'all kinds of beasts, fish, fowl, reptile and creeping things.' They have no notion of mechanical appliance, and a rude dam that Buckley made astonished them greatly. Their arms are spears, clubs, and flint-headed tomahawks, and they spear their fish and dig out their wombats. No genius among them had ever invented a net or a snare. They keep count of time by chalk-marks on the arm. They paint themselves for battle or feast. They bury their dead in mounds, or suspend them in trees. They eat their enemies, having previously grilled them between heated stones. Affectionate wives preserve the knee-joints of their dead husbands as relics, and wear them round their necks, locket fashion. Deformed children are instantly brained, and the population is kept within reasonable bounds by judicious weeding of an extensive family. A child every two years is considered enough for every reasonable mother, and should she indulge in more, the indignant father cracks its skull against the nearest tree. (Nothing is new, you see—not even Social Science.) Cannibalism is a luxury, not an ordinary practice; but Buckley mentions a tribe called the Pallidurgbarrans, who eat human flesh whenever they get a chance, and employ human kidney-fat, not as a charmed unguent for the increase of their valour, but as a sort of Dundee marmalade, viz., an 'excellent substitute for butter at breakfast.' These gentlemen are the colour of 'light copper, their bodies having tremendously large and protruding bellies.' They ate so many natives at last that war was declared, and some inglorious Pellissier drove a few hundred of them into a cave, and setting fire to the surrounding bush, suffocated them with great success.

When a girl is born she is instantly promised in marriage, and from that time neither she herself nor her mother must speak to the intended son-in-law, nor the son-in-law to them. Marriage is quite à la mode with these people. The nearest approach, however, that they make to civilization is in popular theology. They believe that the earth is supported on props, which are in charge
of an old man who lives at the most remote corner of the earth. Occasionally this old man sends a message to say that unless he gets a supply of tomahawks and rope to cut and tie more props with, the earth will 'go by the run, and all hands will be smothered.' One of these messages arrived while Buckley was there, and he says that intense excitement prevailed, and tomahawks galore were sent on to the 'old man.' 'Who this knowing old juggling thief is,' says Buckley, 'I could never make out. However, it is only one of the same sort of robberies which are practised in the other countries of what are called Christendom.' Popular theology is accustomed to cry out for 'more props.'

At last, after thirty-two years of savage life, Buckley met two natives, one of whom carried a flag over his shoulders. He had long given up all hope of meeting with white men; he had forgotten his language and almost his name, but the sight of the flag gave him a strange shock. The natives told him that they had seen a vessel at anchor in Port Phillip Bay, near the Indented Heads, and all hands having left her on a boat-expedition up the river, they had climbed on board and helped themselves. They proposed to Buckley to go back with them and help to decoy the people on shore, when they would kill them and seize the cargo. Now for the first time the hope of escape from the hideous liberty he had sought arose. He pretended to fall in with their views, and going down to the seashore, made every effort privately to attract the attention of the newcomers. But he had forgotten the English tongue, and could only made hoarse and unintelligible noises. Twice a boat approached him, and twice, hearing his frantic gibberish, and seeing his savage costume, the sailors laughed and pulled off.

While watching the vessel, the natives told him that some years before another vessel had anchored in the same place, and two white men were brought ashore by four or five others, who tied them to trees and shot them, leaving their bodies bound. There were many such mysteries of the sea in those times.

In a few days more the vessel departed, and poor
Buckley, going to the spot where he had last seen her crew land, found a white man's grave—grim answer to his hopes and prayers. A few months after this he found a boat stranded on the shore, and learned that two sailors had been saved and well treated by the natives, who wished to bring them to him, but that the castaways, suspicious and ill at ease, had gone off in the direction of the Yarra. There they were savagely murdered. A vessel would seem to have been wrecked somewhere on the coast, for barrels were found. One of these contained what Buckley, who found it, supposed to be beer or wine, but the flavour appeared 'horribly offensive' to him, and he staved the cask.

At last his 'good time' arrived. One day two young natives met him, and, waving coloured handkerchiefs, informed him that three white and six black men had been landed from a ship which had gone away again, and that they had erected two tents. The natives suggested murder and robbery, and told Buckley that they were in search of another tribe in order to fall upon the white men more effectually. Alarmed by this intelligence, Buckley started for the white camp, and, reaching it next day, sat down at some little distance and made signs to his countrymen. His strange colour, his wild garb, and his gigantic height appeared to alarm them, but they spoke kindly to him. Buckley could neither understand nor reply. At last one man offered him some bread, 'calling it by its name,' and as he did so, Buckley says, 'a cloud appeared to pass from over my brain, and I repeated that and other English words after him.' They took him to their tents and gave his biscuit, tea, and meat. He showed them the initials W.B. on one of his arms, and they regarded him as a shipwrecked seaman. Little by little he recovered the use of his tongue, and could speak with them. They told him that the vessel which had landed them would be back from Launceston in a few days with more people and a fresh supply of tools; and that they were about to settle in the country, and had already bought land of the native chiefs. 'This,' says Buckley, 'I knew could not have been, because, unlike other savage communities or
people, they have no chiefs claiming or possessing superior right over the soil, theirs being only as heads of families.'

The natives now began to assemble in great numbers, and announced to Buckley their intention of killing the new settlers, desiring him to aid them, and threatening him that they would sacrifice him with the weaker party if he refused. Buckley was a little frightened at this, but succeeded in persuading his old friends to wait until the return of the ship, when, he said, the amount of plunder would be increased. The ship not returning as soon as was expected, the natives began to grow impatient, and then Buckley, throwing off all disguise, openly sided with the white men, and, arming himself with a gun, vowed he would shoot through the head the first man who flung a spear. This threat, and a promise of unlimited presents, kept them quiet, and at last the vessel arrived. She brought Batman and his party, and having landed the stores, returned next day to Van Diemen's Land. Buckley now told his story, and Mr. Wedge promised to use his interest with Governor Arthur to get him a free pardon. He was installed in the meantime as interpreter and guide to the expedition. When the vessel returned, Batman went on board and fired off his gun as a signal to Buckley that his pardon had arrived. The next day he received that document, dated 25th August, 1835, exactly thirty-two years from the date of his landing from the ship Calcutta.

By this vessel, instructions were brought to the directors of the company to proceed further up the Yarra, and in three days the site of Melbourne was marked out. The next vessel brought Mr. Gellibrand and a number of settlers, to whom Buckley was engaged as interpreter, at a salary of £50 a year and rations. He accompanied them on an exploring expedition, and assisted Mr. Batman to build the ‘first habitation regularly formed at Port Phillip,’ a house on Batman's hill.

The tide of immigration now poured into the new settlement, and Melbourne became a township. Captain Lonsdale (of Buckley's old regiment) came over with a detachment of the 4th to assume the command of the
colony, and made Buckley his personal attendant. He was now in clover, was well-dressed, well-fed, and a man of no small importance. He quarrelled with a Mr. Fawkner from Launceston, 'who had been an old settler, but had no connection with the company.' He acted as constable, and hunted down and apprehended a black-fellow for killing a shepherd. Governor Bourke and several officers of the New South Wales Government visiting the place, Buckley received him at the head of 100 natives 'ranked in line, and saluting him by putting their hands to their foreheads ' as he directed. The Governor was interested in the 'wild white man,' and asked him many questions about his wild life. Buckley replied with suitable dignity, and ended by accompanying His Excellency into the interior—about as far as Mordialloc—and showing him the lions. On his return he heard of the loss of Mr. Gelli-brand and Mr. Hesse, and volunteered to look for them. The loss of these gentlemen threw the settlement into a great state of consternation. They had attempted to ride from Geelong to Melbourne, and had been lost in the bush. It was generally thought that they were murdered by the blacks, and several natives were shot without the slightest reason. All search for the missing men proved unsuccessful, and Buckley returned. An absconder from Van Diemen's Land being apprehended about this time, Buckley was sent in charge of him to Launceston, and returned in a steam-vessel, having on board Captain Fyans, who had been appointed Resident Magistrate at Geelong.

He now seems to have been discontented with his position, 'and finding that some persons were always throwing difficulties in the way of my interests, and not knowing what might be the result, I determined on resigning office, and on leaving a colony where my services were so little known, and so badly appreciated by the principal authorities.'

On 28th of December, 1837, Buckley sailed from Melbourne in the Yarra Yarra, and landed in Hobart Town on the 10th of January following. Here he was made much of; public-houses were thrown open to him, and strangers
stood treat to him. One gentleman took him to the theatre, and 'one of the performers came to ask me if I would like to visit the place again and come upon the stage.' Buckley, with that wild desire to go 'behind the scenes' which thirty-two years of barbarism had not shaken out of him, said that he would like it much. The next day, however, he discovered the reason for his friend's kindness: he was to be exhibited as the Anglo-Australian giant! 'I soon,' says he, 'gave a denial to any such display, very much to the mortification, as I afterwards understood, of the stage manager, who had publicly notified my appearance.' I wonder who was this ingenious dog. He doubtless gauged the public taste accurately—Buckley would have been a 'good draw.'

Shortly afterwards a Mr. Cutts, one of his old shipmates in the Calcutta, who had now become a wealthy and respectable settler near Green Ponds, made interest with Sir John Franklin, and Buckley was appointed assistant storekeeper at the Hobart Town Immigrants' Home; and when that establishment was broken up, he was transferred to the Female Nursery as gatekeeper.

At the Immigrants' Home he 'became acquainted with a family consisting of a respectable mechanic, his wife and daughter,' and, the mechanic being killed by the natives near the Murray River, Buckley proposed to the widow and was accepted. He was married in March, 1840.

Ten years afterwards he was paid off by the Convict Department, with a pension of £12 a year, and on this, and a subscription raised by his friends, he lived until his death, which occurred in February, 1856, when he had attained the age of seventy-six.
Marcus Clarke

Adam Lindsay Gordon

The poems of Gordon have an interest beyond the mere personal one which his friends attach to his name. Written, as they were, at odd times, and in leisure moments of a stirring and adventurous life, it is not to be wondered at if they are unequal or unfinished. The astonishment of those who knew the man, and can gauge the capacity of this city to foster poetic instinct, is that such work was ever produced here at all. Intensely nervous, and feeling much of that shame at the exercise of the higher intelligence which besets those who are known to be renowned in field sports, Gordon produced his poems shyly, scribbled them on scraps of paper, and sent them anonymously to magazines. It was not until he discovered one morning that everybody knew a couplet or two of 'How We Beat the Favourite' that he consented to forego his anonymity and appear in the unsuspected character of a verse-maker. The success of his republished 'collected' poems gave him courage, and the unreserved praise which greeted Bush Ballads should have urged him to forget or to conquer those evil promptings which, unhappily, brought about his untimely death.

Adam Lindsay Gordon was the son of an officer in the English army, and was educated at Woolwich, in order that he might follow the profession of his family. At the time when he was a cadet there was no sign of either of the two great wars which were about to call forth the strength of English arms, and, like many other men of his day, he quitted his prospects of service and emigrated. He went to South Australia and started as a sheep farmer. His efforts were attended with failure. He lost his capital, and, owning nothing but a love for horsemanship and a head full of Browning and Shelley, plunged into the varied life which gold-mining, 'overlanding,' and cattle-drovers affords. From this experience he emerged to light in Melbourne as the best amateur steeplechase-rider in the colonies. The victory he won for Major Baker in 1868,
when he rode Babbler for the Cup Steeplechase, made him popular, and the almost simultaneous publication of his last volume of poems gave him welcome entrance to the houses of all who had pretensions to literary taste. The reputation of the book spread to England, and Major Whyte-Melville did not disdain to place the lines of the dashing Australian author at the head of his own dashing descriptions of sporting scenery. Unhappily, the melancholy, which Gordon's friends had with pain observed, increased daily, and in the full flood of his success, with congratulations pouring upon him from every side, he was found dead in the heather near his home with a bullet from his own rifle in his brain.

I do not propose to criticize the volumes which these few lines of preface introduce to the reader. The influence of Browning and of Swinburne upon the writer's taste is plain. There is plainly visible also, however, a keen sense for natural beauty and a manly admiration for healthy living. If in 'Ashtaroth' and 'Bellona' we recognize the swing of a familiar metre, in such poems as 'The Sick Stockrider' we perceive the genuine poetic instinct united to a very clear perception of the loveliness of duty and of labour.

'Twas merry in the glowing morn, among the gleaming grass,
To wander as we've wandered many a mile,
And blow the cool tobacco cloud, and watch the white wreaths pass,
Sitting loosely in the saddle all the while;
'Twas merry 'mid the blackwoods, when we spied the station roofs,
To wheel the wild scrub cattle at the yard,
With a running fire of stockwhips and a fiery run of hoofs,
Oh! the hardest day was never then too hard.
Aye! we had a glorious gallop after 'Starlight' and his gang
When they bolted from Sylvester's on the flat;
How the sun-dried reed-beds crackled, how the flint-strewn ranges rang
To the strokes of 'Mountaineer' and 'Acrobat,'
Hard behind them in the timber, harder still across the heath,
Close behind them through the tea-tree scrub we dashed;
And the golden-tinted fern leaves, how they rustled underneath
And the honeysuckle osiers, how they crash'd!

This is genuine. There is no 'Poetic evolution from
the depths of internal consciousness' here. The writer has ridden his ride as well as written it.

The student of these unpretending volumes will be repaid for his labour. He will find in them something very like the beginnings of a national school of Australian poetry. In historic Europe, where every rood of ground is hallowed in legend and in song, the least imaginative can find food for sad and sweet reflection. When strolling at noon down an English country lane, lounging at sunset by some ruined chapel on the margin of an Irish lake, or watching the mists of morning unveil Ben Lomond, we feel all the charm which springs from association with the past. Soothed, saddened, and cheered by turns, we partake of the varied moods which belong not so much to ourselves as to the dead men who, in old days, sung, suffered, or conquered in the scenes which we survey. But this our native or adopted land has no past, no story. No poet speaks to us. Do we need a poet to interpret Nature's teachings, we must look into our own hearts, if perchance we may find a poet there.

What is the dominant note of Australian scenery? That which is the dominant note of Edgar Allan Poe's poetry—Weird Melancholy. A poem like 'L'Allegro' could never be written by an Australian. It is too airy, too sweet, too freshly happy. The Australian mountain forests are funereal, secret, stern. Their solitude is desolation. They seem to stifle, in their black gorges, a story of sullen despair. No tender sentiment is nourished in their shade. In other lands the dying year is mourned, the fallen leaves drop lightly on his bier. In the Australian forests no leaves fall. The savage winds shout among the rock clefts. From the melancholy gums, strips of white bark hang and rustle. The very animal life of these frowning hills is either grotesque or ghostly. Great grey kangaroos hop noiselessly over the coarse grass. Flights of white cockatoos scream out, shrieking like evil souls. The sun suddenly sinks, and the mopokes burst out into horrible peals of semi-human laughter. The natives aver that, when night comes, from out of the bottomless depths of some lagoon the Bunyip rises, and, in form like
a monstrous sea-calf, drags his loathsome length from out the ooze. From a corner of the silent forest rises a dismal chant, and around a fire dance natives painted like skeletons. All is fear-inspiring and gloomy. No bright fancies are linked with the memories of the mountains. Hopeless explorers have named them out of their sufferings—Mount Misery, Mount Dreadful, Mount Despair. As when among sylvan scenes in places

Made green with the running of rivers,
And gracious with temperate air,

the soul is soothed and satisfied, so, placed before the frightful grandeur of these barren hills, it drinks in their sentiment of defiant ferocity, and is steeped in bitterness.

Australia has rightly been named the Land of the Dawning. Wrapped in the mist of early morning, her history looms vague and gigantic. The lonely horseman riding between the moonlight and the day sees vast shadows creeping across the shelterless and silent plains, hears strange noises in the primeval forests, where flourishes a vegetation long dead in other lands, and feels, despite his fortune, that the trim utilitarian civilization which bred him shrinks into insignificance beside the contemptuous grandeur of forest and ranges coeval with an age in which European scientists have cradled his own race.

There is a poem in every form of tree or flower, but the poetry which lives in the trees and flowers of Australia differs from those of other countries. Europe is the home of knightly song, of bright deeds and clear morning thought. Asia sinks beneath the weighty recollection of her past magnificence, as the Suttee sinks, jewel-burdened, upon the corpse of dread grandeur, destructive even in its death. America swiftly hurries on her way, rapid, glittering, insatiable even as one of her own giant waterfalls. From the jungles of Africa, and the creeper-tangled groves of the islands of the South, arise, from the glowing hearts of a thousand flowers, heavy and intoxicating odours—the Upas-poison which dwells in barbaric sensuality. In Australia alone is to be
Marcus Clarke

found the Grotesque, the Weird, the strange scribblings of Nature learning how to write. Some see no beauty in our trees without shade, our flowers without perfume, our birds who cannot fly, and our beasts who have not yet learned to walk on all fours. But the dweller in the wilderness acknowledges the subtle charm of this fantastic land of monstrosities. He becomes familiar with the beauty of loneliness. Whispered to by the myriad tongues of the wilderness, he learns the language of the barren and the uncouth, and can read the hieroglyphics of haggard gum-trees, blown into odd shapes, distorted with fierce hot winds, or cramped with cold nights, when the Southern Cross freezes in a cloudless sky of icy blue. The phantasmagoria of that wild dreamland termed the Bush interprets itself, and the Poet of our desolation begins to comprehend why free Esau loved his heritage of desert-sand better than all the bountiful riches of Egypt.
JAMES EDMOND

James Edmond (1859-1933) was born and was educated in Glasgow, Scotland. He emigrated to New Zealand in 1878, and came to Australia in 1881. In 1885 he obtained a footing in journalism on the staff of the Rockhampton Morning Bulletin. From that paper he went to the Sydney Bulletin and became financial editor, leader-writer and dramatic critic. Finally he edited the Bulletin from 1913 to 1915. His reputation was made as a humorous writer, and the following essay, ‘Up a Northern River,’ is more staid than his usual style. It is taken from a collection of stories and sketches entitled A Golden Shanty, published by the Bulletin.

Up a Northern River

It is early Autumn—the season when the cart-horse bard of the Australian plains dodders in smothered verse about the leaves that are not getting brown, and the songful goat which stamps on the bank of the muddy river, as the saddle-coloured current staggers feebly toward the distant sea; and lifts up his voice concerning the bugs and tight boots of his beloved motherland, likewise the snakes and the ague, the stumps on the highway, the wattle, the wild pigs, the distemper, and other cognate themes. The bare gaunt claws of Nature are spreading out over the earth, and through the crisp night air come strange mixed sounds—the 'awk-awk-awk' of some undistinguishable reptile, the 'z-z-z-z-z-z' of some flying insect with a red-hot tail, and, above all, the accursed, soul-destroying 'toot' of that passing steamer which plods in and out of the remoter seaports bearing exasperation on its wings, and spreading human demoralization wherever it goes.

What Australian is there who does not know that deceptive little craft—the broken-down, one-horse vessel which steals alongside the wharf just after the expectant traveller has given up all hope and gone to bed, and then creeps away again before he is awake, and leaves him hopelessly behind, a lost atom with a portmanteau, blaspheming in a fifth-rate public-house—the flat-bottomed
steam-failure with an agonizing shriek, which is supposed to call twice a week in the dead waste and wilderness of the night, and which is twenty miles away before the morning resurrection? The places which this vessel most loves to haunt are the weary, mouldering, prematurely-old, bush-grown little ports of the Northern Rivers, and it comes out of its lair to lie off these spots and toot its aggravating whistle, and then it slides away into outer darkness, and leaves its intending passengers to walk. As a rule the belated traveller who intends trusting his body to this means of conveyance arrives by land a day ahead, with his heart full of hope and his shirts in a capacious bag, and hunts up the dismal, tangled clerk, who represents the local shipping interests, in a dismantled fortress beside the wharf. There is a certain tired, shock-headed race of clerks, who appear to grow for this especial branch of industry, and the representative of this outcast race is generally found keeping his weary watch in company with a dog-eared ledger and a three-legged stool which was made out of an ancient Egyptian coffin. He is an individual who knows nothing, and knows it worse than any other man on earth, and he doesn't even know enough to know that he knows nothing, but booms along with a serenity which is little short of sublime.

Still, he is in a position to report that the steamer will most likely come along some time, if she doesn't die on the way. She calls in every three days, except when she is a month and a half overdue, and then she calls in twice a week every day except Sunday, and that day she calls every alternate fortnight and three-quarters only. At present, however, there is a hitch in the time-table arrangements, and consequently she only arrives semi-occasionally, and sometimes not so often as that by a good deal, but she will probably be along about the middle of the night, or from that to the early part of the week after next. Then you probably inquire if this miserable Flying Dutchman hasn't been signalled from somewhere or other along the coast, and he explains, with a pitying smile, that there is no telegraph in these parts; but an orphan boy who was up on the top of an adjacent hill, about the
centre of yesterday, saw some smoke on the horizon, which might have been the steamer, or, on the other hand again, it mightn't. It further transpires that the witness in this case died early the same morning, so that he can't be further questioned on the subject; but by way of corroborative evidence, it is mentioned that a subscription is now being got up to buy his mother a mangle—' and can I put you down for a trifle, sir? ' At all events, the shock-headed commercial youth has got a bill of lading for 187 bananas duly made out, and he trusts that the vessel may come along shortly and remove that festering luggage out of sight.

After this you can wander up the dreamy grass-grown thoroughfare and muse in the sweltering sun, and have dinner at the licensed sepulchre in the next street, and await the course of events. Sometimes, in the tangled wilds of the afternoon it may be, an unhappy native floats along, and you can curse him with your acquaintance and gnaw his soul with your personal friendship till he withers away and becomes a hollow-minded and mysterious wreck, and then you can spread your moral infection around until it appears to be time to move your soul back to the silent wharf and inquire some more about the steamer.

Generally this second visit breaks up the shock-headed clerk, and he informs you sorrowfully that he believes the company has made arrangements to avoid this particular port in future, as if it were a serpent. They tell a tale to this day about a clerk on one of the northern rivers who was in the act of explaining something like this to a demoniacal traveller, and the latter, in bitter irony pronounced to him a mysterious conundrum, which was meant to be a sarcasm upon his common sense, about certain circumstances under which a door got tired of being a door and became something else, and asked him if he thought this fact should be taken three times a day in a glass of water, and the clerk considered about it till he died and was buried in a leafy spot, under a spreading tree, but the circumstance is not sufficiently substantiated. Towards six o'clock, however, the inky menial generally brightens up, and if he is struck about that hour, the
inquirer may possibly be supplied with some fresh ignorance, and may acquire a disjointed paragraph to the effect that the expected steamer may possibly show in the river about ten o’clock, upside down, with the captain swimming alongside and carrying the boiler on his head. Sometimes the tangle-headed one adds that he will call up at the hotel and advise you when the cough of the asthmatic monster is heard upon the bosom of the deep; but this is merely a premonitory sign that he is going out of town at once and won’t be back for three days, and is not by any means to be relied upon.

By this time the tea and flies are ready at your mausoleum, and two clump-soled men, who live by prodding the paunchy bullock to his doom at the butcher’s shop, are blaspheming at the table; and then the evening drags wearily along, while you smoke and wait and drink and swear and pray. By eight o’clock the local liquors have eaten away your vitals; by ten you have smoked till you are a hollow mummy, caked all over on the inside with soot; by eleven there isn’t any sign of the steamer, and nobody in the place has ever heard of such a means of conveyance in his life. At midnight you wander down to the collection of ancient tea-chests, where the shipping cannibal is generally on view, but all is silent and deserted, and the loafer who hangs about outside is quite sure that the place is only a potato-store. The tide is falling in the river, and where water used to be there are only the footprints of an alligator on the long, slimy sand-banks; and, finally, you drift back to bed with a conviction that a raft may possibly come along about the back part of the Day of Judgment, but till then business is suspended . . .

Shade of the great original alligator! Is that the whistle of a steam-boat after all? The belated stranger comes out of bed with a crash, and hurriedly gets into his portmanteau under the impression that it is his clothes. An iron-clad insect, with eight legs and four horns, is walking across the floor; and a horror, the size of a dinner-plate, is roosting on the curtains. Something with long feelers and a tail is sitting on the traveller’s hat, and while escaping it he squashes a general sort of reptile
which seems to be there for no particular purpose except to look mysterious-like and fill the bill. There is only one chair in the room, and he falls over it unto seventy times seven; but, at last, by the exercise of a patient sagacity which is half bloodhound and half Job, he disentangles himself from this weapon for sitting down upon, and sprints down the street with one pair of socks in his hand and the rest of his baggage left behind in the darkness. There are more whistlings on the river, more insects, the shadow of something that looks like a kangaroo spreads across the road, somebody is yelling at the top of his voice on the wharf, somebody else—

There is a mud-barge aground on the shore, and the shade of a half-grown tug-steamer is trying to get it off, and is blowing an unearthly toot about twice in five minutes. The steamer came in and left again half an hour ago. Somebody had stuffed a cork in the whistle, so that it had to leave without saying anything. It won't be back for a month, and the other steamer which travels that way went ashore last night, and won't be fit for work for eight weeks. There is just a faint possibility that a ketch, laden with bone-dust and condemned fish, may put in about two o'clock in the morning next Tuesday fortnight, but this point is uncertain because the captain has gone mad and the mate recently hanged himself. Anyhow, 'You better not stand on them bannaners for the captain wouldn't take them on account of there bein' a lot of scorpions about them, and if you wouldn't mind givin' a haul on this rope we'll have this 'ere mud-barge off in two jiffs.'

Bless the man who invented the steam-boat system on Australia's Northern rivers!
DONALD MACDONALD

Donald Macdonald (1859-1932); journalist and naturalist. Born at Fitzroy, Melbourne, and educated locally, he was on the staff of the Argus most of his life. He was a war-correspondent during the Boer War in South Africa of 1899-1902, and was in Ladysmith during the siege, which was relieved by General Sir Redvers Buller on February 28, 1900. He also wrote upon the popular subjects of cricket and football, but his most permanent writings will be those in which he detailed his patient observation and keen love of natural beauty wherever found, whether in scenery or in the habits of birds and flowers.

This essay describes the village of Keilor, a charming old-world village a few miles from Melbourne on the road to Macedon. It is taken from Gumboughs and Wattle Blossam (n.d.).

Village and Farm

My village is set deep down in a hollow of the plain, so that you almost stumble into it over the hilltops capped with grey basalt. These hills seem like a barrier shutting it in from the rest of the world. From the table-land above you can see the black clouds of smoke rising above the city, and the masts of shipping in port, each offering its suggestions of busy commerce. You may fancy that you hear the din of the Babylonian chorus—or that you feel the throb of a thousand engines and the vibration of a thousand cranks, where the tall factory chimney-stacks throw off their contributions to the dark canopy. But down in the valley beneath there is no re-echo from the city. It is a peaceful place.

The houses are not glaringly new as in those mushroom towns of the north, but they are homely and comfortable. The white paint—long ago faded to dull drab, and half hidden beneath creeping ivy, clinging honeysuckle, and sprays of intrusive passion flower—is a pleasant contrast to the glare of new pine boards. In every corner and hollow of the valley, trees have long since been planted—here an English oak, there a cedar of Lebanon, next a Scotch fir, and farther on a black Austrian pine—a vegetable community as cosmopolitan as the
people of the village, who are made up of many nations—Englishmen, with an abiding belief in their own land, and a faculty for copying its traditions and institutions; Irishmen, with that keen love of country that has wrought so many misunderstandings abroad and heart-burnings at home; Scotchmen, thrifty and rugged, like the shelties and black cattle of their Highland hills, gloomily prophesying a future of sorrow and disaster for this new land because the village boys play at cricket on Sabbath afternoons in one of the bends by the river side. This British composite is leavened by units of other lands, who have almost forgotten their nationality.

There are strange colonial experiences here. Some of the villagers were the gold diggers of thirty years ago—men who burrowed for wealth beneath the white hills of old Bendigo, when the city was of canvas, with no bright green elms lining its quartz roadways—men who tell tales of these old-deserted claims along the scrub mounds, as dramatic and as inexact as Joaquin Miller's stories of the rugged Californian gold-seekers of '49.'

In the centre of the valley there is a large pond, with an island in the centre, and all along the margin a wealth of pendent pale-green willows. Years ago the pond was a little lake, the home of flocks of water birds, and girt about with stately gum trees. But when the settlers came and tore up the green slopes with plough and harrow, the storm water from the hills brought down the surface mould, and so the lake was silted up. Less than a half-century ago sedate emus trooped in stately columns over this hill-top, upon which the figure of a hare on its way to the orchards is now outlined in relief against the flush of dying twilight in the west. Kangaroo came out into the moonlight from the hollows. Now the white tails of many rabbits twinkle in the dusk. Where the highly civilized geese are nesting under the willow fringe, swans laid their long white eggs. In the little cottage-gardens everything is old-fashioned. The borders are of thrift or rosemary, and the fences are hidden in thickets of golden broom or pink-flecked sweet brier, filling the little garden with its fragrance. Chrysanthemums of all shades
spread their glory over the flower-beds in the autumn. A white trumpet-lily has taken absolute possession of one corner, and close by there is a huge lilac-bush crowned with blossoms. Out in the fields the ugliness of post and rail is sometimes hidden in a dark green covering of furze, or a square-cut hedge of hawthorn, along which the children run on Sunday afternoons, searching for a rare spray of pink in the ridge of snowy almond-scented blossoms. In the kitchen gardens huge elderberry bushes hang their flakes of white flowers. Before the sparrows came, bunches of dull, claret-coloured fruit followed the blossoms, but now they never appear.

Can anything be old in this new country? From an antiquary’s point of view, perhaps not. But a lifetime is a long time. No memories can be older, and it is memory that makes this little old-fashioned village the dearest in the land to many who have gone out beyond its limits but not its influence. In that little circular cemetery, for instance, down beneath the long brown grass that waves in the summer wind, there are memories as dear as life-blood. Every thought here is a gem precious beyond price; and memory, like a rich and thrifty matron, pours out before us all the wealth of the vanished years—nothing squandered, nothing lost. No Lethean draught to drown such sweet company, rather the fruit of the enchanted lotus-stem, that we may

Muse and brood, and live again in memory
With those old faces of our infancy,
Heapèd over with a mound of grass,
Two handfuls of white dust shut in an urn of brass.

And when several generations have lived beneath the same roof-tree, and some have died beneath it, every shingle is sacred. Every old-fashioned flower in the garden has associations to cherish, whether the blush roses climbing about the windows, or the tufts of white and golden guelder-rose nodding in the breeze.

If the village-gossips in their hours of idleness are sometimes busy with other reputations than their own, there is gold down beneath the plain earth. The little community has a noble heart that throbs with a misfor-
tune made universal, or is rent by a common sorrow. Some morning there is a hush in the wide grassy streets, and the children no longer clatter and laugh along the gravelled pathways. Death has come in the night, and although sympathetic sentinels are on guard, has taken one spirit away. The seal of sleep eternal is on a white face that will never brown again in the healthful sunshine. The darkened room—a symbol of abiding grief within, and a sincere sorrow without—is sweetened with flowers. No floral gem is a gift too rare for that cold white case­ment of a soul. So the neighbours gather their hearts­ease with the dew-tears fresh upon it, and white double stocks, and wallflowers and blue forget-me-nots to send as a last offering. Perhaps one of the grey fathers of the hamlet has passed to his rest. Then the village clergyman leaves for a time the tiny human speculations on Infinity that pass for sermons, and preaches the gospel of condolence and affection in words that soothe heart­sickness, like the sympathetic whisper of woods and waterfalls.

The political centre of the village is the blacksmith’s bench. If there is a chance idler, he comes here to pore over the newspaper that by noonday is always black with the smoke and cinders from the forge, and marked with the thumb-prints of many readers. Farm-hands, with horses to be shod, the crank of a mowing machine to weld, or a ploughshare to be ‘ set and steeled,’ drop in; and having exhausted topics of local interest, such as the price of hay, the qualities of a certain strain of draught-stock, or the probable harvest-yields, they relapse into politics. Broad questions, such as protection, free trade, or secular education, are the subject-matter for argument. As there is not an acre unalienated for fifty miles around, land-acts have only an antiquarian interest. The subtleties of lobby-politics or corner complications that so interest the journalist, and are gossip for the city man, rarely penetrate to Arcadia.

The older people are conservative both in habit and opinion, while the younger, like most colonials, are deeply imbued with the spirit of a new democracy. They have
no traditions to cherish, no institutions beyond those of State and Church to maintain. Self-interest is the secret of their concern for one, and they are loyal to the other from mere force of habit. Their fathers made the Church an important institution in the land by the power of prejudice and party feeling. It was woven into their politics, so that the two could not be dissociated. But the old spirit of intolerance and bigotry, that built up mountains of rancour washed about with seas of blood, is a sentiment with no meaning for their children. Without emotion or regrets they see the old denominational differences dead or dying about them, hard and forbidding to the last. They only say as Dickens said with such a different meaning: 'Dead, right reverends and wrong reverends of every order, and dying thus around us every day.'

The social pleasures of the village are few. In music the concertina was once a potent power for melody or torture, just as the tastes of the listeners inclined. Then there was a real Irish fiddler who tore madly through 'The Blackberry Blossom,' a quick-step that the operator spoke of endearingly as 'a horrible fine chune.' One of the Scotch villagers, too, was the owner of a well-worn pibroch, and sometimes at night the echoes of the hills were busy with the quaint Gaelic music.

There is little variation in the method of farming. When the fields are weary with the giving of their strength to so many harvests, they can rest for a season. There is no mortgage on the farm, no lien on next year's crop to draw every possible corn-blade from the soil, and exhaust both home and husbandmen. There may be little wealth, but there is no poverty. No home-sick Ruth has to glean in the cornfields. Indeed, the Australian Ruth either drives a pony phaeton, or is at least the charming autocrat alike of parlour and dairy. And on a hot day in midsummer what sitting-room in the land is so pleasant and wholesome as a clean, cool, country dairy?

Of course the village possesses a tragedy. On a Christmas Eve, years ago, two farm-labourers were at work in an out-of-the-way field, and the old tragedy of murder,
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with avarice as the motive, was re-enacted. An old man was chopped down by an ex-soldier with a hoe, as one would fell a thistle in the corn, and the body was sunk in a narrow bend of the brook under a shelving bank, where it was hidden from the daylight. Boys came as usual and lounged on the green bank while they whipped the pool for minnow, but never suspected that such a ghastly remnant of mortality was lying beneath the ledge. The village policeman was something of a philosopher, and believed in the sensitiveness of even a murderer's conscience. He had his own theory about the mystery of the old man's disappearance. Pretending to believe that the missing man was drowned while drinking at the stream, he asked the suspected man to point him out all deep pools in the brook. The first one that he showed any inclination to avoid was the only one searched. Then, when the body was found, and the fact of a murder proved by a score of cuts and bruises, evidence poured from every quarter. Those strange impulses that repeatedly misdirect erring humanity had prompted this criminal to do a score of things that brought about his own conviction and execution.

The village has a periodical awakening at harvest time. For a few days scythes have been busy mowing roads through the fields of oats, the tops of which show just a faint tinge of yellow—the first sign of ripening. Then the din of mowing-machines is heard from every field, and the rattle of hay-rakes, as the curved iron teeth collect every scattered blade, makes a true harvest chorus. In the orchard the cherries redden and ripen; but the glowing clusters must nestle undisturbed amongst the dark burnished leaves, until the fields above show nothing but stretches of short stubble. Then the fruits are gathered for market.

The hay-harvest anticipates the grain, and hundreds of the drifting population of the land—men who work in cycles—move a stage farther up towards the tropics to assist at the garnering in the great northern wheat fields. In the early summer they are still farther north, shearing the sheep in a Riverina wool-shed. Then lower down,
where the season and the clip are more tardy, until a southern midsummer finds them back again in the hay fields. They move on a ceaseless labour circuit, and with the ebb and flow of this tide of humanity a new feature in the life of the village is annually born, and just as surely fades out again with the dying year.

Once the wide plains to the south and west were one vast common, or grazing ground, the pride of the farmers and householders, and the envy of the large grazier, who had no privileges of pasture there. Every morning mobs of milking cows, followed by shouting boys and laughing girls, came trooping down over the hills to the milking-yards. All the grassy stretches of upland were deeply seamed with a hundred home-paths made by the cattle tramping in each other’s tracks year after year. When cattle travel continually on a narrow road they cut it into regular steps or ridges crossing the line of march, and resembling the furrows in a ploughed field. But on the open plain they form parallel lines, and follow the beaten tracks.

The old cattle trails can still be traced through the scores of paddocks that were once the plains. Some were like the railway lines running out from a capital. At first the main trunks, broad and distinct; then the branch tracks striking off, until finally lost in some favourite stretch of pasture land. The trails told the habits of the cattle. They shirked the high ground until the last, winding away around the cliffs and the bases of the hills. In the valley the trail was broad and brown, but on the hillside it spread out into a great fan pattern.

The herdsman had a double duty—to prevent his own stock from wandering, and to see that the flocks of sheep and the mobs of cattle market-bound did not linger on the plains longer than the law permitted. There was the annual branding time, when thousands of cattle were mustered, and as they rushed through a crush passage a big tar brand—the initial letter of the shire—was pressed on their glossy, throbbing flanks. It brought a part of the coat away, and the new patch was always of another colour, so that a white cow had a large red letter on her flank,
a brindle came out black, and red hides were initialled in dark plum colour. Once a year the cattle cast their coats, and the branding was repeated. In time a wave of 'selection' swept across the plains, and the common was reduced to a few square miles on the verge of the village. Farmers were shut out, and the grazing privileges limited to householders with no acres of their own; and as the reserve grew smaller the contest for possession was more keen. Every form of mean piracy was tried. Dealers from the Melbourne cattle-yards, with surplus flocks on their hands, sent them out over the open country on the pretext of 'travelling.' They even rented paddocks on either side of the plain, and fed backward and forward across it. Finally it came to a declaration of war between the villagers on one side, and a few stock dealers with a long retinue of cattle-yard loafers on the other.

Hostilities commenced one Sunday afternoon. A group of village youths were on sentry in the hills when a force of men drove up, each armed with a pick-handle or a loaded whip, and the sheep were turned out as a direct invitation to battle. The acceptance of the challenge was prompt and decisive. The boys, who have ever been noted as fast bowlers in the cricket field, would not come to quarters, but engaged at long range. There were round cobble-stones like cricket balls all about the hills, and with these they swept down upon the invaders in a hail-storm of round-arm bowling. It was a band of wiry, active Cossacks, pestering a regiment of heavy cuirassiers, and the biggest were beaten. Next the sheep-owners and shepherds came, each armed with a gun, and sat beside their flocks; but the defenders, making a demonstration in force, dismayed and disarmed them.

A white track winds up amongst white-trunked trees to where the old farm sits in the saddle of the range. The slope was once a length of bush highland, but is now a park. The gum-trees, thinned in numbers, have broadened in shape, each throwing its arms outwards, as though seeking always for that touch of companionship lost nearly fifty years ago, when the saw-millers passed through and cut away the straight trees for timber. The
denser thickets, once the home of the wild pigeon and
the lyre-bird, have been cleared away, and only a strong
lightwood or a wattle nestles here and there between the
taller forest trees. On the opposite slope a long garden
stretches down to the creek—a garden with poplars towering
in the corners, and broad paths margined with red-
currant bushes and miniature hedges of thorned goose-
berries. In the large beds the nectarines, blossoming like
the magnolia, without sign of leaf, are robed in rose pink.
A breath of wallflower breaks from the old-fashioned
garden-haunt of peace and ease, and carries its perfumed
memories to the swagman tramping along the dusty
country-road. At the foot of the garden there is a pool
where clumps of lance-leaved lilies droop over the water,
looking beautifully white and distinct when seen in the
moonlight. Sometimes under the shadow of the leaves an
eel curls the water into an eddy with its tail, but unlike
those of the Botanic Garden ponds, which come to the
surface in broad daylight and break bread with the civil-
ized goldfish, the rustic eels are shy. Even to them the
universal peace of the land should be some assurance of
safety. In the darkness the one sound from the pool is
the regular metallic clank, clank of a night-frog, the note
resembling, more than any other sound of the bush, the
distant beat of a bullock-bell. Along the bank a handful
of brown mould, trodden fine as flour, trickles down
amongst the lilies, showing that a rabbit or a water-rat
has passed along. In the cool of summer nights the
workers of the farm come down here, and, lolling on the
green bank, fish for eels, with wattle rods strong enough
almost to stop the rush of a white porpoise. Some of
these toiling Ishmaels have fished in many waters. They
have tethered their spare codfish on the banks of the
Murrumbidgee, while waiting for the shearing; have
caught sea salmon in the Gippsland Lakes while returning
from some false alarm of gold on a far-away tributary
of the Snowy River, or drawn fat and yellow perch from
an ana-branch of the Murray, while the wheat was
ripening.

Away out amongst the wattles a herd of white-faced
cattle are grazing, the rich red of their flanks curling into little ripples of hair. In a new bush country, the cattle have their necks blackened by friction with the burned stumps, but here they are spotless. Scattered about among the trees are fawn and silver-grey dairy cattle, with sharp black chines and ebonite horns curling up towards each other in perfect crescent form, and tipped with a tinge of luminous soapy yellow. One of the mothers of the herd is dreamily chewing a bleached bone she has found in the grass, and in this simple act telling an observant pastoralist just as surely as any chemical analysis could, that there is a want of natural salts in his pastures, and of lime in the waters of the stream trickling at the foot of the hill. These browsing cattle are as ornamental as deer in an English park. Some miles away there is a little circular hill where, years ago, some imported deer were set at liberty; perhaps once a year a glimpse of their red flanks is caught as they dart away amongst the sheoaks. From the topmost pinnacle of this wooded hill there is a long view, extending in summer over a sea of whitened grass, with an arm of timber curling round in the distance, like the outline of some new continent. It is a perfectly placid sea—a contrast to those billowy Wimmera plains, known for so many years as the 'Bay of Biscay,' and where, according to popular theory, the burrowing swamp cricket has for league upon league broken a naturally level plain into mounds and ridges. Everywhere about this farm are suggestions of the old world which one never sees in the 'selection' areas of the wheat country to the north. On the banks of the creek the blackberries have grown into a great tangle of brambles. How many centuries would be required to gain this luxuriance in their native woods? Still more pleasant will be the reminiscences of motherland when the thrush, the blackbird, and starling are quite at home in this long garden. They are coming surely if slowly. In a single week I have seen two blackbirds not so many miles from here, and the thrushes are thick beneath the trees. These home birds are a pleasant surprise to most of us when seen for the first
time. We feel much as a long-absent Australian would feel if, in Hyde Park or the Bois de Boulogne, he heard in the gloaming the clear rolling note of a laughing jackass amongst the trees. The first blackbird brought me to attention in an instant as he darted across the path from a stone-pine speckled with little honeycomb plumes. There could be no mistake as to his identity when he flashed in the sunlight, chased away by a brown thrush, jealous, perhaps, of the presence of so interesting a rival. The yellow bill shone beautifully clear in contrast to the velvet-black plumage. A starling’s bill would have been fainter in colour, and the green spangles in his coat would have shone more brilliantly, but less blue-black, than in the case of the blackbird. A momentary glimpse of the starling suggests the green in the neck of a mallard drake, while the two colours of the blackbird remind us of one of the satin bower-birds. In the study of both there is a fascination for which either the link of relationship or Richard Jefferies may be responsible. Whichever it be, most of us will say, ‘Prosper, thrush, blackbird, and starling; knit the links of sentiment closer still with your sweet song and sunny presence.’
ON READING THE BEST BOOKS

THE surest and simplest way of learning to appreciate the finest art of literature is by early association with only its most perfect examples. As soon as he is able to read with real intelligence, the student should devote himself to the best—as Greek literary education began with Homer, and Roman literary education with Virgil—and he should long continue with only the best. He must not hope to begin with the tenth-rate, or even the fifth-rate—with We are Seven and John Gilpin and Excelsior—and thence work up to the first-rate. He must steep himself at once in Shakespeare or Milton or the Odes of Shelley and Keats. The surest way of learning to discriminate between good painting and bad is not that of first contemplating daubs and crudities and cheap reproductions of ‘Derby Day,’ and then proceeding to works of higher and higher quality. It is to contemplate and contemplate again those superlative productions of the great masters which any and every competent artist and connoisseur will acknowledge to be such. The student will not yet get out of them all that is in them; he may not yet feel very sure that they are specially...
excellent, and less still why they are so. Nevertheless, mere habituation to the first-rate will have this effect—that he will thereafter be instinctively antagonized by work which has no fineness of quality. Though he is not yet able to analyse his judgment, it will be so far true. You cannot live days of attentive vision in the Pitti and Uffizi Galleries, in the Louvre, in the collections of Madrid, and Amsterdam, and Dresden, and London; you cannot steep yourselves in the forms and colours of Titian, Raphael, Velasquez, and Rembrandt, or in those of Claude and Turner, Crome and Gainsborough, Millet and Corot, and then endure the vilely-coloured, truthless, and charmless creations which so often glare at us from shop-window and domestic wall. Similarly, when one has been brought up in a home where the music of Mozart and Beethoven and Schubert has become familiar to his ear and his memory, he will from that cause alone recognize without any conscious effort of judgment when what he is hearing is only jingle or pretentious noise. So when one's first conceptions of sculpture have been formed by contemplating the Hermes of Praxiteles, the Winged Victory of Samothrace, the Aphrodite of Melos, or the exquisite recently discovered Aphrodite of Cyrenaica now in the National Museum at Rome, he will find no charm in the ordinary statuary of our public parks and gardens—as when to some chubby, ill-modelled, ill-proportioned, and characterless figure there are attached a sickle and a bunch of wheat, or an anchor and a wand of Mercury, and the whole is labelled 'Agriculture' or 'Commerce,' as the case may be. Transfer the accessories, transfer the labels, and all is equally well, or rather, equally ill. If this is, by the way, a little incidental explosion, it is not without its relevance to literature also.

Or take social manners and 'tone,' or nicety of speech and accent. How do we invest ourselves with the right ones and become repelled by the wrong? Most surely and most permanently it is from the influence and example of those with whom we have consorted, from the environment in which we have moved. 'As the twig is bent the
As Horace says of a cask which has originally contained wine or perfumes, 'servabit odorem quo semel est imbuta recens,' 'it will retain the odour with which it was once steeped when new.' Nor is it less so with literature. According to Longinus, there issues from great genius an 'effluence' which steals its way into our being. We catch, however unconsciously, something of the spirit which it breathes, something of the aura which it sheds.

And, for literature, this effect is increased tenfold when we do not merely read a fine work but also study it. This does not mean when we study facts and information about a superlative author and the conditions under which he worked. Such study doubtless has its place in its due season. But for our purposes we are not to begin by worrying ourselves about either his literal or his literary pedigree, his income, his personal habits and peccadilloes —'what porridge had John Keats?'—or anything else beyond the work of art with which he presents us. It does not matter for our present purpose who was the Mr. W. H. of Shakespeare's Sonnets, and, for my own part, I do not care two straws whether Shakespeare's father was a butcher or a glover, or both, or neither. For those who care for such things, those are the things they may care about; but they are not caring about literature. Nor for our appreciation of the best, is it relevant to discuss the temper of the age in which a writer wrote, or anything else which explains or excuses his peculiarities or limitations. We are concerned only with the work as we find it. The question is not whether a writer was excellent for his time and his country, but whether he remains always and everywhere excellent. We do not know who carved the Dying Gaul or the Capitoline Venus or the Aphrodite of Cyrenaica; we do not know who Homer was or when he lived or whether he was a model man and citizen. But that ignorance is rather a blessing than otherwise. We are left the more free to contemplate the sculpture or the poetry in and for itself. Its effect is its own and uncorrupted.

What I mean by study of great masterpieces is the
examination of their excellence as the finest expressions of something worthy to be expressed. Manifestly such study must be analytical, and suggestions will hereafter be offered as to the application of that method. We must be alert to the full nicety and significance of their language; to its pregnant brevities; to the beauty or power of their fancy and imagery; to the sincerity and sanity of their matter; to their coherence of thought; and to such other elements of artistic virtue as we may hereafter detail.

While we are thus studying some works, we may be more rapidly reading others. We may then come back to the deeper study of those others, and simply re-read and refresh our spirits and memories with those which we have studied before. If a work of literary art belongs to the highest class, our re-reading will inevitably discover fresh beauties of the less obvious kind. The thing of beauty is not only a joy for ever; it is for ever a greater joy. For that is the supreme test of excellence. And, so says Longinus: it is not the book which we once read with pleasure, but the work to which we return with pleasure, the work which perpetually seems to us greater and not less, that is the ‘sublime’ work. For my own part, I avow that, however often I read the Iliad or Hamlet, I never read it again without seeing in it something more than I had seen last time.

Let us therefore begin with the best, and long continue our study with the best. And if we have little time for the analytical study, let us at least saturate ourselves with the attentive reading. We shall not thereby be doing all that we might do with ourselves; nevertheless we shall be acquiring a fair measure of taste without knowing how we are acquiring it. But you here are either professed students or earnest readers, and, since it is your special business, there is assuredly time for the more intensive scrutiny of at least one or two great works, and that proceeding will carry us an appreciable distance.

You will, however, perhaps ask how, among what we have called the vast accumulation of the past and the
heterogeneous welter of the present, we are to find our way to the best.

Perhaps the best advice, for the particular end which we have here in view, would be to let present-day writing rather severely alone. What? And so fail to be 'up-to-date'? One of the worst enemies of self-culture is the common delusion that we must keep ourselves abreast of what is called 'contemporary literature' by always reading the 'latest book.' If we read solely for pastime, or to provide ourselves with the trivial novelties or nullities which adorn light conversation, in order to prevent us from boring one another with awkward silences through a lack of ideas, well and good. When we want simply to be amused—as who does not at times?—by all means let us read the whimsicalities of Mr. Leacock or the irresponsible harlequinades of Mr. Bernard Shaw. When we want the most recent information as to science and invention and happenings, by all means let us dip into the journals which purvey such matter. But we are speaking of literature proper, and for any higher or self-cultural purposes we should be missing little or nothing by neglecting to read more than, say, one per cent. of contemporary production—that small fraction which all competent judges agree to be saying something really interesting, and saying it in a high literary way. Why, when there is so much masterly work unread, concern ourselves so feverishly with all the ephemeral essayists and novelists, passable rhymesters or pretentious poetasters, whose works pour from the press in an age of superabundant printing and advertising and distributing, and of that shallow literary education which in many quarters threatens to become even shallower? Some great authority has said, 'Read no book till it has become famous.' At first sight this seems to be a bull; for how can a book become famous if no one reads it? But presumably he was addressing students—those young royalties who have at their service a host of literary tasters. So understood, the advice is good advice. For at any period—this, perhaps, more than any other—there is comparatively little that deserves to be called new.
whether in wisdom or in folly. Productions of real power and beauty are always few and far between. There is an immense output of old knowledge and old errors restated in no better words; a vast réchauffé of old thoughts and reiteration of old feelings which have often been far better put; an enormous amount of verbiage which is but the tinkling of cymbals, or sound and fury signifying nothing. Heine spoke, and might still speak, of contemporary writers as 'literary Scheherazades putting to sleep their heavy Sultan, the public.' Why waste our time and enfeeble our faculties with all this, when there exists so much writing which contains the richest virtues, tested by ages, or at least by generations—literature which survives by reason of its fitness to survive—literature which remains clear, palatable, and nutritious when contemporary froth has all blown away and contemporary dregs have been strained out into the draft? There is ample for an ordinary lifetime in that which the world has retained by natural selection—the 'classic' works of each generation, 'classic' through their perfection of literary art and their everlasting interestingness, their imaginative splendours and gracious fancies, their impressiveness of thought, their poignancy of feeling, their delicious humour.
A. W. JOSE

Arthur Wilberforce Jose (1863-1933). Educated at Clifton and Balliol Coll., Oxford, Balliol Scholar, 1880; arrived in Australia 1882; Acting Professor of Modern Literature at Sydney University, 1893. Organizing Secretary to the University Extension Board 1893-9, and Acting Prof. of English and History, M.A.-O. College, Aligarh, India, 1902; Australian Correspondent of The Times, 1904-15; Captain C.M.F. attached to Naval Intelligence branch of Australian Navy, 1915-20. Publications, The Growth of the Empire, 1897; History of Australia, 1901; Two Avheel, 1903; Builders and Pioneers, 1928; The Royal Australian Navy (vol. ix. of Official War History), 1928; Histoire d’Australie, 1932; Australia, Human and Economic, 1932; The Romantic ’Nineties 1933; Editor-in-Chief of the Australian Encyclopaedia (Angus and Robertson, Sydney). The following essay is taken from The Romantic ’Nineties.

The Art of Translation

When Blamire Young painted ‘The Flight,’ he took the trouble to explain that it was ‘in the first place an English rendering of the everlasting theme—just as the painters of all nationalities have rendered it in their own setting.’ There were of course critics who pretended to feel shocked at the irreverence of putting Joseph and Mary into modern dress. No known poison seems available to exterminate that sort of critic, and one must just avoid him as one would a bad smell. But that is not to say that ‘The Flight’ is a justifiable rendering of the theme Young chose to interpret. I venture to say, as emphatically as a layman may, that it cannot be justified at all.

A painter is as free as any other sort of artist to choose his own subject; but if he deliberately chooses one that is well-known and involves definite types, he fetters himself to that extent, and must abide by his choice. He must not use Rudolph Valentino as the model for a portrait of Oliver Cromwell, or paint Mary Pickford as Cleopatra. If he wants to produce an English rendering, or any other rendering from Aurignacian to San Franciscan, of the
Flight into Egypt as narrated by Matthew, he is bound to show us a credible Joseph and a credible Mary. Whether Joseph wears a top hat and carries a carpet bag, or wears a loincloth and carries a club, is arguably irrelevant; but he must be Joseph, the village carpenter, and not Caruso from La Tosca. Mary, too, must be a possible virgin-mother, not a red-haired wench smirking down her nose and wondering whether the shepherd they just passed caught a glimpse of her ankles. In other words, when the artist chooses his own subject he may do exactly as he pleases; but when he borrows a subject he becomes at once a translator, and his main business is to express as well as possible the intentions of the original author.

There might, of course, be one justification for Young's vagary. Sargent in the old days had a trick of painting his sitters—allegedly beautiful women—so as to bring out the less beautiful emotions of which they were capable; he became, that is, rather a critic than a delineator, and said to the world at large: 'You've made a mistake; this is what they really are like.' And, if I thought that Blamire Young was giving us a scrap of historical criticism—saying in effect 'Joseph the carpenter? Not a bit of it. Joseph the village buck, my young and innocent friends! And as for Mary, the less we say about her the better!'-my objection to his picture would take very different shape; it would be poor history, I might say, but for all that could be excellent art. Until, however, Young himself claims this as his meaning, I prefer to think that he has perpetrated a piece of delightful decoration which is at the same time distinctly bad art, because it doesn't in the least do what it set out to do.

That naturally raises the question: 'What did it set out to do?' and painters will get up on end and remind me that I'm a miserable layman, and know nothing about art. For the trouble about painters (and sculptors and etchers and the rest of them) is that they use 'art' as a name for something peculiar to themselves. The more pretentious of them talk about 'my art' just as the more pretentious critics talk about Art. Yet after all, art is merely acquired skill in producing certain effects, and there are
as many arts as there are kinds of effect to be produced. (If the painter would talk about 'my skill' he would be unobjectionable—or if by 'my art' he meant 'my special skill.' But he means far more than that; he means 'the secret mysteries to which only I and a few of my kind have the clue.') 'Bad art,' therefore, is a shorthand phrase for lack of skill in producing the required effect. And when painters on the rampage accuse us laymen of knowing nothing about art, they mean—if they mean anything beyond vague contemptuous abuse—that we are incapable of judging either the painter's intentions or his skill in effecting them.

Well, in so far as 'The Flight' is a decoration, laymen need not be ashamed of pleading guilty. We can even admit extreme Philistinism, in that we like it without knowing why. I do not presume to question Blamire Young's exceptional skill in arranging colours decoratively, and should be prepared, if I did not like his arrangement, to own up to sheer stupidity. But 'The Flight' is not only a decoration: it is a translation. Young is practising not one art, but two. And of his skill as a translator one may judge intelligently without knowing anything about colour arrangements. Consider music, for instance. As long as a composer writes 'Studies' or 'Preludes' or even 'Sonatas' (though that name implies a certain fairly defined pattern in the music) he is free to be glad, or sad, or mad, or merely incoherent; but if he writes a 'Storm' or a 'Danse Macabre' he mustn't palm off on us twittering melodies or trivial ragtime. And when George Lambert painted a very fine dead fish, threw in two female figures and called the whole thing 'Lotty and the Lady,' we can forgive him; it might have been fairer to his public to call it 'Study in Fish Scales,' but Lotty and the Lady are both visible, and a picture must have some name, if only for the sake of convenient reference. But when Solomon J. Solomon paints (as he did) a gorgeous placid nude figure, spotless and unexcited, upright in front of a great crucifix, he should not (as he did) call it 'Hypatia,' because the Hypatia he supposed himself to be rendering was a scared, beaten, hunted woman in imminent fear of
death at the hands of an unspeakably brutal mob. Norman Lindsay, by the bye, has a crucified Venus, who seems to take her crucifixion uncommonly calmly; but we don't know anything about Venus in that role apart from the picture, and she may have taken cocaine injections. About Hypatia we do know, independently of the Solomon picture, what she felt at the depicted moment, and more or less how she must have looked.

To come back, then, for a moment to Blamire Young. He could have called his picture 'A Flight,' and have gone unrebuked—for Antony and Cleopatra, or Leicester and Queen Elizabeth, or de Musset and George Sand might in an English rendering have thus eloped on donkey-back. But 'The Flight'—and 'the everlasting theme, just as the painters of all nationalities have rendered it'—are unmistakable; and the translation, English or not, is bad. If anyone still doesn't know why it is bad, I would refer him to a translation of the same theme into German, made about 400 years ago by a certain Albrecht Dürer; it is to be hoped he will then see that Young's translation is at least as much worse than Dürer's as his donkey is better.

'But why all the fuss?' says a reader—if any reader has got so far. What does a bad translation matter? Or any translation?' In fact, translations matter a great deal. It is translations, in art, or literature, or thought, that demonstrate and preserve the continuity of human affairs. Only by translation—by making a fresh rendering of some everlasting theme—can we be certain that we are connected up with previous generations; and in these days we need to be reminded rather frequently that we are so connected. 'What's the use,' said a school-master some years back, 'of learning up the campaigns of Marius? Marius lived 2,000 years ago.' The assumption that plans made 2,000 years ago must be valueless and uninteresting to-day is just as absurd as the converse assumption—which I came across in Melbourne in the 'Eighties—that books printed a long time ago must be valuable. 'All these books over 100 years old,' ran a placard in a second-hand bookseller's shop in Bourke.
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Street; there were prayer-books, and schoolbooks, and Bibles, and French philosophy, and odd volumes of the Spectator, all classed as 'over 100 years old.' Mr. McQueen seems to classify his facts in much the same way—'all these facts over 1000 years old,' and therefore useless and irrelevant. He couldn't translate, you see: he didn't know how to make a modern rendering of the everlasting theme of war. All the same, themes are everlasting, or, at any rate, long-lasting. Here in Australia we probably think ourselves up against fairly fresh problems, say in politics and in land questions. But there is a page in Grundy's Thucydides, written about the Athens of 500 B.C., that exactly describes the Federal political situation of 1901-9; and there are pages in Ferrero’s Greatness and Decline of Rome, intended to describe the Italian land-problem of Julius Caesar's day, which show us squatter and selector and share-farmer all hard at it, just as we have known them out here. Price-fixing, too, is at least as old as Diocletian, whose edict begins with an attack on trusts and profiteers that might have been written by W. M. Hughes. And, candidly, the campaigns of Marius—for that matter, the campaigns of Xerxes, or Nebuchadnezzar, or Rameses II—would be a much more useful object of study by modern generals than a good many recent efforts in that direction.

But they cannot be studied except by translation. I do not mean that the student should read his Sallust or his Herodotus in an English version. I do mean that he must manage to put himself in Marius's place or Marius in his: that he must achieve an Australian rendering of the ancient theme, and must note exactly to what extent his problems are the old ones, how far new conditions have really altered them. To do that, he must translate correctly: a bad translation is worse than none. For instance, when price-fixing was in its infancy in Australia, politicians who opposed it rushed the Diocletian attempt, and quoted it profusely to show what a failure such an

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1. By way of contrast consider the accommodating semi-antique shop in Castlereagh Street (David Jones's building has obliterated it now), which for a year or more paraded on its doorstep, 'These Two Magnificent Oil-Paintings, Nearly New, 12s. 6d. the pair.'
attempt must inevitably be. They used, probably in sheer ignorance, a bad translation: their rendering emphasized the Emperor's failure, and left out of account the reasons for it—which also were most instructive. A more careful rendering would have shown that the weapons successfully used against it in A.D. 301 were being refurbished for the same purpose in A.D. 1913, and would also have suggested an excellent defence against them. (This is not to say that price-fixing is good policy, or that it would succeed in the absence of such an attack as foiled Diocletian. The point is that a decent translation would have been very useful to its supporters, and would have prevented them at least from repeating the 1600-year-old mistakes.)

But examples drawn from politics are dangerous and inconvenient; they import too much extraneous matter into the argument. Hark back to our earlier scent, and consider translations technically so-called. And, seeing how much of our life and thought depends on what happened over 2,000 years ago in a few small Greek cities (I remember with pleasure that I once demonstrated to a Sydney Trades Hall audience how extremely Athenian was the Australian Labour Party of 1912), kindly note what futile ideas we shall get about Greek life and thought if we place too much confidence in the most recent and most admired of translators from the Greek—I mean, of course, Gilbert Murray. If any one passage in all his work is more quoted and admired than another, it is the very beautiful (from the stylistic and sentimental point of view.)

What else is Wisdom? What of man's endeavour
Or God's high grace, so lovely and so great?
To stand from fear set free, to breathe and wait;
To hold a hand uplifted over hate:
And shall not loveliness be loved for ever?

Murray thinks a great deal of this passage: he calls it 'marvellous,' and founds on it his explanation of Euripides's philosophy. And it is all wrong, from beginning to end. Euripides was not an Oxford don, exuding luscious sentiment and dreaming of universal philanthropy
in an atmosphere of feminist culture. He was an Athenian citizen—which means that he had personally done his bit as a soldier, a judge and a legislator, and knew something about public affairs from long and practical experience. He was also an expert playwright, and one of the first to conceive characters who really had a character of their own. He was writing a play about Dionysus, an Oriental ecstatic divinity, and his followers the wild bacchanal women, who were said to tear bullocks in half, and who late in the play do tear a man to pieces.

'With fierce joy I rejoice, child of a savage shore,' says their leader even in Murray's translation. The gush about 'Loveliness' and being out of the reach of Hate is not for them (why! hate is of the essence of their being), and the skilled playwright Euripides would not put it into their mouths. Look at the Greek, and all is plain. Their leader has just assured them that the enemy, Pentheus, is in the net and at their mercy. On that, with a momentary revulsion to womanliness, they recall, half regretfully, the peaceful days in remote Asian forests before they had started on their 'Billy Sunday' career; and then sharply recall themselves to the facts of the situation—'Dancing in the forest glades is all very well in its own way; but what is the wise thing to do now? What is the noblest gift the gods have for men? Surely it is getting your enemy down and standing over him ready to kill him. That is the fine thing, and that is what I really desire.'

No 'Wisdom' or 'Hate' or 'Loveliness' there; merely the straightforward triumph of vindictive women. But that is what Euripides was depicting.

Again comes the interruption, 'What does it matter? Grant that Murray has over-sentimentalized ... what difference does that make to anyone but a few lovers of Greek literature?' It makes this difference: that the civilized world at large, which derives from Athens, gets a wrong view of the Greek spirit, and is led to believe that Greek ideas were so alien from those of to-day as to be not worth study. In actual fact many of the most puzzling problems of to-day—in literature, art, politics, philosophy or religion—were just as important and just as
puzzling in the ancient world; and (partly because the conditions were simpler, partly because the Greeks had a habit of going straight to the point) it was easier to distinguish their essential points. Therefore the old attempts at solution are still relevant, and probably less confused than our own; and if we neglect them—as we might reasonably do under a false impression of the nature of Greek culture—we deprive ourselves of invaluable guidance. The bad translations of Gilbert Murray (I have specified one; there are many) have been doubly harmful. By giving us the impression that the best Greek culture was sentimental, pacifist, unpractical, undemocratic, they have at once deterred practical citizens from obtaining valuable guidance, and turned a great many moderately intelligent students into unpractical and therefore useless citizens.

Here, at the first convenient pause, it must be said that I am not attacking all Murray’s translations, or asserting that he always and totally misunderstands the Greek genius. That would be a proposition too absurd to consider. Where his particular brand of sentimentality does not obsess him—e.g., in The Rise of the Greek Epic, or in many parts of his versions of Greek plays—he has the knack of making his Greeks live, and talk, and think convincingly. My protest is against overtrusting him, and especially against believing that his luscious pseudo-Swinburnianisms have any relevance to anything that any Greek of the great ages ever did, or said, or thought.

All free Greeks, it must always be remembered, were citizens in active public employment. Fighting, legislating, judging, and several other civic functions were their daily commonplace life. That alone gave them a more wholesome and all-surveying outlook on life than we poor private specialists can hope to reach. Consequently it tended to make their conclusions more valid, since they were based on a larger and more varied collection of facts and experiences. They had just as high ideals as the most intellectual of us, and a far better practical knowledge of the conditions under which any work must be done: for they all went under the harrow themselves,
and the preaching butterfly was told plainly that he was an idiot—'a private person' who put his personal interests before those of the State. A truly Australian rendering of the themes they had to work out would be invaluable as a guide to decent and effective politics nowadays. This, I know, will not be believed: few people study the Greeks at all, and those who do—because they are content with superficial and mistaken renderings—fill their heads with false ideas of them. (How many students, for instance, either understand the position of the slave in Athenian economics, or appreciate the overwhelming value of the free craftsman? We repeatedly hear the lie that Greek city-states were based on slave labour, and can therefore provide no useful analogies for us.)

But there is no space within the limits of a single article to discuss properly the value of the art of translation. The subject is far too big. After all, talk is translation—an attempt to translate one's own thought into a dialect that others can understand. 'The difficulty of literature,' wrote R. L. Stevenson in an inspired moment, 'is not to write, but to write what you mean: not to affect your reader, but to affect him precisely as you wish.' And again: 'Do you understand me? God knows: I should think it highly improbable.' I do not hope to succeed where Stevenson thinks he may have failed.
A. G. STEPHENS

Alfred George Stephens (1865-1933), Australian critic of literature. Born in Queensland, passed Sydney University junior and senior examinations, apprenticed to printing trade, and studied languages at Sydney Technical College. Entered journalism, and travelled Europe and America in 1893 and in 1902. Conducted The Bookfellow, a literary review published at Sydney. Author of A Queenslander's Travel-Notes (1894), Oblation (1902), The Red Pagan (1904), The Pearl and the Octopus (1911), and joint author of The Lady Calphurnia. He founded and conducted for ten years 'The Red Page' of The Bulletin, and edited The Bulletin library. He devoted himself seriously to literary criticism, and was emphatic in his judgments. His work as a critic has never been excelled in Australia. The following essay is taken from The Red Pagan.

A Word for Australia

Writing in an English magazine some years ago, a son of Daniel O'Connell told how he was struck by the fact that the universal adoration of Irishmen never seemed to stimulate his father to personal vanity or to disturb his equanimity. To his son's question how this might be, O'Connell answered simply, 'I pray very often.' Nor is it likely that the answer was suggested by a mere religious pose. O'Connell's hereditary piety was sufficiently intensified by life-long habit to make sincere prayer both natural and necessary. And doubtless his character was strengthened by the religious faith which to him meant so much—and to Australians, on the whole, so little.

For even the clerical party is forced to admit that, every year, religion and religious observances have less hold upon Australia, and exercise less influence upon the development of the national character. Our fathers brought with them the religious habit, as they brought other habits of elder nations in older lands. And upon religion, as upon everything else, the spirit of Australia—that undefined, indefinable resultant of earth, and air, and conditions of climate and life—has seized; modifying, altering, increasing, or altogether destroying. In the case
of religious belief the tendency is clearly to destruction—partly, no doubt, because with the spread of mental enlightenment the tendency is everywhere to decay of faith in outworn creeds; but partly also, it seems, because the Australian environment is unfavourable to the growth of religion, and because there is in the developing Australian character a sceptical and utilitarian spirit that values the present hour and refuses to sacrifice the present for any visionary future lacking a rational guarantee.

O'Connell prayed, and was benefited by prayer, because prayer belonged to his temperament,—he was fitted to pray. Doubtless there are still in Europe many similar individuals in whom heredity has not yet been ousted by the progress of thought. But, except as adherents of O'Connell's creed, or among women—with minds more slowly moving, there are very few of his temperament in Australia. In the religious sense, probably nineteen-twentiseths of Australians are heathen. In this country the rudiments of religious faith have been uprooted or were never rooted; we cannot, if we would, derive from daily prayer O'Connell's daily stimulus and solace. Our fathers went regularly to church and chapel as a matter of conscience, and were none the worse for it; we go chiefly as a matter of custom, and are none the better for it in any vital sense; most of us do not go at all. The holy Sabbath, degenerated to the formal Sunday, has become the weekly holiday in city and bush. Beyond the perfunctory observances associated with it, the day is meaningless; it has lost for us the essentially sacred character which it had for O'Connell—which it still has for men of O'Connell's temperament. No one who knows Australia can doubt that these statements are generally true. Our fathers, or their fathers, or some of them, had the kernel of religion; we in Australia have little more than the husk, and we shall have less and less of the husk as the years go by.

The loss of religion is not a thing to deplore, yet it may seem sometimes a thing to regret. With Emerson,
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I like a priest; I like a cowl;
I love a prophet of the soul:
And on my heart monastic aisles
Fall like sweet strains, or pensive smiles:
Yet not for all his faith can see
Would I that cowled churchman be.

The downfall of geocentric philosophy necessarily implies the ruin of geocentric religions. If their relics linger for a thousand years or five thousand, that is little more than a moment in the probable history of the human race; and assuredly humanity will find a rational stick to replace the irrational crutch.

Our present difficulty, and it is not Australia's difficulty alone, is that for many people the influence of reason upon character is not yet so potent as has been the influence of faith.

We stand between two worlds, one dead,
The other powerless to be born.

We have lost religion, and we have not yet adapted ourselves to the loss. Like a drunkard suddenly deprived of his dram, we are ill at ease, unready for emergencies. Whether religion did, or did not do, more harm than good is a profitless question. The religious stage was one stage in human evolution, as natural as the irreligious stage that is superseding it. Religion gave to all men what they were in their day and generation fitted to receive. To the weak it was an opiate or a maddening draught, but to the strong a magnificent stimulant. In many of the most memorable episodes of history it infused into the veins of nations a courage and a strength that we have not yet quite attained without it. For the Covenanters, for the Puritans, for the little Dutch Republic fighting for its life against overwhelming Spain, as for that other little Dutch republic recently fighting for its life against overwhelming Britain, it edged the sword of patriotism and sharpened the pike of liberty. Lacking religion, one cannot but think that some of the most inspiring national contests and resistances of the past would not have been continued quite so strenuously or quite so long. Horatius fought all the better for the
ashes of his fathers, because he had a sincere reverence for the temples of his gods.

And here in Australia, we have no temples, no ashes worth the name. We have still to make the history and create the legendary associations that are such a powerful binding force in national life. The Murray to Australians is still only a geographical label: but think what the Thames means to an Englishman! Think how Nelson was nerved by the thought of Westminster Abbey; of how his sailors were nerved by the signal 'England expects . . . .' What a mass of record and tradition, of song and story, of memorable life and love and death, presses behind that England! Australia is meaningless by comparison, lacking the inspiration of the past. But is it not possible to catch meaning and inspiration from the future? Is it not better to be of those who make St. Crispin's day worthy remembrance, than of those who look back to remember it? This country has still for us few hallowed associations; but if we choose it may have them for our children. If we are not History's legatees, it is because we have the chance to be History's founders and stabilizers. And, even already, there are many who see in this vast virgin land a brooding charm not to be exchanged for England's chequered story. There is even already a nostalgia for the breadth of the bush and the breath of the gums that yields nothing in intensity to the nostalgia for the green turf and the hawthorn-buds in pleasant Warwickshire lanes. Even already, how few Australians would exchange for England's glowing national sunset—or if you will, her splendid noon—our own intimate and fragrant dawn?

It is the duty, and should be the pride, of every father and mother and teacher of Australian children to intensify the natural love of Australia, and to point out in how many ways Australia is eminently worthy to be loved—both the actual land and the national ideal. Good and evil are mingled everywhere; but there is no land with more beautiful aspects than Australia, no ideal with greater potentialities of human achievement and human happiness. Australia may never be a great country; yet
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it will be the fault of the people, not of the land, if it is not one of the best countries in the world to live in and die in—given that we are free from foreign aggression until we are able to resist foreign aggression.

'But you have no great rivers.' Well, there have been great nations without great rivers, as there have been great rivers without great nations. Probably, if the Eastern Dividing Chain could be bodily shifted 500 miles westward, extending the coastal rainfall to the interior, and sending a score of considerable rivers and their tributaries tumbling to the sea, Australian development would be easier, and Australian prosperity more assured. Practically, were Lake Eyre connected with Lake Torrens, Lake Torrens with Spencer Gulf, and the ocean restored to its old home in the central basin of Australia, the clouds evaporated from a vast inland sea might rise to increase the interior rainfall and permanently mitigate the severity of summer climate. But, leaving the impossible and the dubious, what is the measure of national greatness? A vast population or an extended empire does not necessarily make a great nation. 'The great city,' says Whitman, 'is the city with the greatest man or woman'; and the great country is not that one where millions of people toil squalidly, in order that comparatively few may live in idleness and luxury. With a bare ten thousand families, or less, Australia might still be the greatest country in the world, if only every individual had the opportunity of living the best and most enlightened life that was possible to him—of fulfilling to the utmost his capacities for development and happiness.

It is the false standard of 'greatness' that vitiates many published inferences from the decreasing Australian birth-rate. The European nations desire to increase their birth-rate because they are military nations, and because every son is a potential soldier, every daughter the potential mother of a soldier. And, until our numbers are such that we can defy attack, similar reasons have weight in Australia also. But they are not the only reasons that have weight. One may point out that, in the struggle for national ideals, the quality-standard is by far
the most important, national existence being once assured. There is no national profit in the multiplication of children destined to live and die miserably. And the decreasing Australian birth-rate might be as much the token of a wise restraint as of a weakening national vitality. Probably it is not; but it might be. We have little occasion for anxiety if the criminal aggregation of the people in the coastal cities were ended. It is in the cities, not in the bush, that the national fibre is being in a hundred ways slackened and destroyed. No one, acquainted with the every-day heroism displayed by our agricultural and pastoral and mining pioneers, can have the least doubt of the stability of the nation if the Men On the Land are helped and encouraged as they deserve to be helped and encouraged—as it is imperatively necessary for the future of Australia that they should be helped and encouraged.

The making of Australia proceeds, according to the previous argument, without the binding influence of religion. All the more reason, then, to encourage the growth of nascent patriotic sentiment, and to pay attention to the development of individual character. Patriotism may have little or no logical warrant, but while it remains a natural instinct it justifies itself. Yet the future of Australia depends in the last resort neither upon the lessening religious force nor upon the increasing patriotic force, it rests upon the character of Australia's inhabitants. If it be the pride of every Australian boy to become a better man than his father, of every Australian girl to become a better woman than her mother, of every Australian father and mother to rear children better than themselves, both the individual and the nation will surely have their reward.

As of old, it is a Vates Sacer that we need. Wherefore——.
MARY FULLERTON

Mary Elizabeth Fullerton, poet, novelist and literary writer, was born in 1868 at Glenmaggie, North Gippsland, her parents being amongst the first settlers in that district. She was always a great reader. Poetry, fiction, travel, etc., were all of absorbing interest to her. She very early showed talent in writing, and after coming to Melbourne published several books of verse and short stories, namely, Moods and Melodies, The Breaking Furrow, and Bark House Days. She has been living in London for the past twelve years, and has published in her own name The People of the Timber Belt, A Juno of the Bush, and The Australian Bush, the latter being one of the series on the British Empire, called 'The Outward Bound Library,' published by Dent and Sons, London.

In addition to these she has published others anonymously. Some of the Moods and Melodies and short stories were first printed in the Australasian and the Leader. A few years ago she shared with another writer the prize-money for a novel in a competition open to the British Empire.

For many years she contributed regularly to the Bulletin and other papers. The following essay is taken from Bark House Days.

The Old Bookshelf

A LL the books that had been saved from many vicissitudes were on the three little shelves that fitted into the niche on one side of the wide chimney of the living-room. The sofa stood under the shelves, and in very early times formed a handy mounting place for a book-curious child. Many a time there must have been footmarks on its clear chintz covering: old-fashioned it was, that sofa of red-gum wood, and polished by my father's hand. The books reachable over the polished arm of that old sofa were a wonderland to an eager brain. They brought, indeed, many worlds to us without our going out adventuring.

That isolated little library, when we got within its pages, was not without some claim to being what the sale-catalogues might call 'well selected.' The selection had been done by a process of elimination; the books on those shelves represented the irreducible minimum of much gathering, and many sheddings of change and travel
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—the changes and travels of our parents in the nomadic days of early Victoria. Those dim and faded covers held volumes prized as often for their associations as for their contents; they as often, perhaps, reflected the taste of the giver as the taste of the recipient. And yet thrown together by chance, and kept together for reasons of sentiment, it was, I reflect, an extraordinarily good little library.

I must have explored the shelves early. I can remember the joy of the discovery, first presided over by my mother, of dividing the long words into syllables, and so getting the sound out of them, if not always the sense. Poetry was, I remember, early a delight to my ear, even much of it that was above me in meaning. It was the first music I knew—that and the winds singing down the chimney, or sighing through the she-oaks on the hillside. Beauty of sound at least entered into us, and gave us many a rhythmic hour, though the truth embodied in the tale was not always understood. It was, I suspect, much like reading a mystic to-day might be to the grown-up understanding, though more of joy possibly, and less of puzzlement. There was much sentimental poetry contained in some of these books, the authors of which had a fame, but of the album and valentine order. Such books as these had my mother's name in them, the cause of their embalmment there being, visibly enough, sentimental. There was one in particular of these sweetmeat books that appealed to Claribel and me. It was a large, flat album, on the delicately-tinted pages of which were mounted gay valentines, displaying sportive or plaintive Cupids (to our imagination babies made ready for the bath). There were arrow-pierced hearts with languishing sentiments subscribed. It seemed that a whole galaxy of swains had been desperate about my mother, but later we knew that was merely the way of the young men of the 'sixties or thereabouts. None of them ever died, so far as I have heard, from unrequited affection, neither have the ladies of the period been noted as bigamists or polygamists in any sense. It was a beautiful book, that scrap-album, and a mine of interest on a wet day. We knew eventually
what was on each page ere we turned the leaf, but the knowledge never staled the book. It reeked of early Victorian sentiment from cover to cover. And such beautiful hand-writing as it all was! the men’s like copper-plate, and uncorrupt by the hurry of to-day; the women’s delicate, as though writ by a fairy’s pen. It taught me, that book, that poets and the inspirers of poets were not a mystic race apart. How could I miss that fact in reading these odes to the eyebrows of the woman who tucked me up at night? It made poetry a homely thing, and yet conversely gave a romantic value to the guardian of my days, moving about her household tasks.

It did more, and perhaps a not-so-valuable thing: it set my little feet a-toddling amongst the perilous feet of poesy. I put it so without punning intent. Such ardent verses I wrote, modelled on those of that album—verses to imaginary beings, unresponsive beings, to the asseverations of my tortured heart. All this was at a time when I had ceased to need the chintz-covered sofa as a ladder to the bookshelf—I may have been 11 or 12. My verses were relished by Claribel; I am grateful to her to this day, remembering that. Annie, more matter of fact, bluntly dismissed them as ‘trash,’ and was consequently deprived henceforth of the privilege of hearing them.

The little shelves had a few stories upon them, of a really enthralling nature, and, while the excitement lasted, it ran like a fever through us; the dull-covered, much travelled books were oftener in their places than heretofore. It was a temporary decline in taste, that rage for the Family Herald, it staled the literature that hitherto had charmed. I don’t know how it began; it just came; the mood does not belong, I suspect, to accident at all; but has actually a deep psychological basis. It put Claribel and me, I know, out of tune with our boy-cousins for the time being. Dick’s rage was for wild adventures round the pole at the time, and Jules Verne had just suggested the reign of frightfulness by his wonderful submarine. Fenimore Cooper’s scalps were all very well; but we were for other regions and interests, too, and so Dick, out of all alignment with us, had to carry his enthusiasm elsewhere.

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As we ceased to go to the old literary fountain-head—the bookshelves in the chimney corner—for our reading, so, too, we ceased to keep our books in ordinary places. The volume we were reading reposed between times, it might be, in a sheltered log over the hill-top by the mail-box. What a long time it used to take in those days to post the letters with which we awaited the passing mailman; he came early or late, according to the interest of our tale. A native cat or a hare sometimes jumped out at us from the hiding place of *So Fair, So False,* and the *Duke's Secret,* and between rainy days a mouse has nibbled the most exciting part of *For Her Only* as it reposed deep in the hayloft of the old barn. Now and then we lost by confiscation a half-read tale. I remember coming upon my father one day—how he found it is a mystery—reading with a smile unusual to him a paper-covered treasure, entitled *Heart for Heart.* The book remained in his care, but only after a discussion bordering upon argument. If I wanted love stories, there were *Romeo and Juliet,* *Ophelia.* He went on helping his memory by a visit to the shelves in the corner, which caused him to pass from Shakespeare into biography and history, and finally to Scripture. I felt that anyone who could be satisfied with the unembellished story of Jacob and Rachel could not appreciate the situation. How we obtained all this absorbing literature I cannot remember; but I recollect that we were first introduced to its fascinations by a girl much older than ourselves. She knew life through this medium, and to us appeared an oracle. I fear, from certain whispers that have since come to me, that real life has for her long ago roughly corrected this innocent delusion of Minnie Speary's.

But all this is of our aberrations, and not of the shelves at all. I know that Claribel and I returned to the books that stood for good taste as well as for respectability. And before we had turned aside to the flesh-pots of melodrama, we had tasted of faery and of much else. To go back to the days when our reading was helped out by laborious spelling and the hand-in-hand delight of accompanying pictures, the first storybook that I really remem-
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ber was an old Peter Parley’s Annual. It was a soiled, water-stained volume—my mother’s ship was wrecked at the Heads, and most of their belongings had lain a full week in a flooded hold. There were several pages of dragons—that’s the acutest memory—illustrating some terrible story of times when dragons were as familiar to people apparently as iguanas were to us. They were an old style of iguana, in fact, but more terrible. The dragons did not stop at robbing hen’s nests; they spat flames at people who incurred their displeasure; and did all sorts of awful things. The red eyes, fangs, and claws of these creatures got into our dreams sometimes, and I know there was a period when Claribel was afraid to go into our bedroom in the dark. There were many wonders in that book; tales with moral tags attached to them about children who did not obey, little girls who were vain. That last, Claribel tore out of the book finally in a fit of chagrin, for it had a habit of pointing an allusion whenever she had a new ribbon or frock.

There was also a book of fairy tales containing many stories that I’ve not since seen anywhere. Many of them I recollect dealt with the subject of evil step-mothers and sadly misused step-daughters.

We had a History of England, of which the first volume was missing, and until I went to school, aged eight, I had not heard how the race of kings and queens (and incidentally of soldiers and citizens) came to England. Of the volume we had, the best loved part was that about Henry VIII, because he was the most terrible person in the book. His fat face, with the plumed hat turned up at one side, always evoked our childish abuse, and declarations of how we would have served him for his Bluebeard habits. Little savages! It was the ‘eye for an eye’ dictum with us. I remembered that old print in the history book of the chimney corner many years after, standing in the courtyard of the Tower of London, and looking on the inscription shown there on a brass tablet. There are named amongst others, two of Henry’s beheaded wives, and the place is shown as ‘the saddest spot in England.’
There were a number of religious books on those shelves. There had been an era of sermon-publishing before and during the youth of our parents, and terrible evidence of it was preserved there. Such dreary pages! Such boring, unilluminating discourses. Their chief object must have been to make people aware of the wretchedness of this world. And the print of those books was always small, the paper yellowed, the lines close set. Printed sermons were surely in the interest of the oculist. There were books of meditations, of prayers, of reflections (mostly gloomy reflections), and there was Kitto's *Bible Readings*, in five volumes; the works of Josephus; several 'lives' of divines, with scattered pictures of funny, bewigged men. We passed such books over, wondering sometimes to see one or other of them in the hands of our elders on Sunday afternoons. I have, indeed, wickedly wondered if that had not something to do with my father's tendency to drop off to sleep on Sunday afternoons. But *Pilgrim's Progress* lured us always; that breathless romance and adventure of the spirit, written by the tinker of Bedford, who had an art lacking in all the learned divines on the shelves.

The only other book in this section in which we were interested was Spurgeon's *John Ploughman's Talk*—a book in those days very popular among the Nonconformists. Its breezy style of presenting otherwise possibly uninteresting matter to our understanding, made it acceptable for the Sunday evening after-tea hour.

Of the few novels of this company of books was *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. This book, too, had been in the hold of the wrecked ship, and bore some traces of its adventure. It was dear to us, too, by the history of its coming there. It was my mother's book; yet not wholly hers. Just published when her people were leaving the Old Land, the book was the rage in London; a friend gave them a copy to read on the way out; it was then to have been passed on to someone in New South Wales, vaguely supposed to be near Melbourne, and of no definite address. The book was never applied for by anyone in Australia Felix, and so remained with my mother. This was one of our
earliest stories, and was read aloud to us in the evenings by our parents in turn. I had a childish pose. That which might cause Claribel to lapse into tears was quite incapable of affecting me. When she, on the hearth-rug, dissolved at the death of Eva, I contrived to remain dry-eyed. It was Old Prue’s tale in Aunt Dinah’s kitchen that finally sent my head down.

In Dickens—that came later when I could read aloud to the circle—I remember that we often succumbed to the pathos which critics have nowadays discovered the great Englishman possessed too greatly. But then we found this pathos in Ouida (surreptitiously read) too; the death of Cigarette in Under Two Flags was to us not less distressful than the end of Desdemona or of Juliet. Who, I wonder, is the most reliable authority on what should move us to tears in art—the unseasoned reader or the case-hardened critic? How well remembered are the books read in early youth, especially those read aloud as ours were read; each night’s portion discussed the following day! How real to us were the characters of Dickens, and what a gallery of them were limned out for us by the jolly log-fires of that wide hearth on those uninterrupted evenings of long ago! Truly a joy for ever! How we loved them and lived with the characters, peopling familiar spots with them.

Of biography, nothing stands out like the Boswell’s Life, that stood bulkily on the top shelf. That I read mostly to myself, to the murmur of summer bees in the old orchard. I thought it then the best biography in the world, and so I still think, and in this at least I have the world with me. The dear old man! All his ugly person, his bearish ways, I loved; he seemed like a whole world to me. I don’t know of any more ample book. I fancy the one biography on those shelves was well-chosen; it was such an expanding book. Stay! there was another biography—leaving aside several tiresome self-chronicles of fanatical-faced divines that found place there. I was led to Moore’s Life of Byron through the charmed gates of the romantic, and the passionate poetry of the poet himself, whom Moore so idolized. Byron’s poems, because
of the dim unpleasing cover that compassed them, for long escaped my attention.

But when I explored—you must go to Keats's sonnet on Chapman's *Homer* for my feelings. Chin in hand, many a time on the summer grass, I lay responding to the throb of that fiery heart. And then Moore's *Life*, telling such human things about the man (with all its repressions as I afterwards learned). Still, to me at least, for ever there is the man between those pages of his friend's writing. I care for no other side. It gives the only Byron we ought to want, passionate, faulty, audacious enough, and nothing worse. Claribel and I knew half of *Childe Harold* in those days, and much of his *Don Juan*, too. We took no hurt. The fascination was certainly not an evil one. It is apparent that we had no idea that the book was taboo to children, for I was found reading it in innocent enjoyment one day by a relative of severe mind, and after that the book disappeared from the shelves. The explanation, when I pressed, was as puzzling as the confiscation. The satiric *English Bards* used to delight me almost as much as the inspired doggerel of *Don Juan*, and it set me emulating. It was something altogether new; and later—in my early 'teens, it was—I played the sedulous ape to it. In the absence (among my circle) of literary persons, I spitted on my puny spear some among my ordinary friends and acquaintances. There was no malice, only an itching to imitate what had delighted me so much; but the attempt becoming known to my elders (and I fear also to some of the satirised) it was speedily frowned on. Perhaps wisely; indulgence in satire, either by word or by pen, I have since observed, is not a short-cut to good will.

It was later that Shelley came to me; but none, till he came, ever rivalled the writer of *Childe Harold* and the *Bards*. From the first there was another mighty book upon those shelves—a book that was never removed till we should be older. It was, according to the fly-leaf, 'A token of esteem to Robert, leaving for Australia, 1852. From his brother Samuel.' My father had kept it through many vicissitudes, both for the giver's sake and the
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author's. The organ voice of Milton was held in those covers. 'Few books,' it is said, 'make a close reader.' By the time I was eleven I had read Paradise Lost three times. Rather a queer feat I since find for a child! Perhaps the secret was that Milton came to me self-selected, not as the set task he is to many young students.

. . . The majesty of the epic always swept me on and on. But the reading had a strange result. Had she known, whose hand took away my Byron, she had better left me the Don Juan than the Satan who become very much of a hero to me. Doré had not contributed to the making of my father's volume of Milton; it was much later before I saw the terrible illustrations of the unhappy outcast, Satan. But one's own imagination pictured the epic terror of the greatest parts of the poem vividly enough without the aid of the artist. I know I used to dream of the 'nine days he fell,' and wake clutching the bed-clothes. It hurt the teachings I received at the Sunday School, the Miltonic emphasis of the grandeur of the villain of the story. It was long before I quite came back to the first idea I had been given of the fiend who had lost us Eden . . . perhaps I have never quite got back the earlier impression. The Puritan Milton over-reached himself.

Great little shelves those that took charge of my mental toddlings! I cannot, after the 'organ voice,' speak of the lesser tomes that in moods contributed to one's being. After all, the divinity that brought, and kept together when many were left, or lost in travel, that handful of books, had a kindly prevision of the needs and the loves of the unborn little ones whose curious fingers should open, whose eager eyes should pore upon their pages. The niche where the shelves were! It surely was a gateway for us from the dear world of the familiar green trees and material things, to that wider world, the inheritance of each for the entering—the realms of gold.

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Ernest Scott is Professor of History in the University of Melbourne. He was born in England in 1868, and came to Australia in 1892, as a journalist. From journalism he graduated in literature by his Terre Napoleon (1910), and his lives of La Perouse (1912) and Flinders (1914). He has written upon many historical subjects; but chiefly of the history of Australia, on which he is an authority. He has published A Short History of Australia (1916), and has edited the volume of the Cambridge History of the British Empire, vol. vii, on Australia (1933). The following essay was contributed to The Argus, Melbourne, September 2, 1933.

After Many Days

Sir Nicholas Lockyer, who died on Saturday last at his home in Toorak, sprang from a family which for nearly three centuries in England sent its sons into the army, the navy, the church, and the public service. A Nicholas Lockyer was Provost of Eton in the reign of Charles II., and another of the same name was a captain in the Royal Navy during the Napoleonic wars. Military duties in 1824 brought to Australia Major Edmund Lockyer, of the 57th Regiment, and he distinguished himself in this country by his exploration of the Brisbane River and the foundation of the first settlement in Western Australia—that at Albany—in January, 1827. Sir Nicholas Lockyer was a son of Major Lockyer’s old age, but he lived beyond the century years of the two achievements which gained for his father a distinguished place in the history of Australia. When I first knew him, more than 30 years ago, and said that I supposed him to be the grandson of the Major Lockyer of Albany fame, he replied, ‘No, that was my father,’ in the tone of one correcting an error that he had heard many times before. It was, indeed, difficult to believe that this lithe, vigorous, athletic man was the child of the explorer and colonizer whose best work was done in the first quarter of the 19th century.
One morning, while Lockyer was permanent head of the Department of Trade and Customs, I met him in Collins Street. I told him that I had been reading McMaster's *History of the People of the United States*, in which there was an account of the British attack on Fort Bowyer, one of the defences of New Orleans, during the war between Great Britain and the United States in 1812-14—the 'naval war,' as it is commonly called. In that engagement the sloop *Sophie* was commanded by Captain Nicholas Lockyer. In a later fight the same officer commanded the *Seahorse*, and engaged an American gunboat in a duel in which the greater part of the officers and men in both ships were killed or wounded. Lockyer lost an arm, but his gallantry gained him promotion; and later he was appointed to the command of the *Albion*, a 91-gun frigate which at that time was one of the crack ships of the Navy. I said that I supposed this officer to be a relative. 'He was my uncle,' replied Lockyer, and he asked for the loan of the book. Then he drew me on to the steps of the old National Bank building and told me this remarkable story.

He said that shortly after he left school he was appointed to a junior post in the New South Wales Treasury. It had always been his wish while he was a lad to go over the country which his father had explored while Sir Ralph Darling was Governor of New South Wales. So he bought a bicycle, and when his first holiday came he set off to ride to the Brisbane River. A blanket strapped to the handle-bar, a knapsack on his back, a billy, and a small water-bag were his equipment. Those who knew Nicholas Lockyer in his advanced age will have no difficulty in picturing his physical endurance and determination as a youth.

He related that on his return journey he had been riding all day across the hot plains, and as evening approached he kept a look-out for a good place to camp for the night. The country he was traversing was flat and uninteresting, good for merino sheep but inhospitable to human beings. Habitations were hundreds of miles apart. In the distance he saw a clump of trees, and made for it.
As he approached, in the rapidly fading light, a red glow showed that somebody was making a fire, and that was a comforting fact after a long ride without encountering a soul. A few minutes later he found that the fire shone through the open door of a boundary rider’s hut. Young Lockyer dismounted, placed his bicycle against a tree, and walked over to inquire whether he might sleep there for the night. Opposite the door a very old man was stooping over the fire cooking some meat in a frying-pan. Lockyer asked him if he could come in and rest. Turning sharply round, the man scanned him suspiciously and then said in a gruff voice, ‘No, you can’t; you can doss over there under the trees.’ ‘Well, then,’ said Lockyer, ‘would you be kind enough to give me some boiling water for making my tea?’ ‘Oh, yes,’ the old fellow replied; ‘the kettle will be boiling in ten minutes. Come over then, and you can have the water.’

The inhospitable repulse was disconcerting. Clearly the old man was one of those they used in those parts to call ‘a hatter’—a solitary who was satisfied with his own company and disliked that of another. Previous journeys in the back country had made Lockyer familiar with his kind. There was nothing to do but make the best of things. The night was warm; he was very tired; and a sleep under the trees would not be disagreeable. After unrolling his blanket and untying his billy he walked over to the hut again, and stood quietly at the door while the kettle came to the boil. Then he noticed that over the fireplace was nailed the picture of a ship—a woodcut taken from some English illustrated paper. Lockyer knew that vessel. His father had shown him a similar picture in a book. It interested him at once.

When the old man rose from the fire and brought his kettle to the door Lockyer said to him, ‘That is a picture of the Albion that you have there.’ ‘What do you know about the Albion?’ asked the grizzled occupant of the hut, in a challenging tone. ‘Well, my uncle was the captain of that ship many years ago.’ ‘What? Your uncle? Are you the nephew of Captain Nicholas Lockyer?’ ‘I am, and that is my name also,’ said Lockyer.
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He was able to establish his identity by producing an addressed envelope from his pocket, the envelope of a letter which had been delivered to him at Bourke. At once the manner of the old man changed. Young Lockyer had to come in and sit down; two plates were produced, and in a manner the warm friendliness of which was in marked contrast with his former chilling reception he was bidden to share the meat which had just been cooked. And over the meal the old man told his tale.

He had been a sailor under Captain Nicholas Lockyer's command at the assault on New Orleans, and later had been a petty officer on the Albion. His old captain was his hero. But he had suffered a calamity through his own fault. He had gone ashore with some of his shipmates, had got drunk, and, on his return to the ship, being severely reproved by a lieutenant for setting a bad example to the men, had struck the officer. For that offence he had been sentenced to transportation. He had served his sentence before the abolition of the transportation system, and had since worked on outback sheep stations. Here he was, ending his days—which could not be many more—in the far interior of New South Wales, when, out of the sunset, appeared this young man who was a living link with what to him had been a glorious past, the nephew of the captain by whose side he had fought, under whose pennant he had gained promotion, and who had done his utmost to save him from his unhappy fate. In the morning the old fellow was up early, preparing a good breakfast for his guest, and in a couple of hours they parted, never to meet or hear of each other again.
JOHN LE GAY BRERETON

Professor J. le Gay Brereton (1871-1933) was born in Sydney, the son of a doctor. Educated at Sydney Grammar School and the University, he became Assistant Librarian, later Librarian of Sydney University Library, and in 1921 was appointed Professor of English Literature. He was a poet who published many volumes of verse, also a book entitled *Elizabethan Drama: Notes and Studies*, in 1909. The following essay is selected from a prose miscellany called *Knocking Round*, published by Angus & Robertson (1930).

Our Country

The inartistic visitor is apt to complain of monotony in the scenery of Australia. If he has witnessed no more than some part of our coast, he says that the place is gum-trees, rocks and gullies, varied by rocks, gullies and gum-trees. If he has travelled inland, and has seen, at the beginning of the day, flat land with tormented trees, and, when the day’s journey was over, still tormented trees on the stretching plain, he moans at the interminable sameness. ‘Your foliage is all of one tone of grey,’ he says petulantly, ‘hard and changeless.’ He has come looking for something to which he is accustomed—the almost garish brilliance of colouring and the persistent contrasts in some country where such brightness of growing things is happy compensation for the lack of our clear flooding light—and he is blinded by prejudice and unjust without intention. He is like one who has long been accustomed to flutes and fiddles and pianos, and who hears for the first time a carillon; the new instrument has unanticipated effects. Before the listener can adjust himself to the fresh conditions, he is impudently loud in condemnation. Ours is a country of vast spaces and endless munificence. For the full range of its almost infinite variety you must travel far, and, if your soul is awake to it, you will find beauty at every step from the extravagant lushness of tropical jungles to the clear-cut snowy slopes where the clouds hold counsel, from the
green-gold brakes of the sugar-cane to the shining cherries that demand the discipline of frost.

Traditions die hard. It was an Englishman who described our country, in awkward sibilant verses, as—

A land where bright blossoms are scentless
And songless bright birds,

repeating the accusations of early settlers, who were pleased to regard Australia as a land of paradoxes; but the lyre-bird, with all his musical mockery, and the manifold fragrance of our spring have not yet shamed the libellous lips even of some Australians to absolute silence. And there are still some among our countrymen whose eyes are open but their sense is shut, so that in their ancestral trance they are unaware of the subtle and glorious changes of our seasons. One has to tell them that the face of spring blushes in the pride of youthful life; to show the vital red flush glowing on every bush-clad hill; to insist that the spreading gum-leaves are 'like spear blades dipped in blood,' and that in every glen the ferns advance their croziers of delicate rosy tints. This, one may observe with exultation in the Sydney district where I happen to live. Of course, too, though there is no month when the bush is void of bloom, there are seasons when the flowers rejoice multitudinously in the light. And inland where, in a dry season, the grey plains bake, and the red soil cracks, and the heat quivers visibly up in a crystal silence, or the dust advances, a body of threatening darkness, and the roly-polies, globular skeletons of perished plants, run and leap fantastically for miles and miles, there is no time when beauty is not present, brooding and menacing though her aspect be, till the rains come and bring a resurgence of riotous life and splendid colour.

And if it be true that the eucalyptus generally dominates our scenery, who but the pitifully ignorant will babble that gum-trees are all alike? Look with me at these two—that with the dark grey, fibrous crumbly bark on its trunk, while its boughs are smooth and silvery, and every branch and branchlet curves upward making an interlaced pattern adorned with broad but rather scanty leaves of
dull green that reflect the light in silver flashes; and this, with the smooth bark of pale terra-cotta tint from the foot of its knobbed bole to the end of each of its erratically contorted boughs, its thick clusters of narrow leaves in a lighter green mottling the undergrowth with shade. How many kinds of gum-trees there are I neither know nor care to know; to the eye of love their variety seems inexhaustible. And an artist will find in a single tree a multiplicity of charm that custom cannot stale. A gaunt grey-blotched giant of the bush, with the long strips and cylinders of dry discarded bark hanging about him, will stand like a sentry sternly at watch in the noontide glare; but amid the evening shadows his outline will soften and he will seem like a waiting lover in sheltering dusk; and in one of those mornings, when the early sun turns to a silvery film the mist as it floats upward aslant, he will become etherealized, an ecstatic spiritual calm embodied or an old tree transfigured to an image of peaceful joy.

In the mass the gum-trees proclaim Australia. They give some of their most unmistakable characteristics to many of our landscapes. Before the war, a German scholar, Robert Schachner, spent a year or two in our land, studying its social and industrial conditions, and becoming more and more attracted by its loveliness. On the eve of his return to Europe, he went back to the Blue Mountains to gaze for the last time across a valley where the heads of innumerable gum-trees were like a sea swept by huge waves that surged against the bases of islanded rocks and swept about the cliffs, pushing upward at vast shores where the mordant wind has revealed, in the crumbling sandstone, broad bands and splashes of red and cream and yellow. All the valley and the hills were suffused daintily with hazy blue, and across the uneven surface of that sea crawled the indigo shadows of white glowing clouds. 'Of all that I have seen in Australia,' said Schachner, 'this alone I shall see nowhere else.'

From the precipice beside him a stream leaped into the gorge, falling in waves that felt the support of the air and floated downward, swaying and curving in their own ghostly mist, and finally 'rolling a slumbrous sheet of
foam below.' For those hills are full of clear creeks that
dance and sing in the cool shade, and fall where they may
in veils and lucent fringes and long wavering lines. Yet
the queen of all Australian waterfalls is not in the Mother
State, but in the island of Tasmania. Not for size or
grandeur, but for enthralling beauty, one returns to the
glancing cascades of Russell Falls.

And what differences one may notice in our streams,
whether they be these hurrying waters of the hills or
broad placid streams that loiter as if enchanted by their
own lily-decked attractiveness. Between steep banks,
where the thick pale gum-trees gather, flow the inland
rivers on meandering pilgrimage. On a coastal river one
may voyage between fields of maize and sugar-cane and
rest the eyes on blue hills that flank the valley. And one
stream of sweet water that calls to the tired spirit is
hemmed in by rugged precipitous crags, clothed with
such trees and shrubs as perch upon ledges and cling by
crevices; and the short steep talus is thick with a tangle
of wild growth. It is an abode of peace and friendliness,
of blessed quietude, in harmony with clear reflections of
blue and green and the still trunks of tall white trees
that grow sparsely just above the average floodline. All
is well till the noise of guns shatters the silence with
blasphemous reverberations of stupidity and tyranny.

It is not the purpose of the writer to attempt impossibly
to enumerate the elements that combine in the beauty of
Australia, but merely to glance here and there, and idly
sketch this fragmentary scene or that, not fully, but by
suggestion—to sing, as it were, as they come to his
memory, a few bars of the songs that have thrilled his
heart. And as he hails from Sydney, his reader will
expect him to say something of the most beautiful of
harbours—its estuaries winding among wooded hills; its
verdant gardens sloping to the shores; its innumerable
inlets; the rich green weeds that shine at low-tide about
its rocks; the jade-coloured waters at the Quay; the
stretches of sunlit turkis-blue; the jewel dance of lights
when the night is like a pall of deep-blue velvet; and, in
short, that fascinating splendour that alters with every
change of light and atmosphere. But one who has watched the spread of population about the harbour for half a century is saddened by the reflection that the beauty created by Nature is more often marred than enhanced by the meddling of Man. Greed and vulgarity do their worst. Where there should be groves of native trees behind our beaches, for example, there are staring walls of brick and stucco. It is to the honour of our best architects that they adapt dwelling-houses to their chosen situation, harmonizing the buildings in line and colour with their surroundings, and skilfully making alliance with the forms and forces of Nature; but all our houses are not designed by men of taste, and there is unfortunately no committee of artists empowered to protect us against piles of horror. Still, Nature has been so profuse in her gifts that her generosity triumphs in spite of the wanton insults she sustains.

If generalization were legitimate, I might venture to say that Australians have not much aesthetic sense. It is only a few years since some observant person told them that there was a beauty in 'gum-tips.' They have been engaged, ever since, in destroying the charm of every gum-sapling within easy reach. They cultivate in their gardens a few Australian plants which they are assured are beautiful, but they neglect others which appeal without a human champion. Few people cultivate, for example, the blue-berry—Elaeocarpus reticulatus (E. cyaneus). But those that have eyes to see, let them see.

Our artists are doubly to be congratulated—first that they live in a land of lavish beauty, and secondly, that they have taken such full advantage of their wealth of opportunity.
WALTER MURDOCH

Walter Murdoch was born in Scotland in 1874, the son of a Presbyterian minister. He came out to Australia in his boyhood, and completed his education at Scotch College and Melbourne University. He began life as a schoolmaster, and after teaching for six years he was appointed in 1904 Lecturer in English Literature at Melbourne University. Whilst acting as teacher he contributed literary articles and leaders to the Argus. Since 1912 he has been Professor of English Literature in the University of Western Australia, Perth.

Walter Murdoch is famous for his books of essays: Speaking Personally (1930), Moreover (1932), and Saturday Mornings (1931). Widely travelled and widely read, experience has given him a vast reservoir of material. His style is simply a mirror of the literary side of his nature, witty, whimsical, full of sound common-sense, and as capable of parodying all sorts of styles as of treating all sorts of subjects. Within his own limits he is perfect.

On Doors

I HAVE long had it in mind to write something on the subject of doors. And since no new poet has arisen in Australia this week, and no new religion has arrived from America—a momentary lull having occurred, as it were—it may be as well to seize the chance of unbosoming oneself on this momentous topic. Do not, I beseech you, set this down at once as a piece of foppery; don't say, 'Here is a pretentious fellow who fancies that he can pass himself off as a genuine essayist by proving that he can write about anything under the sun—even about doors!' Because, you know, that particular accusation—of setting up to be an essayist—would touch me on the raw; for I am one who believes that the essay, if not the highest form of literature, is the most difficult of all; that a good essay is harder to write than a good novel; that the great essayists are rarer than the great poets; that we are like to see another Shakespeare sooner than another Montaigne. I would as soon pretend to be a popular tenor or a successful company-promoter, or a
heaven-sent statesman or a billiard champion, as expose myself to the derision of gods and little fishes by trying to pass myself off as a real essayist. Glance through the five volumes of *Modern English Essays* which Mr. Ernest Rhys has recently edited for the 'Everyman' series, and believe and tremble. Mr. Rhys seems to have no clear idea of what an essay really is, and he has included a formidable quantity of rubbish—as he was bound to do if he was to fill five volumes; still, his collection contains enough specimens of the genuine article to show any discerning reader what a rare and exquisite and delightful thing is the art of the essayist. Set up to be an essayist, indeed! *Ah, no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me!*

I admit there may be some truth in what you say about the test of the genuine essayist being that he can write about anything whatever; but you have chosen the worst possible example. 'Even about doors,' quotha! As if doors were a very recondite and well-nigh impossible subject. Why, everybody who has written at all has written about doors. The whole of literature resounds with the slamming of doors. Man has sought out many inventions, but none more significant, none more expressive, none that lends itself more readily to the purposes of poetry and romance and symbol, than this ancient invention of the door. The window is a comparative upstart, a modern device; but the door is coeval with the house itself. The door is the mouth of the house, windows are its eyes; it is possible to live—and even to enjoy life—without eyes, but a mouth is indispensable. So, for uncounted centuries men contrived to do without windows in their dwellings; but a house without a door is inconceivable. Even a rock, rolled to the opening at night and rolled away in the morning, is in essentials a door; and, though doubtless somewhat cumbersome, it was effective enough, as Odysseus found (if you remember your Homer) during his compulsory sojourn with the Cyclops. And just as the mouth is more expressive than the eyes, in a human face, so is the door more expressive than the window. This aspect of the door—its expressiveness—makes of it a universal symbol. 'Then' (if you remem-
ber your Bible) 'those that were ready went in with him to the marriage, and the door was shut.' 'The door was shut'; that phrase could not be bettered by any conceivable elaboration; no other words in the language could express, so simply and tremendously, the sense of finality. The symbolism of the door is in all literature; and the painters, too, have made abundant use of it.

Of course, you know De Quincey's famous essay, 'On the Knocking at the Door in Macbeth.' I fancy De Quincey gets considerably more significance out of the incident than Shakespeare ever thought of; still, it is certainly one of the great moments of the play, and probably the second-best knocking at the door in all literature. (The best is in the New Testament; you had better buy a copy and find the passage for yourself.) The best shutting of the door is, I think, the end of Ibsen's Doll's House, where the stage direction runs; 'From below is heard the reverberation of a heavy door closing.' You can spoil the whole play by making the wrong kind of noise at this point; it must not be a bang, as if Nora Helmer were going away in a vulgar tantrum, and would probably think better of it and come back to Mr. Helmer tomorrow; it must be a sound of doom, solemn, weighty, unanswerable, final. The act of shutting a door is surely one of the most primitive of all expressions of human emotion. None of Henry James's men or women, I imagine, ever bang a door; they close it, softly, delicately, with varying degrees of silken subtlety, expressing thereby the finest nuances; it is wonderfully skilful, but we sometimes long as we read him for a plain, honest, crude person, like the hero of Hood's,

Who shut the door with such a slam
It sounded like a wooden 'Damn!'

The romantic possibilities of the door have been understood from very early times. The story of Bluebeard, for instance, is a story of doors; and there is one tale in the Arabian Nights which is a perfect riot of doors; it contains a hundred of them. Dumas—I hope you know your Dumas—is full of doors. The three immortal musketeers are for ever hammering at some door or other; for them,
a door meant the permanent possibility of adventure. A door is, to the romantic eye, a thing of wonder and mystery; behind it lies who knows what of terrible or joyous, of gallant or sinister. There are two capital doors in Stevenson. Who that has once read of it can forget the Sire de Malétroit's door, left unlatched, which, when the desperate fugitive flung himself against it, swung back on oiled and noiseless hinges, but which, when he was once within, 'whipped itself out of his fingers and clanked to, with a formidable rumble'? The other is the door in that rather inferior melodrama Deacon Brodie, perhaps, on the whole, the poorest of Stevenson's works (possibly because it was Stevenson's and Henley's); but it has its thrilling moment when the Deacon, having killed a man, goes home and climbs in through his bedroom window, takes up a candle to look at the locked door, which is to prove his alibi, and finds that it has been broken open in his absence. 'Open, open, open! Judgment of God, the door is open!'

When is a door not a door? ran the old conundrum. In these degenerate days men have been known to put panes of glass in their front doors; but a glass door is not a door—it is a contradiction in terms. For a door is something more than a means of ingress and egress; a hole in the wall would serve for that. The essence of a door is that, when closed, it gives a sense of privacy and a sense of security. A door that you can see through, a door that you can shatter with a tack-hammer, does not fulfil the primary purposes of a door. It is not necessary (though it may be desirable) that your door should be of massive oak, studded with iron; but it ought to be a real door, not a sham. There are no glass doors in literature.

Do you see what I am doing? I am suggesting a sort of game, to be played by any number of players; you can play it by yourself, in bed, when you are suffering from insomnia. See how many great doors you can remember from your reading of prose and poetry. The number will astonish you. I have mentioned a few, but I have only to sit back in my chair and close my eyes, and examples
Walter Murdoch

come in shoals; the door with the terrible superscription in the *Inferno*, the door of *Doubting Castle* to which Christian at last found the key, the door which Pompilia opened at midnight and admitted her murderers, the 'doors where my heart was used to beat so quickly,' whereof Tennyson sings—down to that last,

*Slow door*

Which, opening, letting in, lets out no more.

Make your own list, and you will see how wonderfully fruitful is this neglected field of research. You will no longer think of a door as a mere lifeless piece of joinery; but rather as, what I have called it, the universal symbol. No other work of man's hands is so expressive, so significant; our imagination endows it with human attributes, and we speak of the housemaid 'answering the door,' as if it were a conversationalist; and there is one immortal door in literature which will indeed answer the housemaid, if she speaks the right word, which is 'Sesame.' . . . Yes, certainly; if I were an essayist, I should write an essay on doors.
NOT without qualms of conscience can one enlist in the great army of garrulous globe-trotters. You know the type, of course; you must often have met the traveller who, on the strength of a brush with a railway porter and a misunderstanding with a cabman, is prepared to deliver a lecture on the characteristics of a foreign nation. A fellow-passenger of mine on a recent voyage—a professional sociologist and a man of exceptional intelligence—went ashore for a few hours at Colombo. When he came aboard again, I found he had acquired a new theory of Buddhism in the time it had taken me to acquire a new hat; but that was only the tenth part of what he had picked up. Before we were well outside the breakwater, he was joyously at work on a series of articles for a Dutch newspaper on ‘British Misgovernment in Ceylon.’ Six crowded hours of observation and inquiry at Port Said provided him with materials for a breezy discourse, of which I forget the drift; but I remember that Disraeli, the Suez Canal Company, Moses, and Lord Cromer were referred to, all in terms of severe disapprobation. As soon as we had left Egypt behind us, he produced an Italian grammar and sat down to master it, as he intended to stay a fortnight in Italy and make thorough investigations. When he stepped ashore at Naples he was perfectly able, so far as one could judge, to assure solicitous Neapolitans that he felt very well, and also to inquire of the Italian nation whether it had seen the hat of his brother John. And now, in his home in Holland, he is probably correcting the proof-sheets of an octavo volume entitled The Truth About Italy. This is no caricature, but a veracious portrait of a man in whom the typical vices of the globe-trotter are somewhat accentuated. For all globe-trotters are addicted to hasty generalization. If you object that this statement is itself a hasty generalization, one can only reply that the disease is evidently infectious.
But even the most inveterate generalizer—even the American tourist—will hesitate before attempting to 'size up' London. Even my Dutch friend showed an unwonted diffidence when asked for a theory of London. London eludes and baffles and defies. The literature of London is enormous, but the soul of her, the innermost essence, is a thing that always breaks through language and escapes. Perhaps the right thing was most nearly said of her by the Mexican visitor, I have somewhere read of, who, after a drive round some of the outer suburbs, broke a long, astonished silence with the exclamation, 'No es una ciudad; es un mundo!' And whoever attempts the impossible feat of describing London, will find that it is indeed a world, and no mere city, that he has set out to describe. And a world full of contradictions, so that you have no sooner made a general statement about it than you see the necessity of revising that statement.

The essential contradictoriness of the place begins with its physical aspect. Is London a beautiful city? That depends on what you mean by 'beauty,' and still more on what you mean by 'London.' Get up in the morning—your first morning in London!—go down to the Embankment, and walk slowly to Westminster Bridge; go halfway across the bridge, and there stand, looking up and down the river; and be assured that, whatever else you may remember or forget, this is an experience that you will never forget. The Abbey, seen through a faint bluish haze, an almost spiritual atmosphere which is the perfect medium through which to view its austere glories—what sight has any city in the world to offer that will compare with this? You cannot say, of course, how much is purely sensuous appeal and how much is historic association—here, if anywhere, one feels, is the home of the spirit of England's mighty past—but, no matter of what elements it be compounded, the beauty of the scene is undeniable and overpowering. . . . But now, climb to the top of one of the County Council's grand new tramcars and ride down through Lambeth as far as Tooting; and ask yourself whether it is possible that any other city
in the world can show anything so hideous, and so bleak and depressing in its hideousness. . . . Go back to Westminster, and walk from the Abbey to St. Paul's. The Strand is still, in all probability, the most beautiful street in the world. Your modern architect is doing his best to spoil it; he has lost the sense of true urban beauty, and suffers from an ideal of Parisian plate-glass magnificence. A score or so of buildings like the offices of the Victorian Government will suffice to change the character of the Strand; but glory and loveliness have not yet passed away from the ancient street. And to step out of roaring, choking Fleet Street—which has a wonderful charm of its own—into the quiet precincts of the Temple is to understand something of the spell that London has cast upon so many lords of the pen and of the brush. But the London of Henley's inspired Voluntaries is, after all, but a village in extant; and all round this beautiful and ancient village lies the great city—a miracle of sheer hideousness. To the eastward lie vast regions, of which if you have seen a fragment you have seen the whole; one dire monotony of squalor and meanness. No less depressing are the huge deserts of dingy respectability, the dull, grey terraces, mile on desolate mile with scarce a touch of diversity; and the boundless wilderness of red-brick villas, the abodes of complacent middle-class comfort. . . . From an expedition into this inferno of monotony you go back to the Strand, or to one of the West End parks, and realize anew that London is the most beautiful city in the world. But you realize also that beautiful London is small in extent, while hideous London is vast, and, worse still, is growing every day. Every day the monstrous creature pushes a red or a grey tentacle a little farther out into the country-side.

So much for the body of this adorable and detestable city; how of its spirit? Where are we to find the soul of London, that we may sum it up in a formula? Begin this work of psychical research in the Abbey. Every Australian visitor quickly finds his way thither, and if he be worthy of his descent he will experience—
Walter Murdoch

In the hush of the dread high altar,
When the Abbey makes us We,
an emotion which it would be sacrilege to attempt to
describe. This, one feels, is a fit dwelling for the soul,
not of London only, but of England, a great nation, the
mother of nations and the mother of heroes. Not in the
outer world of futile bustle and clamour, but in this place
of dim lights and a silence broken only by the heavenly
voices of the choristers, abides the serene and steadfast
spirit which has made England great.... In a glow
of optimism you pass out into the workaday world—the
world of ruthless commerce and feverish pleasure-seeking
and shrieking motor cars and shrieking half-penny news-
papers; and you see that a spirit is abroad entirely and
essentially alien to the spirit that built the Abbey. And
you wonder whether it will not be better to search for
the soul of London in that roaring whirlpool of traffic
which swirls and surges round the Bank of England.

The management of London traffic is a miracle, almost
fit to be set beside that main miracle of modern history,
the government of India. One of the most exhilarating
sights in the world is

The constable, with lifted hand,
Conducting the orchestral Strand.

Let that policeman stand for a symbol of the governing
power of England. But in Hyde Park, on Sunday morn-
ing, one may be permitted to wonder whether yonder
preposterously-dressed young man, leading up and down
by a string a preposterously-shaven poodle, may not stand
with equal propriety for the symbol of a nation falling
into decay. The longer you stay in London the more
difficult you find it to decide whether England is a nation
meowing its mighty youth, or a nation degenerate and
decadent.

The most painful of all London contrasts is one so
obvious, that to mention it savours of extreme platitude.
I mean the contrast between, say, a Piccadilly restaurant
and an eating-house in West Ham; in other words,
between the incredible and cynical waste of wealth at one
end of the social scale and the incredible poverty and
misery at the other. I was standing one afternoon in a shop in Regent Street, when a sudden sound of cheering brought me to the door. It was a day of yellow fog—not the worst kind of London fog, but bad enough to merit Hawthorne's description, 'The ghost of mud—the spiritualized medium of departed mud.' Through this I dimly perceived the reason of the cheering. A procession of the Paddington unemployed had met and was passing a procession of the Lambeth unemployed, and these dolorous regiments were giving one another a hoarse salute as they passed. Of course, the procession of unemployed is a frequent sight in London; but in Regent Street the spectacle was especially piquant. On the pavement, the crowds of well-to-do people, out in search of superfluous things—in Regent Street they sell nothing but superfluities; in the middle of the street, tramping like dispirited spectres through the fog, those poor battered products of our commercial civilization. It was as if a terrible page of Dante were being read aloud to a fashionable and frivolous audience. In the contemptuous or indifferent faces of the shoppers one saw, as clear as it could be made, the apathy of London in face of the problem which she must solve or perish, a problem which every day grows more insistent, more acute; for it is a fact that unemployment in London is steadily on the increase.

No other city in the world could show the visitor such an assemblage as came together one night in December, at the invitation of the British Academy, to celebrate the tercentenary of Milton. From veterans like Holman Hunt and Frederic Harrison to the youngest member of the family of Fame, the whole London world of art and letters seemed to be there. The scene was brilliant and exhilarating, and, though one could not help wondering what Milton would have thought of the dresses, and what the wearers of the dresses really thought of Milton, still one came away feeling that one had seen the fine flower of our civilization. . . . The way back to my hotel lay along the Embankment, and there I saw another of those sights which no other city can provide—the hundreds of
homeless men and women, huddled on the iron seats, who are condemned to spend their nights there the long winter through, and with small hope in their hearts of ever finding a better resting-place till a merciful death comes and puts an end to their long dull agony. And Milton's own description of London sang in my ears with a note of overwhelming irony—'Behold, now, this vast city; a city of refuge; the mansion-house of liberty....'

Statistics of pauperism give no idea of the extent of London's misery. It is not only, or perhaps chiefly, in the slums that one must look for wretchedness. The life of the average Londoner—the man you meet in the omnibus and the underground tube—has about it a deadly monotony and dullness, corresponding with precision to the deadly dullness and monotony of the terraces. There are millions of men—men of every trade and profession—who manage to make both ends meet, but who carry on their faces the legible signs of that hopeless, pitiless, endless struggle for no one knows what, which is the real life of London.

Such contrasts are to be found, no doubt, in all great cities, but surely nowhere else have they the same vividness. Many people go to London for a holiday; but, unless you are entirely without heart or imagination, it is the worst place in the world for holiday-making; because, do what you will, you cannot in London shut out the note of human woe. Poverty and vice and misery form the black background to life, and the thought of it is apt to poison enjoyment and to give comfort an air of treachery.

Perhaps one could find the soul of London if one had time for the quest; perhaps she has not one, but many souls; perhaps she has no soul at all; I cannot say. A mere cursory glance is, of course, worth nothing at all. I record it for what it is worth.
An Australian in Florence

To stay in Florence, be it but for a few short weeks—to wander about her narrow dusky streets, and to stare up at her great buildings, to stroll through her glorious churches and her world-famed galleries, to stand upon the most ancient of her bridges and watch the grey Arno gliding beneath you as Dante saw it glide—is to dwell for a season in a land of enchantment. This is one of those rich and vivid experiences which, if you are so unfortunate as not to be a poet, you need never hope to describe. Mere prose—especially such a prose as mine, which has never learned to soar—must utterly fail to convey any sense of the overwhelming beauty and charm of this incomparable city. The praise of Florence may be left to the poets; and, indeed, they have not neglected their duty. For Florence, mother of many poets, has inspired many more, and among them some of the greatest of our own race; it would be easy to fill many pages of this book with quotations, in her praise, from Coleridge and Landor and Shelley and Browning and a score beside. Search over the whole world, and you will not find another city, in ancient or modern times, that has been so often and so fervently and so worthily hymned. But even the most prosaic person—or, is it the inarticulate poet that dwells in the breast of the most prosaic?—must be conscious of her charm.

It is not mere physical loveliness. If it were possible to divest cities of their own past, of all historic associations, several Italian cities—Genoa probably, Naples almost certainly—would be held to surpass Florence in beauty. Beautiful she is, assuredly, as you see her from the hill slopes of Fiesole; or, nearer at hand, from an eminence in the Boboli gardens, at the back of Cosimo de' Medici's palace; surpassingly beautiful. But I hardly think her physical beauty alone would have given her a right to the title bestowed on her by Coleridge—'The brightest star of star-bright Italy.' No; as you look down
on the little grey city, with her towers and domes and spires, you perceive that an essential element in her beauty is your own consciousness that she is Florence; you see her bathed in that faint haze which is the glamour of the past.

And that reminds me to warn the Australian who thinks of visiting Florence—and every Australian who visits Europe ought to reserve a week, at least, for this city—that some preparation for the visit is worth making. Nobody can possibly appreciate Florence properly who knows nothing about her past. It will not do just to read Romola and Ruskin’s Mornings in Florence, and then to go conscientiously from sight to sight, with a guide-book in your hand. So equipped, you will utterly miss the essential thing—the spirit of the place. The spirit of Florence is the spirit of Dante—and you must have read the Divine Comedy, in Cary’s translation if you like. You must know something of Florentine history—not, of course, the details of those endless petty wars between republican Guelph and aristocratic Ghibelin, nor of the later factious quarrels of Whites and Blacks, but the main outlines of that turbulent time. You must know what the Renaissance in Italy meant, who Lorenzo the Magnificent was, and what manner of men he gathered about him. You must know a little about the history of art; Vasari may suffice for this; and if you have studied Benvenuto Cellini’s autobiography—one of the pleasantest books in the world—so much the better. This preparatory process ought to stretch over a period of, say, twenty years.

That may seem long, but remember that in the course of your preparation you will have made some acquaintances worth making. For during the Middle Ages and the Renaissance period, Italy produced a long succession of great men; and the greatest of all the Italians were Florentines. Dante and Michael Angelo—what other city can boast of two such sons? And think of the minor names—of the long line of painters, from Cimabue to Andrea del Sarto; of sculptors like Donatello, and architects like Giotto; of Machiavelli, the great, misunderstood
patriot, the founder of modern political science; of Guicciardini, the father of modern history; of Savonarola, dreamer and man of action; of Lorenzo de' Medici, the princely patron of all humane arts and sciences; and many another. For three centuries this little city was torn incessantly by dissensions, but through it all the flame of spiritual life burned more steadily, and with brighter radiance, than anywhere else in Europe.

If you have so prepared yourself, then, when you step out of your hotel on your very first morning in Florence, you will find the streets peopled with ghosts of well-known and well-loved men and women; and every old building will have its meaning and its memories. Other cities breathe of a mightier and more momentous past, no doubt; but in other cities that past is somewhat remote and shadowy; a new city has been built upon the ruins of the old. But in Florence there are no ruins to be laboriously disinterred; the old, the great Florence is still there; the past is alive. This is the peculiar, the unique thing about Florence—this jostling of the present with the past. The Old Bridge is still lined with goldsmith's shops, as it was in Dante's day; but they now sell cheap Parisian brooches and bangles. An electric tram whizzes across that other bridge where, according to a modern picture, Dante met Beatrice with her two companions. Men are lounging and smoking cigarettes at the door of the Palazzo Vecchio, the old Town Hall; and over that door you may still see the inscription, put up in Savonarola's day, reminding you of how the Florentines, having exhausted all varieties of government, took Christ to be their King. There it is, the memorial of a mood; and when that mood was over, they burned Savonarola on this very spot.

Electric trams, too, run in several directions across the 'history-haunted square' of the Cathedral. From the architectural point of view, I should fancy that square must be the most wonderful place in the world. (What a revelation is was to a person brought up in Australia, where architecture is as yet unknown!) The great Duomo itself, with its grand lines and its rich and many-
coloured splendour; Giotto's Campanile, soaring skyward, a miracle of white grace and delicacy, a lyrical poem in stone; and the ancient Baptistery with those doors of bronze, of which the only right thing to say is the thing Michael Angelo said, that they are fit to be the doors of Paradise; is there any square in any city in the world where three such world-treasures are gathered together? And here again some knowledge of the past of the city is necessary to a full appreciation; for the very buildings of Florence are instinct with the spirit of her stormy history. Take, for instance, a typical Florentine palace, the Palazzo Strozzi. There it stands, rough-hewn, rectangular, simple and grim and stark; how loudly it speaks of the iron time when it was built, when Florence was the seat of perpetual civil war, and when her battles raged, not on the plain without the gates, but up and down these very streets. A man's city house had to be a fortress in those days; and this is a fortress, but one in which the architect, while meeting the necessity for strength and security, has also contrived to satisfy his desire for beauty. The old Town Hall, too, the ancient home of the liberties of the people, how marvellously it combines energy and strength with beauty and grace, and how expressive it thus is of the very soul of republican Florence! The past lives again in that tall stern tower that kept watch and ward over the city so many centuries ago; and as you gaze, you seem to hear the great bell ringing out its warning of the approach of an army of Ghibelin exiles, and calling the citizens to the defence of their hard-won liberties.

But you must not think of Florence as a mere museum of antiquities. It has a cheerful, bustling life of its own, and its people are the best-natured and the most polite imaginable. It has an active municipal government—too active, some people think; artists and antiquarians are never tired of railing at the philistinism of the authorities, who have destroyed many buildings of matchless interest. Let me confess that I am a philistine myself in this matter, and think the artists and antiquarians atrociously selfish people. It is a loss to civilization that a city should
become a mere place of memories, a city of the dead. My bedroom window looked out upon the Mercato Vecchino, the old market-place, the ancient centre of Florentine life. The authorities have swept the interesting slum away, and turned it into a splendid vulgar square, with a big flamboyant statue of Victor Emanuel in the middle; and a high-flown inscription tells you that the place has been restored 'from ancient squalor to a new life.' And, of course, the authorities have been stormed at for this act of vandalism; but for my part, having a nose, I was rather grateful to them. The last word, after all, is with the people who have to live and work and marry and bring up their children and die in the place; and it is better that some picturesque buildings should disappear than that these people should continue to live in squalor and filth. This problem is being felt in every old European city; and it is doubtless right that all who reverence the past should protest against acts of wanton vandalism, to which municipalities are always prone. But, in the end, the welfare of the present generation and of generations yet unborn must be the first consideration.

Yet the Florentines do reverence the past of their city; more so than any people I have ever heard of. Wherever there still stands a building mentioned by Dante, you will find on one corner of it a marble slab, with the appropriate lines from the Commedia inscribed on it. There is a commemorative tablet on every house where anyone of note has ever lived. Thus every young Florentine is constantly reminded of civic heroes dead and gone. And it is not Florentine heroes alone who are thus honoured. Walking one day along a very narrow street, on my way to the Pitti, I came suddenly on a big green-shuttered house which somehow seemed familiar, as if I had seen a picture of it somewhere. On the wall was the usual marble tablet, which informed me that 'Here lived and wrote Elizabeth Barrett Browning, who with the heart of a woman combined the learning of a scholar and the soul of a poet, and who wrought of her verse a golden ring binding England and Italy. The grateful Florentines have placed this tablet to her memory.'
Yes, by all means go to Florence. Go there after you have sojourned in one of the great modern cities, in London or in Paris, with its hard exterior glitter, its din of material progress, its essential callousness and vulgarity, its never-ending chase of ignoble pleasures.

O earth, so full of dreary noises!
O men, with wailing in your voices!
O delved gold, the wailers heap!

What a refreshment for the spirit to escape from all that to this little city where at every turn you come upon some quiet reminder of the stature to which human nature has been capable of rising; this city which still stands, and will stand for centuries more, as a sign and symbol of the things that really matter!
Sir Archibald Thomas Strong (1876-1931) was born in Melbourne, the son of the Professor of Classics. Returning to England in 1884, he was educated at Sedbergh and Magdalen, and afterwards studied law at the Middle Temple. He came out to Australia in 1905, and engaged in journalism. In 1913 he was appointed Lecturer in English in the University of Melbourne, and acted as Professor during the war until 1919. In 1922, created a Knight for his distinction in literature and for patriotic zeal, he was made Professor of English Language and Literature in the University of Adelaide, where he remained until his death.

The following essay is taken from *Peradventure*, a book of literary essays published in 1911. Possessed of most charming manners and a delightful personality, Strong was one of the most modest and most distinguished of men. Unfortunately, delicate health made the pursuit of literature difficult, and his writings do not fully represent the greatness of the man.

**Pugilism in Antiquity**

In all the more sane and civilized epochs of life and literature, the man of letters has been the ally and admirer of the fighting man, and poetry has gone hand in hand with pugilism. There can be nothing more truly lyric than a keen, fair fight to a finish between well-matched champions, whether these be armed with swords or gloves, it being of course assumed at the outset that both men are physically robust and in perfect training—a condition necessary both for their own safety and the edification of the beholders. One need hardly add that the latter should either be, or have been, fighting-men themselves.

Every fighter is indeed an inarticulate but most effective poet; and, similarly, there is in every poet worthy of the name something of the pugilist—the same fine tingling of the blood, the same keen and unflinching purpose, the same epic sense of harmony and speed, and the same heroic joy in fitness and efficiency and natural force. It is only the underlings of literature, its skulking and unimaginative materialists, its low-browed and narrow-chested 'intellectuals' (save the mark!) who have countenanced
the decadent and purely modern prejudice against the Ring: no foe of pugilism has ever yet attained literary fame: while Hazlitt, Borrow, Byron, Keats and Meredith, to name only a few of the immortals, have each taken keen delight in fights and fighting, and three of the five have left us descriptions of battles with the fist, which are among the masterpieces of our literature. It need not surprise us, then, to find that the three men who are perhaps the most considerable poets of antiquity should also have taken keen pride in singing the praises of the Great Game. Possibly some of the pugilistic methods described by Homer may seem a little crude to those accustomed to the consummate ring-craft of Johnson, the perfect foot-work of Corbett, and the scientific neatness of the terrible double punch perfected by Fitzsimmons. But, on the other hand, there is this to the credit of Homer's great champions, Epeus and Euryalus, that they fought and flourished before the day of foul-mouthed lip-fighting—or, if there was any of this in their time, it was got well over before the two men set to work upon one another with their murderous 'cestus,' or ox-hide gloves.

Of boasting, however, there was plenty in the three chief glove fights presented in the poetry of antiquity. Homer's heavyweight pug, Epeus, when he steps into the ring to face Euryalus at 'buffets, that rude game,' declares, laying his hand as presumptive conqueror on the mule which is first prize, that anyone who will may claim the cup, which is the second: as for the mule, it is as good as his:—

Yet this I say,  
And will perform this; who stands forth, I'll burst him,  
I will bray  
His bones as in a mortar; fetch surgeons enow to take  
His corse from under me,

and so forth. One is glad to have a chance of quoting from the brave old Elizabethan version of Chapman. Against him stands forth the Theban middleweight Euryalus, a 'god-like' man with a dangerous local reputation. He is apparently something of a fancy fighter, and rather
finicky about his ‘gloves,’ which are carefully tied upon him by his second, Diomede, that sporting hero of shady antecedents, who, in conjunction with the king of ‘spielers,’ Ulysses, had recently effected one of the biggest horse-steals of all antiquity from the Trojan camp. A lesser genius than Homer would have foredoomed Epeus to defeat on the ground of his boastfulness; but the old poet knew not the sickly modern conception of modesty as a virtue, and was aware that many a brave body holds a braggart tongue. Euryalus made play with his ‘morleys’ for one glorious half-round; but the end came swiftly:

Fists against fists rose, and, they join’d, rattling of jaws was there; Gnashing of teeth and heavy blows dasht blood out everywhere. At length Epeus spied clear way, rush’d in, and such a blow Drave underneath the other’s ear, that his neat limbs did strow The knockt earth; no more legs had he.

A truly Homeric description of a knock-out, this, and probably the first in literature. We gather from the first line here that hitting in clinches was rather the rule than the exception among the Grecian host. Epeus picks up ‘th’ intranced competitor’ (a delightful phrase, this, for a vanquished ‘pug,’ and one which, if he had any poetic sense, would absolutely reconcile him to defeat):

About whom rush’d a crowd of friends, that through the clusters bore
His faltering knees, he spitting up thick clots of blood, his head Totter’d of one side, his sense gone; when to a bye-place led
Thither they brought him the round cup.

There is another brief but willing mill in the Odyssey where Ulysses, in a short but sanguinary round, uppercuts the boastful mendicant Irus and knocks him senseless; and it is quite clear that the old poet knew to the full the joy of fighting, as of most other good things.

Virgil’s ring-reporting is much tamer, as might be expected from the creator and admirer of the peerless prig, Aeneas; but it is very elaborate, and throws much light on the gloves and generalship of the Roman ring. I feel sorely tempted to quote here again from old Phaer’s ringing Elizabethan ‘fourteeners,’ full as they are of
speed and joy and glory. The objection against them, however, is the one and only objection which a man of judgment or taste could possibly put forward against the language of the ‘Fancy’: it is that it is always altering. Some, for instance, might not recognize in the ‘bagges or flappes’ of Gloriana’s poet the ‘muffles’ known to Byron and Gentleman Jackson, and, in some sense, to ourselves. I therefore quote a tamer version of the set-to between Dares and Entellus. Dares had an ugly record, and appears to have held the middle-weight championship of Asia Minor till this was wrested from him by Paris, who evidently had a ‘winning way’ in more walks of life than one. Dares stands forth as challenger, but nobody’s hat flies into the ring, possibly for the sound Carrollian reason that ‘there were no hats to fly.’ Dares now claims the prize, and indulges in a little fancy sparring on his own account, being clearly rather a flash fighter:

he, o’erweening rears
His towering head and brawny shoulders’ breadth,
And hand to hand, prelusive to the fight,
Alternate squares and beats the air with blows.

Everyone is rather disgusted, but no one at first will face the champion till Acestes rouses the veteran Entellus, who appears to have been the Jeffries of his age, and has been out of the ring for many years, possibly on an alfalfa farm in Paphlagonia. He takes up the challenge for the honour of the thing, though with many protests:

O might those years revert
To that fair prime which once I called mine own,
And flushed with which yon braggart blusters so,
Forth had I stepped at first.

He throws his own huge gloves into the ring, but Dares is appalled, and appeals to the referee—and no wonder, for—

Seven plies of stark bull-hide lay welded there,
Stiffened with padded lead and iron-knobbed.

Aeneas examines and rejects them, and the two don lighter gloves of equal size, which would have at least fulfilled the police regulations of our day in being considerably over two ounces. They then get to work, and
spar for an opening, though after a fashion which would have filled our champions with amused astonishment:—

Anon, full height up-drawn, the champions stand,
And fearless lift their stalwart arms in air,
And sparring now with heads to backwards drawn,
They ward the stroke, and foil the parried blow,
Mix hands with hands, and slow provoke the fight.

There appears to have been a fair amount of feinting, but also some good flush hitting:—

the ever busy fist
Untiring plied, o'er ears and temples roves,
And jaw-bones jar beneath the heavy play.

Dares puts in some exceedingly clever footwork, and the veteran, attempting, in quite impossible fashion, to smash down his opponent’s guard, overtopples, goes down for a second or two, but just saves the knock-out. In the next round he has all the best of it:

Still following up the foe,
With knock and bruise, now with the right hand showered,
Now with the left, nor rest nor respite gives;
Thick as a-down midwinter's driving blast
The volleyed hailstones rattle to the roof,
With volleyed hail of blows the hero so
To right and left doth reeling Dares ply
Alternate struck, and buffets to and fro.

Willing work this; but just as Entellus seems ready to shoot in his right on the plexus, shift to the point, and so make an end, the lady-like spoil-sport, Aeneas, steps in and declares the match a draw. The veteran is balked of certain victory. It is perfectly sickening. Homer may have sometimes nodded, but he would never have perpetrated such an abominable piece of Philistinism as this.

Theocritus is much better, and his description of the mill between Polydeuces and the Bebrycian, Amycus, is one of the very best things of its kind, and, therefore, of any kind, in literature. In the first round Polydeuces taps the Bebrycian heavyweight on the point, and infuriates him; he comes on head downwards, trying to lodge clumsy body-blows on his opponent’s short ribs; he corners the more scientific demi-god, and tries to smother his neat attack with his own heavier weight:—

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Him Tyndarides hit on the chin as he charged, and his anger thereupon fiercer was roused, and dealing buffets at random Onward he came head down. The Bebrycians uttered a clamor; Yea, and in answer the heroes cheered on stout Polydeuces, Fearing lest in so narrow a place that Tityan giant Bore him down with his weight.

But the son of Zeus, whose divine origin appears to have been worth at least two stone to him, breaks free, stands off, and by perfect ringcraft eludes his opponent's rushes, 'thwarting the onset wild of the monstrous child of Poseidon.' At last the Bebrycian leaves himself uncovered, Polydeuces sees his opening, steps in, and lands a flush hit on his opponent's face, 'just twixt forehead and nose, his brow to the bare bone skinning,' thus grassing him neatly. In the next round the heavyweight sidesteps, and then delivers a crude but unmistakable uppercut:—

Amycus, wishful to work some wondrous deed, from the onset Sloping aslant, Polydeuces' left hand gripped with his left hand; Then lunged forward and flung his palm from his right thigh upward.

Polydeuces, however, dodged and countered heavily on the Bebrycian's temple, following up with a smashing right-hand jolt on the jaw. It should be noticed that Theocritus' champions stand correctly, and hit straight from the shoulder, instead of adopting the extraordinarily tip-toe position described by Virgil, with mark and jaw exposed, and both hands held high above the head. This round may be quoted in full, by way of conclusion, in Hallard's sparkling translation:—

But with a turn of his head he balked that blow, with a stout hand Driving at Amycus' head on the left, right out from the shoulder. Swiftly the dark blood gushed from a gaping wound in the temple. Smiting his mouth with the other, he rattled his ranges of tushes, Ever with swifter stroke his visage bruising, and pounded Both his cheeks, till aswoon fell he at last on the meadow All his length, and with outstretched hands sought truce from the combat, Nigh unto death.

So ends this spirited 'turn-up,' reported, if ever fight was reported yet, in the Grand Old Style, of which it is to be hoped that our own degenerate age has not wholly lost the secret.
Dr. Wood Jones is Professor of Anatomy in the University of Melbourne, and adds a most distinguished collection of letters to his name. He was born in London in 1879, and was educated at London University. He has led an adventurous life, and besides holding chairs of Anatomy in London, Adelaide, Melbourne, and Peking, he has been medical officer in the Keeling-Cocos Islands, anthropologist to the archaeological Survey of Egypt, and Professor of Anthropology in Honolulu.

His scientific publications, which deal largely with anatomy and the origin of man, are many, but in addition to his distinguished scientific works he has written essays for the newspapers and collected them in a book called *Unscientific Essays*, from which book the following essay is taken. As an essayist he writes with great charm. There is in his imagination something of the poetic whimsicality of his Welsh ancestors, combined with the patient scientific outlook of the modern world.

**Of Coral Islands and Claypans**

There is ever a danger in the trespass upon the intellectual preserves of specialists; and I, for one, have little sympathy for the man who, without training and without special knowledge, makes some foolish inroad upon the territory so carefully cultivated by an army of men trained in their specialization, and precise in their own knowledge and the sources of their information. But though I heartily condemn the untrained intruder, and the only generally informed free-lance, I can readily find excuse for them.

A man may be trained to some special branch of science, and may thereby be said to have had an education which is introductory to all sciences; and which, in his case, has become elaborated in a certain, and it may be trivial, direction. Yet he may, as circumstances change, come into contact with problems which involve other specializations. Some new aspect of his inquiries may tempt a botanist to puzzle over astronomical problems. The man who studies toadstools may be arrested one day by seeing the moon in bright sunlight.
I do not study toadstools; but in a circumstance of wonderful sunlight, and walking towards the east, I have seen the moon at noon, so that this ever-familiar object has become a new thing and a problem. What would I not give to abandon my present work, and start all over again in the hope that I might, one day, know more about the wonder that was suspended in the vast blue canopy, and seemed so much nearer and appeared so much more real, as a mass and an entity, than ever its shining image had been at night. But then comes the sobering reflection that it is all beyond me. Astronomers must be familiar with the signs and symbols of mathematics which are beyond the reach of most of us. Fortunately all things which are grand, sublime, and illuminating of the infinite are not beyond the understanding of the ordinary person. A mountain may be of wondrous height, and its ascent be possible only to the few; yet all may view it. All are free to speculate upon it. The very slope upon which its only conqueror lost his life may be within easy view of one who regards it from the verandah of his hotel.

So it is with other things. The philosophy of life and human passions, desires and prejudices, for example. We may live them through as an astronomer may live among the mathematical problems of the stars, and yet not realize them. Or we may have an understanding of them, which is far more.

All the emotions of all humanity lie at our front doors. We need understanding rather than participation to know, to realize, and to interpret them. The Brontë sisters, and a host of those who knew human life, rather than lived it, need not be called as witnesses. These things are common knowledge. For a philosopher, all life lies near to his front door: he may sit on his step, or at the mouth of his barrel, and know all.

Now, astronomy has been instanced as a science in which none but the instructed may intrude: save for the trained astronomer, the subject is too vast; it is represented by immensities unrealized by the uninitiated. But this does not apply to all sciences. I envy the man who regards the moon as a familiar object; but I cannot enter
with him into his understanding. Far more have I learned to envy the man who, looking at a coast-line, a mountain range, a valley or a river, sees its past history, knows what vicissitudes it has passed through, and, realizing the great earth-changes of which it forms a part, can forecast what happenings the future has in store for it. That man I admire and I envy. But he is not so far removed from me as is the astronomer, for I have learned that, though no trivial circumstance can help me to understand the stars, some utterly trivial things may help me to understand the making of some of the grandest geological features.

A philosopher, as we have said, may see all life near to his front door. A very ordinary person may see great geological truths revealed in his front garden.

The Brontë sisters saw the germ of all human passions displayed within the narrow circle in which they lived, and from this narrow circle, enlarged it so that it came to embrace the passions of all humanity. Few of us have seen the Grand Cañon of Colorado, as few of us have seen the play of love and hate as manifested within the immediate circle of a throne. But all of us may see the Grand Cañon in miniature cut into the clay banks of the road on which we walk. Many is the time I have seen relief maps sculptured by a shower that are just as grand as the Grand Cañon itself. A shower and a clay bank can make a Grand Cañon for me; a washer-woman and a cab-driver can reveal to me the emotions that sway monarchs; but I know no triviality which may make the moon in full daylight any more easy of understanding.

Now, if we can see a vast river system made in miniature by a trickle of rain, is it not possible that other geological formations may find some sort of interpretation from the study of equally trivial circumstances?

If a stone happens to lie in the path of waves it forms an impediment to the onward sweep of the waves. This may be seen wherever a stone and wave-stirred water are to be met with. When the wave meets the stone, that part of the wave which is abreast of the stone is arrested, and on either side of the stone the wave moves on. Around
the sides of the stone the wave streams forward; it is bent as a bow at its point of impact, and passes on from the sides of the stone like the horns of the crescent moon. Long ago it was my lot to see a grander manifestation of this simple thing; for, watching the spent waves, mere ripples of the broken barrier rollers, sweep over the wide barrier of Pulu Atas, I saw the crescents which they made around the great boulders with which the barrier is strewn. Of late I have seen it in one of its most splendid displays. On the main island of the Pearson's group, in the Great Australian Bight, there is a peak some eight hundred feet high. From this peak I have watched the huge crescentic waves, formed by the Southern Ocean rollers meeting with their first impediment on their journey to the southern shores of Australia.

Now, if the wave that meets the stone happens to be washing sediment along, then, instead of the familiar parallel ripple-marks made by waves on the sand of the open sea shore, ripple-marks that are bent as a bow will be produced. From the stone, the streamlines of the wave will make sand-ridges which are curved—convex towards the side from which they came. In this way a boulder that is placed in the line of the waves will develop, upon either side of it, crescentic sand-banks, which stretch from its extremities as horns of tailing sand. Suppose the boulder to be increased in size so that it forms a tiny island, then the deposited sand will be seen as the typical crescentic sand-spits which distinguish the extremities of the ordinary coral atoll islets. Suppose the whole thing to be magnified again—the typical crescentic form of the atoll which lies in the Trade-wind regions is arrived at. If for a part of the year the wind blows, and the waves roll, from one direction, and for another part of the year they come from the opposite direction, then for a time the building forces will be reversed, and the completed ring of a coral atoll which lies in the Monsoon regions is developed. The whole process is a simple one when watched from stage to stage. The single rock, the boulder mass, the islet, become in turn the centre from which
horn-like banks of sediment are built in crescentic lines from either side of the obstacle. Later a crescentic island is made. Finally a crescentic group composed of crescentic islands.

So much for the building of the mysterious form of coral atolls.

Suppose we take away the water and desiccate the whole picture—turn the water into wind and sediment into the fine light sand of the desert; what will happen now if we set things moving? This thing I have watched a hundred times. I have seen it at work upon the pure white beaches of coral islands, followed it on a grander scale in the deserts of Nubia, and met it again and to more purpose in the 'dead heart of Australia.'

The wind is blowing across a vast open space: it encounters some impediment to its progress. As I have seen it many times of late, the impediment is a grinding-stone left behind long since by Australian aboriginals. When the wind strikes the grinding-stone it produces a very curious state of affairs. It may have swept over miles and miles of open country unimpeded: the grinding-stone forms an obstacle, the wind strikes it, and, just as the water streams around the rock, the wind streams around the grinding-stone. But there is this difference: the water which strikes the rock is impeded and drops its burden in crescentic lines, the wind which strikes the grinding-stone is impeded at the stone but streams along its sides as currents moving on the particles of loose sand. It sculptures crescentic lines from the impediment instead of piling ridges from the impediment.

In this way, with a wind determined from one quarter for some time, the grinding-stone will have an ever-widening moat made about its windward side, and, as the wind shifts from day to day, the moat will gradually encircle its whole circumference, and in the end the stone will remain as an elevated and isolated testimony to the presence of a former camp. It is left standing on a little base in the midst of a roughly circular depression scoured all about it. I have instanced a grinding-stone, but the merest flint chip will serve the purpose; and it is precisely
because of this phenomenon that, after a blow, the stone culture of former generations of the aboriginals of Australia is so freely exposed to the collector. It is the commonest experience in the sandy country of the centre of Australia to see a whole camp site denuded of sand, scoured out to the basal consolidated surface upon which it was originally made, and laid bare just as it was left by the blacks of former days. From the trivial beginning of the process in the wind scouring around a single stone, to the complete denudation of a whole camp site, we are witnessing the action of one simple factor. The larger the obstacle, the grander will be the display of the process. Every one who has visited Central Australia must have seen a stunted Mulga bush, with its roots enmeshed in some firm base, standing alone, resisting, in the midst of a sand scour. The bush and its anchorage become the central object in a saucer-shaped depression from which all the sand is scoured. In the regions where the wind is sculpturing the sand in this way, the sand is only a surface layer. Beneath the sand there is a firmer surface. The saucer-shaped depressions scoured about impediments to the wind are, therefore, denuded to a firm surface at the centre, and the rising sides are made of the general surface layer of sand. When the scoured depression has reached any considerable size, it will fill with water when the rains come, and then it enters upon its second phase of development.

The finer particles of sand and dust form a soft oozy mud that lines and puddles the bottom of the saucer, and water will be held in the depression until removed by evaporation. When the hot dry weather comes the water disappears, and the sun bakes the ooze into a hard shining clay as firm and smooth as asphalt. Upon this even shining surface the sand particles will not come to rest, and the whole formation is established on a permanent basis. The central obstacle which led to its formation may disappear, as a bush and its basis will when the saucer fills with the rains, or it may become trivial in the midst of the developing depression. Whatever happens, we have now definitely made a 'claypan,' and a claypan is a kind of
negative monsoon atoll scoured in the desert sand instead of being built in the midst of the ocean. Claypans are of all sizes. They may be only a few paces across, or their area may be measured in square miles. They may be called claypans, or swamps, or lakes. They may be so small as to dry up almost as soon as they fill, or they may be so large as to be reckoned as permanent waters. They may receive no more water than falls directly upon their surface, or they may become the central depressions of a regular drainage system during the wet season, and then they rise to the temporary dignity of being inland seas having real, but temporary, rivers to feed them. Our little depression has become a temporary puddle; the puddle has become a claypan; the claypan becomes the central reservoir of a vast, but temporary, drainage system. The thing is grown gigantic; as gigantic, as the wind and the grinding-stone seem trivial. It is only because it is grown gigantic that some may perhaps shrink from thinking it true, and most will shrink the more from believing that the vast picture of the topography of Central Australia is just a great system of gigantic claypans.
FURNLEY MAURICE

Furnley Maurice (Frank Leslie Thomson Wilmot): Verse and general literary writer, short plays, short stories, criticism, etc. Some Verses, 1903; Unconditioned Songs, 1913; Here is Faery, 1915 (in collaboration); To Gods From the Weary Nations, 1917; The Bay and Padie Book, 1917; 3rd. ed., 1926; Lovelight, 1918; Eyes of Vigilance, 1920; Ways and Means (a poem and an argument), 1920; Arrows of Longing, 1921; Romance (Essays), 1922; collaborated with Percival Serle and R. H. Croll in An Australasian Anthology (Collins, London); The Gully and Other Verses, 1929. The following essay is taken from Romance.

National Poetry

A NOTICE of the work of Carl Sandburg, an American poet, that appeared in an Australian paper a few months ago, should cause the folk interested in poetry, Australian poetry in particular, to sit up and take notice. Sandburg is intensely American, and in the latest American manner so intensely performs free-verse that the conservative critic became very indignant. Indeed, his indignation was so acute that he offered to write free-verse of the Sandburg pattern to further orders for any American editor who might want it; and this, you will understand, is what passes for literary criticism in one of our leading papers! But for all the critic’s assurance, one might reasonably doubt his ability to do what he says. An offer from Sandburg to produce Australian verse in any quantity demanded by an editor would not prove that Sandburg was a great poet; neither would an offer to ‘have it out on the floor’ promise an event of any literary importance.

There is something baffling about modern American poetry, but there is no mystery about the poetry that is printed in Australia to-day. It is the last word in conventional English verse production. It is done to worn-out patterns discarded in the land of their origin. It is more conventional in form and matter than any verse now pub-
lished in England by English poets. The undergraduates of Oxford, the home of scholastic tradition, show more daring in their verses, a more hopeful and youthful adventuresomeness than the rhyme-worn poets of this sunny land of ours, who warble proper sentiments in correct measures. Had Sassoon and not Gellert been our war poet, how would we explain him away?

Our editors and writers make no attempt to find any independent and individual mode of expression. So it must be, while the editor of the paper that was once the nation's chief literary force, sits ticking off verse accents on his fingers to decide whether a contribution is poetry or prose, or rises in indignation to organize heresy-hunts after some unfortunate flapper who has rhymed 'dawn' with 'morn.' There may be no room in poetry for revolution; yet, for all that, there have been revolutions in times past. Maybe that the Americans are wrong. To prove that, would not show that the Australians are right. The standards that verse is judged by in America have shifted considerably during the last few years. They have shifted so far that any attempt by a foreigner to pass judgment appears like impertinence, if he does not understand the national temperament and the particular literary motive. Why should we sneer at things only because we find them incomprehensible? Much American poetry strikes us as being idiotic, but it is significant that the English critics have tempered and qualified their opinions of Nicholas Vachel Lindsay's work since they have heard him recite it. To be sure, a poet cannot go reciting round the world to save his work from being misunderstood, but by this incident Lindsay's poetry was shown to contain something, when the general suspicion was that it contained nothing at all. It showed the critics there was more in the jazz-and-rag prosodic method than was imagined to be possible.

The literary critic knows that criticism has often been wrong in the past, and may be wrong again. The conservative opposition to Whitman and Wordsworth was just as honest and passionate as the opposition we show the Americans to-day. Therefore, it is not wise to be
too hasty or too sweeping in our condemnations, or to put down as the final point of possible accomplishment something that has been done in the past. Good cases can be made out for law and for tradition, but law often means stagnation, and the traditional sense gives the sad air of smug perfection to our literary judgments.

So in the matter of poetry, and in other questions, Australians should preserve an open mind. We are the youngest of the nations, and are rapidly becoming the centre of world conservatism. But it is not our part, hanging, and proudly hanging, to the well-worn skirts of a great tradition, to decry attempts made by foreign poets towards an individual and national mode of expression. We should bear in mind that it is not the American free-verse that shocks the critic. There is enough excellent free-verse in English poetry to remove our critical antipathy to free-verse as a mode of poetic expression. It is the content; it is the restlessness of the times that we find so discomforting. Or it may be that the American poets are doing their work so well that the hatred they stir in our bosoms is engendered, not by the poetry itself, but by the America it reveals so vividly.

The urgent sincerity behind the attempts to create an individual American poetry makes it an easy prey for ridicule; and more than one poet, firmly established in English tradition, has had to suffer the ridicule that so readily fastens upon sincerity. Australians cannot help Americans in their effort to express modern American life in poetry—but we should not go out of our way to discourage courageous enterprise.

As for Australia, we will continue to hang on to the well-worn skirts of a great tradition. It is so much safer. One would like to be certain, though, that Australia’s position is any less deserving of ridicule.

Imitation is not a very great art force. It is not suggested that Australian poets should copy Mr. Ezra Pound; it is not suggested that Australian poetry should imitate anybody. It is suggested that Australian poets should take the risk of being Australian, and it is for Australian writers to say what that is. Imitation of perfect models
are often beautiful, but new literatures must take risks and make great sacrifices. The new writers must take all the bricks that are coming to them, that are no less bricks because they are heaved in innocence or ignorance, or out of consideration for the welfare of the target. A gleam of real independence, a flash of inherent light, some national tone in our word-music—little things like these will count for more than the enormous odes of affected nobility written in the calm of a borrowed security. Let us be Australian. I do not know what that is—excepting that it is not the Australian verse of to-day. It does not matter whether England or America or Timbuctoo understands what we are at. Let us understand Australia and the Australians first, and trouble about the world afterwards. Australia to-day has a soul of her own, a character, a state of mind, a method of expression subtle enough to evade the snare of the usual 'local colourist.'
JOSEPH STABLE

Joseph Stable is Professor of English Language and Literature in the University of Queensland. He is a South Australian, born in 1883, educated at the College de Genève and at Cambridge, and has taught English at the University of Cologne. In 1912 he was appointed Lecturer in Modern Languages in the University of Queensland, and since 1923 has been Professor of English there. He is interested in poetry, and has published several anthologies of verse. The following essay forms part of the introduction to his anthology called The High Road of Australian Verse, published in 1927.

The High Road of Australian Verse

GR EAT poetry knows no frontiers, for it deals not with a life but with life, for it is the voice of the individual seeking to express that which he has in common with all humanity, regardless of nationality and of time. Yet the national and the contemporary elements in poetry are of importance, for the means at the disposal of the artist are limited, inevitably, by his surroundings and his experience of life. In the language he uses, in the images he selects, in the exercise of his imagination and fancy, in the human characteristics upon which he lays stress, in all these does he reveal his nationality, the extent of his experience, and the age and surroundings in which he lives.

The poet who writes in our own language, who gives expression to our national point of view, who deals with conditions of life familiar to us, and bids us share with him the beauties of national scenery that our unseeing eyes have not discovered, offers us in his work a valuable means of realizing the intimate connection there is between life and poetry. Although his verse may fail by far to reach the high art of the great singers of the past, yet, if genuine, it is of value, for

The great works of the past ages seem to a young man things of another race, in respect to which his faculties must remain passive and submissive, even as to the stars and mountains. But the writings of a contemporary, perhaps not many years older than
himself, surrounded by the same circumstances, and disciplined by the same manners, possess a reality for him, and inspire an actual friendship as of a man for a man. His very admiration is the wind which fans and feeds his hope. The poems themselves assume properties of flesh and blood.

Such is the value of contemporary poetry to Samuel Taylor Coleridge, poet, philosopher, and critic—a value not dependent on high artistic worth: for the contemporary who exercised such an influence on him, whose work assumed for him the properties of ‘flesh and blood,’ was William Bowles, a minor poet, whose memory lives, thanks only to his influence on Coleridge.

We are far too apt either to overpraise or to under-estimate the worth of the literary efforts of our own times and immediate surroundings, forgetting that the element of proportion so necessary to a just pronounce-ment inevitably must be, to some extent, lacking. We may respond to the revelation within the rhythmic lines of contemporary verse, but of the just value of that revelation from the point of view of humanity we are not in a position to judge. Great poets of the past have often been ignored or ridiculed by their own generation while others famous in their day and hailed as immortals have sunk into oblivion. Yet the latter, because they are of their own time and not of all times, can, in their appeal—witness the effect of the sonnets of Bowles on Coleridge—exert a powerful influence in the right direction; and further, in the experience their efforts afford, they help to increase the means of expression at the disposal of the greater artist. It is in this chiefly, the means of expression and all that it implies, that the development of the art of poetry can most readily be traced. The expression which seems adequate to one generation may appear crude indeed to a more enlightened age. Yet the sensations awakened by primitive verse in the breast of primitive man were no doubt much the same, although less restrained, than those we experience when responding to the art of the contemporary poet.

The verse written in Australia during the early days of the settlement has but little if any value as poetry; yet
much of it was produced by men distinguished in the community, who, however, had little leisure, and but few opportunities of acquiring an adequate means of poetical expression. Conditions more favourable have rapidly improved the technique of Australian verse, but, nevertheless, it has often been stated that in this country a literature worthy of the progress achieved and of the future indicated has not yet arisen; in other words, that the literary development of the country has not kept pace with its material advance. This, if true, does not necessarily mean that Australians are endowed with an artistic sensibility less than that possessed by the inhabitants of other lands. It means that the conditions of life (and this applies to all young communities) present many adverse factors from the point of view of artistic development that must be overcome, and can be overcome but gradually, before a literary expression at once artistic, adequate, and confident can be realized.

Art demands of its devotees leisure, whether for its production or for its appreciation, and during the early years of settlement in Australia there was little leisure, and consequently little appreciation of art in any form. The would-be poet could give but his hard-earned rest to the quickening of his poetic talent, and the class to whom he could appeal being small, and the cost of publication high, with difficulty could he find his way into print, and that without hope of material reward. Such conditions have long ceased to apply, and if Australia has not yet found her great poet, the reason, if reason there be, must be sought for elsewhere. Lack of interest, if we judge by the amount of verse published in Australia and New Zealand, is not a factor in this, for the past hundred years have produced over 2,700 publications of verse written by about 1,420 authors, and about forty anthologies have appeared.¹

But apart from leisure, from a growing public appreciation, from facilities of outlet and from the impulse of art, experience is necessary in poetry. Experience in


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literature is of slow growth, and in Australia we have not reached the stage when it becomes of itself adequate for the part it has to play in the production of great poetry. We have at our disposal the vast experience of English literature, and our inheritance in this is marvelously rich. It is not great literature we lack, but experience in making use of that great literature, and, especially, of its medium evolved during many centuries under conditions and in surroundings differing considerably from those we live in to-day. The literature produced in Australia is, of course, a part of English literature, depending on the past for ways and means and knowledge. In its relationship to that past it differs from the contemporary literary expression in England mainly in this: the old world to-day, although changing fast, is in intimate touch with its literary tradition; in the new world of Australia, where surroundings and conditions of life differ widely from those of the Mother Country, that tradition is a memory quickened not by the realism of direct contact but by the glamour of imagination.

This difference must not be ignored, for it has, it must have, a marked effect on the outlook of the community. In education, and especially that part of it concerned with cultural subjects, a sympathetic understanding of this difference is essential, if a ready response and a lasting appreciation on the part of the student are to be obtained. The poetry of the past must be the main study in literature, for therein lies the touchstone of good taste; it should not, however, especially in Australian schools, be the sole study, for to ignore the poetry of the present, produced in our midst, is to deprive the student of the most potent means of realizing the value of poetry as an interpretation of life. Apart from this, the gradual development of a poetic medium in Australia, one harmonious with the country in its many and varied aspects, offers an interesting and instructive study, for it is slowly building up in its numerous and generally unconscious experiments the experience which an adequate artistic expression above all things requires.
The first poem dealing with Australia was written by Erasmus Darwin, the grandfather of the well-known scientist, Charles Darwin, in 1788. It was composed to accompany medallions fashioned by Charles Darwin’s other grandfather, Josiah Wedgwood, the famous Staffordshire potter, out of clay sent to England from Sydney Cove. The medallions represent Hope encouraging Art and Labour, and Dr. Darwin’s lines, although conventional and frigid, are prophetic indeed, and strike a note of confidence in the future destined to become a marked characteristic of the verse that since then has been produced in Australia. Next in date comes the prologue to a play called *The Revenge*, acted chiefly by convicts in 1796. This prologue was for a time attributed to the pen of the convict George Barrington, but evidence, discovered by Bertram Stevens, points to its having been written in England about 1801 by one Henry Carter, who composed it on hearing that plays were being written and produced in Sydney by convicts. The first poems written and printed in Australia are a series of odes by Michael Robinson, written by him, two each year, from 1810 to 1821, on the occasion of the birthdays of the king and queen. They also are conventional, fashioned on the lines of eighteenth-century verse, but lacking the grace and polish of the type; yet they are of interest, for they mark the actual beginning of Australian verse. Since then, roughly four phases of development can be distinguished, not representative of sudden changes, for the movement of literature is continuous, but phases during which some new element, some new interest is gradually introduced and in time absorbed. The beginnings of a poetical expression in a new country, however crude they be, are of importance to the student of literature, for therein are found indications of the general direction the artistic activities are likely to take, and in the early Australian verse these indications are particularly in evidence. The form of verse used is, generally speaking, the form fashionable in England at the time, that is, the conventional and rule-bound heroic couplet, a form well suited to a polished, artificial society, but quite unfitted
for the interpretation of the rough conditions of pioneer life. These early poems are often the production of men who played a prominent part in the social and political life of the new colony. Barron Field, a judge of the supreme court of New South Wales, printed for private circulation a pamphlet under the title of First Fruits of Australian Poetry. It contained but two poems, a sorry pair, although praised by Charles Lamb, ‘Botany Bay Flowers’ and ‘The Kangaroo’; they appear again, together with later and better efforts, including the sonnet on the first landing in Botany Bay, in Field’s Geographical Memoirs on New South Wales, 1825. William Charles Wentworth, John Dunmore Lang, and Sir Henry Parkes are a notable trio of statesmen in the early history of Australia whose names are connected with the beginnings of Australian verse. Wentworth’s ‘Australasia,’ a bombastic poem containing some noteworthy passages, written for the Chancellor’s Medal at the University of Cambridge, and placed second among the poems submitted, appeared in 1823, and can claim to be the first poem of any artistic worth directly connected with Australian literature. John Dunmore Lang, who came to Australia in 1823, published Aurora Australis, a collection mainly of sacred verse, in 1826, and Sir Henry Parkes published his first series of poems, Stolen Moments, in 1842. One other collection of verse among the early publications is of interest, Charles Tompson’s Wild Notes from the Lyre of a Native Minstrel, which was printed in Sydney in 1826, the first collection of verse by a native-born Australian. The verse of these men, as well as that of others engaged less prominently in professional activities, is, after all, but spasmodic, a relaxation from more important duties, and consequently it betrays in its faulty technique and restricted poetic thought the hasty composition of the poetaster. This slight beginning bears poetic fruit in a slender volume entitled Thoughts, produced in 1845 by Charles Harpur, the first among the native-born to attract attention as a writer of verse. His work is weak in technique, for the opportunities to master his art were denied him, but genuine poetic feeling he
has, and under more favourable circumstances his talent would have taken him far.

The year *Thoughts* was published is a convenient date to mark the beginning of the second phase in Australian verse, which coincides with the sudden wave of prosperity the discovery of the gold-fields brought to Australia—a prosperity which attracted to this country a number of men of culture, and among them several who devoted much of their leisure to the art of poetry. Some came to stay; others, like 'Orion' Horne, drifted out of the country after a few years' residence. They practised, these men, the literary art they had acquired in the old country, endeavouring to adapt it to their new surroundings under the Southern Cross. James Michael, Marcus Clarke, Adam Lindsay Gordon, James Brunton Stephens, these, and many others, are the craftsmen who brought the technique of verse-production to Australia, and form a tangible connecting-link between the poetry of the past and that of the then future in Australia. To the encouragement of some of these, directly or indirectly, do we owe the work of the first prominent Australian-born poet, Henry Kendall. From his earliest childhood Kendall knew and loved the bush, and, possessing the gift of song, having laboured early and late to make it adequate, he gives his verse, musical if uneven, the qualities of truth and sincerity that all real poetry must possess. His name is generally coupled with that of Gordon, for these two, writing at about the same time, may rightly be considered the first real poets of Australia. Gordon has always been the more popular of the two, although periodical attempts are made to dethrone him. He is a man's poet, virile, using a swinging rhythm that thrills. With a sound classical education behind him he has the power of vividly reflecting the stubborn resistance against adverse conditions which is essential for success in the Australian bush. Hence his popularity, especially among those in whom is strong the spirit of adventure, the love of sport, the love of freedom. Kendall is the nature poet with a true lyric touch, and he is master of a rhythm more musical and varied than that employed by Gordon. A dreamer,
true taste and fancy, he strikes a deeper note than does Gordon, and when the weird spirit of the bush is strong within him he stands without compeer among Australian poets. Born and bred in Australia, he nevertheless belongs to this second period, the chief characteristic of which is the adaptation of English verse technique and outlook to Australian conditions, for Kendall is imitative as far as method is concerned, following closely the art of Wordsworth and of the later romantic poets in the fashioning of his verse. He has a number of successors, among them Thomas Heney, Mary Hannay Foot, and Barcroft Boake, who have caught something of his distinctive note, a note that belongs exclusively to the Australian bush. This period also finds an echo, towards the end of the century, in the verse of a younger generation of cultured men from the British Isles, among whom James Lister Cuthbertson, James Hebblethwaite, and George Essex Evans have contributed in their verse to the gradual improvement of the Australian muse.

The year 1882, in which Henry Kendall died, marked the close of one period of Australian verse and the beginning of another. At this time a new influence began to produce a distinct school of writers, the 'Bulletin school,' of which Henry Lawson is the most popular representative. With the exception of some of the work of Kendall, the notable verse produced in Australia during the second period came from the pen of immigrants, who had arrived in this country with tastes fully formed and a knowledge and love of poetry acquired in the Old Country. They apply their talent to the interpretation of the new surroundings, the new experiences, the new life that is theirs, but while such new conditions lend novelty to their verse, their art lacks something of the harmonious intimacy childhood and adolescence spent in the surroundings used for poetical material alone can give. This intimate note, Kendall, with his intense lyrical faculty, reveals; but, uncertain of his powers, with no local tradition to support him, he resorts, in his early verse especially, to conscious imitation of the romantic poets.

The Sydney Bulletin, founded in 1880, from the very first fostered and made popular verse the characteristics
of which are distinctly Australian, and by so doing encouraged the development of the bush ballad, a form loose in construction with a long swinging rhythm that is admirably suited to the subjects most generally treated. Humour and pathos, manly vigour, and the bold, careless sweep of descriptive stanzas, dealing with the high lights of the bush, its melancholy, its savage beauty, these have given to the new school, to the verse of Patterson, Lawson, and others, an atmosphere all its own. But it was a conscious movement, deliberately fostered, and suffers from too much importance being given to environment, with the result that inevitably it led to false poetry, the practice of a form which relied on a knowledge of distinctive bush terms to give an Australian flavour to the stanzas produced. In the hands of those who are familiar with the bush and can respond to its appeal, the bush ballad can reach the dignity of poetry; in the hands of others it is little more than rhymed prose and artificial expression that distinctly has weakened the influence of the new movement.

Australian literature, nevertheless, owes much to the 'Bulletin school.' The great increase in the amount of verse published since 1900, the date of the founding of the Commonwealth, and the beginning of the last stage that can be traced in the development of Australian verse, is due in some measure to the lead given to Australian periodicals by the Sydney Bulletin. This last stage marks an increase in the pure lyric, a wider vision, a freer use of the imaginative faculties, for Australian writers are beginning to reap the benefit of the many experiments of the past, and more certainty in technique allows the poet to essay that which before was beyond his reach. A wider knowledge of the world and a deeper sense of the responsibility of nationhood came as an aftermath of the Great War, and many there are in our midst endeavouring to transform this elusive reality into poetic truth. They are not giants, theirs is the whispering of many voices, a whispering that in time will swell into a full and triumphant chorus; they are not giants, but in their verse they are preparing the way for the literary giants who sooner or later will appear.
NETTIE PALMER

Mrs. Vance Palmer, born 1885, educated P.L.C., Melbourne, and Melbourne University; arts degree; went abroad for two years and studied modern languages at London, Berlin and Paris. Taught in Melbourne and went to London in 1914, where she married. Prose: Modern Australian Literature, Henry Bournes Higgins, a memoir, Talking it Over (essays). Verse: The South Wind, Shadowy Paths. A literary journalist, she is well known as a critic, and is one of the leading authorities on Australian literature. The essay on Australian English which follows, comes from Talking it Over.

Austral English

EVERY now and then, in reading or in writing of our own country, we are stuck for want of an authority. We meet with words and phrases that belong to our life and landscape, but we are not sure sometimes of their spelling, sometimes of their exact meaning and usage. Constantly we find that the words have different meanings in different parts of the country; and this applies not only to native words, with their peculiar accidents of transmission from the Leeuwin to Cape York, but to slang and idiom of our own.

We need a searching dictionary with illustrations from all types of speech and writing. It would be work for someone’s lifetime—with this proviso, that when ‘twere done ’twere not done; for the subject matter would be changing in the course of that life-time, and new usages would have to be recorded. In this it would be like the game of croquet in Alice in Wonderland with the living hoops and balls that kept moving away at pleasure. Our eager dictionary would seek out the origin and meanings of the singular word ‘hatter’: of ‘swag’, and its derived words, ‘swagger,’ ‘swaggie,’ ‘swagsman,’ and ‘swagman’—the last being generally familiar to-day: of ‘ropeable’—does it perhaps mean ‘unropeable’?—and of ‘borak,’ which, about 1880, turned into ‘barrack,’ and is still a hard saying. Those are a few nuts to crack, and their kernels will have very interesting and delicate flavours. We need
a book about them, but the latest book about them, already thirty years old, was incomplete, and achieved rather a gleaning than a harvest.

While putting on record our gratitude to Professor Morris for his *Austral English* (1898) we can express at the same time our amazement that the book has had no successor. ‘Austral English, a Dictionary of Australasian Words, Phrases, and Usages, with those Aboriginal-Australian and Maori Words which have become incorporated in the Language, and the Commoner Scientific Words that have had their Origin in Australasia,’ such was the wording on the title-page. Like most books that go pioneering in a subject, the dictionary attempted to cover too much ground. The Maori words obviously needed a separate volume, a separate study. In a few ‘colonial’ phrases, Australian and New Zealand settlers coincided; but words of natives in the two countries had, of course, no relation at all. Again, *Austral English* was not by any means complete as a book of slang and idiom, and the scientific words would have been better kept apart, except when they made a useful commentary on some colloquial name, such as ‘she-oak,’ ‘tea-tree,’” ‘tree-fern’ (or ‘fern-tree’). The book is chiefly valuable in so far as it shows the origin and development of colloquialism, such racy phrases as give continuity and character to the English language used in Australia.

Professor Morris, who held the chair of Modern Languages in Melbourne for many years, was unlike the majority of academic men in his zest for doing some creative and original work. Lecturing on English to his students, he found that they knew nothing of the language that was growing round about them. It was important, he realized, for every Australian to know, for instance, what a ‘duffer’ means, or meant, and a ‘sundowner’ and a ‘jumbuck.’ So *Austral English* was written, with these words in the preface:

English has certainly a richer vocabulary, a finer variety of words to express delicate distinctions of meaning, than any language that is or that ever was spoken: and this is because it has always been hospitable in the reception of new words. It is
to late a day to close the doors against new words. This Austral English Dictionary merely catalogues and records those which at certain doors have already come in.

The motive and intention of the work were admirable. Its basic reason for existence was the revelation of words concerned with natural objects and orders of things that were Australian and new. The genuine aboriginal words in the dictionary are themselves of very great importance, but may mostly be looked for in other compilations. Together with them are some of the Anglicized corruptions of those words written down according to the fantastic law of Hobson-Jobson, which is sometimes delightful enough to watch in its operations. Such a corruption is 'paddy-melon,' the name not of a fruit, but of a quaint little marsupial living in sandy country. There was some lost and rather long aboriginal word with halves that were made into two existing but absurdly unrelated English words, 'paddy' and 'melon.' By the same omnipresent philological 'law,' there arose names like 'pudding-ball' for the fish in Moreton Bay called by the natives 'pud-denba.' Such distortions are comparable to the Australian-French of the war-years. 'The way to ask for bread in French is just to say Japan.'

When there was no aboriginal word for an object or for a state of affairs new to the settler, new words arose naturally enough: 'billy,' 'free-selector,' 'boundary-rider,' 'dummyism,' 'stockman,' 'sundowner.' Take the last, which our French-Australian, Paul Wenz, has made into the title of a novel, *L'Homme du Soleil Couchant.* Professor Morris, following his fine system of illustrating the gradual acceptance of every word by dated quotations, here cites for 'sundowner' a half-true remark by one who was, perhaps, our most brilliant visitor:

1891, Francis Adams:

Swagsmen: genuine, or only 'sundowners'—men who loaf about till sunset, and then come in with a demand for the unrefusable 'rations.'

Loaf about—if by loafing about you mean tramping the miles between one station and the next, which you are lucky to reach by sundown! Paul Wenz, with an ironic twist, puts it better than that in his book.
Most of such words, though, are supported in the dictionary by quotations dated a great deal farther back than the 'nineties, some few of them attaining, as Professor Morris could say even in 1898, the respectable age of a century. The word 'billy' supersedes 'camp-kettle' somewhere in the 'fifties, but its derivation will always be as uncertain as what song the sirens sang. Some say it is short for an arbitrary name, 'William,' as we say 'Long Tom' or 'Spinning Jenny,' or as facetious persons may call their typewriter 'Marmaduke.' Others derive it from the French bouilli, as billies were often made from tins that had contained boeuf bouilli. A third explanation gives the aboriginal word, 'billa,' water or a river (as in billabong, a dead river, a lake left by a river-flood). Take your choice. The billy, as distinguished from a kettle or a jackshay, is described, though the name is not used, in 1835.

The word 'bush,' though originally Dutch, has perhaps more Australian aroma about it than any other. Here are some quotations given in Austral English (though Professor Morris missed the voluble bewilderment of Mrs. Nickleby, whose emigrant ex-suitor, she declared, went out after some sheep that were 'lost in a bush: I don't know how they got there').

1837, Dunmore Lang:
His house was well enough for the bush.

1857, W. Westgarth:
The gloomy antithesis of good bushranging and bad bush-roads.

1896, The Argus:
The Ministry did not assume its duty of leading the House, and Mr. Higgins graphically described the position of affairs by stating that the House was 'bushed.'

There you have the word as noun, adjective, and verb. There is no mention of what, perhaps, is more recently grown, the word 'bushie,' meaning you or me when we live in the bush: and we need instances of the word 'bushwhacker' (as in the title of P. R. Stephensen's striking little book of Queensland stories) used before 1899. It was used several times in the Melbourne Tocsin of that date, without any fuss, so one gathers that its general use goes much farther back.
Such is part of the tribe of new words that 'at certain doors have already come in.' Professor Hancock, in his book *Australia*, has made a little mound of them in a crowded paragraph or so for our inspection. The subject is indeed wide open to research by specialists, and to discussion by all of us. This presence in English of new words and phrases that are rapidly melting into the old rhythms is of the strangest importance. How much of the English-speaking world's awareness of South Africa's character and landscape is due to our familiarity with words like 'veldt' and 'kopje'? In Australia such words as 'creek' and 'gully,' having come to stay, will gather their own magic. Other special words of ours, though, with great richness and colour, may disappear through our own unimaginative lethargy. Experimental writers like Katharine Prichard show how idiom and slang can be used to create an atmosphere. Colloquial words? Why should we resist or deprecate them, if they are alive? The first time two of our Aryan forefathers grunted a similar syllable and then looked at one another in a mild surmise that it might mean something, they were being colloquial in the extreme. Yet it is their old 'new' noises that we now solemnly accept as preclassical roots. Some colloquial words prove spurious and superfluous, others are vital. That is why we need a full book of our words, sifting the quick from the dead in our Austral English.
VANCE PALMER

Edward Vance Palmer, novelist, playwright, poet and journalist, is one of the important Australian writers. Born 1885, educated at Ipswich Grammar School. Went to London in 1906, travelling later in Finland, Siberia and Japan. Has done a considerable amount of work in America and London, contributing to the Nineteenth Century, Fortnightly Review, New Age, and prominent American and English magazines. Prose: The World of Men, The Man Hamilton, Men are Human, The Passage, Daybreak, The Black Horse (plays), Separate Lives (short stories). Verse: The Forerunners, The Camp. Men are Human and The Passage were prize novels in the Bulletin competitions, and The Passage was awarded the annual gold medal of the Australian Literature Society. Full-length plays produced are: A Happy Family, by The Pioneer Players in Melbourne, 1922, and Christine, by The Brisbane Repertory Theatre in 1926.

The Great War

EVERY year when the end of winter was approaching it was the custom of the scattered groups of blacks to foregather at the camping-ground that had once been the headquarters of their tribe. They came singly or in bands, stringing over the hills at dusk like some ragged regiment, with a horde of piccaninnies and dogs bringing up the rear. During most of the year they had been distributed among the surrounding stations, but though the need of money was a wedge splitting the clan asunder, they remembered in their bones the old tribal communism, and gathered to perpetuate its memory for one month in the twelve.

Riding out each evening in the twilight I had seen them coming in to the spot at the creek-bend, where there were half-a-hundred bark gunyahs that had rotted in the rains of many summers. Fifty yards away a large clearing showed the place where countless generations had held their corroborees, and round about were the blackened patches of dead camp-fires. For some time I had known such reunions, and most of the faces were familiar. I knew the old men with their strange shyness, and their excellent obstinacy in clinging to a tradition that was all
they knew of faith and morality. I knew the young men with their flash shirts, their quick faces, and their pidgin-English that consisted of a few nouns and a wealth of expletives. Nor was it altogether impossible to distinguish the individual faces of the gins who beat their skin drums in the chorus of the corroboree, or squatted by day at the entrances of their masters' gunyahs.

It was, I say, a yearly gathering, but this year there were hints of something that held a greater significance. They had collected to the number of two hundred, and not for years had there been such an excited reunion. A tenseness was noticeable in the manner of the young boys who hung about the yards, ready to hold a rope or open a gate when branding was going on. They collected in groups and whispered rather fearfully, as if something quite new to their experience was before them. And in the evening the whole camp was inhabited by a strange unrest. They went through the nightly corroboree as usual, but it had the air of a prelude; nowhere was there the happy abandon that at other times marked their preoccupation with the present moment.

It was impossible to probe very deeply beneath their reticence or to make more than a rough guess at their intentions. The old king was mute. For years he had combated the forces that were breaking up the tribe; he had resolutely refused to eat flour or to wear any more clothes than a not-exaggerated sense of decency demanded; in a small world seduced by a gross appetite for gew-gaws he had steadily fought for the things of the spirit. Poetry, romance, the love of known places, all the realities that full men live by, seemed to be incarnated in his frail body, and now there were signs that he was coming into his own. He was making a strong effort to recapture and retain one of those tribal ordinances that had almost been forgotten.

Formerly the young men had made him the butt of their sly humour. They regarded the annual foregathering as a pleasant opportunity of trying their skill at poker, or as an excuse for breaking away from the monotonous grind of work among the cattle. They were half-hearted
about the corroboree; they carved the old implements of war badly; they had little skill in the ornamentation of their bodies. When they wanted to be emphatic they forsook their ancient language and used the popular intensive of the whites. There was but one way to weld the tribe into a harmonious unit again. That way was war.

The excuse had long lain dormant. Three or four years before an old woman of another tribe had 'pointed the bone' at a man against whom she had a grievance—a simple custom that was the prerogative of old people, though used with a necessary discretion. The man at whom the bone had been pointed had obediently lain down and died, whether through the efficacy of the bone or of human volition it would be irrelevant to discover. Anyhow, such an act was regarded by the king as an insult that could only be wiped out by blood; at every gathering since, he had explained this to the young men, but they had listened good-humouredly and shuffled the pack of cards again. This year, however, enough excitement had been engendered through the appeals to local patriotism, tradition, and what not, to stir the smouldering embers of tribal life, and a herald had been despatched to the other camp sixty miles away inviting them to come and settle things in the usual manner.

Drums beating for war? No, not yet. There was indecision and delay, owing partly to the temperament of the herald, and partly to a certain lack of enterprise on the part of the other tribe. The herald, a plausible rascal with a well-developed thirst and a ready tongue, had managed to inveigle some rum from a credulous shanty-keeper by the way, and had gone off into the scrub to sleep off the effects of his alleged snakebite. The other tribe was doubtful of its numbers. Piecing little hints and whispers together I was able to construct the position of things till at last it was no longer necessary to use any ingenuity. They were coming.

They came in from the timber on all sides one night when everything was zealously quiet in the still dusk. I don't know that I expected an instant encounter and a
welter of broken heads before nightfall, but at any rate it was surprising to see them camp quietly a hundred yards away from their enemies, surprising to watch their peaceful movements around the fires as they cooked their evening meal. There was a flutter of excitement in both camps the next day, but no signs of attack, and it was plain that there were some formalities to be gone through before the requisite blood could be shed.

For two days they camped quietly, neither side anxious, apparently, to open up hostilities, and at night they held their corroborees in different places, keeping up a wordy warfare that lasted well into the morning. It is probable that if the old men had held modern ideas about honour, the affair would have ended in a truce and a joint festival, but their persistence saturated even the young men with the idea that blood, in some form or other, must be shed. Yet the spirit of compromise was not utterly destroyed. A sufficient amount of it remained in the camp to make the older men admit that the hurling of the two tribes bodily on one another was an unnecessary business. Why not limit the numbers? Half-a-dozen on each side. Or, better still, one!

I think everyone was relieved except the chosen champions and the old man of royal blood. The representative of the home tribe happened to be a man of great good humour and tremendous girth. He was (by some curious irony) named Hector, and was remarkable for nothing but his hoarse laugh and his appalling fatness. Why this cheery Falstaff was selected for the deadly business passes my comprehension, unless it was some cruel manifestation of the comic spirit. One could have more easily imagined him as an old-fashioned shanty-keeper dispensing drinks with coarse banter than as a participant in such activities. But to his discomfiture the choice was irrevocably made.

A yell went up one morning just before dawn. The death-knell of someone? No; it was merely the prelude. The opposing camps were drawn up at a respectable distance and the champions advanced—at least, they took care not to advance. It was pathetic to see the corpulent
Hector, stripped and bedaubed with white chalk, trying to find cover for his body behind an insufficient sapling. With his throaty voice, so well adapted for a rough joke, he bellowed out threats to his opponent and slipped from one tree to another, keeping always the same distance away. His opponent was apparently just as anxious to come to grips, and so the movement went on. On and on and on. Occasionally, incited by the shouts of their assembled friends, they came almost within range of each other's boomerangs, but were careful to retreat imperceptibly as soon as the opportunity offered.

For some hours this lasted, until the throats of both combatants and spectators were raw with shouting. It seemed difficult to see why it should ever end except that the old man of royal blood became exasperated at their manoeuvring, and would have rushed in upon both of them had not his friends restrained him. At last, thrown off their balance by the frenzied incitements of the crowd, the gladiators urged themselves for a moment out into the open. The climax had come. Hector's boomerang whirled through the air, and dropping quickly dodged his opponent's helaman. Two inches below the knee it struck him, and he fell prone.

I believe—I certainly believe that blood was shed. Anyhow, it was decided that honour was satisfied, and the two tribes held a joint corroboree. The old man of royal blood died shortly afterwards, and nothing, I think, was more satisfying to him than the knowledge that in a transitory world he had helped to maintain those usages which give life continuity and a glimpse of permanence.
Notes and Glossary

GARRYOWEN: WHAT IT MEANS AND WHO HE IS.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Page</th>
<th>Line</th>
<th>Text</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td>21</td>
<td>The Collegians: the title of an Irish novel by Gerald Griffin (1803-1840), published in 1829. It was later dramatized by Boucicault as The Colleen Bawn (1859).</td>
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<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>Orange and Green: Protestants and Catholics.</td>
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<td>3</td>
<td>21</td>
<td>Sandridge: now called Port Melbourne.</td>
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<td>3</td>
<td>35</td>
<td>addendum: thing to be added, addition.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td>40</td>
<td>'lambed down': detained until his money was all spent.</td>
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<td>4</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>Bobby: policeman.</td>
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<tr>
<td>5</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>Ca Re's, Ca Sa's, Fi Fa's: legal writs of various kinds for executing judgment.</td>
</tr>
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<td>5</td>
<td>15</td>
<td>The 'Artful Dodger': George Coppin, the actor, so-called from a character in Dickens' Oliver Twist. George Coppin produced the first play in Melbourne, Bulwer Lytton's Lady of Lyons, at the Theatre Royal, Queen Street, on June 2nd, 1845.</td>
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<td>6</td>
<td>9</td>
<td>Opathies: remedies. The word is formed on the analogy of 'Homoeopathy.'</td>
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<td>6</td>
<td>13</td>
<td>Cacoethes Scribendi: writing mania, the ill-habit of writing.</td>
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<td>6</td>
<td>23</td>
<td>Bob Acres: a character in Sheridan's play, The Rivals (1775), famous for his brag and cowardice.</td>
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<td>7</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>Cowperism: the political manoeuvre of Charles Cowper in 1860. See Scott's Short History of Australia, ch. xxiii, p. 257.</td>
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<td>7</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>acharnement: fury.</td>
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<td>8</td>
<td>13</td>
<td>Weekes, Pemell, and Robertson: supporters of the policy of 'free-selection' in New South Wales, 1860.</td>
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<td>9</td>
<td>26</td>
<td>qua each other: as to each other, with regard to each other.</td>
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<tr>
<td>11</td>
<td>15</td>
<td>And this: i.e., federation.</td>
</tr>
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<td>11</td>
<td>17</td>
<td>experimentum crucis: bold and dangerous experiment.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11</td>
<td>20</td>
<td>Dr. Lang: John Dunmore Lang, Presbyterian divine, author of An Historical and Statistical Account of New South Wales (1834).</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

AUSTRALIAN FEDERATION (1860).

THE MAN WHO DISCOVERED AUSTRALIA.

12 | 1 | Besant: Sir Walter Besant (1836-1901), English novelist and historian. |
| 13 | 36 | Canning: George Canning (1770-1827), English Statesman. |
| 22 | 14 | terra incognita: unknown land. |
AUSTRALIA.

24 17 Macaulay: Lord Macaulay (1800-1859), English essayist. See his essay on 'Frederic the Great' in Macaulay's Essays.


25 30 Phillip: Captain Arthur Phillip, first Governor of New South Wales.

27 26 The poem is entitled 'The Colours of Light,' and may be read in Stable's High Road of Australian Verse, p. 206.

29 7 Busaco: one of Wellington's battles in the Peninsular War, 1810.

BUCKLEY, THE ESCAPED CONVICT.

30 4 Selkirkian experiences: experiences like those of Alexander Selkirk, the original of Robinson Crusoe.

31 9 Norval: the hero of an eighteenth century tragedy called Douglas, by John Home (1722-1808). His famous lines beginning:—

My name is Norval: on the Grampian hills
My father feeds his flocks; a frugal swain,
were part of the repertory of every nineteenth century elocutionist. The play was acted in Edinburgh in 1756, and history maliciously narrated that a patriotic Scotsman stood up in the pit and shouted: 'Whaur's your Wullie Shakespeare noo?'

32 9 Collins really landed on the eastern side of Port Phillip, near the present Sorrento. Hence 'They crossed the Yarra and reached the Yawang hills' (the You Yangs) on page 35, l. 8.

38 28 Uncas and Chingachgook: Red Indian Braves in the 'Leatherstocking' novels of Fenimore Cooper (1789-1851), American novelist, author of The Last of the Mohicans (1826).


39 30 Pellissier: a French general, whose success in storming the Malakoff redoubt in 1855, brought about the fall of Sebastopol in the Crimean War. In earlier life he had served in Algeria, where he gained notoriety by suffocating a whole Arabian tribe who had taken refuge in certain caves.

39 37 à la mode: fashionable.

40 13 'more props.': Marcus Clarke resided in Australia in a time when sectarian feeling ran high, and, as may be gathered from this passage, he was unsympathetic to sectarian religion.
A u s t r a l i a n  E s s a y s

PREFACE TO GORDON’S POEMS.

Page 46  Line 6
Major Whyte-Melville: George John Whyte-Melville (1821-78), a major in the Coldstream Guards and popular sporting novelist. He was exceedingly fond of hunting, and wrote the song, ‘Drink, puppy, drink.’

Page 47  Line 12
Ben Lomond: a lake in Scotland.

Page 47  Line 22
Edgar Allan Poe: American poet and novelist (1809-1849). He was highly original in his subjects, and possessed a most vivid imagination which excelled in poems like The Raven and The Bells, and in gruesome tales like The Fall of the House of Usher.

Page 48  Line 36
mopokes: the author evidently means kookaburras.

Page 48  Line 31
Suttee: Indian widow who burns herself in the flames of her husband’s funeral pyre.

UP A NORTHERN RIVER

Page 51  Line 36
Flying Dutchman: phantom ship, so-called from the legend of the spectral sailing-ship which was supposed to haunt the sea in a perpetually frustrated endeavour to reach the Cape of Good Hope, at that time a Dutch colony. Richard Wagner founded an opera on the legend.

VILLAGE AND FARM.

Page 56  Line 6
shelties: Shetland ponies.

Page 56  Line 19
Joaquin Miller: an American poet and journalist (1841-1913). He was for a time a miner in California.

Page 59  Line 24
pibroch: bagpipe. Literally, a set of variations written for and played on the bagpipe.

Page 64  Line 6
chines: backbones.

Page 65  Line 2
Hyde Park or the Bois de Boulogne: the fashionable parks of London and Paris respectively.

Page 65  Line 19
Richard Jefferies: Richard Jefferies (1848-1887), an English writer of country life who delighted in minute observation of the sights and sounds of nature.

ON READING THE BEST BOOKS.

Page 66  Line 9
We are Seven and John Gilpin and Excelsior; by Wordsworth, Cowper and Longfellow respectively.

Page 66  Line 15
‘Derby Day’: a picture by William Powell Frith (1819-1909) exhibited in 1858 and now in the Tate Gallery, London. It is a realistic picture of a crowd at the races, which can be enjoyed without knowledge of the Old Masters or of the art of painting. It is full of the incidents which might occur in any such crowd.

Page 67  Line 5
Pitti and Uffizi Galleries: Great palaces of the city of Florence, which are both public libraries and picture galleries.

Page 67  Line 6
the Louvre: a great palace in Paris, built by Louis XIV. Now partly used as a picture gallery.

Page 68  Line 5
Longinus: a Greek literary critic of uncertain date, author of a famous work On the Sublime.

160
aura: breath, emanation.

Mr. Leacock: Stephen Leacock, born 1869, Canadian economist and humorist, author of *Arcadian Adventures Among the Idle Rich*.

réchauffé: hash, warmed-up dish.

Mr. Leacock: Stephen Leacock, born 1869, Canadian economist and humorist, author of *Arcadian Adventures Among the Idle Rich*.

Heine: Heinrich Heine (1799-1856), German romantic poet and critic.

Scheherazade: the heroine of *The Arabian Nights Entertainments*.

THE ART OF TRANSLATION.


Rudolph Valentino: a Hollywood film star; died 1926. He excelled as a young and dashing lover.

Mary Pickford: a Hollywood film star. Her fame was won in juvenile parts, e.g., as the girl heroine of 'Daddy Longlegs'.

Aurignacian: primitive; lit. belonging to Aurignac, France, where the remains of a race of ancient hunters, who lived in Europe in the Stone Age, were discovered.

Caruso: a famous Italian operatic tenor (1873-1921), the idol of the New York Opera House from 1903 until his death. *La Tosca* (1899) is an opera by Puccini.

Sargent: John S. Sargent, famous modern portrait painter; born at Florence, in 1856, of American parentage; educated in Germany and France; settled in England and painted there; died in London, 1925.

George Lambert: Australian artist; died in Sydney, 1930. 'Lotty and the Lady' may be seen in the National Art Gallery, Melbourne.

Solomon J. Solomon: English artist; born 1860. He was trained in the Royal Academy, Munich Academy and the Ecole des Beaux Arts; pictures of his are in the Melbourne and Ballarat Galleries.


Albrecht Dürer: German draughtsman (1471-1528), celebrated for his drawing and his engravings.

Marius: Roman consul and general, 157-86 B.C.

Gilbert Murray: born at Sydney, 1866. Professor of Greek at Oxford University since 1908. He translated Euripides, the last of the great Greek tragedians, (480-406 B.C.).

A play about Dionysus: *The Bacchae*, or the Bacchanals, by Euripides.

Pentheus: King of Thebes in *The Bacchae*. He defied Dionysus the wine-god, and was torn to pieces by the Maenads.
Australian Essays

Page 78 21 ‘Billy Sunday’: an American whirlwind evangelist.
80 2 an idiot: The Greek word ‘idiotes’, from which ‘idiot’ is derived, means ‘a private person.’

A WORD FOR AUSTRALIA.

81 2 Daniel O’Connell: the greatest of Irish patriots (1775-1847), a barrister and politician, leader of the agitation in favour of Catholic emancipation, which was carried in 1829. His agitation for the Repeal of the Union of England and Ireland was unsuccessful, and it left behind it an inheritance of antagonism which culminated in the revolt of Easter, 1916, and the subsequent disruption of the Union.

82 38 Emerson: Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803-1882), American essayist and philosopher of Boston and Concord. The lines which follow are the opening words of a poem of his called ‘The Problem,’ published in The Dial in 1840.

83 18 We have lost religion, etc.: this paragraph must be taken for what it is: the opinion of an individual. Because it is printed, it is not necessarily true. But it is worthy of discussion.

83 35 little Dutch republic: the allusion is to the South African War of 1899-1902, when two Dutch republics, the Transvaal and the Orange Free State, made war on, and finally surrendered to, Great Britain.

83 40 Horatius: Roman patriot who held the bridge of piles against the invading army of Lars Porsena, when Rome was invaded in 507 B.C. The story is told in Macaulay’s Lays of Ancient Rome.

84 17 St. Crispin’s day: the allusion is to Henry V’s action before the battle of Agincourt, which was fought on the day of St. Crispin, October 25. See Shakespeare’s Henry V; IV. iii. 40-50.

86 34 Vates Sacer: divine prophet.

THE OLD BOOKSHELF.

89 30 Family Herald: An English newspaper which used to contain romantic and sentimental stories.

93 12 Ouida: Louise de la Ramée (1840-1908), English popular novelist, who wrote, under the pen-name of ‘Ouida,’ Under Two Flags (1867) and other most popular novels.

93 27 Boswell’s life: The Life of Dr. Johnson (1791), by James Boswell (1740-95), a biography of classical reputation both for the soundness of its method and for the admirable portrait of the ‘Great Cham’ of literature.

94 34 the ‘Bards’: English Bards and Scotch Reviewers (1809), a satirical poem in heroic couplets by Lord Byron.

OUR COUNTRY.

a carillon: an air played on bells hung in a steeple. Carillon is a French word which denotes a set of mechanically played bells. Such peals are common, especially in Belgium, in the towers of the cathedrals and city-halls of western Europe.

talus: slope.

ON DOORS.

Montaigne: Michel Eyquem de Montaigne (1533-1592), famous French essayist.

Ah, no more of that, etc.: Falstaff speaking to Prince Henry, afterwards Henry V, in Shakespeare's I Henry IV, II. iv. 312.

quotha: archaic for 'quoth he,' forsooth.

Odysseus: the story is told in Homer's Odyssey, Bk. ix. Ulysses came to the land of the Cyclopes, and was captured by the Cyclops (one-eyed giant), Polyphemus. He was immured in a cave, and was 'unable to thrust back with his hands the mighty stone placed at the doorway.'

'Then those that were ready': St. Matthew, xxv, 10.

De Quincey's famous essay: De Quincey's essay, 'On the Knocking at the Gate in Macbeth,' was first published in The London Magazine, October, 1823. It is one of the best-known of his essays, and has been frequently reprinted.

Ibsen's Doll's House: a play by Henrik Ibsen, Norwegian dramatist (1828-1906). It is the tragedy of a frivolous, conventional woman, Nora Helmer, who leaves her home because she discovers her inferiority as a human being. A Doll's House was published in 1879.

Henry James: American novelist and critic (1843-1916). His last years were spent in London, where he became a naturalized Briton. He is famous for his habit of leaving out great scenes and describing them simply by their consequences.

Hood: Thomas Hood (1799-1845), English poet and comic writer.

Dumas: Alexandre Dumas (1803-1870), French romantic novelist, well known for his Count of Monte Cristo, and his Three Musketeers.

Stevenson: Robert Louis Stevenson (1850-1894), novelist and essayist. 'The Sire de Malétroit's Door' is a famous story in New Arabian Nights (1882).

the Inferno: the part of the Divine Comedy by Dante, which deals with Hell. The 'terrible superscription' comes at the beginning of Canto iii, and ends with the words, 'All hope abandon, ye who enter here.'
**Australian Essays**

Page Line
109 2 Doubting Castle: in Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* (1678).
109 7 Slow door: in Christina Rossetti's *Echo*.

**AN AUSTRALIAN IN LONDON.**

111 12 'No es una ciudad; es un mundo!': It is not a city, it is a world.
111 23 Embankment: the riverside of the Thames from Westminster to Blackfriars. It is a walled river-front, with a road and gardens behind. Cleopatra's Needle stands on the wall.
111 28 The Abbey: Westminster Abbey, where the kings of England are crowned.
112 4 The Strand: the thoroughfare from Westminster to London, parallel with the Embankment. As it approaches London it is called first Fleet Street and then Ludgate Hill. Fleet Street is full of newspaper offices.
112 16 Henley's inspired voluntaries: William Ernest Henley (1849-1903), English poet and journalist, wrote poems which he names *London Voluntaries*.
112 28 West End: the rich and fashionable quarter of London.
113 36 Piccadilly: a fashionable street in the West End.
113 37 West Ham: a poor suburb in the East End.
114 4 Hawthorn: Nathaniel Hawthorn (1804-1864), American novelist.
114 28 British Academy: a society, founded 1902, for promoting the study of philosophy, history and literature.
114 29 Holman Hunt: one of the founders of the Pre-Raphaelite school of painting; born in London in 1827, and died in 1910. He excelled in sacred subjects.
114 30 Frederic Harrison: Frederic Harrison (1831-1923), Professor of Law and miscellaneous writer, is remembered more for his attempt to popularize the philosophy of Auguste Comte than for his historical writings.

**AN AUSTRALIAN IN FLORENCE.**

116 32 Cosimo de' Medici: he lived from 1389-1464, and was the richest citizen and a leader of the aristocracy of Florence. He built palaces, churches and hospitals, pensioned artists and scholars, and gave gifts to the poor. He made Florence distinguished for art and learning.
117 12 *Romola*: a novel by George Eliot (1819-1880) published in 1863, which is concerned with Florence at the end of the fifteenth century. Savonarola and Machiavelli appear as characters in it.
Dante: Dante Alighieri (1265-1321), the father of Italian poetry; author of the *Divine Comedy*, begun in 1300, which is divided into the Inferno (Hell), Purgatorio (Purgatory) and Paradiso (Heaven), wonderful both for its transcendent imagination and mundane knowledge. It was translated into English by Henry Francis Cary as *The Vision of Hell, Purgatory and Paradise* (1814).

Lorenzo the Magnificent: Lorenzo il Magnifico (c. 1449-1492), grandson of Cosimo de' Medici, and first citizen of his times. He was a patron of art, literature and printing, and was himself a lyric poet. He is a central figure in the history of the renaissance.

Vasari: Giorgio Vasari (1511-1574), Italian artist, author of *Lives of the Painters* (of Italy), which appeared in 1550.

Benvenuto Cellini: Florentine goldsmith and sculptor (1500-1571), author of a most fascinating *Autobiography*, which gives a striking picture of life in Rome and Paris in the sixteenth century, and reveals in miniature the spirit of the renaissance.

Middle Ages: the age intervening between the great ages of Greece and Rome and that of the modern world, roughly from A.D. 500-1500.

Renaissance: the end of the middle age and the beginning of modern times, roughly from A.D. 1450-1600. It was characterized by great admiration for classical learning, imitation of classical forms in architecture; monarchy tending to absolutism, and the religious struggles of Catholic and Protestant.

Michael Angelo: Michelangelo Buonarroti (1475-1564), one of the greatest artists and sculptors of Italy. Painter of the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel at Rome, sculptor of the tomb of Lorenzo the Magnificent at Florence.

Cimabue: the first Italian painter; lived 1240-1302.

Andrea del Sarto: Florentine painter (c. 1487-1531) called 'the Faultless.' He forms the subject of a poem by Robert Browning, in *Men and Women* (1855).

Donatello: Florentine sculptor (1386-1466). He is regarded as the founder of modern sculpture.

Giotto: Florentine artist and architect (c. 1266-1337), pupil of Cimabue. He painted a number of pictures dealing with the life and death of St. Francis, and he built the west front of the Cathedral and the Companile (Giotto's Tower) at Florence.

Machiavelli: Niccolo dei Machiavelli (1469-1527), author of the *Prince* (1513), a plea for a united Italy. Machiavelli believed that the end justified the means, and to make Italy a nation he was prepared to recommend tyranny, cruelty and double dealing.
Guicciardini: Francesco Guicciardini (1483-1540), a great Florentine historian of the renaissance period.

Savonarola: Fra Girolamo Savonarola (1452-1498), Dominican monk of Florence, whose fervent sermons led to a popular movement against the wealth and luxury of Renaissance times in Florence. He associated himself with the democratic party, and ultimately was condemned and executed as a heretic.

Beatrice: the ideal love of Dante, whom he worshipped from a distance. His Vita Nuova (c. 1293) tells the story of his love. She died aged twenty-four.

Campanile: belfry, bell-tower.

Ghibelin exiles: the Ghibellines were the supporters of the Holy Roman Emperor, whereas the Guelphs were the supporters of the Papacy. In 1260 the Florentine Ghibellines allied themselves with Manfred of Naples, defeated the Guelphs, set up an aristocratic government and destroyed the liberties of the city.

Pitti: the Palazzo Pitti, formerly the grand-ducal residence, now a picture gallery.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning: English poetess (1806-1861), wife of Robert Browning.

PUGILISM IN ANTIQUITY.

Epeus and Euryalus: the boxing match of Epeus and Euryalus is told by Homer in Iliad, xxiii, lines 651-99.

Chapman: George Chapman (1559-1634) translated 'The Iliads of Homer, Prince of Poets, never before in any language truly translated,' which was published in 1611. Though the translation is in 'fourteener' or ballad metre, it has always been highly esteemed, and Keats addressed a famous sonnet to it, beginning:

Much have I travell'd in the realms of gold.

'Spielers': tricksters. Literally, players; German Spieler.

'Morleys': mauleys, fists.

'Pug': pugilist, boxer.

Odyssey: an epic poem by Homer dealing with the wanderings of Ulysses. The episode is to be found in Odyssey, xviii, 25-104.

Phaer: Thomas Phaer (c. 1510-1560) translated the first nine books of Virgil's Aeneid, in the same metre as Chapman's Iliad.

Dares and Entellus: the boxing match of Dares and Entellus is recorded by Virgil in Aeneid, v, 362-484.

Carollian reason: reason such as might be given by Lewis Carroll (1832-98), the author of Alice's Adventures in Wonderland (1865); an absurd reason.
Notes and Glossary

Page Line
125 26 alfalfa: lucerne.
126 27 plexus: solar plexus, the network of nerves at the pit of the stomach.
126 32 Philistinism: bad taste, plebeian behaviour.
126 33 Theocritus: a Greek poet of Sicily who lived in the third century B.C. The boxing match of Polydeuces or Pollux (as the Latins called him) and Amycus, is told in Theocritus’ Hymn to the Dioscuri.
126 34 Bebrycian: member of a mythical nation who were reputed to dwell in the north of Asia Minor: a name of Amycus.
127 1 Tyndarides: a name of Polydeuces, who is also “son of Zeus” (l. 7).
127 34 tushes: tusks, teeth.

CORAL ISLANDS AND CLAYPANS.

129 28 the Bronte Sisters: Charlotte, Emily and Anne Bronte, English poetesses and novelists of the early Victorian period.
131 7 Pulu Atas: an island in the East Indies.

NATIONAL POETRY.

136 28 Nicholas Vachel Lindsay: contemporary American poet, author of The Santa Fe Trail, General Booth Enters Heaven, the Daniel Jazz, and other poems in which ‘rag-time’ rhythms are introduced.

THE HIGH ROAD OF AUSTRALIAN VERSE.

145 10 ‘Orion’ Horne: Richard Henry (or Hengist) Horne (1803-1884) wrote a poem called Orion (1843) and published it at the price of one farthing.

AUSTRAL ENGLISH.

150 12 Hobson-Jobson: the anglicizing of foreign words without reference to their meaning. So-called after the cry of the Mohammedans in India, ‘Ya Hasan! Ya Hosain!’, which was anglicized by English soldiers as ‘Hobson-Jobson.’ There is a dictionary of Anglo-Indian words of this name.
151 11 bouilli: boiled; boeuf bouilli, boiled beef, bully beef.

FINIS.

Brown, Prior & Co. Pty. Ltd., 430 Little Bourke St., Melbourne, C.I
-7 SEP. 1995

20 AUG 1997