MY LIFE IN TWO HEMISPHERES

* *

DA
955
D85
1898
v.2

Cornell University Library

BOUGHT WITH THE INCOME
FROM THE
SAGE ENDOWNENT FUND
THE GIFT OF
Henry W. Sage
1891

A.132470 28/12/1899

6421

APR 1 2 1962 M P

RR DEC 7 62

RR DEC 19

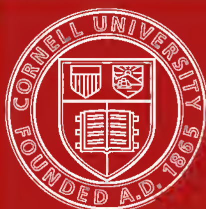
MCF 12/21

MAY 1 9 1966 A

JUL 8 1965 M P

MAY 2 1967 M P

CORNELL UNIVERSITY LIBRARY
3 1924 088 018 159



Cornell University Library

The original of this book is in
the Cornell University Library.

There are no known copyright restrictions in
the United States on the use of the text.

http://www.archive.org/details/cu31924088018159

MY LIFE IN TWO HEMISPHERES

C. Gavan Duffy
Jany. 1880.

MY LIFE IN
TWO HEMISPHERES

BY

SIR CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY

Author of "Young Ireland," "Life of Thomas Davis," "Conversations with Carlyle," &c.

WITH PORTRAIT

VOLUME II

NEW YORK
THE MACMILLAN CO.
MDCCCXCVIII

Ai 132470

CONTENTS

BOOK III.

CHAPTER I.

THE REVIVAL OF THE "NATION."

PAGE

Conflicting advice—John Dillon—D'Arcy M'Gee—Thomas Meagher—"Wanted, a few Workmen"—Communications from Carlyle, Dr. Smiles, Maurice Leyne, John George MacCarthy, William Shaw, Edward Butler, Cashel Hoey, John George Adair, William Jennings, Edward Whitty, Julia Kavanagh, Thomas Wallis on the situation—Letters from Speranza—The *tirailleurs* of Nationality—Weekly suppers—Projects of the day—The Small Proprietor Society—Result of a year's work—John Sadleir and disaster—The National Bank—Revival of Conciliation Hall—T. D. M'Gee invited to return to Ireland—The Irish State prisoners—Letter from T. B. MacManus—The Catholic University and Dr. Newman—Henry Wilberforce and Dr. Quinn 1

CHAPTER II.

THE LEAGUE WITH ULSTER.

Dr. M'Knight consents to induce his friends among the Presbyterian ministers of Ulster to attend a National Convention in Dublin—Character and constitution of the Convention—Resolutions adopted—Establishment of the Tenant League—Meetings of the League in North and South—Constituencies pledged to elect League members, and funds liberally supplied—Lord John Russell's Durham letter and the No-Popery meetings—Dr. Cullen founds a Catholic Defence Association—Attempt of the Irish landlords to excite bigotry—Courageous conduct of the Presbyterian clergy—The General Election—New Ross—Letter to Sir Thomas Reddington—Meath, Kilkenny, and Wexford elections—Conference of upwards of forty of the newly-elected members pledged to the principles of Independent Opposition 29

CHAPTER III.

IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

PAGE

The Irish Party in London—Sergeant Shee, William Keogh, Frederick Lucas, George Henry Moore—Public dinner in London—Leaders in the House of Commons—Mr. Disraeli—Characteristic anecdotes —Lord John Russell, Mr. Gladstone, Lord Palmerston—*Tête-à-tête* with Sir Joshua Walmsley—Mr. Roebuck—Dinner at Richard Cobden's — Conversation with Bright and Sharman Crawford—Vigilance of the Irish Party—Their Bill read a second time—Petition against my qualification—The evidence of Mr. O'Hara—Decision in my favour—Vote of Want of Confidence formulated —Negotiations between the Government and the League Party—Lord Derby declares in Parliament that he will never accept the principles of Crawford's Bill—The Leaguers consequently vote against him, and the Government falls—The Aberdeen Government gives office to John Sadleir and William Keogh—Indignation in Ireland—Sadleir loses his seat—When Parliament reassembled seventeen members of the Irish Party deserted to the Government —Diary—A love poem—Select Committee on the Land Bills—Sharman Crawford deserts his own Bill 46

CHAPTER IV.

CONTROVERSY WITH JOHN MITCHEL.

His Mis-statements and Slanders ; their Refutation 67

CHAPTER V.

THE ROUT OF THE IRISH PARTY.

Dr. Cullen and his policy—Mr. Gladstone's Budget and the Income Tax in Ireland—My contest with the House of Commons—Disastrous consequences of the Budget — Its effect on the Irish Land Bills—Election of John Sadleir—Death of Maurice Leyne—Address of American Dissenting Ministers on John Mitchel's pro-slavery opinions—Sheridan Knowles and his reminiscences of Hazlitt and Lawless—His sermon at a Baptist Chapel—Position of the League at this time—Notes from Edward Whitty—Experiments at the Malvern Water Cure—Tour in Belgium and France —Letter from Lucas on my return to Ireland — The Callan meeting—The Thurles meeting—Lucas' mission to Rome—His condition on returning to Parliament—The Australian Constitutions before Parliament—Policy of Robert Lowe—Conference with Lucas on our position—Farewell address to my constituents —Letter from Archdeacon Fitzgerald—Last letter from Lucas—Visit from D'Arcy M'Gee—Evening with Sam Lover—His stories about Sheridan Knowles—Speranza and Mr. Bohn. . . . 82

BOOK IV.

CHAPTER I.

MAKING READY FOR AUSTRALIA.

PAGE

I determine to quit Ireland—Edward Whitty's opinion—Inquiries as to the climate of Australia—Counsel of William and Mary Howitt, Mr. Woolner, Robert and Mrs. Lowe, Mr. Latrobe—Work before quitting Parliament—Smith O'Brien's case—Conversation with Mr. Disraeli—Letter from Sir Denham Norreys—Visit to Smith O'Brien at Brussels — The Belgian deputy and the widow MacCormack—Visit to M. de Potter, member of the Provisional Government of 1830 — The Maynooth College inquiry — Letter from the Maynooth Professor—The Catholic University and Dr. Newman—Application for the Chiltern Hundreds—Alderman Plunkett's consternation—Invitations to public dinners in London and Dublin — Proposed testimonial declined — Generous help proffered by Arthur Geheoghan and Mrs. Anderson—Breakfast with Richard and Henry Doyle—Lindsey and the Civil Service Reform Movement—Louis Blanc, Julia Kavanagh—Sir Emerson Tennant and the Crimean War—Last look at the House of Lords —Death of Frederick Lucas—I decline the public dinners in consequence—Letters from Thackeray and Lord Brougham—Farewell to my friends in Dublin and London—Conversation with Stuart Mill—Dr. Madden and his "Life of Lady Blessington"—Gough the teetotal lecturer—Dr. Hughes, Archbishop of New York—Sir William Molesworth—Mr. Godley, founder of the Canterbury settlement—Letters from Rev. Charles Kingsley, Mary Howitt, and Sir Emerson Tennant 106

CHAPTER II.

MY RECEPTION IN THE NEW COUNTRY.

Sailed in the *Ocean Chief*—Religious equality established on board—Arrival at Melbourne—Deputation of eighty gentlemen come on board to welcome me—My statement of opinions—Public dinner in Melbourne—The "Backbone and Spinal Marrow" Speech—Melbourne in 1855—Public Library—University and Parliament House—Visit to the Legislative Assembly—Mr. Fellow's Bill—Public dinner in Geelong—Letter from Edward Butler—Condition of the Irish in Victoria—Letter from Orion Horne—Visit and reception at Sydney—Henry Parkes, James Martin, John Hubert Plunkett, W. B. Dalley, and Edward Butler—Public dinner—Declaration of Henry Parkes—John Macnamara—Rev. Mr. West concerning the visit—Parkes' description of all I lost by leaving Sydney—Letter from Rev. J. D. Lang—Letter from Edward Wilson—His Australian projects—Property Qualification—Villiers and Heytesbury Election—Visit to the village of Killarney—Speech of George Johnson—State of the poll—John Mooney's proposal — Letter from Edward Whitty — Letter to William Carleton—Condition of Victoria in 1856 130

CHAPTER III.

IN THE NEW PARLIAMENT.

PAGE

New Year's Day Levée—Opening of Parliament—The method in which the Governor should communicate with Parliament determined—Bill abolishing Property Qualification carried—Select Committee on Federation of the Colonies—Its proposal successful everywhere but in New South Wales—Controversy on the orderly conduct of Parliamentary business—Six cases cited—Errors in building the Victorian Parliament House—Motion respecting Cross Benches—Establishment of Municipal Franchise—Mr. Childers and Mr. Stawell appointed to permanent offices—Fall of the Haines Government—Mr. O'Shanassy commissioned to form an Administration—How the new Government was constituted . 159

CHAPTER IV.

IN OFFICE.

Why I became a Minister—Remonstrance of the goldfield members against some of the Ministers — Conspiracy among the civil servants—The "No Popery" rumours—Debate, and fall of the Ministry — Letter from Edward Butler — The second Haines Government and their policy—Representation of minorities—Fall of the Government—Second O'Shanassy Government—Principles of Responsible Government insisted on—Letter from the Chief Secretary, New South Wales—New Reform Bill amended and read unanimously a third time in the Assembly—The measure rejected in the Upper House—Letter from Mr. Bright on the independence of colonies—Mr. Disraeli on the same subject—Industrial projects—Letter from W. K. Sullivan—The New South Wales elections—Dalley and Deniehy—Henry Parkes invited to settle in Victoria—Letters from John Dillon, Edward Whitty, Cashel Hoey, Chief Justice Stawell, Archbishop MacHale, and T. B. MacManus—Lord Palmerston and Mr. O'K———Edward Whitty's arrival in Australia—Letter from B. C. Aspinall—Death of Whitty—The Land Convention and Land League—Cabinet quarrel on the Governor's speech—My serious illness—Departmental reforms—Resigned office—Misrepresentations, letter to the *Argus*—Generous conduct of the electors at Villiers and Heytesbury—Letter to Mr. O'Hagan—Debate on my resignation in the new Parliament—Mr. Nicholson authorised to form an Administration offers me a place in it, which I do not accept . 171

CHAPTER V.

IN OPPOSITION.

Position of the defeated Government—"The Corner"—Organisation of the Opposition—New opinions and desires—Distribution of the business of the party—Political badinage—The Chinese invasion —Land Bill of new Government—Slow progress—Two Ministers

PAGE

retire—Proposed squatting government—How this project was defeated—Mr. Heales sent for by the Governor, and asks me to take the lead and become Prime Minister—The difficulty about a dissolution — The Nicholson Government remain — Are again defeated, and the Heales Government is formed by the aid of the squatters—Proposal to me to become Speaker declined—The Occupation Licenses—My exposure of their weakness and futility —Mr. Loader's resignation—Dissolution of Parliament—Success of the Government on the goldfields — My election and the elections in the western district—Rally of the new Opposition—Haines and O'Shanassy—Defeat of the Heales Government—Letters from Richard Cobden, Sir Emerson Tennant, John Henry Newman, Sir Arthur Helps, Henry Parkes—Letter from the professors of the Melbourne University 202

CHAPTER VI.

A STRONG GOVERNMENT AND LARGE PROJECTS.

Character and composition of the new Government—Foundation of the National Gallery—Complicated libel on the Land Department —My answer—Curious discovery after the debate—The Land Bill of 1862—Its main purpose and provisions—Southern industries—Tenure of the squatters—The *Argus*' estimate of the measure—How it was baffled and evaded—The drafting of the Bill—Its breakdown on legal provisions alone—Decision of the Supreme Court against the phraseology of the Bill—Measures taken by me to check the conspirators—A new Bill amending the measure introduced — Ill supported by the Government — A premature division demanded by the Attorney-General, and the Bill lost by a considerable majority — Letter of Mr. Higinbotham on the conduct of the Government—Intrigues to reorganise the Government fail—Letters from Mr. Childers, Robert Lowe, the widow of Colonel Byrne, Mr. Arthur Geoghegan, Sir James Martin—A Coalition Government of squatters and democrats is formed under Mr. McCulloch—I supported them in amending the Land Act—My late colleagues opposing them—Dissolution of Parliament—Project a visit to Europe—Letter to John O'Hagan—Letter from John Dillon—Death of Smith O'Brien—Letters from Childers, Henry Parkes, Cashel Hoey, Mrs. Charles Kean—Resistance to convictism—Bold stroke of Edward Wilson puts an end to the practice 225

BOOK V

CHAPTER I.

FIRST VISIT TO EUROPE.

Edward Neale's estimate of David Urquhart—Invitations from John Brady and Richard Swift—Letters from friends in Ireland, from

PAGE

Mrs. Carlyle—Blake's enjoyment of "a little society"—The O'Donaghue—Pope Hennessy—Rambles with Carlyle—Dinner with Robert Browning at John Forster's—A dinner at St. James' Hall—The *Times* and Robert Lowe—Letter from Edward Wilson—Visit to Lowe—Visit to Dublin and colloquies with old friends—Public dinner—Isaac Butt, George Henry Moore and John Dillon—Conference with political friends—Public dinner in my native town—Design to write on Responsible Government in Australia—Letter from George Higinbotham—Visit to Mr. Disraeli—Letter from Stuart Mill—Five months in Rome—Lecture before the Society of Arts in London—Letter from B. C. Aspinall—Debate on the Reform Bill—Louis Napoleon in 1867—Letters from Father Prout and Madame Montalembert—Counsel respecting Protection from Carlyle and Stuart Mill—Letter from Thos. Howard Fellows 250

CHAPTER II.

THE McCULLOCH RÉGIME.

The Governor's salary—Government action during my absence—And afterwards—Mr. Ireland's *malafides*—And my repudiation of it—The "Darling Trouble"—Removal of the Governor—Higinbotham's Education Bill—It is withdrawn—I am elected for Dalhousie—Death of Sir Charles Darling—McCulloch's system—The McPherson Ministry, and its policy—Immigration stories—Fall of the McCulloch Ministry—I am authorised to form a Cabinet—Letters and news from Dublin—Letters from McCulloch and Parkes—Protection—Opinions of Carlyle, Mill, and Bright . 285

CHAPTER III.

PRIME MINISTER.

Policy of the Duffy Government—Southern industries—Land policy—Designs to adorn Melbourne—*Spectator's* estimate of the new Government—Judge Bindon's report on the reception of the new policy by friends and enemies—Convention of Australian Governments at Melbourne—Contest with Sir James Martin and its consequences—Vote of want of confidence, and its reception in Parliament—Comments on my defence by Wilberforce Stephen and others—Protection adopted, and why—Social reforms and impediments to them—Letter from John O'Hagan (*note*)—Banquets to the Government in great towns and goldfields—Dangerous banter—Appointment of Mr. Childers as Agent-General—National Gallery—Letter from Mr. Verdon—Letter from Thomas Carlyle—Reassembly of Parliament—Vote of want of confidence—How it was carried—Mr. O'Shanassy's interposition and its consequences—Proposed dissolution of Parliament—Conduct of the Governor, and comment of the *Spectator* on it—Letters from John Forster and the Bishop of Kerry—My use of power—The Chief Justiceship of New South Wales . . . 321

CHAPTER IV.

SECOND VISIT TO EUROPE.

PAGE

Death of John Martin—Meath election—Forged telegrams and their consequences—Butt and Independent Opposition—News of old friends—Letters to my wife—Archbishop Manning—John Forster—Letter from William Allingham—Orion Horne's literary claims—An offer of the *Elixir vitæ*—Negotiations for re-entering Parliament—Why I declined—Lord Emley—Morell Mackenzie—The O'Connell Centenary—I decline the Lord Mayor's political projects—Lord O'Hagan's centenary oration—Farewell visit of Lord O'Hagan at Monaco—I return to Australia 347

CHAPTER V.

SPEAKER.

My election for Gippsland, the "New Province"—Unanimously chosen as Speaker—The functions of a Speaker—Questions in Parliament—Payment of members—Opposed by the Council—Counter *coup*—Wholesale reduction of officers—My remonstrance—Letter from Mary Howitt—Personal leisure—K.C.M.G.—Literary criticism—Incidents—"Young Ireland" begun—Correspondence with Pope Hennessy—Lord O'Hagan and MacDermott of Coolavin—Futile appeal by the Colony to the Colonial Office—Re-appointment of Cashel Hoey—Loss of my wife—Death of Edward Butler and John Dillon—Rinuccini—Farewell to Australia—The main reason influencing me—Letter from Archbishop of Sydney—The two last decades of my life 370

MY LIFE IN TWO HEMISPHERES

BOOK III

CHAPTER I

THE REVIVAL OF THE "NATION"

Conflicting advice—John Dillon—D'Arcy M'Gee—Thomas Meagher—"Wanted, a few Workmen"—Communications from Carlyle, Dr. Smiles, Maurice Leyne, John George MacCarthy, William Shaw, Edward Butler, Cashel Hoey, John George Adair William Jennings, Edward Whitty, Julia Kavanagh, Thomas Wallis on the situation—Letter from Speranza—The *tirailleurs* of Nationality—Weekly suppers—Projects of the day—The Small Proprietor Society—Result of a year's work—John Sadleir and disaster—The National Bank—Revival of Conciliation Hall—T. D. M'Gee invited to return to Ireland—The Irish State prisoners—Letter from T. B. MacManus—The Catholic University and Dr. Newman—Henry Wilberforce and Dr. Quinn.

WORLDLY wise friends, who considered my tranquillity rather than my duty, insisted that I should practise my profession as a barrister for some years, and not revive a struggle which had proved so barren and disastrous. On the other hand, a few suggested that the contest ought to be taken up at the precise point it had reached when the Habeas Corpus Act had been suspended. Some, of whom Fintan Lalor was the most notable, honestly believed that it was our duty to conspire for the speedy revival of insurrection in Munster. The Government were determined to know what was my actual purpose; for a month or two my friends observed that when-

ever I left the house a covered car emerged from a neighbouring alley and pursued my steps, and a scoundrel who had entered into the service of the police called on me to tender his advice of what was fitting to be done at the moment. This *mouchard* was Mark O'Callaghan, brother of a perfectly honourable man well known in national politics.[1] But the most able and reliable of my friends tendered me advice almost as contradictory and irreconcilable. John Dillon, a man of solid judgment and high integrity, thought I ought to transfer the *Nation* to London, and make it the organ, not of Irish nationality alone, but of a philosophical radicalism embracing the empire.

"The issue of Duffy's trial," he wrote to his wife, "has given me the liveliest satisfaction. I rejoice at it, not only as the triumph of a very dear friend over very vile and malignant enemies, but also as an event which will certainly be followed by important consequences to the country. Supposing (as it seems to be generally believed) that the Government have abandoned the design of trying him again, he is now in a better position than he has ever occupied. The persecution he has endured must have softened the hostility of many of his enemies, and all prejudice against him must have been entirely dissipated in the course of his trials; so that if the Irish people will ever listen to anybody they will listen to him, and if ever man was above wilfully misleading a people for any purpose, I think he is. It is my most earnest wish that he may remain quiet for a little time, and before he enters on a new career (it must be altogether new) that he would weigh carefully the relative advantages of the different projects which will not fail to be pressed upon him. If he should turn his face now in a wrong direction, all future exertions will be leading him but further astray. I have seen in one of the papers that he proposed re-establishing the *Nation*, and I heard through P. J. Smyth that Meagher wishes

[1] Dr. Madden, the author of "The United Irishmen," told me that Mark O'Callaghan called upon him about the same time to say that he wished to consult him on a political movement far ahead of '48. But Madden, warned by his experience of spies in '98, called in his wife, and bade her note the conversation, whereupon O'Callaghan got up and retired. O'Callaghan's death took place in Tasmania in a lone house which he was occupying jointly with J. D. Balfe, another spy; he had been dead several days when his body was discovered.

him to do so. I would be strongly opposed to this. The tenants want the land, the landlords want the rents. . . . Repeal itself was sought by the mass of the people as a means to an end. In France Irish Nationality is regarded as dead. Here it is not understood. When they fought here, it was for principles and rights, and they cannot comprehend why people should fight for anything else. If you were to tell an American that Celts ought not to be ruled by Saxons, he would say you were either mad or drunk. But if he should see a people struggling to overthrow a dear and a bad Government, and to replace it by a good and cheap one, he would give a dollar to help them. The history of Ireland can hardly in truth be called the history of a nation. The glory that could be won in two or three battles is too small a thing for a nation to subsist upon. There is not one link that can bind the past of Ireland to its future. The old forms of society, the old laws, and the old language have perished irrecoverably. For these reasons I would, if I were Duffy, abandon this ground of Celtic Nationality, and take my stand henceforth upon the rights of man. A Federal Republic is what Great Britain and Ireland want, and if that object were judiciously pursued it might, perhaps, be realised within twenty years. If the French Republic should endure (as I hope it will) England will be the next addition to the Republican sisterhood, for, next to this country and France, it is the most enlightened and (politically) virtuous. With a republic at either side, it is impossible that she can long be satisfied with the present absurd and burdensome institutions. Here is a new gospel of which Duffy might become a great apostle, and London is the spot for him to erect his pulpit in. If he could only start a great journal in London, he would have the whole democracy of the Three Kingdoms in his hands in three years, and in this country he would be the most popular of living men. From that centre he could influence Irish opinion just as much, and he could brave Irish prejudices with vastly greater independence. From that place, too, his voice will be heard in foreign nations. In Ireland he must either suppress his opinion on most important questions—education, for example—or he will become once more the persecuted mouthpiece of a provincial party.

Suppose, for another example, he were called upon to express his opinion on the relation of the Pope to his subjects, and suppose him to state his opinion truly (which he would not fail to do), would he not have the whole Irish Church upon his back, to say nothing of the danger in which he would place the life of that most valuable citizen, John Gray, in giving such a shock to his religious feelings. I would wish you to communicate these views to Duffy, though I do not think they will influence him much."

D'Arcy M'Gee, a man more variously gifted, and of more imagination and ardour, agreed with Dillon that Ireland was not in a condition to maintain a great journal, and a great contest as of old, and that the *Nation* might with advantage be transferred to New York, but he admitted that that was a course I scarcely could or ought to take.

"New York, *May* 8, 1849.

"Io triumphe! You are free, my friend. I congratulate you with all my heart, and Mrs. Duffy, and Mrs. Callan, and all your devoted and delighted friends. It is the first Irish news I've heard since the 6th of August that gave me joy, and wherever there is a true Irishman on earth he will feel equally, or rather proportionately, glad. For no one must feel *equally* glad. To all intents and purposes you face the future, and about that same future I have much to say to you. The chieftaincy of Ireland is vacant now. It is only in Ireland it can be exercised. The greatest Irishman anywhere else is an Exotic, a palm tree from Arabia, stared at and admired, but not cherished or cultivated. You could take on that chieftancy at once if you had a fortune at your command, and even the want of that, perhaps, could be soon supplied.

"This is the cheering aspect of the case, and the details are lost in the outlines. But suppose you stay in Ireland, and revive the *Nation*. Is Ireland at present able to sustain this, or could you strike keys lower than those your fingers are familiar with? Then, mark you, others may say with impunity, what you must *not*, the Captain's choleric word in politics is unpardonable. I do believe, however, that if next October, the seventh vol. of the *Nation* appeared, it would have a success equal to the best of its predecessors. Only in this

event how can you shape a policy cognate and coherent with the past, yet fit for the present and hopeful for the future? Herein I see great difficulties to your revival. If you restart the *Nation* I hereby tender you the enthusiastic services of a New York Correspondent.

"*I* will not go back to Ireland. I have thrown myself on the race in America. I aspire to be the Duffy of our Emigrants; I have provoked their attention to projects and themes which I am bound to see out, or carry out. They have sustained me handsomely. Seven months ago I entered this city with £11 in my purse, since then I received 5,000 dollars, all of which has been sunk, as it came in, in their *Nation*. I therefore feel myself bound to our outcasts; at the same time my heart longs and strains itself after Ireland and you. I would rather ten to one live in Dublin. My little *Nation* in 1850, will give me personal independence, all I want or wish for. Whatever in sway, or wealth, it may create I shall feel bound to share with you, whether you stay in Ireland or come here. As it is, half of it is at your service, at this hour, and if you refuse it I have a mental reservation to devote so much of its gains to whatever Irish enterprise you originate at home. Personally, I would wish above all things to be your second again—but, I dare not say, come; you are by far better able to decide between Ireland and America than I can be, and I expect you *have* chosen already.

"As to the prospects of an auxiliary Irish party on this side, I hold them to be as good or better than ever they were. We have more Irishmen, and absence sublimes love of country. All the Irish here feel under a cloud till the work is done, and though if appealed to now they would be mighty hard of hearing, still they keep watching every speck of light in the Eastward. But any new Irish movement, social or other, should begin in Dublin. The waters must come from the fountain, and the command from the head of the army. You cannot make a tail a head, or any quantity of emigrants a people. All they can do is to give help, and that *you* could get, after a time, as largely as any one ever got it.

"You are, perhaps, aware that 'the Directory' here have some £5,000 or thereabouts in the funds, of Irish subscriptions since last year. This, or part of it, could be got for an

Irish purpose again—if the said purpose was clearly manifest. New means would also be subscribed as freely as before, and a new spirit evoked.

"The moral of all these pros and cons is command me, in any way, whether you come or stay. If you stay return boldly to moral force—not O'Connell's but Davis's—not the moral force of the Peace Resolutions, but the 'Creed of the Nation.' Assume that Mitchelism is dead. It is dead. It will soon cease to have any organ here, and when it cannot live here, with all its professors prescribing for it, what can it do in Ireland? Mitchel's policy was driftless and reckless as O'Connell's—the one was mad, the other a cheat. Between them lies your course, and in the very same quarter lies victory."

In reply to these letters I told Dillon that it was not Radicalism or Republicanism which was the motive power of my life, but the desire to put a sceptre into the hand of Ireland, and if ever that became impossible my career would be at an end. "Fallen as the country is," I said, "I would not exchange the hope of serving it for the rule of India. I will, if it lies in me, reorganise and reanimate it. And you may rest assured that extermination and famine have conclusively eradicated all reliance on Irish landlords. Whatever I attempt shall base itself upon the people. But your pleasant dream of a fraternal union of the imperial democracy addressed by a journal in London does not realise itself to me. In English democracy there have appeared no enthusiasts, no thinkers, like those who have won a worldwide audience in France. I do not doubt that the generous youth of England might be engaged in democracy by an Apostolic English organ of liberty, but scarcely by an Irishman, and if by an Irishman our own people would die out in the interval. I will co-operate with an Englishman who attempts this work, but I will myself hold by the old ship. Mrs. Dillon read me your letter to her on this subject, and I copied it to consider it well. I cannot transform my own views into yours, but I will transfuse yours into mine." To M'Gee I said that New York was impossible; a country must be regenerated from within, not from without. I could not satisfy exaggerated

hopes at home by promising impossibilities, nor could I lay down the cause for any consideration. I was the last of a party deeply pledged to nationality, and I could not lay it aside without dishonour. From other old friends advice as contradictory came.

"You must rebaptize the cause in the old Holy Wells," said Meagher, meaning that we must be more distinctly Catholic for the future. "You advised that two priests should be put on the War Directory," said a Protestant Nationalist. "Had they succeeded in seizing the country what would have become of us?"

I brought these conflicting opinions to one test—my conviction of what was best for the cause. I have committed grave mistakes as an Irish publicist, often created angry enemies, sometimes offended genial friends, but from the beginning to the end of my career I have no one to blame but myself, as I uniformly followed my own judgment.

As soon as the languor of a long imprisonment was mitigated I summoned a private conference of the most experienced Nationalists left in Dublin, who still made a very impressive show. They unanimously advised the revival of the *Nation*, and the re-establishment after a time of political agitation, citing O'Connell's saying that agitation was the lowest price Ireland paid for a little liberty. I told them that the protection of the farmers who were flying daily before the Exterminator seemed to me the most urgent business. For nationality we could do little just now, except keep alive its traditions; the ghastly clamour of unreal threats and promises which came to nothing was odious to me. I should never spend another hour in Irish affairs indeed except with the hope and determination to regain our national existence. But this was only to be done by working out patiently a large design, month by month, year by year; Ireland lay in ruins and needed to be rebuilt, beginning with the foundations and gradually piling work above like granite upon granite.

This was the policy of the revived *Nation*. To say that the country could be delivered then and there needed a besotted intellect or a brazen front. In an hour of profound darkness I set before the people what they discovered in the

end to be the only way in which they could make any progress. Though I proposed for immediate action measures of immediate necessity, I was careful to state the ultimate end frankly, because it is only large proposals which create enthusiasm. After all that had befallen us there were more men and more property in Ireland at that moment than when the Declaration of Independence had been made, or in any other of the great historical eras of the past. It was true, as we were reminded by our enemies, that many of the agencies of the past were wanting, but the best workmen are those who can work with the tools within their reach. My dear and venerated friend, Dr. Blake, the Bishop of Dromore, sent me advice and encouragement which fell in naturally with my general design.

"VIOLET HILL, NEWRY, *April* 30, 1849.

"MY DEAR MR. DUFFY,—I have read your letter, dated the 28th inst., with unqualified pleasure. Your motives for not reviving the *Nation* at present are prudent and praiseworthy. But what especially delights me is your resolution to make your leisure time subservient to the great purpose of providing immediate relief for our starving and perishing people. Your acquaintance and influence with many of our most benevolent and leading men will enable you, I hope, to bring them together and to organise some effective machinery for accomplishing that great work. The public feeling is well disposed for it, but it requires to be quickened into action by the exertions of an active and able committee respected and confided in by the whole nation. I have always expected much national good from you; I now expect more than ever. —Ever faithfully yours, "✠ MICHAEL."

This policy, which I explained in detail, met general assent, and I developed it in several numbers of the revived *Nation*. Since my imprisonment I had visited and corresponded with men who could effectually help such a policy. In London I saw Frederick Lucas and urged him to carry out the postponed design of transferring the *Tablet* to Ireland. We not only wanted his large brains and vigorous nature, but I was confident that Conciliation Hall had sown suspicion of the

Young Irelanders so widely that without him we should scarcely get the support of the Catholic clergy.

Under the title "Wanted, a few Workmen," I invited the help of young Irishmen to fill the gap disaster had left in the ranks of my friends. I did not conceal the long, weary way that lay between us and success, but any one who was not willing to accept cheerfully the conditions of the case would be a useless recruit. The latest workers had got the wages which mostly pays heroic toil; their successors might be more fortunate, they could not be more faithful. The appeal had the good fortune to please Thomas Carlyle, who wrote to me to declare that it was the best article on Ireland he had ever read.[1] Another writer, who has since won distinction as a practical teacher of morals and duty, expressed his satisfaction with the tone of the revived journal. "All true friends of progress in England," Dr. Smiles wrote, "wish you well, and bid you Godspeed. I have been greatly gratified by the manly and courageous utterance of the *Nation* at its new birth. You have made a great beginning in the education of the people to self-reliance and self-help. This must be the foundation of all true progress in a nation." Many volunteers answered the summons for workmen—among them some who became notable: first Maurice Leyne, grand-nephew to O'Connell. Leyne had remarkable powers; as an orator he was scarcely inferior to Meagher, and he possessed a gift which Meagher wanted, the great gift of humour. The popular squibs of the era we are now approaching were nearly all his work; John George MacCarthy, afterwards member for Mallow, author of some remarkable little books, and in the end one of the Land Purchase Commission in Ireland; William Shaw, a young Independent minister, destined to become a member of Parliament, and for a time leader of the Irish Party in the House of Commons in succession to Isaac Butt; and Edward Butler, who became Attorney-General in New South Wales; and but for an accident would have been Chief Justice of that colony. But my best helper was John Cashel-Hoey, who had gifts amounting to genius, and a safer judgment than any of his colleagues.

[1] See for Carlyle's letter and the article in question the volume entitled "Conversations with Carlyle," page 135. London: Cassell & Co.

John George Adair, the manly, handsome young squire who had coalesced with my friends in the Irish Council, expressed his cordial sympathy with this new attempt.[1]

Another recruit, who was obliged to maintain strict anonymity, promised to be of greater value than any of these William Jennings was a student on the Dunboyne establishment in Maynooth College, a class to whom any flirtation with the Press is strictly forbidden, but he was confident he would soon become a professor, which indeed befell, and in that capacity he projected help for my educational projects of the highest value; he designed to filter the stream of instruction at its fountain-head. "If I were," he wrote, "a professor I would create a love of general reading throughout the entire college. This might be an indirect, but I have firm faith that it would be a sure, means to make the entire clergy the most devoted Irishmen we could wish them."

But no recruit of that day brought me more hope of results than Edward Whitty. He was a young London journalist of Irish descent, but born and reared in England, whom the unfairness and malignity of Lord Clarendon's policy in the State trials kindled into a flame of just wrath. He was secretary of a Liberal Association founded by Sir Joshua Walmesley, and one of the writers in the *Leader*. He was son of Michael J. Whitty, who laid down a public office in Liverpool to become a journalist, who in later years was one of the founders of the Penny Press, and when he was a youngster was the writer of "Captain Rock in London," the little periodical which gave me so much delight as a boy, in Monaghan. From that time Edward Whitty became prac-

[1] "I cannot deny myself the pleasure of writing to you to congratulate you on your reappearance among us as teacher and guide, to express my cordial approval and deep sympathy with your new movements, and to request that my name may be enrolled on your list of workmen for Ireland. . . . However, the past is gone except as an influence and instructor. You have now to create manliness, honesty, industry, literature, the great elements of nationality, without which separate government would be but a trifling good. . . . I firmly believe that but for the Church question the great majority of Irish Protestants would be earnest Nationalists; in fact, nothing is wanted but honest common-sense teaching and working to organise a party that will be more formidable to English and Irish oppressors than anything we have yet seen. . . . I am determined to use any influence and talent I possess for the good of my country, in diffusing charity and truth, and elevating and purifying the tone of thinking and of acting among the people. It will give me the greatest satisfaction if in any way I can unite with you in the work.'

tically an active agent for Irish interests in London.[1] Whitty pressed on me to carry the *Nation* to London from quite a new motive.

My maxim, he said, is, and always has been, that the Battle of Ireland is to be fought in England. Scipio saved Rome at Carthage. But what other force to fight it is there than the *Nation*? I despair of the Irish members. They strike me as the most worthless of mankind. If the *Nation* were mine, I would double its size and sell it at fourpence. And I would publish it in London.

He consulted his father, and that more practical man was of an opinion almost identical with Dillon's.

"Touching the *Nation* in London (he wrote to his son) my deliberate opinion is against it. As it would necessarily be Irish and Catholic, none but Irish would support it, and few but those who now take the Dublin *Nation* would then take the London *Nation*. There is one thing, however, of which I have no doubt. If Mr. Duffy bestowed the same ability, &c., on a weekly paper in London that he does on the *Nation* in Dublin, he would have five times the profit and influence. I mean a democratic journal—fearless and talented, friendly to Catholicism, but not its organ. Such a paper would succeed, and do more real good to the cause of Ireland than all the pro-Catholic papers published."

But I was immovable in the conviction that the *Nation* must not be detached from the soil of which it aimed to be racy.

From the beginning gifted women were among the best beloved contributors to the *Nation*, and the revived *Nation* was destined to rally recruits of the same class. Julia Kavanagh, who was earning her income by literary work for English periodicals, proffered to aid the new experiment, without payment or applause, by her facile pen. Her letter is a touching illustration of the unconquerable sentiment of nationality which lives in the Irish heart:—

[1] Edward Whitty will probably be best remembered by his piquant articles in the *Leader* on the "Governing Classes" and "The Stranger in Parliament," a running commentary on public affairs, from which Richard Doyle once assured me he derived all the knowledge of them he ever needed. But his greatest work was his novel "The Friends of Bohemia," a political and social panorama which Thackeray need not have been ashamed to own.

"SIR,—I am not, I confess, a constant reader of the *Nation;* I know it chiefly through the extracts and misrepresentations of the English Press, but those extracts have sufficed to give me as exalted an opinion of your talents as the persecutions you endured formerly gave me of your patriotism.

"I should not, however, have troubled you with this letter but for an extract from the *Nation* given in this day's *Times*, by which I find you suggest a very excellent plan of promoting the Irish cause by means of popular tracts, essays, &c. It occurs to me, were this plan to be adopted, I might, perhaps, be of some use.

"I do not suppose my name is known to you, but I have been a writer for five years. I have published a few works, and contributed to *Chambers's Journal*, to their Miscellany, to the *Popular Record*, to the *People's Journal.* I am now writing for the journal of Eliza Cook. This, if I have not misunderstood you, is the literature you wish to turn into the channel of nationality. I have always felt that of myself I can do nothing, but I might be rendered useful, and nothing could give me greater joy. I make this proposal to you, sir, in the sincere belief that you will not misunderstand me, or think me guilty of indecorous and unwomanly presumption. I live by my labour and have not much time to spare, but in *this cause* I will gladly make time and dispense with payment; nor do I aim in the least at any sort of celebrity which may be connected with this movement. Let my name be known or not, it is a matter of total indifference to me. Let me only be of some use, employed as a common workman, and I am content.

"I speak somewhat earnestly, but I should not like to forfeit your esteem. I am Irish by origin, birth, and feeling, though not by education; but if I have lived far from Ireland she has still been as the faith and religion of my youth. I have ever been taught to love her with my whole soul, to bless her as a sorrowing mother, dear, though distant and unknown.—I have the honour, sir, to remain yours very sincerely, "JULIA KAVANAGH."

Of the old contributors two still remained, but much depressed in spirit.

Wallis grumbled at large, as his wont was, and announced that I need not count upon him for much assistance. But he recognised that our work was generous, even noble. "By the living God," he wrote, "I can conceive nothing nobler than that a few men, standing up in the midst of such social, moral, and physical pestilence as covers the length and breadth of Ireland, should say, 'We don't despair—we believe endlessly in the redemptive energies of man, whether in the mass or in the individual,' and who should testify by a lifetime of recuperative toil to the sincerity of their belief." Speranza had not lost sympathy with the National cause, but she had not unnaturally lost hope, and was indignant with the people at large. "I do not blame the leaders in the least," she wrote to me; "in Sicily or Belgium they would have been successful." To my policy and projects she gave a general but tepid assent and sympathy; but the eagerness and impatience of a woman of genius could ill reconcile themselves to the slow road we were bound to travel. One project to be mentioned presently—the Small Proprietors' Society—excited her enthusiasm as of old :—

"I read the pamphlet with great interest. If the object can be accomplished it will make Ireland a 'Garden of the Lord.' Nothing so admirable has ever yet been suggested. But the Small Estates should be guarded against sub-letting, or we shall have renewed cycles of pauperism only."

The new journal was more the express image of my own will and conscience than the old one, because my colleagues were young and untrained, and for a long time were fitter to practise than to project. They matured in time and became notable men, but not yet. It was impossible to write any longer with the glad confidence of '43, but visions of speedy success were replaced by a dogged determination not to fail in the end, and never to be turned aside from the goal of our race.

The national sentiment was subdued, but not extinct. It broke out in the disguise of imperfect and impossible proposals, but they at least showed that there was still an Irish question to be dealt with. A society for promoting the periodical meeting of the Imperial Parliament in Dublin met, in which Lord O'Neill, Lord Castlestuart, Lord Rossmore,

Lord Talbot de Malahide, and other peers took part, and half a dozen baronets, including Sir Harcourt Lees, then the representative Orange and No Popery orator in Ireland. The Federalists, under Sharman Crawford and Thomas Hutton, made a slight move, enough to show they were alive. These were the *tirailleurs* manœuvring and skirmishing in front of the silent multitude of Nationalists.

I re-established the weekly suppers which had been a rare enjoyment to the Young Irelanders. Some new recruits joined, among them Dr. William Sullivan, director of the Museum of Irish Industry ; Dr. Lyons, afterwards member for Dublin, and a physician in good practice ; and George Waters, now a County Court judge, all of them experts on practical subjects. John O'Hagan, by this time a successful barrister, only joined us occasionally.

In later articles I specified some of the work that might and ought to be done. We might make a new plantation in Ireland, not for strangers this time, but for the natives, under the Encumbered Estates Act. We might unite with the Ulster tenantry in obtaining a reform of the Land Code, which they desired as much as we did. We might encourage industrial experiments, primarily work done under the domestic roof, not needing coal or expensive machinery. There were one hundred thousand children who might be trained in reproductive employment, an experiment which was being tried at the moment in Belgium, in the *Atelier d'apprentissage*. We might encourage the people to create local Tenant Societies for their own protection and the prompt exposure of oppressive landlords. We might feed the national spirit with national books. The counsel of the *Nation* did not fall upon heedless ears. Two priests of the County Kilkenny, who became popularly known from the name of their parish as the Callan Curates, set the example of establishing a local Tenant Society, to awaken public opinion in the interest of the farmers. Their example was followed in various places, and a Tenant Right Movement was begun which had large practical results. The founders of the parent societies were, to use the popular parlance, expressive of affection and confidence, Father Tom O'Shea and Father Mat Keefe. The other projects were undertaken and carried out to the limit

of our resources.[1] The time was declared by timid persons to be altogether unfit for political action; but history is the safest umpire in such a controversy, and they were reminded that the Catholic Emancipation movement began immediately after a famine.

Some of the practical work accomplished at this time I still recall with satisfaction.

Many of the Irish landlords were practically bankrupt from a long career of extravagance and sloth. An Encumbered Estates Act had been recently passed, establishing a court authorised to sell compulsorily the property of insolvent landowners, and feudal castles and ancient manor houses had fallen before its hammer in every province. In three years a property had been sold, representing a rental of a million and a half, without the smallest advantage to the tenantry, to their detriment indeed, for the new law had altogether disregarded their interest in the soil, and the new proprietors were often more greedy and relentless than the old ones. Thirty nobles of all ranks under a duke, thirty-nine baronets or other titled persons, ten members of Parliament, and as many ex-members were struck down under this decisive law. The price of land fell disastrously, and the purchasers in many cases cleared out the majority of the population to increase the selling price of the property. Help from Parliament there was none, but I bethought me that we might perhaps help ourselves. If estates could be bought at the low rate which then prevailed, and the farms resold to the tenants at the wholesale price, a great good might be extracted out of the social wreck and ruin which prevailed. The most industrious and enterprising of the tenants-at-will might raise themselves to comfort and independence. It was a fascinating idea, but how was it to be realised? There existed at that time throughout England a multitude of Freehold Land Societies created by the Liberal leaders for the purpose of buying land wholesale, and re-selling it in allotments, which in addition to providing a home for industrious artisans would

[1] How hard it was to continue a national literature will be illustrated by the fact that no publisher in Dublin, not even the publisher whom national literature had raised from obscurity to opulence, would consent to bring out a collection of Meagher's speeches which he had left ready for the printers.

create county votes to leaven the franchise with a Liberal element. The method was borrowed from the practice of building societies long in existence. In addition to the reduced price, it greatly quickened the power of action. If a man wanted to build a house which would cost £200, and could only save £10 a year from his income for this purpose, it would take him nearly twenty years to accumulate the necessary funds. But if twenty men in this condition agree to club their annual saving one of them could build a house every year. The same principle that regulates the dealings of those twenty members applies equally to any greater number, up to thousands and tens of thousands. If there be forty members, for example, instead of twenty, there will be two houses built every year instead of one ; if there be eighty, there will be four houses built ; if two hundred and forty, a house will be built every month ; if a thousand, a house will be built almost at the rate of one in every week. The more members the quicker the operations of the society, and the greater each man's chance of getting what he wants soon.

Another principle was that it is cheaper to buy a thing right out than to hire it. The annual subscription necessary to be paid for about a dozen years to enable a member to acquire a house of his own was found to be no larger than the rent he would pay during the same time for the bare hire of a house of similar quality.

These principles apply equally to the purchase of land ; and the English Freehold Land Societies had applied them with great success. By clubbing together their savings, many thousand members became owners of small freeholds, and purchased the land in most cases at a less sum than the rent of it for ten or twelve years would have amounted to.

My proposal was to apply these principles to the creation of an independent and prosperous Yeomanry in Ireland. Such a system would check the fatal drain of men from the country by procuring for the Irish farmers at home that complete ownership of the soil for ever which was the chief inducement to emigration among the best class of emigrants.

I explained in detail the financial part of the system, on which it is not necessary to dwell here ; but I had been all my life a thinker and writer, not a man skilled in practical

affairs, and the fundamental question was whether the plausible scheme would work. I published it anonymously in the *Nation*, and afterwards in a pamphlet marked strictly private which I circulated chiefly among a few eminent critics. I wanted to fortify my convictions by adequate and independent testimony. The result was highly satisfactory. Stuart Mill, then the highest authority in questions of this character, wrote me :—

"You were already aware, from our conversation in London, that I thought very favourably of the plan. This favourable opinion has been confirmed by reading the pamphlet. The machinery of the scheme seems unobjectionable. The success of the Land Societies in England demonstrates its feasibility ; and it is open to none of the objections urged against any more summary mode of creating a class of Small Landholders owning the land they cultivate."

Mr. Bright, who was peculiarily disinclined to commit his name and reputation to new experiments, was very definite in his approval :—

"I need scarcely tell you that I rejoice to find you attempting the establishment of a Freehold Land Society in Ireland. There is no country in the world where such a society is more needed, and therefore, none in which more beneficial results may be looked for . . . In Ireland you have land to any extent offered in the market, and you have a great demand for it when saleable in small or moderate quantities. But it is all a question of management, for of the principle of these societies there can be no doubt. In England, so far, they have worked well, and with a little care they will work well in Ireland also."

Mr. Henry Taylor, the founder of the English Land Societies, and who had a high reputation for practical skill and experience, encouraged me with his approval :—

"I have read your proposal with the greatest care and I have not only no hesitation in giving it my unqualified concurrence, but I feel a satisfaction in saying that I believe in my heart the scheme will be found practicable, easy, and profitable."

Two men very notable at this period for their writings on Economic Science, Mr. Arthur Scratchley, an actuary,

authorised to sanction Friendly Societies; the other, Mr. Thornton, who was one of Mr. Mill's colleagues in the India Office, and had written successfully on Peasant Proprietary, became warm partisans of the project.

"I can frankly say (said Mr. Scratchley) that the case is admirably put, the principles are applied in a very satisfactory manner, and I could safely certify that the basis of the society is sound and equitable."

"It has interested me (said Mr. Thornton) more than any paper I have read for some time, for it seems to me to present the most feasible scheme that has yet been proposed for affecting the social regeneration of Ireland. God speed you, I say most heartily, and if at any time I see any way of aiding the good work depend upon my co-operation as well as my good wishes."

For nearly a year I occupied myself largely with this project, making friends for it wherever I could. One day I was so ill-advised as to mention the project to Mr. William Keogh, then a member of Parliament, of remarkable ability and uncertain principles. "Have you secured the assistance of John Sadleir"? he demanded. "No," I said, "what could he do for me"? "Everything," he replied. "He is a man of brains, of capital, of enterprise, of influence; you will want money, he can furnish it; you will want an influential board of directors, he can procure them; but above all you want the confidence men feel in a scheme approved of by a great financier and lawyer, and he will bring you that." I allowed Mr. Keogh to bring me to Mr. Sadleir's office, who promised effectual help. His cousin, Mr. Vincent Scully, Q.C., wrote an interesting and valuable pamphlet in support of the project. Mr. Sadleir himself was good enough to publish a letter explaining the working of the system, which was read with avidity, no one having any idea that it was drafted by me. My name, however, now got known as the writer of the original proposal, and my correspondence at that time was full of friendly and sympathetic letters approving of the project. My kind friend, Dr. Blake, sent up his vicar-general to confer with me on the subject, and he promised a large help in subscriptions.

The committee, got together with infinite pains, consisted of

a few men with special capacity for such an enterprise, a few others necessary to secure the confidence of the people, and two or three of social or official position whom Mr. Sadleir considered indispensable. Here are the names: Alderman Moylan, governor of the Hibernian Bank; the Right. Hon. More O'Ferrall, M.P.; William Shee, Sergeant-at-Law; Thomas O'Hagan, Q.C.; John Sadleir, M.P., chairman of the London and County Bank; Very Rev. David Moriarty, president of the College of All Hallows; William Monsell, M.P.; W. K. Sullivan, director of the Museum of Irish Industry; Patrick Lalor, Tinakill; Alderman Farrell, deputy governor of the Hibernian Bank; Tristram Kennedy, land agent; Captain Donolan; John Thomas Devereux, M.P., and Charles Gavan Duffy. The recruits obtained by Mr. Sadleir were Mr. More O'Ferrall and Mr. Monsell.

When our plan was ready to launch Mr. Sadleir intimated to me two or three methods of aiding it which he had in view. He had bought several properties in the Encumbered Estates Court which he would at once hand over to the society; the Bank of Ireland was announced in our prospectus as the custodian of our funds, but their methods were cumbrous and tardy, and it would be better to place our money in the London and County Bank in England and the Tipperary Bank in Ireland, whom he could induce to help us with funds whenever it was necessary. I had not the slightest idea that Mr. Sadleir was a swindler, but these proposals alarmed me. I said we were bound at any inconvenience to use the bank announced in our prospectus; the other method had been nearly ruinous to O'Connell in his conflict with Peter Purcell. There was a still graver objection, I thought, in accepting the estates Mr. Sadleir had on hands, for enemies would infallibly say our society was created to relieve him from unsaleable property. Other controversies arose, and Mr. Sadleir intimated that his friends, More O'Ferrall and William Monsell, were of opinion that the appearance of my name on the directory would alarm prudent persons. In later years, when I became intimate with Mr. Monsell, he assured me that there was not the slightest truth in this statement, but at the time I did not at all doubt it. Finally, he caused the society to be registered at the office of his firm in Dublin without consult-

ing me on the subject. I called the managing committee together and told them of my difficulties with Mr. Sadleir. Nearly the whole of them were of opinion that a man so capable and experienced as Mr. Sadleir must know best. I was deeply chagrined. I declared that I had created the society for great public ends, and would not consent to make it the milch cow for a firm of attorneys. I handed in my resignation and retired. After a time letters appeared in the newspapers asking when we would begin and what delayed operations, and I stated the facts briefly in the *Nation*. From that day the society wasted away and never so much as divided one of Mr. Sadleir's derelict estates. But I had wasted a year of my life without result.

Another project largely affected the interest of what was regarded as the people's bank in Ireland. One afternoon I received the card of an unknown visitor—Mr. Joseph Neale M'Kenna. "I took the liberty of calling without an introduction," he said, "because you know my father very well." "I think not," I replied, searching my memory in vain for any one resembling the new-comer. "Oh, yes you do," he replied, naming a silent, placid old gentleman, utterly unlike my visitor, from whose face rayed vigour and purpose as if they were physical not spiritual gifts. He told me he was one of three inspectors of the National Bank of Ireland, whom the directors had just dismissed for the offence of noticing in their report that certain of the directors had overdrawn their accounts, and certain of the local managers had fallen into arrears with their cash. He trusted I would consider this a case in which the Press might justly interpose for the defence of a public interest. I said, smiling, "You may take a conditional order. Satisfy me as to the facts, and I shall certainly intervene. It is a quarrel between the upper and under servants of the bank, and the bank belongs not to the directors but to the shareholders, and they constitute the legitimate and natural court of appeal, and to them I will certainly submit the case." The case revealed the most corrupt and unscrupulous conduct on the part of some of the directors. Many of them were heavily in debt to the bank; one of them, the director of an insurance company which had spent its capital and the premiums of insurers in paying

dishonest dividends, had induced several of the bank managers in Ireland to become agents for what Mr. M'Kenna regarded as no better than an organised swindle, and had protected managers who had violated their duty to the bank, if they did this work effectually. This gentleman had been returned to Parliament by the influence of the Repeal Association at the late general election. The yacht of one of the directors, a man with an historic name, was seized for debt, and the bank protected him against his creditors by claiming the yacht as their property. His younger brother was also a director, but had not invested a penny in the concern, a qualification having been borrowed for him. In short, the concern was fatally rotten. I opened the case mildly in the *Nation*, but the facts disclosed created consternation throughout Munster, where the bulk of the shareholders resided. Mr. Christopher Fitzsimon, a son-in-law of O'Connell, and brother-in-law of two of the directors, who was chief officer of the bank in Ireland, sent for his kinsman, Maurice Leyne, and demanded was the *Nation* going to ruin a great national institution. "Certainly not," I said, when the case was referred to me; "let the directors agree to an investigation before some competent arbitrators of the facts stated by the inspectors, and there never shall be another word on the subject in the *Nation*." Mr. Fitzsimon replied that the directors were not going to consent to be tried before their dismissed servants. I answered that it seemed to me a case between dismissed servants and other servants who ought to be dismissed, and I could not permit the latter to destroy four millions and a half worth of property, mostly belonging to Irish farmers and shopkeepers. The inquiry went on, Mr. M'Kenna writing letters clear, trenchant, and persuasive. Finally the peccant directors were removed by order of the shareholders, and two of the inspectors reinstated, the third having gone to Australia.

Let me complete the story a little out of chronological order. A couple of years later Mr M'Kenna found an opportunity of reciprocating my good offices effectually. Shortly after the *Nation* was revived I placed the commercial department under the control of Mr. John M'Grath, who was

admitted to a small share in the business. He managed it for three years at his discretion, when he suddenly announced his determination to retire, and claimed that a large balance was due to him, of which he demanded instant payment. I showed his abstract of accounts to M'Kenna, who, after a brief study of it, assured me that he had no doubt that the claimant on his own showing was in my debt. Mr. M'Grath took proceedings against me in Chancery, and the case was referred for the consideration of a Master. Mr. M'Kenna, who was a barrister as well as a banker, represented me, and before his scrutiny the entire claim disappeared, and Mr. M'Grath was brought in my debtor. Thus one good turn not only deserved but obtained another.

Shortly after the revival of the *Nation* a national requisition was put in course of signature, largely signed by ecclesiastics and laymen of note, to consider the state of the country. Mr. John O'Connell thought this a fitting moment to re-open Conciliation Hall and demand the immediate Repeal of the Union. He had become a militia captain since his last appearance in public, and some angry Nationalists denounced this violation of the peace principles of his father, but a caustic critic in the *Nation* told them "they were unreasonable, as it was quite certain he would not in his new capacity shed one drop of blood." I may dismiss Mr. John O'Connell from this narrative by stating that whatever was done for Ireland from that date till his death found him whining a feeble opposition. The country did not sustain the revived Conciliation Hall, and to keep the doors open he sold the noble library, collected at the cost of the Irish people, sold the instruments of the National Band, and finally sold the lease of Conciliation Hall and violated his father's will and testament as shamelessly as Nelson's will was violated by his brother, and by all these sacrifices succeeded only in assembling about a dozen coal porters and basket women once a week in a hall which had once held the flower of the Irish race.

A letter which I wrote to M'Gee when the *Nation* was revived tells in the briefest terms several things necessary to the integrity of this narrative :—

"DUBLIN, *April* 18, 1849.

"Thank Heaven I am emancipated! When John Williams fled he left me to cope with pecuniary embarrassments and complicated details of business which took up my whole time and nearly ruined the *Nation.* But I have sold a fourth share in it to Mr. M'Grath, solicitor, formerly a member of the Council of the Confederation. He will reside in the office, which has a fine house attached to it, and superintend the business, from which I am, as I say, emancipated. I propose that you should come over *forthwith*, and I will bestow on you what Mr. M'Grath purchased at £600, to be increased hereafter to £1,000. I have within this week given the last fragment of my personal property, a mortgage of £460, to increase the working capital of the establishment.

"The chief reason why I wish you to come at once is because it is impossible to do effective political work while my time is absorbed in the paper. I have only a little effective help, and great occasions are slipping away. A second reason is that to do anything worth doing in public life I must have leisure to think, which I have never had since the *Nation* was revived. When Williams fled the annual income of the *Nation* was £1,900. I have been compelled to neglect it since, and it suffered somewhat, but it will speedily reach that again. The American agency needs to be put upon a safe footing, and security given on this side the ocean for punctual payment. Otherwise it would be better never to send a paper across the Atlantic.

"After twenty weeks Drum has remitted only £12, meantime I have expended £160 on furnishing him with papers. I am embarrassed for funds, and this has become intolerable. Will you have the goodness to see Drum? If he does not settle his account promptly I will appoint some other agent. May I ask you in this case to find one for me? Hitherto the American agency has been an oppressive drain. Ireland is growing poorer and poorer every day, but she is still honester and more punctual than Irish America. I pray you look to this for me.

"If you come you had best come quickly. I would expect you to commence operations here on the 1st September with the second year of the *Nation.* Thomas O'Hagan assures

me you would not run the smallest risk of prosecution. The Government could make no case against you, and want anything rather than to stir the embers of popular indignation. On that score there is no difficulty.

"In case you do this, I would *not* wish you to blow any trumpets about uniting the two *Nations*, but announce your return to Ireland in a quiet spirit. But it is time enough to discuss these things. The present question is, Will you come, and come at the period I have specified?

"P.S.—I have never ceased to be anxious that you were here, because here or nowhere Irish work is to be done, and because, as a writer and a speaker, there is not any Irishman living whose help I would as soon have as yours. I think you want some faculties of statesmanship, for your *Nation* and *Celt* have been travelling the same road, which leads *nowhere;* but know, Thomas D'Arcy, that there is neither a poet nor journalist of the race of Heber and Heremon entitled to take his place before you. Therefore, I want to see you here in the time when the last effort must be made for Ireland. And perhaps, if I probed my heart a little deeper, also because life has not anything that compensates me for the pleasant summer rambles we have enjoyed together, speculating on the dead past and unborn future."

Later I wrote to the same friend :—

"On the question of the priests you are angry, and therefore unreasonable. Nothing has been done against you in America but was done also here against the old *Nation.* But we minded our work and let it blow by. I have seen the priests everywhere throughout Ireland since I left Newgate, and I would make oath that there are many of the young priests as zealous and true as the best of the Confederates. If there be others, enemies to liberty, they are there, and they or their successors will be there when we are in our graves. Writing against them would effect something by the time you were grey headed perhaps, but not much even then. A wise navigator does not preach sermons against rocks ahead, but takes entirely different precautions.

"You ask me ought you go on with the 'Personal Recol-

lections' you have been writing. I think not. Do you remember when you wrote the sketch of Carleton for the *Boston Pilot*, how vehemently I warned you against N.P. Willis-ing? It is an American vice which European literature abhors. Then the sketch of Mangan was in shocking taste, and a mere romance. 'He never borrowed more than 2s. 6d., forsooth! I lent him nearly a hundred pounds, and never gave him, but once, a sum smaller than £1—sometimes £5 or £10. The public have nothing to do with facts of this nature, *pro* or *con*, even if they are true, but you put him into a light at once mean and false to nature.

"John M'Keon, the Honourable John of your New York Irish Directory, has been here lately, and brought me an introduction from Dillon, and I learned from him the history of that ambitious experiment. I recognise now how fatally too late had been our appeal to America postponed by one of the whimsies which the people accepted from Mr. Mitchel as an oracle, that they had no need of assistance of any sort.

"Remember me to honest Michael Crean. The burr of his Clare brogue in the Council sounded sweetly in my ears, for it sounded always on the right side. Tell him I hope to shake his honest hand some day before I die."

Of my exiled comrades I got elaborate reports from Meagher, and short practical ones from MacManus. The first letter from the latter covers all the necessary ground with a rapidity like the seven-leagued boots of fiction:—

"THE POLICE DISTRICT OF NEW NORFOLK,
"*Feb.* 18, 1850.

"A friend going to England affords me an opportunity of writing you a hurried line about ourselves. We had on the whole rather an agreeable passage—a small cabin to ourselves with separate sleeping berths. We were rather badly off for provisions, and water was scarce and bad. Our health was good all through. We were not allowed to converse with either officers or men. Since we came here we are separated, but O'Doherty's, Meagher's and Martin's districts meet at a certain point, and once a week they can

converse there. O'Donohoe is next to me, but I seldom see him. He has started a paper, the *Irish Exile.* Poor O'Brien is really suffering a severe imprisonment, and his health is much affected. I am located here in a rural district with nothing to do but hunt and shoot. We have many sympathisers, and are expected to take high ground. Hampton, the Comptroller-General of Convicts, is quite willing to annoy us as much as he can. The people are all very kind to us and treat us with much respect and civility. The Government are evidently annoyed at this, and would be glad of an opportunity of humbling us. But they'll get none."

At this time a great design was undertaken by a great man. Dr. Newman came to Ireland to conduct and control a Catholic University, a task for which perhaps no man living was so fit. All the class who valued learning, and were able to estimate how much we had lost by the want of a University, gathered joyfully around him. We venerated him as one of the most pious and gifted ecclesiastics in the Catholic Church, but to most of us he was personally unknown up to his coming to Dublin. We were impressed by his sweet gravity, his simplicity of manners, and plainness of speech. But perhaps the greatest surprise was his lectures and sermons. The orator who had carried off in his revolt such a huge section of the English Church, who ruled supremely over so many consciences, was assumed to be passionate and eloquent like Savonarola or in a manner to which we were accustomed in the best preachers. Not at all. He spoke in a level voice, scarcely raised or lowered by a note, without action, and without the play of feature which we regarded as so large a part of oratory. A speaker may pause, Moore Stack was accustomed to say to his students, as often and as long as he pleases if he fill up the interval with emotion. But this eminent man exhibited no emotion. His speech was a silvery stream which never sank out of view or foamed into cascades.

The work which he had in hands had my deepest sympathy—to educate and disclipine the middle classes. He set to work to organise his staff of senators and professors. Men fit for the task were not plentiful, and he chose them not upon advice, but by the exercise of his skilled and ex-

perienced judgment, as he came to extend his circle of acquaintances. With the exception of a few converts who had followed him from England, the body of professors was taken from the Young Ireland party and their immediate friends. If I had the selection of them, they could scarcely have been chosen otherwise; but the committee for collecting funds and determining the principles and discipline of the institution, which consisted in equal numbers of prelates, priests of the second order, and laymen, was differently constituted. The laymen were respectable nonentities or shrewd men of business, who knew no more of a University than of astrology. The most notable of them was Charles Bianconi, the proprietor of the passenger cars so famous in Munster. My friend, Dr. Moriarty, said Bianconi was certainly a man of extensive reading, but it lay chiefly among weigh-bills. O'Hagan, O'Loghlen, Moore, Lucas, and other conspicuous Catholics were altogether excluded. It soon leaked out that Dr. Newman proposed to invite me to become Professor of Modern History, but Dr. Cullen peremptorily objected. I was a bad man, he conceived, "at the bottom of all evil designs, and in short the Mazzini of Ireland." Dr. Newman was too discreet and too new to the country to resist this strong opinion. Mr. Henry Wilberforce, secretary at this time of the Catholic Defence Association, who had come over to Dublin with the converts, and whom I had met occasionally with Lucas, said to me soon afterwards that he liked me much, but he wished I would wait till I became known before accepting any responsible position. "Yes," I said, "I have lived barely five-and-thirty years in this island, but I will endeavour to be patient till men who arrived here last year have made up their minds about me." I met Dr. Newman habitually at Dr. James Quinn's, and friendly relations grew up which were never interrupted. Dr. Quinn, who was headmaster of the principal Catholic school in Dublin, and afterwards Bishop of Brisbane, was a kinsman of Dr. Cullen's, but did not accept the opinions of his distinguished relative in my regard. One of the converts of whom I saw a good deal assured me that the Oxford Movement began in Ireland. In his opinion Bishop Jebb, and still more his friend Alexander Knox, for a time private secretary to Lord

Castlereagh, were the real authors of the Oxford Movement called after Pusey. Knox had a house in Dawson Street, Dublin, nearly opposite Morrison's Hotel, but lived chiefly at Marlay with the Latouches's. Knox exercised great influence on the mind of Dr. Newman, and Jebb borrowed his ideas from him. Knox is not long dead.

Some of the most *exalté* of my Nationalist friends were discontented with the foreign character which they feared Dr. Newman in the University, and Frederick Lucas in the Press (for he had now brought over the *Tablet* to Dublin), would give the coming generation. "We have the English brought over by Strongbow," said Maurice Leyne, "the English brought over by Cromwell, and the English brought over by William—now we are going to have the English brought over by Lucas."

CHAPTER II

THE LEAGUE WITH ULSTER

Dr. M'Knight consents to induce his friends among the Presbyterian ministers of Ulster to attend a National Convention in Dublin—Character and constitution of the Convention—Resolutions adopted—Establishment of the Tenant League—Meetings of the League in North and South—Constituencies pledged to elect League members, and funds liberally supplied—Lord John Russell's Durham letter and the No-Popery meetings—Dr. Cullen founds a Catholic Defence Association—Attempt of the Irish landlords to excite bigotry—Courageous conduct of the Presbyterian clergy—The General Election—New Ross—Letter to Sir Thomas Reddington—Meath, Kilkenny, and Wexford elections—Conference of upwards of forty of the newly-elected members pledged to the principles of Independent Opposition.

At the beginning of 1850 Lucas at length transferred the *Tablet* to Dublin. At that time the local Tenant Societies, founded by the Callan curates, were spreading over Munster, and a Tenant Protection Society had existed for four years in the North under the auspices of Sharman Crawford, with my old friend Dr. M'Knight for secretary. A Land Bill had been recently proposed by the Whig Government menacing the existence of Ulster tenant-right, which created exasperation throughout the province, and indeed throughout the island. Here was a grievance common to North and South, but North and South had not acted together on any question for more than half a century, and the union of Catholic priests and Presbyterian ministers seemed the most hopeless of improbabilities.

In this crisis I came to an understanding with Lucas to summon if possible a National Conference on the Land Question which would bring together all the discontented parties. It was now that my intimacy with Dr. M'Knight in Belfast came into play. I invited him frankly to join the

movement, and to get the principal men in his society to act with him. On his return from London, on a bootless deputation to the Government, he became my guest for a time. We had anxious consultations, and came to an understanding which produced memorable results. He signed the requisition for the proposed conference, and promised to bring to it a solid body of the Presbyterian clergy. When their attendance was announced in the newspapers the promise was smiled at by experienced politicians. But when the conference projected for June had to be postponed until August, to enable Presbyterian ministers otherwise engaged with the General Assembly of their Church to be present, a livelier interest began to prevail. This interval was not wasted. The men who projected the conference employed it in preparing the necessary agenda, and the Press was busy debating the principles on which the Land Question ought to be settled, and the method by which these principles could best be established. Plans and projects were nearly as plentiful as in Paris between the summons and the assembly of the Tiers État in '89. I took occasion to specify the policy of the *Nation* in the premisses, all the more because the claim of the tenants for complete justice had been first formulated by the *Nation* eight years earlier. There ought to be a plan, I contended, so just and adequate that it could be accepted by North and South, and might become the Tenants' Charter. It must provide, once for all, perpetuity of tenure.

"Over three-fourths of Europe (I said) the tenant is as immovable as the landlord, where landlords are not altogether unknown. From the British Channel to the Sea of Azof the tiller of the soil sits firm. Even under the British flag in Guernsey and the Channel Islands no one can divorce him from the land. This fixed tenure turned the rocks of Switzerland and the harsh sands of Belgium into cornfields. It would turn the spectral graveyard of Skibbereen into the cheerful and prosperous home of men. It is the custom of the civilised world on both sides of the equator. Here, then, the Irish tenant is entitled to take his stand."

The second essential point in a tenants' charter was a just rent. To fix a just rent it was necessary that the land should

be valued. The proposal had been scoffed at as something new and monstrous, but this was a mistake; it was neither new nor monstrous.

"Every estate, and every farm upon it, is valued by order of the proprietor to ascertain the rent it can pay. The demand of the tenant is only that this process shall be fairly performed; that such valuation, instead of being private or partial, shall be an official one, made upon established principles and by competent persons. The County Cess and the Poor Rate, levied by the direct authority of the State, cannot be assessed arbitrarily, like rent just now, so much on this man and so much on that. The law provides that there shall be a careful valuation of the land beforehand, and that the rate assessed shall correspond with the value. The tenant only asks to put upon the private landlord (insatiable in the pursuit of his own interest) that restraint which the State puts upon itself."[1]

To obtain the recognition of these rights it was necessary to have a popular organisation and a Parliamentary Party representing it. An organisation which could appoint and cashier members of Parliament would become more formidable in the House of Commons than if its principles were specifically approved of in the Decalogue.

The time was come when a settlement must be made if the Irish race was not to be extirpated, and I warned landlords that if they would not accept a fair rent they might evoke a spirit which would strike against rent altogether till a settlement was accomplished.

That we might be ready for our work a small committee of the best men connected with the movement was formed to prepare the business. By constant consultations, extensive correspondence, and the practice of printing and distributing the agenda among leading men, they laid the basis of unanimity. In the three or four months between the issue of the invitations and the assembly of the conference they were as assiduous as the Ministers of a great State awaiting a new Parliament, and it was during that time that the seed of all future success was sown.

I have described the Tenant League elsewhere.[2]

[1] *Nation*, May 11, 1850.
[2] "League of North and South." London: Chapman and Hall.

"There were nearly three hundred delegates in attendance, mostly representative men, carrying the proxies of a district. There were Presbyterian ministers, afterwards to be Moderators of Synods or professors in colleges; farmers who had manned the local societies, and some of whom were to ripen into members of Parliament; priests, destined to be archdeacons and bishops; and nearly a dozen professional men, who afterwards entered the House of Commons or were legislators in some of the great colonies. I have seen deliberative assemblies in free countries from the Thames to the Arno, and from the German to the Pacific Ocean, but I am persuaded that the picked men of the Tenants' Conference would match any of them in practical ability and debating power.

"Sharman Crawford, who would naturally have presided, was detained in Parliament, and his place was filled by Dr. M'Knight. The secretaries were father Tom O'Shea, Rev. William Dobbin, P.M., and William Girdwood, an Ulster attorney. Reserved, stern Covenanters from the North, ministers and their elders for the most part, with a group of brighter recruits of a new generation, who came afterwards to be known as Young Ulster, sat beside priests who had lived through the horrors of a famine which left their churches empty and their graveyards overflowing; flanked by farmers who survived that evil time like the veterans of a hard campaign; while citizens, professional men, the popular journalists from the four provinces, and the founders and officers of the Tenant Protection Societies completed the assembly.

"Day by day capable and energetic Presbyterian ministers worked side by side with Catholic priests of the same calibre in perfect harmony and good faith. When difference of opinion, which is inevitable amongst honest and intelligent men, arose, it was never a difference between North and South. The debates were free and full, but invariably courteous. There was no attempt to stifle dissent, a weak device very common in Irish councils; and the result was a definite plan framed on principles which have since been recognised as just, and which, after long resistance and delay, have all got established by law.

"Rents, it was declared, must be fixed by valuation of the land, and the power of raising them at will or recovering a higher rent than the one so establshed taken away from landlords.

"The tenant must have a fixed tenure, and not be liable to disturbance so long as he paid the rent settled by the proposed valuation. If he chose to quit, or if he could not pay his rent, he must have the right to the market value of his tenancy."

One principle which has since been recognised by law, but evaded in practice, is worthy of being set out in the *ipsissima verba* of the Conference.

"Nothing shall be included in the valuation, or be paid under the valuation, to the landlord on account of improvements made by the tenant in possession, or those under whom he claims unless these have been paid for by the landlord in reduced rent or in some other way."

These principles have since blazed like beacon fires in Ireland, sometimes obscured and apparently extinguished, but only to revive again. Sir Robert Peel thought it his duty when he passed the Catholic Emancipation Act to recognise that it was not to him, but to O'Connell in Ireland, and to Whig statesmen in England, that the success of the cause was due; and when he repealed the Corn Laws he attributed to the labours of the Anti-Corn Law League and the unadorned eloquence of Richard Cobden the triumph of which he was the agent, but I do not remember that either Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Parnell, or Mr. Davitt has thought it necessary to acknowledge where the principles of the Land Act ot 1881 were first successfully formulated and made articles of popular belief.

"The Conference closed its labours by establishing the Tenant League at a public meeting at which Catholic priests and Presbyterian ministers succeeded each other in the tribune in support of each resolution. A Council was appointed fairly representing the entire country, and it was agreed to raise a fund of ten thousand pounds, for the purposes of the movement, by assessing the counties in proportion to their capacity. We asked for money that many things might be attempted which, without money, were impossible—deputations, tracts, and contested elections

being the most familiar. Meetings of the Council were ordered to be held successively in different parts of the country, each to be followed by a county meeting, which should be invited to adopt the principles of the League. The feeling of the country at these proceedings was divided between satisfaction at the cordial union of the provinces and alarm at the startling programme. But satisfaction greatly predominated. The journals friendly to tenant-right were jubilant. The *Fermanagh Mail*, a strictly Protestant journal, circulating in one of the most Orange districts in the North, broke into poetic prose, which represented characteristically the delirium of the hour:—

"'It was a grand, an ennobling sight to see the children of the Covenant from the far North, the Elizabethan settlers from the Ards of Ulster, the Cromwellians of the centre, the Normans of the Pale, the Milesians of Connaught, the Danes of Kerry, the sons of Ith from Corea's southern valleys, the followers of Strongbow from Waterford and Wexford, and the Williamites from Fermanagh and Meath—all, all uniting in harmonious concert to struggle for this dear old land.'"

And a young poet of the *Nation* sang the event in authentic verse, of which one couplet passed from mouth to mouth:—

"The news was blazed from every hill, and rung from every steeple;
And all the land, with gladness filled, were one united people."

The reception of the League by the country was something as unprecedented as the union from which it sprang. In the first week county meetings were held in Wexford and Kilkenny, where Dr. M'Knight, Rev. John Rogers, Rev. David Bell, and other leading ministers of the Presbyterian Church had a cordial reception, and were overwhelmed with private hospitalities. Sergeant Shee, a leader of the Common Law Bar in London, presided at the Kilkenny meetings and justified the principles of the League, a fact of great significance. In the second week a deputation of Catholic laymen crossed the Boyne, and met a great assembly of tenant farmers at Ballibay, the noted headquarters of the Orangemen of three counties. Resolutions were proposed by Masters of Orange Lodges, and seconded by Catholic priests, and the Reverend Mr. Godkin, my old friend in

Belfast, now a Congregational minister in Londonderry, invited the deputation to go further North, and receive the welcome of Ulster under the historic walls of Derry. Lucas, who was ordinarily a man of sound judgment, made a mistake at Ballibay which bore bitter fruits. The Rev. David Bell had arranged that the Dublin deputation should stop at the "York Arms," an hotel kept by the family of Sam Grey, as a sign of amity and unity. As Lucas and I approached the town we were met by a local agitator named J. J. Hughes, who assured us that the Catholics were indignant at our stopping at the Orange headquarters, and besought us to go elsewhere. I replied that the fact was a signal evidence of the success of our movement, and that if the Orangemen were sacrificing their prejudices Catholics must not cherish theirs. I went to the "York Arms," and had a committee meeting in the evening, but Lucas unfortunately accepted the advice pressed upon us, and went elsewhere, a fact which created an opinion in the North altogether unfounded, that he was a man of intractable prejudices. The great county of Meath assembled on the banks of the Boyne. An immense meeting was addressed, among others by Sharman Crawford, who justified the principles of valued rents.

The meeting passed a resolution pledging the county to support no candidate at the next election who would not adopt the principles of the League. Tipperary followed Meath, and was followed in its turn by Orange Tyrone, where over the platform waved a banner of orange, green, and blue—colours which had not met in Tyrone in the memory of man except in open conflict. Mr. Powlett Scrope, an English member and well known for his benevolent sympathy with the labouring classes, sent me his congratulations on the union of creeds so long separated, and proclaimed the fundamental principle that "Property can have no rights inconsistent with the welfare of the people."

Donegal followed Tyrone, and Clare followed Donegal, and everywhere the union of creeds was complete and harmonious, and priest and presbyter vied in language of conciliation. They were invited to knock at the gates of Limerick as well as the gates of Derry, once the citadels of contending armies, and they were assured of a cordial

welcome in both. Hope, which had died out of the hearts of the people, rekindled like a torch; money, which had been long refused for all political purposes, came in a golden tide. The League had commenced in autumn, and when the winter was half over local societies were planted in nineteen counties out of thirty-two, an agency which gave the Council more eyes than Argus and more hands than Briareus, and, above all, the basis for obtaining a Parliamentary party was being silently laid. More than thirty constituencies pledged themselves to elect only Leaguers prepared to work in and out of Parliament for the establishment of our principles.

On this sunny prospect broke a sudden storm. The appointment of a Catholic Hierarchy in England by the Pope, and Lord John Russell's famous Durham letter, were occupying all minds. A vacancy in the Archbishopric of Armagh a little earlier enabled the Pope to appoint to the Primacy Dr. Cullen, Rector of the Irish College at Rome, a man who had spent his life in the labours and traditions of that Imperial City. He came with the additional and unmeasured authority of a Papal Delegate, and was welcomed with an interest not unmixed with awe. He had led a cloistered life in Rome, knew nothing of men, had an inordinate belief in maxims of policy designed for other regions, and a rooted reliance on his own judgment. The new ruler did not realise the common ideal of an Italian ecclesiastical diplomat. He had an awkward, unimpressive figure, and his speech was colloquial and commonplace, but under an unpromising exterior lay a decisive will and an overwhelming sense of authority which, with the mysterious attributes of Delegate of the Holy Father, gave his bearing not dignity indeed, but an air of individuality and power. His idea of government was said to be simple to nudity. Ireland should be ruled, as Rome was ruled, by ecclesiastics, laymen having no function but to contribute a sympathetic and deferential audience. The lively, joyous, loud-speaking Celt, with his strong sense of individuality and keen love of distinction, was a hopless subject for such an experiment, but of this the new-comer knew nothing. Dr. Cullen had been in confidential correspondence with Lucas for years, and was pleased with his ability and zeal, and did not doubt that he

would fall submissively into his projects. He gave him a subscription for the League, and thought it might do good if it held altogether aloof from rash counsels and temerarious projects, of which he believed I was a focus. But Lucas understood the era and the country better than the Primate, and held on his course steadily with the League. The Irish landlords determined to turn this sectarian feud to their purpose. The Grand Orange Lodge published an exhortation to good Protestants to rally round their menaced institutions, and a great landlord meeting was held in Dublin to kindle the No-Popery feeling of the country anew. No greater danger than this could assail the recent union of North and South, but the Northerners stood firm, and minister after minister at League meetings declared that the clamour of the landlords, and probably of Lord John Russell, was mainly designed to break up the blessed harmony which existed in Ireland.

Dr. Cullen, zealous for religion and indifferent to everything else, formed a Catholic Defence Association in Ireland, and chose as his principal colleagues and exponents Mr. William Keogh, Mr. John Sadleir, and Mr. John Reynolds, three men whose names need no addition to any reader who has lived in the same generation. Lucas, as a Catholic journalist, necessarily entered into this new Association. I declined to do so, because I was committed to a work of far higher importance, failing which another million of the Irish people would be shovelled into pauper graves. Mr. Keogh was a vigorous speaker, and his confederate, John Sadleir, though never heard in debate, was skilled in the wiles and devices by which political dupes are enlisted. These two men saw the opportunity the religious struggles gave them to better their Parliamentary position, for the Peelites under Mr. Gladstone and the Free Traders under Mr. Cobden opposed the new penal law by which Lord John Russell designed to strike the Catholic episcopacy. A considerable opposition was created in the House of Commons, and Mr. Keogh, who had rarely given an honest vote or uttered an honest sentiment, returned to Ireland as the champion of the Church and of the country. He wanted a political organisation at his back, and a Catholic Defence Association furnished it. It cannot be denied that the agitation if wisely conducted was

justified by the new Whig policy if the interest of Ireland in keeping North and South united was not liable to be imperilled by it. A large number of the Catholic clergy went into the Defence Association; but two sections of them, experienced old parish priests who knew the condition of the rural districts, and vigorous curates whose hearts were aflame with sympathy for the people, remained true to the League. Lucas endeavoured by private expostulation to realise to the bishops the actual interests of the country at the moment, but he was essentially a Catholic journalist, and in the *Tablet* he maintained a close relation with the policy of the Episcopacy. Dr. M'Knight was pained and finally exasperated by Lucas's articles at this time, and naturally sent his complaints to me. But there was no immediate remedy possible. A remedy, however, seemed to come in an unexpected direction. Mr. Disraeli, by an adroit motion which the Irish members supported, put Lord John Russell in a minority, and he resigned. If a Government could be formed from the Opposition there was an end to the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, and Ireland would be free to pursue its more vital purpose alone. But Lord Derby was not able to form a Government at that time, and the Whigs returned to office and carried their Penal Bill into law, but so damaged and discredited that neither they nor their successors ever made any use of it, and it was finally repealed after nearly thirty years.

A little later the Russell Administration was effectually ejected from Downing Street. Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli sat in their places, supported, however, only by a minority of the House of Commons, and a general election was announced. This was the opportunity the League had long anticipated. A list of trustworthy candidates was immediately prepared, with the name of Sergeant Shee at the head of it. That place was at first assigned to Sharman Crawford, for whom a Southern constituency was provided; but the Northerners insisted that he must fight the county Down, which he alone could win. Dr. M'Knight found it impracticable to reconcile a Parliamentary career with his office as editor of the *Banner of Ulster*, and Lucas's name and mine were next on the list. It was only after serious hesitation that I consented to enter Par-

liament. I had not the deep chest and wide shoulders they need who undertake that exhausting career. But I longed to try the experiment of independent opposition which I had urged on the Confederation, and to have the tragic story of the Irish tenantry told before the faces of their oppressors. We sought to strengthen our party by bringing into it a great Englishman, John Stuart Mill, whose opinions we largely shared, and failed only for reasons which he has specified in his memoirs. The first contest befell at New Ross, where I defeated Sir Thomas Redington, Under-Secretary to Lord Clarendon, and his active agent during my long contest with him, and who, although a Catholic, had continued to hold office under Lord John Russell while he passed the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill. This election was one of the most interesting and significant incidents in my life. But I have described it in a former book, and I must not repeat the story here.[1] A bird's-eye view of the transaction, however, is indispensable to my memoir. New Ross asked a candidate from the League, and the Council sent me, accompanied by Father Tom O'Shea and S. H. Bindon, the secretary. The most influential member of the Election Committee was well understood to be Father Doyle, the senior curate of the town. We saw him immediately, and while sharing his evening meal he frankly told me that I had no chance of success. The committee were nearly all Old Irelanders, and he was persuaded they would accept no Young Irelander. I induced him to call them together that I might face their objections.

Next morning the committee, which consisted of about two dozen persons, mustered eighteen or twenty, and Father Doyle, who was suffering from influenza, arrived, wrapped in a heavy cloak and muffler, to look on, he said, but not prepared to take part in the proceedings. Three or four members who would not consent to pay me the courtesy of listening to me came to the door and stared in for a minute or two as at some strange animal, and then took their departure. I had formed a resolution during a sleepless night to make that day a cardinal one in my life; it might be one of discomfiture and disaster; but at any rate it should be signal and decisive.

[1] "League of North and South." London: Chapman and Hall.

I told the committee I had been forewarned of their prejudice against me because I was associated with men whom I believed to be the most enlightened and disinterested whom Ireland had known in this century, but they had probably only heard one side of the case, and should now hear the other. A committee who were all Irishmen, who were probably all Repealers, and who had the additional ground of sympathy that they were all Catholics, afforded as fair a tribunal as I could ever hope to appeal to on my past career and my present designs, and I had come to the fixed resolution of accepting their verdict as final, whatever it might be. If after hearing my defence of the conduct of the Young Irelanders, and my aims in entering Parliament they declared that I was not a fit candidate for New Ross, I would abandon my candidature, resign my seat on the Council of the League, discontinue the *Nation*, and retire from Irish affairs for ever. This was my fixed determination, and I spoke for an hour under the strong feeling created by the belief that it was perhaps my last appeal to an Irish audience.

I do not know, and I can never know, to what extent I won the sympathy of the committee, for a factor came into play which baffled all calculation. As soon as I sat down Father Doyle stript off his cloak and muffler, and plunged into the business. He declared he would give me his unequivocal support, and made a passionate appeal for fair play, before which opposition seemed gradually to melt away. There were thrilling cheers which were not for the orator solely, as he urged point after point, and when I withdrew I believed that a majority of the committee were prepared to support me.

The Whigs were alarmed and the local gentry of both parties were besought to lend their help to Redington. The League felt that the contest was about to be a decisive one, and an address to the electors of Ross, signed by fifty leading Leaguers, North and South, lay and clerical, was issued and a strong deputation of Northerners and Southerners addressed the constituency in a public meeting. The landlord of the town and the parish priest were unfriendly to me, and success would have been impossible but for the decisive will of

Father Doyle. He had promised his support, he said, and he did not feel relieved from his pledge because his respected pastor had changed his mind. The people, familiar with his daily life and unsleeping services to the poor, accepted his guidance. The contest occupied the Press everywhere, it was the chief topic wherever political issues were debated, and the interest constantly increased. The young priests throughout the diocese of Ferns, some of whom had been Young Irelanders, and all of whom were friends of Father Doyle, trooped in to aid the popular cause, and the result of two days' canvass was that a majority of the electors were pledged to support Duffy.

The *Freeman's Journal* announced that the Reform Club in London had granted funds to tamper with the constituency, and then, as a counter move, a public fund was immediately opened to bear the entire expense of the election. The design spread from Dublin to London, and from London to New York. Enough funds, and more than enough, were supplied for the long contest, and the election did not cost me a shilling. I have many times before and since refused to accept tribute or testimonial for public services to the Irish people, but to relieve a man from the necessity of buying a seat which he does not intend to sell is a wise national policy and a good public investment. William O'Hara, uncle of Mrs. John Dillon, when my intention of entering Parliament became public, offered me a qualification by a rent-charge on his estate in the county Dublin; and when a report got about that Redington hoped to defeat me on some supposed informality in this instrument, William Eliot Hudson, living apart from politics, engrossed in the cultivation of national art and literature, sent me a rent-charge on his estate in Cork to make assurance doubly sure. The organ of the Castle assailed me in every number. I had spent my life in work which at all events was not obscure or discreditable, but the Castle critic declared I was no better than an adventurer, and that it was preposterous to compare my claims with those of the eminent official against whom I had the presumption to appear. I joined issue in a letter, not to the libellers, but to their employer :—

"I am 'an adventurer' (it seems) 'without stake or fortune

in the country.' Well, be it so. I have no more stake in the country than Henry Grattan had when he entered the Irish Parliament. I am not much richer than Andrew Marvell when he sat in the English Commons. But let it be noted that whatever I have, great or small, was honestly earned. Not a penny of it was won, Sir Thomas, by denying the country or the creed of my fathers. There is no blood-money in it, Mr. Under-Secretary. Dublin Castle stood open for me also if I could walk in the miry footsteps of a Monahan[1] or a Redington. The mart where Irish Catholics are 'bought, sold, or exchanged at the highest market-price' would not have refused even such humble capacities as mine when it finds it answers to buy up squires from Galway and 'fat cattle from the banks of the Barrow.' . . . I am 'an adventurer!' 'Thank Heaven, I am independent,' Robert Burns wrote, 'for I have learned to hold a plough.' If I may venture to echo so noble a sentiment, I would say, 'Thank Heaven, I am independent, for I have learned to hold a pen!'"

The contest, I reminded my adversary, had begun in the Court in Green Street. In their own dens of law I had defeated him and his patron, Lord Clarendon, and now the case was set down for re-hearing at New Ross :—

"There we shall have fair play at last. Mr. Justice Perrin shall not close the door against the people. Mr. Sheriff French shall not pack the panel. Mr. Solicitor Hatchell shall not pick and choose the jury. Mr. Baron Lefroy shall not harangue the audience in 'double-barrelled' charges. We shall have untainted justice, and you shall remember it to your dying day."

The prediction was justified. In the end Redington withdrew from the contest in despair. A candidate set up by the owner of the town, however, went to the poll, but by twelve o'clock the contest was over, and I had won by a majority of more than two to one. Even my bitterest Old Ireland opponents in the committee voted for me in the end. That night the town was illuminated, and the neighbouring hills blazed with bonfires to celebrate an event which a dozen weeks before seemed impossible.

[1] The reader has not forgotten that Mr. Monahan was the Attorney-General who conducted the State prosecutions of 1848–9.

The victory was pleasant news to my friends beyond the Atlantic. Meagher wrote to me :—

"It was a glorious licking you gave that 'baptized spaniel' and all the curs, of high and low degree, that hunted with him. Dillon and O'Gorman thoroughly unite with me in this expression of delight, and have specially requested me to say so."

I was already a member when Lucas stood for Meath, and was able to aid him by my personal presence. From Meath I went to Kilkenny, where I assisted at the election of Sergeant Shee, and from Kilkenny to Wexford, where the young priests who had aided my contest in New Ross carried the county in favour of one of my friends—Patrick M'Mahon, a barrister practising in London. John Francis Maguire, a popular journalist, was elected for Dungarvan against the influence of the Duke of Devonshire, and Tristram Kennedy for Louth against the influence of all the local gentry. Two Irishmen resident in London, Richard Swift, late Sheriff of Middlesex, and Dr. Brady, a man of large fortune, fought and won, under the sanction of the League, counties where great expenditure had become habitual. We did not attempt to displace men who had distinguished themselves in the Catholic Association, but our friends in their constituencies compelled them to accept a pledge to support Sharman Crawford's Bill, which included all the leading principles of the League but one. The original union of North and South did not create a greater surprise than the result of these labours, which secured the return of more than half the Irish members on the new principles.

When the elections were finished throughout the United Kingdom the Government and the Opposition each claimed a majority. This was the precise result we had hoped for and predicted ; for now, plainly, Irish votes would prove decisive. While the new members were still under the spell of the hustings, a conference of the friends of Tenant-Right was summoned by the League, to which all the members pledged to Crawford's Bill were invited. It met on September 8th in the City Assembly House at Dublin. Upwards of forty members of Parliament, about two hundred Catholic and Presbyterian clergymen, and gentlemen farmers, traders, and

professional men from every district in the country, answered the call. Sharman Crawford presided; the Conference deliberated from ten in the morning till ten at night with unbroken temper and courtesy. The object of the Leaguers in this Conference was to obtain the adhesion of the whole body of members to the critical and cardinal policy of Independent Opposition. Some of the old brigade hesitated and made difficulties, but the temper of the Conference could not be mistaken, and Mr. Keogh and his friend Mr. John Sadleir fell in with it, and were zealous for the policy and practice of independence. The following resolution was adopted:—

"That, in the unanimous opinion of this Conference, it is essential to the proper management of this cause that the members of Parliament who have been returned on Tenant-Right principles should hold themselves perfectly independent of and in opposition to all Governments which do not make it a part of their policy and a Cabinet question to give to the tenantry of Ireland a measure fully embodying the principles of Sharman Crawford's Bill."

The number of members of Parliament accepting the decision of the Conference amounted to upwards of fifty, and no opposition from any quarter disturbed its unanimity. Since John Forster vacated the chair of the Irish Commons half a century before so effectual and practical a work for Ireland was not accomplished as at these two sittings.

As Mr. Crawford was defeated in Down it was directed by an unanimous vote that Mr. Sergeant Shee, Mr. Keogh, Mr. Lucas, and Mr. Gavan Duffy should be requested to place their names on the back of the Bill and take charge of it.

I stated in the *Nation* the principle of Independent Opposition now at last triumphant as it was understood by the new Party:—

"The Irish members will keep themselves apart as an independent Party and a distinct power; precisely as the Pitt Party, the Peel Party, and the Free Trade Party did when they were small minorities and in hopeless opposition. They will act together; and in order to do so submit individual opinion, within the limits of conscience, to the common sense of the majority. They will vote for every measure of benefit to Ireland, no matter from whom it may proceed.

They will vote against ministers opposed to the Irish measures, *not*, as the *Chronicle* alleges, on every question, but on any question (not involving the serious interests of Ireland) on which they can be turned out of office." Thus the basis was laid for a great Parliamentary campaign for the long-neglected claims of the Irish tenantry.

The Irish people, who are contemptuously, but not altogether unjustly, accused of being *incuriosi suorum*, and the English people, who are indifferent to whatever is merely Irish, have let the events of this era fall into obscurity, but some of the transactions which are now to be detailed were powerful and permanent factors in the political history of Ireland as it is, and as it is to be.

CHAPTER III

IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

The Irish Party in London—Sergeant Shee, William Keogh, Frederick Lucas, George Henry Moore—Public dinner in London—Leaders in the House of Commons—Mr. Disraeli—Characteristic anecdotes—Lord John Russell, Mr. Gladstone, Lord Palmerston—*Tête-à-tête* with Sir Joshua Walmsley—Mr. Roebuck—Dinner at Richard Cobden's—Conversation with Bright and Sharman Crawford—Vigilance of the Irish Party—Their Bill read a second time—Petition against my qualification—The evidence of Mr. O'Hara—Decision in my favour—Vote of Want of Confidence formulated—Negotiations between the Government and the League Party—Lord Derby declares in Parliament that he will never accept the principles of Crawford's Bill—The Leaguers consequently vote against him, and the Government falls—The Aberdeen Government gives office to John Sadleir and William Keogh—Indignation in Ireland—Sadleir loses his seat—When Parliament reassembled seventeen members of the Irish Party deserted to the Government—Diary—A love poem—Select Committee on the Land Bills—Sharman Crawford deserts his own Bill.

PARLIAMENT met on the 4th of November,[1] 1852. The Queen's Speech announced that her advisers meditated a liberal and generous policy towards Ireland; and at an unusually early period four Bills, designed to regulate the Land Question in all its branches, were submitted to the

[1] A comical incident befell me on my first journey to Parliament. The carriage from Holyhead was occupied by four or five intelligent young men, and the talk gradually fell on Ireland and the condition of the Irish tenantry. A vigorous, enthusiastic young squire expressed strong opinions against the tenantry as greedy and dishonest, and I ventured to suggest that the greed and dishonesty were to be found a good deal on the other side. "Sir," he said, "turning his angry brow full on me, "I ought to know the facts, I am an Irish member of Parliament, and I have lived nearly sixteen years in that country." "Sir," I rejoined, smiling, "I ought to know even better, for I am an Irish member of Parliament, and I have lived six-and-thirty years in that country." A hearty laugh from our audience declared that my competitor had not won that trick.

House of Commons by Mr. Napier, the Irish Attorney-General. It was plain that the Irish Party, mustering more than fifty votes, were worth conciliating. When we reached London the new men were impatient to begin work, but Mr. Keogh was altogether opposed to hasty action—let them become familiar with the House and see a little of London, and then no doubt the time might be ripe for operations. But he was dealing with men who were in earnest, and these objections had to give way, and a consultation of the party was speedily summoned. They agreed to sit in opposition, to hold themselves perfectly free of all party organisations but their own, and it was strongly urged, though it was not made the subject of a motion, that they should decline official hospitalities from either side of the House. The time for introducing their Bill was considered, and sub-committees were appointed, charged with special duties on which men who took little part in debate might employ themselves. Parliamentary capacity does not mean exclusively the power of talking; Franklin and Jefferson rarely spoke in Congress, and Andrew Marvel never uttered a sentence in the House of Commons. But the Irish Party did not lack capacity of any sort for the duty with which they were charged. Sergeant Shee had acquired by long practice at the Bar an easy and fluent elocution and an imperturbable temper. The Sergeant was what is called a man of the world, determined before all to stand well with Sergeants' Inn and Westminster Hall; but his reputation was extremely useful to the party at the outset, and his massive head and stately carriage made him a notable figure in the House. Mr. Keogh had more political ability, but less weight. He was a man with a head and figure which, his admirers were accustomed to tell him, resembled those of the First Napoleon. His manners were so insinuating that it was hard to resist them if one did not start with a lively distrust, for he belonged to the gay, exuberant class of Irish adventurers who are fatal to weak women and credulous men. On some public occasion he declared that his aim in life was to raise himself and his country together. Practical people thought this a very sensible formula of political faith, but unhappily it represented imperfectly his intentions. He was determined to

raise himself, and was ready to bear with complacency whatever mischance befell his country.

Of the men who had no sinister ambition to promote, but went into Parliament for public ends, the most notable were Frederick Lucas and George Henry Moore. The one was a type of the bourgeoisie, refined by culture and a high sense of duty; the other a type of the gentry, refined by spiritualism and courage. Lucas was soon recognised as a skilled debater. He had serenity and temper, and was habitually deferential to the House, but under these graces there lay, as no one could fail to see, "genuine, solid, old Teutonic pluck." With time he would have become much more than a great debater. Of the qualities which constitute an orator, he possessed profound conviction and wide knowledge. His lucid narrative arrested attention by the mesmeric feeling that he was uttering well-weighed convictions. He had mastered the case of Ireland, not only with his intellect but with his sympathy, and his audience felt that he was telling them what he entirely believed to be true.

Moore was more agile and lively, had greater skill and address in social controversy, and understood the temper of the House better, for he belonged to the predominant class by birth, and had been their associate from an early age in studies and sports. It was a serious drawback to his usefulness that he was impatient of contradiction. Among men whom he esteemed and who were his intellectual peers, he was a charming companion—frank, cordial, and winning. He was entirely sincere in desiring the success of the Irish cause; but he had seen much of life on its seamy side, and had only limited confidence in its speedy attainment. He did not give the impression of a man who brings the force of a strong character to promote an end which he passionately desires; and though he pleased or provoked an audience almost at will he rarely controlled or persuaded it in any considerable degree.

The League members did not permit the party Whips on either side to communicate with them, and did not even ask information from the Government, except across the House. Sergeant Shee was an exception, to a limited and justifiable extent. It was necessary to ask facilities for our Bill, and, as

he had no notion of making enemies unnecessarily, he took an early opportunity of telling Mr. Hayter, the Whip of the Opposition, that he would gladly support the Liberal Party whenever he could agree with them. "You are very obliging," rejoined the Whip, "but we want men who will be glad to support the Party when they don't agree with them."

The Irish in London invited me to a public dinner. I suggested that it should be a dinner to the leaders of the Tenant-Right Movement, but they replied that it was not to the advocate of fair land laws nor even to the victor at the New Ross election they proffered the compliment, but to the State prisoner of '44 and '48 and one of the founders of the new literature in Ireland. The committee was one representing all the Irish districts in London, and I was touched to find that the secretary was my early friend Mat Trumble, whom I had lost sight of for a time. The dinner took place, and one of the banners presented is still an ornament in my salon, after nearly half a century. This friendly demonstration introduced me to a man destined to become a life-long friend, Michael O'Grady, the manager of an insurance office, and a man of great practical ability. He accompanied me at a later period to Australia, when he became my constant ally in difficulties and my colleague in office, and his sympathy and services only ended with his life.

Parliament was a focus of new emotions. It was a strange sensation to encounter in one hall of limited extent a crowd of personages familiar to cultivated men wherever civilisation existed. *Punch* had made many of them immediately recognisable, and some of them I had seen before. The most striking figure in the assembly was its official leader, Mr. Disraeli. In the front benches, crowded with Englishmen, for the most part bright complexioned and always punctiliously fresh in linen and visage, sat a man approaching fifty, with swarthy features and a complexion which had once been olive, on every lineament of which was written foreigner and alien. It was not an uncomely face, and far from unimpressive, but it was conspicuously un-English. Masculine will and unflinching purpose might be read, it seemed to me,

in the firm mouth and strong jaw—gifts worth nearly all the rest in the art of governing men. He dressed in complete disregard of conventional prejudices. A Chancellor of the Exchequer in a plum-coloured vest was a sight as perplexing to trim propriety as Roland's shoe-ties in the Court of Louis XVI. And he cultivated on his chin an ornament rarely seen and little loved north of Calais, a goatee.

I kept a diary at this time, often abandoned for weeks and even months, but tolerably certain to contain whatever I desired to remember accurately. I will have recourse to it occasionally as a safer guide than memory.

"Disraeli, I noted, sat during a debate in dumb abstraction, never cheering and never interjecting a denial. There he sat, the man who re-created his party; surely a great achievement. I have no doubt he loses friends by his apparent insouciance and the method in which he walks to his place—without looking at anybody; but I surmise from my own experience that it arises from near-sightedness. I perceive that he cannot tell what o'clock it is without using his glass, and somebody told me lately that he saw him hailing a police van, mistaking it for an omnibus. His face is often haggard and his air weary and disappointed, but he has the brow and eyes of a poet, which are always pleasant to look upon. He generally says the right thing at the right minute, and in the right way, and he is lustily cheered; but sitting among the Opposition I have abundant reason to note that he is not completely trusted. It is said that young Stanley, and other youngsters of his class, believe in him, and that the man who is so taciturn in Parliament is a charming companion among his familiars, and is a gracious and genial host. Some of his post-prandial *mots* steal out, and I should think make fatal enemies. Somebody asked him lately if Lord Robert M. was not a stupid ass. 'No, no,' said Benjamin, 'not at all; he is a clever ass.'

"Benjamin, the son of Isaac, only the second Englishman of his race, had his path strewn with difficulties like *chevaux de frise*, but how splendidly he overcame them all! A mutual friend told me that he predicts Gladstone will come to power, and that he will create an appetite for strong things which it will be impossible to satisfy, with the sure result of giving

the Tories a long hold of power. Such a success will be less difficult, he says, than Peel's was after the deluge of the Reform Bill, but it only needed patience to succeed. G. H. Moore declares that the popular idea that Disraeli created Lord George Bentinck is a mistake. Bentinck was untrained in politics when the Corn Laws were repealed, but he was a man of prodigious will. In one of his horsey cases it was necessary to produce a livery stable keeper of whom he had no trace ; he took up the London Directory and determined to go to every livery stable in the city until he had found his man, and he found him. Some of the young bucks on the Liberal side are fond of sneering at Disraeli's devotion to his wife, who would not, perhaps, be a suitable Queen of Beauty at a new Eglington Tournament, but to whom he owes everything. M'Cullagh Torrens says he saw them one night leaving the opera ; when descending the *grand escalier* one of the lady's shoes got untied, she stopped suddenly, and cried, 'Dizzy, tie my shoe.' Dizzy dropped on his knee and performed the service required. And why not? It is the devoir of a cavalier to his lady.

"One of my friends told me of an adventure he witnessed at Bellamy's. Olivera, who has a craze for the introduction of French wines at a nominal duty, stalked up to the table where Disraeli was dining, and, picking up a little flask of red wine and glancing at it between him and the light, demanded, 'Do you know what you are drinking, Mr. Disraeli? You think it is port wine, but it isn't.' 'No,' replied the man of the world, who was determined not to be bored, 'I have no doubt it was made at Holywell Street, but I like it.'

"On the opposite side of the House the eye was caught by a figure diminutive and insignificant to deformity. Ill-dressed, ill-posed, with unsympathetic, melancholy face, timid gestures, and feeble gait, he seemed an intruder on the scene, and was in fact a leader who for twenty years had shivered at the head of a great party. But it was my conviction then, and it remains my conviction, that if he were not the son and brother of a duke he would not have distinguished himself in a parish vestry. Around and behind him were the Whig and Peelite leaders, for whom all strangers in the gallery and newcomers in the House inquired.

"Mr. Gladstone was not yet the official leader of the Peelites, but he was the most noteworthy of them, and attracted close observation. He was habitually grave, it seemed to me, and spoke as if he uttered oracles, yet he left the impression that his speeches were not only improvised, but that the process of adopting a conclusion was not always complete when he rose to speak. But the vigour and grace of his rhetoric put criticism to flight. The House, which relished the *persiflage* of Palmerston, thought Gladstone too serious, and resented a little, I think, the subdued tone of contemptuous superiority in which he addressed the leader of the House. He was as smooth as silk, but there was manifestly a reserve of vehement and angry passion ready to break out when it was provoked."

Of another notable man I find this entry :—

"Palmerston has a gay, *débonair* appearance, which finds much favour with the House, but on me he makes the impression of a play actor cast in the part of a patriot statesman. Carlyle says he is a fitting leader for an age without sincerity or veracity."

A new phenomenon which attracted much attention was two long rows of Irish members sitting in Opposition. They included men of all ages, from the grey-headed Sergeant Shee to the boyish Captain Bellew, and a majority of them were new to the House.

Sir Joshua Walmsley, a former mayor of Liverpool, who had become spokesman of a Parliamentary group of Reformers, resting on a political society outside, appears a good deal in the diary of this date, but as nothing came of his coquetting with the Irish party one specimen will suffice :—

"Excused myself for Sunday to Walmsley (he had invited me to meet a number of his political friends at dinner, but I was engaged to Richard Swift and a muster of our own men). As he wanted to talk we dined soon after *tête-à-tête* at Bellamy's. All popular questions, he thought, including the Irish Land Question, ought to be postponed till an extension of the franchise was obtained ; then, and then only, would everything be possible. I told him that nobody familiar with the condition of Ireland would consent to a fresh postponement of the Land Question on any pretence. He thought

Cobden and Bright might be induced to lead the franchise movement if it became wide enough to promise a speedy success. I said I would be glad to see the franchise become the English question of the day, and it would get substantial Irish help. In Ireland the franchise had dwindled away till genuine popular representation had almost disappeared. We wanted an extension urgently, but the farmer wanted the right to live on his own land so much more that it was idle to speak of the questions together. He talked of Cobden with affection. He was a truly generous man, he said. His American investments had not turned out well, but he was always ready to put his hand in his pocket for a public purpose. A fund was raised to sustain Kossuth, and Cobden gave £50 a year, while many other conspicuous Liberals, including Bright, would not give a penny. I spoke of Hazlitt, Cobbett, Leigh Hunt, Hone, and the martyrs and confessors of Radicalism, but modern Radicalism does not apparently keep a calendar. He knew more of Edward Whitty, Linton, and The Orchestra of the *Leader*, but his esteem is moderate for any one who does not regard an extension of the suffrage as a specific for human woes. I asked him about Roebuck. Roebuck, he said, was privateering, and could no longer be counted on by any popular section. He loved no party, and no party loved him. My own observation confirms this description. I had some talk with him lately in the Library, and he seemed embittered and disappointed beyond any one I had ever encountered; his face had an expression that was scarcely human. I compared it mentally to the aspect of an angry dog—venomous and dangerous. He used to be called the most conceited man in Parliament, but his unkempt hair, stooping figure, and flabby look give him the appearance of a ruin."

A few days later I find another entry of interest:—

"Dined with Cobden at Westbourne Terrace, the other guests being Bright and Sharman Crawford. The talk ran on Ireland chiefly, and we were substantially agreed as far as concessions coming through Parliament are concerned. Cobden thinks little effectual can be done for any popular question in these countries till we get the ballot. 'Is the ballot not worth such a campaign as won Free Trade?' I

inquired. 'Yes,' he said, 'it is worth it, and it might be won in five years by the same agency. But where are the men? I, for one, am not ready for another lustrum of toil and sacrifice; it is work for new men!' 'There are new men,' I suggested, 'who I doubt not would act if you encouraged them; but I have noted with wonder that you and Mr. Bright trust your opinions and proposals altogether to their intrinsic merit. There is never any muster of your friends, never any whip, never any of the party diplomacy in which Mr. Hayter spends his life.' 'No,' he said, 'there is no attempt to create a party because we have none of the necessary agencies. We have no office or honours to promise, no court holy water to distribute; we can only state our opinions and leave them to take their chance outside the House as well as inside.' I suggested that the old Free Trade party, if he asked them, would insist on members being faithful to them on penalty of dismissal. Irish members of very tepid public spirit were compelled to vote right by national opinion at home. In the late Ecclesiastical Titles contest, for example, some of the men whom we trusted least in Ireland had been kept straight by fear of consequences. 'Yes,' said Bright, 'and by the hope of consequences also; they were associated in that contest with statesmen who were in the habit of carrying their supporters into office.' Cobden observed that Richard Sheil's conduct at that time was not edifying; he held his post in the Government during the entire proceedings, making it a point, indeed, to walk conspicuously out of the House on each division. But if he had resigned and led the Irish Party he would have struck terror into the Whigs, and the Bill might have been defeated. Sheil, Cobden added, was a genuine orator, but his speeches will be forgotten in a few years because they were not associated with any great cause, especially with the needs of his country. After a pause he added that he did not recognise much disposition among leading men of Irish birth to acknowledge the claims of their country. 'Look at Palmerston. Whenever any Irish measure was under consideration he was absent, or active on the wrong side.' I said I would never think of citing Palmerston as an Irishman; he was an Englishman born in Ireland and living on the proceeds of a beggarly

rack-rented Irish estate, but no more Irish than Tim Bobin. Cobden insisted that he was essentially Irish. If he let his beard grow for a week and ceased to wash his face no one could distinguish him from a hodman from St. Giles. Whatever was least pleasant in Irishmen might be found in him: ill-timed levity, braggadocio, and unfathomable insincerity. The conversation went off on Sharman Crawford's Bill, which Sharman explained and defended a good deal too like a professor for a dinner-table. He does not talk, he harangues. It is fine, however, to note the genuine sympathy of this big proprietor with the working farmer.

"Cobden said Ireland did not exhibit much discretion in the choice of representatives. In the present Parliament, for the first time in his memory, she sent men apparently moved by public motives, and who might, it seemed, be trusted to do what they promised. I said O'Connell relied on himself, and wanted agents, not colleagues—a fatal mistake when the purpose was to persuade hostile and prejudiced opponents. The bulk of the present men were not only better than their predecessors, but some of the worst of the old set were excluded, and for ever, it might be hoped.

"Speaking of the Irish members Bright said his kinsman Lucas was a man of great vigour and sincerity. He would make a better use of his life, however, if he crossed over the House and sat by him (Bright). I laughed, and said he ought to be shot for a spy if he came into our camp to recruit for the other side. Lucas, however, was beyond his influence. Some one said of him that he was born a Quaker and turned a Catholic; he was born an Englishman, but he turned Irishman. I told them a *mot* Sergeant Murphy made about Lucas and Bright which would have been very effective if Lucas were a blockhead, but, being what he was, it altogether lost its point. Lucas (said Murphy) is *Lucus a non lucendo*—Lucas, not Bright.

"Listening to Cobden and Bright, I thought it highly creditable to the English people that the former was recognised as the leader. Bright has more public gifts, a finer voice, a more emphatic manner, a more self-confident bearing, and a more habitual consciousness of power; but Cobden was

the persuasive teacher ; his lofty and spiritual forehead, and frank, friendly expression, which were altogether worthy of the great reformer, were somewhat marred by a mouth and chin manifestly weaker than the brow, but relieved by a cordial smile.

"When I left Westbourne Terrace I asked a policeman at the door to do me the favour of calling a cab. ''Deed I will, Misther Duffy,' said he, 'and more than that.' 'How do you know me, my friend ?' 'Ah, sir, wasn't I six years in the Metropolitan Police in Dublin ?' "

When political parties were carefully scrutinised, it became plain that the Government were in a minority, unless they could obtain support from some section of the Opposition. In the third week Mr. Villiers launched a party vote against them ; but the immediate danger was postponed by an adroit amendment, framed by Lord Palmerston, who had not yet come to an understanding with his late colleagues, and was resolved that a political crisis should not precede that event. A little later Mr. Napier's Bills came on for consideration, and proved better than we had expected, the vital principle of compensation to tenants for past improvement being distinctly recognised. Sergeant Shee obtained permission to introduce the League Bill, and it was set down for reading as early as the Government measures. To dangle their Bills before the eyes of Irish members, but not to press any of them to a division till the contest of the Free Traders had terminated, was the ministerial strategy. Mr. Disraeli, with easy nonchalance, announced that the whole question must stand over until after the Christmas recess. But the Irish party was present in force and not disposed to be trifled with. They contended that the Government Bills ought to be read a second time immediately, and Sergeant Shee's also, and referred together to a Select Committee fairly chosen from the landlord and tenant parties. The Government gave no answer to this audacious proposal. The Whig party, the Peelite section, Cobden, Bright, and the Free Traders, even Joseph Hume, Sir Joshua Walmsley, and the small knot of Radicals, had left the Irishmen without aid or countenance ; but they stood firm, and renewed their proposal again and again. As the Govern-

ment were not prepared to yield, the Irishmen moved the adjournment of the debate, and were supported by Lord Godrich, Lord Monck, Lord Mulgrave, eldest son of Lord Normanby, whose name was still popular in Ireland, the son of William Cobbett, and a few newly-elected Radicals, and mustered fifty-nine votes. It was plain there would be a protracted and unflinching contest, and after much parley the Government gave way and consented to read all the Bills a second time, and send them to a Committee of the character suggested. To the consternation of the Irish landlords the measure which they had derided for twenty years as "Crawford's Craze" received the second reading, which affirms the leading principles of a Bill, and was to be referred to a Committee, nominated by Mr. Napier and Sergeant Shee, to settle the details. Next day the *Times* was furious and the Tory Press dumbfounded by this concession.

In the meantime the landlords were not idle. They also had remedies to propose. Lord Lucan submitted a Bill to his peers providing increased powers of eviction, and facilitating distress for rent, which he conceived would meet the real difficulties of the case. Lord Westmeath introduced another Bill inflicting severe penalties on tenants who cut their crops after sundown to the peril of the landlord's claims on the entire cereal harvest. Some more politic proprietors, advised apparently by Isaac Butt, who was the leading spokesman of their opinions, declared that the true specific for the public distress was a revival of the Corn Laws.

Election petitions rained on the new Parliament. More than a fourth of the House had their seats called in question, twenty of the Irish party being assailed in this way, including nearly all the leaders of both branches. My seat was attacked upon various grounds, one of which excited considerable attention; it was alleged that my property qualification was inadequate. I qualified from a rent-charge, and Parliamentary Committees had formerly listened to evidence intended to show that such annuities were legitimately bought and strictly collected—evidence which in certain recent cases nobody was able to believe. What would the Young Irelander do, it was demanded, with respect to a rent-charge which he certainly had not bought and probably

did not collect? I instructed my counsel to rely on the naked facts, extenuating nothing, and withholding nothing. The committee was constituted in the usual manner—of two Whigs, two Tories, and a chairman of moderate opinions.

My first witness was Mr. O'Hara, a retired solicitor of capacity and experience. After stating that he had offered me, and that I had accepted, a rent-charge of £300 a year on his landed property, he was cross-examined. "I presume Mr. Duffy paid at least a dozen years' purchase for this annuity, or was it twenty years?" said the counsel for the petitioner in the tone of badinage usual on such occasions. "No," replied Mr. O'Hara, "he did not pay a penny." "Did not pay a penny!" echoed the learned counsel, with uplifted hands and eyebrows, and a triumphant glance at the committee. "The annuity (he continued) was received quarterly; no doubt Mr. Duffy collected it punctually?" "No," replied Mr. O'Hara, "he has not collected it at all." "Pray tell us, Mr. O'Hara, were you surprised at this neglect in realising his property?" "Certainly not? I granted the annuity for the purpose of a Parliamentary qualification, and I never expected him to enforce it." "So, sir, you created this charge on your estate without receiving any price for it? The grantee never asked you to pay a single instalment, and you admit that you never expected that he would? In point of fact, was not the arrangement a mere pretence and delusion?" "Not at all," rejoined Mr. O'Hara, with admirable coolness, "the law requires that a borough member should have a legal estate of £300 a year, and I granted Mr. Duffy such an estate as effectually as if he had paid ten thousand pounds for it; he had the right and power to enforce it at his discretion; if he had judgment creditors they might enter on the land, seize my cattle, and sell them to satisfy their claims. I have given him all I could give. The price to be received in return is, I conceive, a question affecting me alone."

Mr. William Eliot Hudson was in attendance to prove a second rent-charge; but it was not necessary to produce him, as the intrinsic value of Mr. O'Hara's grant was not disputed. The committee retired to deliberate on the case submitted to them. M'Mahon, the member for Wexford,

had advised me from the beginning that the legal estate was all the law required; and when the room was cleared he was still confident in this view. But my friends generally were apprehensive that the committee would be of a different opinion. Some of them urged me to stand again if the decision should be unfavourable. "Folly," I replied somewhat impatiently; "if the decision be unfavourable it is because my qualification is invalid, and there will be an end to my Parliamentary career." Dr. Brady, the League member for Leitrim, had been taught the value of money by early struggles gallantly surmounted, and this is an experience which prosperity seldom completely counteracts. But he had at bottom a generous Irish nature, easily kindled into a flame. "Certainly not," he rejoined, "Consols or dividends constitute an unassailable qualification, and I will transfer £10,000 to your credit to-morrow morning, in the Bank of England, if the necessity arises." The necessity did not arise, for after a few minutes we were called into the committee room to be informed that my qualification was valid. This decision in a case where nothing was coloured or withheld contributed to bring the practice of requiring a property qualification to an end. In the next Parliament it was abolished."[1]

Perhaps it may help to illustrate the wisdom of treating Ireland justly if I cite the effect this decision produced on the friend who represented me, during my absence, in the chair of the *Nation*.

"Did I not tell you (Cashel Hoey wrote to me) you would make a Parliamentary precedent as well as a Four Courts one? After all a committee of English gentlemen is the noblest and fairest tribunal on earth. As I have read the evidence, by my honour, there is not a man upon that committee who could not, with perfect satisfaction to his conscience and his character, have given it against you. They ignored law to do justice, and did the same with courage.

[1] My counsel, Mr. O'Malley, Q.C., and Mr. Huddleston, expressed great satisfaction at the manner in which they had been instructed to conduct the case, and the latter, when Baron Huddleston, in 1886 publicly renewed his expression of pleasure at the sort of case and instructions which I had put into his hands, and the public result which followed in the abolition of the property qualification.

"God has made your path out of a heavy strait, and made it marked and memorable to all men—you, almost the first Irish Nationalist, who have walked without subterfuge or chicane into the British Parliament."

On all the other charges in the petition I got not only a decision in my favour but costs against the petitioner.

When Mr. Disraeli introduced his Budget it was not Protectionist after all. Some of the Whig wire-pullers became alarmed at this strategy. "Give Dizzy six months," some of them whispered, "and he'll wheedle a majority." To bar such a fearful catastrophe a motion was privately handed about destined to bring down the Government, and the Irish Party were invited to support it. It was sanctioned by Whigs, Peelites, and Free Traders, but the Leaguers answered that the question which interested them was Tenant-Right, and that they had had no assistance of any sort from Free Traders to obtain that concession. At this juncture Sergeant Shee invited Lucas and me to a condential conference at his chambers in Sergeants' Inn. It was confidential then, but after more than forty years it has become historical. A Cabinet Minister, Mr. Walpole, was authorised to negotiate with the Irish party for their support to the Budget. After deliberation we answered in writing. We were pledged not to vote for any Government which would not accept the leading principles of Crawford's Bill. It was a moderate measure, framed by a great landowner, and introduced into Parliament by a great lawyer. It would go before the Select Committee with Mr. Napier's Bills, and if the Government undertook to accept its leading principles we could promise to bring at least twenty members, who would otherwise vote against it, to support their Budget. Some official who loved his acres better than his party or his office probably betrayed this negotiation to the Irish landlords. A strong deputation was sent to remonstrate with Lord Derby, and Lord Roden asked him in the House of Lords whether if the Select Committee should approve of what were called the principles of Crawford's Bill, the Government were prepared to adopt them. Lord Derby assured his friends that the Goverment would certainly not adopt them. This was conclusive, we could no longer

support the Budget without a violation of our pledges, and we voted against the Government, who were turned out of office by a majority of only nineteen. The support of the League would have given them a majority of over twenty. The landowners obtained delay by this sudden *coup*, but they made the final settlement more stringent. All the principles which they resisted at that time are now the law of the land; but a crop of new demands has sprung up from the exasperation of hope deferred. At this time I made a hasty excursion to France, to see John Dillon and his family, who had made a visit to Europe, and came as near the mother country as the English authorities permitted him. Wilson Gray accompanied me, and we found we had been preceded by some other friends. "Dillon (says my diary) looks vigorous and tranquil; he preserves the sweet serenity that distinguished him of old." I cannot pause on this visit except to note two lessons I got—one against prejudice, one teaching magnanimity. On Sunday morning Gray and I strolled to the local church without waiting for the Dillons. After we came out we compared notes, and agreed that French women had an unrivalled art of dressing. One *petite dame*, who knelt before us, was, we agreed, the best-dressed woman we had seen for a decade, showing that only the French, &c. When she walked out of the church we discovered that the *belle dame* was our countrywoman, Mrs. Dillon. The example of magnanimity was furnished by Dillon himself. We told him what was being done in Ireland, not only above the surface, but, as we understood, beneath the surface. "We ought to consider," says Dillon, "that what we call England is the only country in Europe where the personal liberty of men is secure. Here we are living under a perpetual spy system. We don't know that our servants are not spies, and it is little better in Germany and Italy. It goes against my conscience to see anything done in the pursuance of our just quarrel which is not done in broad day." When we consider that the exile was shut out of his own country by the Power he was judging so generously this was surely finely magnanimous.

When the Derby administration fell, a Coalition Government under Lord Aberdeen was formed. There had been a

general shaking of hands; Palmerston and Russell sat side by side in the new Cabinet, and the Peelites mingled with the old Whigs. But the minor appointments excited a pause of amazement, and then a storm of indignation. Mr. John Sadleir was a Lord of the Treasury, and Mr. William Keogh Solicitor-General for Ireland. Up to the last minute, in the most express and emphatic manner, Messrs. Keogh and Sadleir had pledged themselves never to take office from, never to support, always to act in opposition to, any Ministry not pledged to repeal the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, and to make a Land Bill, framed on the principles of Sharman Crawford's, a Cabinet measure. And here was a Government to whom these things were plainly impossible. The Leaguers were not surprised at a perfidy which they had predicted, but they were outraged by its audacious cynicism, and alarmed at its evil example. No one could tell how far the treason would spread. Mr. Anthony O'Flaherty was spoken of as Irish Secretary, and Mr. Vincent Scully for some legal sinecure. It was plain that the military law, which, to prevent desertion, prescribes the flogging of deserters, was applicable to the case, and the leaders and journals of the League applied it vigorously. The provincial Press put the new officials in a pillory, and George Henry Moore separated himself from them peremptorily, warning the country that a question which demanded instant attention from the constituencies was—How many followers they could carry with them across the House? But, though at the outset the desertion seemed to be condemned by a verdict that was universal, it soon became plain that under various decent disguises there were men ready to applaud and justify this "free trade in political profligacy."

The Council of the League took up zealously the resistance to the deserters with one disastrous exception. The Northerns were divided on the subject, but the most influential of them, Dr. M'Knight and Rev. John Rogers, insisted that the new officials must have time to explain themselves—perhaps they had got terms from the Cabinet, and they certainly could be more useful to the cause in office than out of office. I asked them to read the pledge these gentlemen had taken, and to remember the question really at issue was whether members

elected at an immense sacrifice by an impoverished people were to make conditions for the country or only conditions for themselves. If the latter policy was determined upon I thought the League members ought to receive instructions when the Government were next in need of Irish votes to say, with Dr. M'Knight, the cause would be greatly advanced by having good men in office, and we would like to have something pleasant for ourselves. Mr. Lucas inquired whether the time the new officials were to have was to extend over their elections—must we wait until they went back and told the House of Commons and the people of England that their constituents approved of their conduct? If the Government could buy Irish support by places they would willingly pay that price for it, but there would be an end to public concessions. A motion condemning the deserters was carried in the Council against a minority of only four, and a deputation was dispatched to Carlow to exhort the electors to reject Mr. Sadleir, and they were happily successful. He was defeated by the refusal of the men who had formerly supported him to continue their confidence. But it was a great deduction from the satisfaction of the victory that Sadleir was supported by the Catholic Bishop of the diocese, by Father Maher, uncle and confidant of Dr. Cullen, and by many local priests, who, like Sadleir, abandoned the principles they had hitherto professed. A further humiliation, almost equivalent to the loss of his seat, awaited Mr. Sadleir. During his canvass he ventured to suggest that Lord John Russell had proffered to the Brigadiers, as they were called, a practical retractation of the course he had taken on the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill; and when Lord John was questioned on the subject in the House of Commons he repudiated it with unconcealed scorn. No explanation, he affirmed, had been given, nor had any been asked. When Parliament reassembled the taint was found to have spread. Of thirty-eight members who attended a conference in one of the committee rooms, one-and-twenty declared themselves determined to sit in Independent Opposition, as before, and seventeen adhered to the Government. It was plain the Government had bought more than a brace of deserters; they had driven a wedge through the Independent party, dividing it into two sections,

and English opinion scarcely took the pains of discriminating between them.

When the minority coalesced with the Whigs and Peelites it was assumed that the majority would coalesce with the Tories. The House did not in the least understand that these men had no personal aims, and had no alliance or understanding with either of the only parties it recognised. From that time the Irish Party, which had carried their Land Bill to a second reading, were divided into almost equal parts, and it was soon known that Archbishop Cullen and the bulk of the Catholic Bishops adhered to the minority. Mr. Keogh, whose re-election was delayed by a petition, got elected and came before his sympathisers, like Richard of Gloucester, leaning on the arm of a bishop, the same bishop who half a dozen years before had gone to Conciliation Hall to proclaim that the Young Irelanders were the enemies of religion.

I must recur to my diary for some social gossip to relieve the painful strain of politics at this time :—

"There was no business on the paper to-night in which I took the least interest, and I accepted an invitation from J—— to walk home and dine with him. Our way lay through a wilderness called Victoria Street. It is a huge road that pierces one of the worst quarters in Westminster, running for half a mile, apparently, from the Abbey in the direction of Eccleston Square. J—— said he had shot snipe formerly within a gunshot, and I suggested that he might shoot sparrows still, for there are not half a dozen houses yet built, and there is a general air of desolation and loneliness which is alarming. After dinner a curious accident befell. The hostess, a sentimental young woman, produced her album and asked me what I thought of the verses with which the volume opened, while J—— smiled with a significance, the meaning of which I altogether misunderstood, when I saw that the verses were some I had written for the *Vindicator* ten years ago. 'I think,' I said, laughing, 'they are dreadful drivel. The hyperbolical devotion of Corydon to his shepherdess, reminds me of Moore's lines—

"'He thought her a goddess, she thought him a fool,'

(as I have no doubt she did),

'And I'll swear she was most in the right.'

My hostess looked flushed and offended. 'I don't mind your laughing at me,' she said, 'but pray don't laugh at verses which came from the very heart of my husband when we first knew each other ; and which I will treasure to my dying day.' I hastened to apologise for my rudeness and got out of the scrape indifferently well."

When Parliament reassembled the Leaguers urged on the appointment of the Select Committee to which the Land Bills were referred. After much negotiation a committee of twenty-nine members were chosen, half of them being unequivocal landlords, or landlords' friends, and on the other part, Shee, Lucas, Duffy, and Colonel Greville from the League. Mr. Bright and Dr. Phillimore, as *amici-curiæ*, and other supposed neutrals, including Mr. James Sadleir, brother of the new Lord of the Treasury, and Mr. J. D. Fitzgerald, a future Attorney-General. During this session the labour of the Leaguers was constant and exhausting. When the Select Committee sat they attended the House at noon, and only left it after midnight. Every Catholic or Irish interest in any part of the empire was referred to some of them. In the House they sat among enemies, and faced more dangerous enemies on the other side of it, the representatives of the constituencies supported by the undoubted majority of the Irish bishops. And after their success against Sadleir they had no further success. As the session proceeded, whenever a candidate went to the hustings he was hamstrung from behind by episcopal friends of Dr. Cullen. But the most important deserter from the principles which had carried Crawford's Bill to a second reading was Mr. Crawford himself. He published a letter advising the tenant-farmers to accept and be thankful for a measure more moderate than his Bill. He described the policy by which the Irish Party had won so signal a success in the current session, and described it accurately as a policy of "acting on their pledges." But though two members had just forfeited theirs he was not disposed to complain. He found it impossible to doubt that they would use the position they had obtained to promote public ends. Though we all now know that he might as reasonably have given credit for good intentions to Titus Oates as to John Sadleir, it would be cruel to triumph

over the mistakes of an honourable man. Yet, as he had been twenty years in Parliament without getting his Bill read a second time, while the men whom he lectured carried it to a second reading in a single session, it would have been modest to recognise that they were better judges of Parliamentary policy than he was.[1]

[1] It cannot be doubted that in the policy of the Northerns the example of Crawford counted for much. An unjust prejudice against Lucas as a furious bigot (which he was not; he was a zealot, not a bigot) prevailed from an early period, and some of them were persuaded that it is only men in office who can carry questions successfully through the House of Commons. But Negro Slavery had been abolished by Wilberforce, Religious Equality established by O'Connell, and Free Trade by Cobden, without any of them having held office under the Crown. There were lower motives also at work. The Prime Minister was a Presbyterian, and the Duke of Argyll and two other colleagues belonged to the same Church. If there were four Catholics in the Cabinet it could not be doubted that the Catholics, who had imperilled the League on the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, would have been found hoorahing at their backs, and we were patient with this sympathy.—"League of North and South." London: Chapman and Hall.

CHAPTER IV

CONTROVERSY WITH JOHN MITCHEL

His mis-statements and slanders; their refutation.

WHILE we were engaged in this struggle to save the Irish race from destruction and Ireland from becoming a grazing farm for absentee landlords a new trouble appeared. John Mitchel, who had escaped from Van Diemen's Land and arrived in the United States, established a newspaper called the *Citizen* at New York, and plunged into Irish affairs. What patriotic Irishmen ought to do with the Tenant League, he declared, was to renounce and repudiate it. "Nothing would ever be obtained for the tenant farmers from the British Parliament; their best hope was an Irish expedition from the United States with arms in their hands, which might be expected, perhaps, before another year had elapsed." Many generous young Irishmen gladly accepted these promises. It would be so much better to welcome our brethren from America with arms in their hands than to petition an insolent and unsympathetic Parliament in London.

It is no longer necessary to invite the judgment of posterity on that policy. Two generations have since lived and died; all the League demanded has been won from Parliament, and the expedition which Mr. Mitchel was expected to lead never set out; neither the Crimean War, the Indian Mutiny, the heat between England and France, which at one time threatened an explosion, nor the Fenian organisation in the United States, having furnished the opening for which he

was supposed to be waiting.[1] Towards the close of his life he visited Ireland to preach the kindred doctrine of refusing to seek Home Rule in Parliament, and of electing only such members as were resolved not to sit in the House of Commons, and whose seats would necessarily go (as his own seat went) to the enemies of the people. It was a hard *régime* that Mr. Mitchel imposed on his countrymen. We were to look on, session after session, while hostile Acts of Parliament were directed like spears at the breast of Ireland, but take no notice. We were to see the young and strong fly from every port, but do nothing to retain them, relying on his prediction that when the fragment of the Irish race was sufficiently exasperated they would rise and deliver themselves with sword and torch.

It was a curious aggravation of this fantastic folly that a dozen years later, at the close of the American War, when Mr. Mitchel had to consider under nearly identical circumstances what he himself would do and counsel others to do, he adopted in America the policy which he had denounced as futile and shameful in Ireland. This is what he wrote:—

"There was no longer a Confederate Government—it had disappeared from human eyes; and inasmuch as a country cannot be without a government, and the only government then in fact subsisting being the Federal Government of the United States, I owed to it from that instant full obedience—which obedience I at once yielded in good faith, as I think my fellow-citizens at the South very generally did at the same time and for the same reason. I am therefore *no longer a Secessionist nor a rebel, but a Unionist and a lawful citizen.*"

While Mr. Mitchel was denouncing the League in New

[1] The plan which gave most promise of an expedition to Ireland was Fenianism, but of Fenianism and its leader Mr. Mitchel wrote: "Meagher and myself met Stephens by appointment at my lodgings in Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington. He demanded of us in a somewhat high tone that we should enter into his conspiracy, and should use all the credit and influence which he supposed us to possess amongst the Irish citizens of the United States in order to procure money for the purposes of that conspiracy. It was a startling proposal. Unfortunately for him, we could not believe his statements and speedily arrived at the conclusion at which many others have since arrived—that he was a *humbug*." After this declaration of opinion Mr. Mitchel was sworn in a Fenian and despatched as an agent of the organisation to Paris, and accomplished as little there as he had done in Dublin and New York.

York, Dr. M'Knight at Belfast was making it a ground of distrust against the League Council that some of us had once been associates of a man who had joined the base band of slave-owners in America and had done his best to destroy the freest constitution in the universe.

From politics Mr. Mitchel proceeded to personal abuse, and in his "Jail Journal" published imputations upon me as shamefully and demonstrably false as those of Mr. Barrett or Mr. Birch. Among the associates of my life, from my boyhood in a provincial town down to that hour, I had never lost a friend; why John Mitchel became an exception is a fit subject for inquiry in this narrative. Our intimacy began in a way that promised a different result. I found him in mature manhood the local attorney of an Ulster village, and, recognising promise of public usefulness in him, I invited him to write a volume for the Library of Ireland, and finally I brought him to Dublin as a contributor to the *Nation*, with an income which placed him at ease, and a position which opened for him for the first time a public career. In what spirit I acted while we were associated he has himself described: "I do not blame you," he wrote, in the note announcing his retirement from the *Nation*—"I do not blame you in the slightest particular; and, moreover, I am quite certain I could not have worked in subordination to any other man alive near so long as I have done with you. And, lastly, I give you credit in all that is past for acting on good and disinterested motives, with the utmost sincerity, and also with uniform kindness to me personally."

After a couple of years' frank and cordial co-operation Mitchel left the *Nation*, and left under circumstances in which I am persuaded no honourable man will hold me to blame, circumstances which, reviewing them on the brink of the grave, I still regard as I did in that day. The reader of this narrative has already heard them. It is only necessary to say here that he desired to alter the policy of the party we represented from Nationality to Jacobinism, to transfer our contest for Irish rights from the control of men who guided their conduct by principles of enlightened equity to tenant-farmers and farm-labourers, demoralised and pauperised by famine; and at the same time attempted to employ the

journal which was recognised throughout the world as the mouthpiece of Irish rights in the monstrous task of applauding negro slavery and denouncing the emancipation of the Jews. I would not permit him to make me responsible for these opinions at that time, nor would I permit any man in the world to do so to-day.

When we separated Mitchel established the *United Irishman*, and during the three months of its existence it attained prodigious popularity by promising weekly, generally in letters to the Lord-Lieutenant, to immediately overthrow the English Government in Ireland. No preparation was necessary, he declared, the people were as ready for insurrection as powder for the match ; no military leaders were needed—a people found their own leaders ; and as for arms, they had arms in abundance. At the time these tirades were written they appeared to me as wicked and senseless rhodomontade as they appear to history to-day. But a more baneful cause of difference soon appeared. The new opinions on the method of making a revolution were wholly taken from a private letter addressed to me by Fintan Lalor, and Mitchel appropriated them to himself without a single allusion to the author. It was of "my opinions," "the opinions of me, J. M.," he constantly spoke. Lalor was deeply indignant, and I shared his feeling. Whenever I met Mitchel it seemed to me that my significant silence on a subject which had been discussed between us daily up to his retirement from the *Nation* produced the same effect on him as if I had whispered, "How do you reconcile your new theories with the fact that you are masquerading in the stolen garments of Fintan Lalor ?" At any rate, notwithstanding his description of the manner in which he had been treated in the *Nation*, the new journal was used from the first number to damage my authority as a popular leader. From that time the policy of the Confederation was guided by him or by me. Up to the French Revolution I had a decisive majority, and I always retained the sympathy and co-operation of the entire body of the Young Ireland leaders. After the French Revolution Mitchel attained immense popularity by promising prodigious results, none of which were ever accomplished ; for my part I aimed to the best of my abilities to be a states

man, striving for ends that could be attained by means which were honourable and adequate. If in later life I had occasion to exhibit any faculties deserving that name it may be assumed they were not wanting in the vigour and fervour of manhood and in the service of my native country. During Mitchel's exile no unfriendly word of him was ever published in the *Nation*, but I was now free to encounter him, and after the libels had proceeded for three months, and all been republished in the *Nation*, I answered him very much to the purpose. I published a letter to John Mitchel from Charles Gavan Duffy which was widely quoted and debated in Ireland and America. It was issued in pamphlet form as a supplement to the *Nation*, but was so much smaller in size than the newspaper that it has rarely been bound up with it, and has almost completely disappeared. This pamphlet was immediately answered by Mitchel, and as he is dead and I am living I shall not quote from it one imputation which he did not positively or tacitly admit to be true in the controversy which ensued.

The first number of the *United Irishman* contained a letter from Father Kenyon congratulating the newcomer that, unlike the *Nation*, it would not curtail dissent and extinguish thought by rejecting unpalatable communications. The third number contained the contribution whose rejection by the *Nation* had excited Father Kenyon's wrath, and it was ushered to the world with the significant comment by the editor of *United Ireland* that this was the letter suppressed by the *Nation*. The case was this—when O'Connell died Father Kenyon immediately wrote in the *Nation* an estimate of his character and career, which was considered offensive and inhuman while his body still lay unburied. A little after he followed it up by a second communication in the same spirit, which was postponed until a more convenient opportunity.

"Free opinion and free discussion (said the *Nation* on that occasion) are good in their time and place. But this kind of gladiatorial combat over a dead body has been disused since the Trojans and well-booted Greeks fought over the corpse of Menœtiades."

In that day of passionate revolutionary excitement and preternatural suspicion it was beautiful to contemplate the

contrast between Mr. Mitchel's gallant and generous acceptance of free opinion and my cowardly rejection of it. One line from my letter to John Mitchel will dispose of this case :—

"Oh, soul of candour and chivalry! it was *you* who suppressed Kenyon's letter in the *Nation*; it was you who notified that this kind of gladiatorial combat over a dead body had ceased with the Pagan times! And it was you who published in the *United Irishman* Father Kenyon's denunciation of the cowardly conduct in question."

Is there any gentleman alive who in such circumstances would not have burned to declare that *he* was responsible? but Mr. Mitchel maintained a disingenuous silence.

The next case I may borrow without abridgment from the pamphlet :—

"You were an habitual reader of the *Northern Star* in '48; every number of your paper contained extracts from it. You were in personal communication with the Irish Chartists, and spoke at two of the three meetings they held in Dublin in that year. In the *Star*, Mr. Fergus O'Connor published a fabulous biography, describing how you sacrificed your noble professional income to be a mere writer in the *Nation*, and how you were compelled to break away from that unworthy journal, because the cowardly proprietor, Gavan Duffy, not only trammelled the free expression of your sympathy with the English Chartists, but himself wrote infamous reactionary articles about digging deeper the gulf between Ireland and them. Afterwards Mr. Dyott adorned his speech with this story at one of the Chartist meetings in Dublin, and improvised an effective comparison between Mr. Duffy, of the *Nation*, and Mr. Conway, of the *Post*. His speech was, of course, transferred to the *United Irishman*, but this paragraph was adroitly omitted. You chuckled, I have no doubt, at the odium that was created against me among large masses of men in England and Ireland, and at your own growing Chartist popularity. Will you chuckle now when I disclose the fact that, of these reactionary anti-Chartist articles I was not the writer, and—you, Mr. John Mitchel, were! It was you who proposed to dig deeper the gulf between the Chartists and Ireland!

"In our relations at that moment a sensitive gentleman would have walked into a furnace rather than shelter himself from reproach behind me. But you took the benefit of the fable; and I, for my part, left you your miserable triumph rather than distract the Confederation by an exposure.[1]

Mr. Mitchel's gravest charge in his "Jail Journal" is that I lowered the National cause by producing Father Mathew, Dr. Blake, and other witnesses to speak of my past career, and by allowing Meagher to prove that a letter bearing his signature was inserted in the *Nation* during my absence. This was my reply:—

"And now, sir, let us consider your charges on their merits.

"The first amounts to this: That I was guilty of crime and cowardice in producing witnesses to character, and permitting it to be proved that certain of the articles in the indictment were not written by me.

"Before defending that course, I wish to inquire how it comes you selected *me* for reprobation on this score? I was the *last* tried of the State prisoners: six months after Martin—five months after O'Brien and Meagher—four months after O'Doherty and Williams—and that which you charge as crime upon me, *every soul of them did months before me.* Mark, there is not a single feature of my defence which was not anticipated by the prisoners you left behind you in Van Diemen's Land, or rejoined in America. And there is not one of them but what was tried and convicted long before my first jury was sworn.

"The earliest tried was John Martin. In your 'Jail Journal' you described him as your main reliance for revolutionary vigour in Ireland; others you pronounced 'not sufficiently desperate; your chief trust was in Martin and Reilly.' . . .

[1] These are the terms in which Mr. Mitchel wrote in the *Nation* of the Chartists before his conversion to Jacobinism—"We have received a printed address from the Chartists of England to the Irish people, with a request that we should insert it in the *Nation.* We desire no fraternisation between the Irish people and the Chartists—not on account of the bugbear of 'physical force,' but simply because some of their five points are to us an abomination, and the whole spirit and tone of their proceedings, though well enough for England, are so essentially English that their adoption in Ireland would neither be probable nor at all desirable. Between us and them there is a gulf fixed; we desire not to bridge it over, but to make it wider and deeper."

Martin was tried six months before me; and what was his defence?

"Did 'the unfortunate man, bowed and prostrate to the earth,' produce witnesses to prove 'his legal and constitutional character'?

"Did 'the poor man try to evade the responsibility of some of the prosecuted articles, by proving that they were not written by himself'?

"Mr. Martin did precisely what you are pleased to describe in these terms. His brother, James Martin, was produced to prove that so recently as the March of the same year, and a month after the French Revolution, he had delivered a speech in Newry, in which he declared for the 'Constitution of '82'—advocated 'the authority of the Queen, Lords, and Commons' of Ireland—disavowed any intention to 'unsettle property'—disowned 'insurrection,' and said unequivocally, 'Let it be understood, then, that for one Repealer, I do *not advocate violence or war*, and I am just as peaceful in my views now as before the recent events which have created such a warlike spirit in some of my countrymen.'

"The most dangerous articles in the indictment against Martin were James Fintan Lalor's. An order of Court was obtained by Martin's counsel to remove Lalor from Clonmel to Dublin, for the purpose of acknowledging his own writings; and he was not examined in the end, only because it was found his testimony, on the whole, would be dangerous to the prisoner (in fact, it might have been elicited that Martin had read proofs in prison of the articles in question). But in lieu of his personal evidence, a '*subpœna duces tecum*' was served on the Attorney-General to produce a letter which Lalor had addressed to him, claiming the responsibility of the articles; and a similar letter of Reilly's was read to the court and jury in the course of the defence. In the end the charge of the judge turned chiefly on the question—whether Martin was cognisant of, and responsible for, these particular articles. And Mr. Butt requested permission to read two queries 'written by the prisoner himself,' to bring the mind of the jury to bear directly on the injustice and absurdity of convicting him for the work of others: First, whether the jury believed that *John Martin* intended to depose the Queen,

or make war against her? and second, whether *John Martin* expressed both or either of these intentions?

"This was the first of the State trials. Mr. Martin adopted the practice universal in such circumstances—the practice of increasing, by every legitimate means, the difficulty an arbitrary Government found in convicting him. He employed the only defence admissible in an English court—he pleaded 'not guilty' by the evidence as well as by his answer to the arraignment. I do not blame him in the smallest degree—but for you, Mr. Mitchel (who knew these facts), I fear me your indignation is not heroic rage after all, but only the black bile of personal malevolence.

"The Clonmel trials followed next. O'Brien summoned his Parliamentary and private associates to say what he was and what were his opinions. Mr. Monsell, Sir Denham Norreys, Bolton Massey, Sir David Roche, and others, were examined with this view. The cause of which he was the leader had been stained by brutalities of sentiment which revolted him, and he separated himself peremptorily from them by this evidence. I most confidently believe his anxiety at that momentous hour was less for his life than that his character might stand right with his people then and thereafter. But whatever were the specific motives, he did that in September which you assail me for doing in the April after.

"Terence M'Manus is not reputed to want courage. Well, Mr. M'Manus thought it not unbecoming to produce merchants of Cork, Waterford, and Kilkenny literally 'to bear witness to his good character in private life' as a commercial man. The Castle Press had described him as an English Chartist, and that practical intellect which before and since guided him out of the hands of his enemies suggested the natural answer—to confront them with the truth.

"But what did Thomas Meagher? He proved that he had separated himself peremptorily from Mr. John Mitchel, rejected his theories, and supported the resolutions which resulted in driving him from the Irish Confederation. In short, he put his true character before the jury and the country, for Thomas Meagher was a revolutionist of the sword, not of the shambles.

"All these men were tried before me—their trials were

published as widely as mine—you have been living under the roof with one of them, and in familiar intercourse with the rest for the last three or four years, and know their story like the alphabet—yet you think it is quite fair to ignore their cases—to ignore your friend John Martin's case, to ignore Thomas Meagher's and M'Manus's, who are at hand to answer for themselves; to ignore O'Brien's, the most conspicuous man among us, in order to fasten upon your accustomed quarry—myself. This is what you consider fair play and open dealing. Ah, Mr. Mitchel, I am ashamed of you!

"I now come to my own defence. I scorn to rest it upon precedent. I took the course I did, not because all my comrades had set me the example, but because it was the wisest, best, and boldest open to me at that hour. But you were a prisoner in Van Diemen's Land, and I refrained from specifying one of the chief motives of my elaborate defence. You, Mr. Mitchel, furnished that motive. The clumsy libels of Barrett and Birch might precipitate my conviction by ruining me with the jury. Your more subtle slanders, shaped to defame me with the people, weighed heavier on my mind. I had been silent under bitter provocation for the sake of the cause, but I was not poison proof. You had not utterly failed, and when I read in my cell in Newgate Barrett's base invention that I was 'about to plead guilty on the eve of O'Brien's trial,' I felt to the marrow of my bones that if any man believed the foul lie I owed it to you. I reviewed in my mind the battle I had maintained through a stormy era with the most unscrupulous of adversaries, the Castle hack and the Jacobin, and then, on that reflection, I determined to set my whole life before the jury and the country. I determined to snatch away the hobgoblin my enemies had laboured to create, and set an honest man in its place. So help me the good God that will judge me, I embarked in the movement of '48 believing that I had on one side the English gibbet if we failed, and on the other the hand of some fanatical assassin, whom your slanders would arm against me, if we succeeded. And on putting myself on my country by my defence, I was not alone answering Lord Clarendon—I was answering you.

"This is your next charge, miraculously elicited from one

number of a daily paper, which you got at sea, the transactions running over weeks :—

"'The doctor has sent into my cabin a *Daily News* which came by the mail on Sunday. Now, why could not Mr. Duffy have made ballads in some quiet place all his days? As if purposely to relieve the enemy from all embarrassment in the "vindication of the law," he has allowed a petition to Government to be got up, very extensively signed, praying that as he is totally ruined—as he has already been long confined—as he is an admirable private character—as his health is delicate—as the violent and revolutionary articles in his newspaper appeared during a period of great excitement, and extended over but a few weeks—the enemy would, of their mercy, forbear to persecute him further—the very thing they wished to have any decent excuse for. I say he has allowed this petition, because no petitioners could make such *implied promises of amendment* without his sanction, and especially because he has not disowned the mean proceeding. It is quite in keeping with his miserable defence upon his last trial, his production of evidence to *character*, his attempt to evade the responsibility of articles published by himself. Sir Lucius O'Brien, too, who presents this memorial to Lord Clarendon, takes occasion to admit the "guilt" of the culprit. With what joy the enemy must gloat upon this transaction, and exult over us and our *abandoned cause!*' ("Jail Journal").

"Unhappy man! Did you indeed people your solitude with these hideous spectres of a diseased heart? I am fain to throw down my pen. That hell of envy and rancour carried in your bosom to the Antipodes and back again, making the daylight dark, and truth falsehood in your eyes, is its own Nemesis.

"Of all the rash and ungenerous conclusions to which you rush, over the chance number of a paper, which yesterday or to-morrow's might correct, not so much as one is true. Not one.

"Nobody made 'promises of amendment' on my behalf, 'implied' or expressed. On the contrary, the memorialists were met with a flat and insolent refusal on the ground (to cite the language of Lord Clarendon) that I had 'exhibited no signs of repentance, and had not expressed the smallest

regret.' Our cause was trampled under the feet of soldiers and spies; the country was in a panic; the arm of the law was strong and merciless; the malice of my enemies desperate and vindictive; but I had 'not exhibited the least regret for my course.' I accept it as my epitaph.

"The 'cause' was not 'abandoned,' on the contrary, it was regaining courage and confidence at that hour by the demonstration that English law might be resisted with success. You had made it ridiculous by threats unaccomplished; my forty days' combat, face to face with the law, was making the pulse of the people beat fast again. They felt that for one man to exhaust and defeat all the resources of a powerful State was a more exemplary victory (whatever its intrinsic value) than if Ballingarry had been made a Bannockburn.

"Sir Lucius O'Brien 'admitted the guilt' of the culprit! What then! The opinion of a man unknown to me—with whom I have never had the slightest communication then or since—an opinion *contradicted by his companions as soon as it was uttered*, the opinion of a man who repudiated his own brother, an opinion uttered behind my back, and over which I had no possible control—am I to be slandered on grounds like these? I cannot think that even in the Banbridge Petty Sessions this would have passed for evidence. It belongs to your later studies—the Jurisprudence of the Lamp-post.

"But I did not disown the memorial. No, indeed; I looked on with unmixed satisfaction while twenty thousand citizens of Dublin, including the foremost in every profession and pursuit, while some hundreds of the Irish priesthood—while men I have never heard of, and places I had never seen, proclaimed their sympathy with my life and character, and demanded my release. The reasons urged were their reasons, not mine. What I gloried in was the answer such a demonstration furnished to my slanderers—come what might, *they* had failed—*you* had failed, and the aim of my life would not be misunderstood.

"I did not forbid the movement; nor did Meagher and O'Brien forbid a similar memorial at the same moment against their sentence being carried out. They let it take its course. When will you spit your poisonous rheum upon them; or is it only in *me* it is a crime to have friends?

"Your last charge is, that I sent O'Brien to Ballingarry, and that the insurrection was (in consequence, no doubt) a contemptible failure. That I sent O'Brien to Ballingarry is utterly untrue; but I decline to debate a question of which you know nothing. The failure I am in no way bound to defend; I was not there; the time, place, or *modus operandi* were not of my choosing; but it passes human patience to hear *you* disparage it.

"'The Ballingarry failure' (you say, and one might fancy it was Mr. Birch who was sneering at O'Brien and his associates instead of Mr. Mitchel) 'is hardly, I suppose, to be treated as a criterion. A gentleman—a very estimable and worthy gentleman, certainly—goes with three or four *attendants* (!) (who are wholly unknown to the people they go amongst) into the counties of Kilkenny and Tipperary, and there tells several persons they are to rise in insurrection under his guidance, and free the country. He has no money, this gentleman, to pay troops, no clothing or arms to give them, no food to keep them alive. He just exhibits a pike, and bids them follow him and free the country!'

"Whatever was the value of that plan of campaign there is one thing a man may safely aver—it was at least better than yours; an opinion which may be predicated of any plan since the Tooley Street plot. One looks back on the *United Irishman*—at its promises, its performances, its plan of operations, its adjustment of means to ends (that grand secret of all human success) with feelings which even the interests at stake cannot keep grave. One must smile or swear. Your theory of revolution was reducible to two maxims worthy of Bedlam—that whatever was meditated against the English Government should be proclaimed beforehand, and that officers or preparation were superfluous. You neglected every precaution; the greatest as well as the smallest. You had no agent in France, no agent in America, no agent in Canada, no agent among the discontented Chartists of England. When you were arrested you had not a barrel of gunpowder, or a case of muskets. You did not know where to lay your hand upon pickaxes or crowbars to make the first barricade. Your resources literally began and ended in an ink-bottle. Your system of tactics consisted in uttering threats which you

were not able to fulfil; in denouncing the puerility and cowardice of being adequately prepared; and in disparaging, as Reactionaries, the men who took the precautions which you neglected. Your labours had, indeed, one computable result; you begot among the Confederates an angry and unscrupulous faction, who spent their nights and days in denouncing the best men in the movement. But of these 'Montagnards' not one took the field with O'Brien; on the contrary, some of them behaved with signal cowardice, one with disgusting treachery, and another was unmasked as a Government spy. O'Brien's failure might have befallen any cause; it had befallen some of the noblest in the annals of mankind; destiny may repeat or reverse it—but nothing can rob it of its intrinsic greatness. In the midst of a generation who did not believe in heroic sacrifice he offered up his life for the common weal. What is the hidden root of all your bitterness? Why does the name of every associate make your blackest bile to overflow? Ah, I know it well. There is one of them never named in your diary, never named in the *Citizen*, ignored even in the history of the *Felon* newspaper, where he dominated like a king—the ablest democrat ever born on the soil of Ireland, James Fintan Lalor. In the second number of the *Felon* Lalor published a Letter which will furnish the most memorable *data* in your biography. It contains your political genesis. Eighteen months before (he said) he had 'sent that document to a leading member of the Confederation,' for private circulation; and he received in about a month from the date and delivery of his paper a 'letter from John Mitchel stating that on perusal and consideration of its contents, he fully *adopted* its views, and intended to act on them as soon as occasion should serve.'

"And he did adopt them, but never once hinted from whom he derived them."

I invite the reader to note that I published in the *Nation* every line of Mr. Mitchel's "Jail Journal" week by week as it appeared for three months, and then answered him as we have seen. He made an elaborate reply to my pamphlet, which I also published in the *Nation*. How did this generous spirit, imbued with so noble a scorn of *finesse* and so lofty a devotion to abstract truth, comport himself

under these circumstances? *He suppressed every line of my defence and every syllable of my retaliation.* He answered me elaborately on every point which admitted of a word of reply; he crowded his paper with letters from third parties on the subject; but my letter, setting myself right with the readers of the *Citizen*, to whom I had been systematically defamed, and testing the credibility of my defamer, he utterly excluded. The verdict of any gentleman upon that proceeding will, I think, be decisive. The pamphlet had one significant result, however. He refrained from attacking me any more, and several years later repudiated with great warmth a suggestion in the *Nation*, then edited by Mr. A. M. Sullivan, that he still assailed me whenever an opportunity offered. As far as I am concerned, here the matter might have ended for ever, but Mr. Mitchel had not the grace to blot out from his "Jail Journal" the imputations which I had shown to be untrue and impossible, and they are still read by thousands of our countrymen. No reasonable man will deny, I think, that it was right and necessary to answer them here.

I will close this narrative of my relation with John Mitchel by an extract from a letter of his closest friend and brother-in-law, John Martin. After Mitchel's transportation, and when Martin was himself convicted, he wrote me this generous but substantially accurate estimate of my relation to them and to the party to which we all belonged: "I am proud to acknowledge in you, after glorious Davis, the father of the Irish National party and the chief writer of the party. But for the *Nation*, which your generous boldness and your fixedness of purpose and your able pen have maintained for the last six years as our standard and rallying point of patriotism, every one of us Confederates—even Mitchel—would have remained in dull, hopeless obscurity."

CHAPTER V

THE ROUT OF THE IRISH PARTY

Dr. Cullen and his policy—Mr. Gladstone's Budget and the Income Tax in Ireland—My contest with the House of Commons—Disastrous consequences of the Budget—Its effect on the Irish Land Bills—Election of John Sadleir—Death of Maurice Leyne—Address of American Dissenting Ministers on John Mitchel's pro-slavery opinions—Sheridan Knowles and his reminiscences of Hazlitt and Lawless—His sermon at a Baptist Chapel—Position of the League at this time—Notes from Edward Whitty—Experiments at the Malvern Water Cure—Tour in Belgium and France—Letter from Lucas on my return to Ireland—The Callan meeting—The Thurles meeting—Lucas' mission to Rome—His condition on returning to Parliament—The Australian Constitutions before Parliament—Policy of Robert Lowe—Conference with Lucas on our position — Farewell address to my constituents — Letter from Archdeacon Fitzgerald—Last letter from Lucas—Visit from D'Arcy M'Gee—Evening with Sam Lover—His stories about Sheridan Knowles—Speranza and Mr. Bohn.

I HAVE sketched *currente calamo* the birth, growth, and marvellous success of the Irish Party. I must now fly through the tragic story of its decline and fall. After the Carlow election, in which Dr. Cullen had supported John Sadleir in vain, the Archbishop determined to take in hand more directly the initiative and control of public action in the country. When he was appointed Primate it was understood that he was sent to Ireland for the legitimate purpose of bringing the Church into closer harmony with the discipline of Rome, but the task to which he applied himself was the illegitimate one of controlling the public policy of the country, a task for which he was altogether unfit. He was unacquainted with Ireland, unskilled in the principles of Parliamentary government, and slow to comprehend or accept new ideas. He came from Rome enraged against the secret societies as the disturbers of Christendom, and con-

founded Parliamentary opposition with Continental Liberalism, which, from the necessity of its position, was driven to conspire. He got possession of a rooted conviction, which nothing could disturb, that I was what he called an Irish Mazzini. So far as he meant that, like the Italian patriot, I ardently desired to get rid of foreign rule at any cost, he was right ; so far as he imputed that, like Mazzini, I would make war on religion for any human end he was ludicrously mistaken. His task was a formidable one ; the bulk of the Catholic clergy were determined supporters of the Tenant League, which represented the interests of their parishioners ; only a small minority, chiefly resident in towns, took the other side. But the majority of the bishops were understood to accept the direction of Dr. Cullen. His chief confidants were the Catholic gentry, who were in a panic about their rents, and described the Leaguers as levellers and plunderers. His political agents were Messrs. Keogh, Sadleir, and John Reynolds (three experienced intriguers), and a number of thoroughly upright English converts, who were profoundly ignorant of Ireland, and, where they had any politics, sympathised with the Tories. With these allies he set to work, with the best intentions doubtless, to ruin the projects of the League and with them the hopes of Ireland. It was soon whispered in the Lobby of the House of Commons that the genuine representatives of Catholic opinion in Ireland were not Lucas and Company, but Keogh and Company, and that it was to their guidance prudent men would look. This thing was said in the constituencies whereever it could get an audience, but more effectually said in the Lobby of the House of Commons, where it soon bore bitter fruit. At a meeting of the Catholic Association in Dublin, where the Archbishop presided, John Reynolds exhausted the resources of his foul vocabulary in assailing Lucas as a hypocrite and impostor.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer in the new Government was Mr. Gladstone, who signalised himself by Free Trade concessions worthy of the favourite pupil of Sir Robert Peel. But it was necessary to recoup the Treasury for relinquished taxes ; and he proposed to recoup it by imposing, for the first time, an income tax on Ireland. The

late Government had refrained from this measure, presumably regarding Ireland as already over-taxed in proportion to her resources, and Mr. Disraeli still objected to the proposal as inequitable. In Ireland it was considered deliberately and contemptuously unfair, and a storm of resistance arose. As the Tories opposed it it could not be carried without the assistance of the Irish members, and it was thought impossible they could assent to it. But the dependence of Mr. Keogh's confederates on the Treasury and on their ecclesiastical patrons in Ireland was complete, and they believed they could defy popular resistance. On the second reading only one Irish member was absent. Of those present seventy-two voted against the Bill, but thirty-two went into the Government lobby. To me the financial relations of the two countries seemed more shamefully unjust than their political relations, for it is not difficult to believe that when a nation was held down by armed force, as Ireland was at the Union, and compelled to accept an agreement at the point of the bayonet, her pocket was rifled at the close of the performance. The National Debt of England at the Union was sixty times greater than that of Ireland, our only National Debt having been created by money spent by English officials chiefly in the systematic corruption and final purchase of the Irish Parliament. The countries had separate exchequers, but they were amalgamated seventeen years later, and Ireland made responsible for all the National Debt of England by a device almost too shameful for belief. The leaders of Protestant Ascendancy, and O'Connell for half a century after, exposed and denounced the injustice. Yet the system was not remedied, but intensified. At the end of the war with Napoleon, when taxes were reduced, the stronger partner effected a reduction of £100, in her own taxes, for every 20s. reduction conceded to Ireland. The Imperial expenditure was managed on the same principle. It had been demonstrated in Parliament ten years before Mr. Gladstone's Budget that in the naval expenditure for the defence of the Empire, for every pound spent in Ireland six hundred pounds were spent in Great Britain. With such a record it was past human patience to see a gentleman come down with austere countenance to propose as a beneficial measure new duties on

articles in large consumption in Ireland, and the heavy burthen of an income tax, and to see a score of Irish-born rascals supporting the proposal. When the measure got into Committee I described the Budget in plain terms, and ventured to tell the Government that they had obtained their majority for this iniquitous project by corruption as base as that employed by Walpole and the Pelhams two generations earlier. An indignant deserter moved that my words should be taken down, and after a fierce debate I was ordered to attend in my place next day that I might withdraw them or suffer the penalty of a refusal. I had the warm sympathy and active support of the Irish Party and the good wishes of the Opposition. When the House met next day there was an immense attendance of members, and the accommodation provided for strangers was crowded in all parts. I was assured I should be sent to prison, perhaps expelled, if I did not make an humble submission. My course was different. I declined to withdraw my words, but I undertook, if a Committee of Inquiry were granted, to prove that the career of Messrs. Keogh, Sadleir, and some of their associates justified all I had asserted. They had solemnly pledged themselves to resist such a Government as now occupied the Treasury benches, and broke their pledge for the bribe of office. But this was an inquiry which did not suit the Government. The Leader of the House objected to the investigation, on the ground that his colleagues had not been corrupted, but only converted to better opinions, and the deserters sat dull and gloomy amidst the jeers of the Opposition. The Irish Party insisted that a bribe was not less a bribe because it was not paid in a lump sum, but in quarterly instalments at the Treasury. As the Government proposed to let the subject drop without more ado, it was recognised that we had scored a decisive success, and the infamy of the transaction referred to was made known to the English people for the first time. From the Speaker's Gallery kindly eyes were looking down on the contest. Edward Whitty wrote me a hasty note :—

"Your quiet and respectful manner, but self-possessed and dogged, saved you, for manner is everything. Your walk out of the house was a *stroll*—a splendid *coup*. Unbounded admiration was general in the gallery. In my time no man

ever went through such a scene. I am happy in thinking you have a fine adviser in Shee. Lucas behaved like a hero. The House has been idiotic—keep it in the wrong."

In Ireland the conflict created an enthusiasm which has long faded into obscurity, but the contemporary letters and journals were full of it, and a letter from Dublin, when one makes allowance for the undue kindness of the writer, will help to realise it :—

"We are all proud and gratified—I cannot tell you how much—at what has happened. And Dublin has fairly forgotten the Exhibition for the last two days. Passing any group on Saturday or yesterday in the streets one was sure to hear something about Gavan Duffy. And there has been no *attempt* even to deny that you did the thing bravely, skilfully, and successfully. The Four Courts gossip on Saturday freely admitted so much. . . . Nothing has happened that will so much damn the opposite faction. There is a great deal of dishonest twaddle that people might have listened to here, but this scene has given them an actual insight to the House. I have heard no one speak of it who did not utter himself as if it had passed under his own eyes. . . . After Keogh's talk about men who would slink before him in London, though they ranted and wrote here, it happens well and timely.—M.C."

Mr. Gladstone's Budget was carried, but it may be safely surmised that none of the parties to that baneful measure realised all its disastrous consequences. Mr. Gladstone must have known that he was imposing a heavy burthen upon Ireland, but he had not yet awakened from the delusion common to his class since the Norman conquest, that dependencies and colonies, partners and allies, existed mainly for the benefit of England. He was far from divining that he was inflicting a blow upon Ireland nearly as fatal as the Union. The unfortunate Irish deserters could not fail to know that they were abetting a wrong to their native country for their personal benefit. But it is probable that none of them knew that from that hour prosperity and contentment became impossible, that to every class and every man, not an official paid from the English Treasury, life would become a constant struggle, and that there would be carried out of the

country yearly the profits of industry on which States thrive, and that public tranquillity, which is the balsam of life, would become impossible. The reader is invited to note that that measure originated the most serious part of the injustice disclosed by the Royal Commission on the Financial Relations of Great Britain and Ireland which is occupying Parliament and the Press while these pages are being written.[1]

The vote of the Irish members on the Budget satisfied the Government they had nothing to fear from those gentlemen. The result was prompt and decisive. Lord Palmerston immediately told the Select Committee on the Land Bills that he saw no necessity for any legislation on the question. Next day Crawford's Bill was set aside by nineteen votes to nine. Mr. Napier's Bills were next taken in hand and carefully pruned. The Tenants' Compensation Bill, as it left the Committee, ignored Ulster tenant-right, and denied compensation for the class of improvements most commonly made in Ireland. The country had been rendered habitable by an industry like that which raised Venice on a quagmire or Holland on a sandbank. Yet all improvements more than twenty years in existence were confiscated. Inordinate rents had, as we know, created habitual arrears. In former measures a landlord ejecting a tenant was enabled to set off these arrears against any claims for compensation, but the modified Bill went a step farther, and declared that if a tenant was ejected for non-payment of rent or arrears he should not be entitled to compensation for any improvements whatever.

Half a dozen bye-elections occurred shortly afterwards. Three seats were vacated on petition by election committees. In two of them the late members who had deserted with Mr. Keogh presented themselves for re-election and were chosen. At Sligo, where an English gentleman had lost his seat on

[1] Nearly forty years after this Budget debate, when Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill was before the public, I wrote a pamphlet on the measure in which the necessity of inquiring into our financial relations before establishing a new Exchequer was insisted upon, and a Royal Commission on the subject suggested. "It is not a sentimental grievance which may be dismissed with other forgotten wrongs belonging to the dead past, but a practical one, altogether outside of party and which will largely determine the future fortune of the country. A Royal Commission (I said) of competent financiers ought to inquire and report on this subject. The inquiry must be now or never."

petition, Mr. John Sadleir presented himself, was proposed by the parish priest and supported by the Bishop, and got elected. In every constituency there was a group of manly, resolute priests and farmers who stood by the League, but they were warned that the hand of episcopal authority would fall heavy upon them.

To the consternation of Nationalists, Maurice Leyne was struck down at this time. He had established a newspaper in Tipperary to combat the Sadleir faction, who held a local bank, and had nearly all the local Members of Parliament under their control. The committee of the journal, which was a joint-stock one, asked me to recommend a successor to Leyne, and I told them they had the right man at hand in Leyne's assistant editor. They preferred another, however, and lost a man who proved a brilliant journalist, and in the end an accomplished orator—A. M. Sullivan. A lady who knew Leyne well, and was a competent critic, wrote to me :—

"Is not Leyne's death, in the midst of the vigour that seemed to run riot in his veins, appalling? Poor Leyne—poor Zozimus! It seems to me we have never done justice to his noble qualities, and the flashes of true genius which broke through his extravagance and exaggeration. Death reveals his real proportions. The largest and raciest Irish nature amongst us all lay under the mass of inertness and feebleness, which, we were too apt to conclude, was the whole of his character.—M.C."

I must recur to my diary :—

"Yesterday Mr. Cobden showed me an American newspaper containing an address signed by about fifty Dissenting Ministers assailing John Mitchel for his late longing for a plantation of fat niggers, and most unfairly holding the Irish people responsible for his offence.

"I dined at John Brady's to meet Sheridan Knowles, and had a long talk with the poet. He has a brow somewhat retreating, but expressive eyes, and a sweet, pleasant mouth. He was accompanied by his wife, a lady who is too aggressively pious for social enjoyment, and constantly whips the poor man up to his Tabernacle. When the ladies vanished Knowles talked in a most frank and cordial manner. He

was a professor of rhetoric in the Belfast Institution twenty years ago, and had had Emerson Tenant, Thomas O'Hagan, and Joseph Napier, all now eminent men, for his pupils, and they profited by his teaching. He had trained them, he said, in effective elocution, an art without which good speaking and good reading were impossible, but which any man might learn at any age. His dearest friend in Belfast was John Lawless—Jack Lawless, the Catholic agitator. Lawless was the soul of honour, always interesting and exhilarating, and sometimes exhibiting unexpectedly sound judgment. But the Athens of Ireland was an exile for a man of literary tastes. In London his best friend was William Hazlitt. He owed more to him than he could express for early counsel and encouragement. But for him he would probably never have been a dramatist. But it would not have much mattered. Marston's 'Patrician's Daughter' contained more poetry than all his own dramas. Hazlitt's one weakness was that he could not bear contradiction. I said Hazlitt was one of my earliest masters in literature, a man of wide and strikingly original powers; but what a fate he had endured! Slandered by the Blackwood gang, patronised by his inferiors among his usual associates, and recognised for what he really was by scarcely any compeer except Charles Lamb. Yes (Knowles said) and Lamb was a Tory who did not share any of his opinions. I mentioned that Horne, the author of 'Orion,' told me that having a strong desire to see Hazlitt after his death, as he had not been fortunate enough to see him before, he visited the house where he died. The body was lying on a piano covered with a sheet *pas trop propre*, and there was not a human being in attendance on a man who had done more for popular liberty and the personal freedom which is the cream of liberty than any of the Broughams or Jeffreys who had been swathed in patrician robes or seated on some high *fauteuil*. Yes (Knowles said) one thing a man had better make up his mind to, the rewards in public life rarely fell to the generous workers, and never to the pioneers. He had latterly taken to preaching (under the influence of Madame, we may surmise) in a Baptist Chapel, and was to hold forth that night. Our host proposed that we should adjourn from the table to the

tabernacle and bring back Knowles to supper. The service was startling, stretching to the very borders of burlesque; in the prayer the preacher held a colloquy with his Creator which was probably unique in pulpit oratory. 'O God!' he said, 'who has graciously selected Thy servant to do Thy work, and peremptorily drawn him away from the fascinating pleasures of this world for Thy service, be pleased to ordain,' &c. I never heard Mr. Knowles again."

The leaders of the League did not mistake their position. The high tide of success was ebbing fast. They knew they had now opposed to them three great social forces—the Executive, the bulk of the Catholic bishops, and the entire landed gentry; and with them perhaps only a minority of the people, but a minority which comprised the best priests and the most intelligent farmers and traders in the island. There still came to the Council meetings aged priests and dauntless curates, who for the sake of the people were facing an hostility which would certainly thwart and might possibly ruin them. They believed that Dr. Cullen was more of an Italian than an Irishman, and so wholly immersed in ecclesiastical politics as to leave no place for patriotism. They saw with shame that he threw the protection of the Church around some of the worst men in the community, and employed the authority of the Holy See for purposes which it could never have been designed to promote. But they knew also that they had won the General Election against the same hostility, a little less pronounced; that they had carried their Bill to a second reading in the Parliament, which now repudiated it. They felt persuaded that the fate of an entire generation of honest husbandmen depended on their success, and they resolved to make another rally with all the strength that remained in them. Conference had become the established agency for maintaining a constant connection with public opinion, and a Conference was called for the 5th of October.

When it met it became plain that there were now two parties face to face—one which still upheld the fidelity of Messrs. Sadleir and Keogh, and another which saw in them the worst enemies of the cause. At the outset Dr. M'Knight declared that there was one member to whom the farmers owed more than to any other man in Parliament, and that

was Mr. William Keogh. Before the Conference had digested this amazing proposition the learned Doctor proceeded to charge Mr. Lucas with deliberate treachery to the Tenants' Cause. At the Conference Mr. Sharman Crawford said not a word pro or con of this amazing charge, while men around him exploded with indignation, but a week later he published a letter completely adopting it. There were few things which the Northern delegates might not have done with impunity, so strong was the desire to retain them in the League, but to whitewash sordid traitors and disparage a man who was devoting his life to the Cause was past human endurance. A vote of confidence in the Independent Party and of censure on the deserters was adopted. The Northern deputies did not attend the subsequent meeting, and when Dr. M'Knight returned home he wrote of the Conference with fierce hostility. All these men are now dead, as I too shall soon be, but I have no doubt, and before their death some of the Northerns had no longer any doubt, that Lucas was undeviatingly faithful to the Tenants' Cause. A strong man rarely escapes the aberrations to which strength has a tendency; and though he was a calm and philosophical thinker, he easily became a passionate and fanatical controversialist, not consciously unjust to his adversaries, but harsh and unmeasured: and after this incredible imputation much may be forgiven him. I may repeat that the Northerns from the beginning feared him as a bigot, mistaking for bigotry the devotion of a profoundly religious man to the faith which he had embraced at so many sacrifices; and Dr. M'Knight, from the foundation of the League, took as much pains to warn me against Lucas as Dr. Cullen took to warn Lucas against me. But a crisis had now come when the League had to choose—and I especially, who was most closely allied with the Northerns, had to choose—between parties who no longer trusted each other, and we chose unhesitatingly the man of highest integrity and plainest disinterestedness. My judgment on the controversy is that Crawford was misled by shameless falsehood on the part of the new officials, and was grossly unjust to Lucas; and that Lucas, too indignant to rest on the solid ground of his character and services, which furnished ample protection, became an aggressor in turn, and

was unjust to Crawford. In the height of his indignation Lucas used language respecting him which it was hopeless that a cold, proud man would ever forgive.

During the recess the leaders of the League were entertained at public banquets by their constituents, for while the support they received diminished in area it increased in intensity. They seized these occasions to enforce the moral which the situation of the country preached; all the disasters which had befallen the people were no one's fault but their own.

"Of the five-and-twenty deserters who have gone over to the enemy" (said one Leaguer) "there are three-and-twenty of whom I could have told with as much certainty twelve months ago as at this hour that they would betray the country on the first opportunity. If constituencies will elect men notoriously corrupt or notoriously allied with the Whigs, it is too absurd to pretend that an experiment has failed because they have done what any man might have foretold they would do. If you were going to fight, and selected poltroons for officers, of course you would lose the battle. If you were going to try a suit at law, and selected blockheads for counsel, of course you would lose the case. But does that prove that with brave men and wise men you would fail? Look at the candidates recommended or assisted by the Tenant League; not one single man of them has proved untrue."

Against all these reverses fortune supplied one signal set-off. In Mr. Sadleir's contest for Carlow, Mr. Dowling, an elector who refused to support him, and threatened to canvass his tenants against him, was arrested by one of Sadleir's election agents on his way to the hustings, and carried to the local office of the Tipperary Bank. There were bills of his in the bank which had not come to maturity, and he had given to a friend who endorsed them a bond as a counter security. On this unripe bond he was arrested. As no attorney could sign the certificate in such a transaction without risk of being struck off the roll, the name of a dying attorney was forged to the instrument. In these proceedings it was proved that Mr. Sadleir had intervened, not merely through agents, but personally by direction and control. When he came

to be examined, however, he denied everything and repudiated everybody, but the jury disbelieved him and found a verdict for the plaintiff. When the news was flashed throughout the Empire the sensation was intense. One of the Queen's Government directing a fraudulent arrest, supported by deliberate forgery, was an unheard-of scandal; but it was still worse to have such an official disbelieved on oath by a respectable jury. He was compelled to resign his office and quit Downing Street for ever. In most civilised countries this exposure would have ruined and scattered the political connection which he had created, but in Ireland it ruined no one but Mr. Sadleir. Happily villainy is not an agreeable pursuit. I saw Mr. Sadleir at this time when he came to the House to vote on a party division, and his face was appalling. He had always been a dark, mysterious person, but now he looked wild, haggard, and repulsive. None of us had any suspicion that he was an undetected forger and a swindler, but it seemed that thwarted ambition had turned his blood into liquid mud.

During the recess the gentleman who accepted the succession to John Sadleir in the Treasury, and two County members who had violated their pledges and voted steadily in the interest of the landlords, presented themselves for re-election, and Mr. John O'Connell, the old marplot of popular agitation, found the era a convenient and agreeable one for returning to the House of Commons; and they were all elected. When Parliament met the natural consequences followed. The Government were asked on behalf of Mr. Napier what they had done with his Bills, of which they had taken possession. Lord John Russell, in the slow and discontented drawl which was his ordinary method, declared that nothing had been done because it was not desirable to do anything. The Lord-Lieutenant and other persons in Ireland, with the best information, assured him that there was no longer need for legislation; there was a good harvest, a friendly feeling existed between landlord and tenant, and the question was settling itself.—On the face of God's earth there was not a country so miserable and hopeless as Ireland at that time. The population were flowing out of it like water from a vessel which had been staved. The work-

houses were crammed with inmates stricken with the diseases that spring from want and neglect, the landlords were still levelling homesteads and rooting out the native race, and nothing was to be done for remedy or alleviation. Nothing was to be done, and three-fourths of the representatives elected by the stricken people assented in silence, and three-fourths of the bishops, born and bred among them, sanctioned the perfidy.

I have not disinterred from Hansard a line of the speeches of the Leaguers in Parliament, but there is a little story worth recording as an illustration of the sort of evidence on which English opinion as respects Ireland is sometimes founded. Sir Francis Head a retired Governor of Upper Canada, published a book entitled "A Fortnight in Ireland," for which the Irish Constabulary furnished materials in the shape of violent speeches delivered at tenant-right meetings, and reported by them to headquarters. Most of these speeches were made by the Reverend This or That; and they were naturally cited in a Maynooth debate to illustrate the discipline of that institution. Was a system to be tolerated which produced firebrands like these reverend orators? When my time came to speak I took up the reprehended speeches and read three or four of the strongest of them amid ironical cheers. The sentiments seemed to me, I said, not unjust or unreasonable under the circumstances which existed in Ireland, but in any case I submitted that it would be rash to hold Maynooth responsible. (Oh! oh! and ironical cheers.) I would only trouble them with a single fact in support of this conclusion; every speaker, without exception, whom I had quoted was a clergyman, but he was not a priest but a Presbyterian minister! There was an anonymous speech indeed in the collection particularly objectionable to Irish landlords, and it might seem impossible to relieve Maynooth from the imputation of having trained this unnamed speaker at any rate. But I undertook to prove a negative even in that case. (Oh! oh!) Yes, I really could not allow Maynooth to run away with the credit or reproach of this performance, for I recognised in it a policeman's version of a speech which I had myself delivered in the Tholsel of New Ross.

I can recall no period in a long lifetime so entirely destitute of recreation as the years I spent in the House of Commons. The business in which I was determined, if possible, to succeed swallowed up my whole life. I breakfasted on Blue Books and lunched on Irish correspondence, and I never had leisure to go to a theatre or exhibition, and if I dined out once or twice a week it was apt to be with men immersed in the same pursuit, where nothing was changed but the venue. When a bore of vigorous lungs was on his legs, I sometimes escaped to Westminster Abbey for an hour, or if a debate arose in which I took no interest I made for the National Gallery, but these were rare chances. One pleasure only I allowed nothing to interfere with. I spent a couple of hours every Sunday with Thomas Carlyle in Hyde Park, or Battersea Park, with an occasional *détour* to John Forster's at Palace Gate. But the society of men of letters of my own age, which I would have preferred to a banquet at Buckingham Palace, I had to abandon. Edward Whitty, a man of genius and a sympathetic friend often made the occasion for me, but his notes of that date announce constant disappointment:—

"I had up a lot of people to meet you on Sunday evening—Mahony (Father Prout), Pigott (*Leader*), Hannay, Peyrat (of *La Presse*) and others, and was sorry that you could not come—the day was sunny at Hampstead and the claret and cigarettes were encheering. . . .

"For a variety of reasons I am anxious to see you at the earliest possible moment, and beg of you to name time and place. . . .

"Jas. Hannay, B. C. Aspinall and his charming wife, and two or three others expected to meet you here last evening. I know you wanted to see more of Aspinall, but that will be scarcely possible, for he is going to Australia. Why a man of his fine powers, and who was born to flutter between Brompton and the Boulevard des Italiens, should betake himself to the new and dismal land I cannot conjecture."

The long days in Committee, the long nights in the House, constant anxiety and disappointment prostrated a constitution never robust, and I was advised that a considerable holiday was the only alternative to a catastrophe. There

are few things more difficult to a busy man than to idle, but I resolved to comply. A prodigiously exaggerated account of the Malvern Water cure by Lytton Bulwer induced me to try that establishment; and the rest, regular hours and simple fare were balsamic. When I regained strength I went on the Continent with my wife to complete the holiday. We visited Belgium, got some idea of the farming of peasant proprietors in the most thickly populated district in Europe, inspected many *atéliers d'apprentissage* where a generous attempt was then being made to teach to the ignorant simple industries by which they might live, and we saw historic places of Irish interest to learn the eternal fate of the exiles for conscience sake; the men of to-day we found could scarcely distinguish Ireland from Iceland even in the *Collège Irlandais;* we saw the great dead city of Bruges, the living and thriving Antwerp, and the capital, the Petit Paris of the Low Countries. We revelled in the grand gothic architecture of churches, châteaux and hôtels-de-ville, and in the exquiste domestic art of the Flemings contrasting with the Italian pictures, with which we were best acquainted, as the realistic story of Robinson Crusoe does with the visions of Dante. Then a run to Paris, and, after two months of pleasant idling, home to Dublin. I had been kept constantly informed of the proceedings of the League, and I knew that Dr. Cullen thwarted it more and more. At his instigation Father Tom O'Shee, the founder of the first Tenants' Society, was ordered by his bishop to quit a political mission on which he had been sent by the League, and return immediately to his parish, and all the League priests who could be intimidated had naturally become apathetic. Not one priest of the county or city of Dublin now attended the Council except Father Bernard Daly, a gifted and dauntless curate. Sergeant Shee had a fierce conflict with Lucas in the newspapers; Lucas having charged him, and as the result proved, justly charged him, with deserting the principles and policy of the League. But worse awaited me. An express from Lucas was brought me calling on me to attend a Callan meeting where the fate of our party and principles were nakedly at stake. My health was not altogether restored, but the appeal was too passionate

to be resisted. After describing the serious difficulty which had arisen, Lucas added: "This new order of things will require very careful and resolute handling; and if there were no other reason, your presence at Callan will be absolutely necessary. Do, therefore, come, for God's sake, unless the field is to be abandoned at once." These were the facts. The League had determined to hold county meetings throughout the South in succession, and Father Keeffe, one of the founders of the first Tenants' Protection Society, was forbidden by his bishop to attend the meeting in his own parish which threatened to be prejudicial to Sergeant Shee, and directed to refrain from any further interference with public affairs. If a bishop could do this with impunity the Irish contest was at an end, for elections could no more be won without the help of the local priests than Charles Edward could have raised the Scottish Highlanders without the help of their chiefs. I attended the meeting, and before it was held came to an understanding with Lucas and the Callan curates on the measures to be taken. The senior professor of Theology in Maynooth [1] had advised that the bishop had exceeded his authority as fixed by canon law. An appeal to the Pope and the Propaganda was determined upon, and the case was so critical that it was agreed that we should resign our seats in Parliament as a signal protest if the Pope did not restrain the Apostolic Delegate and the bishops who sympathised with him from destroying the cause of the Irish farmers by illegitimate methods.

The meeting was an immense one, and representative leaguers from various parts of the country attended, and the local clergy were headed by their Archdeacon and some of the most venerable and influential of their order.

Lucas addressed himself to the question which was uppermost in all minds. The well-beloved priest of Callan, he said, was forbidden by ecclesiastical authority to take any part whatever in public affairs. Father Keeffe was determined to practise the most exemplary obedience to his bishop. But the ultimate authority of the Church was the Supreme Pontiff who sits at Rome, and who has the right

[1] Dr. Hanlon.

to decide in all causes in the last resort. As a loyal and obedient son of the Church, he and some members of Parliament were resolved to bring before the Holy See, for its official decision, the question whether the honest clergy of Ireland were to be silenced by authority and their mouths closed for ever. What the clergy of Ossory, what the clergy of other dioceses in Ireland, might consider it their duty to do he was not in a condition to say; but, as regards laymen and politicians, before a month was over some of them would cross the sea and find themselves, with the blessing of God, beneath the shadow of the Vatican.

If the final decision of the Church closed the mouths of honest priests, and upheld pledge-breakers, place-beggars, and all those who made politics a dishonest game, he, speaking in the name of some there present, but speaking above all his own conviction, would declare that he saw no other course for honest and sane men to take but to wash their hands of public affairs altogether, and to abandon all hope of protecting the rights and interests of Ireland in the Parliament of Great Britain.

At the public dinner which followed the meeting I reiterated the declaration which Lucas had made on our behalf. I had come there, I said, almost without visiting my own home, because the stroke aimed at Father Keeffe, which was the first open exercise of a policy long pursued in secret, was one fatal to the people's interest. Whether the Bishop of Ossory had exceeded his legitimate authority I would not undertake to say; but of one thing I was certain, honourable men would decline to maintain a contest with bigots and oppressors in the House of Commons if they were to be betrayed at home by bishops of their own Church, and, for my part, I would resign my seat in Parliament as an emphatic protest.

The second county meeting took place at Thurles, where, though the archbishop was a partisan of Dr. Cullen's, sixty-two priests had signed the requisition, and twenty thousand persons were said to be present. George Henry Moore took sides decisively with his colleagues at Callan. Lucas started for Rome and was to be followed by a lay and an ecclesiastical missino as soon as the necessary arrangements could be made.

Lucas was gifted beyond most men to conduct the mission he undertook, and in Rome he had the aid and countenance of the Archbishop of Tuam and the Bishop of Clonfert; but it is needless to follow the story into detail, for the mission altogether failed. Before any lay tribunal in the world he would have been more than a match for Dr. Cullen, but before Propaganda it was different. And the help he expected from Ireland did not come promptly, and sometimes did not come at all. The *Tablet* was silent during his absence, but I maintained our cause in the *Nation* week after week, and Moore and I held public meetings and kept up a constant correspondence with the districts which designed to help the mission to Rome, but the story has been abundantly told already.[1] From the Pope Lucas had a gracious reception in recognition of his services to the Church. On an intimation by his Holiness that he would carefully consider any facts submitted to him in writing, Lucas sat down in the unwholesome summer of Rome to write a State paper on the condition of Ireland. Before it was finished his health failed so rapidly that he was obliged to leave it incomplete and return precipitately to London. So painful a change had been wrought in his health and appearance that the doorkeeper of the House of Commons repulsed him as a stranger, and when he came among his colleagues they could hardly recognise him. But he was cheerful, and confident that the English air would soon restore him to health. In a few days he went on a visit to the country house of our friend Richard Swift, at Wandsworth.

The Australian Colonies were at this time engaged in framing constitutions which had to be sent to Westminster for confirmation, and some of the Irish in Melbourne and Sydney besought the Irish members to give these measures benevolent attention when they came before the House. This was a task very acceptable to me, and I undertook it promptly. I knew that Robert Lowe, who understood Australian politics better than any man in Parliament, intended to be heard on the subject, and I told him I could bring him help he did not count upon if our intentions with respect to the Bills were not dissimilar.

[1] "League of North and South." Chapman and Hall.

Lowe was at this time one of the most remarkable men in the House of Commons, and never rose to speak without attracting wide attention. He was unusually tall and erect, and so distinguished by the white hair and pink eyes of an albino that the House always recognised him. His speeches were excellent for sense and spirit, but he contended with physical impediments which only a powerful will could overcome or hold in check. You observed in a moment that he did not see anything which was going on around him, and was completely ignorant of the impression he was making. He spoke philosophical and epigrammatical sentences in a monotone which plainly betrayed that he was speaking language committed to memory. Since Edmund Burke no one had probably delivered speeches so intrinsically important with so little of the art of a rhetorician. He was not popular, a mischance which I have always attributed to his blindness, for such a deficiency renders a man habitually silent, leaves him incapable of recognising his acquaintances when he casually encounters them, and perhaps impatient of being accosted by persons whom he may fail to identify.[1]

We fought the interests of the colonies with persistency and some success, but I am not writing history.[2]

When Lucas was rested a little I went to visit him at

[1] This note will indicate the moderate and reasonable grounds taken up by the friends of Australia :—

"34, LOWNDES SQUARE, *May* 12, 1855.

"MY DEAR SIR,—If you will fix with your friends any hour on Tuesday or Wednesday that is most convenient to them I shall be very happy to attend, to give them such information as I can on the subject.

"Please let me know what you decide. My impression is that we ought not to oppose the Second Reading of the Victoria Bill, the objections to which are rather to its form than to its substance, and that can be put right in Committee.

"The New South Wales Bill, should, I think, be opposed at every stage.—Believe me, my dear sir, very truly yours,

"R. LOWE."

[2] To my Sydney friends I wrote :—

"I did my best to have your nominee Upper House abolished. The reports in the papers give you no notion of any one's speeches except Lowe's, whom they report fully because he was connected with the colonies. But on colonial subjects they do not take the trouble of being either full or accurate with any one else. Lowe, Alderley, Lord Lyttleton, Walpole, myself, and others had a consultation on the best course to be taken, but the obstinacy of Lord John rendered all our operations useless, and now, before the Bill has received the Royal assent, he is no longer Colonial Minister."—Letter from C. G. Duffy to Edward Butler, published in the Sydney *Empire*.

Richard Swift's, and then for the first time for six months we had an opportunity of confidential talk.

"We talked (says my diary) from seven o'clock till late in the night, only to discover a wide and irreconcilable difference in our views of duty just now. Lucas said the Pope had requested him not to quit Parliament and so leave Catholic affairs without an adequate spokesman, and he had determined to follow the Holy Father's advice. I said we were bound in the most specific manner to retire if the appeal to Rome failed, and it had failed egregiously. What would our promises be worth for the future if we did not fulfil this one?

"Lucas said he could not admit the memorial had failed, as no answer was yet sent to it. He had duties as editor of the *Tablet* which he could not neglect. Doubtless he had, I said, and I offered no opinion respecting them, but as an Irish representative he was bound to resign his seat in compliance with a promise of a most specific kind which he and I had made. He could not cloak the responsibility, for I should certainly keep my promise. He said his constituents did not wish him to resign. Very likely, I replied, they did not, nor did mine, but the object with which I had consented to make such a promise in concert with him was to teach the Irish people the difference between Irish members who had abounded in promises which came to nothing, and men who meant what they said, and he by nature and discipline surely belonged to the latter class. But I am determined to retire, and Lucas is determined to hold on."

I told my constituents in a public address that it was no longer possible to accomplish the task for which I had solicited their votes, and that I would therefore resign my seat.[1] To avoid the pain and humiliation of a controversy

[1] I will quote only one paragraph from my farewell address: "It may be thought I despair too soon of the present time. If there be any who honestly think so, let them try to do better, and may God prosper them. For me, I have tried. For seven years I have kept the green flag flying alone, or with but a handful of friends; for twice seven years I have thought, written, and acted to one sole end. In these years I have been five times prosecuted by the English Government—in '42, in '44, in '46, in '48, and '49, and wasted thirteen months of my life in English prisons. I have 'spent and been spent' cheerfully, in fortune, health, peace, the duties of home, and the rights of my children; often with less aid than

with Lucas in the face of rejoicing enemies I allowed the fact that I was retiring in fulfilment of a pledge which we had made in common to fall into the background, but some newspapers assumed that he was about to take the same course, and he wrote a letter to the *Times* stating that that was not his intention. To my closest friends I intimated that I would not only leave Parliament, but leave Ireland; there was no longer a field for me in a country which could be induced to repudiate a policy on which its safety and almost its existence depended. Among the League priests the man with the greatest capacity for awakening enthusiasm and stimulating action was Archdeacon Fitzgerald. To him and others I wrote that my retirement was to fulfil a specific pledge, but did not relieve him or such as he from prolonging the contest. This was his reply:—

"*April* 9, 1855.

"MY DEAR MR. DUFFY,—If Duffy and Lucas with all the honest ardour of the purest patriots and with intellectual resource, vigour and energy of the first order, having moreover at their command two widely circulated and popular newspapers, if such as these despair of stemming the overwhelming torrent of corruption, selfishness and apathy on the one part, and blind and miserable delusion on the other, what can others do? The alliance between the North and South is broken up—O'Shea, and Doyle and Keeffe are in penal exile—Maher is a Sadleirite—the Whig Lord Primate, Cullen, will Italianise the old sod, and Bishop Browne is a bottleholder to the Right Hon. Oath-and-pledge-breaker, William Keogh—all hope for the poor of Ireland is dead, and in rhyme and reason 'there is no more to be said.'"

After a little time some of the friends nearest to Lucas assured me that he was in a much more dangerous condition than he supposed, and that he would be for a long time, perhaps for ever, unfit for serious labour. I was deeply touched by a calamity brought on by the constancy and

opposition from those who professed the same opinions, always in exhausting personal conflict with a hired Press, and all who lived, or hoped to live, by corruption. It may be the result is small, and I am an unprofitable servant, but I have done my best."

courage with which he had performed his task at Rome, and I wrote to him to put our recent controversy out of his mind, as I went into exile remembering only the good battle we had fought together for a good cause. The last letter but one which I got from him came in reply :—

"I was delighted, my dear Duffy, to receive your very kind note on my return to Brighton from London on a visit to the doctor. The little scene to which you refer was most painful to me, and I am, above all things, delighted that we may now consider the affair at an end. There may be a difference of opinion, but I am sure you acquit me of entertaining towards you anything but kind and affectionate feelings, such as I have no doubt whatever you entertain towards me. . . . It is to me a subject of the deepest regret that you are going from Ireland — not only on public grounds, with regard to which I consider it a calamity—but on private grounds, and because the absence of such a friend as I have always felt you to be makes our wretched politics very much more distasteful than they have hitherto been."

At this time, the autumn of 1855, D'Arcy M'Gee made a long-meditated visit to Europe to see old friends whom he had not forgotten and who had not forgotten him. We lived much together, and exchanged confidences on Irish affairs. We dined one evening with Dr. Brady, and I met Sam Lover at close quarters for the first time. Poet, painter, and lyrist as he undoubtedly is (says my diary), I have found it hard to like him. He is an Irishman under protest. There is not a gleam of the divine fire of nationality in all his writings. He helped O'Connell against the Established Church, and his written and lithographed satire on the bishops was piquant but a little too savage, but in the contest to make Ireland a nation he is always absent without leave. In manner and bearing he is a superb Jackeen.[1] His face is comical, but not plastic or expressive. It is the face of a droll ; his stories are of the stage species, without natural humour. They are carried off by a certain boisterous pleasantry, but in print would be deadly dull. We spoke of Irish poetry and fiction,

[1] The Dublin equivalent of Cockney.

and M'Gee, it seemed to me, said better and truer things than the elder poet. There was one criticism of Lover's, however, which I thought profoundly true. The best of Irish novels, he said, was Gerald Griffin's "Collegians." Best not only in the plot, which is intensely interesting, but because every class of Irishman, from the highest to the lowest, was represented in it. Carleton and Banim blundered the Irish gentleman, but the more sensitive nature of Griffin enabled him to understand society, which he had not much frequented.

Brady talked of Maxwell, and told some ugly stories of the prebend of Balla. Lover said his life was loose, but his disposition was generous. His wife's friends said that he left her to starve, but he probably did all he could for her. On one occasion Maxwell wanted Lover to spend the day with him, and as an inducement he enclosed £20 to be sent to Mrs. Maxwell. Brady said Maxwell had latterly lost all care about his reputation, and would do any sort of work for prompt wages. I said Maxwell was the antetype of Lever, and might have done quite as well if he had been half as prudent.

Lover told very well, even dramatically, a story of Sheridan Knowles concerning the responses at a baptism, in which he was a sponsor. The officiating minister, in a nervous voice, admonished him, inasmuch as he had promised on behalf of the child that it should serve God, that it was his duty to see that the infant at a proper age was taught the prayers prescribed by the Church, and all that a Christian ought to learn for his soul's health, and Knowles responded in a voice of stage thunder, "All this I will most faithfully perform." The best of the joke, added Sam, is that before the week was out he would forget the existence of his gossip and the baby. But his other stories about Knowles were of the Handy Andy species, and not very credible. Knowles (said he) had announced at a dinner-table that he was going into the country next day. "Is there anything I can take anywhere for any of you lads, or anything I can do for you in the country; I have plenty of leisure and good-will at the service of my friends." "Where are you going?" one of them demanded. "Oh," said Knowles, "that is a point I have not yet determined."

Speranza[1] committed a task to me which led me in the end into an awkward position. The editor of Bohn's Library was publishing a volume of translations from Schiller, and she wished me to offer a translation of "Love and Cabal," which she had written, to Mr. Bohn for the purpose. I gave the MS. to him accordingly, and he promised to consider it and communicate with her. After a time she informed me that she could get no answer of any sort from him, that the volume was published, and finally that she found her poem in it under his own name, with some altogether trifling alterations. I called on Mr. Bohn for an explanation, and only met a great deal of vehement wrath, and an absolute denial that he had used any of her poem. I then asked him to return the MS., but I did not succeed in getting it back. I can say no more of this transaction from my own knowledge, but I have never doubted that Speranza's statements were strictly accurate. These last days in the House of Commons were depressed by the constant recollection of the great experiment which had been baffled and defeated; but I was determined not to be utterly subdued by fortune. I was still under forty, in reasonably good health, and

"My quiver still held many purposes."

---

[1] Lady Wilde.

BOOK IV

CHAPTER I

MAKING READY FOR AUSTRALIA

I determine to quit Ireland—Edward Whitty's opinion—Inquiries as to the climate of Australia—Counsel of William and Mary Howitt, Mr. Woolner, Robert and Mrs. Lowe, Mr. Latrobe—Work before quitting Parliament—Smith O'Brien's case—Conversation with Mr. Disraeli—Letter from Sir Denham Norreys—Visit to Smith O'Brien at Brussels—The Belgian deputy and the widow MacCormack—Visit to M. de Potter, member of the Provisional Government of 1830—The Maynooth College inquiry—Letter from the Maynooth Professor—The Catholic University and Dr. Newman—Application for the Chiltern Hundreds—Alderman Plunkett's consternation—Invitations to public dinners in London and Dublin—Proposed testimonial declined—Generous help proffered by Arthur Geheoghan and Mrs. Anderson—Breakfast with Richard and Henry Doyle—Lindsey and the Civil Service Reform Movement—Louis Blanc, Julia Kavanagh—Sir Emerson Tennant and the Crimean War—Last look at the House of Lords—Death of Frederick Lucas—I decline the public dinners in consequence—Letters from Thackeray and Lord Brougham—Farewell to my friends in Dublin and London—Conversation with Stuart Mill—Dr. Madden and his "Life of Lady Blessington"—Gough the teetotal lecturer—Dr. Hughes, Archbishop of New York—Sir William Molesworth—Mr. Godley, founder of the Canterbury settlement—Letters from Rev. Charles Kingsley, Mary Howitt, and Sir Emerson Tennant.

When it became necessary to retire from Parliament I determined to quit Ireland also. I could no longer promise the suffering people relief, and to witness injustice without curb and wrong without remedy would render life too painful. An Ireland where Mr. Keogh typified patriotism and Dr. Cullen the Church, was an Ireland in which I could not live, but would probably soon cease to live. Where to go was a primary question. The circumstance that I had recently taken a considerable part in resisting alterations in

the constitution adopted by the colonies of Australia turned my attention to that continent. I gave it a provisional preference till I could make searching inquiries.

I communicated my intention immediately to a few intimate friends; most of them remonstrated, but Edward Whitty declared I was right, and that he would go with me.

"The idea fills me with excitement," he wrote. "If you go, I will go. I would presume to advise you to go without reference to the appeal to Rome—which will be resultless. There is something more than the Bishops against you—your country is in America or Australia. Your project would be historical. You would lead the colony—you would create a better Ireland there—you would become rich. I am sure you would be happier, for I think you have been long fighting without hope. I say all this with no impertinent conceit of sagacity—with profound respect, and I know you will understand it. I know nearly everything about Australia. When the gold business came up I did the whole subject—went at all the books—for the *Daily News*. I have several friends there—Filmore, correspondent of the *Times* in Sydney; Butler Cole Aspinall (whom you know) on the *Melbourne Argus*."

I entreated Whitty not to go to Australia immediately, but only after I had made some footing there. I only knew three men on the Australian Continent; the experiment I was making was a perilous one, and I could not allow him to share the peril.

In the interval he went to Liverpool and worked ten hours a day at his father's paper, became English correspondent of the *Melbourne Argus*, and afterwards undertook the editorship of the *Northern Whig*, and published his singularly original and graphic novel, "Friends of Bohemia," and finally he emigrated to Australia in 1858, two years after me.

Conflicting reports on the climate and social life of Australia reached me, and I determined to have information which I could rely upon. Two or three extracts from my diary will indicate with what success:—

"William Howitt's recent book describes the plague of flies in Australia as equal to any of the plagues inflicted on the Egyptians. If his story be authentic they must make life

intolerable. I resolved to talk to him about it, and still more to talk to his wife, on whose sweet reasonableness I have more reliance. Yes (he said) there was a great trouble from flies in the summer months. But *au contraire,* during fifteen years in the country, he had not to sit up one night with the illness of any of his family or his servants. There were climatic troubles enough in England. To find a perfect climate with no drawback one must wait for Paradise. As for society, it was a little rough. Before the gold discovery there was some very nice society and some very able men in Melbourne, though they had sometimes sprung from a class whose habits were, of course, not altogether agreeable. But he referred me to his wife for details.

"I was charmed with the Howitts' house; it has an air of civilisation and culture produced without cost by the taste of a poetess. In the drawing-room there were dwarf shelves, mounting from the floor to the height of an easy-chair, with pictures on the walls above them and flowers in various places. The corners were filled with triangular shelves for curios; the effect was charming, and gave their humble cottage a peculiarly pleasant and refined appearance. Kinkel, who lately escaped from a German prison, dined with us. He resembles John Dillon, but his face is less noble and his brow retreats. He told me the European party of revolution dislike Irish Nationalists, because their objects were exclusively local. Mitchel, whom he called *Meagre,* has disgusted them by his pro-slavery opinions. The next movement he declares will be against clerics as well as kings. After dinner Kinkel's children sang a little German serenade in the open air, under the dining-room window, which was very charming. Mrs. Howitt bade me not to be too much alarmed by William's opinions about the Australian climate; when he was in a passion he was apt to be a little unreasonable. She said this with a smile, which completely extracted the sting.

"I met Woolner, a young sculptor, at Cheyne Row (the Carlyles' house). He lived in Australia, and declares that so delightful a climate nowhere exists. The flies count for nothing; the air is exhilarating; he was always in high spirits and ready for work. There were some men of brains

and culture in Melbourne, and he enjoyed life thoroughly. I laughed and inquired, 'Why did you quit this terrestrial Paradise?' 'Well,' he rejoined, 'I am an artist, and art won't be born there for a generation or two, and meantime I must live, if possible.' I quoted Howitt's book. 'Ah!' he said, 'Howitt's book is such a one as a man might be expected to write who acted against the advice of all his friends, and fared accordingly.' I spoke to Lowe in the House about the climate and social life. He said I must come and talk to his wife, who was the most enthusiastic Australian. And so she proved. She declared the climate is delightful, and the trouble from dust, of which I had also heard, not worth mentioning. Since they had lived in London she constantly entreated her husband to throw up his seat in Parliament and his political functions and return to the sunshine. I asked her about insects. Insects (she said) were probably a trouble in newly occupied districts, but she suffered no more inconvenience from them in her drawing-room in Sydney than in the one where we were conversing. Lowe said their residence was four or five miles out of town, and he rode in daily, inhaling the intoxicating air with a pleasure he could never recall in this country. Mrs. Lowe produced photographs of their Australian home, and of other favourite scenes, bathed in sunshine and gemmed with sparkling waters, which looked like glimpses of Paradise. Lowe said the comfort of Australian houses was often marred by the practice of building them after English models, in no respect suitable to the country. They made large windows, and many for example, and then had the trouble of inventing contrivances to blind them, instead of beginning with the narrow casements suitable to hot climates. Verandahs were universally used, which was a great comfort; the verandah generally became the favourite apartment, containing drawing-room, boudoir, and study, for they sometimes surrounded the entire house, and were capable of being applied to many purposes. In Sydney there were wealthy and cultivated families in the second generation who enjoyed many of the comforts of Europe in their houses and habits of life. They had generally the good sense to live after the manner of Continental Europe rather than of England. He

was in the habit of having all the doors and windows of his house opened every morning from five till seven, which kept it cool till three in the afternoon.

"I said my enjoyments in life had always been many books and a few friends, and these were indispensable to happiness. Books, he replied, were as easily had in Sydney or Melbourne as in London, only a few months later, and a few shillings dearer. As regards friends, he added, smiling a little cynically, if you insist on that luxury you must import it.

"My constant friend John Forster invited me to meet Mr. Latrobe, the first Governor of Victoria, who confirmed all the favourable statements. On the whole, I am content with this information and proceed with my preparations."

Before quitting Parliament there was some work which it was my peculiar duty to do. After the escape of Meagher and Mitchel the Government allowed Smith O'Brien and his remaining associates to return to Europe with the sole condition that they must not revisit the United Kingdom. It is a significant tribute to the character of O'Brien among men who knew him well that I had little difficulty in obtaining the signatures of a hundred and fifty members of Parliament to a memorial requesting that this restriction might be withdrawn. Sir Fitzroy Kelly and Henry Ballie, Spooner and Alexander Hamilton, Whiteside and Napier, signed as willingly as Cobden, Bright, Lord Goderich or Milner Gibson. The Secretary of the Admiralty and the Secretary of the Board of Control felt free to urge this measure on the Cabinet of the Administration to which they belonged; but I wanted something more—the assent of the Leader of the Opposition. When I mentioned it to Mr. Disraeli in the House he asked me to come and talk it over with him in Park Lane. My diary contains this account of the interview:—

"I was received in his library, a convenient room on an upper floor and well lined with books. He spoke immediately of my intention of leaving the House of Commons. I was too impatient, he said. Human life might be likened to a wheel; it was constantly turning round, and what was at the bottom to-day would be at the top some other day. The wheel, I said, was worked with a strong pulley by the party

whips, and the Irish Nationalists never came to the top. I told him I was chiefly anxious to see him because a memorial was about to be presented to Lord Palmerston requesting that Smith O'Brien might be allowed to return to Ireland. I trusted he was not unfavourable to that design? Not at all, he said; the time has come when Mr. O'Brien might properly be allowed to reside wherever he thought fit. I inquired if I was at liberty to mention this opinion. Certainly, he said; if the Government blotted out all the penalties he should not criticise their conduct unfavourably. I said I wished we were asking the favour from him rather than Lord Palmerston who had no sympathy with a generous career, who apparently did not understand nationality, and with all his airy gaiety was at bottom a dry, hard Whig, who cared for nothing in politics but a majority. My countrymen, Mr. Disraeli observed smilingly, were not of my opinion—they constantly supported the gay old man. Yes, I said; and that disposition made the House of Commons intolerable to me. He did me the honour to speak with great openness of the Irish question and I ventured to tell him that Conservatives, by a generous policy, might make themselves more acceptable to Ireland than the Whigs, whom Lord John Russell's conduct had rendered detestable. He said he had taken great pains to induce the Cabinet to accept Napier's land reforms, and meditated other concessions, and he had sent Naas to Ireland to get rid of the old jog-trot of the Castle.

"Taking up a volume of Disraeli's early novels which lay on the table I said I would take the liberty of saying something which was permissible because I was probably seeing him for the last time. I differed widely about his books from the public, who preferred 'Coningsby,' but in my opinion several of the early novels were much better. They had the inspiration and enthusiasm of youth. The 'Wondrous Tale of Alroy,' as it used to be called, was the most entrancing romance since 'Ivanhoe.' 'Contarini Fleming' could not be compared with any other English book, because it was *sui generis* an insight into the desires and dreams of a youth of genius; and 'Ixion in Heaven' was of the *genre* of 'Candide' and worthy to be set on the same shelf. His early novels, he said, had been judged hardly, and perhaps they deserve

no better. He would have withdrawn the one which excited most clamour if it had been possible. Yes, I said, and nothing he had ever done or designed surprised me more than his willingness to sacrifice 'Vivian Grey' to 'Mrs. Grundy.' That story painted an audacious and unscrupulous adventurer, but all his plans failed in consequence. He was not a prosperous but an unprosperous hero, and the moral of the book plainly was that unscrupulous projects tumble down about the projector's head. The *advocatus diaboli* might insist indeed that the accomplished young neophyte of diplomacy was made too fascinating, and I could not deny that objection, for the first time I read 'Vivian Grey' was like the first time I drank champagne; I was intoxicated with an altogether new and mysterious enjoyment. As I spoke this last sentence, which was literally true, and spoken to a man whom I never expected to see again, I noticed a flush rise from Disraeli's cheeks to his forehead till it glowed with sudden light. The man, *blasé* with applause in many shapes, was moved with my manifest enjoyment of what pleased himself most, for under the mask of abstruse political profundity, which could be shifted like a domino, he was always at heart a man of letters, and the only one among his contemporaries. Other statesmen published books—he was a dreamer and a creator whose truest life was in the region of imagination."

I have not re-read "Vivian Grey" since I have reached the age of being hypercritical, but I am pursuaded it will be for ever a book for ambitious boys.

Before leaving, I said, if he would allow me, I would speak for the last time of Irish affairs, without expecting any answer; and I cited rapidly the reforms which a Conservative statesman might, in my opinion, make in that country without violating the principles of his party. He listened graciously, and when I finished he clasped me warmly by the hand and accompanied me outside the library door, where he renewed his farewell.

Sir Denham Norreys, who, though a decided Whig, had affectionate remembrance of O'Brien, brought the question of his return to Ireland privately before Lord Palmerston, and reported the result to me in this note:—

"HOUSE OF COMMONS, *August* 7, 1853.

"DEAR MR. DUFFY,—I saw Lord Palmerston to-day about Wm. S. O'Brien. He spoke kindly about him—but still stated that he and Sir George Grey did not consider that they could with propriety recommend to her Majesty his free pardon *at present*—but at the same time he desired me to say that he by no means wished to convey to me that the 'door of hope' was shut upon him. He recommended that he should do nothing which would altogether separate him from this country, as it is quite possible that at a not very distant future a more favourable answer to a similar application in his favour might be attended with better success.

"In fact his case is not decided favourably, because it would rule that of others whom they don't wish to pardon.

"At any rate you have this satisfaction, that by the memorial which you alone were the means of procuring—and by the efforts which have been made in his favour—which your untiring energy in his behalf excited, Smith O'Brien stands in a far more favourable position than he did at the commencement of the session.—Believe me, dear Mr. Duffy, ever faithfully yours,

"DENHAM NORREYS."

Before I left Europe, perhaps for ever, I determined to shake the hand of Smith O'Brien again, and I spent a few days with him in Brussels, where he then resided. Much of our talk is chronicled in my diary, but time has made it obsolete, and I only make a couple of extracts of collateral incidents :—

"O'Brien naturally wished to know the judgment of the country on our unsuccessful experiment. I told him I believed the country was just to his character, and unjust to his policy. No one doubted that he meant generously, and made noble sacrifices, but his own class would not be pursuaded that he was morally justified in attempting a revolution; the middle class, who had no such scruple, thought there ought to have been French or American officers procured to take charge of the operation, and the new secret societies declared 'it was a pity and a crime to sacrifice a grand opportunity to sentimental humanity; he ought to

have burned Widow MacCormack's house at Ballingarry, and her family, if necessary. What did a few individuals count in a revolution?' O'Brien said with great feeling that he would not be guilty of the murder of Widow MacCormack's children for any political success whatever.

"At the *table d'hôte* the same evening I fell into conversation with a Belgian member of the Chamber of Deputies who took a lively interest in Irish affairs. After various questions about our institutions and notabilities, he took away my breath with surprise by suddenly demanding, 'Connaisez-vous Madame Veuve M'Cormack?' After a good deal of wobbling we came to understand each other. He knew nothing of the Ballingarry widow, but there was an Irish lady of the name residing in the Quartier-Louise at that time whom he assumed I ought to know.

"O'Brien brought me to visit M. de Potter, leader of the Ultras in the Belgian revolution, and one of the editors of the *Pays Bas*, their organ of that era. When Brussels rose, De Potter was taken out of prison and made one of the Provisional Government; but when it was proposed to negotiate with France for a king, he insisted on a republic being declared; his colleagues contended that the Great Powers would not permit Belgium to create a republic in the centre of Europe, and thereupon he retired. Belgium became a monarchy, and in the quarter of a century which followed De Potter has been altogether excluded from public affairs. He is now an old man with white hair, and looks somewhat like George Petrie. He is very garrulous (which is pardonable, I suppose, in one who is visited as a personage), and he is too deferential to his guests for our western ideas. We were introduced to him as Irish patriots by M. Deuputtien, another of the Belgian National party of 1830. He was in prison with De Potter, and he affirms that the leader was not at all a practical politician. It was there he read for the first time the constitution which they were resisting. Deuputtien, as secretary of the Commission, declares that he had the good fortune to strike an effective blow for liberty: he was ordered to write a letter to the Prince of Orange, then besieging Brussels, which amounted to the first step of a submission. He wrote the letter, read it to the Commissioners

and had it approved, and then dropped it under the table, substituting a blank sheet of paper in the envelope. The Prince was enraged at so disrespectful an answer, and the negotiation which might have renewed the slavery of Belgium was broken off."

Next to the return of O'Brien I felt the liveliest interest in the proposed investigation of Maynooth College, where I had friends whose interests and happiness were imperilled. A Select Committee was about to sit, and it was confidently believed that Dr. Cullen would obtain the assistance of the Whigs to bring the college completely under his personal control, to denationalise it, to Italianise it, and crush the professors who cherished some spirit of independence. The constitutional rights they enjoyed under statute were to be abolished and replaced by a purely arbitrary system of episcopal control. I wrote to one of my friends in the college asking for instructions how I could help them in Parliament, and his answer was worthy of a great ecclesiastic :—

"COLL., MAYNOOTH, *April* 23, '55.

"In the first place, and before all things, I would have you to do nothing whatever, save what you are persuaded is right, proper, and becoming to do. But, in truth, C.'s hostility to us is precisely on the points in which you agree with us. He is for centralising all management of affairs in himself, and he is for narrow views, clandestine manœuvres—we are for the very opposite of all these. Our opinions on priests in politics are a mere accident as regards him and coincide with his opinion only in terms and appearance. We are opposed to clerical tyranny.

"Crolly thinks it of the first importance that we should be interrogated. Our sole object and wish in all this is to prevent C.'s and his party's interference and annoyance. I can speak for myself with the most perfect sincerity that I do not feel the least emotion of ill-will, revenge, or any other unworthy stimulus.

"This is not a matter of Crolly, Duffy, and Murray, &c., *v.* Cullen, &c., but of liberality, fair play, manly honour and truth *v.* &c., &c., &c., and therefore your heart should be in it as well as ours (over and above all personal considerations,

and therefore I need not apologise for any trouble I give you in it."

I rejoice to think that I did my *devoirs* to the satisfaction of my friends. The Professors were cited before the Committee and their interests were effectually served. Another institution in which I took a strong interest was less fortunate. Dr. Newman was at the head of the Catholic University, and was perhaps among living men the one fittest for that position. Dr. Cullen was entitled to exercise a certain control over the University, and thwarted more than one of the Superior's designs. At length he produced a catastrophe. A salary had been assigned to Rev. Mr. Ford, a young man who was perhaps useful to the Archbishop, but did no service whatever to the University. Dr. Newman declined to certify for a salary which did not represent any service. The Archbishop sent him peremptory instructions to certify, which he did accordingly, but immediately sent in his resignation. By this unhappy incident the man who had most profoundly influenced the Church of England while he was one of its ministers was separated from the Irish Church, where his influence would probably have been as large and as beneficent.

My design in going to Australia was to practise at the Bar and to hold aloof from politics, but my friends insisted on anticipating for me a political career in the new world. Lucas wrote me, "John Bright, who has been to see me, says that Lowe predicts you will be member for Sydney before six months," and Isaac Butt wrote "that you may win in the land of your adoption all that the strange fate that attends Irishmen of genius has kept from you at home is now all that your friends can wish for you." They forecast the future more successfully than I did.

I left in the hands of my friends an application for the Stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds, the acceptance of an office of profit being the only method by which a seat in the House of Commons can be relinquished, the profit in this case counting by shillings, and the shillings being never paid in any instance I have heard of.

John Dillon told my steadfast friend Alderman Plunkett that I had applied for an office under the British Crown in

England, and no doubt would get it. Plunkett swore that it was impossible. Dillon assured him he had seen my letter to the Secretary of the Treasury. "Well (exclaimed Plunkett) I will never believe in any man again ; I'm done with politics for the rest of my life." The jest had gone far enough, and Dillon explained the puzzle.

In these realms what event is too sombre or disheartening to be celebrated by a public dinner? My intended exile suggested two, one in Dublin projected by the Tenant Leaguers and the survivors of the Young Ireland party, the other in London by men of letters, who had only a limited interest in Irish affairs, but were good enough to honour me with some personal sympathy. When a committee, which had John Stuart Mill for chairman and James Hannay for secretary, communicated their wishes to me, I felt that such a grace was a compensation for many disappointments. My friends, who were professors in the new University, were active in organising the Dublin dinner. A courtly ecclesiastic whispered to James M'Carthy, the Professor of the Fine Arts, when he read his name on the committee, "Don't be a fool ; the Archbishop is essential to your success, you cannot build churches without bishops, and the Archbishop does not love the exiled agitator." "No," replied M'Carthy, "I believe he does not, but I do." M'Carthy had never taken any public part in politics, but while he was studding Ireland with nóble gothic churches on which the genius of native art was stamped, his heart was still the heart of a boy for his early hopes and his early associates.

Some practical men insisted that before seeing me for the last time there ought to be some more permanent testimony of good will. Colonel French, who will be remembered as one of the *habitués* of the Reform Club for a whole generation, organised a Gavan Duffy Testimonial Fund in London, but as I always refused testimonials I brought that project to a prompt termination. Arthur Geheoghan, then a young Protestant Nationalist in the Excise Department, afterwards one of the four officials called "The Kings of Somerset House," wrote to offer me all the savings he had accumulated to be repaid without interest, and at my absolute convenience ; and Mrs. Anderson, the wife of a general officer whose sym-

pathy with Ireland made her well-known to me, proffered me the law library of her uncle, Judge Bowen, and proposed to meet me in London to hand it over. "My dear husband has just escaped with life," she said, "and is still so weak I would not leave him for any other cause on earth than that to which you have devoted your life."

It adds a flavour of rare magnanimity to Mr. Geheoghan's offer, that he did not agree with me in the contest which had brought about my exile.

"There is not on the face of God's earth," he wrote, "a more pious and self-sacrificing priesthood than yours, and as an Irishman I am proud of them. Often and often, through the by-lanes and boreens at all hours and at all seasons, I have seen the young curates hurrying to watch over, to pray beside, to cherish, and to comfort the parting hours of the wretched and the poor. But while I silently admired them on their errands of mercy, I thought that their reward should not be of this world, and grieved when I reflected that the dignitaries of your Church in return for such acts should require from a grateful peasantry the surrender into their hands of their rights as citizens or privileges as freemen.

"I differ from you on many points, but on none more so than that it is either desirable or expedient for the clergymen of your Church to take an active share in politics. That O'Connell hastened Emancipation some years by their assistance there is no doubt; but equally true it is that they have most habitually checked and retarded, either *directly* or *indirectly*, the growth of a free and manly opinion in Ireland ever since."

Michael O'Grady, applauding my refusal of a testimonial, entreated me to accept from the Irish workmen in London the carved fittings of a library in Irish bog-oak. Of these proffered favours, I accepted only that of Mr. Geheoghan to a limited extent, because it could be repaid.

My diary at this time recalls some memorable and pleasant transactions. During the period when I had constant Parliamentary responsibility I thought of nothing else. I never went to theatres or exhibitions, and boat races and Derby Day appealed to me in vain. But when I had no longer public duties, I determined to see something more of the

wonderful city which I was about to quit, perhaps for ever. The National Gallery, Westminster Abbey, and the British Museum occupied much of my leisure. Tristram Kennedy gave me a mount, and brought me to Rotten Row; Edward Whitty introduced me behind the scenes in the opera; I dined with a friend or two at the "Star and Garter," and ate indigestible fish dinners at Greenwich; visited all the political clubs with members, and accepted more invitations in a month than during many previous sessions. "Breakfasted at the Stafford Club with Richard Doyle and his brother Henry, and Wallis (afterwards editor of the *Tablet*): I was surprised to note how familiar they were with the *Nation* and the work of the Young Irelanders, the Doyles being sons of a Unionist, and Wallis an Englishman. Dick Doyle speaks in a slow, rather drawling tone, but always admirably *ad rem*. Of Thackeray he said he could not get over the impression that he despised the finest of his own creations. He looked down even on Colonel Newcome because he was not a man about town. He declared that the only Parliamentary news he read or wanted to read, was Edward Whitty's 'Stranger in Parliament' in the *Leader*. It contained the essential oil of public transactions skilfully expressed. Henry, speaking of Cardinal Wiseman, declares that he is the tenderest and most considerate of sick nurses; he had tended him in illness like the best of fathers. Wallis referred to the insolence of James, who said Dr. Wiseman was an English gentleman, if being born in Spain of Irish parents could make him so. I said I accepted the insolence as an eloge. Dr. Wiseman was, in fact, strikingly Irish; he looked, as some one said, like a strong parish priest with the key of the county in his pocket.

"I asked the Doyles about their father, the famous H. B. He was still living, Richard said, and was soon coming to see them. Originally he distrusted O'Connell very much, as might be seen in his work, but latterly he came to think better of him. I spoke of *Punch* and Henry said his brother could not put up with the Exeter Hall clique into whose hands it had fallen."

"Cobden introduced me the other evening to Lindsey, the shipowner—the virtual leader, I believe, of the Civil Service

reform movement, of which Layard is the figure-head, and which has drawn Dickens and Thackeray into its current. 'Twenty years ago,' says Cobden, 'he was sleeping under a dog-cart. At present he is worth £20,000 a year. I advised him,' Cobden added, 'that his brain was overworked, and that he ought to give up business and take to politics as a change. He took half my advice—he took to politics, but did not give up business.' His brain is active, but he has a very overworked look; his head drops on his breast, and his hands hang loose and flabby. I heard him speak at the city meeting. He has energy, pluck, and good sense, but not a touch of eloquence. If it were not unjust to Cobden I would say he was a vulgar Cobden. He has one weakness of which there is not a trace in Cobden, an affectation of intimacy with the aristocracy. 'Among my correspondents,' he said to me, 'there is an old lady of great capacity and business habits, the Marchioness of Londonderry.' I believe he is really intimate with several great ladies, though he would not be a comely figure at a fancy ball. I met Bennoch, the poet, in this connection, and liked him very much. He has a more agile intellect than any other of the new reformers.

"Went to a reception which Mrs. Loudon and Mrs. Crowe gave in concert. Among the company Louis Blanc interested me most. His face is very fine and his eyes expressive, but the effect is seriously diminished by his dwarfish figure. He has not at all the air of a gentleman in the English sense. He smiles and contorts too much even for a Frenchman, and suggests an artist, play-actor, or singer rather than a politician. I spoke of the vehement promises Ledru Rollin and other democratic leaders had made of help to Ireland in '44, which compared ill with the slender performances of the Provisional Government in '48. He said Ireland and all struggling nationalities would have been helped but for Lamartine, who paralysed the good intentions of his colleagues. I expressed regret that Kossuth should have become a regular contributor to the *Sunday Times;* people were accustomed to think of him as the chief of a people. Blanc said it had become necessary for Kossuth to work for an income. 'It was a pity; the articles would damage the reputation of the Maygar Chief, as they contained no new ideas and not many

old ones. The next European revolution (he said) would be a fierce and sanguinary one. In '48 the Republicans ruined their cause by moderation, and that was not a fault they would commit twice. Ireland (he went on to say) would find little favour with the leaders, for in Ireland everything was under the influence of the priests, and priests, whether Protestant or Roman Catholic, were the sworn enemies of the revolution.' He asked about the rejection of the Tenant-Right Bill in the House of Commons. He understood the question fairly well, but predicted that we never would get anything from the British Parliament worth having.

"Later in the evening I met Julia Kavanagh. She is very small, smaller even than Louis Blanc, and, like him, has a good head and fine eyes. She is very much at home in Irish subjects, and tells me she is learning Gaelic. She proposed a volume of sketches from Irish history lately to Colburne and afterwards to Bentley, but neither of them would hear of it. She sent my small proprietors' scheme to Wills of *Household Words*, whom I met last year at Malvern, proposing to make an article about it, but that enlightened economist told her he had quite another object in view. He meant that Ireland should be colonised by Englishmen.

"Mrs. Crowe mentioned a fact which is of bad augury for English trade if it be authentic. It is impossible (she says) to get good silk in England, it has become so habitually deteriorated. French and Belgian silk, on the contrary, are excellent. A lady who was talking with us declared that the deterioration extended to almost all species of lady's dress.

"I called on Sir Emerson Tennant at his office, and had an interesting talk about the war. Admiral Dundas assured him he could not get Lord Stratford to send spies to the Crimea before the expedition. The Ambassador flew into a passion when he insisted on the necessity of it. At the Council of War before the expedition Dundas asked what they ought to do, as he objected to attacking a place of which he knew nothing. St. Arnaud exclaimed, like the hero of a melodrama from Port St. Martin, 'Let us go, let us show ourselves, let us conquer.' He then requested

Lord Raglan's opinion, who mildly stated his objections; but St. Arnaud, who was half bandit, half playactor, repeated his rhodomontade. I inquired why Raglan, the Commander-in-Chief of an independent army, submitted to this *gasconade*. 'Because,' Tennant replied, 'he had a letter in his pocket from his Government commanding him to do so.' Baraguay d'Hilliers, according to Tennant, declared that the French fleet in the Baltic is commanded by a prosy old lady, and the English fleet by a vulgar old woman. The *entente cordiale* does not seem to grow.

"At the Ellenborough 'want of confidence' debate I took a last look at the House of Lords. There is as large a proportion of commonplace men as I have seen in any assembly of gentlemen—Lord Grey, far from inheriting the noble-domed forehead of his father, looks as he hobbles along shrewd and ordinary—an attorney or land agent; Lord Panmure, with his port wine complexion and costume of a *ci-devant jeune homme*, might be a retired stockbroker; the Duke of Newcastle, a wooden mediocrity without a ray of the divine light of intellect; Lord Derby looks like a Lord John Russell with a soul, but that make a profound difference; and the Duke of Argyle a Frederick Peel ditto; Lord Derby has the unsettled eye and mien which sometimes betokens genius, but never wisdom or discretion. He looks unreliable, not from falseness, for he is open and dashing, but from recklessness. Lord Ellenborough spoke without force or fire, Lord Aberdeen, like a Puritan preacher, he is highly respectable, solemn, and discontented. But in *fronta nulla fides;* Cabrera, the Spanish cutthroat, was pointed out to me under the gallery one evening, and he is one of the handsomest and most gentlemanly men I have seen. Compared to him Louis Napoleon is vulgar. Napoleon's complexion is reddish brown, Cabrera's a clear, colourless pallor, his head impressive and well set. Again, Sir De Lacy Evans, the commander of the not too reputable Spanish brigade, is a noble, soldierly-looking man, whose profession immediately suggests itself; whereas Lord Hardinge, a great soldier, is nothing short of mean and ugly, and might pass for a Common Council man; and the Duke of Cambridge, illustrious by birth and courtesy, is big, brawny, and resembles a sergeant of dragoons. By

the way, the House of Lords itself very much suggests a Roman Catholic church—the Throne representing the altar, and the reporters' gallery the organ loft. The likeness is rendered more complete by a picture over the Throne, and candles and stands near it."

Though it was not unexpected, the sudden death of Frederick Lucas at this time was a painful blow. I had acted with him for many years in sunshine and shade, and loved as well as honoured him. I declined the public dinners to which I was invited and all other engagements, as a token of sympathy for my lost friend.

Shortly after, an able but singularly ungenerous article appeared in the *Times*, suggesting that the Attorney-General had probably provided a legal appointment in Australia for the Irish exile. I was going to a colony where the Attorney-General, or the Imperial Government, could not appoint or remove a policeman, where the favour of the people of Australia was the only road to office of any kind; but political criticism does not always trouble itself with the state of the facts. Edward Whitty wrote me that it was generally believed in journalistic circles that the article was written by Thackeray, and I was amazed and wounded at such an unexpected hypothesis, for I had established friendly relations with him, and I believed it impossible that he could have struck such a malign stroke. To put my mind at ease I wrote and asked him, and promptly received his denial.

"*Thursday, September 6th*,
"36, ONSLOW SQUARE.

"MY DEAR MR. DUFFY,—There is not one word of truth in your correspondent's information. I have not written one line in the *Times*. Ye gods! when will well-informed correspondent's leave off swallowing *mouches* and telling fibs? I wish you a happy voyage and prosperity wherever you are; and don't think I should be the man to hiss the boat that carried you away from the shore. May we both return to it ere long, and shake hands, says, yours very sincerely,

"W. M. THACKERAY."

A curious illustration of the feverish anxiety of Lord

Brougham's life turned up at this time. Among the many articles pro and con which my retirement from Irish affairs begot, the *Liverpool Daily Post* enumerated various notable men who had spoken favourably of my literary experiments. Among others Lord Jeffrey was mentioned as having been enthusiastic over the Ballad Poetry of Ireland. A correspondent, too important to be refused a hearing, burst in with a denial that Jeffrey had ever expressed any opinion on the subject. In a subsequent number Jeffrey's language was cited from a note to his wife, and Edward Whitty sent me the following letter from the querulous correspondent :—

(PRIVATE.)

"BROUGHAM, *October* 6, 1855.

"Lord Brougham presents his compliments to Mr. Whitty. He supposed from the extract he had seen from the *Ll Journal* that it was in the *Ed. Review* Lord Jeffrey was believed to have mentioned Mr. Duffy's poetry, and he is much obliged to Mr. W. for the reference to Lord Cockburn's 'Life of Jeffrey,' which he finds to be quite correct."

A levée in the *Nation* office enabled me to say farewell to my oldest and closest friends, and I made a hasty visit to London for a similar purpose. I shook the hands of Carlyle and Mrs. Carlyle, of John Forster and Mrs. Forster, of William Howitt and Mary Howitt, and many more. Stuart Mill called on me, and I find in my diary some note of our conversation :—

"Stuart Mill called to invite me to dine, but my brief time in London was all occupied. I had a very interesting talk with him. He spoke with indignation of the article in the *Times*, and strongly regretted that I had not accepted the London literary dinner. He deplored my quitting Parliament, as he was certain a party of the best men in public life were gradually getting concentrated. Speaking of Australia, he said a duty on gold was not liable to any political economy objection. It was one the least injurious to the community that could be devised. I inquired whether he thought the bulk of the public expenditure in a new country might not be

defrayed by leasing land in perpetuity for settlement instead of selling it, the State retaining the fee-simple. He replied that he considered such a method quite legitimate; but the rent reserved would be difficult to collect, and liable to Parliamentary combinations to annul it. If such a system were established the rent ought to be an *ad valorem* one, and be liable to be increased to meet improvements springing from the growth of society without any effort of the occupier, and the title of the occupier ought to be forfeited by a certain amount of arrears. Speaking of responsible Government, he said that in colonies where it existed the Governor ought, he thought, to be as impassive as the Queen is in England, except where Imperial interests, of which he is the guardian, were concerned.

"I met Dr. Madden in Piccadilly, and we lunched together. I suggested that the big volumes of his 'Life of Lady Blessington' might be squeezed into a pleasant little book containing the correspondence, which was interesting, especially the anonymous letters. The time for a new edition, he said, had not come. The anonymous correspondence was the letters of important men, whose assent to publication with their names he had not obtained. The letter rating Pencilling Willis savagely for his breaches of taste and confidence was by Lytton Bulwer, who also wrote the letter on Catholicity, in which he says that if he had been born a Catholic he would have remained one. The letters signed F. B. were by Sir Francis Burdett, and those signed P. by Sir Robert Peel. I told him the story Dr. Gully told me at Malvern, that Bulwer ran a race with his brother Henry for their mother's estate, which was to be bequeathed to whichever of them first became a peer, but Madden cannot say whether or not it is authentic.

"*Apropos* of the 'Life of Lady Blessington,' I asked him how he had avoided the glaring D'Orsay scandal. He shook his head meaningly, and said there was no evidence in the papers submitted to him, and so he kept his peace. In the evening we went to hear J. B. Gough, the teetotal lecturer, at Drury Lane. If Demosthenes said that acting was the soul of oratory, Demosthenes said well. Gough moves tears and laughter as I have never seen any orator do. He walks up

and down the stage, recites dialogues, makes imitations, and, in short, *performs* a dramatic entertainment. He was originally a comic actor, and turns his experience to excellent account. His gifts are not great; he is the Henry Russell of lecturers, vulgar and clap-trap, but with genuine power over the popular heart.

"I met Dr. Hughes, the eminent Archbishop of New York, in the House of Commons lately. He has a notable Roman head, the side face of which looks like the head on a coin in the time of Cæsar. He struck me as shrewd and clear rather than great or impressive. He says that Fr. Mullen's letter on the condition of Irish Catholics in the U.S. contained exaggerated statements, but he admits the lapses from religion are numerous. Meagher, he says, might have been anything in the United States which the votes of the people could make him if he had sat down to work at a profession in a quiet, serious manner. He considers him now irretrievably lost in habits and opinions, a hard judgment surely.

"I met Sir William Molesworth at dinner for the first time to-day; he interested me as the first of the philosophical Radicals who had been called to office. He is shy and pedantic, but apparently good-natured, and undoubtedly upright and sincere. He seems to suffer habitual physical pain, which Dr. Brady, who sat near me, explained. He is very industrious, notwithstanding the popular impression to the contrary. Dr. Black, who accompanied him, is his mentor, educated him in politics, still sometimes furnishes, Brady says, the material of his speeches, and manages his affairs. Of this latter function Brady gave me a startling instance. At some public dinner, where Molesworth, who presided, put down his name for a subscription, when the paper, which passed around the table, came to Black, he altered the figures, doubling the amount his friend had proposed to give.

"I breakfasted with Godley, the founder of the Canterbury settlement in New Zealand, and had some interesting talk with him. He assumed that I must go into politics, and his theme was patience and moderation. The Colonists could get anything that they wanted or that was good for them from a Government which, whoever were in power, would

regard them with feelings which were paternal. Among the letters which reached me at the last moment was a welcome one from Charles Kingsley, the friend of all who suffered in a good cause. 'Let me say goodbye,' he said, 'to a man whom (deeply differing from him on many points) I have long admired for his talent and fearlessness, even where I thought those great powers misapplied. However, what is past is past; you are going now to a more wholesome atmosphere, there to mix with social problems more simple than those of this complicated and diseased Old World. I almost envy you. Yet I seem to see here still work to be done which I can do, though on the future of England and of Europe I look with sad and shuddering forebodings. Yet we must have courage. "God is the King" after all, and Right must conquer at last, not perhaps in the way which you or I might make out, but in some wider, deeper way.'

"And a final farewell from Mary Howitt :—

"'You must, dear Mr. Duffy, take with you our best and kindest wishes to the Antipodes. I think of your speaking of the woes of old Ireland with deep emotion, and I trust that God will give you a beautiful and a happy home in the new world of Australia, and that though you never can forget the old land of so many sorrows, yet that the new one may afford you and your children such abundant joy and comfort as may make the day you set foot on its shores the most fortunate day of your life.'"

These sympathisers were all Liberals, but it touched me keenly to have the good word of a Conservative who judged what was done and projected by quite another standard. Emerson Tennant wrote to me :—

"And here let me say that I think in the management of the *Nation* you have done more than any living man, Moore only excepted, to elevate the national feeling of Irishmen. I don't talk of your energies in pursuit of a brilliant delusion; but I refer to the lofty spirit which has characterised that pursuit, to the bursts of eloquence and flashes of true poetry which have accompanied it, and to the pure and lofty, and at the same time gentle feeling which you have evoked in the struggle. The *Nation* has exhibited the genius of Ireland in a new and unlooked-for phase."

On the last day in London Michael O'Grady introduced a troop of Irishmen, who wished to say goodbye. One of them uttered a saying which surely amounted to genuine spontaneous eloquence. He brought an old Prayer Book to get my autograph, and one of his companions, who was provided with a more presentable volume, said, "It's a shame, Tom, to offer such a book to Mr. Duffy for his signature." "Arrah," said Tom, "why shouldn't I offer it to him; isn't it like himself, tattered and torn in the service of God and the people?"

On October 8, 1855, I embarked at Liverpool on the good ship *Ocean Chief*, bound for Melbourne. My family were on board before me, and when I went to their cabin and saw them actually at sea, to sail to a country where I knew next to no one, my ribs seemed to close on my heart for a moment with a painful and perilous responsibility; but my wife bade me trust in God, and we faced the future without trepidation.

I left Ireland with the main purpose of my life unattained, but as I was persuaded, not lost, but postponed, for a belief in God's justice is incompatible with the doubt of Ireland's final deliverance from cruel and wicked misgovernment. It was my consolation that in public affairs I had always done what I believed best for Ireland, whatever penalty it involved, and that I had never accepted so much as a postage stamp by way of honorarium or compensation.

The experiment of Independent Opposition, which I had entered Parliament to test, was declared by scoffing critics to have altogether failed, but twenty years later when the ballot effectually established the power of the people, Mr. Parnell, as we have seen,[1] took it up anew under more favourable conditions, and carried it to remarkable success.

It must be recognised as a generous trait in the character of Mr. Parnell that he acknowledged so frankly where his policy had been found. It was twenty years since it had been first propounded, and it was naturally a good deal forgotten. Had Mr. Parnell used it as Mr. Mitchel did the theory of Fintan Lalor, adopted it as his own, and spoke of

[1] See vol. i. page 251.

it as "my policy," "the policy of me, C. P.," no one would have questioned his claim, and by this time a host of partisans would be prepared to assert in perfect good faith that Independent Opposition had never been mooted before his day.

CHAPTER II

MY RECEPTION IN THE NEW COUNTRY

Sailed in the *Ocean Chief*—Religious equality established on board—Arrival at Melbourne—Deputation of eighty gentlemen come on board to welcome me—My statement of opinions—Public dinner in Melbourne—The "Backbone and Spinal Marrow" Speech—Melbourne in 1855—Public Library—University and Parliament House—Visit to the Legislative Assembly—Mr. Fellow's Bill—Public dinner in Geelong—Letter from Edward Butler—Condition of the Irish in Victoria—Letter from Orion Horne—Visit and reception at Sydney—Henry Parkes, James Martin, John Hubert Plunkett, W. B. Dalley, and Edward Butler—Public dinner—Declaration of Henry Parkes—John Macnamara—Rev. Mr. West concerning the visit—Parkes' description of all I lost by leaving Sydney—Letter from Rev. J. D. Lang—Letter from Edward Wilson—His Australian projects—Property Qualification—Villiers and Heytesbury Election—Visit to the village of Killarney—Speech of George Johnson—State of the poll—John Mooney's proposal—Letter from Edward Whitty—Letter to William Carleton—Condition of Victoria in 1856.

THERE was no mail service to Australia in 1855, and after careful inquiry I took my passage in the *Ocean Chief*, a vessel of the Black Ball Line.

The captain was a frank and friendly Nova Scotian of Irish descent, and I speedily saw that we were destined to get on comfortably. His yarns were racy; one of them still makes me smile when it recurs to my memory. A skipper of his acquaintance entered a complaint in the log-book against one of his officers. "I regret to state (so it ran) that during the greater part of this day the first mate has been intoxicated and disorderly." Some days later the first mate made an entry in the log. "I am rejoiced to be able to state that during this entire day the captain has been sober, and his instructions for sailing the brig were quite intelligible." Among my shipmates was Wilson Gray, who had sold his

share in the *Freeman's Journal* in order to adventure in the new and happy land.

On the first Sunday at sea I may be said to have begun my Australian career. The bell was rung at ten o'clock in the morning, and the captain read passages from the Book of Common Prayer to the bulk of the cabin passengers. When he finished I came out of my cabin and asked him if there was an Established Church on board the *Ocean Chief*. "Certainly not," he said. "Well, have the goodness to have the bell rung again, and I will read prayers for some hundred Irish Catholics in the second class and steerage." The captain complied, and I got through the business fairly well, and continued the practice till the end of the voyage.

For the first fortnight the good ship never got beyond a day's sail from Ireland. Up to the Equator we had as bad a passage as could be conceived—a head wind for a longer time than the captain had ever heard of in the North Atlantic, and then a longer calm than he ever remembered at sea. But when we crossed the line a favourable wind filled the sails for eight thousand miles almost without interruption, and we saw the new land lying on the lap of the Pacific within eighty days, during which we passed through two winters and two summers. All voyages are alike, and the recreations identical—bets on the day's sail, sweepstakes on the date of reaching Port Phillip, deck billiards in the morning and loo and spoil five in the evening, and in the end concerts and amateur theatricals duller than a Dutch sermon. Some of us aimed to learn a little navigation, or at least to understand the ropes, and to make some acquaintance with Jack Tar. Jack was a comical fellow ; he had a quarrel with the black steward, and one morning we heard the crew hauling at the ropes with a loud chorus, "I don't love a nigger, I'll be d—d if I do. Haul, haul away for the Black Ball Line." Daily confabulations with Wilson Gray on the destiny of the new country, and all we hoped to do and achieve there, gave a little flavour to life, and relieved the monotony of the wearisome amusements.

When we sailed into the noble land-locked harbour of Port Phillip, entered by a natural gateway called the Heads, the health officer who visited the ship brought me a letter

requesting me not to land when we reached Melbourne till I received a deputation who desired to welcome me to the new country. I was much struck with a generosity which sprung forward to meet me before I set foot upon the shore.

"The deputation," said the *Argus* next day, "was very numerous, consisting of about eighty persons, including Englishmen, Scotchmen, and Irishmen, the latter naturally being in the largest proportion." It was headed by John O'Shanassy, one of the members for the city, and Leader of the Opposition in the Legislative Council, and he was accompanied by the most conspicuous reformers in the Chamber and leading members of the Municipal Council of Melbourne, and various notable citizens. Mr. O'Shanassy, after reading a generous address from Victorians, said he had another which, he was bound to say, was of a few days earlier date, from Sydney, urging Mr. Duffy to make that city his home in the New World, and he could not fail to note that it bore the signatures of some of the most distinguished men in New South Wales. My friends in Melbourne desired to entertain me at a public dinner *to naturalise me in my new country*.

I told the deputation that if I had been assured a little while ago that the Rock of Cashel would make a voyage to Australia it would not have appeared more incredible than that I should do so myself, but I was deeply discontented at the state of political affairs in Ireland, and determined to be no longer responsible for them. Three years ago by the labours of a few friends, of whom I was one of the humblest, an Irish Party had been formed of between forty and fifty members pledged to ask no place or patronage for themselves or others, but to give their support without party distinction to whatever Government would propose satisfactory measures for Ireland. There existed in the House of Commons officers specially appointed and salaried to wheedle, seduce, or corrupt adverse members, and unhappily they had been too successful with the Irish Party. Among the men pledged not to accept office one was now Attorney-General, another Solicitor-General for Ireland, a third Lord of the Treasury, and a fourth, when the *Ocean Chief* left England, was the only Parliamentary Secretary or all the Colonies and Dependencies of the Empire. Irish Nationalists wanted for Ireland

what the reformers of Victoria had won for their colony. Victorians were not contented with having their affairs managed in a distant city by ill-informed or indifferent persons, and why should Irishmen be content? The Australians had succeeded and the Irish had failed, but let them not forget that they succeeded mainly by the aid of two potent allies, with whose aid Ireland also would have succeeded—the Atlantic and the Pacific. As respects the invitation to a public banquet, I had left home intending as soon as I felt strong enough to resume the practice of my profession, and this was still my purpose, but it was not in my nature to be indifferent to public interests or sink into any sordid apathy. I therefore gladly accepted an invitation which gave me an opportunity of becoming more familiar with the public men and interests of the colony.

The dinner was a notable success. Two hundred persons was the largest number for which accommodation could be found, and an overflow dinner had to be provided for in another chamber. Mr. O'Shanassy presided, and the attendance was very representative of the community. Of my speech I need only notice one paragraph, of which I never was allowed to hear the end: "I recognised," I said, "that this was not Ireland but Australia—Australia, where no nationality need stand on the defensive, for there was fair play for all. In such a land I could be, what I believed nature intended me to be if national injustice and fraud had not turned my blood into gall, a man who lent a willing and cheerful obedience to the laws, as the guardian of public and private rights, and who desired no more than to be permitted to live in peace under their protection. But let me not be misunderstood," I added. "I am not here to repudiate or apologise for any part of my past life. I am still an Irish rebel to the backbone and to the spinal marrow. A rebel for the same reason that John Hampden and Algernon Sydney, that George Washington and Charles Carroll of Carroltown were rebels—because tyranny has supplanted law in my native country. I would not be tempted by all the gold in Australia to repudiate my share in a struggle which was as just and holy a one as ever was lost or won in this world. But having been a good Irishman in my old home

would not, I conceived, be a bad security for my becoming a good Australian in my new one." I added, regarding the principles of public liberty which I held, that I was a Radical reformer, but I was no more a Red Republican, as some one alleged, than a Red Indian.

Melbourne, which is now a handsome and picturesque city, was then a thriving village, in the by-streets of which primeval trees or their stumps might still be seen, and where huge chasms sometimes interrupted communication between adjoining streets. The public buildings were ultra-provincial, the Government offices were a two-storey villa, the law offices occupied a vacant corn store, the Public Works department was housed in a wooden shanty; but some progress had been made with an ambitious Custom House, and the young community had built a creditable Public Library and Museum, and the foundations and class-rooms of a University. The Legislative Council met in a small brick building known as St. Patrick's Hall, hired from the St. Patrick's Irish Society; but a new Parliament House was planned, on so great a scale that after forty years it is not yet finished.

The public library was as yet strangely unfit for its position in the capital of a new country. All the great eras of history were blank. There was not a single book on the English Commonwealth, but Clarendon and an anonymous Life of Cromwell, nor on the American Revolution but Bancroft, or on the French Revolution but Thiers, or on the Bonapartean era but the spiteful and libellous memoirs of Bourrienne. There was not a single volume on Australian affairs, and political economy was ignored. The modern poets were represented by Samuel Rogers and a single poem of Tennyson's. The modern novelists stopped with Scott. The philosophers were nowhere. Carlyle, Landor, Browning, Helps, John Wilson, De Quincey, William Hazlitt, Henry Taylor, Cornewall Lewis and Thackeray were not to be found. But the antiquities of Athens and Attica were abundantly represented. Three hundred volumes of Greek and Latin classics and the Book of Common Prayer in German, French, Italian, Greek, modern Greek, and Spanish; twelve volumes of the Bridgewater Treatises and their antithesis, Hobbs in

sixteen volumes were offered as refreshment to the weary. But in good time all this has got thoroughly mended. The stranger can now walk into this noble building without introduction of any sort, and find himself as conveniently provided with facilities for study as in the reading-room of the British Museum.

Society was existing in a state of discomfort and inconvenience difficult to realise. In the capital the ill-lighted streets were also ill-paved, and the flag-ways made in patches or left unmade at the option of the owners of adjoining property. On windy nights one stumbled through some of the chief streets of Melbourne from fragments of solid flagging into unexpected pools of slush and mud. The principal highways in the suburbs bore the same relation to the streets that highways ordinarily bear to streets; that is to say, they were worse made and worse mended. On one of the chief highways to the goldfields, now traversed by a railway, I have seen a coach company after bumping over corduroy road for which the treadmill would have been a pleasant exchange, compelled to descend from their places, wade through a river, return to the vehicle and sit for two or three hours in dripping clothes. The Western ports within twelve hours' sail of the capital have sometimes been longer without Melbourne newspapers than London was ordinarily without newspapers from New York. After a day's rain Elizabeth Street, a great business thoroughfare, was a morass, where a passage was sometimes not merely difficult but impossible. I can recall a case in which I had to forfeit a dinner engagement in the next street because the ocean of sticky slush which separated us was impassable by man or beast.

I speedily visited the Legislative Assembly and made acquaintance with the leading members.[1] They were generally men of capacity and experience, but I was assured

[1] An incident which happened on the day of my first visit to the Assembly will help to realise the vigorous and somewhat reckless spirit of the times. A gentleman with whom I was lunching undertook to drive me to St. Patrick's Hall, and on our way I was amazed at the wild bounds and gambols of his horse. I noticed the fact to my host. "Ah, poor fellow!" said he, "it is nothing. He is only a little shy because he has never been in harness before."

that not one of these Legislators had ever seen a Parliament, and business was necessarily conducted somewhat at random. On my first visit to the Council an incident happened which suggested that a man of some European experience might be useful in the Legislature. There was a Bill on the notice paper introduced by Mr. Fellows, a leading lawyer, regulating the admission of barristers and establishing an Inn of Court and a Corporation of Benchers. I asked for a copy of the measure, and to my amazement found that it would exclude me and every other Catholic from the Bar of Victoria, as it was made a condition of admission to take the Oath of Supremacy, the identical oath which for more than a century English and Irish Catholics had refused to take. The exposure of the blunder, for it owed its origin to blundering not to bigotry, was fatal to the measure, which was withdrawn ; but I fear the learned author never altogether forgave me my banter on the subject. There were only three or four Irish Catholics in the Chamber, but one of them, Mr. O'Shanassy, had attained a leading position, and it was said, not without wonder and shaking of the head in the city, that he must be a member of any Responsible Government created under the new constitution. The bulk of the population were Dissenters not unlike a Nonconformist congregation in England, intelligent and alert, but often filled to the lips with prejudice. They had never seen, as indeed who had seen, a Papist exercising supreme authority, and they were perturbed by the perils of so unaccustomed a spectacle.

Geelong was at that time the angry rival of Melbourne. The question which of them should be the capital of Victoria seemed to the Westerns still unsettled, though to others it was plain that Melbourne had won the race. If the question were still open Geelong had conspicuous claims. Nature seemed to have framed Corio Bay for the seat of a great city. The semicircle of hills gently sloping to the water, the deep, secure anchorage, the Barwon behind supplying fresh water, the Barabool Hills furnishing corn, wine, and fruit : behold the essential conditions of success. My friends in this charming little town invited me to a public dinner, at which I had a farther opportunity of developing my opinions.

Meantime the invitation from Sydney despatched so promptly pressed for acceptance. My friend Edward Butler was associated with Henry Parkes in the management of the *Empire*, and Parkes was the ablest man in the party of progress. Butler warned me of perils to which he believed I was liable with the cautious anxiety of a devoted friend.

"I would fain (he wrote) be present, if not the first to clasp your hand on landing where it seemed so improbable we should ever meet—improbable indeed that we should ever meet anywhere again. I have another reason for writing—to caution you not to fling yourself into the embraces of our poor countrymen, who would run away with you beyond the bounds of discretion. Only think of its needing the interference of Parkes and myself to quash an incipient movement here to put you in nomination for Sydney. You occupy a dignified position in the minds of most people out here from the motives and manner of your retirement from Parliament which Parkes has zealously joined with me in putting in the right light ; indeed we are much indebted to Parkes. Well, I am very anxious that from this position you should not lapse into a natural mistake of giving yourself unreservedly to our poor enthusiastic Irishmen. You will have to answer an invitation to a public banquet in this city shortly. The invitation, however, will be managed by Parkes and some other English as well as Irish friends. Remember these colonies are English, and any sympathy beyond that of Irishmen will be with yourself personally, not with the Irish cause. In the next place the disposition of the English is to look upon your character as recently seen by them, with wondering incredulity, reluctant to believe that you are not a demagogue of the 'reddest' school. In the next place, the upper class of English, who are our misruling Conservatives here, know your character better, and hate you for coming to disturb them as they fear in their stagnant despotism. These will decry you, if you give them a chance. In the last place there is the Irish place-men here constituting a class, and never did you see this species in so repulsive a shape. Those people, for the sake of the respectability of your character would pay you tribute in common with good

Englishmen, and would welcome you in common with Irishmen for the sake of being popular with the Irish—only that they dare not. You will say naturally enough, 'Why should I trouble myself about all these people?' For several reasons. First, if you settle in this colony, it is well not to mar your entrance into it by a mistake. Next, the character of our old cause of Young Irelandism will be made or marred for ever in this part of the world by you; and, believe me, you will come to understand how this light can guide one's actions, feeling as if he should compromise his old friends and his old country the moment he compromised himself. It has been my guiding maxim many and many a lonely hour, and I hope and believe that in this respect my life here has been no subject of reproach. Then remember the future, friend and foe concur in destining you for a high career in Australia."

I had gone to the new world weary of political life, and resolved to become a successful lawyer. Some business came to me immediately, and I sat down to work. But a different course had been expected by political friends, and my natural tastes corresponded with their wishes to draw me into public life. The foundations of a new nation were to be laid, the principles for which reformers contended at home might have fair play in a country where there was no aristocracy, no large estates, no paramount authority, and to aid this development was a task which might repay endless toil.

I had been cordially received by the leaders of the Liberal Party, and their programme included the measures that seemed most urgent. Opening the public lands to the people, enlarging the basis of political freedom, and the proclamation of complete religious equality. Among the men who had been the most prompt to welcome me were a small sprinkling of squatters who insisted that I who had fought the battle of the tenants in Ireland must necessarily sympathise with the Crown tenants who were menaced in their rights by a new population who had come for gold, and would abandon the country when they had got it. But I retained one guiding axiom of Jeremy Bentham, then and always "the greatest good of the greatest number," and I

found myself imperatively drawn to the other side. But I desired to be fair. After a little a select committee, an embryo cabinet was formed to consider the question, and met nightly in a lawyer's chambers in Temple Court. The case of the squatters was considered without passion, and with a sincere desire to be just. The position of my own race was another question to which I gave early attention. They were nearly a fourth of the population, but they exercised little or no authority. There was only one Irish Catholic magistrate in the Colony, and not half a dozen Irish Catholics in the Civil Service. To strangers at a distance who read of Murphys, Barrys, MacMahons, and Fitzgeralds in high places, it seemed the paradise of the Celt—but they were Celts whose forefathers had broken with the traditions and creed of the island. Mr. O'Shanassy was the only man of his race who occupied a distinguished political position. Aspinall, whom I had met a good deal with Edward Whitty in London, was now a working lawyer on the goldfields. Shortly after my arrival he indicated in the pleasant banter he loved what an Englishman thought of this system and the cause of it.

"Now that you have got over the exhaustion of your triumphal entry into Victoria, you must allow me to offer congratulation and welcome.

"I am living here on the Diggings at present, and have been some time, and you, I suppose, must see the diggings and the diggers very soon, whatever else you do. . . . O'Shanassy will tell you that it has long been a standing joke and grievance in this colony that every public appointment is given to Hibernians, whether it be a postman's or a judgeship. Only while Mr. Stawell holds office they should add Orange theology to the indispensable brogue. But nationality beats bigotry altogether. The most orthodox Englishman has no chance against even a 'Papist' if his spiritual defects be counterpoised by the temporal advantage of Hibernian descent."

Another early welcome came from Orion Horne. The poet (who resided in Dublin as correspondent of the *Daily News* during the Young Ireland era) had been a digger, an official, and was now content to be clerk to Mr. Michie,

the leading advocate at the Melbourne Bar, and had the advantage of having a considerate gentleman for his employer.

"Welcome to Australia! The news of your arrival has only just reached me. How many associations with Dublin—all pleasing and full of energy—are at once conjured up with your name in my memory.

"Being 'an author,' of course here I come with my book! We don't think ourselves so barbarous here. What do you say to a publisher having brought out an Australian 'Orion' a twelvemonth ago, and found people to purchase?

"Well, you have come to a vast new field. You can make a fortune if you choose, but may also do something much better.

"I do not at present know your address, but will do myself the pleasure of calling upon you directly I learn it.

"Since I have been here I had a five years' training at the very Siberia of the goldfields, where there are the coldest winds, heaviest rains, deepest mud, and most wretched houses (besides the 'sweet voices' you wot of) of any part of the inhabited colony."[1]

And Mr. Chapman, a Canadian publicist, who was now practising at the Melbourne Bar, called on me with a letter he had received from Robert Lowe, recommending me to his good offices, and through Chapman and S. H. Bindon, formerly Secretary to the Tenant League, I made acquaintance with the Melbourne Bar, the leaders of which I encountered later at the tables of the judges.

It now became necessary to determine where I should reside. The gracious welcome I received in Melbourne might seem to settle that question. But in Sydney there was a much larger Irish population, who were eager and vehement to have me among them, and this popular enthusiasm was fortified by overtures from men of position and

[1] "There was a story current that while Mr. Horne was a warden on the goldfields he was so disgusted with the knavery of a party of diggers who brought a complaint before him that he inflicted a fine on both plaintiff and defendant. When the case was referred to the Attorney-General with an inquiry whether that was British law, that considerate official remarked that it was not, but that no doubt Mr. Horne was administering poetic justice."

influence. Henry Parkes, who was afterwards longer than any other man Prime Minister of his colony, urged me to make no engagement till I had seen Sydney, that would prevent me settling there. And Edward Butler, who finally rose to be Attorney-General, and but for a malign accident would have been Chief Justice, was of the same opinion. Earth, says the philosopher, has no treasure like a prudent friend, and to me Butler was a prudent and generous friend till his dying day, and has bequeathed me the love of his children. I saw many reasons for preferring Melbourne. From the spirit of the men I had encountered, and the tone of the people and of public meetings, and the Press, it seemed certain that Victoria would take the lead of the Colonies in public spirit and courageous experiment. This was a motive all but irresistible.

I sailed for Sydney by the inter-Colonial steamer *Telegraph*, and when we reached the Heads we were met by the steamer *Illalong*, decorated with Irish and Australian colours, and carrying a large number of ladies and gentlemen who came to bid me welcome. When the two steamers reached the quay there were many thousand persons there : "Irishmen, Englishmen, Scotchmen, and Australians of every sect and creed having assembled," says the *Empire*, "to honour the patriot of Ireland."

In Sydney I found two parties, one devoted to unrestricted popular liberty, the other Conservative Liberals ; but an Australian Conservative, as some one has said, is a man who accepts only four of the six points of the People's Charter. The head of the Government was Mr. Plunkett. an Irish Catholic, disposed to be most friendly, but though his private hospitalities were abundant, I raised an impediment which made it difficult for him to take any public part in welcoming me. The Governor at this time was Sir William Denison, who had been Governor of Tasmania when O'Brien, Meagher, and their comrades were prisoners there, and had earned the significant title of "the black snake" by his treatment of them. I positively refused to attend any banquet at which his health was proposed, and as the committee graciously yielded this point, Mr. Plunkett could not, without a violation of etiquette, attend. My hosts

were very numerous, however. Mr. Flood, afterwards long a member of the Parliament created by the new constitution, announced that he had granted me a rent charge which was duly registered, to enable me to be elected for any constituency in New South Wales, and my remaining there was treated as a matter of course. But from the engagements made in Victoria, perhaps somewhat prematurely, I could not escape with good faith. In my speech I laughed at the contest between the old and the new colony, and cited some lines which were thought pertinent to the controversy :—

> "Although our treacherous tapster Thomas
> Hangs a new Angel three doors from us,
> As fine as glittering gold can make it,
> *In hopes that strangers may mistake it;*
> We think it still a shame and sin
> To quit the good old Angel Inn."

Perhaps the most notable circumstance of the evening was that Henry Parkes had the courage to declare that if he were an Irishman, and had witnessed the same calamities and misgovernment which had befallen Ireland in recent times, he would have done all that Mr. Duffy was blamed for doing to defeat and abate them.

On a much-mooted point I took a decisive stand. Some of the Liberals thought that to amend the constitution and enlarge its powers was the first business to which the legislature must apply itself. I exhorted them to prove their fitness for government by using the powers conferred upon them to develop the great resources of the country, and increase its prosperity before enlarging their boundaries. Next morning Mr. James Martin—afterwards Prime Minister and finally Sir James Martin, Chief Justice—called on me to express his satisfaction that I had discouraged rash and irrational projects, and at his table I afterwards met many of the more moderate politicians. I introduced two of my friends to him, whom the jealousy of political parties had hitherto prevented Martin from knowing, one was Edward Butler—afterwards his competitor at the bar, and finally for the office of Chief Justice—the other William Bede Dalley, who later became in politics his colleague, and in social life his brother-in-law. Dalley was a young man full of gaiety

and badinage, and only partly awakened to the serious duties of life. But in time he grew prodigiously; he is the only Australian who has been granted a monument in St. Paul's for public services to the Empire, for it was this Irish Catholic Nationalist who, as acting Prime Minister, despatched the expedition to the Soudan, which has permanently increased the goodwill between the mother-country and her colonies.

During my stay in Sydney the first general election under the new constitution took place, and there was scarcely a constituency in which some candidate did not debate my visit and its possible consequences. John Macnamara, a merchant of wealth and intelligence, might be regarded as the leader of the Irish, and he besought me to stay in Sydney, and undertook that if I remained I should obtain professional business, to create an adequate income.[1] Parkes was more anxious for my political career, and as Parliamentary labours would necessarily engross much of my time, offered me £800 a year to write for the *Empire* whatever I found convenient. His good-will was undoubted, and was frequently tested during our public careers; but no doubt he was mainly moved by the consideration that I could be useful to the popular party. The enthusiasm of my countrymen in New South Wales was marvellous; I was bid to test it by the fact that two Gavan-Duffy hotels and a Gavan-Duffy omnibus had sprung up within the month, and that during the election the Irish voters had been everywhere placated by so many extravagant compliments to me. One man in every three in the colony was an Irishman, and if they joined the popular party under my counsel its future would be secure. But the *Sydney Morning Herald*, the prosperous organ of the Conservative Party, was then under the control of a remarkable man, the Rev. Mr. West, the historian of Tasmania. Nothing in my visit to

[1] In my diary of this date I find this entry:—"I was much struck by an observation of Mr. Macnamara that the history of Ireland can never be adequately written without examining the records of the convicts in Botany Bay establishment. He spoke with deep feeling of the cruelty with which the agrarian and political prisoners were treated. I wish I had time to look into this Irish episode. Muir, Palmer, and the Scottish reformers of 1793, and Joseph Holt and the Irish insurgents of 1798, and men sentenced for agrarian offences in Ireland or for seditious conspiracy in England often, he said, proved useful and estimable colonists."

Sydney gratified me more than his comment on its close, from which I will quote a sentence or two :—

"Mr. Duffy," he wrote, "left this city yesterday, attended by the best wishes of thousands. He had been invited to several of the principal towns of the interior. To have gratified all his admirers would have consumed time which no man worthy of such honour could spare. In Mr. Duffy we have recognised a representative man—one who presents a view of a great section of our various population. We have found him in personal contact a pleasant, earnest, and practical man—looking to colonial affairs with the fresh views of a statesman unacquainted with local parties and accustomed to deal with the great questions of government where rhodomontade and sham cannot gain a second hearing. We shall always look back upon our share in the reception of Mr. Duffy as a public recognition of the natural and religious equality of all the subjects of the Crown."

The fact which most impressed me in New South Wales was that a second generation, with a larger experience, more cultivated taste, and more settled opinions, now occupied the public stage, and did not much differ from the corresponding population in England.

But I returned to Victoria, and acted with the friends whom I had found there. After my return Parkes wrote me a letter which painted very vividly and very truly all I had forfeited by that choice.

"SYDNEY, *April* 30, 1856.

"MY DEAR DUFFY,—Your decisive words leave no hope of your leaving Victoria, and I fervently hope your life may be abundantly blessed both in household happiness and public good. The wish you have so frankly and affectionately expressed—that we may work together to the end of life—will remain a perfect light of gratitude within my troubled existence. If it could have been, I should have felt it a glorious privilege to have had a spirit like yours, mourning, rejoicing, admonishing, and encouraging in the trials and wrestlings of daily life, and I think I might have grown almost great in the gentler strength of a high-principled brotherhood such as I can now only dream of. Some of these days I will come in upon you all of a sudden so that I may satisfy myself of the

attractions that have fixed you in Victoria. Now I cannot help teasing you with a faint picture of some of the good things you have missed. Here you might have been at once the popular leader and the highest Minister of State, with a fairy nook on the romantic shores of our noble haven for your home and the most cultivated men in the community as your admiring friends. But what would have been of far higher interest—a more spiritual satisfaction to you—here you would have had a direct and definitely-ordered mission which there is no one else to enter upon."

The Rev. Dr. Lang was one of the most energetic politicians in Australia. He was head of the Presbyterian College in Sydney, and had reared a generation of students destined to become public men, and he had been a member of the Sydney Legislature during its whole career. Dr. Lang had got into conflict with the Catholics on the question of immigration and of local elections, with the merits of which I was imperfectly acquainted. But there were two facts I knew of him which recommended him to my sympathy. When the Repeal agitation was at its height in '43 he was in London, and wrote a pamphlet justifying and applauding the movement. Of the project most alarming to prejudiced minds—the Council of Three Hundred—this was the language he held:—

"The Repealers are at present electing members for a National Council of Three Hundred, and there is no reason whatever to doubt that, in the present temper of the Irish nation, they will readily find a sufficient number of resolute and devoted men to form such a body; and by whatever name we may choose to miscall the men who will thus be chosen by their country, the wise, both in Europe and America, will at once vouch for their undoubted nobility. The body that will thus be formed will therefore start into existence with the *prestige* of the original American Congress, and will thenceforth give the law to Ireland."

And in Australian affairs he and Robert Lowe had been the only members of the Legislative Council of New South Wales who joined the Port Phillip members in demanding the erection of Victoria into a separate colony. On my return to Melbourne he addressed a public letter to me accounting for

his absence from the reception at Sydney, and proposing a task which he believed to be the highest which an Australian statesman could undertake. Australian reformers, he said, regarded my arrival as an event of the deepest interest, as leading towards the end to which all these noble Colonies were tending—their entire freedom and independence. He believed it to be equally the interest of the Colonies and of the mother-country that this predestined end should be speedily realised. He held it to be equally a law of nature and an ordinance of God that full-grown communities, such as these Australian Colonies had become, should be self-governed, free, and independent. He loved his native country and deeply honoured the Queen, but his first duty was to the country in which he lived. Though he regretted as a Sydney man that I had not taken up my abode in the older colony, as an Australian he could not but rejoice that I had determined to settle in Victoria, for it was there the public battle would be fought and the victory won. I replied that I might demur to so abrupt a demand of a new-comer to stand and deliver his opinions on so grave a public interest, but as I had always believed that frankness like honesty was the best policy in the end, I would answer him at once. I did not think the course he recommended was a wise one. It was doubtless no more the destiny of Australia to remain for ever what it is than it had been the destiny of England to send subsidies for ever to the Cæsars, or of the American colonies to continue to the end little quarrelsome communities rivalling and hating each other. But the practical question was whether it was proper to ripen by public agitation or other artificial methods the natural growth of events to this end. You, I said, if I understand you, think it is; I think decidedly not. We have just attained constitutions which give the people of this country sovereign power over their own soil, their own laws, and their own institutions. Let us grow accustomed to the practice of self-government, and demonstrate our fitness for it by wise laws, wisely administered, and by a scrupulous respect for the principles of justice and liberty. Our duty at present, it seems to me, is to employ and improve the powers we possess. Let our new state, when it comes, be a man, not a blustering boy, impatient for the *toga virilis*.

At present the rage of private gain is too intense, and the interest in public affairs too slight, to afford a security for the healthy development of this noble country into the great empire which it is destined to become. When they have turned their gold dust into broad acres of Australia Felix, we shall be in a better condition for grave experiments.

One of the most remarkable men in Victoria was Edward Wilson, founder of the *Argus;* large, sombre, silent, he was a striking figure wherever he appeared. In the time of the old Council it was his practice to ride down to St. Patrick's Hall, and frown down from the Press Gallery on the old Legislative Council. His enemies nicknamed him Edward the Black Prince. In the early days of Port Phillip, he had founded the *Argus* without any previous experience of journalism, and after many perils made it an able and prosperous daily paper. He had taken a strong course in favour of the Ballarat insurgents, and other opponents of despotic government, but when the Constitution was proclaimed he thought there were peaceful and legitimate methods of obtaining redress, and that violence was no longer admissible. When he came to see me, I was much pleased with his intelligence and liberality of spirit on all subjects but one. In my judgment he was a just and upright man, poisoned with early prejudices. There were sixty members to be elected to the new Parliament, and he wrote a series of articles entitled "Where are the Sixty?" discussing with perilous frankness the faults and merits of candidates. Mr. O'Shanassy he admitted to be one of the most useful, industrious, and disinterested of members, but he could not approve of his election for Melbourne, because he esteemed him too friendly to the Pope and Papal interests. On the relation of England with Ireland, however, he spoke with much more sympathy with the wronged. Mr. Wilson wished me to write occasionally in the *Argus*, but I told him I had little leisure to write, and I had promised to send whatever I could write to Henry Parkes for his *Empire*, and as Parkes expressed extravagant satisfaction with what I had done, I could not possibly desert him. Mr. Wilson continued to take an interest in my career. He invited me to meet his political friends at his table, and he advised me from time to time on questions which he thought ought to be taken up

early. After my election, he sent me a list of such questions which were mainly non-political and non-contentious, in a letter of general sympathy :—

"DUNSTER HOUSE, *November* 8, 1856.

"MY DEAR MR. DUFFY,—A good deal of talk, and a good deal of thought about you had nearly reached their climax in a note, when I found your card upon my table. I have to congratulate you upon your return, and upon the flattering circumstances by which it was accompanied. You were scarcely inclined to believe me when I told you that certain attacks, however irritating, did not reach very far in their effects. Do not the facts of your election rather tend to prove it? I have been thinking lately that the time is come for me to carry out my promise of supplying you with numerous suggestions for reforms. I think I promised you *fifty*. Sinnett has been staying with me for a few weeks, and we have been for some days cudgelling our brains for suggestions. And allow me to hint, my dear Mr. Duffy, that a country can scarcely be considered to be so *very* badly governed, in which two such ardent reformers as Sinnett and myself, who have been scribbing away for years on the subject, cannot scrape together at least the number I promised you. I send you, however, such as I have, and have no doubt that during the currency of the session I shall be able to make up the number. Some of them you will doubtless think wild and Utopian. I can only say that they are such as I would have a try at, were I in the House. I feel convinced that your present policy is one of practical utility. The colonists are inclined to give you a fair trial, combined with a slight shade of suspicion, and anything which may be construed into an over-eager grasping at office would be permanently injurious to you. This colony strikes me as being a singularly favourable field for the trying of enlightened experiments—in matters which a larger, older country cannot venture upon—but which, being found successful here, may be safely and with readiness adopted elsewhere. Do not you, then, imagine that because you are exiled from your favourite Ireland, you are therefore in no position to benefit Ireland. You may benefit her by proving to the British public that they may

venture freely into reforms, to a greater extent than you might possibly have benefited her during a long lifetime spent amongst the more unwieldy elements of political existence of an old, stubborn, and established country. Never mourn then over 'exile,' but turn it to the best possible account. That is the part of the true patriot.—I am, my dear sir, yours very truly, "EDWARD WILSON."

The accompanying paper contained six-and-twenty projects, of which many got afterwards accomplished. These were half-a-dozen of them :—

1. Justice to the Aborigines. This should be one of the first acts of our free Parliament. Provision for them should be the first charge upon the land fund. Hitherto we have behaved to them like cowards, tyrants, and swindlers, selling millions' worth of their land, and refusing them the most miserable pittance. We should now give them food, shelter, protection, clothing, and medical attendance, while any of them remain.

2. Agriculture ought to be made a department of the State, recognising it in the most distinguished manner, and placing it upon the most enlightened footing.

3. A properly appointed Board of Audit of Accounts, securing good value for moneys expended. A Government audit does not provide this. Money may not be actually misappropriated, but it may be grievously misspent.

4. Establishment of a mint.

5. Introduction of the ballot into municipal elections.

6. Leasing Corn Lands for cultivation ; the tenants to have the right of ultimate purchase. This system is approved by Mill, and might have a fair trial here, superseding to a great extent all other taxation.

Other suggestions were an amendment of the Criminal Law, improvement of the paid and unpaid magistracy, the better regulation of public-houses, and other social reforms, and, finally, the employment of the military on public works, an experiment which was afterwards made without either economy or advantage of any sort.

I took chambers in Temple Court, the lawyers' quarters, and sat down determined to work at my profession. Business

came, which I did to the best of my ability. But the men who had welcomed me so cordially insisted that I must enter the new Parliament. There was work to be done to gratify the highest patriotism or ambition, for here was to be laid the corner stone and foundation of a new empire. I was weary of politics, and would gladly have stood aside for a time. This was not Ireland, but a new country to which I owned no hereditary service or allegiance. But the old passion for public life awoke, and I at length consented. The new constitution required a qualification of £500 a year real property for the Legislative Council or Upper House, and £300 a year for the other Chamber, but the popular party, or substantially my own countrymen, created a fund in a few months, and purchased me a residence and certain other property affording a qualification for either House. I had always refused any favour like this in Ireland, but here it was the retaining fee for services which could not be undertaken without it. The title deeds were presented to me at a public dinner, and the result, representing an immense constituency in upwards of a hundred districts of this colony and New South Wales, which cordially joined in the project, made it a political demonstration of peculiar interest and significance. It was necessary to find a constituency, and at length Villiers and Heytesbury was selected, and I went down to meet the electors. Villiers was a farming county possessing some of the best soil in the colony, notably the Farnham Survey, a district which a syndicate of Irish gentry was enabled to buy under Colonial Office regulations at £1 an acre, and which was now let at a rent which refunds the purchase money more than once every year. Heytesbury was a squatting constituency, and I had scarcely taken the field when it was announced that Mr. William Rutledge, the owner of the Farnham Survey, at that time, and Mr. John Allen, a squatter from the other county, were candidates for the two seats which the electors were entitled to fill.

A requisition was presented to me containing more signatures, it was said, than there were electors who voted on both sides in the last contest. The attempt of some screech owls in Melbourne to excite sectarian animosity naturally found

imitators here; but both the contesting candidates found it convenient to declare that they gave no sanction to these malign proceedings. I announced meetings in succession in the principal centres of population. An election in Australia was very like an election in Ireland, a hustings where the candidates were proposed, and public meetings where they explained themselves.

I positively refused to make domiciliary visits to the constituents, and still more decisively to visit public men among them. But there was a village called Killarney inhabited, I was told, by Irish evicted tenants who had thriven prodigiously in their new home. This was a sight I longed to see, and my committee fixed a time for a visit. The first house we entered had all the evidence of rude careless plenty. A bottle of Martell's brandy was immediately placed on the table, flanked by a huge decanter full as it seemed of sparkling transparent water. I had slight experience in drinking raw spirits, but it was impossible to refuse pledging the prosperity of the Irish village. I poured a spoonful of brandy into a tumbler, and after drowning it in water, put it to my lips. The brandy, I concluded, must be of abnormal strength, for the water had not made it palatable, and I had recourse to the decanter a second time, and filled my tumbler to the brim.

"Is this water bewitched?" I cried, "the brandy does not grow weaker but stronger, the more I pour upon it." The farmer and his good woman burst into a merry laugh; the transparent fluid was not water but gin. There was a similar plenty in all the houses, and a similar hospitality. In one of the last I entered I met a signal illustration of what Ireland had lost by want of education. The farmer took me aside, and asked me to look at his bank book. He could not read or write, and as he rented his land from the "Stores" in Belfast and gave them his harvest to sell, he was completely at their mercy. There was nothing wrong in the account which I could detect, but I saw with amazement that an Irish peasant who had probably found it hard to retain potatoes enough for daily bread in Ireland had one item in his bank account of £1,500, the price of his wheat, and had more comfort and plenty about him than any ordinary squire at

home. Every man here, I observed, had a horse to ride; every farm a team of bullocks, but men and women, content and thankful as they are for the prosperity of the new country, "won't forget old Ireland were it fifty times as fair."

A meeting was announced at Tower Hill, the centre of Mr. Rutledge's estate. His tenants promised to support him, but declared that they would vote for me also. Two of the local newspapers supported me and two were adverse. I was accused of various offences, especially religious bigotry. The first effectual check to this slander came from two Presbyterian ministers, who had been in Ireland during the Tenant League, and declared their intention to support me. But a more picturesque incident and one more calculated to fascinate popular opinion occurred at the Tower Hill meeting. When I had concluded my speech, a vigorous, intelligent-looking young man, with a long whip in his hand, whose team one might safely assume was at the door, entered the meeting, and when I sat down immediately came forward to speak. "You all know me, I believe," he said, "but if any one don't know me I am George Johnson, the road contractor. I never saw Mr. Duffy before, but I daresay I know a good deal more of him than any of you. My father was one of the old Protestant Corporation of Dublin, and my family high Tories; and I would probably be full of prejudice and bigotry but that I read the *Nation* from the time I was a schoolboy. You know whether I do not live on friendly terms with my neighbours, Protestant and Catholic, and keep alive the memory of old Ireland on all fitting occasions." (A peal of cheers greeted this inquiry.) "Well," he said, "what I am the *Nation* has made me." As this was the first occasion on which the principle of religious equality was plainly fought out in the colony, the result was of more than temporary or local interest.

When the poll was announced it disclosed some curious facts. I received more votes on Mr. Rutledge's estate than the proprietor. I received more votes in the Warnambool district than the Warnambool candidate, and more votes in the Belfast district than the Belfast candidate. I recall with interest that I was able to say when the election was over that I had not personally canvassed a single elector; that I

had not employed a single paid agent, and that I had not spent twenty pounds on election expenses. This country was regarded in Europe as sordid and greedy, but I believe that £5,000 would not hire the amount of actual labour that had been generously expended on my election. This result was largely attributable to the testimony of Irish Protestants and Presbyterians, but mainly to the unpurchasable zeal of countrymen who shared my religious and political convictions.

My Irish friends throughout the colony were so numerous that it is impossible to name them here, and it would be invidious to make selections. But one incident had consequences which must be specified. John Mooney was considered the richest Irish Catholic in the colony. He had come out as a soldier in an English regiment, bought his discharge, and by marvellous knowledge of cattle had gradually risen to opulence. When I arrived he vacated his residence in the city and placed his house and servants at my disposal, and he took always an active part in whatever concerned me. While I was engrossed in the business of politics he came to me one morning and said in the most frank and friendly way that I was neglecting my profession for politics, and would land myself in difficulties in the end. He wanted to be of service to O'Shanassy, and to me along with him. A very promising squattage was in the market, on which the immediate payment would amount only to £5,000. He was disposed to buy it and divide it into five shares between O'Shanassy, myself, and Messrs. Harney and Curtain, keeping one share for himself that he might watch over the experiment. He would answer for the success of the undertaking. I thanked him, but replied that I had not £1,000 to invest, having put whatever I possessed into a property qualification and shares of the Colonial Bank. Mooney replied that he had always a few thousand pounds for which he could not find immediate employment, and that it would not inconvenience him to lend me a thousand pounds to be repaid out of the profits of the run. I then told him there were objections that could not be overcome. My opinions were that the squattages ought to be broken up to make way for agricultural settlement, and that though no doubt a man might honestly hold these opinions though he

possessed squatting property, the people would be slow to believe that he would sacrifice his personal interest, and it would be long before a squatter would be accepted as a safe and disinterested leader of the people. He said the public would know nothing about it, the run could be registered in the names of Curtain and Harney. I rejoined that if nobody knew it but myself the objection would remain, but in politics everything became known, and I would be certain to be asked some day in the Assembly if I was not squatting in secret, and though the transaction might be perfectly innocent its discovery would be like the revelation of a crime. It was bad enough to be an Irish Papist; if, moreover, I was a squatter, I might as well retire from Parliament unless I abandoned my convictions, which was not a practice I was accustomed to. Mooney's sincerely generous offer was accepted by the other gentlemen he had in view, and he did not exaggerate its value, for to most of them it became the seed of a rich harvest.

At this time I received many Irish letters and newspapers congratulating me on my reception in Australia. But it is needless to return on them. Edward Whitty, a keen and sympathetic critic, wrote:—

"Congratulations. The word contains all I have got to say. Of course I've seen all the papers. Your speeches perfect.

"The *Argus* seems well done. What do they want with an editor from London? I am doing the London Correspondence, and am told that the editorship is in *futuro*, but I doubt. I'm in the thick of the Australian people here, from Wentworth downwards."

I find in the "Life of William Carleton"[1] a letter which I wrote to him at this period. I republish it because a line written at the moment often lights up an obscure situation better than much retrospection, and I shall often borrow a vivacious sentence from a correspondent for this purpose.

"MELBOURNE, 1856.

"MY DEAR CARLETON,—I have often meditated a letter to

[1] "Life of William Carleton," by W. J. O'Donoghue. London: Downey and Co.

you, and often expected one from you; but I was deep in the battle of life, and you will do anything for your friend except tell him how you are. Mrs. Callan from time to time tells me something of you, and I dare say, or swear, she does as much for me to you. The *Ndtion* will have kept you acquainted with my public operations, and as for private life, there is no country like the old country, and there are no friends like the old friends. You and Mrs. Callan and I have sometimes had a three-handed talk, the like of which I will enjoy no more this side the Styx.

"Do not dream of Canada, my friend; an oak of the forest will not bear transplanting. Even a shrub like myself does not take kindly all at once to the new climate and soil. I never for a moment regretted having left the Ireland where Judge Keogh and Archbishop Cullen predominate; but the slopes of Howth, the hills of Wicklow, and the friends of manhood are things not to be matched in this golden land.

"I have met your books here as common as any one's, thanks to Routledge's cheap series. But the reading public is but a little leaven in the whole mass. Perhaps what you would enjoy most here is the Irish farmhouse, with all the rude plenty of thirty years ago revived, as I have met it hundreds of times. But it would need the author of 'Traits and Stories' to describe the strange hybrid, an Australian-Irish farmer with the keenness and vigour of a new country infused into his body. I am just returned from my election where they fought for me like lions in the name of the poor old country; and, to do them justice, Protestants as well as Catholics. We have bigots here, but the love of country is a stronger passion than bigotry in the heart of the exile.

"I hope you have pleasant news from Canada. If the two girls would return from that frozen swamp, it would add a zest to your life. . . .

"Goodbye, my dear Carleton, at either end of the earth I hope you will not entirely forget me. Many of the pleasantest recollections of my life have in the foreground an Irish peasant lifting a head like Slive Donard over his contemporaries.—Always yours,

"C. G. D."

When I had time to look about me I made some acquaintance with the marvellous country in which I found myself. The population were only settling down from the frantic orgies which followed the discovery of gold. It was but half a dozen years since Melbourne was overrun by successful diggers, whom shopkeepers denominated "the new aristocracy." Drunkenness was their ordinary enjoyment, and the public-houses swarmed at all hours of the day and night with roaring or maudlin topers. The mad recklessness of that time exceeds belief. I have heard from eye-witnesses stories of diggers ordering the entire stock of champagne in a public-house to be decanted into a washing tub, and stopping every passer-by with an invitation to swill; of one frantic toper, when he had made all comers drunk, insisting upon having the bar-counters washed with claret; of pier glasses smashed with a stockwhip in order to make an item worth the attention of a millionaire; of diggers throwing down nuggets to pay for a dram, and declining to accept change; of pipes lighted with a cheque; of sandwiches lined with bank-notes. A favourite recreation of the digger on his pleasure trip was to get married. A bride was not difficult to discover, who permitted herself upon short notice to be adorned with showy silks and driven in an equipage as conspicuous as the circumstances permitted to a bridal which, in many cases, bound them together only during good pleasure. The facility of cheating the digger inflamed the greed it fed; and it is said that some publicans, impatient of the slow process of intoxication, had no scruples of stupefying them with drugs into an insensibility which made robbery easy. The digger need ask in vain for no luxury of which he had ever heard, for an extensive system of forged labels prevailed, and cynical persons predicted that the digger would have his taste so perverted that he would turn with disgust from port wine if it was not drugged with bad Scotch whiskey, or brandy which had not been sprinkled with cayenne pepper.

But all this had passed away, and the diggers had settled down to steady industry. Their earnings were not greater than in the ordinary pursuits of the colony, but the employment had the unspeakable charm of not being a servile one.

They began and ended work when they pleased, and there was always the chance of a great success, which gave the pursuit the subtle fascination of gaming. It was work, they were accustomed to say, in which a gentleman or a Republican could engage without any sense of humiliation, and many gentlemen had engaged in it. From the diggings I made my way to the regions of squatting. The open country was charming, and often presented scenes which the native artist will certainly make memorable hereafter. The ordinary landscape in a pastoral district is a plain, bordered with low broken hills, and dotted with the sparkling lightwood or wild cherry, or the dingy gum-tree with fragments of its bark swinging like the rags of a tatterdemalion. In an agricultural district a common scene consists of undulating hills of rich chocolate soil running down into long grassy valleys, or succulent meadows, fattened by the great fertilisers, rain and sunshine. It is a blessed land, seamed with gold, fanned with healthy breezes, and bathed in a transparent atmosphere like the landscapes of Guido. When men of Northern energy and perseverance possess this gracious soil we shall see marvels. The newcomer can scarcely look upon these charming landscapes without seeing them in imagination studded with warm farmhouses, with here and there the sparkling villas for which they seem to be expressly framed; but a generation must pass, fertile in wise laws, before we shall see these results. At present a few men possess and degrade this noble territory. The squattages I have visited make a strange contrast. You may sit down to table with a sheep farmer in a dirty wooden shed which he calls his homestead, and dine, if you can, off coarse mutton killed too soon and cooked too soon, moistened by tea without milk, in the midst of a region of pasturage, or with fiery brandy and mawkish water, and bread without leaven, the whole placed on the table by a slovenly man with bare arms and uncombed hair, who has cooked the meal in an outhouse reeking with sheepskins and where half a dozen shepherds are recreating themselves with tobacco; or if fortune be kind, you may happen on a charming cottage, deeply verandahed and sheltered with plantations of European shrubs. These are the homes of squatters who settle down with their family,

and show a generous desire to spend their wealth on adorning and civilising the country which produced it, but it is a more common practice to squat in the Melbourne Club and leave the run to be managed by a "super." The rural hotels are generally comfortless, though supplied with a rude abundance. Every meal is furnished with the heavy, unwholesome dainties of a bush inn, but nothing clean, wholesome, or appetising.

The gold frenzy has completely disappeared; for the last few years the streets of Melbourne have been safer than the streets of London at the same period. In the suburbs the practice of leaving windows unbarred and articles of daily use on the open verandah seems to the stranger to argue a security like that of the golden age, but means simply that the population are almost universally in circumstances which place them above the temptation to steal.

CHAPTER III

IN THE NEW PARLIAMENT

New Year's Day Levée—Opening of Parliament—The method in which the Governor should communicate with Parliament determined—Bill abolishing Property Qualification carried—Select Committee on Federation of the Colonies—Its proposal successful everywhere but in New South Wales—Controversy on the orderly conduct of Parliamentary business—Six cases cited—Errors in building the Victorian Parliament House—Motion respecting Cross Benches—Establishment of Municipal Franchise—Mr. Childers and Mr. Stawell appointed to permanent offices—Fall of the Haines Government—Mr. O'Shanassy commissioned to form an Administration—How the new Government was constituted.

THE making of Victoria now commenced, and I need not hesitate to say that for a quarter of a century I took as large a share as any man living or dead in that reproductive work. But I am not writing the history of the colony, or of its party conflicts, but my personal memoirs, and I will concern myself only with transactions in which I was engaged, and which had some permanent consequences, or which illustrate significantly the condition or growth of the country. Before the session commenced the Governor, who was now Sir Henry Barkly, held a levée of which I find a note in my diary :—

"The New Year and the new Governor held a joint levée to-day. 'Full dress' in Melbourne means anything from the silk stocking, buckled shoes, and unexceptional toilet of the Speaker, to the soiled white trousers and vest of old P——, and his cocked hat, of the class long abandoned to coachmen and *Leprechauns*. He was the most ludicrous figure there, and made one rejoice he has got promoted out of the assembly. The Governor looks a fairly good figurehead of the State ship, and if the engineer and sailing master have the needful skill, we shall have a prosperous voyage."

The new Parliament opened with whatever ceremony and state the colony could furnish. The day was proclaimed a holiday; the soldiers of the 41st Regiment, the Volunteer Artillery, and Rifles were drawn out. Flags and banners streamed from the houses in the line of procession, bands enlivened the scene. The Corporation, headed by the Mayor, the Judges in their robes, the Town Councillors in their uniforms, the Foreign Consuls looking as like Ambassadors as they could contrive to do, and the Governor, accompanied by a staff, and escorted by volunteer cavalry, arrived at a Chamber crowded with ladies. The military display was very unparliamentary, but this was a harmless blunder: a more serious one fixing the relation of the House to the Executive Government followed. The Chief Secretary announced that the Governor when he reached the Council would "command" the attendance of our House. The Speaker sent the Clerk to me with a scrap of paper on which he had written, "Are we to be commanded?" I consulted O'Shanassy and Chapman, and we frankly told the official leader of the House that this phraseology could not be permitted. After some negotiation the Governor "requested" our attendance.

The Ministry were men of respectable capacity, good character, and reasonably good intentions, but some of them were very prejudiced against popular liberty, and they were all (except the Chief Secretary) responsible for a system of government on the goldfields which had fallen with a crash but was still detested. They had been appointed from Downing Street, or by a Governor nominated from Downing Street, and the current of popular sympathy ran high against them. They brought into the Chamber a larger proportion of paid officers than I have ever seen in any legislature, and they had little other steady support but from the squatters who relied upon them to protect their tenure of the public lands, and the bankers who thought they were the only bulwark against a democratic-digger Administration with which we were constantly threatened by alarmists. The Chief Secretary, Mr. Haines, had been educated at Oxford, and was designed to be a doctor, but in Australia he purchased land and settled down to the quiet life of a gentleman

farmer. He was notable for a character without stain, and the cordiality which springs from a generous nature. His position in the Legislature somewhat resembled Lord Althorp's in the House of Commons. Men did not count upon him to do anything original or striking, but they were confident he would do nothing that was vicious. The mining members were at this time a third of the House, but it is a curious and suggestive fact that though men who had lived on the goldfields came to office from time to time generally one at a time, the Digger Government which appalled the minds of capitalists neither then nor ever after came into existence.[1]

It was plain to an experienced eye that there was no party organisation among the Opposition; they had elected no officers, Mr. O'Shanassy was tacitly accepted as leader, but there was no secretary to summon the party, and no Whip to secure their punctual attendance. When there are not great political passions at work the political activity of a new country is like the movements of an anthill, and the absence of permanent relations in public or private life robs it of one of the centres round which party combinations gradually form. In other respects the meeting of the new Assembly was a pleasant surprise to me, though I had come recently from the House of Commons, and had in memory the encounters between its leaders, and the fundamental fact which is always its chief attraction, that there are men there who are experts on every subject of human interest—often men who never open their lips in debate, but can tell you, if they choose, all that it is requisite to know of the mysteries of politics, commerce, literature, and science. I was rejoiced to recognise that in this Assembly there were men who understood the interests of Australia, and, perhaps, the agencies which make a country prosperous, as well as any man in the new Palace of Westminster understood his wider range of duties. The Chamber consisted chiefly of barristers, attorneys, doctors, squatters, miners, and wholesale traders.

Shortly after this Parliament had assembled I asked the Government, who were proposing an extension of the

[1] The admission of mining members was a reform effected in the old Council; originally there were no members conferred on the goldfields.

franchise, whether they intended to accompany it by a kindred and equally urgent reform — an abolition of the property qualification for members of the Assembly. The Chief Secretary replied that they did not, and I immediately gave notice of a Bill of my own for this purpose. The reform was a very necessary one, as the qualification in Victoria was the most restricted in the world. In England, Mr. Bright had qualified out of his mill, another member out of a deposit receipt for £10,000, but in Victoria it was necessary to have an income arising out of real property situated in the colony. There was no property qualification in France, in Belgium, in the United States, or in almost any colony in the empire. Was Victoria likely to hold the foremost place she ambitioned in the march of freedom if she continued to maintain this system? It was said a member of Parliament ought to have an interest in the soil, but why, I asked, ought he? The judge, the naval or military commander, or the diplomatic agent has as serious duties to perform, but no one expected this qualification from him. A property qualification was not required in Scotland, or in English or Irish universities; it was abolished in order that competent men might not be shut out of Parliament by the want of it. This was the principle I desired to apply in Victoria. What reason was there to expect that the diggers, for example, who paid half a million to the revenue, should be owners of freehold? or the members of the learned professions? And were not both classes who ought to be in Parliament? There was another reason for desiring the reform which needed to be handled delicately, the rigid system produced, as such a system commonly does, a crop of evasions, and there were many bogus qualifications. The result of my proposal was satisfactory. A local journal of the period, the *Age*, says: "Apropos of Mr. Duffy and Parliamentary business, it is rather remarkable that he has been the first to lead the Opposition to victory against the Government, and the first to get a Bill carried through all its stages." This was a Bill to abolish the property qualification required by members of the Assembly. The Ministry opposed it and were defeated; but though beaten on a vital point in the Constitution they did not resign office. The most important of the provincial journals which had supported

the Government up to that time declared that their inane policy in this business foreshadowed their speedy fall. The Opposition were much encouraged by this success.

The next measure I took in hand was the federation of the colonies. I proposed the appointment of a select committee to consider the necessity of federation and the best means of bringing it about.[1] The Government assented on this occasion, and the Commissioner of Customs, Mr. Childers, afterwards so well-known in the House of Commons, became a member and took a genuine interest in the question. The committee was chosen judiciously, of the twelve members ten afterwards became Ministers of State, and three of them in the fulness of time Prime Ministers. The committee consisted of :—

Mr. Gavan Duffy, *Chairman*.

Mr. O'Shanassy	Mr Griffith
Mr. Childers	Dr. Evans
Mr. Moore	Mr. Harker
Mr. Michie	Mr. Smye
Mr. Foster	Mr. McCulloch
Mr. Horne	

It will be convenient to pursue the subject at once to the end of the session. After deliberations extending over several months the Committee reported, specifying the motives for Federation, and the best method of bringing it about. The waste and delay created by competing tariffs, naturalisation laws, and land systems were exposed as well as the rival schemes of immigration, and of ocean postage, the clumsy and inefficient method of communicating with each other and with the Home Government on public business, by which so much time and force were wasted, and the distant and expensive system of judicial appeal. By becoming confederates so early in their career the Australian Colonies, it was manifest, would immensely economise their strength and resources, and each of the existing States would be enabled earlier to apply itself, without conflict or jealousy, to the special industry which its position and resources rendered most profitable. It was recommended that the colonies possessing Responsible Government should be invited to

[1] January 16, 1857.

select delegates to consider the necessity of a Federal Union and the best means of accomplishing it. I submitted the report and the resolution arising out of it to the Assembly, and carried them with general assent, and they were afterwards communicated to the Legislative Council, which concurred in them. We then communicated with the other colonies. In New South Wales a Select Committee of the Legislative Council, including some of the most experienced statesmen in that colony, reported on the question generally, and recommended that the method of proceeding suggested in the Victorian Report should be adopted. They sent their report to the Legislative Assembly requesting its concurrence. In South Australia Select Committees of the two Houses accepted the invitation of Victoria, and appointed delegates to attend the proposed conference. In Tasmania a similar course was adopted, and delegates were selected. This was regarded as a triumphant success, as we had obtained the assent of all the colonies possessing Responsible Government, for Queensland had not yet come into existence, and Western Australia was a Crown colony. But there was one fatal impediment to action. The Legislative Assembly in New South Wales had not responded either to our invitation or to that of their own Legislative Council. Mr. Cowper, the Colonial Secretary, was unwilling, as my friends informed me, to allow Victoria the initiative, and we were unwilling to begin with the aid of only two small colonies. My friends, Parkes and Butler, were of opinion that Mr. Cowper would not long be an impediment, and that it would be better to wait for his successor, and this was the course we took.

I applied myself early to the task of getting the public business conducted after the method of the House of Commons. Our Constitution required us to act under British standing orders until we had framed standing orders of our own. As men going to battle first sharpen their weapons, so it seemed to me our first duty was to make Parliament, which was the weapon whereby we must defend our liberty and prosperity, as effective as possible ; but the Government, to whom these formularies were new, were impatient under what they regarded as offensive tuition, though it was in fact a simple insistence on the actual law.

The need of reform was urgent. In the old Council a competent critic described the proceedings as sometimes resembling a tandem, where the first horse suddenly bolts round and faces the wheeler. It was told as a good joke that when Mr. Fawkner was called to order with the cry "Chair, chair," he responded contemptuously by vociferating "Stool, stool." The pro-Government Press, however, and especially the *Argus*, accused me of impeding the public business, and thwarting the Government by mere pedantry. In later years the *Argus* has adopted the practice of the London *Times* with opponents—the practice of reporting them fairly and censuring them whenever it thinks fit—but at this time it was shamefully unfair, and made its reports of Parliament a vehicle of its prejudice.[1] On the question of supporting the Victorian Hansard—a reprint of the *Argus*—the subject of fair reporting turned up, and I took up the charge of having impeded the public business and thwarted the Government, and answered it in a manner which I can still recall with satisfaction, as it proved I had done the exact reverse. There were six cases, I said, in which the Government Press had complained of my conduct, and I would glance at them in succession.

"On the day Parliament opened I recommended that we should adopt the House of Commons practice of adjourning for two hours before taking the Governor's speech into consideration, in order to enable the Opposition to determine what course they would take in relation to it. The Government would not consent to any adjournment, and what was the consequence? Why, that they found it necessary to adjourn four-and-twenty hours a little later for the same

[1] I should state that before this time Mr. Edward Wilson had relinquished the management of the *Argus*, appointing an editor to whom he left a free hand, but he had not lost his interest in my career, and wrote to me occasionally such notes as the following in relation to an early pre-Parliamentary speech :—

"*Argus* OFFICE.

"MY DEAR SIR,—It would be less than justice towards you to abstain from conveying to you a hint that your speech is very much approved of indeed by those with whom I more immediately associate. Stick to that, and avoid damaging alliances, and there is an Australian future for you which will not be unworthy of a place beside your Irish past. And all this Mr. J. P. Fawkner notwithstanding.—Yours very truly,

"EDWARD WILSON."

purpose. This was the first point of practice I raised, and I need scarcely insist that it was not impeding public business to recommend a course that would have saved the waste of a day. On the second occasion the leader of the House gave notice of a motion to make five a quorum in committees, and he very graciously indicated that he did so at my suggestion. I might ask the House to consider the bearing and significance of that fact. No select committee can proceed to business in the absence of any of its members, unless a quorum has been fixed, and if I had desired, as had been shamefully alleged, to thwart the Government I had only to hold my tongue, and all the committees appointed would be paralysed until a complete attendance was obtained, but I crossed the floor, and mentioned the difficulty and its remedy to the leader of the House, and to no other person whatever. This is the course I would have taken on all similar occasions, but that on the debate on Cross Benches an arrangement unknown in the House of Commons and established here in total ignorance of Parliamentary usage, the gentlemen on the Treasury Benches took a tone of contemptuous indifference to Parliamentary usages which demanded a signal lesson, and they got the lesson they needed. Under the Parliamentary practice which we were bound by the Constitution to follow, some class of Bills must originate in Committee of the whole House, and if by mistake this form has been omitted all subsequent proceedings are void, and must be commenced again. Would any man venture to say I retarded public business by preventing Bills being carried through several stages in error, which in the end would have to be withdrawn and commenced anew? The Commissioner of Customs, in fact, did introduce a Money Bill without the necessary preliminary, and when I pointed out the consequences he silently withdrew it and introduced it anew. One other instance is the last I would mention. On the day of the Budget speech, Mr. Michie very properly insisted that the financial statement should be made in Committee, and the Government were in consternation, as they had not yet appointed their Chairman of Ways and Means, and thought it could not be done without formal notice, and once for all. Well, how did I exhibit my propensity to impede public

business and thwart the Government? I pointed out that they were entitled to move a gentleman into the chair for that occasion only, and without any previous nomination or any obligation to continue him in the office, which was immediately done, and the public business proceeded. The duty of a member of the House is sufficiently onerous without being driven in self-defence to review cases like these. I had hardly time to look hastily into the facts that day. At ten o'clock in the morning, I was sitting in a committee on the completion of Parliament House; at twelve o'clock I was sitting in a committee on the Postal System; at two o'clock in a committee on Standing Orders; at half-past three in the committee of Elections and Qualifications, and the House met at four, and sat till seven o'clock, leaving barely time to read the Parliamentary papers when I went home."

Looking back at these transactions through the serener light of experience, I cannot but admit that I was sometimes too peremptory and brusque in these controversies. I had taken a fierce part against the Administration at the General Election, and it was not easy for them to look on me with a friendly eye, a relation which ought to have suggested more courtesy and forbearance on my part. In the Parliamentary Buildings Committee, to which I have alluded, the Commissioner of Public Works produced his plan for the new Parliament Houses. I pointed out several errors in it, and one most serious one; in the House of Commons no one can enter or leave except by a single porch where the door-keeper is on duty, but the Chamber itself may be entered from the lobbies at various points. In the Victorian House it was proposed to have three entrances, and the Chamber itself was reached by folding doors on each side through which a carriage might be driven. With a little more suavity on my part these errors would no doubt have been amended, but party spirit was now awake, and the supporters of the Government on the committee thought it their duty to insist on the unamended plan. The result was that the two clumsy and useless entrances to the Chamber were locked up at my instance a few weeks after the House was occupied, and in five-and-twenty years after I never once saw them opened.

The other error, of making several entrances to the House instead of one, did not admit of so easy a remedy, and during forty years the country has been paying the salary of messengers to guard entrances which ought never to have existed.

The earliest question on which the Opposition took issue with the Government was on a manifest departure from convenient Parliamentary usage, which had been the result of long experience.

The Continental legislative chambers are circular—a method convenient for seeing and hearing. The seats in the House of Commons, on the contrary, are arranged for two parties, who sit face to face. But in the Victorian chamber the seats were arranged for three parties, though Responsible Government contemplates only two; there was no bar, though a bar might at any moment be necessary for the examination of witnesses or prisoners; and instead of one entrance there were four.

Under Responsible Government those entrusted with the conduct of public affairs, who must maintain a constant majority in the House, ought to have a reasonable means of estimating the number of their supporters present, which was ascertained by their position in the House. The present practice of cross benches might result in establishing a Pretorian band ready to make a majority for either party for an adequate consideration. The Government in reply offered to establish a bar, and to consider the other objections, and the motion was defeated; but after a little while all the arrangements which the Opposition objected to were silently amended as far as it was practicable.

The most important work done in the session was the establishment of a municipal system for the towns of the colony, carried through the House by Captain Clarke,[1] and a system of assisted emigration with a Chief Commissioner resident in London. This office was undertaken by Mr. Childers and developed in time into an office, entitled Agent-General with certain diplomatic functions, which has since been imitated by all the Australian colonies. Mr. Childers's retirement was a serious blow to the *prestige* of the Govern-

[1] Now Lieutenant-General Sir Andrew Clarke.

ment, but when Mr. Stawell, the Attorney-General, became Chief Justice it suffered a graver loss. The official party was outnumbered by the Opposition, and in the temper of the times the fall of the Government was inevitable; it only remained uncertain which of the two or three opposition groups it had to encounter would succeed it. It fell by a chance stroke, and as Australian Governments have been scrupulous in the promptitude of resignation after defeat, Mr. Haines and his remaining colleagues immediately requested the Governor to relieve them from office.

The Governor sent for Mr. O'Shanassy and authorised him to form an Administration,[1] and as he consulted me throughout, I can speak freely of the errors which I think we committed in creating the first free government under the new Constitution. The vote against Mr. Haines was carried by the democratic opposition, eager to see new opinions in power, and by moderate, or as they were called respectable, reformers, who thought they could govern better than the men in possession on principles not widely different. Mr. O'Shanassy sought the assistance of the latter class in the first instance, but their prejudices were stronger than their convictions. Nobody had ever seen Irish Catholics in Cabinet office under the British Crown. There were French Catholics in office in Canada, and Italian Catholics in the Mediterranean possessions, but Irish nowhere, and they were not prepared to countenance so startling a novelty. He met refusals to an extent which amazed him, and he had recourse in the next instance not to the democrats, but to the remainder of the party who had declined office. He got together an Administration not deficient in ability or experience, but who represented very inadequately the spirit which overthrew the

[1] An incident which excited a good deal of quiet laughter occurred at this time. While the new Government was in course of formation Mr. O'Shanassy and I dined with the Speaker, on an invitation issued before that event, and Mr. Haines and some of his colleagues were among the guests. The genial old habit of taking wine with any one to whom you desired to express friendly feelings still existed, and Mr. O'Shanassy directed the servant behind his chair to request that Mr. Haines would do him the favour to take wine with him. The Irish servant, who was quite agog with the good news that was current, saluted Mr. Haines, and murmured in a voice that was not inaudible, "The Chief Secretary requests you will take wine with him, sir." A general burst of laughter followed this maladroit stroke.

Haines Government. The new Treasurer was a man who had been Colonial Secretary before Responsible Government existed, and who had been sacrificed by Governor Hotham without any resistance by his colleagues. The Attorney-General had held office in Canada and New Zealand, and was the doyen of the new Administration. The Solicitor-General occupied a good position at the bar, and was a debater of great efficiency. The Commissioner of Lands was a solicitor in good practice; the Commissioner of Customs an old colonist of undoubted capacity and experience, but who unfortunately had not succeeded in securing the confidence of his class, and I was Minister of Public Works and Commissioner of Roads and Bridges.

The House adjourned for a month to provide for the new elections.

CHAPTER IV

IN OFFICE

Why I became a Minister—Remonstrance of the goldfield members against some of the Ministers—Conspiracy among the civil servants—The "No Popery" rumours—Debate, and fall of the Ministry—Letter from Edward Butler—The second Haines Government and their policy—Representation of minorities—Fall of the Government—Second O'Shanassy Government—Principles of Reponsible Government insisted on—Letter from the Chief Secretary, New South Wales—New Reform Bill amended and read unanimously a third time in the Assembly—The measure rejected in the Upper House—Letter from Mr. Bright on the independence of colonies—Mr. Disraeli on the same subject—Industrial projects—Letter from W. K. Sullivan—The New South Wales elections—Dalley and Deniehy—Henry Parkes invited to settle in Victoria—Letters from John Dillon, Edward Whitty, Cashel Hoey, Chief Justice Stawell, Archbishop MacHale, and T. B. MacManus—Lord Palmerston and Mr. O'K———Edward Whitty's arrival in Australia—Letter from B. C. Aspinall—Death of Whitty—The Land Convention and Land League—Cabinet quarrel on the Governor's speech—My serious illness—Departmental reforms—Resigned office—Misrepresentations, letter to the *Argus*—Generous conduct of the electors at Villiers and Heytesbury—Letter to Mr. O'Hagan—Debate on my resignation in the new Parliament—Mr. Nicholson authorised to form an Administration offers me a place in it, which I do not accept.

THE inducements to accept office in the new Government were strong, even imperative. I belonged to a group of friends who were disparaged because they did not succeed in Ireland. I was eager to show that we were not unfit to bear the burthen of a State. Here was a country freer than anything but separation would have made Ireland. The Imperial Government could not appoint or dismiss a clerk, nor apply a shilling of the public revenue to any purpose until it was voted by the local Parliament. In such an Australia I might aim to show what could be accomplished in such an Ireland.

Before a brief honeymoon of office was over we had to encounter some of its troubles and disasters. During the adjournment, and while the new Ministers were at their elections, a skilful and vigorous effort was made to reconcile the Ministers who had gone out and the men who had voted against them, but had refused to join O'Shanassy. Among our supporters there was natural dissatisfaction, for several who thought themselves entitled to office had been overlooked.

Dr. Owens wrote me on behalf of the goldfield members, whom he considered himself entitled to represent, "that they were altogether opposed to the bigotry with which the Government had been assailed, but that they could not take cordially to Ministers like Foster, so justly detested by the miners for his past policy;[1] Greaves so constitutionally unreliable, and Horne so insignificant. The first popular Ministry ought to consist of widely different elements." Some of the younger men came to me to say that they were not surprised O'Shanassy went off with the old colonists, but how I came to estimate so ill the respective value of men was a perplexity to them. One of the ablest of these men, a journalist, was willing and anxious to accept a place in the Cabinet—without a portfolio or department—as a recognition of his political status, and I strongly urged on my new colleagues to gratify him. But what was sometimes called the "old fogy" element in the Government was dead against him, and his admission would have led to two retirements. Two retirements from the first Government would have been fatal, and I had no choice but to acquiesce.

Suspicion is a sentiment never long absent in democratic communities. Washington was suspected of desiring to turn the Republic he had founded into a Monarchy; Hamilton was suspected of conspiring to ape in the new country the imperialism of Chatham. One of the handiest weapons to employ against the new Adminstration was that I was an Irish rebel, hostile to all peaceful government, and that I was such a bitter Papist that I would never be content

[1] Mr. Foster, as it appeared later, was the scapegoat of the Governor's policy, which he could not resist successfully in a Crown Colony where a Governor was still supreme.

till the Pope was proclaimed sovereign of the Australias. The new Chief Secretary had appointed Captain Standish, a gentleman whom I had never seen and probably never heard of before, to be Chief Commissioner of Police, and it was alleged in a Sandhurst newspaper that he was my nephew. Johnny Fawkner, who was called the father of the colony, because he had arrived in the second boatful of immigrants from Van Dieman's Land and outlived his compeers, exhorted his Austral Felicians to rise up against this danger. Whatever he found attributed to John Mitchel in British journals he transferred to my account; and a letter which Mr. Archer, an English gentleman, wrote to Frederick Lucas, having got published in the *Tablet* after Lucas's death, was republished in Melbourne, with exuberant commentaries. Mr. Archer assured Mr. Lucas that the Bishop of Melbourne heard a rumour that he was coming to Australia, and was persuaded it was the work of Providence to send him there. Mr. Fawkner assumed as a fact admitting of no dispute that when Mr. Lucas died I was put in his place, overlooking the fact that the date of Mr. Archer's letter showed that it was only despatched from Melbourne about the time when I was arriving in Australian waters. I did not condescend to make any answer to these amenities, and many ignorant persons accepted them as gospel. Several of the other Ministers were fiercely bombarded on different grounds, and the majority of the Colonists certainly arrived at the conclusion that they would not do.[1]

Our troubles were complicated by discovering that the permanent officials knew so little of the ethics of Responsible Government that they had formed a secret committee to aid the re-election of their late masters. One of the conspirators betrayed the remainder, and when the correspondence was carried to the Government I found that the chief officer of

[1] A note I wrote to the Bishop of Kerry, in reply to his congratulations, was published in Ireland and reprinted in Victoria at this time, from which I may quote a sentence:—"A curious fate and experience mine have been, to be howled at in both ends of the earth, by parties more asunder than the Antipodes, on diametrically opposite grounds of complaint! Yonder for betraying the interests of religion; here for being its slave and missionary. I wonder if I had stopped at the equator, would they have done me the justice in those latitudes of admitting that I belong to neither Antipodes of opinion?"

my department, who appeared the most zealous and deferential of officials, was an active member of the cabal. I sent for him and told him I had been pleased with him, and was unwilling that any ill should come to him through me, but his duty was to be absolutely faithful and obedient to his superiors, and that if he did not separate himself altogether from these illegitimate proceedings he would certainly be dismissed. The Government might be defeated when Parliament met, but that would not save him; some of us would infallibly soon return to office, and still hold him responsible. He expressed profound regret, and as he came several times under my authority in later Administrations I am confident he meddled no more in illegitimate politics.

When the elections were over the Attorney-General and the Commissioner of Customs were found to have lost their seats, and the former assured me that the story was industriously promulgated in his district that, though he professed to be an orthodox Protestant, he was, in fact, a Papist and Jesuit in disguise. I consoled him with the reflection that Edmund Burke had been assailed with the same inventions. The anti-Irish sentiment was not new. Before I arrived in the colony, or sailed for it, the *Argus* complained of the number of Irishmen in office, though they were all good Protestants, and some of them had been baptized in the Boyne water.[1] When Parliament met a vote of No-Confidence was immediately carried against the O'Shanassy Government. They defended their position with great vigour and considerable success, but the end was predetermined, and they promptly retired. I spare the reader any synopsis of this debate, but Edward Butler sent me enthusiastic and no doubt extravagant applause of one of the speeches:—

"I read your speech three times over with unabated delight and enthusiasm. Most assuredly nothing like it has ever been heard in an assembly in this part of the globe. It is as a keen blade flashing and cutting amongst the rude clubs of savages. Yet I expected something like it, for I knew of old

[1] We have an Irish Colonial Secretary, an Irish Attorney-General, an Irish Solicitor-General, an Irish Surveyor-General, an Irish Chief Commissioner of Police, an Irish President of Road Board, an Irish Commissioner of Water Supply.—*Argus*, March 31, 1855.

that you never were so vigorous as when personally assailed. That speech, I think. will bear you interest in the vindication of both character and intellect."

This ignominious defeat of the first popular Administration was pronounced by enthusiastic Conservatives to be not only a decisive victory for Conservative opinions, but a fatal, if not a final, overthrow of the Progressive Party. But the interregnum was brief. After a single session, protracted to over nine months, the reformers returned to office, and under some form, sometimes as a naked democracy, sometimes in coalition with men of more sober views, they have exercised power from that period to the present.

The history of the interregnum may be briefly told. The new Government consisted of Mr. Haines and a couple of his original colleagues and three or four men who had been leaders among the Opposition before which Mr. Haines had fallen. They were greatly strengthened by the adhesion of Mr. Michie as Attorney-General; a debater so skilful and accomplished that I constantly compared him in my mind to Mr. Disraeli, with whom, under favourable conditions, he could have maintained a not unequal fight.

It was certain in a Democratic community like Victoria that Democratic changes would be effected, and this Conservative Government determined to concede the measures which were inevitable, confident that they could regulate them more considerately than their probable successors. But this is always a dangerous experiment. If the people have not confidence in the intentions by which the promoters of a reform are moved, it is necessary to make larger concessions than would content them from the natural spokesmen of their opinions. The programme of the Government was to postpone all serious questions, such as that of the Public Lands and Civil Service, till the Legislative Assembly was brought into closer harmony with public opinion, and with that view they proposed to extend the franchise, to increase the number of members, to reduce the duration of Parliament from five to three years, and to secure its independence by prohibiting any salaried officer from sitting in either House. The Opposition assailed this programme as stinted and meagre. I, on the contrary, admitted that if the measures

proposed were discreet and liberal they would prove adequate and satisfactory; but I warned the Government that while the Land Bill was postponed they must forbid a system which had hitherto prevailed of selling the territory in principalities to squatters. The proposed extension of the franchise, it was insisted, did not go far enough, and it retained unjustifiable privileges in the interests of the wealthy. The merchants and lawyers, for example, who resided in the suburbs would have votes where they resided, and would have other votes in Melbourne from their warehouses or chambers. The Opposition insisted on the arrangement which in these times is called "one man one vote," but it is a fact of curious significance that though the proposal was renewed on every suitable occasion during the forty years which have followed, it has not yet become law in that democratic colony. The measure had another provision to which some of the supporters of the Government and several of the Opposition took exception; it recognised the right of minorities to be represented, and proposed to provide for it by three-cornered constituencies, or by constituencies with five representatives, of whom an elector could only vote for three. I recognised this as a just proposal, and separated from the bulk of the Opposition by giving it my cordial support. Mr. O'Shanassy took the same course, and the supporters of the Government who had been murmuring their apprehensions now burst out with the objection that the proposed arrangement would doubtless give an undue advantage to Catholics. In the existing Chamber Catholics were entitled by population to seventeen members, and they had only seven, the utmost the proposed change could give them was some approximation to the number they were entitled to, but, to bigots, that seemed an alarming calamity. The desire that Parliament shall be the exponent of the whole people, not merely of a majority, is true Democracy. But Democracy commonly abandons that position and allies itself with the selfish interests of a single class. Mr. Haines, who was not at all a bigot, but a High Churchman, who probably thought a Puritan more objectionable than a Papist, was alarmed at the clamour, and proposed a new and, as he affirmed, less dangerous manner of applying the system, the

cumulative method by which an elector could distribute his votes either on the whole number of members the constituency elected, or on one or more at his discretion. But the Minister who hesitates makes as fatal a mistake as the woman or the fortress who parleys. There were speedily three sections opposed to the Government measure. The squatters, who believed that the extension of the franchise would ruin their interests, and that the minority clauses would not compensate them for this danger; a section who thought that the minority principle was too complicated to be understood by the people; and Puritans, who seemed to believe that it was wicked to give the Catholics the full representation to which they were entitled. The schedule by which it was proposed to apply the principle was defeated by a considerable majority on the motion of Captain Clarke, who had been a member of the first Haines Government. In the Victorian Legislature, whatever party was in office, power has been promptly resigned when any incident demands it, and Mr. Haines a second time set the example of this practice by sending in his resignation. His party were deeply discontented, some of them greatly exasperated, by this unexpected stroke, which would inevitably throw power into the hands of the Democratic Opposition.[1] It was certain Mr. O'Shanassy would be head of the Government, but who were to be his colleagues in his second experiment was a subject of universal interest.

The men selected had capacity and experience, but the popular element was as wanting as in the first. I occupied the office of President of the Board of Land and Works, and as there were four departments united in it, Railways, Roads and Bridges, Public Works, and Water Supply, it was determined to ask from Parliament power to appoint a vice-president to share the inordinate labours, and I resolved, when the necessary Bill became law, to offer the office to Mr.

[1] The Conservative Party were effectually served by a satirical journal named *Melbourne Punch.* Mr. Melbourne Punch expressed his sentiments on this transaction in an imitation of a popular negro song—

"It's no more the making of the laws,
'Tis lay down the schedule and the clause,
There's no more work for poor old H——
He has given up his party and his cause.'

Brooke, one of the ablest of the Democratic Party. But this was not enough, and Mr. O'Shanassy largely lost the support of the democracy.

The Governor desired to swear in to the Executive Council all the members of the new Administration. I pointed out that the English practice was when a man was sworn in to the Privy Council that he retained the office for life unless he was removed for some misconduct. The Governor was of opinion that it would be more convenient that when Ministers retired from office they should retire from the Executive Council also. Some of my colleagues thought the question of no importance, but I was of a different opinion. I asked the Governor if he had sworn in Mr. Haines when he returned to office a second time. He said he had not. I rejoined that he had adopted the proper practice on that occasion, and that I respectfully declined to be sworn into the Executive Council, being already a member of that body. The subject was dropped and never revived. I consulted the Prime Minister of New South Wales and was rejoiced to find that he agreed with me on the question.

"C. S. Office.

"My dear Sir,—I was glad to have a line from you. The very course you recommend to be taken regarding the Executive Council was that suggested by me in reference to the late Ministers.

"When Sir William Denison sent for me, the only point upon which I had any difficulty was this—and he at once told me that though he had no power to dismiss from the Executive Council, he would only summon the members of my Cabinet. This is, of course, virtually adopting the principle of a Privy Council. The matter has been referred to the Secretary of State—in the meantime, the late Ministry retain their offices and their titles, but to the deliberations of the present Ministry they are not invited. I could not have gone on upon any other principle. I am as you may imagine fully occupied—the city has re-elected me in a most gratifying manner, and my friend and treasurer also.

"Murray and Martin will also be returned unopposed, and though the Paramatta aristocracy are very fierce and threaten

me with a tremendous opposition when the Assembly meet I am not *alarmed*. I have stood fire before to-day, and I know I have many friends as well as opponents in the Assembly.

"We have just completed a despatch for the Secretary of State upon this very matter, in reference to his instructions generally and recommending most important alterations in them. I will show him your note.—Believe me yours faithfully,

"CHARLES COWPER."

On another point we had a more serious difference with the Governor. The Opposition Press affirmed that we were making improper magistrates: the statement was quite unfounded, but at the next meeting of the Executive Council the Governor informed us that before issuing commissions to any new magistrates he felt it his duty to take the opinion of the Chief Justice on the men proposed. This was not Responsible Government, and my colleagues authorised me to draw up a minute on their behalf to the Governor on the subject, which I did, and we heard no more of the matter.

The first task the Government undertook was to carry to a successful issue the question of electoral reform, which had failed in the hands of their predecessors. Two Bills were introduced, one extending the number of members to ninety, and framing electorates as far as it was practicable to contain four thousand electors each. The increase of the population, and the difficulty of furnishing sufficient members for select committees justified this change. The measure appeared to give general satisfaction, and after undergoing the most careful scrutiny and some modifications in committee, had its third reading passed unanimously. The other was a Bill regulating elections. It had been found necessary to make the representation of minorities an open question in the Cabinet. The Bill did not provide for it, but it was arranged that an independent member should move the necessary clauses, and the members of the Government who approved of the principle were at liberty to support it with all their strength. When the Reform Bill, as the first measure was called, went to the Upper House it was encountered with a decided resistance. Some declared that ninety members

selected on the basis of population alone would destroy the squatters, and endanger many serious interests; others foresaw in this proposal the first plunge into the muddy waters of American democracy, and Mr. Fellows, who had transferred himself to the Upper House, insisted that the measure should be postponed till an Elections Regulations Bill providing for the representation of minorities had been passed.

I shall not embarrass this narrative with names unless when they are names of cardinal significance. It is enough to say that the man of greatest wealth in the House (who was Commissioner of Customs in the new Government) warned them that rejecting this Bill was not the way to protect property, but the way to inflame public opinion against it and to lead to an immediate dissolution of Parliament to be followed in all probability by a more democratic assembly. But remonstrance was in vain: the measure was rejected by a narrow majority; the Government withdrew the second Bill and prepared for a general election. Before the Session terminated the Chief Secretary announced that a new Session would speedily open, when the Reform Bill would be again sent to the Council to enable them to consider more deliberately whether they would reject a measure dealing exclusively with reform in the Legislative Assembly, and which had been unanimously adopted by that body. If it did, it might be necessary to consider serious changes in the constitution.

The Session closes with a respectable imitation of a Whitebait Dinner, except indeed that the Australian Ministers, instead of enjoying the good things in secret, invite their Parliamentary supporters in the Lower House to share these festivities, which are commonly as joyous and exuberant as a schoolboy holiday festival.

When the recess arrived I found a huge accumulation of correspondence and agenda which occupied my leisure as long as I had any, and overflowed into the succeeding Session. The character of the writers make some of the letters of permanent importance.

In the middle of this century English opinion got entangled in the strange fallacy that the colonies were a burthen to the empire. The British troops were in the end withdrawn in

succession from Canada, New Zealand, and Australia, where the British flag was left flying without a single soldier to protect it. A little later Lord Granville refused an offer of the Government of Victoria to raise, clothe, feed, and pay a regiment, which should receive its officers and instructions from the Horse Guards, on the sole condition that it should not be withdrawn in the time of war from the province which had created it.

Mr. Bright was so vehemently anti-colonial that he thought himself justified in mooting to a Minister of the Crown in Australia the proposal to prepare for separation. Here is his letter to me.

After speaking of his health and pursuits, and of the American war, and the Trent incident in the tone usual to him he concluded:—

"The prospect of War has often made me think of your distant colonies. You have trade with America, and you have valuable cargoes in the sea between your continent and this island. Privateers would shut up your commerce, and you would be subjected to grievous evils arising from a war in which you had no interest, and about which you were not consulted.

"I do not know how long the tie between England and the Colonies would stand the strain of a war with the United States, but if I were a Colonist I should be tempted to ask myself, how much I gained from a nominal connection with the Government of the English oligarchy to compensate me for the calamities brought upon me by the war into which they were recklessly plunging me. A fair inquiry of this nature might create a further secession, and one more reasonable than that which now astonishes the world. They who wish this empire to continue united should value peace.

"The Anti-reformers here abuse your representative system—everything is evil that is not restrictive and monopolist in politics—but I hope you are going on well, and that you have no reason to regret that you left our House of Commons. With many thanks for your kind letter.—I am very truly yours,

"JOHN BRIGHT."

It was widely believed in Australia, and it has sometimes been insisted on in England, that the anti-Colonial sentiment was a craze of the Liberals. But unhappily it was a craze from which neither party escaped. In the "Life of Lord Malmesbury" a letter of Mr. Disraeli is published which exhibits that statesman under an awful fit of the disease:—

"The Fisheries affair is a bad business. Pakington's circular is not written with a thorough knowledge of the circumstances. He is out of his depth—more than three marine miles from shore. These wretched colonies will all be independent too in a few years, and are a millstone round our necks."

I did not sympathise with Mr. Bright's policy. Cutting off the colonies to lighten the progress of the empire seemed to me like cutting off the wings of a bird to disembarrass its flight. George III. shook off the millstone of the North American colonies with a result we are all familiar with, and if Mr. Disraeli or Mr. Bright had given effect to his conviction he would have done a work as disastrous.

William K. Sullivan was at this time one of the most original and laborious chemists in Europe, and he was moreover an accomplished man of letters. He wrote to me proposing to come to the new colony and devote himself to the organisation of science and the devolopment of new industries. He held at the time, under Sir Robert Kane, the first appointment in the Museum of Irish Industry, and he was afterwards promoted by the Imperial Government to be President of the Queen's College in Cork. The same spirit that stimulated Berkeley to seek a career in India, and Arnold to meditate one in Ireland, moved the generous soul and eager spirit of Sullivan. He wrote to me frankly of his wishes:—

"Now that you are in power I think you could do many things which would benefit the colony in an educational point of view, and let me candidly add I would be very glad to assist you. My proposal is this—Establish a Chair of Chemistry in the University of Melbourne, and establish in connection with it a technological collection or museum—in which would be brought together specimens of all the raw materials, mineral, vegetable, and animal, produced in the colony. Specimens illustrative of the processes and pro-

ducts of those branches of manufacture which have been introduced into the colony or which might be introduced with advantage—models of machinery, especially of mills, mining machines and tools. In connection with this department you might have an office for the registration of patents; and a short report might be annually published informing the public of the discovery of any new resources in the colony, the locality of each kind of mineral raw material, the patents registered, and an epitome of the chief European discoveries bearing upon colonial industries.

"I believe I could do all this better than any one else you could get, inasmuch as I have devoted more time to such matters—indeed it is I made the chief part of the recent collections for the Scotch Museum at Edinburgh, and it is the system of labelling and description carried out by me at this museum which is now being adopted in all the other technological museums. Further, if you could allocate a certain sum, say £3,000 or £4,000, I could take out a collection of models of mining machinery, windmills, flour mills, machinery for the preparation of fibres, &c., together with specimens illustrative of the processes of manufacture such as does not exist in any museum here after an expenditure of twice or thrice that sum.

"You can scarcely believe the simple questions that are sometimes demanded by persons in Melbourne, and upon the most commonplace branches of manufacture, such as soap, leather, &c. I have received at least twenty such. Now, there ought to be the means of having such questions answered on the spot—nay, more, such knowledge ought to be forced upon every one whom it concerns.

"It is not classics or paleontology (and no one has a higher appreciation of such subjects than myself) that will increase the material prosperity of an infant colony—you must have the foundations and the skeleton of the building before you can ornament it."

This was a bold and practical scheme, and if Huxley, whose gifts were not rarer than Sullivan's, had made the same proposal, he would have been received in Victoria with enthusiasm, and to me the coming of Sullivan would have been a happy stroke of fortune for the new community; but

after consultation with some of my colleagues I found the generous offer could not be accepted because Sullivan was a Catholic, and his appointment would have been the subject of endless misrepresentation.

In New South Wales a general election had brought into Parliament some young men of my own race, in whose career I had large hopes. The most conspicuous of them were W. B. Dalley and Daniel Deniehy. Dalley was a politician and a man of society, and Deniehy, though by profession an attorney, was a recluse and an accomplished man of letters. He was ill and absent during my visit to Sydney, but I had read some of his speeches and essays with much sympathy. I take an extract from his acknowledgment of my congratulations to indicate the sort of Irish-Australians I aimed to confederate in the new country in pious memory of the old one.

"Perhaps you will pardon my delay in answering your kind letter of congratulations when I assure you that the sovereign circumstance of pride and pleasure connecting itself with my return to the local Parliament is the receipt of that letter, the generous and graceful things it contained for a man so young and so obscure as myself, from one I have long learnt to love and honour more than any words at my command can express. But I have also to excuse my delay in acknowledging a letter, which, I trust, my children will yet show (when you and I are 'quiet in our graves' as what one of the greatest and truest men Ireland has had in these latter days was pleased to say to their father when putting his foot on the threshold of public life)—because of a species of nervous illness which has haunted me for the last three weeks, making me dread the very sight of pen, ink, and paper, and throwing even my business communications with home into disorder.

"I think the cardinal service—the permanent, the historical and statesmanlike benefit you can render Australia will be the federation of the provinces. Social as well as political reasons call for this urgently; and I know no one as fitted as yourself to execute this great work. How can I express to you with what pleasure, what readiness, what a sense of performance of the highest duty, I shall co-operate—humbly and within my own little sphere?

"I know not if I ought to congratulate you on your accession to ministerial honour and responsibilities. I should have liked to see you some years longer independent in the House, a learner and observer among men and facts purely Australian, and then Premier of Victoria. Would to God, my dear Mr. Duffy, we had you here! I think the man who undertakes to tell the world the story of your life will overlook one of your highest services to your country if he omits to tell how, by ineffably fine sympathies and continuous guiding and teaching for holy ends, you moulded into noble and vigorous forms the intellect and spirit of the young men of Ireland. I have been told by the few who really knew anything of you while you sojourned in Sydney—that you looked largely to the young native men of Australia to shape wisely and beneficially their country's destinies, even at this almost rudimentary stage of our national existence. O, dearest Mr. Duffy, the service you rendered young Irishmen is what you also, and you alone, could afford my countrymen here. In Victoria, I believe, you have as yet no native youth—and one great element of beneficence is removed from your pathway there. May we not hope sometime—ere long I hope—to have you in Sydney with us? Taking up politics as a solemn duty under the circumstances of oligarchic obstruction peculiar to this older province of Australia, but with tastes and feelings gravitating towards literature and art rather than politics—small politics too, with the coarse squabbles and the vile and vermicular intrigues perpetually dribbling through them—how I should be heartened and directed—how perpetually should I be refreshed with thoughts of the great coming benefits for the suffering section of humanity yet to fly hither—if I had Mr. Duffy as my leader!"

Henry Parkes, with whom local politics had not gone satisfactorily, informed me that he was about to retire from Parliament, and probably from New South Wales. I was eager to serve a man whom I greatly esteemed, and willing to fortify the popular party in Melbourne by so effective a recruit. My colleagues were willing also, and I made him an offer, which afforded him an immediate opening into public life in Victoria. It is disastrous to such arrangements to have them prematurely disclosed, and I was much chagrined at

reading in the Sydney papers paragraphs announcing what had been done. I promptly made inquiries, which elicited the following reply from Parkes :—

"I have no doubt the blame—whatever it may be—of their publication rests with myself. Your letter advising me to settle in Melbourne, and tendering your aid in my difficulties, was among the first substantial offers of friendship I received. That circumstance, added to the value I set on your friendship for its own sake, induced me, perhaps indiscreetly, to show the letter to several of my friends. You will readily conceive how some of the gentlemen may have concluded that in my circumstances the offer would be accepted, and accordingly set it down as a settled thing.

"I am anxious to know Melbourne with my own eyes and ears—to see one of your principal and oldest goldfields, or rather the social result as developed on the spot—to acquaint myself somewhat with the state of colonisation in your interior; to learn something from the private conversation of your public men, especially with reference to the Australian future. If in following out these objects I can combine with them a run through Tasmania, I shall, of course, gain an additional pleasure."

A note from John Dillon described the condition of public affairs in Ireland, in which he said he had to endure in silence wrongs and sufferings which he could do nothing to redress. He added :—

"In the midst of this hopeless gloom the news of your success comes to your old friends like a ray of light. When our enemies attribute our failures (individual and collective) to our want of capacity and energy we have but one answer, and it is a conclusive one. We point to men of Irish birth or blood who are prosperous and distinguished everywhere but at home. We claim as ours the first soldier of France, the first soldier and statesman in Spain, the Commander-in-Chief of the American Army (the son of an Irish physician), and we owe it to you that we are able to add that the genius of our people is asserting itself in the distant Continent of Australia. For this reason (if our old friendship did not supply a sufficient motive) I would watch your career with keen and anxious interest."

Edward Whitty reported from London with manly frankness his failures and his successes :—

"My political novel was rejected by every publisher in London—too political and too strong. Smith and Elder said: 'Write a regular novel and we'll give you money for it.' I did, in about six weeks, and it will be advertised next week. It is plucky and melodramatic, and will be a hit, they say. I hope so."

The second novel was "The Friends of Bohemia," which became a favourite with some of his most noted contemporaries, though the public have never understood it.

About this time Cashel Hoey wrote :—

"18, DENBIGH STREET, PIMLICO,
"*May* 17, 1858.

"Your last two letters have filled my heart and filmed my eyes. God bless you, and be with you always. Though touching thirty, I would give a year of my life to see you again, and I begin to believe that it is not quite so improbable as I have always supposed since we parted. But first let me congratulate you on your return to office. I cannot describe to you the thrill of delight with which I read the telegrams of the *Times* in a little village inn in Hampshire last Sunday week, and among all your old friends here—especially Brady, Swift, French, Father Doherty, Maguire, MacMahon—any good news about you is always heard like a piece of personal good luck, and your impressions are just as fresh as if you only left yesterday.

"Dizzy is in sovereign luck, you see. He looks as strong and as inscrutable as a sphinx. On the eve of the Tenant Right debate I wrote him a long private letter, urging him to have an Irish policy. I told him I had been your lieutenant, and that when you were going you had given me great hopes that whenever he returned to office certain questions in which we were interested would be sure to receive a straightforward and statesmanlike consideration. I advised him—I. To bring up the Maynooth grant at once, as they were talking of doing. II. To give the Catholic University a charter, as they did to the Canadian one. III. To deal with these Belfast riots with extra vigour. IV. To keep a sharp eye on the Irish legal

patronage, and not allow the Orange lot there to outrage public opinion in any indecent way. V. To ask Napier to push his Land Bills, and promise to introduce them next session. I told him that his Foreign and Indian policy commanded the respect of the Catholics, and that if he dealt in any reasonable way with certain questions as above in which he would not violate any party consistency, he could strengthen his arm greatly in Ireland. I showed him then that Ireland was really the only field open for large electoral operation."

A little later Hoey wrote to me of some significant facts in Irish politics :—

"BOULOGNE-SUR-MER, *July* 15, 1858.

"I know what delight it will give you to hear that Disraeli has not forgotten his promise to you, and is really bent on legislation in the right direction for Ireland. I have written to him twice just what I thought you would say if you were here. He has not answered my letters directly—that I did hardly expect—but he has acted upon them, and in such a way as to leave no doubt on my mind of why he has done so. D. sent for the Irish members, and had the interview with them, about which you will see a debate reported—and in the course of it alluded to a certain confidential communication which he had received. Mark Whiteside's speech. The present Government know no distinctions of politics or creeds in Ireland—would, in fact, give office to Young Irelanders—inquire into no gentleman's antecedents—and Dizzy's declaration that their policy towards Ireland is to be 'just, generous, and conciliatory.' He has since privately intimated, in answer to a query of Monsell's on behalf of the Bishops, his intention of giving the Catholic University a charter, and both Lord Derby and he have announced that they will introduce a Landlord and Tenant Bill next session. Of course it will be Napier's. I send you letter I. I will send you II. and III. shortly. I honestly believe—though it may never be known to the world—that this good is due to his memory of your conversation with him, and to my application of existing circumstances in that direction. I wish you would

write to him, and add your weight to the influences now working upon his mind ; and if you have any Imperial business of a bold, liberal, statesmanlike character such as the Union of the Colonies, in which the Home Government has an issue, now is your time to push it. All these fellows are working like men of genius and ambition—for the future. I never saw such a victory of brains, pluck, and experience as theirs has been. When they came in they could not rely on one-third of the House—now it is child's play to them to beat Palmerston to rags night after night."

We were planting new towns, and I determined to name some of them after men who had served the country, and I began with an old antagonist become Chief Justice, and Stawell is now a thriving and prosperous township. I communicated my project to Sir William, and asked him to name the streets in the settlement called after him. This was his reply :—

"MELBOURNE, *May* 26, 1858.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I most cordially approve of your intention —carried out, it will produce, in my opinion, more beneficial results than may at first sight appear probable.

"With reference to the streets I have felt some difficulty in giving only to them the names of men who have done much for the country, whilst the town is called after myself.

"I trust that in avoiding this difficulty you will not deem me to have exceeded your permission if I propose to mark the streets with names of branches of my own family.

"Pray accept my best thanks for your courtesy and consideration, and believe me, yours faithfully,

"WILLIAM F. STAWELL."

The Archbishop of Tuam acknowledged some slight service I had been able to perform at his request :—

"TUAM, *February* 12, 1859.

"MY DEAR SIR,—It is high time to acknowledge your very kind letter, for which, and the manifestation of that kindness practically, I feel greatly obliged. It is fortunate that those

of our countrymen who never would put themselves under obligations to a home government of whatever political complexion for any favour, which is but too openly bought by the sacrifices that are required in return, may look with hope and confidence to that distant and more favoured land where office enlarges the opportunity of developing the policy which led to its attainment. We have not been unwatchful of the fluctuations of parties in your vast continent, and, as far as we can judge them, there promises to be a large preponderance in favour of that policy which has for its aim the welfare of the people. For such an encouraging prospect the country is mainly indebted to you and Mr. O'Shanassy. It shows what a few earnest men can achieve, and if but the tithe of our Catholics in Ireland of station were to be equally zealous and strenuous in their exertions, those severe grievances which you felt so keenly and exposed so eloquently when in Ireland would not have remained to this day in all their destructive vitality. Accept once more my best thanks regarding Mr. Burke, and believe me, my dear sir, with sincere respect, your very faithful,

"✠ JOHN MACHALE."

My old friend, T. B. MacManus, who was then engaged in commercial pursuits in San Francisco, and had become an American citizen, was seized with the desire of testing the rights of his new nationality against the authority of Sir William Denison, by whom he and his comrades had been so scurvily treated, but I did not think that this was the way to plant our race securely in Australia, and I discouraged the adventure.

"SAN FRANCISCO, *September* 12, 1857.

"MY DEAR DUFFY,—I want you to forward me files of some papers foreshadowing your policy.

"I need not tell you with what interest I look on O'Shanassy's and your movements in regard to the future of the Australian federation. I often wish to be among you, and the d——l sometimes puts it in my head to take a dash down at all risks. How would it be if an Irish rebel (now an American citizen), with his full papers, chanced *in*

the pursuit of business to visit her Britannic Majesty's possessions in Australia? Of course as an Irish rebel Sir William Denison would consign him to the chain gang and the 'Cascades,' but then as a citizen Uncle Sam would be compelled to demand his release. This is a question that your old friend could realise, and perhaps make practical some of our *day dreams* on the banks of the old Blackwater thirty years ago.

"I am now in this State over six years, and it is no egotism on my part to say that I have the universal goodwill of every class in it, from the Governor to the miners. I am in as good and vigorous health as you ever saw me. Should you ever meet with one James Aikenhead, of Launcestown, V. D. L., cherish him. He comes up more to my idea of a sincere, true, and able man than any I have met in my career. Had I time I would write more particularly and more fully. You must take this as a rambling letter written on board of ship; but I am, you will be glad to learn, in as much pristine vigour (if not more so) than you ever knew me, and ready and willing for the old cause.—I am, dear Duffy, as I have been, ever most faithfully yours,

"T. B. MacManus."

The applications for appointments were very numerous, scarcely a ship came into Port Phillip Harbour that did not bring me letters of introduction from political associates in Ireland, or personal associates in the House of Commons. This was to be expected, but it seemed to me unreasonable that men like Mr. Whiteside and Mr. Monsell who when in office had large patronage, and when not in office large influence, should send their *protégés* to Australia. With one case I was utterly disgusted.

A scandal about old Palmerston had been recently glanced at in the Society papers which somebody sent me from London. A National schoolmaster named O'K——, who considered himself ill-used, sent his wife to the octogenarian to represent his wrongs. Cupid had grown old, but even in his ashes lived his wonted fires. A scandal ensued. The O'K—— were Irish Catholics, and great pains were taken, and most unsuitable instruments employed to

avert exposure by the interposition doubtless of some of the official Whig *Cawtholics.* Mr. O'K—— was despatched to Australia with letters of introduction to me, which in an ordinary case would have been very effective. He was about five-and-thirty, shrewd-looking and rather gentlemanly for a country schoolmaster. "You are the plaintiff," I said, "in the recent case arising out of the Palmerston scandal?" "Yes," he said. "Tell me the facts of the case." "It is a very long story," he replied. "No matter, I have leisure just now." "I would rather not go into the case; I have no objection to state that I was induced to withdraw the prosecution on an understanding that my children would be provided for, our passage to Australia paid, and £100 given me in hand." "Well," I said, "one of two things: you have made a charge against a public man which has broken down, or you have taken a money compensation for abandoning the defence of your wife's honour and your own. In either case I decline to become responsible for you in any manner." Mr. O'K—— departed, and I do not know what became of him.

A painful letter from Edward Whitty announced that I might expect his immediate arrival in Melbourne.

"*Jan.* 11, '59.

"Since I wrote to you I have lost my wife and twins and a baby—all under very terrible circumstances. My own health greatly broken with mental misery, and to-day a consultation of doctors decides that it would be death to me to go back to pen-work in London—consumptive symptoms showing themselves—and what they advise is a voyage. Accordingly (as my two remaining children are safe in my sister's care) I think I shall be off to see you by next ship. Even if I were well, I crave the great change. You seem to be strong out there. I trust you are as happy as ambitious men can be. I wish I were there fighting for you in my own way."

When I announced the news to Aspinall he bethought himself immediately how he could best welcome and aid our friend, but he could not altogether refrain from the irony and burlesque which he loved so well.

"I was glad to see your handwriting to-day, glad also to see

the news it conveyed. It was like meeting two old friends together.

"I have already sent to Higinbotham (*Argus*) and will see Franklyn (*Herald*). No stone shall be unturned, or should be, I ought to say; for I have no doubt the papers will compete for him, not he seek employment from them.

"The only question is which of us is to be his host in the first instance, and Mrs. Aspinall and I are clean against you on that point. His poor wife was at our marriage. We spent our honeymoon with them—we have a right to him. Besides which, if he comes to you he will be branded by his rivals as a Duffyite. Now, thanks to my insignificance, he cannot be called an Aspinallite. So, from my place he starts with no stigma upon him beyond being an Irishman—which we may hush up. But I must call and see you to settle this point."

But Whitty was already in the grasp of death. He contributed for two or three weeks to the leading journals, but his health totally failed, and he retired to country quarters, where he died in the house of his kinswoman, Mrs. Whyte, wife of the head-master in the training school of Melbourne. His friends asked me to take charge of the correspondence which was still arriving from Europe, and it furnished a painful revelation of the tragi-comedy of Bohemian life. He lies buried in the Kew cemetery, Victoria, where Barry Sullivan claimed the right of erecting a monument at his sole cost.

Wilson Gray came to consult me on what ought to be done to control the dominant squatters. I reminded him of what we had done in Ireland on behalf of the tenantry with such effect, holding a conference or convention representing the country effectually. He consulted his friends, and after correspondence with notable men throughout the country, a convention on the land question was held in Melbourne. Invitations were sent to the goldfields, to those who had taken part in democratic meetings in recent times, and to the local secretaries of the Duffy Qualification Fund. An assembly of well-informed men, most of them young and vigorous, was got together. They deliberated for several days and adopted a series of principles chiefly under the influence of Wilson

Gray, some of which were extreme and impracticable, but which greatly increased the public knowledge and interest in the land question. Before they separated they desired to thank the land reformers in the Government and Parliament for their help and sympathy, and I advised my colleagues and supporters that we should invite them to meet us in a committee-room of the House. This was done, to the consternation of many timid persons, and I told the deputation that as a General Election must follow the Reform Bill, the best way they could promote their opinions was by getting some of themselves elected to Parliament. This sentiment was sharply censured, but after a time nearly a moiety of the delegates became members of the Legislative Assembly. After the convention they established a Land League, which thereafter took an active part in public affairs. I was in general sympathy with it, and helped it occasionally with a little money.

In the Government I gradually found my opinions were not in a majority, and that there was apparently a jealousy of the individual position I occupied in public life, as a man of a certain experience and knowledge. We were tending the infancy of a State which in time would become immense in its power and resources, and I was constantly, perhaps sensitively, anxious to base it on the experiences of the mother country. Some of my colleagues had been municipal councillors, and scarcely realised the difference of the new position they occupied from the old. An incident which seemed trifling at the moment, but involved serious and permanent consequences occurred. The Indian Mutiny and the frightful stories of massacre which accompanied the first reports, raised a keen feeling of sympathy in the colony. The Legislature voted £25,000 for the relief of the injured and distressed, and the Corporation of Melbourne sent an address of sympathy to the committee managing a fund for the same purpose in London. The committee transmitted their thanks to the Mayor of Melbourne, uniting in a strange salmagundi with him and his colleagues, the Government of the country, as persons to whom the public gratitude was due. The Mayor brought the document to the Chief Secretary, and Mr. O'Shanassy, who was unfamiliar with official practice or

etiquette, promised to return thanks for both. When the Governor's speech for the closing of Parliament was being drafted, Mr. O'Shanassy proposed to introduce a paragraph thanking the committee on behalf of the Government of Victoria and the Corporation of Melbourne. I pointed out what a grotesque position the Government would occupy if the administration of the colony was bracketed with a Corporation of no capacity or importance. All our colleagues took part in the controversy, and the feeling was decidedly against the proposal. Mr. O'Shanassy, who considered himself committed to it, at length fiercely broke in with the statement that if the paragraph were not retained in the speech he would not remain in the Government. I replied that this was a summons to abject submission, and that I answered it by stating that if the paragraph were retained in the speech I would not remain. After a moment's pause I said, "As you are the head of the Government, it is my duty to give way, and I verbally offer my resignation, and I will retire and put it into writing. I immediately did so, and returned to my department to remove my private papers. In half an hour I was followed by Mr. Chapman, the Attorney-General, who came to express the unanimous wish of the Cabinet that I should return; they had induced Mr. O'Shanassy to withdraw the paragraph, and no more would be heard of it. Under these circumstances I returned, but the incident caused a silent alienation never altogether abated.

When my election was over and the business of the administration began, I was attacked with a fit of dysentery, which brought me to the very edge of the grave, and of which I find the following notice in my diary:—

"I have certainly endured all the pains of death in my last illness, having been left to die, and having expected and desired death. All things became indifferent to me, but the desire to make amends for any wrongs I had done. I have realised and perfectly remember the condition of lunacy, for the real and the imaginary had a place side by side in my memory, and I could not separate them. The plot of the last novel I had read mixed with the experience of my life inextricably; the events of the one holding their place as

distinctly as the other. Night after night I had the sensation that an avalanche of ice fell into my abdomen, and the killing cold thrilled me to the marrow. I realised for the first time with painful surprise and terror that the will was powerless over the muscles, not a limb would move, not a finger at the most intense desire to do so. These were doubtless opium dreams."

The danger was so alarming that the doctors in attendance despaired of my recovery, and my death was actually announced in Parliament. But by the care of my family and friends, I was pulled through the difficulty, and commenced the most serious labour of my life.

There was a large staff of engineers, architects, and surveyors in the department of Land and Works, and I determined to bring appointments and promotions under strict regulation by establishing a competitive system, and the professional officers at the head of each branch were united in a board for this purpose. The State had suffered much loss by the *laches* of contractors who gave bonds for the due performance of their work, not one of which had ever been enforced. It was now required that instead of bonds a proportionate deposit should be made, and that this practice might not preoccupy too large a share of the contractor's capital, the Board were prepared to accept Government debentures bearing interest at 3 per cent. The railways so long projected were now vigorously commenced; they had been postponed on account of my illness, but contracts were now accepted, and the great work begun. No appointment hereafter would be made by favouritism or solicitation, but given to the man who proved himself best entitled to it. By a curious chance the great permanent offices in my department had become vacant since I had come into office. I had to appoint the Surveyor-General and the Secretary for Public Lands, the Commissioner of Roads and Bridges, and the Secretary of the same department, and it was notorious that I had not bestowed one of those offices for political or private friendship, but upon gentlemen who had no other claim than long service or proved and special fitness in each case. But the most signal reform was letting in the light of day on business hitherto

transacted in private. The ministers of the Crown in their departments disposed of as much of the public property in a twelvemonth as Parliament itself, and disposed of it at their entire discretion, sometimes ignorant of the facts, and always ear-wigged by interested persons. In my own case I had to determine the granting or refusal of disputed pre-emptive rights, the compensation for land required for public purposes, or for injury inflicted on private property; the position of public buildings, the direction of public roads, and the like, all of them of serious practical importance, and I now made the great change of causing all this business to be transacted in a Court of Land and Works open to the public and reported by the press, a reform which has continued in operation for nearly forty years.[1]

From the beginning the Government were assailed by persistent abuse of which Mr. Ireland and Dr. Evans were the main objects. It seemed destined to be overthrown, but as a dissolution of Parliament was in the air, it happened, as it commonly does in such circumstances, that no one would take the responsibility of precipitating that event. Among the measures promised the next session, was a Land Bill opening the country to selection, for which it was my duty to be responsible. I had taken up in public and private the ground that the alluvial land possessed by the State must be reserved for the people, agriculture, not pasturage, being the highest purpose to which it could be applied; I was also of opinion that a generous system of deferred payments was a condition without which the mass of the industrious classes could not get on the land. I had reason to fear that these sentiments were not universal among my colleagues, and when we got into recess I was constantly thwarted in the design of carrying my principles into action. I was urged over and over to sell masses of agricultural land which I thought ought to be kept for selectors. At length it was plain that I would not be aided in doing what I had undertaken to do, and I immediately tendered my resigna-

[1] During my illness it was necessary to appoint a Vice-President of the Board of Land and Works, and when I returned to my office I found to my serious embarrassment Mr. O'Shanassy had bestowed the office not on the gentleman for whom I had intended it, but on another person much less competent.

tion. When I left the Government, the controversy which sprang up in the Press was stimulated by communicated paragraphs suggesting that the difference was not a public, but a personal one, and that the Government would probably be strengthened by my resignation, as it would put an end to the no-popery cry which was raised only because there were two Catholics in the Government. As the meeting of Parliament was several months distant, and the General Election would cause the question to be debated on many platforms, I found it necessary to publish a letter on the subject, and I will confine myself now strictly to the explanation I gave when all the parties concerned were alive to contradict me if it were possible.

"It was my intention," I wrote,[1] "to have preserved the strictest silence on the subject of my retirement from office till the time came for the usual explanation in Parliament, but as each of the morning papers has been furnished with a version of the transaction, identical in spirit, and plainly coming from the same source, and as this version was not true, I was reluctantly compelled to depart so far from my original intention as to briefly contradict it. You stated, on what no doubt seemed to you adequate authority, that the circumstances which led to my resignation were 'of a personal and not of a political character;' . . . but the alienation of feeling which led to my resignation was of an origin not personal but purely political.

"When I returned to the department of Land and Works in September last, immediately after my illness, I found the public mind filled with the idea that the Government intended to throw an immense mass of agricultural land into the market at once; and I discovered, with painful surprise, that such was actually the policy of some of my colleagues. I represented to the Cabinet in the strongest manner the objections to this course, and finally I succeeded, by a bare majority, in negativing it. This decision and the policy upon which it was founded, which I have since felt bound to systematically carry out, has been a source of constant heart-burning from that time forth. It led, I regret to say, to the loss of a friendship I very much valued—that of Mr. O'Shanassy. . . .

[1] Letter to the *Argus*, March 16, 1859.

"I trust you are right in concluding that one probable advantage of my retirement will be to abate the iniquitous sectarian warcry, which some persons have endeavoured to raise against the Government. But when you bring this advantage into such sudden contact with the fact of my retirement, you suggest an inevitable suspicion that they may stand towards each other in some occult way in the relation of cause and effect."

When the period of the General Election approached, I revisited Villiers and Heytesbury. Since my first acquaintance with the constituency, they had elected me on three occasions without any contest or expense. But it was a subject of curious speculation how the Irish electors would regard my separation from Mr. O'Shanassy. The leading men were farmers and shop-keepers chiefly, with a road engineer or two; intelligent and vigorous, but without much of what is called culture; but I have never in any position of life met men who conducted themselves more thoroughly in the spirit of gentlemen. I was received as usual without any reference to my retirement from office, preparations for a contest were vigorously carried on, and in the end I received the old support, which was the more valuable because it was equally exhibited in every centre of population in the two counties. When the election was over, and I was ready to leave for Melbourne, the leading members of my committee came to me and said, "We are in dismay at your quarrel with Mr. O'Shanassy. To our people in Australia, it will be as fatal as the quarrel of Flood and Grattan in Ireland, and we entreat you not to consider it as final, for your real destiny and duty is to act together." It was a keen satisfaction to me to know I had trusted them as much as they trusted me. After my arrival in Belfast I received a telegram announcing that a meeting had been held at the Chamber of Commerce in Geelong, the Hon. Mr. Strachan in the chair, at which it had been determined to offer me the representation of West Geelong, on behalf of reformers who distrusted the O'Shanassy Government. It was a great compliment, but I replied that I could not desert a constituency which had treated me with such generous fidelity.

I reported my retirement in what, at this distance of time, seems to me a philosophic mood; at any rate it was neither dispirited or despondent:—

"MELBOURNE, *May* 16, 1859.

"MY DEAR O'HAGAN,—Since my recovery from death's door in September last I have been meditating a letter to you. But during the sitting of Parliament the charge of a heavy department, and the late hours in the House, deprived me of all leisure. Now, however, I have abundance, for Parliament is up, and I have resigned my office. I will not trouble you with local politics at the distance of half the world's circumference, but I may predict that some day I will return to office; and meantime the only sacrifice is that of income—I certainly have not lost character or influence.

"I confidently hope to go home for a year in about three years, and then to return and be content with Australia for the remainder of my life. There are half a dozen friends in Ireland I long to see again, but the sky and soil here suit me far better. I grow my own peaches, figs, grapes, and walnuts, in addition to all the home fruits, and have become a great horticulturalist—dividing my time between politics and the pruning knife."

The General Election proved fatal to the Government, several ministers lost their seats, and their supporters were reduced to a handful. One of the earliest questions to be dealt with when the House assembled was my resignation. I stated the grounds of it, and justified the policy I had pursued. Mr. O'Shanassy in reply made a suggestion which did him fatal injury in many generous minds. He told the story of my proposed resignation at an earlier period on the Governor's speech, and said he had no doubt, from the tone of the Dublin *Nation* on the same events, that what I objected to was not the ridiculous combination of Cabinet and Corporation, but sympathy with the sufferers in India, whose sufferings he had seen minimised if not mocked at in the Dublin *Nation*. I had as little control of the *Nation* as of the *Times*, and this was regarded as a felon stroke by one Catholic against another in a community so ready to

believe ill of any of them. The Government was quickly swept away, but before it abandoned the Treasury Benches, Mr. O'Shanassy had to answer the serious charge of having taken possession of, and read, a private telegram addressed to Mr. Henty, a shipowner, who had lost a steamer by what he believed to have been the fault of the Government. Mr. O'Shanassy's defence was that the Attorney-General had advised this course—a circumstance that proved highly prejudicial to both gentlemen. Mr. Nicholson was authorised to form a new Administration, and one of his first steps will illustrate how small an effect Mr. O'Shanassy produced in relation to me. Mr. Nicholson, accompanied by Mr. Wood, his Attorney-General, called on me to invite me to join the new Administration. It was to consist of picked men of the democratic and moderate parties, and its main business was to settle the land question. This was indeed the chief business of Parliament, and the work for which I was most anxious. With Mr. Nicholson and Mr. Wood I was perfectly willing to act—the one was the father of the ballot and the other had already been my colleague in office; but I inquired the names of the gentlemen he proposed to unite in the Administration, and when he specified them I considered it impossible, as indeed it afterwards proved impossible, that they would agree to a satisfactory settlement of the land question. I said if I entered the Government alone, I would find myself in a constant minority, and probably be driven to resign, and I did not want any more resignations; I would be happy to join if Mr. Nicholson enabled me to bring in two members of the Liberal party along with me, and I suggested Mr. Anderson and Mr. Brooke. Mr. Nicholson and Mr. Wood thought this would be impracticable, but promised to consult their colleagues and let me know. Finally they reported that I might bring in one colleague with me, but my experience in the late Government warned me against the consequences, and I declined. I went into opposition, designing to maintain a friendly neutrality towards the new Administration as long as their policy justified it.

CHAPTER V

IN OPPOSITION

Position of the defeated Government—"The Corner"—Organisation of the Opposition—New opinions and desires—Distribution of the business of the party—Political badinage—The Chinese invasion—Land Bill of the new Government—Slow progress—Two Ministers retire—Proposed squatting government—How this project was defeated—Mr. Heales sent for by the Governor, and asks me to take the lead and become Prime Minister—The difficulty about a dissolution—The Nicholson Government remain—Are again defeated, and the Heales Government is formed by the aid of the squatters—Proposal to me to become Speaker declined—The Occupation Licenses—My exposure of their weakness and futility—Mr. Loader's resignation—Dissolution of Parliament—Success of the Government on the goldfields—My election and the elections in the western district—Rally of the new Opposition—Haines and O'Shanassy—Defeat of the Heales Government—Letters from Richard Cobden, Sir Emerson Tennant, John Henry Newman, Sir Arthur Helps, Henry Parkes—Letter from the professors of the Melbourne University.

THE remnant of the defeated Government took up their places on the front Opposition Bench, of which they only occupied a corner; with the few supporters who followed them they rarely mustered half a dozen members. Below the gangway the real Opposition were gathered, the Mining and Convention members and the men who adhered to me when I retired from the late Government, the whole amounting together to somewhat more than a score. The new Government slightly outnumbered both sections of the Opposition, and were rendered safe by the fact that these sections disliked each other more than they disliked the enemy in front. The party below the gangway was without a name, without a policy, and without a leader; in a debate one of them spoke of the members surrounding him as "the men in that corner," and the name of "the Corner" was fixed

upon them, and has remained the designation of that part of the House to this day. They agreed to ask me to become leader, and I determined, with the aid of the best men of our opinions, in and out of the House, to give the democratic party a definite creed.

I had come from a country experienced in political organisation, and had gained some repute there as an organiser, and I naturally aimed to turn this inorganic mass into a disciplined body. Party organisation has grievous drawbacks. It sometimes teaches men to stifle their consciences, and to prefer the interest of their faction to the interest of the country. But where there is not party the necessary alternative is apathy or corruption.

There was in this Opposition, as there is in every political Opposition, men to whom the main question was when they would arrive at office; but the whole connection was sincerely possessed of the convictions for which they contended. Their fundamental principles got gradually determined in private debates, and on the whole were not ungenerous or unjust. They believed democratic institutions were the natural organisation of a new country where something approaching social equality existed—that by opening the way to political success to men in humble position they influenced the character of a whole population. Every boy might hope to do what others starting from his standpoint had done, and the best of them would educate and train themselves to be able to do it effectually. None of them had any doubt that there must be a great extension of the suffrage, not so much on the ground of abstract right as from the conviction that in a community so constituted as ours the great creators of wealth could not be kept in a subject condition. The spirit of enterprise which led men to select such a pursuit as gold digging, and the sense of personal independence which it fostered, were guarantees that the mining constituencies would require, and were in a certain degree fitted to exercise this trust.

Among our confederates outside there were a few philosophical thinkers who sympathised with social equality, and formulated lofty ideas of public duty, but understood imperfectly what the people actually wanted. They dreamed

of a democracy inspired with the spirit of Milton and restrained by the equity of Washington. These high hopes were visions which faded in the daylight of actual experience. The larger numbers who shared the desires of the people did not know how to make them acceptable to the educated classes by raising them above naked selfishness. It was a difficulty, too, that the propertied classes were deprived of that share of influence which would otherwise have been cheerfully conceded to them by their sympathy with the claims of the squatters to monopolise the public territory; which gave their policy the character of a greedy and sordid conspiracy. In one important respect the whole democratic party certainly exhibited a commendable unselfishness. To adopt the American system of disbanding the Civil Service when their patrons retired from office, would give the democracy, when their turn came, the whole patronage of the country. Hitherto they had nothing, and the existing officers were appointed by their opponents. But they resisted the temptation and agreed to maintain the officers in their position. After a time an Act was passed by a later Government, of which I was a member, giving this important class security and independence. The judges of the Supreme Court, by the Constitution Statute, were maintained in their position for life, with a retiring pension after fifteen years, and in the end the judges of the inferior courts were placed in a corresponding position. In the same spirit financial good faith has been preserved with a fidelity which has known no exception. In later times even the teetotalers agreed to give compensation to publicans whose houses were closed. It was not conceded that they had any legal claim, but a liberal equity represented the sentiment of the country.

I was confident that before an organised party in opposition, having not only fixed convictions but disciplined to subordinate the whims and vanities of individuals to its common ends, the motley majority, with only interests at stake, must fall. But one thing a man is sure to learn speedily in a partnership of this kind—the impossibility of getting men to think alike, and the difficulty of getting them to accept cordially opinions which have been thought out by others. The plainest truth must wait its opportunity to get an audience.

The impatience for rapid success which distinguishes society in a gold country operates in politics. In England an Opposition has to wait long for office, and is content to wait; and takes its measures accordingly. But in Australia, at this time, men were devoured with anxiety and chagrin. Public life was often a perpetual guerilla warfare of surprises, ambuscades, plots, and single combats.

The position of leader of such an Opposition had strong attractions for me. We had an opportunity, I thought, of adopting whatever was best in the habits and institutions of free countries, and rejecting whatever had proved deleterious; and this experiment might be made with great success in Victoria, for liberty, civilisation, and arts had come to perfection in small States. In the old country, overladen with abuses, the chief work of a statesman was to pull down, but here it was clearly the more exacting task to build up. In democracy I recognised the modern form and expression of the spirit of improvement which won all the concessions which constitute political liberty; but I had as little sympathy with the naked selfishness which saw no interest at stake but the interest of the working classes, as with the other naked selfishness which plotted to get the public lands into the hands of a few monopolists.

The main purpose of the Nicholson Government was declared to be a settlement of the land question in the interest of the industrious classes. Their Bill was the most liberal proposal made up to that time, and when it got into Committee the Democratic Party aimed to enlarge its scope and amend its machinery. The lead belonged to me, but I had effectual help from Mr. Wilson Gray and Mr. J. H. Brooke. The Government majority were eager to push on at all hazards; I was resolved that nothing should be unduly hurried. On one occasion they were determined to take a division on amendments which had not been printed or circulated before the assembly of the House that evening. I insisted we must not be required to vote upon proposals which we had not considered, and defied them to proceed. The Government persisted, and the entire Opposition rose in their places and withdrew. In their absence the Government were ashamed to proceed, the amendments were

ordered to be circulated, and the question was adjourned till next day. The amended Bill was read a third time in the Assembly by a large majority. But when it reached the Council the squatters fell upon it in a fury, and struck out the most important provisions; and when it came back to the Assembly a deadlock seemed inevitable. But the Ministry were not men for strong measures, and we soon saw that the majority of them would let the Council have its way, if they dare.

A secret of success in politics is to give leading men individual work of which they would be proud, and I endeavoured to distribute the business of the Party in this spirit. Let one, I said, take up the interest of the agricultural settler, another of the miner, a third public education. Publicists would be more powerful if they embraced each of them a task which he resolved to accomplish. If one should say, "I will not rest while there is a pauper in Victoria," another, "I am resolved, Heaven helping, that the larrikin shall become as rare amongst us as the moa, or I will aim to make the enjoyments of the people simpler and more healthy; and if there be any reefer, or squatter, or merchant, burdened with the care of more wealth than he can use, let us teach him how the merchant princes of the Italian Republics used their opulence." But politics were so engrossing that it was difficult to divert attention to social questions. The Australian pioneers of democracy had genuine sincerity and enthusiasm. They felt they were fighting the battle of public principles against powerful interests without any personal object, and often with the drawback of scanty rations at home. The contest in which we were engaged looked a very unequal one. The community were preoccupied with money-making and apathetic on public questions; and on the other side, there was an organisation of men with immense resources, who were in occupation of the public territory. They were knit in commercial relations with the principal banks, and they had close social relations with the professional and business classes. But the democracy never doubted of its final success, and hoped indeed much more than was ever accomplished. Political life was seasoned, as it always is in civilised countries, with banter and badinage. B. C. Aspinall

was a great humorist, and everybody could cite some happy *mots* of his, as notable for promptness as for felicity. He was addressing the House somewhat vaguely one evening, when a member of Cockney genesis interposed with a question to the Speaker, "May I ask, sir, what is before the 'Ouse?" "An 'H,' I submit," says Aspinall. On another occasion a mining member who was denouncing some Minister as almost as cruel as Nero or Diocletian, was asked sneeringly by a ministerial supporter, "Who was Diocletian?" The querist was a person of great self-importance, but much worried by a tradition that he was descended from butchers, and had himself when a boy carried a basket on his arm. "I am surprised," interposed Aspinall, "that the honourable member for X. needs to be told who was Diocletian. He was an eminent Roman butcher."

Dr. Evans said good things, but they were witty and wise rather than humorous. He was an old man, and it had become a familiar joke to speak of him as belonging to the era of Queen Anne. On some occasion when he referred to Queen Anne in a speech there were various cries of "Did you know her? What was she like?" "Yes, sir," rejoined the doctor, "I did know her. The scholar is contemporary with all time." Michie, who scorned puns, and never uttered *mots* which were not spontaneous, seasoned his speech as Disraeli's was seasoned, with happy turns of phrase and pertinent quotations, which gave the cultivated reader more enjoyment than *bons mots*. Ireland's jokes were altogether different, they were neither subtle humour nor intellectual play but the overflow of animal spirits. Here is a sample. Mr. Clarke, a millionaire, complained as witness in a commercial case that the demand for money was so slack that he had £60,000 lying at his bankers for a month with which he did not know what to do. Ireland immediately drew up a paper, which was handed round the bar, and even reached the Bench, and everywhere excited a burst of laughter. It ran in some such terms as these—"The six undernamed members of the Bar, moved with compassion for Mr. Clarke's unhappy position, are prepared to relieve him of his surplus cash to the extent of £10,000 each. Signed—Michie, Ireland, Dawson, and so forth."

From the discovery of gold the Chinese immigrants began to arrive in alarming numbers. As they represented a reservoir of population, by which we could be deluged and swamped, some measures of restriction were necessary. The Opposition advised that every Chinaman entering the colony should be obliged to carry a British subject on his shoulders, that is to say that he should pay a sum which would cover the expense of bringing out an English immigrant to balance him in the community. The Chinese proved skilful and industrious settlers, made excellent gardeners and washermen, and the round head and diminutive eyes of the Chinese pedlar became a welcome sight to housewives in the country. They made considerable settlements in Melbourne and the goldfields, and a stream of Celestials steadily come and go every year.[1]

A whole session was lost without any effectual progress, and it came to be believed that many of the Ministers were not in cordial sympathy with their own proposals. The Minister in charge of the Land Bill threw up his portfolio, and one of his colleagues followed his example. The Legislative Council, crowded with squatters, were not disposed to yield their advantages to a weak and divided Government, and long negotiations with them came to nothing. A new Government was inevitable, but in what direction were its members to be sought? The Democratic Party, who stood almost

[1] Little Bourke Street is their main settlement in Melbourne, and almost every shop has a Chinese sign. An English shopkeeper in the street wished for such a sign, and settled a disputed account with a Chinese painter by getting this job from him. The sign was a great success; every Chinaman who passed stopped to read it with applause and laughter, and it was observed that Chinamen came from a distance to share this enjoyment. At length the shopkeeper got the sign interpreted. This was the legend, "Beware of this fellow, he is a cheat." The names of Chinamen often resembling English words was a constant subject of amusement. A County Court judge directed a newly-appointed crier to call for a witness he wanted. "Call," he said, for "Ah Song." The crier, after examining the judge for a minute to make sure he was serious, cried, "Will any gentleman favour his Worship with a song?" The story of the Chinese sign-painter was rivalled by a purely colonial story. A father and son were in partnership as dancing masters, but after a time the senior insisted that they should separate, and they became somewhat of rivals. It was the habit of the parent establishment to summon pupils by a circular in the French language, and after the separation the father had to request his son to perform this task for him. He performed the task as usual, adding an *avis*, "Comme maître de danse mon père n'est pas le fromage."

alone in its desire to pass the measure in its integrity, thought the Government ought to be entrusted to them, but the Governor fixed his eyes steadily in another direction. The *Argus*, which had given the Nicholson Cabinet a moderate support, broke loose from them, and taking up the list of the Administration declared them one by one unfit for their places. They were nearly all men whom the journal had warmly supported before, and indeed came warmly to support afterwards, but just now there was a more attractive outlook. A new Government ought to be formed, it was said, not embarrassed by any responsibilities for the Land Bill, and who could rally all the Moderate men in the House to their support. The fitting leaders for such a combination would be Mr. Ebden and Mr. O'Shanassy. Mr. Ebden was the richest squatter in Parliament, an African gentleman whose sheep covered many hills, and who demeaned himself as if he were descended from the Norman conquerors, but of feeble will and limited capacity. Mr. O'Shanassy by this time manifestly leaned towards the pastoral interest, and such a Government would mean an end of land reform and a settlement of the question in the interests of the squatters. The danger needed prompt treatment, and I had a conference with Mr. Heales, the Ministerial supporter most in earnest as a land reformer. We agreed upon a project which would arrest the squatting intrigue at its outset. We drew up a resolution which Mr. Heales proposed from behind the Treasury Bench, declaring that the House would support no Government who would not take up the Land Bill with a view to carry it into law. The Democratic Party eagerly accepted this declaration, and as the comatose Government could not decently vote against it it was carried.

The hopes of a Squatter Administration were at an end, and the Governor sent for Mr. Heales, and authorised him to form an Administration. After a *pourparler* with Mr. Nicholson which came to nothing, Mr. Heales invited me to act with him, and become head of the new Government. Our opponents were persuaded I would fail, because it would be necessary to take too large a contingent from the Corner, men whom the state of public opinion did not permit to be raised to office except in homeopathic proportions. I made

a Government, however, of men who were new to office but who were so fit for it that every one of them became members of future Administrations. Mr. Heales took the Public Lands; the Public Works were assigned to Mr. Verdon—afterwards Sir George Verdon—an honoured name in the colony. Mr. Aspinall, one of the half-dozen men whose undoubted genius gave the Parliament of Victoria a first place among colonial legislatures, was Attorney-General; Mr. Brooke, Treasurer; Mr. Robert Stirling Anderson, Postmaster-General; Mr. Loader, Commissioner of Customs, and I was Chief Secretary and Prime Minister. I offered the Solicitor-Generalship to Mr. Wilson Gray, but he insisted that he could serve the cause best as a private member. It was the first democratic Ministry, and I was determined that it should be one which would steer by the stars, and not have to watch the shifting winds and tide of the hour, a Government whose policy should not consist in evading difficulties but in encountering them. But we speedily came to understand by the secret whispers, never wanting on such an occasion, that the men ejected from office and the leading men who had been opposed to them would immediately unite against us. To provide against this catastrophe I asked the Governor's assurance that in case of such an unfair combination he would refer the question to the people by dissolving Parliament. The Governor said he could not give such an assurance; he would act according to circumstances. I reminded him that he had given such an assurance to the last Government of which I was a member. He replied that that was the reason why he could not do so again; he had given such an undertaking to Mr. O'Shanassy, considering it confidential, but Mr. O'Shanassy had used it to menace the House. My colleagues agreed with me that our position was this—the country would support us, but the House would not. If we could not get at the country it would be safer to wait the General Election. I obtained the Governor's consent to report the facts to the House, and Mr. Nicholson was temporarily recalled to office. Mr. O'Shanassy repelled the Governor's imputation with all the force of his vehement nature, but the actual facts were within the knowledge of the House.

The ship of the State was sailing under a jury-mast, and in a brief time there was another crisis. Nothing but a Democratic Government was possible, and the Ministry I had recently proposed would now, it was assumed, necessarily resume office. But some gladiators in the Corner who thought they had been improperly omitted from that combination were discontented, and the Conservative Press stimulated their impatience by treating them as the natural leaders of the party improperly set aside. If politics were a game of personal ambition in which principles might be ignored the Conservatives struck what would be regarded as a successful *coup*. I had rendered their Ministry impossible, because their success would mean the destruction of the Land Bill; they struck a stroke against me equally effectual, but purchased by the open abandonment of their cherished opinions. Mr. O'Shanassy communicated to them through a trusted agent that he and Mr. Ebden and their friends would support any Democratic Government formed, provided I was not a member of it. Mr. Brooke came to report this overture to me. I was not greedy of office; I had resigned from the O'Shanassy Administration; I had refused a seat in the Nicholson Cabinet; I had refrained from gazetting a Government of which I was the chief, and I said I would offer them no advice, nor would I attend any party meeting summoned on the occasion. Wilson Gray came to me to say that though the plot was a shocking one, he thought we ought to get the Democratic Party into office for the first time, on any conditions. A meeting was held in which Mr. Ebden and Mr. O'Shanassy took part with the Democrats of the Corner, and agreed on the formation of a Government exclusively from the latter party. This fraternal squatting of the young lions of the Land League with the ancient and grizzly rams of the Pastoral Association was a puzzle and perplexity to those not acquainted with its secret history. The Heales Government—for Mr. Heales was at its head—did not include one of the Corner whose discontent had enabled it to be created. It was for a time very tame and purposeless. To secure its ground was its first care, and Mr. Brooke considered it a stroke of policy to placate me. Mr. M'Evoy, of Studley Park, was a man at whose table we had

sometimes met, and he sent him to me to say that it was proposed to dissolve Parliament, and that the Government, who were confident of obtaining a decisive majority, would make me Speaker of the new House. I declined his overture, and will confine myself to citing Mr. M'Evoy's last letter on the subject.

"STUDLEY HOUSE, STUDLEY PARK, KEW,
"*August* 28, 1861.

"DEAR SIR,—As the business on which I called on you on Sunday and Monday last was of unusual importance I will put the substance of it in writing. Mr. Brooke, whom I accidentally met on Saturday last, stopt me, and after some preliminary conversation inquired whether I would make a communication for him to you. He said the Government were anxious you should undertake the office of Speaker of the new Assembly, and if they were assured you would act would propose and carry you; and he asked me if I would speak to you on the subject; he also wished to make some appointment when he and you should meet to confer on the subject. I saw you accordingly on Sunday, immediately after church, and mentioned the subject with a view to having your answer on Monday morning. I called at your chamber at Temple Court next morning, and you told me you would not make any appointment with Mr. Brooke on the subject, that such an offer ought to have been made in writing, and that if it had been so made it would have been your duty to read it for the consideration of your political friends in Parliament, and been guided by their advice, but that, as the matter stood, you must thank Mr. Brooke and decline; and when I brought your answer to Mr. Brooke he said if you did not consent to act the Government would nominate some other gentleman to act, and he requested me to see him again in a couple of hours, after he had an opportunity of consulting with his colleagues, whether the request would not still be made in writing. I mentioned this to you after leaving him, and you refused to consider the question any further, whether in writing or otherwise. I informed Mr. Brooke of your determination, and my duty ended.—Believe me, dear sir, yours very truly,
"JAMES M'EVOY."

The Government for a long time did nothing, pendulating between the Conservative section from whom they were receiving support, and the democratic multitude with whom they sympathised. At length Mr. Brooke struck what proved to be for a time a successful popular *coup*. He believed he had discovered in the existing Land Law power to grant licenses to new tenants of the Crown for as few as forty acres, and he proposed to employ this power largely wherever settlement was desired. To baffle the squatters who had resisted the Nicholson Land Bill was a very natural desire in the popular mind, and the people were too angry to be scrupulous as to the method. The scheme of these licenses, however, on examination proved to be altogether illusory, and I took occasion to unmask their deficiencies in Parliament. In the first place, I insisted that the Occupation licenses conferred a miserable tenure. The Minister might withdraw a license at pleasure. Any miner might enter upon the petty allotment to pursue his industry. The Supreme Court might order the lessee to be ejected as being in illegal possession. He could not sell or transfer either his license or his improvements. If he died, his right, title, and interest died with him. He could not quit home on any of the industrial pursuits which attract men hither and thither in a new country, as non-residence forfeited his license ; and when his license expired the land which he was accustomed to consider as his must be purchased at public auction, there being no other possible method of obtaining it. Were these conditions under which a national industry could be planted ? I insisted that what a popular Government ought to do was to renew the attack on the obstructives in the Upper House, and obtain a settlement which would have the security of law. The question was : Were we to base our public policy upon law, which is the solemn consent of the people, or on the caprice or prejudice of a Minister ?

The danger was much more serious than the inexperienced would understand. There passed under the control of the Executive Government every year a larger amount of national property than was distributed under the votes of Parliament. If we set the example of allowing the Executive to exercise their own discretion without the assent of law, and contrary to

law, on this national property, we should inevitably have it disposed of by and by in corrupt jobs for party or personal purposes.

The motion was defeated by a narrow majority, but among the minority there were nearly half the original members of the Government who had by this time deserted it for its malpractices. My defence of legal methods in public affairs had naturally the approval of the Conservative Press, and it was somewhat of a deduction from my satisfaction to find myself on the same side with a journal which had recently represented Mr. Ebden and Mr. O'Shanassy as ideal Ministers to settle the Land question. "Denounced by Mr. Duffy," said the *Argus*, "in a speech of singular force and ability, its liberality must henceforth be a matter of very partial opinion. . . . This small defect (that they are absolutely unlawful and unconstitutional) in their otherwise perfect character could not have been brought forward with better spirit and stronger logic than were used by Mr. Duffy. Their case was the harder in that the present defender of the Law and Constitution is himself a land reformer of the most liberal class—not long ago the chief of all the land reformers, and certainly a more consistent and strenuous advocate for the rights of the people than ever was Mr. Brooke or Mr. Heales."

In the end the Occupation Licenses were declared illegal by the Supreme Court, and all the labour and cost expended on them by the people would have been forfeited but that in a Land Act which I carried in a subsequent session I enabled the Board of Land and Works to confirm them in all cases where the conditions had been complied with. The inquiry which this clause necessitated disclosed the singular fact that many of the licenses were taken out by squatters or their immediate employés, to pick, as it was said, the eyes out of their holdings.

I aimed a second stroke at the Administration which was more immediately successful. A new Minister, intoxicated with the fumes of unaccustomed power, walked into the department of one of his colleagues, and, becoming dissatisfied with the conduct of the permanent head of the department, suspended him from office, and insisted that

he must be dismissed. But when I exposed the facts to the House the officer was restored, and the arbitrary Minister had to resign. As soon as the Supplies for the year were voted, the Opposition, which had now grown to a decisive majority, attacked the Government by a vote of want of confidence. It was carried, but, contrary to expectation, the Governor agreed to dissolve Parliament, and the Legislative Assembly sent him an address of remonstrance. There was no ground, they insisted, for an appeal to the people. After twelve months' occupation of office, during which they passed no measure of importance, the Government were ejected, not in defence of any principle, for they had vindicated none, but for mere incompetence and unworthiness, and the House called on the Governor to take measures to secure the reassembling of Parliament at the earliest moment, as public interests were seriously endangered while their control remained in the hands of his present advisers. As his answer was not satisfactory, Supplies were only granted for three months, to make sure that the authority of Parliament should not be evaded. When the dissolution was secured the Government proclaimed an ultra-democratic programme on which they determined to go to the country, but of which Parliament had never heard anything. Under the election law existing at that time the Administration could fix the order of elections at their discretion, and the Government put the most democratic constituencies in the front.

Constituency after constituency chose the Government candidate, and an exulting minister declared that, as there would be no Opposition in the next Assembly, it would be necessary to hire one to keep up constitutional forms. On the goldfield constituencies the cry was, "Down with the black coats and bell-toppers." The miners and artisans accepted the Government as representing for the first time their own class. The party relations which formerly existed were rudely shaken or overthrown by this new sentiment, of which the hope of protection for Australian industries, now first broached by a Government, formed a realistic and practical side.[1] The current was strong, and men

[1] Geelong was the headquarters of protection, and Aspinall was brought there to make an oration on the question on behalf of the new Government.

who had no decided convictions or prepossessions drifted with it.

To find candidates was the chief difficulty of the Government, and anybody who might possibly win was considered sufficient. One successful candidate was a railway porter, another an agricultural labourer; of a third it was told that when he took his seat an angry Minister whispered to the party Whip, "Take that cursed fellow away, wash his face, and put a clean shirt on him." "I hope," said a Conservative friend whom I encountered at this time, "you are beginning to recognise that democracy, like epicureans, prefers its dainties a little tainted." The success looked altogether decisive, but the leaders of the Opposition were persuaded it was merely local and did not extend to the more settled districts. The great agricultural West, occupied by prudent Scotchmen and industrious Irishmen, was considered safe on the side of solid and serious reforms, not flimsy and ephemeral ones. When I set out for my election I was surprised to find "Orion" Horne on board the coasting steamer bound for the Western counties which I represented. I did not suspect any political purpose, but as I was on the look-out for Government candidates I asked the captain at the dinner-table if he had any of these gentlemen on board. "That is what I cannot tell you, sir," replied the captain with a sly smile, "as I never look at the list of steerage passengers. But," he added, pointing to Horne, "here is a gentleman that can tell you, for he was accompanied on board by one of the Government Whips." "What," I said, "is it possible? In the name of 'Locksley Hall'—

"'Do I see the Great Orion slyly sloping to the west'?"[1]

Horne laughed, and admitted that he was certainly going

After he had concluded his speech he was assailed with questions for which he was ill prepared. "What duty would you put upon soft goods? What on agricultural implements?" and so forth. At length he finished the interrogatories by a stroke on which nobody but Aspinall would have ventured in that serious community. "What would you put upon boots?" an anxious shoemaker demanded. "Well," replied Aspinall with a beaming smile, "from my personal experience, I would recommend Day and Martin."

[1] "Many a night from yonder ivied casement, ere I sank to rest,
Did I see the great Orion slowly sloping to the west."
Locksley Hall

down to run a race with my friend John Hood at Belfast, and I promised him a good beating, which in proper time was duly administered.

My colleague in my constituency was Mr. Ireland, who had been Attorney-General in the Heales Government, and pronounced Occupation Licenses legal and valid. He retired from the Government when O'Shanassy and Ebden deserted it. I had coalesced with him in former elections, but I declined to do so now. I desired the return of Mr. Michie, one of the most distinguished members of the Opposition, who would certainly have been elected but that he offended the constituents by not visiting them. Although his jovial, popular manners made Ireland a favourite with our countrymen, his seat was very nearly lost. The result of the poll was declared to be—Duffy, 1,200 votes; Ireland, 732; Michie, 640; and Dr. Mackay, the Government candidate, 113. In the later batches of elections the Government was beaten almost everywhere, and two or three of their bitterest enemies, men who had seceded from the Cabinet when their violent courses commenced, were sent back to Parliament to hold them responsible.

Before the General Election there had been unsuccessful attempts to get together the various groups which constituted the Opposition, but it was now felt that the thing must be done. A main difficulty of Colonial administration is the scarcity of men fit to be entrusted with the functions of Government. To supply a Cabinet, and an alternative Cabinet in Opposition, is sometimes more than is practicable, and in a House comparatively limited a man considered competent can rarely be spared. The desire for an organisation of all the sections unfriendly to the Government became very strong, and a meeting of the entire Opposition with this object was called. I did not attend, but next day I received this note from the secretary appointed by the meeting :—

"PARLIAMENT LIBRARY, *September* 9, 1861.

"SIR,—At a meeting of the Opposition held here on the 6th inst. it was resolved to appoint the gentlemen named on the other side (of whom you are one) as a committee, to be called 'the Committee of the Opposition.'

"A meeting of this committee will be held in the Upper Library on Wednesday next, the 11th inst., at half-past one o'clock p.m.—Your obedient servant,

"ROBERT GILLESPIE, *Sec.*

"Committee: Messrs. O'Shanassy, Haines, Duffy, Francis, Service, W. A. Brodribb, Johnston, Snodgrass, Lalor, H. S. Chapman, Nicholson, Anderson, Hood, Levey, Gillespie."

Still I did not attend; my chief motive for remaining away was that I was indisposed to act again with Mr. O'Shanassy in Opposition or in office. In politics much has to be forgiven, but his appeal to anti-Irish feeling against me seemed to me a just exception. The reconciliation was brought about by social rather than political influences. I have spoken of Dr. Quinn, the Bishop of Brisbane, who, though a kinsman of Dr. Cullen, had honoured me with his steady friendship. He had done notable work in his new diocese, not only in diffusing his missionary church, but for immigration, education, and social progress, with the assent of men of various parties. He had been so successful that some enthusiastic friends declared that the colony in gratitude ought to change its name from Queensland to Quinnsland. The good bishop came to Melbourne at this time, and appealed to me passionately to consent to a reconciliation with Mr. O'Shanassy. It was not merely a question of local politics, he said. Irish Catholics had fair play and fair recognition nowhere on the earth so unreservedly as in Australia, and if this quarrel continued it would divide them into two parties in every town and settlement on the continent. He brought me various explanatory messages from Mr. O'Shanassy, and finally induced us to dine with him, when he completed his generous enterprise. I said office had not been pleasant to me, and that if I ever returned to it it would be to settle the land question in the interests of the industrious classes. Mr. O'Shanassy said that was what he also desired, and that I would find him not an impediment, but an ally. An inner Cabinet of the party containing Mr. Haines, Mr. Nicholson, and Mr. Francis, as well as Mr. O'Shanassy and myself, considered the basis on which a Government might be formed which would be strong enough

to promise permanency and to carry important measures. I conditioned that the land question should be settled on the basis of reserving all the agricultural land for actual settlement, that it should be capable of being selected in farms of 320 acres at £1 an acre, payable in instalments over ten years; and if this were done I agreed that the squattings not needed for selection should be occupied for a limited period by the existing licensees. But our operations were arrested by a communication from Mr. Haines to me that Mr. O'Shanassy had used language to him so rude and offensive that he would prefer standing aside to acting in the same Government with him. Mr. Haines could not be spared, and I attempted to restore unanimity. Among Mr. O'Shanassy's notable qualities a willingness to cheerfully admit that he had committed a *bêtise*, or a mistake, was not included, but I finally obtained the subjoined letter from him, which Mr. Haines accepted as an apology, and our affairs got into order again:—

"HAWTHORN, *Monday Morning*.

"MY DEAR DUFFY,—I've your note, and hasten to acquaint you that the terms of it remove any disinclination I might have felt to attend any further meetings in relation to the late contemplated arrangements.

"You interpreted exactly what I said to Mr. Haines in reply to his observations, and I will cheerfully attend in the library to-day to confirm that statement, and remove thus far any misapprehension entertained by Mr. Haines as to the words used by me on the occasion in question.

"Having already fully stated to you, as I felt bound to do, the whole conversation as it occurred, considering that you were entitled to know at the earliest possible moment, I now feel that it is not necessary to dwell upon the alteration of sentiment announced by Mr. Haines.—I am, my dear Duffy, Yours truly,

"JOHN O'SHANASSY."

The stream of correspondence from Europe seldom slackened, and before taking up the engrossing Parliamentary business now at hand it may be pleasant to consider a few letters of this period which I recall with satisfaction.

"I ought long ago (Richard Cobden wrote) to have thanked you for having attached my name to a locality in your jurisdiction. It was gratifying to me to find that you had borne an old Parliamentary colleague in remembrance. It was this act of friendly kindness rather than the honour or compliment paid me that made your communication to me exceedingly acceptable and pleasant.

"I have not been able to watch very closely or continuously the workings of your political institutions. But I suppose, like all new machinery, the action is at first subject to a good deal of friction and irregularity.

"Here our Parliamentary life has been not very satisfactory of late. Our old Premier (if the word 'old' can ever apply to one of such boisterous spirits) is holding office with the aid of the most reactionary section of the Tories, because they find he obstructs reform more effectually than their own leaders could do if they were in power, and spends far more money than a Tory Government would dream of doing.

"The consequence is that all reform is in abeyance, and the old parties are deluding themselves with the idea that the majority of the people have lost all interest in political matters. The truth is they are only waiting for the opportunity when they may claim usurious interest for the long deferred payment of their just claims.—Believe me, yours truly, "R. COBDEN."

A Conservative friend took a nearly identical view of the genial Premier.

"About this country (Sir Emerson Tennant wrote me) we have little news to give you. The prosperity is marvellous, the profits of trade fabulous, and consequently the value of land rising beyond belief, as well as the wages of labour and the cost of products.

"As to party politics, party is, if not 'dead,' inanimate; no one dreams of a change of Ministry while Lord Palmerston chooses to hold power or thinks himself equal to wield it. But as his prestige is declining in England, and gone in every constituency in which there is an element that disapproves of what is passing in Italy, I think that the close of the Session will be the end of his official life."

About Ireland his news was less satisfactory :—

"Of Ireland you will hear more than enough from other sources. For myself, I can safely say I never saw the state of Irish feeling so much excited or so hostile to England. This exacerbation is attributable to the triple influence of polemical controversy, political discontent, and domestic suffering. The latter attributable to three bad harvests in succession."

A man of genius, whom I loved and honoured as one of the greatest men of his century, did me the favour to ask some trifling service, which I have no doubt I accomplished.

"DEAL, *September* 30, 1862.

"MY DEAR MR. DUFFY,—Though you have so many public duties and engagements in your new sphere of action, I hope you will allow me to recall myself to your remembrance without incurring the reproach of being troublesome to you.

"I write in order to satisfy the wishes of a young man, a member of our Birmingham congregation, who is leaving his home for Melbourne. I am not acquainted with him myself, but our Fathers at the Oratory speak in his favour, and wish me to give him this letter to you. I am sure they would not do so unless they thought well of him.

"I hope your health is good, and that you may long continue the important services which a mind so clear, so honest, and so zealous as yours is sure to effect in the prosecution of any duties to which it gives itself.

"For me, I am getting old. Pray for me sometimes, and believe me to be, my dear Mr. Duffy, sincerely yours,

"JOHN H. NEWMAN, of the Oratory."

Another man of lesser reputation thanked me for some service I had been able to effect on behalf of his son, whom I served because he was descended from the genial author of "Friends in Council" :—

"VERNON HILL, BISHOP'S WALTHAM, *April* 20*th*.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I can hardly express to you how much I am obliged to you for all the kindness you have shown to my son,

"You will easily have seen the kind of youth he is. A sort of mania had seized upon him to go to the diggings. Somebody whom he knew of had made a fortune there; and he was quite sure he also would make his fortune. He would have run away, if I had not given him leave to go, and furnished him with the means. I also, of course, gave him enough money to support him for months, and I provided that he should be able to return.

"He has just returned, and I must say he has been wonderfully little injured, if he has not been much benefited by his sojourn to Melbourne. He is the same kind-hearted, gentle, and courteous fellow that he always was; I cannot help hoping that he has gained a great deal of experience.

"Of you he speaks with much gratitude, as you may imagine, and in this feeling his father fully sympathises with him, and begs to remain, yours very faithfully,

"ARTHUR HELPS."

The colony of New South Wales at this time sent home Henry Parkes and William Bede Dalley, as Immigration Agents in the United Kingdom, and it was pleasant to be told that I had been of some service to them. Parkes wrote:—

"ASHLEY PLACE, BRISTOL ROAD, BIRMINGHAM,
"*January* 17, 1862.

"I owe you much for introducing me to Cobden, Carlyle, and Mill. I visited Cobden at his house at Midhurst, and we sat up half the night talking of the future of England and Australia. No man in England has made so deep an impression on me. His genial nature, his frank and vivid intellect, and his noble simplicity of life won me completely. I really long to see him again.

"Cobden has a very kindly remembrance of you, and asked after you with more than common interest. I explained to him as clearly as I could the state of things in the colonies, and I think I gave him a better notion than he had before of the working of our institutions. He was much shocked at the Heales Protectionist programme.

"I don't think I understand Carlyle. I have seen him

twice, and had a long conversation with him each time, or more accurately speaking, I listened to long characteristic utterances from him. He spoke of the Young Ireland Party, of O'Connell, of English prisons and prison reformers, of colonisation, of Tennyson and Browning, of Peel, Gladstone, Bright, and Spurgeon, of Australian democracy, and a hundred other things. He sat on the floor and smoked, and he laughed outright with a terrible kind of full-heartedness at his own grand sarcasms. But I confess I could almost as well explain the meaning of thunder and lightning as the meaning of what he said. Still I was deeply charmed, and am treasuring up an invitation to spend another hour with him. Here again it did me good to see how well you were remembered. The second time I saw him he told me he had written to you and reproached himself for not having written before. On that second occasion too he did me the honour to say he had been *thinking* over my defence of our democratic institutions, and that he thought I was right after all. It would never do to let the old fogies of officialism direct the energies of a young country.

"I have not seen John Stuart Mill. He has been spending the winter in France. He called at my lodgings twice and wrote me a very kind letter when leaving England. I look forward to meeting him with much interest.

"I think I have been pretty successful in the special duties of my mission. I have addressed some very large meetings—one meeting of 6,000 or 7,000 persons. In every instance I have succeeded in fixing the attention of my audience for more than two hours—a pretty good trial of their patience; and in every instance I have been well received.—Always yours,

"HENRY PARKES."

I did not interrupt the story of the Heales Ministry with an incident which interested me deeply, and which I am unwilling to altogether omit. In 1860 the Council of the University passed a Statute prohibiting the professors from sitting in Parliament. The professors were convinced that this statute was *ultra vires*, and I had no doubt that it was narrow and ungenerous. I sought to induce Parliament to

pronounce a contrary opinion, but the Government majority successfully resisted my attempt. I was gratified by a joint letter from the professors on the subject :—

"We desire to offer you our warmest thanks, and to assure you of our high appreciation of the ability and skill with which you have conducted the discussion. Although your efforts have not met with the success that they deserved, we are nevertheless grateful for your sympathy, and we prize your assistance the more, as we know that it proceeded, not from any supposed agreement between your political views and those held by us or any of us, but from a sincere and disinterested love of justice and right.—We remain, dear Sir, faithfully yours,

"MARTIN H. IRVING,
"W. P. WILSON,
"FREDERICK McCOY,
"WM. E. HEARN."

CHAPTER VI

A STRONG GOVERNMENT AND LARGE PROJECTS

Character and composition of the new Government—Foundation of the National Gallery—Complicated libel on the Land Department—My answer—Curious discovery after the debate—The Land Bill of 1862—Its main purpose and provisions—Southern industries—Tenure of the squatters—The *Argus*' estimate of the measure—How it was baffled and evaded—The drafting of the Bill—Its breakdown on legal provisions alone—Decision of the Supreme Court against the phraseology of the Bill—Measures taken by me to check the conspirators—A new Bill amending the measure introduced—Ill supported by the Government—A premature division demanded by the Attorney-General, and the Bill lost by a considerable majority—Letter of Mr. Higinbotham on the conduct of the Government—Intrigues to reorganise the Government fail—Letters from Mr. Childers, Robert Lowe, the widow of Colonel Byrne, Mr. Arthur Geoghegan, Sir James Martin—A Coalition Government of squatters and democrats is formed under Mr. McCulloch—I supported them in amending the Land Act—My late colleagues opposing them—Dissolution of Parliament—Project a visit to Europe—Letter to John O'Hagan—Letter from John Dillon—Death of Smith O'Brien—Letters from Childers, Henry Parkes, Cashel Hoey, Mrs. Charles Kean—Resistance to convictism—Bold stroke of Edward Wilson puts an end to the practice.

For the first time since the Constitution was proclaimed the colony possessed an Administration strong in capacity, experience, and influence, and above all in the robust will before which difficulties disappear. The new Cabinet consisted of eleven members, nine controlling departments of State, and two holding portfolios without special office—a number which it may be assumed was inconveniently large where something approaching unanimity in the conduct of business is necessary. The quasi-Cabinet of the President of the United States consists of seven, the Queen's Cabinet ordinarily of thirteen, members. But in Victoria there is an embarrassing provision in the law that all members of Parlia-

ment holding office must be members of the Executive Council, which excludes the salutary practice of accustoming young men to public business in secondary positions. All the new Ministers had been in office before, and three of them had held the post of Prime Minister. Mr. Haines represented the original Government, Mr. Nicholson the intermediate one, and Mr. O'Shanassy the original Opposition. The new Government were determined to undertake serious and permanent work. The public service was put on an independent footing, the rural districts were brought under local government—two tasks, each of which might have occupied an entire session. Mr. Haines, the treasurer, announced that I had induced him to put a sum on the Estimates for the commencement of a National Gallery. A Royal Commission was appointed to carry out this work, and I induced John Forster, Mr. Herbert, R.A., and some other artists and men of letters in London to aid us in founding an institution which has greatly prospered, and is now one of the treasures of the colony.

But the task which excited the widest interest was the long-desired settlement of the land question. Before dealing with this measure, however, it is necessary to report an episode of high importance to me personally. The *Age*, which went into furious opposition to the new Government, supplemented its criticism by a statement of alleged facts so discreditable that any Government might have fallen before it. In the original survey of the Loddon district it was alleged that all the water frontages were reserved for public use, but that after being so reserved the original surveys of the district were altered at the Head Office in Melbourne under the directions of Mr. Ligar, the Surveyor-General, sanctioned by Mr. Gavan Duffy, the Minister of the Department. The reserves, it was added, were then put up for sale, and purchased by Mr. Hugh Glass, a local squatter—a purpose which had been the design of the entire conspiracy. This destructive charge was mentioned in Parliament by Mr. Higinbotham, to give the Minister, as he said, an opportunity of answering it. I answered immediately that as far as I was concerned the statement was an absolute fabrication, without any foundation, great or small; and I suggested that

Mr. Higinbotham should move for a select committee to investigate the charges and I would second the motion. Mr. Higinbotham said he was unwilling to take so grave a course till the Minister had made his defence to the House, when it might be unnecessary. I went into the entire facts alleged, and rebutted them all. The practice of the Department was to make such water reserves as were recommended by their local surveyor, and all the reserves so recommended in the Loddon district had been made, and never afterwards altered in any respect. The report of the original surveyor and the original plan were produced, and established these facts beyond controversy. The officers of the Department in Melbourne, those who designed and those who engraved the plans, stated the circumstances within their knowledge, and the alleged alteration of plans was shown to be untrue and impossible without leaving the means of detection behind. The sole evidence upon which the shameful story had been founded appeared to have been that a contract surveyor had told an *Age* correspondent in conversation that all the water frontages in the district had been reserved, and as these particular ones were found not to be reserved an ingenious and unscrupulous theory was founded on his careless and inaccurate statement, in which conjectures were presented as solid facts. My answer dissipated the entire case, and satisfied the House and the Press that as far as I was concerned it was a shameful invention. But as my answer had to be made very hurriedly, I did not know the force of my own case till it had passed out of the hands of Parliament, when I discovered the facts. I asked one of my friends, Mr. Kenric Brodribb, to take a message to Mr. Higinbotham, with whom I had held no personal communication since this charge was mooted, requesting him to ask me another question, which would enable me to throw an unexpected light on the transaction. Mr. Higinbotham thought enough had been done, as the House was satisfied, and there would be no advantage in reviving the subject.[1] Mr. Higinbotham

[1] Mr. Brodribb communicated the result of his inquiry to me in the subjoined note :—

"MY DEAR SIR,—Mr. Higinbotham thinks that the fact of the completion of the survey before the passing of the Land Act has been suffi-

was egregiously wrong, for I had discovered a fact which had I known it in time would have rendered any other answer unnecessary. When I was preparing my hasty defence I sent a number of queries to the Surveyor-General, such as—Who made the survey? Can the original plan be produced? What was the date of the survey? Who engraved the plans? and so forth. On the answers to these questions my defence was founded, but when I had more leisure I discovered that one of the queries—the one demanding the date of the survey—had not been answered. I peremptorily required an answer, and when it reached me I found that the survey had been made, and the reservation of the frontages omitted, before I came into office, under the ministry of Mr. Brooke. Though a generation has since elapsed the records of the Survey Office remain, and whoever is my successor as President of the Board of Land and Works when this narrative reaches Melbourne will have the proofs under his hand.

After this episode I took up the land question promptly. At the close of the session of arduous labour a measure of large scope, and dealing with all the interests at stake became law, and is known in local annals as the Duffy Land Act. Before it came into operation, I issued a Guide to it which had an enormous sale, in four editions—one issued by the Government, two by ordinary publishers with my sanction, and one reprinted in London. What I designed to accomplish, and the measures I took to effect the object in view, I may borrow in a very slight *précis* from that pamphlet:—

The main object of the law was to give increased facilities for the settlement of the industrious classes on the public estate. For myself my design was to make the possession of land as nearly universal as possible, to counterpoise the fact that political power was absolutely universal, and to give a healthy and pleasant pursuit to the large class of diggers

ciently brought out, and the other fact is not important enough to be formally stated in the House (the fact, viz., that the surveyor was appointed by your predecessor). He thinks your vindication so complete that nothing further is needed on your part, and a recurrence to the subject in the House would appear as if intended to disarm suspicions which really have no existence.—Ever faithfully yours,

"K. E. BRODRIBB."

who, when they became unfit for that trying pursuit, might become discontented and dangerous to the public safety; and I hoped to see a multitude of my own countrymen, who had been driven from the land in Ireland, find a safer and more prosperous home on the genial soil of Victoria. All the agricultural land of prime quality in the colony, estimated to exceed ten million acres, was reserved exclusively for agricultural settlement. Near the chief towns, goldfields, railway stations, seaports, and other centres of population, agricultural areas were ordered to be surveyed into farms ranging from forty to six hundred and forty acres. These farms could be selected by any person of either sex who was of age and domiciled in Victoria, provided he or she appeared personally before the land officer and made a statutory declaration, equivalent to an affidavit, that the land was selected for his or her own use and benefit, and not as agent for any other person. A selector prepared to occupy and cultivate the land was alone entitled to select, and the Act contained the most elaborate provisions to punish any one who attempted to evade the law. A selector selecting on behalf of another was liable to a prosecution for misdemeanour, and the person who employed him to a prosecution for conspiracy. If any one got into improper possession a sheriff could be required to empannel a jury, who were authorised to eject him and put the lawful selector in his place. The portion of the area not selected was to be declared a commonage for the benefit of the selectors as long as it was unsold, and the commonage fees expended exclusively on local improvements. The price of land was in no case to exceed £1 an acre, which the selector might pay at once and get his title deeds, or pay for one-half, renting the other moiety at 2s. 6d. an acre for eight years, this rent being credited as part of the purchase money; a principle which I introduced into land legislation for the first time. The price and rent of the land went into the Public Treasury, but practically to be returned to the people who paid it, one-fourth of it being expended on paying the passage of immigrants to keep the labour market sufficiently supplied, and two-fourths to be expended on the great highways of communication on the local roads and bridges, in

order to render markets accessible to the new centres of agricultural industry. Among the immigrants I designed to reach a new class, from whom I anticipated important advantages: Germans, Frenchmen, Italians, and Spaniards, capable of teaching those light and genial industries of Southern Europe for which the soil and climate of Australia are so propitious. A section (one square mile) of each area was to be reserved for public purposes, in order that churches, schools, savings banks, mechanics' institutes, courts, post-offices, public gardens, baths, markets, and other agencies of civilisation, might in good time follow the settler. In the same spirit licenses for the introduction of new industries were authorised, not to exceed a hundred in a year, under which twenty acres of suitable land could be hired at a nominal rent and purchased at £1 an acre as soon as the industry for which the license had been granted was duly established. It was confidently asserted by persons of experience that there were already in the country men accustomed to many of the industries we hoped to introduce. Americans, familiar with the culture of cotton (for which the Murray district was considered to be well adapted); Ulstermen, trained to grow and dress flax (for which the demand is practically as inexhaustible as that for cotton or wool); Frenchmen, who have made mulberry plantations and conducted sericultural establishments in their own country; Italians, skilled in expressing the oil of the olive, that "mine over ground," as it has been called; Belgians, who have manufactured sugar from beetroot, and Californians, who have manufactured from *sorghum saccaratum* both sugar and syrup, of which many millions of gallons are consumed annually in the States; and Chinese, reared upon tea plantations, who, it was asserted, would not be unwilling to co-operate with Europeans in planting that profitable industry on our soil. Indian corn had not yet been acclimatised in Victoria, but in America larger and more populous cities had sprung from that wonderful cereal than from our goldfields. It was the prime resource of the settler in the American prairie, furnishing him in succession with a delicious vegetable, household bread, dainty pudding, and wholesome spirits; a cereal of which six hundred millions of bushels

were produced annually. It was said that by these various liberal provisions we were giving land worth many pounds an acre to the first comer at a nominal price. We were giving it to settlers who could occupy the country, and to get settlers abundantly agriculture must have its prizes. Would mining have prospered if it had been declared that all nuggets beyond a certain size would be reserved from the digger? There must be large nuggets of land to tempt settlers and to reward settlement. But in truth the squatter who had got the land hitherto had bought it at an average of about £1 1s. an acre.

The squatter's tenure was put upon a new footing, their claim to permanency or the right of pre-emption was extinguished, and their occupation authorised by an annual license, which was to terminate altogether at the end of nine years, the runs in the meantime being liable to be taken for public purposes or sold by auction by the Government, or occupied for mining purposes as before. A large party in the colony claimed the immediate abolition of squatting licenses, but as such a stroke would involve the destruction of a vast quantity of private property, and as more than one-fourth of the public lands were taken away for the purpose of agricultural areas, I considered it a just compromise to sanction this additional occupation. The squatters did not exhibit any violent discontent, and they were generally supposed to have made a good bargain. But in secret they plotted to evade, by shameless and unprincipled devices, the purpose and provisions of the law.

When the measure came into operation the *Argus*, in its character of leading journal, declared that it abounded in possibilities of good, and was capable of giving a greater impulse to the progress of the Colony than any event which occurred since the discovery of gold. This beneficent measure encountered formidable difficulties, and for a time failed in its main purposes. Dishonest persons, hired by the squatters, took up large quantities of land, not for their own use and benefit, as they falsely affirmed, but for the use of their paymasters. And the punishment which the act provided for such offences was skilfully and successfully evaded. Now, when the whole facts are familiar, we can fairly judge the

causes of that failure. In truth it arose wholly and solely from the manner in which the measure was drafted. The principles of a Bill are settled in the Cabinet on the initiative of the Minister who is to introduce it to Parliament; the distribution of it into sections is as strictly a professional task as the building of a bridge or the construction of a railway. As a draftsman on this occasion, the Attorney-General selected Mr. Hearne, a professor in the University, and as it would need much care and long consideration, he determined to give him the unusual fee of £500 for performing the task. Every clause was submitted in proof to me and to the law officers. Mr. Dennison Wood, the Solicitor-General, did not concur in some of the provisions, but I have never doubted that this fact made him more careful to carry them out effectually. The Attorney-General, Mr. Ireland, made self-destructive admissions at a later period, of which the reader shall hear in due course,[1] but at this time they were wholly unsuspected by me. When the first areas were thrown open for selection it was found that the squatters who had formerly held the land set deliberately to work to evade the law. They hired persons at so much a head to make falsely the declaration required by the Act—that the land selected was for the selector's own use and benefit, when it was notoriously not for his own use, but for the use of his employer. And to increase their chance of success they had several applicants for each allotment, certain banks having entered into a conspiracy with them to allow a number of cheques to be drawn against the same deposit, as only one cheque could be successful and need to be paid. On these facts being disclosed I stopped the banking device by ordering that only gold or bank-notes should be received for the future by the land officers, and I prepared to prosecute the violators of the Act. But now the draftsman's first blunder appeared. Under the Act the person making a false declaration was liable to a prosecution for misdemeanour, and the person employing him to a prosecution for conspiracy. I caused to be collected and submitted to the Law Officers evidence against a number of dummy selectors, as they were called, and their employers. They were prosecuted, the jury con-

[1] See vol. ii. p. 287.

victed them, and the reaction seemed complete, but a point of law raised for them was reserved. The Supreme Court quashed the conviction on the ground that the word "trustee" ought to have been used in the Act instead of the word "agent," and because the declaration required was one which (under an old Act of Parliament) ought to have been made before a Justice of the Peace. Is it necessary to argue that this was solely the blunder of the draftsman or the Attorney-General, under whose authority he acted? A little earlier I advised all persons who had been disappointed in obtaining land to summon the fraudulent selectors before a Sheriff's jury, and several immediately did so. When the proceedings commenced, however, it was discovered that there was no power to compel the attendance of witnesses, and from this defect the agency of Sheriff's juries, from which so much had been expected, was almost abandoned. There was another provision in the Act intended to secure the land to actual cultivators. It was provided that if the selector did not, within one year from selection, erect a habitable dwelling upon his allotment, or surround it with a substantial fence, or cultivate at least one acre in ten, he should be liable to a penalty of 5s. per acre. It is plain that this penalty would make it in most instances impossible for the squatter or monopolist to hold the land, as the penalty, in addition to the interest on his purchase-money, would amount to more than the most profitable pasturage would repay. But the Act omitted to make the assign of a selector liable to the penalty as well as the selector himself; and the consequence was that when the decision of the Supreme Court stopped the prosecution of fraudulent selectors they were enabled to assign the land to their dishonest employers, and these employers escaped the penalty of 5s. an acre. Thus every defect in the Act was a defect in its legal structure, not a defect in any of the principles it was intended to carry out! In the consternation which these failures produced, I took a course which would have been indefensible under ordinary circumstances. I insisted on submitting the opinion which the Law Officer sent for my guidance to a barrister unconnected with office, and sent it to Mr. Higinbotham, who advised that I was bound to follow the opinion of the legal

advisers of the Government. The measure, amended by a subsequent Parliament, became the permanent law of Victoria, and has regulated agricultural settlement for more than a generation. The French Government in New Caledonia, where there were no squatters in possession to conspire against the law, adopted my Land Act almost in its entirety for use in that colony. Another division of the Act dealt with the rent of pastoral land. The undoubted and express intention of the measure was to obtain an increased rent; and from a hundred to a hundred and fifty thousand pounds a year was expected. When the increased rents were fixed by the Board of Land and Works appeals were taken out against them, and the arbitrators to whom the appeals were committed did not increase, but actually diminished, the entire amount heretofore paid for the use of the public territory. Against such a contingency we had provided in the Act. The Board of Land and Works were authorised to increase the rent, if it were too low, at any period during twelve months. But here again the draftsman failed fatally; it was decided that such increase could only be made in cases where there had been no appeal, and appeals had been nearly universal. I refused to acquiesce in this decision, and I immediately prepared a Bill to amend the Land Act in this respect, and in all other respects in which it had proved defective.[1]

[1] Before parting from this era, there are many collateral incidents which I would gladly recall if I did not fear overloading my narrative. One trivial one is curious for its catastrophe. Before introducing the Land Bill I made a long journey with the Surveyor-General to become familiar with the territory, and an incident befel us in the Loddon district which moved mingled wrath and laughter. The district surveyor had laid out a new road which he had manifestly planned upon paper, for it ran into a precipice which it would cost some thousands of pounds to bridge. Within a few perches of the proposed road lay the one long employed in the country, which altogether avoided the precipice. When our carriage arrived at this point we found the ordinary road blocked by a gate, and a man in attendance to receive toll, who demanded half-a-crown to permit us to pass. We inquired if he had legal authority for levying a toll on a public pathway. Yes, he said, he had legal authority enough, for the land was his own property. We inquired when he had purchased the highway, and if he would show us his title deed. He had legal authority enough, he said; he held it by occupation license. We reminded him that no occupation license would entitle him to levy a toll, and we assured him that if the authorities in Melbourne heard of his proceedings, his license would immediately be withdrawn. "No fear," said he, "you may see the license hanging up in my hut; and it is signed by the President

When the amended Bill came before the Cabinet it was encountered by divided counsels. A section of the Cabinet were of opinion that a thorough revision of the Act amending the legal phraseology re-establishing the original principles was altogether indispensable, but at least many were lukewarm or hostile. I would have resigned if the proposed reforms were rejected, and as that would have brought the Government to an end they were languidly accepted; but I had not a united Government at my back. When I submitted my amended Bill to Parliament, and a debate ensued, no member of the Government took part in it. At the usual hour a proposal was made from the front Bench of Opposition to adjourn the debate, which was expected to last for several days. I made no objection to the adjournment, and there was no other member of the Government, except Mr. Nicholson, in the House. While I was conversing for a moment with one of our supporters behind the Treasury Bench, Mr. Ireland walked rapidly into the House and interrupted the motion for adjournment by a vehement call for a division. The Speaker pronounced a peremptory formula, "The House will divide," and the division was taken. The Squatters and their friends united with the regular Opposition and defeated the Bill by a majority of twelve. What honourable spectators thought of the transaction will be represented in a significant manner by a note Mr. Higinbotham wrote me next morning:—

"MY DEAR SIR,—The vote I gave last night occasioned me greater pain than any public act done by me since I entered Parliament. The circumstance of my giving a silent vote seems to me to require a word of explanation addressed to yourself.

"I voted against your motion because I was of opinion that a departure from the awards, with the view of increasing the revenue derived from the squatters, would furnish ground of complaint of a breach of public faith. I intended to state

of the Board of Land and Works and the Surveyor-General, and nobody else can touch it." "You persist, then," said Ligar," "in levying the toll?" "Certainly I do." "Well," said Ligar, "let me have the honour of making you known to the present President of Land and Works, and of presenting myself—the Surveyor-General." That settler levied no more toll.

my reasons to the House, but the extraordinary conduct of your colleagues in withholding all support from the Government proposal prevented me. The two speakers who followed you both approved the motion, and I thought that if I followed on the same side it might be considered as an unnecessary and uncalled-for assistance given to the enemies of the Government. I therefore waited and waited for some one to rise on the Government side, until at last the question was put. A moment afterwards I felt that I was wrong, and that even though I should have had to oppose your motion I ought to have spoken what I thought about yourself, more especially when you were deserted by those whose support you had a right to expect, and were assailed by ungenerous and unjust words from Mr. Brooke. I know that my motives in voting against the Government on this occasion will probably be misconstrued, but I shall not care what others think if you do not suppose that at this time of personal trial to you I have, for an unworthy purpose, refused you my support or ungenerously held my tongue because the audience was unfriendly to you. I really think that I was silent for a reason you would not censure, and yet I am distressed by the feeling that I may have seemed to have treacherously abandoned you.

"I earnestly hope that your judgment will not lead you to this unfavourable conclusion.—Believe me, yours very sincerely,

"GEO. HIGINBOTHAM."

Current political rumours declared that Mr. O'Shanassy would come to an understanding with his late squatter supporters, and a new Administration, from which Mr. Duffy would be omitted, would deal with the crisis to their satisfaction.

It is certain some of my colleagues thought there would be a speedy reorganisation. As we were leaving the Government House Mr. O'Shanassy told the Chief Secretary's orderly, in that bantering tone popularly called "half joking, whole earnest," that he need not send him his books and portfolios, as he would be wanting them again in about a fortnight. But he strangely miscalculated the result of his

last stroke of policy. He lived nearly twenty years after, and was constantly active in politics, but never again attained office. The majority of his colleagues, on the contrary, were several times in office, with the exception of Mr. Ireland, who shared the fate of his chief.

During this period of engrossing business, correspondence flowed on for which I had little leisure. My old competitor, Mr. Childers, wrote :—

"17, PRINCE'S GARDENS, W., *March* 26, 1862.

"MY DEAR DUFFY,—The receipt of the photographed map which you were good enough to send me affords me an opportunity of writing to you after rather a long silence. You will, I am sure, understand with what satisfaction I heard of your return to office, and of the successes of your Government. I was not only glad to see so many friends of both the old parties well in harness together, but, in common with all who knew or cared anything about Colonial politics, I rejoiced at the chance which Parliamentary Government will, I hope, now have of a fair trial.

"You seem to be really doing wonders, and making up for the no-legislation of some years. I am particularly delighted with the Land Bill, and at the final explosion of your opponents' illegal scheme (the Occupation Licenses). The latter did great mischief here, not that anybody troubled to inquire how it did it, but because it was proclaimed to be an extensive act of repudiation and confiscation, and would be a precedent for any enormity.—Very faithfully yours,

"HUGH E. CHILDERS." [1]

Mr. Lowe, who had been wounded in a brutal election riot, reported himself recovered, and sent kindly wishes for the work we were doing in Australia :—

"BOARD OF TRADE, *December* 8, 1861.

"MY DEAR SIR,—It gives me great pleasure to hear that

[1] The map Mr. Childers refers to was one of an agricultural area named after him. I named all the areas after men who had distinguished themselves in Parliament or the judiciary, and the *Argus*, which was then edited by Mr. Patmore, brother of the English poet, insisted that there were too many Irish names. "Too many!" cried Aspinall, "he means too few; there would not have been a murmur of complaint if you had only put in one Patmore."

you have not been disappointed with Australia, and that the climate is more after my notion.

"I am much obliged to you for your kind inquiries. I have, I believe, quite recovered the blow I received, and which so nearly cut short my career here.

"I have watched with much interest your proceedings, and on the only subject on which so remote a person both in space and time may venture to offer an opinion, 'The Land Question,' *wish you very heartily success.* The only thing wanting to place Australia on its true footing is cheap and abundant land, and I rejoice to see that the seed which I tried to sow ten years ago is at last beginning to ripen.—Believe me always, very truly yours,

"ROBERT LOWE."

Seventy years ago one of the most noted names among the Edinburgh Reviewers who were fighting the early battles of reform in law, politics, literature, and social progress, was Francis Horner. His sister married Myles Byrne, a Wexford rebel in 1798, later a Chef de Brigade in the armies of Napoleon, and recently dead. In later years he had written his memoirs from the beginning to the end of an honourable career, and his widow, who had published them in Paris and London, sent me a copy of them at this time, which I read with keen interest.

"I send you (she said) a copy of the memoirs of my beloved and lamented husband, Myles Byrne, knowing well how you will value these precious memoirs. My dear husband left them all quite fit for the press. He had the habit of writing some pages every day; I then copied them clearly, and then he revised what I wrote. You may well believe I have not had one word altered of what he wrote with so much care. In order that there might be no interpolations or omissions in the printing I kept everything under my own control, being at the whole expense of printing, &c., and of getting the etching done by a first-rate artist at Paris. It is after a drawing I did of my dear Myles twenty-three years ago, which was considered a striking likeness."

I have mentioned the generous conduct of a young Protestant official, afterwards one of the "Four Kings of Somer-

set House," when I was leaving for Australia. A letter at the period we have now reached closed the correspondence on that subject, but not my friendly relations with the writer, which were unbroken till his death.

"LONDONDERRY, *February* 13, 1863.

"I did not receive your letter, my dear sir, in time to answer it by the next mail; the bill of exchange came safe to hand, and I enclose a voucher in return, which, I assure you, I part from with regret, as I never looked at it without a feeling of pleasure and satisfaction at the confidence you reposed in me by permitting it to remain in my hands.

"Such a thing as interest should never, even for an instant, be thought of between us. It was merely an offer, frankly and heartily made, and kindly accepted, and to the latest hour of my life the recollection of it will be to me a source of unmingled pride and gratification.

"I send you by this post a number of the Kilkenny Archæological Society's proceedings. You will see at a glance that it supplies a *want*, and, in fact, is laboriously collecting material for some future Irish Macaulay. Shall I send you the past and future numbers?—Very faithfully yours,

"ARTHUR GEOGHEGAN."

Mr. Martin, afterwards Sir James Martin, and Chief Justice of the Colony, was long repressed in New South Wales by an opposition chiefly personal, which included leaders of both parties. I did not agree with his political views, which were too Conservative, but I was indignant to see him habitually intercepted in his career by men altogether inferior to him acting on motives in which envy of his superior abilities formed a manifest part. He came to office at length at this time, and to my congratulations he sent this reply:—

"CHAMBERS, SYDNEY, 1862.

"Many thanks for your congratulations.

"Although my return has been effected in spite of the most persevering opposition of the *so-called* Liberal party, I very much fear that the hostility to intellect, which you deplore, is still all-powerful throughout this country. It will

take years of bitter experience to teach the masses of the people that the business of legislation cannot with safety be entrusted to the ignorant stump orators and pothouse politicians who are now practically our rulers.

"It is possible that you and I, if in the same assembly, would not often agree in reference to the forms of the Constitution, but in all those matters which constitute the business of Government I am disposed to think that we should generally be found voting on the same side.

"Again thanking you for your kind remembrance of me, believe me to be yours most faithfully,

"JAMES C. MARTIN."

A new Administration, under Mr. McCulloch, was now created, which exercised power under various modifications and some temporary interruption for eight years, a period nearly as long as the seven Administrations which preceded it had occupied. It was a coalition between the squatters and the more moderate of the democracy. The former were represented by three squatters, two of them were also import merchants, a banker, and two barristers at the head of their profession. The democracy were represented by a coachbuilder, a mining agent, an attorney, and an accountant. It did not include one of the discontented democrats who had gone over to the squatters on the fall of the Nicholson Government; and Mr. Brooke, the agent of that intrigue, and author of the illegal Occupation Licenses, was omitted. Mr. McCulloch was the head of the squatting party, and Mr. Heales of the democracy; the Law Officers, Messrs. Michie and Higinbotham, constituted a *nexus* between them. When I went, according to ordinary official courtesy, to introduce the new President of the Board of Land and Works to the Department I was quitting, I exhorted him to save my Land Act in the spirit he had always professed. He said he had only entered the Government on a strict understanding that he would be able to establish the principles he had always contended for, and he could count upon Grant and Sullivan to aid him. Mr. McCulloch told him that his friends would not endure Brooke, and so that ingenious person was happily got rid of. Dr. Owen was made Whip, neither he nor any of

that connection being admitted to office. I told Heales I would support the Government in any genuine attempt to amend the Land Act, and concur in no party move against them until they had an opportunity of doing so.

When Parliament reassembled, my colleagues went into direct opposition to the Government; I announced to the House the same purpose I had stated to Mr. Heales, to support them in amending the Land Act, if such was their purpose, and to take no part in any hostile vote while they exhibited the intention of doing so. Mr. Heales was well-intentioned, but weak and uncertain. Mr. Grant was still untried, but I had confidence in the sincerity and strength of Mr. Higinbotham, who declared that the new Government were bound to accept the Land Act of 1862 as the basis of the land policy of the colony. They would take steps to correct any errors or frauds that could be shown to have been committed in the making of the awards, and also to secure the agricultural lands for *bonâ fide* settlers. Mr. Grant introduced a Bill to revise the Land Act, containing many clauses from my recent Bill, and I was able to support it, and save the Government from defeat upon it, but their majority was a very small one, and it was manifest it would soon become necessary to appeal to the people.

When the dissolution of Parliament approached I determined to take the opportunity of making a visit to Europe for a couple of years. A physique which was not vigorous, and was highly sensitive, was strained by the emotions my career naturally produced, and ten years' constant labour entitled me to a holiday. From the correspondence of friends since returned to me I find I had intimated this intention from the beginning of 1864.

To John O'Hagan I wrote:—

"Do you know I confidently count upon seeing you some time next year. I propose to leave this in January, 1865, with a couple of my children (bound for Stonyhurst) and Mrs. Duffy, and after transacting some necessary business in London to go over to Dublin in June or July; thence to Italy, Germany (if you are not at war with our Teutonic brethren), France, Belgium, and perhaps Spain and Portugal, and, it may be, America. I recently fished up, and read for the

second time at least, your journal of Continental travel ten years ago. It gave it a freshness and intensity to know that I may go over the same ground next year, see what you describe, and do what you have done, always excepting your flirtation with charming Italian peasant girls, of which there is nothing in the journal, but which I can fancy from my recollection of your rambles in Munster the time that we were gipsying a long time ago. A whole year with nothing to do but see old friends and explore new regions and races! It seems like the gift of some good fairy, beyond any reasonable work-day possibility, to one like me, whose life has had so little repose. For a quarter of a century the roll of the printing machine or some other call as imperative has been in my ears to banish enjoyment, except what one can get in the business of his life. But to propitiate Fortune (who might spoil the fine castles I have been building) I will endeavour to do some useful work by gathering information for Australia from the habits and industries of Southern countries in Europe, so that my enjoyment may not be altogether selfish.

"I am not sure that the excursions I look forward to with most pleasure are not trips to Howth and Bray with a few old friends. You know who they are—half a dozen, perhaps, whom this new world has not been able to replace. Though I have never for a moment regretted coming here, I have missed many things. If I could love my work as well as the work of old, and be as ready to spend and be spent for it, and love my associates half as well, this would be a heaven upon earth."

John Dillon had induced me to take an active part in conjunction with him in promoting a National O'Connell Monument in Dublin in the April of that year. He wrote to inquire what sum Australia would contribute, but spoke of a rumour of my visit which already prevailed.

"Reports reach us here occasionally of an intention on your part to pay us a visit. I think I am safe in promising you a right royal reception should you make your appearance here in the course of the coming summer or autumn. I should like greatly to see you in Ireland, not merely for the enjoyment of meeting an old and dear friend, but also

because your appearance amongst us would greatly stimulate a public spirit which is slowly awakening."

I heard by telegram of the death of Smith O'Brien, one of the most upright and disinterested men I ever encountered in life. The event was unexpected, as he was a man of vigorous frame and simple habits, destined, it would appear, to live long. Cashel Hoey reported that the cause of his death was not known to his friends, to whom it was a great surprise.

Six months later Dillon wrote of the National Association, of which he had become honorary secretary :—

"You may perceive I have become to some extent a public character, and certainly have had no cause to complain of my reception after so long an absence from public life. It often occurs to me that if you were here now we could certainly rouse into action whatever force there is left in the country. The feeling towards me is favourable, and towards you I think you will find it enthusiastic. Be prepared, then, not only for a reception in the highest degree cordial, but also for every effort short of actual duress to keep you here. As one of Smith O'Brien's executors I hold for Mr. Lapham a sum of £500 bequeathed to him by O'B., and you will be doing a kind office to our lost friend by giving me reliable information as to the whereabouts of the object of his bounty. I am of course very anxious to be very sure of the man before I send him the money."

Childers, who was at this time probably First Lord of the Admiralty, wrote :—

"I shall be heartily glad to welcome you to the old country, and I hope to the House, again. I had some chat about you and the chance of your return with Maguire and a merry party of Cork men the other day when the Admiralty went over to see about docks for the South of Ireland. They all hoped to see you again and begged me to say so."

Before I started for Europe Parkes wrote to me :—

"Can I in any way return your kindness in giving me letters of introduction in 1861? The only person worth knowing of whom I think is the author of 'Tom Brown's Schooldays,' except those who are better known to you than to me; but, would you feel disposed to look at the manu-

facturing wonders of Birmingham, I can give you letters that will open the sealed doors of that great workshop.

"I owe much to you, my dear friend—for strength in moments of weakness—for consolation in severe trouble—for new lights of thought anent the barrenness of life. On your leaving this part of the world I would tender in lieu of payment my warmest wishes and my affectionate regards. Do not reject the worthless offering.

"For myself I am going through a wondrous change of thought and feeling, and when you see me again, if you ever do see me again, you will find me an altered man, perhaps neither a wiser nor a better.

"Adieu, my dear Duffy, and God grant protection to you and yours on your journey. May your life be long and prosperous, full of usefulness and honour."

Cashel Hoey at the same time recorded a strange adventure of his own:—"I believe I last wrote to you from Paris in April, and if I remember rightly I told you I was going to see the Emperor the next week. He gave me a very long private audience—that is to say, of thirty-five minutes—during which we both talked with uncommon activity. I need hardly tell you he talks well, clearly, easily, unaffectedly, and to the point. This you have heard, as well as that when he speaks to strangers in private audience he throws off the Emperor very completely. I was prepared for all this, and still the man's manner amazed me. I have seldom seen the face of a man of mature age over which expression flitted so fast, or which smiled so often in five minutes' time. He laughed until his great moustache broke into a jungle of jolly individual hairs at one or two things I happened to say, which were perhaps humorous, but not sufficiently so for transportation to Australia at this time of day. I had the idea that I was to deal with a Sphinx, and a man in a mask, and all that. I came away, sure at all events, that that reading of the riddle is rubbish. Physically he seems to be at present very strong—a clean, saffron skin, nerves perfectly taut, not a bloodshot vein in his eye. But he smoked all the time he was talking to me, and I believe smoked all day long. He is very small. You know my height. Our noses were within a foot of each other all the time we spoke, and I found

that my eyebrows were on a level with the top of his head. It is the biggest head I ever saw—bigger than Macavoy's. He addressed me in English with—'I am very happy, sir, to have the pleasure of making your acquaintance'—and so set the conversation in that language, but he does not speak it so well as I had heard. His vocabulary is limited, his utterance slow, and he speaks with a certain German or Swiss accent.

"Herein, however, I perhaps did him an injustice from comparing his English with Montalembert's with whom I had spent several hours of the previous day. Hours of continuous single combat, in which I accused him of being that detestable character, a Frenchman more English than the English themselves, and so trying to blot out the ancient love and loyalty which ran between his country and Ireland. I got it all out—three hours of it in his library with a marshal of Louis Quatorze and a knight of the Golden Fleece looking down from the walls in dismay. But at the end he put his arm round my neck and seduced me. 'Why aren't you in Parliament—why aren't you in Parliament?' he said, 'You think we know more than we do. Your words stun me.' And like a palavering and insinuating deluder, as he is, when I was going away, he would still clasp me by the shoulders and hold me by the hand, and say, 'Why aren't you in Parliament?' I had not the cruelty to retort, 'Why aren't you?' I was speaking of Montalembert's English—which is the most masterly thing I ever heard. I don't know any Englishman who speaks such good English in conversation. It is quite as good as Gladstone's is in public parole—and with the fine French glancing academic grace, and the inbred ancient nobility of his manner, the effect is a thing not to be forgotten. I saw a good deal of him—I visited him, he visited me, and I went to Madame la Comtesse's reception—but I did not feel somehow that we were cordial at the end."

Charles Kean and his gifted wife were at this time in Melbourne, and all cultivated people had the highest enjoyment in their acting and reading, especially the lady's. I have never seen a finer piece of comedy than a bit of Mrs. Kean's performance of Portia, in which, without uttering

a single word, she threw the house into roars of laughter. After the trial scene, while Shylock is being finally disposed of in the foreground, Portia retired to the rear, and received the congratulations of her friends with an air and attitude which were irresistibly comic. In some readings which she gave one got new impressions of the scope and penetration of the human voice. Towards the close of their stay I read one morning in a journal named the *Victorian*, which represented Irish interests in political affairs, an altogether shameful attack on Charles Kean, and as respects Mrs. Kean almost ruffianly. My first impulse was to write to Mrs. Kean to tell her how much disgusted I felt, and to beg of her not to believe that it represented the opinion of Irishmen in Australia. This was her reply :—

"ST. KILDA, *March* 31, 1864.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Allow me to thank you exceedingly for your most kind letter, and at the same time to beg that you will dismiss from your mind the thought that we could for one moment imagine *you* would directly or indirectly sanction any 'vulgar, foul misrepresentation' concerning us. I was aware of the unprovoked malevolence with which my husband had been attacked by a certain party in Melbourne, but we had neither of us seen the journal to which you allude nor were we even conscious of its existence.

"Mr. Coppin sends us our newspapers, but he has doubtless kept anything so offensive from our sight.

"Great men in all professions are the targets against which envious pretenders shoot their clumsy arrows, but when a rabble is hired to throw mud and stones, and there is no police to act, it is time to remove with all speed from so unprotected a locality. It is a great pity that all men of standing do not combine to put down by strong demonstration a system of low abuse that must be dangerous at least to a portion of society. If men are *passively tolerant* of wrong they will themselves shrink from committing, and allow the young to become familiarised with unfair dealing and coarse language, how degraded and brutalised the minds of these people must become in a couple or three generations.

"We shall soon be many thousand miles away, and it will be of little moment to us how a certain journal in Melbourne sullies its pages.

"We have received great attention, great kindness, courtesy, and hospitality from the Australians, and we shall carry home with us, besides the substantial results of our success, many delightful memories; but we shall also carry with us the recollection that the only annoyance we encountered in the Colonies emanated from a party of Mr. Kean's own countrymen.

"I shall prize your letter, and keep it as an evidence that there was 'one Irishman' who raised his voice against this vulgar persecution.

"Mr. Kean is at present recovering the words of a character paper not cited for many years, and I have not disturbed his mind from study by mentioning this subject to him, but I shall take the earliest opportunity of placing your kind letter before him.—Again thanking you, my dear sir, permit me to subscribe myself yours sincerely,

"ELLEN KEAN."

I went to the office of the *Victorian* to ascertain who was the culprit, and to my profound surprise learned that the scurrilous writer was the regular theatrical critic of the leading journal, an Englishman who made the Irish Press the vehicle for slander he dared not print under his own hand.

Before I sailed for Europe a transaction occurred in which I took a lively interest, the chief promoter being Mr. Edward Wilson. From the period when Melbourne was a petty village in an outlying province of New South Wales, the project of making a convict depôt there was resisted, but the Colonial Office would not listen to objections. In 1849 two shiploads of convicts were sent out by Lord Grey, the Colonial Secretary, and duly arrived in Port Phillip harbour. The indignation of the inhabitants was strong and universal. A great meeting was held to protest against this malign project. Multitudes marched down from Melbourne to the port, among them men who afterwards held the highest offices in the law and in the Executive Government. A

deputation was sent to the quasi-Governor requesting him to order the vessels to proceed to Botany Bay—a penal settlement—and announcing that the landing of the convicts would be resisted if necessary by force. The Governor agreed with the colonists, but the skippers refused to proceed to Sydney, as such a change of destination would forfeit their insurance. They were offered the choice of doing as they were ordered or returning to England, and finally they accepted the Governor's instructions. Thus the future colony of Victoria was saved from the taint of convictism. But a few years after when the gold discovery made the new colony the Mecca of the adventurous classes, the worst convicts in Tasmania and New South Wales found their way to the Victorian diggings, and a serious portion of the public expenditure was incurred in defending society against their exploits. The Colonial Office was repeatedly appealed to to stop a system of which, wherever the convicts were originally sent, Victoria was sure to be the victim. But the appeal produced no effect, and even after we had obtained free constitutions, we had not succeeded in stopping the discharge upon our shores of the most desperate and depraved ruffians in England. Some of their achievements exceed belief. They seized upon squatters' stations, and not merely plundered and destroyed at discretion, but amused themselves in their drunken revels by blazing away with revolvers at their prisoners. The destruction of the system was attributable to a bold *coup* struck at this time by Edward Wilson, the proprietor of the *Argus*. As England continued to send her convicts to Australia, he proposed to collect some of the worst of them whose sentences had expired, and send them back to their native country. A committee was formed of men willing to aid this project. A retired officer of the convict department in Tasmania, familiar with thousands of these ruffians, undertook to find any quantity necessary who were willing to return to England. The passages of about a dozen of them were paid, and an order given to each of them for a small sum to be handed to him on landing. The expense of returning one of these seasoned ruffians to London or Liverpool amounted to about £15, and Mr. Wilson was persuaded that

there would be funds forthcoming for the passage of a thousand. But before a dozen of these prodigal children had returned to their country, transportation was abandoned, this bold stroke being, I am persuaded, the chief factor in our deliverance.

BOOK V

CHAPTER I

FIRST VISIT TO EUROPE

Edward Neale's estimate of David Urquhart—Invitations from John Brady and Richard Swift—Letters from friends in Ireland, from Mrs. Carlyle—Blake's enjoyment of "a little society"—The O'Donaghue—Pope Hennessy—Rambles with Carlyle—Dinner with Robert Browning at John Forster's—A dinner at St. James' Hall—The *Times* and Robert Lowe—Letter from Edward Wilson—Visit to Lowe—Visit to Dublin and colloquies with old friends—Public dinner—Isaac Butt, George Henry Moore and John Dillon—Conference with political friends—Public dinner in my native town—Design to write on Responsible Government in Australia—Letter from George Higinbotham—Visit to Mr. Disraeli—Letter from Stuart Mill—Five months in Rome—Lecture before the Society of Arts in London—Letter from B. C. Aspinall—Debate on the Reform Bill—Louis Napoleon in 1867—Letters from Father Prout and Madame Montalembert—Counsel respecting Protection from Carlyle and Stuart Mill—Letter from Thos. Howard Fellows.

THE voyage was fairly prosperous, and I occupied my leisure chiefly in planning with my wife and daughter the pleasant uses we should make of our long holiday. It was the practice of my life to project the future, and such plans rarely failed to get somewhat realised. I examined with keen interest the captain's chart, on which many successive voyages were traced, and saw the path through the trackless ocean for ten thousand miles subjected to the foresight and perseverance of man, a marvel and still more an inspiration.

When the *Great Victoria* took a pilot on board in the British Channel, I heard the tragic news that Richard Cobden had died suddenly, and I was well persuaded that he had not left an honester man behind. My first inquiry was for my letters.

I had fixed my business address at the office of Edward Neale, Consul for the Argentine Republic. Neale was originally a journalist, and his "Metropolitan Gossip" in a Liverpool newspaper was the undoubted origin of the prolific family of London Correspondents. Though he was now an official entitled to wear a gorgeous uniform and a cocked hat, he insisted on describing himself as an old newspaper hack. I find this entry in my diary:—

"Neale's freshness and faith are marvellous. He believes in David Urquhart as Omar believed in Mahomet, or St. Just in Robespierre. Urquhart, he tells me, after his experiment in the House of Commons had failed, operated on public opinion through Foreign Office Committees (established in the great towns of the North), who support a small Parliamentary party faithful to him. 'He has proved,' says Neale, 'beyond controversy to the satisfaction of the House of Commons that Palmerston mutilated the form and habitually altered the sense of public documents before submitting them to the House. The object was to screen Russia, and it was shown that in fifty-four instances he had expunged the name of the Czar in despatches and inserted some other expression. 'The forgery of a despatch,' Neale insisted, 'was as serious, and might be infinitely more serious, than the forgery of a Bill of Exchange; when it assailed the interest of the State it became high treason.' 'And the net result of all this,' I said, 'is that Palmerston is one of the most popular men in England.' 'Yes,' said Neale, 'we live in an age of levity and ignorance; but he ran a risk of destruction. Bright stated the case against him in 1861, and but for the succour of Disraeli, he would have been ruined.' 'But Urquhart,' I suggested, 'has been doing other work; I hear of his name in connection with the Turkish bath.' 'Yes,' Neale rejoined, 'he has taught Englishmen to wash themselves as Turks do, and shown them a short cut to India, through the Isthmus of Suez; a great project which Palmerston of course opposes.' Neale assured me he himself was still faithful to his early Irish convictions, and when he told me that he regarded Urquhart and me as the two etceteras, I began to consider what extravagance I had committed of late. Neale is a thoroughly honest man, greatly esteemed, I

find, by Sir William and Sir Charles Napier, and unspoiled by the demoralising atmosphere of newpaper offices."

My correspondence realised the meaning of an Irish Caed Mile failthe. Before I landed welcomes and receptions were proffered which showed that the men with whom my life had been associated, at any rate, were not disposed to forget me. The member for Leitrim, an ally through all my Parliamentary career, and notably so in the contest over my Parliamentary qualification, offered me his town house and servants during my residence in London.

"ELY, CAMBS., *April* 14, 1865.

"MY DEAR DUFFY,—A thousand welcomes to you and yours.

"I should be with you by the first train but that my dear, good old relative, Mr. Raynor, had last evening an attack of epilepsy, and this morning he is not quite himself.

"I shall be in town on Monday, when I hope you and your family will take possession of No. 1, Warwick Terrace. Alas! it is now lonely and deserted; but my niece will receive Mrs. Duffy, and on Tuesday my dearest children will join our party for a few days.

"I hope you will be pleased with the children. Little Emily you will find very much like her dear mamma, and bouncing Mary, unfortunately, like—I must out with it—myself.

"How I long to have a laugh and a talk with you.

"Now, my dear Duffy, as No. 1 is wholly at your disposal and most conveniently situated, you must not think of taking up your quarters anywhere else.

"With kindest regards to Mrs. Duffy, I am always the same, "JOHN BRADY."

A similar letter came from Richard Swift, who promised to gather all that remained of our old party at a political house-warming.

"We went," says my diary, "to spend a few days with Swift at his pleasant home at Wandsworth. How little Australians and Englishmen know of each others' habits. He proposed to astonish my boys with a noble flock of

lambs reaching almost to two hundred; the eldest had been recently on a run in Australia where there were forty thousand sheep! An Australian wattle is the pride of his greenhouse, and the children are more familiar with the wattle on a thousand hills than English boys with the hawthorn. I will send him a black swan or an emu when I go home."

John Foster asked me to make an immediate appointment to meet a few old literary friends, and there were a sheaf of letters from my own country. Judge O'Hagan, John O'Hagan, John Dillon, and the McCarthys—the poet and the architect were among the first. The latter wrote:—

"183, GREAT BRUNSWICK STREET, DUBLIN,
"*April* 19, 1865.

"It makes me young again to think that I am so soon to see you and Mrs. Duffy, and a little lady I used to call Su. We will make a jolly party in Italy. We live in Kingstown, just over the sea, and will be looking with longing eyes for the steamers in June. Let us know the day you will come. I am building a Cathedral in the native town of a friend of mine (one C. G. D.), and when you see it, if you say I have not fulfilled my friend's promise of twenty golden years ago, I will hang myself.—With kindest regards to Mrs. Duffy."

Father Tom O'Shea, the most vigorous of the Callan curates, who had begun the land movement in 1850, wrote out of his large heart:—

"CRANAGH CASTLE, MOUNTRATH, *Whit Sunday*, 1865.

"MY DARLING DUFFY,—Welcome, welcome to Ireland—would that I could say *to home*. But still welcome—you have a home in every honest Irish heart.

"Would it be too much for Father Tom to expect, in your division of time among your many friends, to allot him a small portion during your sojourn in the Old Land? You will be at home, talking and loitering on the breast of Slievebloom.

"Give me some days' notice that I may try to have some of our surviving friends to meet you. The Mountrath Station is within a half-hour's drive of here.

"If you are accompanied by your lady, I would be most happy in her accompanying you here, and I beg you to give her my love.

"I'm preparing the children for the visitation of my amiable and patriotic bishop,[1] and this alone prevents me running up to shake your pure and honest hand.—Believe me, dearest Duffy, ever affectionately yours,

"THOMAS O'SHEA."

I came home for rest and recreation after assiduous labour, and speedily found myself entangled in more engagements and undertakings than embarrassed me in Australia. Many of them were merely social, and they sometimes involved long journeys and much loss of time; but they brought me a reward that was more than compensation. For a couple of weeks, I found it impossible to visit Cheyne Row, and my dear old friend Mrs. Carlyle was impatient that I did not find her earlier.

"5, CHEYNE ROW, CHELSEA,
"*Wednesday, April* 26, 1865.

"MY DEAR MR. DUFFY,—Mr. Carlyle read in a newspaper ten days ago that you had 'returned from Australia, and were stopping in London.' I said it couldn't be true: for you wouldn't have been many hours in London without coming to see *us*. But Mr. C. thought otherwise—that you might have found no time yet—and he desired me to put George Cooke (a friend of ours who can find out everything) on discovering where you were lodged. Had this failed I suppose he would have advertised for you in the *Times*, if still you had made no sign!

"You may figure, then, how glad I was when your letter and basket arrived to me this morning, just as I was starting off for my long daily drive. Since I came back I have done nothing but admire the various presents you have sent me, and think how kind it was of you to collect these things for me so far away.

"But we want to see you; when will you come?

"Mr. C. says he is going to call for you to-morrow morn-

[1] The present Cardinal Moran.

ing; but most likely you will be gone out. So it would be best to make an appointment to meet here at dinner, say at six o'clock, when a man's day's work is or ought to be done! Name any day you like, only let it be soon, if you please, for I am impatient to see you.—Affectionately yours,

"JANE W. CARLYLE."

In all England, and in all Ireland afterwards, there was but one woman each to welcome me with the frank and cordial salute, and I rejoice always to remember that Mrs. Carlyle was one of the two who so honoured me. Men of many moods and many opinions found their way to me daily.

A few fragments picked from my diary of that day will illustrate the life in which I found myself immersed in London, better than a formal narrative:—

"Dined at the Stafford Club with Cashel Hoey, and met Blake, the new member for Waterford, a Young Irelander a little out of date. Blake complained of the dreadful monotony of life in Parliament for men who take little or no share in debate. 'You want a little society,' I said. 'Woe is me; I did want it,' he replied, 'and I got it; but the remedy is worse than the disease. I was introduced lately to a family of a mother and two daughters, of distinction, who had seen better days. On my second visit the mother inquired if my horses were in town: "the poor girls who used to ride daily when we lived in Devonshire, are pining for a little exercise." My horses not being in town (nor in the country) I had three from a livery stable twice a week for a month, at a cost of thirty pounds. We naturally grew more familiar, and the old lady asked me one evening whether I had fruit or flowers sent over from my Irish estate. No, I hadn't; but there was a garden lying between the Strand and Oxford Street where, for five guineas a week, the deficiency was made up. The young ladies were musicians, and enabled me occasionally to enjoy Mozart and Beethoven. "The dear girls play for you," observed the old lady; "but not the latest music—they have never heard the new opera which London is crazed about." They did hear it, of course, and a box, bouquets, and ices seriously swelled my weekly commissariat account. By and by a dinner at Richmond;

mamma and the two girls, with two friends of my own sex. Carriages, bouquets, dinner, five-and-twenty pounds. Since that time I have devoted myself steadily to business in the afternoon.' I must have greatly altered, for Blake positively asserts he would not in the least recognise me, a bronzed and bearded man having replaced the pallid student of his experience.

"The O'Donoghue called on me. He is a remarkably handsome young fellow, dressed with great care, in fact a dandy; but not, I fear, a man of originality or resources. He thanked me for putting him up for Clonmel (in 1855), but said his O'Connell relations were wroth with him for consenting to stand against John, and worse than that at my nomination. He represents the extreme wing of Nationalists at present, in concert with G. H. Moore. He talks very agreeably, and I am told speaks in Parliament with considerable effect, but he has nothing to say that suggests hope or confidence. He told me he went over to Boulogne to meet John Mitchel, with a view to closer concert between Irish and American-Irish Nationalists; but nothing came of it, because of Mitchel's distrust of G. H. Moore, and Moore, I understand, distrusts Dillon, and meantime life fades away and nothing is done. Alas and alas! for the once proud people of Banba. O'Donoghue spoke of the Fenians. Stephens, he said, called on him and asked him to join them. In reply he requested to be told what number of men and what quantity of arms, ammunition, and money they had accumulated. Stephens said he would be placed upon the Supreme Council and furnished with this information if he became a Fenian; if not it would be impossible to disclose to him the secrets of the Organisation. O'Donoghue suggested there was one thing Stephens might do without disclosing these secrets: let him muster ten thousand men in any place were he (O'Donoghue) could inspect them, and he would recognise the solid strength of the Organisation and negotiate with it; but this was never done.

"I had a good talk on recent Australian affairs with Childers and Clarke, breakfasting with the latter the other day. They admit that Australia is very imperfectly understood at home, of which there were some curious instances

recently in the Press and in Parliament. I am very much disposed to deliver a speech or a lecture in vindication of Australia, not on behalf of any party, but in the interests of the colony to which I feel under so much obligation."

When I called a second time on Neale for my Australian letters, he spoke with extraordinary enthusiasm about a young Irish member, Pope Hennessy, whom I had not yet seen. Disraeli's rise to political importance, he says, was nothing to Hennessy's; Disraeli failed over and over again in getting into Parliament; Hennessy got in at once, and he made no fatal failure in the House, but rose from the beginning. He would certainly sit in the next Cabinet. I inquired whether he did not mean that Hennessy would be a junior Lord of the Treasury. No, no, he said, he ought to take nothing short of the Cabinet, and he will become a millionaire as well as a statesman; important concessions had been made to him in continental countries, by the Pope for example, and at the Tuileries. He was at home with everybody, from Pio Nono to Louis Napoleon, who was his personal friend. The Irish priests applauded him, and so did the Irish Fenians. He had negotiated a great commercial transaction with Rothschild *tête-à-tête*. I inquired if he was going to become a new John Sadleir. No, he said, he was an honest man who meant well to Ireland, and would be of effectual service to her by and by. There was no one in the Tory Party between him and Disraeli. I suggested that if a benighted colonist might venture on an opinion, I thought some case might be made for Mr. Cairns, Lord Robert Cecil, and Lord Stanley, or, to limit myself to his own countrymen, Whiteside and Napier; but Neale had an answer ready in every case. Hoey, who does not rate Hennessy so extravagantly as Neale, says that it is undeniable that he has established friendly relations with various powers, potentates, and dominions, bitterly hostile to each other, and that Disraeli is fond of him.

My way to Neale's lay through Whitehall. The last fragment of poor old Parliament Street still protrudes itself between the Foreign Office and the new palace of Westminster, like a front tooth broken and jagged; a very miserable and ridiculous spectacle. If I were Prince of Wales (which the Lord

be praised I am not) I would find a career in extinguishing the fog by the aid of science, and with the help of some architect of genius, making London one of the handsomest cities of Europe. One cannot stir out of doors without seeing something that ought to be amended, something that ought to be suppressed, something that ought to be supplied.

A day or two later Hennessy called on me. He is a dapper, dandified little fellow with a frank, cordial smile. He told me if he had been ten years older, he would have been an active ally of mine in '48. His father bred him up as a vehement Nationalist, and he still only waited a fair opportunity to serve the good old cause. He urged me to return to the House of Commons, and pledged himself for one warm supporter. I asked him about his relations to John Dillon, for whom he professed respect and affection.

On Sunday I generally went to Chelsea, and after a pleasant gossip in the little sitting-room at the foot of the stairs with Madame, I sallied out with Carlyle and walked for several hours in Hyde Park or Battersea Park, talking as of old. I rarely could remain for the evening, as John Forster had provided a treat which I found irresistible. Robert Browning had promised to dine with him for some Sundays in succession, and Forster proposed that I should make a third. He knew that I had regarded Browning, since I first read "The Blot on the 'Scutcheon," in an ill-printed pamphlet, as the first poet of his age and country. I find in my diary a note of the first evening, which occupies as much space as I can afford in this place for these pleasant symposia :—

"Before Browning arrived, Forster said that in his opinion the poet was hopelessly misjudged by the bulk of his contemporaries. I suggested that that was what ordinarily happened to an original man, especially to an original poet. It was not so very long since Englishmen utterly disregarded Wordsworth ; afterwards they were diverted by the shallow impudence of Jeffrey at his cost ; and finally they acknowledged him as the greatest poet of his age. The same process was probably recurring with Robert Browning.

"I had the satisfaction of seeing Browning for the first time. He is middle-sized, slight, grey-bearded, with a small but well-shaped head. His personal utterance wants depth

and force, and gives the idea of a much less powerful man than he is. But he is gracious and winning in a high degree. After dinner we adjourned to a singularly agreeable smoking-room, lined with encaustic-tiles, and cooled with ferns and creeping plants. The talk fell first upon Palmerston, whose death filled the newspapers. Browning and Forster agreed with a suggestion of mine, that the tone of the London Press about him was false and altogether misleading. He was not, Browning said, what they represented him to be, and no human soul believed that he was. I spoke of the *Pall Mall Gazette* as an experiment in journalism which ought to succeed. It substituted for the heavy joints and coarse vegetables of the daily Press an intellectual menu of small pleasant *plats* delicately cooked and daintily served. Browning agreed that it was the perfection of a paper for people who wanted to know what was going on in the world as a man might learn it at a club, or over a dinner-table; not as it was furnished by reading-rooms or news agencies. Forster said he had not yet seen the journal, but the extracts he read in other papers did not attract him. I asked Forster who was mimicking Fonblanque in the *Examiner?* Why, Fonblanque himself, he said. He was a man of feeble organisation, who had kept himself alive for many years, by careful regimen and general watchfulness, and he could not refrain from his old pursuits. Browning said his own father who was a careful liver, had reached eighty-five, and was still vigorous and alert. The conversation went off to Wordsworth. I said Carlyle considered Wordsworth the best talker in England. Browning said he was certainly not at all so in latter years; he spoke little, and only on subjects that interested himself, without respect to the taste of his audience. The first time he met Wordsworth was at dinner, Savage Landor also was present, and both poets invited him to take wine with them after the kindly fashion of that day; and never was a youngster so intoxicated with delight. I said to Forster that the portrait of Savage Landor in his memoir of him had the look of a wild animal, the mouth ready to snap at you, and in the eyes there seemed to lurk a savage reserve of brooding discontent. If the Ten Commandments were written in Francis Horner's face, a majority of the seven

deadly sins seemed to lurk in that mouth. Forster said the portrait was ill-engraved; Landor's explosions of wrath covered a generous and sympathetic nature, always eager for the right and the true. I asked Forster how it came that Dickens, in one of his last prefaces, could declare that he had not Leigh Hunt in his mind when he painted Harold Skimpole. It was a cruel caricature, turning foibles and weaknesses into crimes, but it was undeniably Leigh Hunt. 'Oh,' said Forster, 'if you had seen the proofs before they passed through my hands you might have better grounds for that opinion. So much was cut out that we persuaded ourselves that the salient traits were effaced, but too many of them remained. Dickens was alarmed at the impression he had made, and did his best to repair the wrong, and doubtless like the queen in the play, did protest too much.'"

Browning thought Hunt had been ill-treated; he had been punished with a severity his offences did not justify. Yes, I said, for the second time at least in Hunt's life his insouciance and levity had been visited with a savage scorn which ought to be reserved for breaches of honour. Moore plunged him in a bath of vitriol for his book on Lord Byron.

> "But fed as he was, and this makes it a dark case,
> With sops every day from the lion's own pan,
> He lifts up his leg 'gainst the noble beast's carcase,
> And . . . does all a dog so diminutive can."

We know now, Moore knew then, that Byron was selfish and arrogant, and sorely affronted the sensitive poet whom Shelley loved so well. Hunt's two years' imprisonment for suggesting that the immaculate Prince Regent associated with persons of doubtful repute, was not a greater injustice than Moore's pasquinade.

From Moore's humour the talk passed to that of Southey, which Browning professed to admire. I said I must correct my judgment on this point by so high an authority. I had always considered Southey's humorous poems dull and even dreary. There were one or two exceptions perhaps, and the others had sometimes a happy line; but how did he compare with Canning, Praed, or Moore? Browning replied that Southey's humour was of a different *genre* from that of the poets I named, but he deemed it good of its kind.

The talk wandered to Ireland. Forster said he thought Irish complaints were always exaggerated and often altogether unfounded. They complained of things which were the necessary and inevitable results of the British Empire. "Was it a necessary result," I inquired, "that the Irish should pay for the most profusely endowed Church in Europe, with which they refused to have any dealings?" "Certainly," Forster said, "it was a necessary result; the Irish were a minority in the Empire, and must accept the Church and the other institutions of the Empire as a consequence of that fact." I inquired if the Scotch and the Lower Canadians were not in the same condition, and yet escaped this inevitable penalty. Browning said that was a doctrine which he thought altogether indefensible. The Catholic Church was the Church of the Irish people, and the Protestant Church the Church of the English people, and this was a fact of which legislation might properly take cognisance. I said I was pleased to have Browning's support for so just and reasonable a doctrine, especially as I found throughout his poems the Catholic Church so habitually disparaged that I should have expected him rather than Forster of condemning it to perpetual subjection. Browning replied that the allusions to the Catholic Church, which I complained of, were mainly attributable to local circumstances. He had lived in Italy, and he took his illustrations of life from the facts which fell under his notice there; had he lived in England he would probably have taken them from the Church of which Forster was so enamoured. I said I had always assumed that one of his illustrations from the Catholic Church which was English and certainly unfriendly, Bishop Blogram was intended to suggest Cardinal Wiseman. Yes, he said, Bishop Blogram was certainly intended for the English Cardinal, but he was not treated ungenerously. I replied that I had lent that poem to a remarkably gifted young priest, who considered it more offensive than the naked scorn of Voltaire and Diderot. Browning spoke of Irish poets, and I asked Forster for a volume I had recently given him containing several of Sir Samuel Ferguson's poems. I read some verses of "The Welshmen of Tyrawley."

Forster said the ballad was vague and rhapsodical, with

quite unnecessary repetitions of the same idea in varied phrases. I told him that he was criticising, as if it were a blemish in the poem, peculiarities which belonged to Celtic literature, which were reproduced by Ferguson with singular skill and success. The vagueness of which he complained was certainly not a characteristic of the poem; it opened with a savage directness which it never lost. Browning maintained an attentive critical silence, but to my surprise did not utter an opinion. When we left I walked away with Browning and promised to visit him next day.

In political business at home there is no avoiding a public dinner, and I was entertained at a dinner at St. James's Hall, which revived in a curious and significant way the main incidents of my life. A generation earlier, I had founded the *Nation*, in concert with two friends. One was in his grave, but the other, John Dillon, sat by my side. I was tried with O'Connell and others in 1843, and one of the group, Sir John Gray, was there. Later came a time of trial and danger, and D'Arcy M'Gee, one of my closest associates in that trial and danger, who, in whatever else he had changed, had at least remained steadfast in his kindness to me, was also there. In the conflicts with the State which followed, if I came triumphantly through, I owed the result largely to the skill and legal acumen of a learned friend, Sir Colman O'Loghlen, who sat near me. In 1852 I entered Parliament, to test the principles of Independent Opposition, and to obtain through them a recognition of the just rights of Irish tenantry; all who survived of that party sat around me, augmented by the recruits who came into Parliament later to sustain the same principle. And by a happy accident, some of the men who were my colleagues in the Parliament of Victoria, happened to be in London and swelled my welcome home. An old speech is commonly as wearisome as an old dream, but there was an incident on this occasion worth noting. Mr. Lowe, who was opposing a Reform Bill then in progress, had recently in Parliament disparaged the democracy of Australia by suggesting that the payment of a shilling fee frightened them from acquiring the franchise. I took this occasion to remark that Mr. Lowe was much mistaken in the motive. The applicant was required to

attend personally at the Registry Office, and personal attendance meant the waste of a day's wages, and perhaps the loss of a nugget; but suppose he were right in his facts, I could not see how it helped his argument that the democracy ought to be refused the franchise in England. If I might call in question the logic of so accomplished a dialectician, it appeared to me a very inconsequential argument to contend that, because the working classes in Australia were indifferent to the franchise, it was dangerous to grant it to them in England, lest they might swamp all the other classes by their eager exercise of it. It was the subject of much humorous banter at the time that the *Times* sided with the returned colonist against its own favourite contributor. "Mr. Gavan Duffy," it said, "had more reason on his side than we like to admit in his retort to Mr. Lowe's strictures on the Australian Parliaments." Next morning Mr. Edward Wilson wrote :—

"I have had read to me with great pleasure your speech at St. James's Hall, and I am very glad to find that you are taking up the cudgels against what I can only describe as the odious, slanderous propensities of John Bull."

John Forster wrote :—

"My dear Duffy,—Let me tell you with what pleasure and cordial agreement I read what you are reported to have said at the dinner on Saturday.

"You have, I hope, forgiven me all my levities in our late Sunday night's talk, for which I am ready to confess and do penance, in any mode you may prescribe."

The speech seemed to have satisfied some of my Tory friends as well as the Liberals. Sir Emerson Tennent wrote me :—

"I have read your essay on Australian politics with the same conclusive satisfaction that it has given to every one I have spoken to.

"Should we be fortunate enough to find you unengaged for Thursday next (7th), it would give us great pleasure if you will dine with us at 7¼ o'clock. A round table and some intelligent friends."

A few more extracts from my diary will carry me through this period.

"Called on Robert Lowe by appointment to-day. He received me with great cordiality, and with a more beaming face than I ever noticed on him before. He spoke with perfect frankness and unreserve of his own position; it was not probable that he should come into the present Government, which was not likely to last. Lord John was a selfish little fellow who had no friends, and his colleagues, except Gladstone, were not very competent. Of Lord —— of whom I inquired sympathetically, Lowe said he was getting on in office, as well as a tenth-rate man could expect. I told him we were dissatisfied with Cardwell in the colonies. He said Cardwell meant well; he had known him for forty years, since their college days. Cardwell had a quick, even mind, lively but not of great compass.

"Lowe then spoke with indignation of the attempt to revive transportation to the colonies. If he had been on the select committee he would have prevented it, and he believed Childers had tried to do so. I said Childers' personal success was gratifying to the colonies. Yes, he said, he had been reasonably successful—a result which owed something to the fact that he was a near kinsman of Sir Charles Wood. He asked me about Michie, and spoke frankly of his correspondence. I said, Michie was faithful to Australia in the *Times*, but we felt that he (Lowe) had not been kind to his old country; articles which we attributed to him disparaged everything Australian. He said his hopes of a future for Australia were greatly mitigated. When men educated in Europe ceased to go there, and that the governing men had to be taken from colonial classes, it would fall very low. You tell me what great things you are doing now, he said, smiling, but wait till the larrikin comes on the stage. When one reflected, he went on, on the degradation to which the border ruffians of Kansas and other Western States have fallen, it was hard to maintain a hope in popular progress and popular government. The future was a great perplexity; it reproved the pride of race to remember that an especially good African was immensely better than an exceptionally degraded white man. God may have reserved some future for the descendants

of these people, which will make plain His wisdom. At present it is hard to comprehend. I said, it seemed to me Australia wanted no vindication; property and life were as safe in an Australian city as in an English one. The Australians had met all their financial responsibilities promptly; they fostered education and religion, and the community was as free from crime or offence as any in the civilised world. He repeated, 'Wait till the larrikin comes on the stage; there is a large native population in New South Wales, and they will soon be the masters.'"

I speedily brought my wife and daughter to Dublin, where I was plunged into affairs as if I had been only absent for a week. Dillon, I found, was honorary secretary to a General Association of which Cardinal Cullen was understood to be the most active promoter. D'Arcy M'Gee had recently arrived in Ireland from Canada, and I read with great pain and regret a lecture he delivered at Wexford, in which he described his early opinions as boyish follies, many of which he had manifestly dropped by the way. I wrote a remonstrance, and assured him, in conclusion, that though he regarded himself as a fool at twenty, and a philosopher or statesman at forty, in my opinion he was much to be preferred in the former character.

Dillon brought me to the *Evening Post* office to see Dwyer, the new editor, who was formerly, and is still, he asserts, a Young Irelander; he has married the charming Louise Conway of former times, and so came to inherit a share in the *Post*. I told Dwyer I was afraid I would lose my character by coming into that office. "By Gad! I am afraid you will," said he, "for that is just what has happened myself."

Dined in the evening with John Dillon; Samuel Ferguson, D. F. MacCarthy, John O'Hagan, Charles Hart, P. J. Smyth, J. J. MacCarthy, and Dwyer of the *Post*, formed the company. The only stranger was Mr. Prendergast, author of a book on the settlement under Cromwell, which is well spoken of. He told a story during the evening extremely ill-suited to his audience. When Smith O'Brien was at Ballingarry, Prendergast was sheltering in a farmhouse with some English newspaper correspondents, and as he had nothing to fear from the

people he undertook to go out and discover the state of affairs, and exulted in the fact that he brought them back word that the conflict took place in a cabbage garden—a phrase which stuck. I could not refrain from telling him that if he rejoiced in disparaging a generous gentleman, he ought to exhibit the sentiment somewhere else than among that gentleman's most intimate friends. Dillon whispered to me during the dinner, that he could not invite M'Gee, as most of the men present, since his Wexford speech, would walk out of the room if he came into it. M'Gee, who has seen Dillon, quite underrates the intensity of wrath he has excited. In a note to-day he treats it as a joke, parodying the "Biglow Papers":—

> "John B.
> Dillon, he
> Cannot put up with D'Arcy M'Gee."

Next day I had a long *tête-à-tête* with Dillon. He tells me there is a conspiracy in Ireland at present (*dit* Fenian), which has caught many of the ex-clubmen. It is entirely promoted by James Stephens, whom I would know as a man who joined O'Brien at Ballingarry. He had come to Dillon at the outset, and asked his assistance, but Dillon regarded his project as utterly futile, and declined. I suggested that the large number of Irish officers trained in the American War, gave Irish conspiracy a new element of strength. Yes, he said, but they could not come into Ireland without passing British sentinels, who would close the door on the first serious alarm. The conspiracy had found favour in America, I said, judging by the Irish-American papers which I sometimes saw. Yes, he said, favour, but not confidence; there was at that moment an agent in Dublin sent over to ascertain what reality there was in the representations sent across the Atlantic by Stephens. The conspirators were honest, but not competent to such a task, and no serious result was probable, or indeed possible. Fenianism did not surprise me at all.

England inquired, and in a like case, had always inquired, who kindled the sedition? As well inquire who boiled the smoking torrents that burst from a German spa. Men may construct pipes and reservoirs to regulate the current, but the

spring is spontaneous, and the inevitable result of natural agencies.

Dr. Russell, the President, invited me to Maynooth, and promised to secure the attendance of some of the professors who were my old friends. I was touched by the fact that a day after his sister's funeral, and the day before the annual meeting of the bishops at the college, was devoted to this purpose. It was very pleasant to meet not only my host, for whom I had the same feeling that Dr. Newman had, but Mr. Crawley, my comrade in Belfast a quarter of a century earlier, and Dr. Murray, to whom I owed more for the defence of my character and liberty, when I was in Newgate, than to any man living, outside my counsel. At the same time Dr. Woodlock, the President of the Catholic University, invited me to meet the professors at dinner. They were old friends for the most part, but though I went I could not but fear that Dr. Cullen would not approve of such a compliment to such an offender. But I may have been unjust to him, for two or three men of note welcomed me cordially on behalf of a number of ecclesiastics, who habitually acted with Dr. Cullen.

After a little I was entertained at a public dinner, where all that remained of the National party of '48, and the Tenant Right Party of '52, was largely represented. John Dillon occupied the chair, and on his right sat George Henry Moore, and on his left Isaac Butt, the two most gifted orators in Ireland. Archbishops and bishops who rarely visit public assemblies sent letters of cordial sympathy, and popular leaders and popular priests came from every part of Ireland. Even Dr. M'Knight, though we had separated fiercely in the contest about Lucas, cheerfully recognised that I was still what he had believed me in our earliest friendship. I was rejoiced to tell my old friends that all that I asked for the Irish farmer had been attained for the Irish immigrant in Australia. All that I asked for the Irish nation —to rule and possess its own country without external interference, was also attained in Australia—a testimony surely that our claims in Ireland were not unjust or extravagant. The most significant fact of the evening, perhaps, was that Isaac Butt, who was supposed to have attended only as a private

friend of mine, seized the occasion to announce himself as a Nationalist of the same school as the guest of the evening, and from that time his career as a National leader may be said to have commenced.

On the same occasion George Henry Moore made a speech of great rhetorical power, inflamed with unexpected bitterness. He scoffed at the attempt of certain persons, meaning Dr. Cullen and his associates, to revive a national movement, after having betrayed and destroyed one of the greatest national movements Ireland ever possessed. He had countenanced the deserters, but after their defection there still remained at the head of the people's cause two men of whose leadership any people in the world might be proud, and whom any other people would have followed with unwavering confidence. One of the two was their honoured guest, and the other sat in a higher place, and still prayed for the interests of the people for whom he was martyred. It needed all the sweetness and serenity of John Dillon to prevent an explosion, for he was a supporter of the new movement assailed.

I was urged to remain at home so vehemently, so persuasively, that it was hard to resist. A General Election was at hand, and it was thought that a genuine Irish party, such as I had projected in '49, might be re-created. John Dillon wished to have me forthwith nominated for a popular constituency, but I would consent on one condition only, that George Henry Moore and the popular priests of the Tenant League would fall into the movement. I met unexpected facilities, and still more unexpected difficulties. I told Dillon that Moore must be nominated at the same time that I was, and that I was persuaded Dr. Cullen would never assent to either of us. Dillon insisted that I was mistaken, but he was prepared to bring the matter to the simplest possible test; he would propose Moore and me as candidates at the next public meeting, and if Dr. Cullen made any embarrassing objection, he would resign his office as secretary and quit the Association. But Moore was more intractable; if Dr. Cullen remained connected with the Association he must decline to associate himself with it. And he amazed me by a rooted

prejudice against Dillon. There was nobody living in whose integrity I had more complete confidence than Dillon's; there never was anything in his conduct that was not frank, open, and intelligible, and if he wished to get help from all men whose honesty he did not distrust, whatever might have been their mistakes in the past, the sentiment was not strange in a man returning from a distant continent. A private conference of the old League priests was held with Dillon and me, and I found them as rootedly opposed as Moore was to any co-operation with a society of which Dr. Cullen was a member. I thought it unwise and impossible to shut any Irishman out of public life who was not charged with dishonesty or corruption, and I determined to return to Australia. Before I left John Dillon was asked to stand for Tipperary, and he invited me to accompany him to the constituency. I had great satisfaction in the decisive opinion he expressed on independent opposition: "I am a thorough believer (he wrote) in Independent Opposition as a principle of Parliamentary action, and I should feel bound to act in opposition to any minister who will not aid in carrying a satisfactory measure of tenant compensation." He was of course elected, but it is a significant illustration of the senseless and stupid policy, which the Fenians borrowed from the Chartists, that a Fenian mob in the capital of the county silenced by clamour the most distinguished and best-tested Nationalist then in the country.

John George Adair called on me. He has aged a good deal, and his old gaiety is, I fancy, gone; but he is still in the vigour of manhood, a well-preserved, handsome, dignified gentleman. He came, he said, to invite me to spend a week with him in the country, and talk of the dear old times. "Do you want me to be shot?" I asked, smiling? "Oh," he said, "they would not shoot you, even in my company." "Why not?" I rejoined. "If I condoned your offences against the industrious people they would have good grounds for holding me more guilty than you." I do believe that Adair was entirely sincere in his Nationality in '47, but the struggle between hired land and native land rarely ends in favour of the latter. I told him I had an affectionate recollection of our old intercourse, but I could not appear to condone his serious offences.

During my absence in Australia the bishopric of Clogher became vacant, and the votes of the parish priests declared my valued friend, the Maynooth Professor Dignissimus, for the office. But another priest unknown to me was, to my great disappointment, selected by the Holy See on the recommendation of Dr. Cullen. But the new bishop was not a partisan. He put himself at the head of a committee to invite me to a public dinner in my native town, and remained my steadfast friend from that time until his death. After the public dinner I visited the cemetery of the district. My mother was buried in a family tomb, erected in the last century, containing many of my ancestors and kinsmen, but the good bishop co-operated with me by granting a site on which I erected a Celtic cross to the special memory of my dear mother.

When I returned to London with more leisure, I found English opinion on Australian affairs strangely ill-informed. On one point I was peculiarly sensitive. Responsible Government was pronounced to have ignominiously failed in Australia. In the *National Review*, under the control of men so able and so fair as Mr. Bagehot and Mr. Hutton, the most contemptuous judgment was pronounced on us. The verdict seemed to me ill-informed and unfair, and I determined to join issue with them, not as a friend of the Government, but as a friend of the colony. I wanted various documents for this purpose, and I frankly sent for them to a political opponent who was in the best position to obtain them. Mr. Higinbotham immediately replied:—

"I have only time before the closing of the mail to acknowledge your note of August 20th. I will send by the earliest ship the papers you ask for—or as many as I can procure—including a Report just prepared, on the working of the New Land Act.

"Parliament will be prorogued on Tuesday, after a Session of a year's length, and will be immediately dissolved. The Government are still supported by a large majority of the Assembly, and we expect to be successful at the Elections, but the struggle will be severe, and if money can turn the scale we shall be beaten. The last debate in the Assembly ended this morning at past one o'clock.

"I hope your book will be a success. I do not myself care at all what they say of us in England, but others do. English opinion has at present an extraordinary, and, I think, a pernicious influence on our affairs."

What I projected was a book on the working of Responsible Government in connection with democratic franchises, which, in my opinion, had an unblemished record during the ten years I had known it. I thought I would write it during the winter. I dined with Forster to talk over the project. "He approves of the idea, and proposes to speak to Murray or Longman about publishing it, or, if I were anxious about profit, to Smith and Elder, with whom I might make a better bargain. He made various suggestions which ought to be useful, for Forster is certainly the original of Lytton Bulwer's practical man of letters, to whom he sent Lenny Fairfield to learn how to employ his powers successfully."

I desired to see Mr. Disraeli, and fortunately Mr. Disraeli desired to see me. In July Mr. Montague Corry wrote to me: "Will you, if convenient to you, oblige the Chancellor of the Exchequer by calling on him here on Wednesday next, the 1st of August, at half-past two." We talked much of Irish and Australian affairs. In Victoria trouble had arisen with the Governor, which I assured Mr. Disraeli was attributable to the blunder of sending out a man to work Responsible Government who had never seen a Parliament. "Well," rejoined Disraeli, "that grievance disappears, for we have sent you out a man who was born in the Parliament House, and bred up in the shelter of the Speaker's robe." He asked me why I spoke to him of Colonial affairs instead of speaking with the Secretary of State for the Colonies. I rejoined that I had received counsel from a learned man very early in life, when I wanted to move anything to go where the motive power existed. Of Ireland he said it was his purpose to deal fairly and justly with the questions which agitated the country, and as promptly as the enormous claims on Parliament will admit. I shall not repeat in detail a conversation which was largely confidential.

Dr. Newman invited me to visit him at Birmingham, but when the time I could conveniently leave London (in August) had arrived, it proved too late. Father Neville wrote me

from the Oratory: "Dr. Newman is away from home; he is on the Continent for a few weeks. He will be very sorry to have missed you, for he had been looking forward to the pleasure of seeing you upon your return to England."

Another disappointment almost as vexatious followed. Stuart Mill wrote:—

"BLACKHEATH PARK, *August* 11, 1866.

"I had been hoping for some further communication from you, and now it has unluckily come on the very day on which I am leaving England for the Continent. I very much regret that circumstances have prevented us from meeting more frequently during your stay in this country; but, so far as regards Australian politics, I regret it chiefly on my own account, for on that subject I should have been almost solely a learner from you. If you have time to write to me at my address in France, Saint Vévan près Avignon, it would give me great pleasure to correspond with you."

Mr. O'Shanassy arrived in London, and as our intercourse latterly had not been cordial, I was surprised by a visit from him. I was leaving my hotel to reside for a time with Mr. Justice O'Hagan, and I determined to use the opportunity to repay O'Shanassy for his share in my reception in Australia. He was in London for the first time, and knew nobody. I asked my friend to invite him to dinner, and present him to some political people, which he did immediately and effectually. He had had irritating contests with the people in New South Wales about encroachments on his squatting property, and it seemed to me that he no longer sympathised with them as of old. He went soon after to Ireland, and this change must have been observable, for a trustworthy witness, Professor McCarthy, described him as having alienated the Nationalists in his native county.

"Did you hear (he wrote) how your friend O'Shanassy's banquet in Tipperary was a dead failure? He let himself be taken up by the small Cromwellian gentry; they patronised him, and he took their patronage, to the huge disgust of his own race. No priest would go to the banquet, not even the P. P. of Tipperary. Then at the banquet O'S.

talked jauntily of 'having possibly invested £1 in a Repeal Card.' He will not get another banquet in Tipperary during this generation."

When the fog and the east wind became intolerable we turned our faces to the South. Paris, Florence, Rome, of what a dazzling journey they are the *étapes*, but the prudent man remembers that it is a journey which the whole civilised world has made, and that there is nothing more to be said on that topic. The morning after our arrival in Rome a visitor came to us, who proved to be the most gracious of friends and the most skilful of guides to the Immortal City. Father Tom Burke, the Irish Dominican orator, had risen to eminence during my absence in Australia, but I knew him and he knew me by repute, and we speedily became friends. I necessarily recognised immediately what keenness of intellect, natural humour, and knowledge of character Father Burke possessed, but his pulpit oratory, when I came to hear him, was a profound surprise. He was preaching at the time in one of the churches in the Piazza del Popolo, where sermons are delivered weekly for the English, Irish, and American visitors of various creeds who winter at Rome, and in a letter to his biographer I afterwards stated the impression he made upon me :—

"I had heard all the contemporary preachers of note in the Catholic Church at least, and all the Parliamentary orators of the day, but I was moved and impressed by that sermon beyond any human utterance to which I had ever listened. I despair of conveying the sort of impression it made upon me, but I think persuasiveness was its most striking characteristic. He marched straight to a fixed end, and all the road he passed seemed like a track of intellectual light. You were gradually drawn to adopt the preacher's views as the only ones compatible with truth and good sense. His accent was Irish, but his discourse bore no other resemblance to any Irish utterance with which I was familiar. We have the school of Grattan and the school of O'Connell, the artificial and the spontaneous, into which most Irish oratory may be distributed ; but Father Burke's belonged as little to one as to the other. The lucid narrative which, without arguing, was the best of arguments ; the apt illustration

which summed up his case in a happy phrase, might have recalled Plunket, but in truth, like most original men, he resembled no one but himself."[1]

It was a rare enjoyment to visit the monuments and historic sites of such a city with such a guide. If a holiday-maker has seen the birthplace or the grave of the local artist or preacher, poet or patriot, where chance conducts his steps, he counts his day well spent. But when the painter is Raphael or Claude, the poet Tasso, the patriot Rienzi, and the preacher Saul of Tarsus or St. Matthew the Evangelist, written words are but a pale shadow of the feelings they evoke. To visit for the first time the noble halls and galleries, cabinets and courts of the Vatican, which vie in beauty with the treasures they contain, and make all other museums mean and dingy, is an education in art; and what an historical study is the Collegio Romano, where one may see the identical rooms occupied by eminent missionaries and saints of the Society of Jesus two centuries ago, still containing the books and furniture they used when they were students or professors, and its noble library, where it was a pleasant surprise to find the works of Savonarola on its shelves, and the portrait of Galileo in its observatory? And

[1] "After that winter in Rome it was more than a dozen years before I heard him preach again, and in the interval he had been in feeble health, and sometimes prostrate with suffering. It was in the Jesuits' Church, Farm Street, London, where he made the annual *éloge* of St. Ignatius. The subject had been exhausted by a multitude of predecessors in that pulpit; it had perhaps special difficulties for a Dominican, and his health was known to be failing fast. But it stands out in my memory as one of the three or four greatest orations I have heard. It was a fresh character portrait, drawn in bold, striking lines, and set in a narrative lucid as the waters of the Mediterranean. Again the master charm was persuasiveness. I could not help thinking, if he had not already found his life-task, here was a man who could plead the cause of his native country with more winning force than any one to whom I have listened in later years—perhaps than any one to whom I ever listened. He did not wield the Thor's hammer of O'Connell, crushing and crashing whatever impeded its stroke, and he could not thrill with the passionate enthusiasm sometimes evoked by Thomas Meagher, but to win the assent of the conscience and convince the judgment no one excelled him. Much of this force was mesmeric, the outcome of the whole moral and intellectual nature of the man. The orator is not always made; sometimes, like the poet, his gifts are born with him. Father Burke was a born orator; the charm of voice and eye and action combined to produce his wonderful effects. When his words were printed much of the spell vanished. One rejoiced to hear him over and over again, but re-read him rarely, I think."
—Letter to W. J. Fitzpatrick.

where can the early history of Christendom be better studied than in the Catacombs, the hiding-place of early popes and saints, and richer than the Colosseum itself in the blood of Christian martyrs? Of the early history of Ireland how much may we find in San Pietro in Montorio, where our martyrs lie buried. But nothing in the capital of the Christian world, not St. Peter's or the Sovereign Pontiff, was a sight fit to match in interest to Irishmen the exhibition of the Accademia Polyglotta, where students from Asia, Africa, Australasia, and America spoke, each of them, the language or chanted the music of his birthplace, and from three continents and their outlying islands the students bore names that marked them of our own indestructible people. The remote history of Europe, when the children of Conn gave missionaries to half the known world, seemed revived again in that spectacle. What a volume steeped in tears, but illuminated too with glorious incidents, might be written on the Irish monuments and institutions in Rome! His own San Clemente furnished my friend with a constant text, for its Irish friars were the hosts and often the trusted counsellors of princes from Charles and James Stuart, and Charles Edward in a later generation down to Albert Edward of Wales in our own day, who has knit a friendship with the good friars; and what is nobler and better, it was the constant guardian of Irish interests, when Ireland had a foreign policy and a diplomatic corps hid under the black or brown robes of monks and professors. And he did not forget that other Irish house founded by the great Franciscan, Luke Wadding, who was ambassador from the Confederation of Kilkenny to the Holy See, or the more modern college in whose humble church the heart of O'Connell is preserved. There is a granite obelisk in the Piazza del Popolo, in which my friend found a type of the Irish race. It is covered with hieroglyphics sculptured by Egyptian artists before Moses received the tables of the Law on Mount Sinai; it has seen cities grow and perish, generations and cycles come and go, the Goth and the Gaul in turn masters of Rome, the piratical soldier of fortune and the crowned Emperor holding the cradle of Christianity to pillage, but it still lifts its eternal face to the sun as fresh in the day of Bismarck as in the days of Cæsar.

The eloquent Dominican saw in this Eastern monument a type of the Celtic race, destined to outlive chance and change, and remain fresh and imperishable in the old age of the world. One weighty saying of Father Burke's I still remember, and I have often quoted it since. Speaking of Frederick Lucas's mission to Rome in 1855 on behalf of the second order of the Irish clergy, he said, "Lucas failed because the case of Ireland against England was necessarily ill understood at Rome. The Holy Father and the Propaganda saw every day men who bore names which they had read in English history, and who were officials of the Roman Court—Talbots, Howards, and Cliffords. The only Irishman they saw was probably some priest with an unpronounceable name, and whose Latin or Italian jarred upon Southern ears. They received habitually touring English nobles and ecclesiastics who had not a good word for Ireland; for national prejudice, which is strong enough in an ordinary Englishman, is stronger in a noble, and strongest of all in a priest. And this class prejudice (he remarked) was not local but general; one of the bitterest enemies of Poland he had ever encountered was a Russian nun, probably of noble birth. The Poles being a Catholic nation did not counterbalance the fact that they were bad subjects to his gracious Majesty the Czar."

To my question why he did not himself undertake this neglected duty of representing Ireland truly to the Holy See, he replied that Rome was the headquarters of the Church Militant, where its statesmen and rulers were assembled, and he, for his part, was simply a private soldier in the ranks.

I had brought a pocketful of introductions to Rome, to Cardinal Antonelli, the Prime Minister, the heads of religious houses and professors in the Propaganda and the Irish College, but I did not make much use of them. One incident I cannot omit. His Holiness was pleased to grant me a private interview. The domestic apartments of the Vatican exceed in beauty even the noble halls and galleries thrown open to the public, and the costumes and uniforms of the attendants and suite were rich and effective. After passing through four anterooms occupied by guards, attendants, and ecclesiastics, I reached the chamber where the Pope spent

much of his life. It was of modest dimensions and modest appointments, and he was clothed in a robe of white woollen. His face was singularly sweet and beneficent, and his voice a marvellous organ for so aged a man. I had seen him before in public, and afterwards at the Paschal ceremonies, but I was more impressed by the simplicity and patience with which he pursued inquiries, when he thought I might tell him things he desired to know. To grant audiences is one of the duties of a sovereign, but how inexpressibly wearisome it must be. An imitation monk, an English Protestant clergyman calling himself Brother Ignatius (represented to be a great blockhead) was with him the other day. Some time after I saw his Holiness again, when the foundation stone of the church of the English College at Rome was laid. He held a drawing-room to which a limited number of persons, scarcely reaching a hundred, was admitted. Among them were the King and Queen of Naples, the heroic Queen whose courage at Gaeta had excited the admiration of Europe. An English lady, much in favour with the Queen, came to me and proposed to present me to her Majesty. I said I greatly admired her, and would feel honoured by such a presentation if it were becoming in me to accept it, but it would amount to political hypocrisy, for nearly every other person in that salon desired her restoration, and for my part I hoped never to see a Bourbon return to an Italian throne.

I met various persons of distinction in society, but twenty years has considerably diminished the interest of my diary on such topics. One story, however, I have often laughed at since. At the table of a cultivated and literary English member to whom Robert Browning introduced me, I met Lord Odo Russell. Our talk after dinner fell on the state of Rome at that time. There was a general feeling that the Pope would be deprived of his sovereignty. I suggested that such a proceeding would be a robbery, not only of the Pope but of Catholic Europe; whatever ancient monument was preserved, whatever modern edifice was erected, was sure to be inscribed with the name of some pope who spent the offerings of Catholic Europe in these good works, and the Vatican, which was worth a modern city, was created and preserved by the same agency. I did not at all desire to see

the Pope a prince with extensive dominions, and involved in political conflicts, but it was not too much that the head of the Catholics of Europe should have one city where he was master and independent, beyond control or interference. Lord Odo replied that much might be admitted on this head if the people of Rome were not so eager to get rid of him, but it was entirely adverse to the modern spirit, and to one's sense of justice, to impose a government which they distrusted and disliked on a quarter of a million of people on any pretence whatever. After a pause I repeated his axiom, pausing on every clause of it. "It is contrary to the modern spirit, and to one's sense of justice, to impose a government which they dislike on a quarter of a million of people on any pretence. By my faith," I said, "I believe you're right; let us begin by applying the maxim to Dublin."

In Ireland a number of Fenians had been arrested under the Treason Felony Act, and their trial took place in Dublin at this time. Though I was not acquainted with any of them, and thought their means and methods insensate, I was deeply interested in men who had risked their lives in the just quarrel of Ireland. I wrote to Judge O'Hagan repeatedly on the subject. At the beginning of the new year, 1866, I said :—

"I have read the Fenian Trials with mixed feelings of compassion and astonishment. 1848 was unwise enough in many respects, but anything to match the fatuity with which Stephens entrusted treasonable notices to ragged recruits who had joined him a few weeks does not, I think, exist in the history of conspiracies. And Pagan O'Leary, who no sooner met a soldier over a pint of porter than he exclaimed (like the man in the *Critic*), 'A sudden thought strikes me; let us swear eternal allegiance to the Irish Republic, now virtually established—can they be matched anywhere?' Poor fellows, God pity them! they had courage and devotion which rescues them from contempt. . . . Again, I have been dreaming constantly of the unfortunate Fenian prisoners. Fancy the condition of men of some culture like O'Leary, Kickham, and O'Keefe, utterly without books, and without pen and ink. The circulation is commonly slow and the blood cold in a man who lives by journalism, and fancy them,

as I constantly do, sleeping in stone cells! It would be a good action if you, who would be listened to, would ask Mr. Gladstone, who has told us his opinion of the treatment proper for State prisoners, to allow them books and pen and ink, and a few yards of matting for their cells. They would not be less secure, but they would be rescued from torture.

"When old Palmerston died I could not help regretting that you had not remained in Parliament. Mr. Gladstone might surely be made see, if you were within reach of his ear, that the very greatest work which remains for a British statesman to attempt is the pacification of Ireland. Peel had the glory of carrying Catholic Freedom and Free Trade, but there is a greater work behind. I doubt if it can be attempted with advantage while a man so conceited and so fearful of English opinion as Lord Russell remains; but this Government will not last long I fancy, and after the Tories there will no doubt be a Gladstone Government. A poor old conceited body, beyond seventy, who thinks he carried the Great Reform Bill and created the No Popery riots of 1850 is not the man for such an undertaking."

My dear friend "the Maynooth Professor," who had taken much trouble to make friends for me at Rome, urged two works on me to be undertaken in the winter holidays. I had mentioned to him that Murray's "Handbook to Rome" was substantially borrowed from an original and most laborious volume by an Irish priest, in which the inscriptions on monuments and facts of every sort which look so well-informed in Murray, had been found. He urged me to review the Handbook in the *Dublin Review*, doing justice to the original pioneer. "Catholic Theologians," he said, "constantly borrow from each other, without acknowledgment, whole sentences and paragraphs, word for word. Donovan, a Catholic author takes from another Catholic author, and gives what he takes in a Catholic spirit. This is all in 'a family way,' between brother and brother. It is quite another and widely different thing, when an English Protestant plunders a Catholic writer, and smears the goods thus stolen with his own japan, and sells them as wares of genuine Protestant manufacture. Then you could give such a vivid, flashing 'flame picture' of all you saw and felt in the

Jerusalem of the Christian Church. And you could put so forcibly that argument, which has never yet been properly stated, from the *Sacrilege*, of handing over the See of the Vicar of Christ, with its numberless shrines of God and His Saints and its relics gathered for eighteen hundred years, into the sooty paws of that dog-faced centaur Victor Emmanuel, to stable his harlots in the midst of them. Irrespective of all personal regard or even acquaintance, I would give a trifle for an article—even of only one sheet of sixteen pages—on this matter from *your* pen. For God's sake write the article!"

I did not write the review, not because the complaint was not a just one, but before leaving London I had visited Mr. John Murray with John Forster to talk over my intended Australian book, and Mr. Murray, knowing I was going to Rome, had presented me with a copy of his Guide. I felt that to review it unfavourably would be an ungenerous return for his courtesy. The other point my friend urged related to my intended book.

"Mind," he wrote, "put no politics of any kind into your book. Every word in that direction will be a blot, a soot-drop. Of course I do not mean politics as a science or a philosophy, but what is commonly meant by the word—*i.e.*, party politics, *e.g.*, Whig or Tory. Narrate, describe, &c., and you will produce the most charming work that any Irish Catholic has ever written."

For five months we employed every day in seeing the wonders of Rome, and when Easter was over, drank of the Fountain of Trevi to guarantee our return some day. On our journey back we stopped at Genoa, at the hotel where O'Connell died; some pious hand has placed a bas-relief of his head in front of the apartment where he died. I asked the head waiter and afterwards the landlord the name and story of the illustrious dead, but neither of them had the slightest idea on the subject. So the Irish soldiers and scholars of the Middle Ages are ignored. A people who have not a national existence cannot fix the attention of other nations.

When I arrived in London I determined not to publish the Australian book, of which I had written some chapters, as it

raised too many issues, but to deliver a lecture on the misapprehensions that prevailed in England about that country. I lectured at the Society of Arts in the presence of many political friends. The lecture probably answered its purpose, for it was well received in England, and the first returning mail from Melbourne brought two editions of it, published by competing booksellers without waiting for my authority, and it was welcomed by both the political parties as a just vindication of the country. Among many letters it brought me, I think one from Aspinall was the most gratifying :—

"I and the whole community have read with pride and satisfaction your English and Irish doings, notably the lecture on our Parliamentary career.

"Your enemies even admit that you have done honour to yourself, and the colony at home.

"I have no time to write at large, but I cannot but sincerely congratulate you on the feeling which your speeches at home have created here."

I returned early to London mainly to witness the great Parliamentary tournament over the New Reform Bill. It was a keen enjoyment to me ; and on its conclusion I wrote my impressions to Judge O'Hagan :—

"I came home last night at half-past three, from the debate, having sat through two weeks of Parliamentary talk without flinching. And there were half a dozen speeches which repaid the endurance of the rest. First of all the speech of Coleridge, who is master of the most effective Parliamentary style of any man I have ever listened to. His style is better than Gladstone's, more refined and scholarly than Bright's. It was a high intellectual treat to listen to him.[1] Lowe's speech was amazing for variety and scope. It wanted nothing but a dash of passion, and a little magnanimity towards his quondam friends to be a grand oration.

"I took the responsibility of advising certain of the Irish members who consulted me to vote for the Bill, on the single ground that I believe Gladstone means better towards Ireland than any one else, except Bright."

[1] Afterwards Lord Chief Justice.

I made a second visit to Dublin, on which it is not necessary to dwell.

I naturally saw much of Judge O'Hagan and John O'Hagan, the two men living who possessed most of my confidence and affection, and towards the end I had the pleasure of learning that the Judge's youngest daughter, who was my goddaughter, was to become the wife of the younger friend.

I was now preparing to return to Australia. On our way we stopped at Paris, and I saw Louis Napoleon driving in a carriage with two or three friends, without guards or outriders. It was near the market of Rue St. Honoré, and the market people rushed out to see him with a real and manifestly an affectionate interest. It was their eagerness which attracted my attention. I believed him to be still detested by the *ouvriers*, but a generation has grown up to be men and women since he has possessed power who know only him. I believed him to be carefully guarded, but he was certainly not guarded so on this occasion. His appearance has much improved. His head, I think, has broadened and grown more impressive. When I saw him in London in 1855 I thought he looked like a Birmingham bagman; at present he has a solid and capable look like a successful banker, for he still looks one of the bourgeoisie—not of the nobles.

The famous Father Prout was in Paris as correspondent of the *Globe*, and I hoped to have a pleasant talk with him upon the Ireland of our day, but he was unhappily laid up with an attack which ended fatally. He wrote me from what proved to be his dying bed :—

"*8th May*. 19, RUE DE MOULIN.

"MY DEAR MR. DUFFY,—You have no idea what pleasure it would give me to see you; but I am bedridden this last month ; have a complete extinction of voice, and I am utterly unfit to see any one ; no solid food has entered my system since that time, and I am reduced to infant weakness. The best medical attendance surrounds me and all sorts of kind sympathy ; but in London they know nothing of my prostrate condition, a clever lady taking care here to imitate my sort of talk in the *Globe*. I sincerely wish you all the political

eminence you deserve, as you make the antipodes your home. I don't think Irishmen can do better than work out a career unclogged by native impediments.

"FRANCIS MAHONY."

Another fatal illness deprived me of the society of a man of more importance. Count Montalembert was my ideal of what a Catholic gentleman should be—genuinely pious, and a strict disciplinarian, but entirely free from bigotry or intolerance. The rooted enemy of despotism, and the friend of personal and public liberty everywhere. A mutual friend had written to him from London that I was coming to Paris, and I counted on a political and intellectual treat, but a letter from Madame la Comtesse put an end to my hopes, and I never saw him.

"M. le Comte de Montalembert retenu au lit depuis plus de quinze jours, par une grâve indisposition, regrette infiniment de ne pouvoir reçevoir l'honorable Monsieur Gavan Duffy. S'il est suffisamment rétabli la semaine prochaine il se fera un plaisir d'en prévenir Monsieur Duffy dont il sera très heureux de faire la connaissance personnelle.

"40, RUE DU BAC, ce 6 *Mai*, 1866."

Under the Constitution Act I was entitled to a retiring pension, and as this was the first occasion of the right being exercised, the Government determined to have the decision of the Supreme Court on the subject. A similar application from Mr. Ireland was considered at the same time, and our counsel was Mr. Fellows, the leader of the Bar, who had framed the regulations as Attorney-General of a former Government, the other side being represented by the law officers of the Crown. The case was decided in favour of the applicants, but I was greatly embarrassed when my solicitor reported that Mr. Fellows positively refused to receive a fee from a brother barrister. In Paris, when I reached it, I bought some artistic bronzes and sent them to him with the thanks of a grateful client, which he acknowledged in the following note :—

"MY DEAR SIR,—Although I am sorry that any feeling of

clientele should have induced you to regard my services ir any other light than those afforded by one barrister to another in legal difficulties, I must thank you for the mode in which the 'client' has been pleased to express his appreciation of his 'counsel's' assistance on the occasion to which you have referred.

"It was at the request of my late excellent friend and neighbour (Mr. Haines) that I looked up the subject and drew the regulations—and though the knowledge thus acquired was afterwards available for you in court, it was secondarily only that you had the advantage of it *professionally*.

"I mention this circumstance lest by my silence on the subject I should appear to be taking credit to myself for the Order in Council to the exclusion of Mr. Haines with whom and for whom I acted in preparing it. Again thanking you, I am very truly yours,

"THO. HOWARD FELLOWS.

"*27th Nov.*, 1866."

CHAPTER II

THE McCULLOCH RÉGIME

The Governor s salary—Government action during my absence—And afterwards—Mr. Ireland's *malafides*—And my repudiation of it—The "Darling Trouble"—Removal of the Governor—Higinbotham's Education Bill—It is withdrawn—I am elected for Dalhousie—Death of Sir Charles Darling—McCulloch's system—The McPherson Ministry, and its policy—Immigration stories—Fall of the McCulloch Ministry—I am authorised to form a Cabinet—Letters and news from Dublin—Letters from McCulloch and Parkes—Protection—Opinions of Carlyle, Mill, and Bright.

Before returning to Australia I had to consider events which happened in my absence, and had excited universal interest in the colonies and the Mother Country. A new Governor had come into office before I left, promoted from the West Indies. His predecessor had received a salary and allowance voted in the days of profusion following the gold discovery, which equalled the united salaries of the Prime Minister of England, the Speaker of the House of Commons, and the President of the United States. When the Legislature awoke from its frenzy a reduction of this inordinate provision was ordered, but the Colonial Office intimated that disastrous consequences would follow such an economy; the best class of men, they suggested, could no longer be counted on to go as Governor to Victoria, and we must be content with what we could get. The names of various noblemen were published in the London papers as having refused the office on the retirement of Sir Henry Barkley, and at length Sir Charles Darling, who had been originally a stipendiary

magistrate, was promoted from the West Indies—perhaps to punish our insolence.

A ripple of cynical laughter went round political circles when the new Governor arrived in Melbourne, and men whispered, "Here, no doubt, is the inferior article with which we were threatened." There was, however, more good sense than appeared at the outset in the prodigal policy of the Colonial Office, for in the end the most serious troubles sprang from the fact that the Governor was impecunious, and ill acquainted with Parliamentary law and practice. Sir Charles Darling himself, with great frankness and simplicity, told us he got the office "because the bigwigs would not take it." But though the salary has since been further reduced, noblemen and gentlemen of distinction have accepted it in later years.

During my two years' absence the Government had been making a dubious character. It started with great advantages. It was the first coalition strong in the interests it represented, in the opposition it put to rest, and in the possession of two law officers of exceptional ability. The Constitution, in imposing the necessity of having two lawyers in the Cabinet, created a difficulty which was the embarrassment of many future Premiers, but was a strength to this fortunate coalition; Mr. Michie, the Attorney-General, was the most vigorous and accomplished debater in Parliament, and Mr. Higinbotham, the Solicitor-General, was a man of such prodigious force of character that he may be said to have taken possession of the Administration and wielded it at his discretion. He was a man of ability, principle and integrity, constantly embarrassed by honest prejudices and profoundedly erroneous convictions. This Government lasted seven years, with only two interruptions of a few months each, when they were superseded, as we shall see, once by a segment of their own party, and once by their natural opponents. Repeated appeals to the people sent them back to power again and again, with increased strength and confidence, and the sympathy with them was wider and more intense than any public men had hitherto won; but in my opinion they maintained their power largely by political corruption and by setting at nought for selfish ends some of the main

principles of the Constitution; they brought the affairs of the country into disastrous confusion, and fatally lowered the character of Parliament. While I was in Europe an Amending Land Act was passed by Mr. Grant, under which I was assured a great wrong was done to the hopes of free selectors. When the Land Act of '62 was under discussion, it was urged that the farmers who had purchased land at auction would be at a great disadvantage competing with selectors who obtained virgin soil, and paid the purchase-money in eight instalments. To put them on the same footing, Parliament gave each farmer the right to select an allotment equal to his purchased land, provided it did not exceed 320 acres, and enabled him to pay for it in the same manner and hold it on the same conditions as the free selectors. The Amending Land Act increased this power, and I was assured that many thousand farmers had got certificates entitling them to selection, and instead of using them to obtain new farms, sold them to squatters, some of whom had accumulated a number which entitled them to claim wide districts of fertile land properly belonging to intending settlers. But it was contended they remained liable to the penalty of five shillings an acre, if they did not within a year make the improvements required by the Act. A Quieting of Titles Bill was introduced to relieve them from this necessity, and in the debate Mr. Ireland declared that he had always foreseen and intended that the omission of the words "and assigns" should carry the fatal consequences which followed from it. To me the announcement was like a blow in the face. I was not in Parliament, but I immediately wrote to the *Argus* that if Mr. Ireland had any such knowledge or intention when the Land Bill was under debate, he had never communicated them to me; had he done so, I would not have remained a moment a member of a Government responsible for such a deception. The *Argus*, commenting on my letter, said with contemptuous sarcasm, "Mr. Ireland now avows that he knew all along that his colleague was under a misapprehension, and we have not the slightest doubt that the hon. member for Kilmore states the exact fact when he confesses that he also knew what would be the effect of the omission of the words 'and assigns.' We are driven to the

conclusion, however, that he did not obtrude his views on the point very pressingly on the Cabinet of the day." The effect was electric. Mr. Ireland had not much character to lose, but that little was lost for ever. His election committee immediately sent him notice that he need not return to Kilmore, which he then represented, and though he tried another constituency when the opportunity came, he was never during the remainder of his life re-elected to Parliament—a signal instance of public justice.

What was called the Darling trouble arose in this way :—

In the General Election which immediately followed my departure for Europe, the main policy of the McCulloch Government was the protection of native industries, and they obtained a large majority pledged to this policy. The wealthiest men in the colony, bankers, import merchants, and their friends, had a strong interest in resisting Protection, and a fierce controversy ensued. It soon became manifest that the Upper House was in sympathy with the Opposition and would probably reject any Tariff Bill establishing Protection. The arbitrary will of Mr. Higinbotham was not easily baulked, and he advised the Government should fall back on a practice abandoned for a century in England, and tack the Tariff Bill to the Appropriation Bill, which the Council were not entitled to alter and could only reject with the most disastrous consequences to the colony; but party passions had grown very fierce and the Council, when this Bill reached them, declared their privileges to be imperilled, and the practice of Parliament violated by the tack, and ordered the Bill to be laid aside. The Government, after protracted trouble, did what they should certainly have begun by doing, they sent up the Tariff separately. But meantime new difficulties had arisen. Since the passing of the Protectionist resolutions, there were practically two tariffs in existence, it being the established practice to collect duties on the vote of the Lower House, while the necessary Bill was passing through its stages ; but this practice was improperly protracted by the controversy between the two Houses, and certain merchants had obtained decisions of the Supreme Court against the Government who had proceeded under both. The separate Tariff Bill contained a retrospective clause negativing these judicial decisions, and

on this ground the Council rejected the measure. It is not necessary to follow the conflict into detail, but practices were adopted to enable the Government to pay the public creditor —without an Appropriation Bill which it is impossible to justify in cold blood. As all these measures had the assent of the Governor, a fierce wrath against him sprung up in the community, and an address to the Queen assailing his public conduct as a violation of his duty and of the Constitution, was signed by nearly every Executive Councillor in the colony except those holding office. But a more fatal stroke came from his own hand. In a despatch to the Secretary of State referring to these Executive Councillors the Governor said that if the current of public opinion carried them into office, he must receive their advice with doubt and distrust, and as this was far from the neutral feeling which a Governor ought to entertain towards his probable advisers in the future, the Imperial Government determined to remove him from office. As the loss of his appointment would ruin Sir Charles Darling, who was a poor man, Mr. Higinbotham proposed to grant him compensation for what he considered a serious wrong, by a vote of £20,000. The proposal was adopted by the Assembly, and the item was accordingly placed in the Appropriation Bill; but as the Council insisted that so grave and unprecedented a policy ought to be submitted to them in a separate measure which they could modify or reject, they refused to pass the Appropriation Bill containing this provision. To this crisis affairs had arrived when I returned to the colony. I had always been opposed to the excessive pretensions of the Council to interfere in fiscal questions, but this was a case in which I thought they were justified. Our Constitution provided for a balance of powers between three branches representing the Crown, the propertied classes, and the democracy; but if one of these branches could bribe another branch with a vote of money, the balance was overthrown. I resolved, therefore, to vote against the proposals of the Government. If the grant was embodied in a separate Bill to be reserved for the Queen's pleasure, the honour and character of the Assembly had got so implicated, and the confusion of public affairs had become so disastrous, that I suggested it might be better to accept it and send it home

for the Queen's judgment than permit the colony to be ruined, but I would on no account vote for it as an item on the Estimates. I reminded the Government that if it were proper to compensate the Governor for losses sustained in a party contest, the money ought to come out of party funds, not out of the Treasury, which belonged equally to his opponents and his supporters.

There was another difficulty, perhaps more serious. Such an overwhelming majority of the Assembly had declared for Protection, that that policy seemed certain to prevail for many years to come.

But the section of the Government policy which concerned me most was their method of dealing with the Land Question. Mr. Grant applied himself to opening the lands for the people as far as he was permitted with a squatter at the head of the Government who held more runs than any man in the colony had ever done before,[1] and could not maintain his position without the vote of the squatters in both Houses. Mr. Grant's intentions were excellent, and he got a hearty recognition of all he did, and of much that he did not do. He had found a method, it was said, of reconciling central authority with local knowledge and experience, from which much might be expected. And so he had indeed, but he found it in the Land Bill on which I had been put out of office, and incorporated it in his Act, without any addition or alteration whatever. The best administration of the best law where there are great personal interests at stake needs vigilant criticism, but while such criticism was still forthcoming on Free Trade it had become languid and intermittent, I was informed, on the question of the public lands. An old agitator assured me that this apathy arose from the death or insolvency of most of the early agitators, who had been ruined by neglecting their own affairs. Many of them were Irishmen, and Dr. Owens had recently said to him that the Irishmen were the only class

[1] "In their own name, Messrs. McCulloch, Sellar and Co., hold nine stations, and are also understood to be interested in several others. These stations are not in parts of the country at present almost inaccessible to the agricultural settler, but, on the contrary, many of them are on the proposed line of the North Eastern Railway, and great care appears to have been taken to ward off the vexatious incursions of free selectors by means of special reservations."—*Argus.*

who had any politics except their own interest, and their zeal was abated since the O'Shanassy and Duffy quarrel. Mr. Higinbotham did not hesitate to declare that the new Land Act would have failed completely but for the 42nd Section, which Mr. Grant strained wisely, as the lawyer thought, to purposes never contemplated by those who passed the measure. I find the groans of a disappointed reformer in my diary at this date :—

"There is no intention, I understand, of bringing out the foreigners skilled in Southern industries, provided for in the Land Act, and who would enrich the colony. Some of the ministers, who are commission agents, have no sympathy with the design, and others don't understand it. *Punch* thought it a fine stroke of wit to represent the foreign immigrants as Irishmen in masquerade. 'What are you, Mike?' 'I'm a Swish.' Other of my reforms go the same way. I established a system of competitive examinations in the department of Land and Works. No sooner was I gone than it was discontinued. I established a system of recording the services of officers with a view to their permanent promotion, which also stopped the moment I left. A man must do the duty of his position or die of self-contempt, but let him not mistake the penalty. Of all the ills that have befallen me, not very great indeed, but sometimes very irritating, the majority have sprung from doing my duty. I am assailed daily by G. P. S., who I am told is nephew of a squatter whom I prevented from outwitting the Land Department, and often by W., whom I punished for a detected fraud, but it is idle to complain. So it was always. Leave, as Mangan sings :

> 'Fools to their foolishness ;
> Granite was hard in the quarries of yore.' "

Before I found a seat in Parliament, a Bill to establish a new education system was introduced to the Assembly by Mr. Higinbotham, at that time the most powerful man in Victoria, and known among politicians as the Dictator. From the foundations of the colony two systems of education, one secular, one denominational, had been supported by the

State. But a Royal Commission, of which Mr. Higinbotham was the principal member, inquired into the working of these systems, and reported that in the denominational schools religious education was totally neglected except in the case of the Catholic schools. The remedy proposed under these circumstances cannot be matched out of "Gulliver's Travels." It was to punish those who had performed the duties they had undertaken, and reward those who had neglected them. The denominational schools were to be suppressed and a new system established under which something described as religion without dogma would be taught, and at which the attendance of children would be compulsory. To many members of the Church of England, and to the entire Catholic population, amounting together to nearly half the community, this proposal was profoundly objectionable. The main difficulty of the case was that Mr. Higinbotham was an honest man, possessed by a complete belief in his own fads. He was full of early prejudices, and as determined to insist upon them as upon the most obvious fundamental truths. Education supplies a more stringent control of character than natural endowments, and often contends successfully with the philosophy and experience of manhood. Thomas Carlyle, in the acme of his intellectual force and scornful indifference to thrones and conventions, was to the end of his life, in many of his prejudices, a Scotch Calvinist. And Mr. Higinbotham in manhood was influenced and controlled by the prejudices which an Irish Protestant boy rarely escapes. He had been educated at a school endowed from funds diverted from Catholic purposes, and in a Protestant University endowed with the confiscated lands of a Catholic University; but instead of being impatient to redress such wrongs for other Catholics when he came to power, he was prepared to inflict on them, in Australia, a system not widely different from that which they had endured in Ireland. He had ordinarily a lively sense of injustice, and in the case of any other people would have sympathised with the sufferers; but not so here. He was not a conscious bigot, but he had for allies all those who had transplanted the secret conspiracies and rancorous bigotry of the old world to the new—those who would not

only deny Catholics religious liberty, but deny them civil liberty if they could, a companionship in which he could hardly feel comfortable.

Mr. O'Shanassy, who had ordinarily conducted the Education contest of the Catholics, was still absent in Europe, and the Bishop had gone on a visit to Rome. Father Dalton, the Superior of the Jesuits, came to consult me on what was fit to be done. Mr. Higinbotham, I replied, is trying to do what Henry the Eighth and his son and daughter could not do. He proposes to compel Irish Catholics by a penal law to attend schools where some religion which is not theirs is taught. The proposal is folly, he cannot do it, and he shall not do it. We summoned a meeting of Catholics at their principal Church in Melbourne, which was attended by delegates from all parts of the country. I opened the case of the Catholics, which was further dealt with by various ecclesiastics and laymen. The proposed measure, we said, was one the Catholics could not accept under any conditions. They had resisted such a system for two hundred years in Ireland, and they would not accept it in this free country. But what they asked was not much and was not unreasonable. It was simply to leave standing the system which had existed from the foundation of the colony, or if a new system were adopted for those who approved of it, let the Catholics have the proportionate share of the public money they were entitled to, and they would be content that their schools should be placed under the strictest inspection as far as the qualification of the teachers and the management of secular education were concerned. If more funds were necessary they must, of course, supply them themselves. To deny them this was to violate religious equality, which was a recognised principle of the constitution. What they asked was practically what had been conceded in England. When Mr. Foster established a general system of education on a common basis, the denominations who preferred to teach their own children as their conscience directed, not only had their schools preserved intact, but they were granted additional endowment that the training of their pupils might be as effective as in the common schools. If the result of the measure was to give the same sort of complete control to

Catholics, would the community endure it. If not, let them do to others as they wished to be done by.

The appeal of the Catholics met a generous and almost universal support from the Press. They admitted that our complaint was a just one, and insisted that religious inequality should not be established in the colony. We followed up our success by getting a deputation of representative Catholics to wait on the Chief Secretary and the Attorney-General, who received us in the Chamber of the Executive Council. I pressed the principal points personally on our opponents, and Mr. Lalor, who was an habitual supporter of the Government, followed on the same side. It was suggested, as a compromise, that religious education might be given separately; but an American writer has said, with admirable truth, that you might as well give children the salt that ought to flavour their daily meals to eat by itself at a separate hour, as give them the religious teaching which ought to flavour their daily lessons in the same fashion. The future of this country mainly depended, not upon legislation or immigration, but upon the sort of men and women we were going to rear at home. Under these circumstances we submitted that the Government should either withdraw the Bill altogether, or amend it so as to make it apply only to those who are able and willing to combine of their own accord in the same system. Its destiny would not be determined in the Parliament House so much as in the school-house; and statesmen throw away the most powerful of all influences for good when they reject the influence of early moral training. After three months' conflict we had a complete success. Mr. Higinbotham announced to Parliament that the Bill would be withdrawn. It was the most serious defeat he had met, and he was conquered but not converted. The controversy happily turned public attention on other important educational problems. I insisted that the existing system, and the one it had been proposed to substitute, had equally ignored questions of high import. The education which was finding favour in the best organised states in Europe, was not limited to the merely instrumental parts of knowledge, but was industrial, technological, and scientific. Count Von Moltke is said to have ascribed the success of the

German armies to the fact that the officers were accustomed to use the blackboard and a piece of chalk—that is to say, to their exactness of scientific detail. In peaceful pursuits we have the same results. The little canton of Zurich, in Switzerland, with a population about a third of that of Victoria, succeeded in establishing a ribbon trade, producing a million and a half annually, ten times more than the ribbon trade of Macclesfield and Coventry; and this trade sprang out of their industrial schools. Our schools might be made seed-fields of national prosperity by uniting industrial teaching with ordinary education, especially the teaching of industries suitable to the climate, but unknown to our Northern population.

A few months after my arrival in Melbourne, the constituency of Dalhousie became vacant. It was an immense territory, containing farming districts, mining districts, and several substantial towns.[1] A requisition was sent to me inviting me to become a candidate, which was so largely signed that I determined to accept it. At Kyneton—the principal town — deputations offered me the support of nearly all the districts in the constituency. My central committee divided a territory of a hundred and fifty miles into convenient meeting places, and announced in one advertisement the successive days on which I would address the electors.[2]

It is creditable to the generosity and civilisation of the

[1] A young priest in this district was fond of telling a story, which deserves to outlive the political gossip of the day. He accompanied his bishop on a pastoral visitation, and so pleased the prelate that he made him a gift of a handsome horse he had lent him for the journey. The young priest thought he could not do better than name the horse after the donor, and he called it "The Bishop." Saddle the bishop, water the bishop, bring out the bishop, became the ordinary language of the stable. After a time the Bishop made a pastoral visit to the parish, and was met at the station and driven home in triumph, and all the notabilities of the district invited to meet him at dinner. As they sat down to table the priest's groom put his head in at the door demanding, "Might I say a word to your Reverence?" "Not now, Mike, not now, you see I am engaged with his Lordship; come to me when we leave the dining-room." "It will be too late then, your Reverence." "You had better hear him at once," says the bishop good-naturedly. "Go on, Mike, his Lordship permits me to hear you." "It's a horrid hot day, your Reverence, and that drive from the railway was killing. Don't you think I ought to throw a bucket of water over the bishop?"

[2] August, 1867.

colonists that at all these meetings, where I often did not know a single person but the few friends who accompanied me, I was received with courtesy and respect, though a fierce opposition was in active preparation. There was only one exception, and it is pleasant to my memory as an evidence how a little good humour can turn frowns into smiles. At one meeting a man, whom I afterwards learned was a Scripture reader, contradicted me repeatedly, and in a most offensive manner. Some of my supporters were becoming angry, and to avoid unpleasant consequences, I invited the objector to mount the platform, and take a place behind me, where he would be out of danger's way. He was quiet for a while, but at last found something I said unpalatable, and burst out, "Ah, Irish rebel! Irish Papist!" This was too much for some of my countrymen, who made a rush at the platform crying, "Turn him out; turn him out!" I stopped them good-humouredly, saying, "What, boys, are you ashamed of Irish rebel or Irish Papist? For shame!—the gentleman describes me with great accuracy." A roar of cordial laughter from the audience generally, welcomed this sally, and the trouble was over. But my old enemies the squatters brought a candidate into the field, and indeed never but once from the passing of the Land Act of '62, did they allow me to obtain a seat without opposition. In five-and-twenty years I never lost an election, but their expectation was not to win, but to embarrass me with expenses. Even in this they were disappointed, for many members have paid more for a single election than I did for more than twenty. I had always unpurchasable service from my own countrymen, and often zealous and effectual help from others only united with me in opinion.[1] It is not necessary to dwell on the contest except one incident. My opponent declared that he came on behalf of the Government, and that if Mr. McCulloch sent an old hat on a stick the people of Victoria ought to elect him without question on such an introduction. A young foreigner in the employment of one of my committees made a large wood engraving of a battered hat on a crooked stick, which was placarded far and wide as

[1] Let me acknowledge with gratitude that in this election, and in several that followed, Mr. Armstrong, the editor of the local journal, and a Scotchman, gave me the most generous and effectual assistance.

the Ministerial candidate for Dalhousie. On the day of polling the constituents sent him back to Melbourne with the assurance that there were too many Ministerial sticks in Parliament already.

The Government had still a decided majority in the new Parliament. The Darling deadlock lasted for more than a year, when Mr. Higinbotham determined to throw upon the Council and their friends the impossible task of governing with such a hostile assembly. Sir James McCulloch resigned, and Mr. Sladen, a member of the Upper House, formed a Government. Time had greatly mitigated the determination of the Council, and the Darling vote was made an open question, and after a little time one of the new Government undertook to introduce a bill sanctioning the vote, but the new Opposition treated their complaisance with disdain. Everything they proposed was negatived. They were not even allowed to move the adjournment of the House till next day, the task being always assumed by Mr. McCulloch, the Leader of the Opposition. The Government, I presume, considered they were maintaining the Constitution by continuing in office under all circumstances till an unobjectionable Appropriation Bill could be obtained, but it may be doubted if Responsible Government was vindicated by ignoring the repeated decisions of the popular chamber, whose confidence is the necessary condition of its legitimate existence. I find in my diary of that day some speculations on the subject:—

"I do not believe that Mr. Sladen has any undue desire to remain in office, but under some influence which I only imperfectly understand, he consents to set an example pregnant with the most evil consequences. He evades authority, he violates the Constitution; what have any who went before him, or what can any who come after him do worse than this? The Queen enjoys her throne on the specific condition that she shall maintain and not violate the Constitution of England; and she is sworn to this pact, such safeguard being considered necessary for the ancient and robust English system; and yet Mr. Fellows makes a jest of the fact that the new Government strains and dislocates a Constitution not a dozen years in operation and ill able to endure such a process. Hitherto there has been no undue

clinging to power. Governments retired promptly. It is strange that the Constitutionalists should disregard the principles of the Constitution. If the Government does not accept the decision of the House, it has no *locus standi;* if it does accept it, the result is immediate with an appeal only to the constituents."

Deliverance came in a manner no one expected or desired. Sir Charles Darling died, worried to death by troubles inadequately comprehended, and the Assembly marked its sympathy with his misfortunes by granting the sum in dispute for the support of his wife and the education of his children. The McCulloch Government returned to office,[1] but their position was not a happy one. In his new selection of colleagues the Prime Minister left many of his zealous supporters discontented, and there was a very general murmur that there must be no more crises on any terms. Mr. Michie retired, and the Attorney-Generalship was conferred upon a new man without position at the bar. One of my colleagues who afterwards held an important neutral office affirmed that all our troubles sprung from the greed of McCulloch. It was he who first introduced men without adequate capacity or character into the offices of Government, and had recourse to any policy to keep his place. The opposition of the squatters to me at the poll was legitimate, but some of them had recourse to other means of exciting prejudice against me which were not legitimate. Shortly after the second McCulloch Government came into office the walls and wharves of Melbourne were covered with a green placard inviting Irishmen to attend what was called a Fenian funeral on St. Patrick's Day.

"The Government (says my diary) immediately got horse, foot, and artillery in position to resist this alarming demonstration. I thought it my duty to ascertain immediately with whom this proposal had originated, in order to remonstrate with them on their imprudence, but no Irishman could give me the slightest information on the subject. The police were more successful, however; they traced the placard to its author, and we discovered that the Irishmen of Melbourne were invited to muster at a Fenian funeral by a foreigner

[1] July, 1868.

named, I think, Ducrow, of whom the only thing known was that he had recently been house-servant with one of the principal political squatters in the country. The object of this ingenious device was not far to seek."

On the succeeding page of my diary I find an entry, the truth of which time has rendered only more clear.

"Sir James McCulloch owes the permanence of his position in a great degree to not performing the duties of his office. He never reproves a member who is disorderly or misconducts himself. He avoids personal contests, except with some one like L., who has no friends. He sits silent and passive during the most disorderly scenes. When it is essential that the Government should take a course he often does nothing. He condones the loosest conduct, as in the case of G., or the most offensive insolence, as in the case of J., when it secures tranquillity at home. All the labour I bestowed on bringing the House into conformity with Parliamentary usage and practice has scanty fruits left."

But this was not the way to secure permanent or solid power. His supporters had made many sacrifices to keep him in office, but now they were ready to hear and echo complaints which a few years earlier they would have denounced. It was asserted that the Board of Land and Works was influenced in its decisions by members of Parliament who made it a trade to solicit the Minister and sell the favours they obtained to their clients, and at length a select committee was granted to investigate these charges. At the same time the Government were caught in an indiscretion, which arose partly from their ignorance of constitutional usages, and partly from confidence in their power to do anything they thought fit without question.

The office of Commissioner of Customs was at this time vacant, and it was inconvenient to fill it, as the Government would have to make a selection among jealous rivals. But there were certain acts which the law required to be done by the Commissioner of Customs, and on behalf of the Opposition I demanded how they were performed. It was admitted that Mr. Francis, who was not then a minister, visited the Custom House daily, and gave the requisite orders. My gorge rose at this insolent supersession of the law, and I

gave notice of a motion on the subject. I told the House that when the Government in England found it necessary in some great public crisis to supersede an Act of Parliament, they did so by an Order in Council, and immediately introduced a bill of indemnity, and if Parliament did not grant this indemnity the Government fell. While the House was much agitated on this question, I sat one day on the Select Committee on the Land Department. The new Attorney-General, who was one of the members, lounged into the room and told us, as an interesting piece of political gossip, that the Government had at length appointed a Commissioner of Customs. Who was the chosen man, became the subject of immediate inquiry, for there sat round the table several men who thought themselves entitled to the office. The man, he said, was Mr. Rolfe, who, though he was not in Parliament, had always been an eminently useful and respectable supporter of the Government, and then the learned gentleman lounged out again. The Ministerial party were furious, and some of them broke into immediate revolt. To select a Minister outside the House was a manifest declaration that there was no suitable person inside. There were at least half a dozen votes of want of confidence framed on the instant, some of them quite irregular and impossible. I took aside Robert Byrne, the most calm and sensible of the discontented, and we framed a suitable motion which he consented to move from his ordinary position behind the Ministerial Bench. When the question came on in the House a couple of days later nobody but Mr. Francis defended the Ministry; several of their most habitual supporters voted against them, and they were beaten by a decisive majority. The Governor sent for Mr. Byrne, and authorised him to form an Administration; Mr. Byrne communicated with me. He wished me to aid him in selecting a Cabinet and to take the place of Prime Minister. When we looked into the matter a little it became plain that we could not make a Ministry which would obtain a working majority, except by preponderating concessions to the party of the late Government. It was finally agreed to make an Administration exclusively from the deserters, and the late Opposition agreed to support them at the hustings and in the House till the McCulloch *régime*

was effectually broken up. The new Government[1] were not strong in capacity or experience. The ablest man was Mr. Aspinall, who was a great wit and a great orator, but not a great lawyer. The Chief Secretary was Mr. McPherson, the son of a squatter, almost unknown in politics up to that date.

The Under-Treasurer told me a characteristic story about the new Government. Passing through the hall of the Treasury, a gentleman whose face he knew asked him whether the telegram in the *Argus* about the rate our debentures sold at in London was correct. He replied civilly but coolly, "Yes, it was." "Did Verdon's despatches," the gentleman continued, "lead one to expect this result?" Mr. Symonds, who thought this was prying too far, replied, with some reserve, that Mr. Odgers could tell better than he. "Do you know me, sir?" cried the stranger, and, seeing a negative in his face, added, "I'm Mr. McPherson, the Chief Secretary."

Before noting the career of the new Government I must borrow a few fragments from my diary dealing with the period of the previous administration :—

"Ministers and ex-ministers generally went to the Governor's levée in evening dress. It is notable that a diplomatic uniform was first assumed by democrats in their Coalition Government, and did not find much favour with their conservative colleagues. I was conversing with two ministers at a levée, when one of their colleagues appeared arrayed in a Windsor uniform. One minister asked the other with pretended perplexity, 'To what fire brigade does this fellow belong?'

"But in my opinion the democrats were right—there was something due to the position which the people conferred on them. The state assumed by Washington was princely. He dressed sumptuously; all persons stood in his presence, his guests were in full dress, the servants in livery. He drove six horses, and Mrs. Washington, on her arrival in New York, was received with a salute of thirteen guns. Surely this was more respectful to the nation which he represented, than the dusty *déshabille* of Abraham Lincoln.

"Higinbotham's political conscience is a perplexity to me

[1] September, 1869.

He is ordinarily fair and generous, but never so when Irish interests are concerned. Last Sunday, coming away from St. Kilda Church, I met him by the way and walked home with him. He talked frankly of many projects, especially of a design he was considering of turning the colony into one constituency for Parliamentary elections. He asked me what I thought of it, and I said I thought it highly objectionable. It would throw all the elections into the hands of wire-pullers in Melbourne, and new candidates would have no chance except by courting their favour, besides it would be most disastrous to minorities ; I belonged to a minority which in some era of political frenzy might be left without a single representative. Oh, no, Higinbotham said, he felt sure the managers in Melbourne would always give them one representative to express their opinions. One representative! their just proportion being nineteen or twenty. And he said this with a placid and serene countenance as if it were the perfection of justice."

My friends in Dublin reported to me, as a piece of pleasant badinage, that one of Dr. Cullen's latest bishops, my old friend Dr. Moriarty, administered a little tonic to him in the funeral sermon of Dr. Blake, my lifelong friend. "The deceased prelate," said the preacher, "was a patriot in the truest sense of the word. I have mentioned his earnest co-operation with O'Connell in his struggles for the liberation of Ireland. But Dr. Blake was not one of those narrow-minded men who can sympathise only with those who think and act like themselves. He loved all who sincerely loved their native land, whether they were old or young ; and if some loved her with more of ardour than of wisdom, he was not the man to join in the vulgar howl of those who denounced as infidels all who differed from them in politics. When a virtuous and highly gifted Irishman, whom his country knew too little, Charles Gavan Duffy, was leaving Ireland, Dr. Blake, old and infirm as he was, would go hence to Dublin to bid him a last farewell."

During Mr. McPherson's year of office a further amendment of the Land Law was effected, which gave practically free selection throughout the colony. Every squatter had originally obtained a pre-emptive right of a square mile for

a homestead and home paddocks, and the new law enabled the Minister of Lands to give each of them under certain conditions a second pre-emptive right, and he was also authorised to reserve any portion of a run, the withdrawal of which would seriously injure the industry.

I would have declined to support a Government which undertook to settle the land question with a squatter at the head of it but that five out of the nine new Ministers personally promised me that they would not consent to the Land Bill becoming law if the ten years' tenure to the squatters were continued in it. On this promise I gave them a warm support at their election and for a time in Parliament; and this promise in the end was not kept. Two of those who promised lost their seats and were removed from the place where they could have given it effect; one continued faithful to his promise, and spoke and voted contrary to the bulk of his colleagues to the end, and the other two simply violated their engagement. As respects Mr. McPherson himself, when his Government was defeated, he deserted his colleagues and accepted office in the new Administration under McCulloch, where he was rewarded by the post of Minister of Public Lands. It was alleged that he had deserted not merely his party but his principles; at any rate he employed to an inordinate extent the power of making reserves on "runs" where selection and settlement were forbidden, and it was at last whispered about that the numerous runs of the Chief Secretary were especially favoured.

From the foundation of the colony immigration had been a frequent cause of suspicion and anger, and now the difficulty arose again. At the beginning the colony remitted large sums to an Imperial Board to pay the passage of suitable emigrants. In Ireland the selection of these persons was entrusted exclusively to parsons and squires, and it was said they selected *protégés* devoted to their side in politics, or, worse, persons whom it was an advantage to get rid of, and that they were sowing for a future nation with rotten seed. But the requisite number could not be made up without admitting many Irish Catholics, who were the chief emigrating section, and an ingenious device was adopted to check a

result considered politically dangerous. It was directed that a large proportion of the Irish immigrants should be female servants, who, having no votes, could not disturb the balance of parties. Johnny Fawkner, who considered himself the founder of the colony, hit on a bolder measure of protection. The Germans were our kinsmen, he said, and co-religionists, and they might be brought out on the same footing as British subjects, and a considerable sum was sent home for this purpose, and lastly a provision was put into an Immigration Act that for the first nine months of the year emigrants should be selected in exact proportion to their number in the population of the United Kingdom, and the fund be open only during the last three months to applicants irrespective of nationality. It was a subject of constant banter how completely these precautions had failed. The Irish servants got quickly married, and it became well known to the wirepullers in politics that no vote was so certain for a popular Irish candidate as the husbands of Irish wives. At my first election it was a marvel to me how often my committee, in speculating on the votes of electors, sometimes with Puritanical or Covenanting names, declared, "Oh, he is all right; he has married an Irishwoman." In another and wider constituency, where there were few roadside inns, the chairman of one of my election meetings, a German settler, invited me to be a guest at his house, and as he drove home I was perturbed with the thought that I understood his language so imperfectly that I would scarcely be able to ask for a cup of tea from the Frau Mama. But when we approached the house I found it lighted up from basement to garret, and a kindly, sonsy woman came out of the hall door and welcomed me. "Arrah, Misther Duffy, am n't I glad to see you under my roof. I give you the Caed Mile failthe." The Teutonic experiment broke down more fatally. Johnny Fawkner supposed that to say German was to say sound Protestant, but the immigrants came from an overcrowded quarter of the Rhine district near Cologne, and every soul of them were Catholic. The bulk of them were settled at Albury on the Murray, and Michael O'Grady who visited the district twenty years after told me that the local priest asked him to inspect his schools, and proposed that he should hear the children of

Johnny Fawkner's German immigrants sing a national song. To his amazement they broke out with "We'll crown the world with Irish boys, with Paddies and no more." But the devices for checking the Irish invasion were not exhausted. I was informed at this time from London that directions were sent to the Board of Advice, who had the management of immigration, to take care that the bulk of Irish immigrants were selected from the north of Ireland. I asked the Commissioner of Customs in the House how he considered himself entitled to modify an Act of Parliament by a secret instruction of this nature. He replied that the order had not come from him, and that for his part he considered it a matter of complete indifference whether immigrants were taken from the north of Ireland or the south. As it was a matter of complete indifference, I said the order might be withdrawn, and some effectual measures taken to prohibit any future devices which the Minister might find it necessary to disown. I saw the Chief Secretary on the subject, and asked him to appoint a gentleman to represent Irish Catholics on the Board of Advice, and at my instance he selected Mr. Cashel Hoey.

The finances were still in an unsatisfactory condition, and towards the end of this period the Government proposed to replenish the Treasury by a Property Tax of sixpence in the pound. It seemed to me that this tax would bear with peculiar severity on industry, and I offered it a decisive opposition. The *Argus* supported it strenuously, and I illustrated the unfairness of the proposal by the way it would affect a farmer among my constituents and the proprietors of the *Argus*, the farmer being taxed on nearly his entire income, and the newspaper proprietor only on the premises where his business was transacted.

The country took up the resistance vigorously, and after a couple of weeks I was enabled to announce that the colony answered the appeal of the Government, as the philanthropist in Canning's squib answered the needy knifegrinder: "I give thee sixpence? I'd see thee d——d first." The McCulloch administration fell, and the Governor sent for me and authorised me to form a new Cabinet.

Before entering on the business of the new Administration,

let me despatch briefly some of the correspondence of the current period. My well-beloved friend, Sir Colman O'Loghlen reported some notable successes he had made in consolidating religious liberty in Ireland.

"MERRION SQUARE, DUBLIN,
"*Wednesday, September* 18, 1867.

"MY DEAR DUFFY,—As I know you still take an interest in Irish legislation, I enclose you copies of two Acts I succeeded in passing this last Session. One of them abolishes the Declaration against Transubstantiation, &c., which has been so long a disgrace to our Statute Book, and the other opens the Chancellorship of Ireland to Roman Catholics—enables Catholic Judges, Mayors, &c., to attend Divine Service in their robes—and establishes one uniform oath for all office-holders, &c., abolishing for ever the offensive Catholic oath which the Emancipation Act imposed on Roman Catholics who might accept office or honours. These bills I carried by great majorities in the Commons, and the Lords had to swallow them as the Government had to support them there after what passed in the Commons. Next Session—if I live—I shall open the Lord Lieutenancy to Roman Catholics. I think you will say that religous liberty, at least, is progressing at this side of the globe. The *Telegraph* this morning announces that you have a Ministerial crisis at Melbourne. I hope that this crisis will result in your being in power again. Of course you have heard of the 'leap in the dark' we have taken this year under the guide of Disraeli. The Liberal Party for the present is 'nowhere'—Disraeli regularly 'dished the Whigs' last Session."

After my return from Europe, I wrote to Judge O'Hagan:—

"MELBOURNE, *July* 15, 1868.

"MY DEAR O'HAGAN,—I cannot refrain from telling you the satisfaction with which I read your charge and address to the prisoner in the case of Captain Mackay. I am not sure that any other Judge would have the courage to treat a Fenian prisoner as a fellow-creature, a man of capacity and honour, and inferentially a patriot. But the thing being

done, and generous hearts on all sides having recognised how right and wise it was to do it, I am persuaded there are some of them who wish they had. The stale and stupid lie that all these men of Irish blood and feeling who left a prosperous country which offers a career to every one, for what was plainly a forlorn hope, are merely robbers in pursuit of plunder outraged common sense. We would not believe it of Italians, Hungarians, or Poles, and nobody did believe it of the Fenians, however solemnly it was enunciated. But when what is true of the best of them is admitted (as you admitted it in the case of Mackay), multitudes who would shut their minds fast against an admonition heralded by a falsehood will be ready to admit in return that Fenianism cannot possibly accomplish its purpose, and that it is wicked to foster a hopeless insurrection. And we have been effectually taught by spies, informers, and assassinations (like the murder of poor M'Gee) that the Fenians are not all Mackays.

"Next to your charge the thing which gave me most satisfaction in connection with Irish affairs, since my return, was Mr. Gladstone's admission that Fenianism prepared the way for disestablishing the Irish Church. It required high courage to say this in the face of the prevailing cant of English newspapers; but it was true, and when it was once said there was a chorus of assent. Disestablish the Church by all means, but there will be no tranquillity in Ireland till you give the farmer a secure tenure, and forbid the landlord to kill or banish him for non-payment of an exorbitant rent.

"I have read with a great deal of amusement Mr. Mitchel's lectures to the Fenians. The folly of going to war with England when she is at peace with the world; the childishness of trying to frighten her with exaggerated estimates of Irish resources; the wickedness of misleading the people with hopes that cannot be realised; and the madness of arraying a people without arms or discipline against regular armies, are texts upon which Mr. Mitchel may claim to speak with authority. But as the man in the *Critic* says, 'I think I have heard all that before'—when Mr. Stephens was not the delinquent."

Nine months later I wrote to him again, when he had become a peer and head of his profession :—

"MELBOURNE, *March* 1, 1869.

"MY DEAR O'HAGAN,—I have not had such a thrill of satisfaction since I saw you last, as on reading your name as Lord Chancellor. That office ought to carry with it the Government of Ireland in all important matters, and a career as fruitful as Thomas Drummond's and as brilliant as Plunkett's. To govern Ireland wisely and nobly implies heroic works of reform in various directions. I declare before Heaven you have no right to expect tranquillity till an Irish peasant can live in Ireland as prosperously, and an Irish gentleman, of the Irish race, can feel himself as much at home there, as the peasants and gentlemen of other European countries in their native lands. It is for this reason that I estimate so highly the public advantage of having you in your present place.

"When I first held office here there was next to no Catholic Irishmen in the public service, the magistracy, or local force; and they were nearly as discontented as at home. I urged on my colleagues the policy of satisfying their just and reasonable demands, and it was done by Governments in which there were never more than two Catholics in the Cabinet out of ten. Done as a policy proclaimed and defended, not by stealth. In Ireland it is not by offices and honours, but by wise laws and a vigilant executive the people will be contented. If I were Chief Secretary of Ireland, I would set myself the task of making the Irish farmer as secure and prosperous as the Belgian farmer; if I were Lord Chancellor (which Heaven forbid) I would treat the Belfast riots as sternly as the English Government treated the Manchester riots—till the idea of an Orange procession or any wanton provocation of the people died out. I would pass an Act of Parliament repealing the insolent and virtually penal law, which maintains the statue of William III. in College Green as a badge and symbol of conquest. (You are aware that it is maintained by law.) The mass of the people would consider the fact of its removal as significant as the fall of the Establishment.

'William III. was a wise and moderate, &c.' Of course, but he is set up there by a penal law to insult the Irish race. You have given up celebrating the battle of Waterloo to conciliate Louis Napoleon; is it indispensable to continue celebrating the battle of the Boyne to insult Irish Catholics? What an insignificant, what a sentimental grievance! I daresay it is, but in conciliating a people you can scarcely leave sentiment out of the calculation. And I don't propose you should undertake the task to-morrow; but place it somewhere between you and the goal you intend to reach.

"I do not wish you to write, but make your Secretary send me, from time to time, any speeches, correspondence, or documents in which you disclose, or defend your policy. —Always yours,

"C. GAVAN DUFFY."

I proposed at this time to some of my political friends especially to two or three ecclesiastics of remarkable ability a project which I greatly fancied. I suggested that we should hire a hall in Collins Street, and deliver a weekly lecture on the subjects on which Catholics and Irishmen were most habitually assailed, opening the door freely to all comers. The project was taken up eagerly, but it is an Irish failing to be more ready to project than to perform, and in the end, as I found nobody else was ready, I delivered a lecture I had prepared for the series entitled—"Why is Ireland poor and discontented?" It had considerable success in Australia, but still more in Ireland. John O'Hagan wrote to me:—

"*22*, UPPER FITZWILLIAM STREET, DUBLIN,
"*Oct.* 5, 1870.

"MY DEAR DUFFY,—I read with pleasure your lecture on the Land Question. Never were you more vigorous, eloquent, or true, nor your language more terse and choice. The Chancellor gave it to Lord Spencer to read bound up with Hoey's article, and the L.L.[1] said he was especially struck with the clearness of your English style. As to the substance, it was truth itself. But is not the passing

[1] Lord-Lieutenant.

of the Land Act, as well as the Church Act last year, most wonderful—wonderful especially in the absolute penury of Irish public men and the impotence of Irish public opinion? Great questions seem to have a momentum in themselves—they gather and roll like a snowball, independent of external force. True, no doubt, that the Manchester and Clerkenwell exploits of the Fenians had much to say to the result, but above all the strange and rare providence that for once in half a thousand years put an honest and earnest man at the head of affairs. That the effects will be most beneficent there is no doubt. May you be here to share in and promote them!

"Long before you receive this you will have been overwhelmed by the news of the French disasters. I cannot express to you how they are felt here. It is like the anguish of our own flesh. But is not this strange, Duffy? The old monarchy of France has been written down by Carlyle and a host of others as the very type of a degrading and corrupting *régime*. Yet a generation which came to manhood under that *régime* not only manifested, as regards the bulk of the nation, a magnificent national valour and energy, but produced at once a crop of first-rate captains in the flower of their years. And now, after a century of regenerated institutions, there seems neither adequate spirit nor a man to guide it. I am tempted to agree with an old countess in one of Balzac's novels, who protested that the two things most blasphemed against within her knowledge were God and the eighteenth century. Returning to *domestica facta* I know how deeply you must have been gratified by O'H.'s elevation to the Chancellorship and the Peerage. I read your letter to him on the former occasion. He is very much awake to the necessity of reforming and, as far as possible, reconstructing the local administration of Ireland; but in such matters he must proceed very gradually. Of his own personal authority he can do little."

Cashel Hoey, before this lecture could reach him, described to me an article he had written in the *Dublin Review*, urging on Irish Nationalists that the policy which Gladstone and Bright were pursuing ought to be welcome to them, as I

had laid down in the revived *Nation* that to obtain these reforms was the surest method of reviving the national spirit and the claims for a national existence.

"Do me the honour of reading an article in the April *Dublin* headed 'Is Ireland Irreconcilable?' upon which the *Times* (April 20th), to my utter astonishment, and the *Spectator* (April 16th), to my great satisfaction, has written extravagant panegyrics.[1] No Irish paper has yet said a syllable on the subject. This is the first political paper I have really been able to write for a long time, and I wrote it as if it were to be the last—trying hard to tell the truth on all sides right round. But beyond this I had a word of justice to say in your regard, and in so doing to give our unfortunate and absurd successors a good excuse to slip out of a desperate position. The *Times* works this point admirably, and quotes nearly all I give of the new *Nation's* programme. As I write, a batch of letters of congratulation arrives, *inter alia*, from Lord O'Hagan—who says, 'I am charmed. It is nobly written, and full of wise and generous thinking'—from Dr. Russell, MacCarthy, &c. I hope *you* will think it holds not unworthily our old line.

"What is the secret of your wrong relations with Lord Canterbury? It has since I wrote come to my knowledge, in a way I dare not mention, that he has set a very black mark against your name."

A week later he wrote announcing that he had appended my lecture to a republication of his article as a pamphlet, and that his experiment had been successful.

[1] The brochure to which Cashel Hoey referred was a review article afterwards published in a pamphlet entitled, "Is Ireland Irreconcilable?" It painted with exceeding vigour, and in a style which was graceful and picturesque, the new Irish policy Mr. Gladstone had initiated. The Irish establishment had fallen, not before an organised Irish agitation, or before a great leader of the Irish people, but because one British Statesman, stepping beyond the traditional policy of his party, had declared that the Irish Church as a State Church must cease to exist. Mr. Gladstone was now engaged in revising the Land Code in a similar spirit, and the writer admonished the National Party that it was their duty to make this policy fruitful, by repressing the tumultuous spirit of driftless discontent which prevailed so widely at the very time these reforms were being executed. Mr. Hoey treated the revival of the *Nation* in 1850 as the rally of the people after a disastrous defeat, and quoted my language in the early articles as indentical with the reforms Mr. Gladstone had undertaken. He published as an appendix to the pamphlet my recent lecture in Melbourne—"Why is Ireland poor and discontented?"—which he regarded as a continuation of the same policy.

"OLD HALL HOUSE, NEAR WARE,
"*May* 20, 1870.

"Your lecture reached me the day after I last wrote to you. You will receive by this mail a batch of pamphlets, and will see what use I made of it. The effect of my article on English opinion had already been extraordinary—*Times*, *Spectator*, *Saturday Review*, *Telegraph* (the latter mainly on your lecture about 5th of May) all came out on the same key. I have had letters or messages from Gladstone, the Lord-Lieutenant, Lord Dufferin, and last, not least among ministers, my Lady Waldegrave—and on the other hand the pamphlet is selling and telling in Ireland. Mr. Sullivan devoted six columns of garbage to it. The Belfast and Cork papers are very enthusiastic—and in fact the effect on one side of the Channel is not less than on the other.

"I breakfasted with Monsell yesterday, and I read him your letter written on the eve of the Dissolution. We now know that McCulloch is in, but that is all. I need not say how anxious I am for the arrival of the mail just telegraphed. Monsell asked me to suggest to you to write to me for publication a letter on the Land Law. It would, I think, be a real public service."

At the same time he announced the death of an old friend.

"I have to tell you sad and shocking news. George Henry Moore died at his place in Mayo three days ago quite suddenly of apoplexy. It is a great grief to all who knew him—a peculiar one to me. We differed and tended to differ more and more every day as to public business, for he intensely disliked and distrusted Gladstone."

Marcus Clarke spoke to me more than once of a story entitled "His Natural Life" which he was publishing in a Melbourne periodical. He invited me to look at it, which I promised to do whenever I had leisure, and finally, as it was drawing to a close, he sent me the portion published :—

"MY DEAR SIR,—I take the liberty of sending some numbers of the *Australian Journal* containing all that is yet published of my new novel, 'His Natural Life.' 'His Natural Life' is an attempt to expose the infamies that

attended the old transportation system, and the episodes are merely dramatised versions of facts. I have taken much trouble to collect materials for the story, and to read up and collate the almost-forgotten records of early colonial prisons, &c. I want to show that in many instances the *law* makes the criminal.

"I should be very grateful for a criticism from you on the story—if you can find time to look over it—as I hope to publish it in England as soon as it is completed in monthly numbers.—I am, my dear Sir, very faithfully yours,

"MARCUS CLARKE."

I examined the story carefully and answered his inquiries with the frankness due to a man of judgment and discretion. The narrative was, in my opinion, a singularly powerful and original one, marred by serious faults. For example, it was intensely painful—a sentiment which would become tragic if it concerned persons whom we respected; but whom did he intend us to respect? The hero was an unhappy creature, suffering innocently a life-long martyrdom, without any adequate or almost any intelligible motive. Unless the motive justified such a sacrifice, the reader would not sympathise with him, and the story would necessarily want interest—a fatal want. The narrative was long and it was unduly protracted, as it seemed to me, by introducing the Ballarat riots under a leader caricatured as Peter Brawler; all this in my judgment ought to be mercilessly expunged. And the song in French *argot*, with a translation into English slang, would be taken for his own if it was not specifically disowned; but it could not possibly be his own, as I had read it in *Blackwood's Magazine* before he was born. The translation was probably by Dr. Maginn. The novelist had precipitated a douche-bath of criticism on his head, but he bore it manfully. In his reply he took the objections in good part, and set to work forthwith to amend the original plot.

"THE PUBLIC LIBRARY, *July 22*, 1870.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I have to thank you very much for your kindly criticism. Such observations as those which you have

made are exactly what I wanted. I confess that I feel a pang at your suggestions for vigorous cutting, but I am sure you are right. I will act upon your advice, and cut off the beginning and end of the book. As thus:

"Open on board the convict ship. Make Dawes a noble fellow who has sacrificed himself to spare a woman whom he loves and whose *lover* has committed the offence for which Dawes is condemned. (North might be this lover and thus heighten the effect of the story.) When North thinks of taking away Dora, Dawes says, 'I am the man who is suffering for your sin,' &c. North remains in the prison and Dawes escapes. In the meantime Rex, having claimed and enjoyed the money, is discovered. Dawes's conscience and identity simultaneously disclosed. The wreck; Dawes saves child Dora who dies, Maurice is murdered by prisoners, Dawes is saved, and departs like Monte Cristo. Thus the Ballarat Riots and that idiot Dorcas, who was worse to me than Mercutio was reported to have been to the divine William, excluded, and the compactness of the novel preserved. The great difficulty, however, is the motive. What motive would induce a *young* man to suffer himself to be transported for the life of another?

"You speak with praise of 'Long Odds' and 'King Billy's Breeches.' King Billy is so-so, but 'Long Odds' appears to me now to be the greatest *trash*. Many thanks again for the trouble you have taken. When I have altered the book according to your suggestions I think it will be readable. I shall then ask your permission to dedicate it to the Hon. C. Gavan Duffy, as the only way in which I can express my thanks.—Very faithfully yours,

"MARCUS CLARKE."

But he had not yet done his best; on further consideration he adopted the present plot, in which the protection of his mother's honour furnished a high and adequate motive for the tragedy of his hero's life and death.

Since my return from Europe I had taken up again the question of Federation, and obtained a Royal Commission which made an important report. This notice of it in my diary will perhaps suffice:—

"Victoria and all the self-governed colonies from which Imperial troops have been wholly withdrawn, presented the phenomenon of responsibility without either corresponding authority or adequate protection. They were as liable to all the hazards of war as the United Kingdom, but they could influence the commencement or continuance of war no more than they could control the movements of the solar system; and they have no assurance of that aid against an enemy upon which integral portions of the United Kingdom can confidently reckon.

"In the Royal Commission on Federal Government I suggested a method by which these free self-governed colonies would be entitled to claim the right of remaining neutral in wars in which they had no immediate interest. The subject has been much debated in our local journals, some of them holding that we could and ought to take this course, others contending it is impracticable. The proposal has since been submitted to the neighbouring colonies, and three or four eminent lawyers in Australia affirm that the principle of constitutional law insisted upon is sound and think the end sought for may be attained. Statesmanship will find only one of two courses safe—either to secure the neutrality of the colonies, or to come to an understanding with the mother country that, instead of their being left, as at present without a single British soldier, the empire should take her fair share of the task of defending the colonies in wars which will originate only in her quarrels."

Sir James McCulloch was of opinion that I was bound to hand over my work to him, to be dealt with at his discretion:—

"MELBOURNE, *May* 27, 1870.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I much regret that I did not more carefully consider the terms of your notice regarding Federation which you kindly submitted to me last night. I find that you propose a 'conference of delegates from the Parliaments of the Australian Colonies.' My opinion is that the motion should be in terms of the one you carried in 1857.

"I think you will agree with me that the carrying out of such important changes in the relations of the Colonies should

be entrusted to the Executive Governments of the respective Colonies. At all events, the action of the House should be confined in the first instance to considering the best means of accomplishing the 'Union.'—I am, my dear Sir, yours truly,

"JAMES McCULLOCH.

"The Hon. C. G. Duffy."

Much may be said for this view of the case, and now happily I will be able to accommodate myself to it without relinquishing my work to strange hands.

At this time, I had a claim from friends in Dublin to help the construction of a statue to Smith O'Brien in that city; £100 would complete the necessary funds. In reply I urged that it ought to be set up in a public place as a noble example to his countrymen of integrity and disinterestedness, and I was able to forward £200, subscribed by his friends in Australia, without the necessity of any public appeal.

Parkes came into conflict with my countrymen in New South Wales, in which it was my belief that he was seriously wrong, and for a considerable period our correspondence ceased. When it became necessary to write to him on public business, I told him frankly my opinion of his policy. This was his reply:—

"SYDNEY, *Dec.* 23, 1870.

"If you have met with any person who has had opportunities of knowing what my feeling has been during the time that our intercourse has been interrupted, he will have told you that my personal regard for you has remained unaltered. I am therefore very glad to receive your friendly note of the 14th, wearing something of the old affectionate face.

"Sometime or other you will begin to understand that 'you and all the race from which you are sprung' have persisted in viewing my conduct when in office through the false light of men who were not more my enemies than the enemies of your 'race,' but who could do nothing without using the Irish people. They have used them for their scandalous and disastrous purposes and now are flinging them aside like so much filth. I may have been urged on by the influences around me, and by circumstances of irritation from without,

to do extreme things in office, but all my actions were so falsely coloured by the deluders of your 'race' that I could hardly recognise one of them in the form in which they discussed them. But enough of this for the moment.

"I unreservedly think with you on the temper of the times and the portentous difficulties that are rising up in the way of real progress and solid prosperity. I fervently pray to God that a way may be found out for your 'race' to mix with mine as fellow-citizens, apart from that power which hitherto in every political crisis has guided them in one direction, right or wrong. Like you, 'I prefer men of brains not only as allies, but as opponents,' whether English or Irish, Protestant or Catholic. But these brains will be useless if they do not guide rightly the hearts that are under their influence."

During my absence from Victoria, the Protectionist Party were so undeniably in the ascendant that it was plain their opinions must long prevail. I thought that to plant new industries, for which the raw materials existed in abundance in the colony, by State aid of some sort was justifiable. But beyond this there was the problem whether a man who desired to settle the Land Question, and the Education Question, was altogether to abandon public life, if public opinion went decisively against him on one point, like Protection. I consulted three men in whose judgment I had great confidence: Thomas Carlyle, John Bright, and Stuart Mill. Carlyle made no bones of the matter; he said no country had ever got manufactures established without State assistance, and that it was prodigious nonsense to treat such a practice as an offence.

This was Stuart Mill's reply:—

"I feel it a very high compliment that you should wish to know my opinion on a point of conscience, and still more so that you should think that opinion likely to be of any assistance to you in the guidance of your own political conduct.

"The point mentioned in your letter is one which I have often and carefully considered, for though my own course in public matters has been one which did not often call on me to co-operate with anybody, I have reflected much on the conditions of co-operation, among the other requisites of

practical public life. The conclusion which I have long come to is one which seems rather obvious when one has got at it, but it is so seldom acted on, that apparently most people find it difficult to practise. It seems to me, in the first place, that a conscientious person whose turn of mind and outward circumstances combine to make practical political life his line of greatest usefulness, may, and often ought to, be willing to put his opinion in abeyance on a political question which he deems to be, in the circumstances of the time and place, of secondary importance; which may be the case with any question that does not, in one's own judgment, involve any fundamental principle of morality. But, in consenting to waive his opinion, it seems to me an indispensable condition that he should not disguise it. He should say to his constituents and to the world exactly what he really thinks about the matter. Insincere professions are the one cardinal sin in a representative government. If an Australian politician wishes to be in the Assembly for the sake of questions which he thinks much more important, for the time being, than that of Protection, I should hold him justified in saying to a constituency 'I think Protection altogether a mistake, but since it is a *sine quâ non* with you, and the opposite is not a *sine quâ non* with me, if you elect me, I will not oppose it.' If he conscientiously thought that the strong feeling of the public in its favour gave them a right, or made it expedient, to have it particularly tried, I should not think him wrong in promising to support it; though it is not a thing I should lightly, or willingly, do. He might even, for adequate public reasons, consent to join a Protectionist Ministry, but only on condition that Protection should be an open question—that he should be at liberty to speak his mind publicly on the subject. The question of expediency in these matters, each must decide for himself. The expediencies vary with all sorts of formal considerations. For instance, if he has considerable popular influence, and is, in all other respects than this, the favourite candidate, it will often be his most virtuous course to insist on entire freedom of action, and make the electors feel that they cannot have a representative of his quality without acquiescing in voting against some of their opinions. The only absolute rule I could

lay down, is not to consent to the smallest hypocrisy. The rest is matter of practical judgment, in which all that can be said is, Weigh all the considerations and act for the best."

Mr. Bright, in a letter to the *Times*, declared that when he saw me at home, he did not remember that we had any conversation about protection in Australia, and as the opinions held by Mr. Mill were very like those I attributed to him, it seemed to him probable I had confounded one with another.

"If a government thought," Mr. Bright added, "that a new culture might be introduced into a country, such as of the grape or of tea, it might legitimately appropriate a sum of money to make the experiment, leaving its future progress or fate entirely to the industry and disposition of the people. But to enact a tariff imposing heavy duties on important articles of import was an unsound and injurious policy."

I replied that if I were trusting to my memory I would feel bound to accept Mr. Bright's denial, but I kept a diary at the time, and all fair men, and Mr. Bright among them, would acknowledge that after ten years it was more probable that he had forgotten the conversation than that I had misunderstood it the morning after it had happened. This was the extract from my diary :—

"Saturday, April 21, 1866 :—Called upon John Bright, by appointment, at his lodgings, 4, Hanover Street. . . . Speaking of the colony, he asked me what was the system and condition of education, which he considered the question of questions. Seven generations of educated (men) had made the people of New England the first in the world, as they had shown in their recent contest with the South, and would probably show again in their present contest with their rowdy president (Andrew Johnson). I described the condition of the democracy in Victoria, the large majority for protection, and asked him what he would do in my place. He said he would endeavour, under the circumstances, to come to an arrangement with the protectionists to take an act imposing a duty of 25 per cent. for ten years upon certain articles, upon the understanding that it was then to cease. His free-trade convictions would not hinder him from doing this in the circumstances in which we found ourselves. I told

him that manhood suffrage sent us an unexpectedly bad class of representatives sometimes ; he replied that he knew no system under which this misfortune could be avoided."

I added that it would be unjust to hold Mr. Bright responsible for amendments in the Victorian tariff, but if, as he admits, the State may properly appropriate a sum of money to introduce a new culture into a country, it was no longer a question of principle, but simply a question of discretion whether it was better to make the experiment in one case or in several cases.

This controversy is introduced somewhat before its time, as the advice I obtained at home influenced my action in the Government about to be formed.

CHAPTER III

PRIME MINISTER

Policy of the Duffy Government—Southern industries—Land policy—Designs to adorn Melbourne—*Spectator's* estimate of the new Government—Judge Bindon's report on the reception of the new policy by friends and enemies—Convention of Australian Governments at Melbourne—Contest with Sir James Martin and its consequences—Vote of want of confidence, and its reception in Parliament—Comments on my defence by Wilberforce Stephen and others—Protection adopted, and why—Social reforms and impediments to them—Letter from John O'Hagan (*note*)—Banquets to the Government in great towns and goldfields — Dangerous banter — Appointment of Mr. Childers as Agent-General — National Gallery — Letter from Mr. Verdon—Letter from Thomas Carlyle—Reassembly of Parliament—Vote of want of confidence—How it was carried—Mr. O'Shanassy's interposition and its consequences—Proposed dissolution of Parliament—Conduct of the Governor, and comment of the *Spectator* on it—Letters from John Forster and the Bishop of Kerry—My use of power—The Chief Justiceship of New South Wales.

I UNDERTOOK the administration of public affairs with the confident determination that for once there should be a Government framing large and generous projects, and against whose exercise of patronage or encouragement of enterprises no man could utter a just reproach. But reproaches which are not just can no more be shut out than the east wind. A quarter of a century after the events of that day, I look back on them with the confident assurance that nothing was done which needs to be repented, or which I would not repeat if the occasion occurred.

Among the designs in which I had been baulked by the ignorance and prejudices of successors, the design of establishing new industries suitable to a southern soil and climate, was the most important. I determined to take it up anew. Without importing more than a score of teachers there were

already in the colony and under the control of the State two large reserves of workers, out of whom we might create prosperous schools of industry, and later a great commercial success. The foundlings of the State exceeded two thousand children of both sexes, and in our jails we had an army of indolent and dangerous men who ought, I thought, to earn their daily bread, and wherever they are capable of amendment be offered the occasion and agency of reformation.

Cashel Hoey was now acting as a member of the Board of Advice in London, and I invited his help in this work. After a little he wrote :—

"I have made a careful selection of all the reports from Consuls and Secretaries of Legation, bearing in any way on the Cultures and Industries you desire to introduce, and sent them, with a fresh instalment of French literature on the subject, by the *Somersetshire* to your address—about thirty volumes in all. I am daily expecting a collection of official documents from a friend, formerly in the Ministry of Agriculture and intimate with its heads. By correspondence, it is agreed one can do little. You must send agents to the places where you desire to find emigrants, with power to offer suitable inducements—for people engaged in such industries are in general well employed and not naturally disposed to emigrate. I believe your very best plan will be to found a model farm for each industry and to import on salary for a number of years the staff of skilled hands necessary to work it. You could then train your young people there to the best advantage. I am pushing inquiries, and will forward materials as fast as they reach me."

One of my Parliamentary supporters suggested that we had no need of these foreign dainties. For his part he was content with the native products of his own country, and if he were a Minister he would not pester himself ransacking Asia, Africa, and America for exotics. My friend's hair was disposed to stand on end when I told him that wheat, potatoes, and tobacco, which he found necessary to his daily comfort, were once foreign exotics, and that we had to ransack Asia, Africa, and America for such familiar friends of to-day as tea, coffee, and rice, and that the fig and even the

grape were as foreign to our forebears as the mango was to us. But ignorance is not easily abashed. Another member whispered, "Let us alone with your new industries. You see what has come of them already. A Scot introduced their charming thistle, and we will have to put a sum on the estimates to extirpate it. Edward Wilson introduced the sparrow, and the sparrow is playing havoc with our vineyards. Some busybody introduced the rabbit, and the income of Ballarat would not save us from the consequences."

The Land Question, which had been my care from the beginning, had been ruined by maladministration. The Land Act of '69 proclaimed free selection over the entire colony, but Mr. McPherson, as Minister of Lands in the last Administration, made such large reserves on various pretences that a map of the colony in which the reserves were marked in red, and the land sold in blue, looked like a shawl of the McPherson plaid; and it was an aggravation of the wrong, that his chief, Sir James McCulloch, the largest owner of squatting runs in the colony, got an inordinate share of these reserves. But from the day we came into office the new Government determined to take the McPherson plaid off the shoulders of Victoria, and establish from the Murray to the sea the Free Selection accorded by law.

The public finances had fallen into confusion. There was a deficit of a quarter of a million. We promised to restore them to order without imposing any new burthen on industry, and in the end we turned the deficit into a surplus. The confusion had been created by a system of finance worthy of Laputa. The State had a reserve of over half a million sterling in the Melbourne banks, yielding only an interest of two per cent., and this identical money we had borrowed in London at five per cent. for a special purpose which had not yet accrued, and Parliament could authorise us to borrow from our own reserve to a prudent extent.

Nothing had been done for the imagination of the people. Melbourne was a provincial English town, and scarcely anything soared beyond the level of provincial mediocrity. All that I had learned in Continental travel I determined to utilise in this new land. History and political science was sometimes taught expressly by the aid of art. On the

Pincian Hill in Rome there is a long array of historic busts lifted exactly to the level of the eye, which makes the grand history of Italy familiar to the people.

What imagination the Belgians have put into their Palais de Législation! The great principles of their Constitution—Religious Equality, the Freedom of the Press, the Right of Meeting, and so forth, each held aloft on a tablet or banner by a characteristic allegoric figure. Why should we not do as much in the Fitzroy Gardens or the Parliamentary Reserve? I instructed the Agent-General to procure from Italy and Belgium some necessary data, and I induced a few men of adequate knowledge in Melbourne to prepare a list of the statesmen of the empire who ought to be so honoured.

I took an early occasion of stating my political policy to my constituents in a speech which met with singular success in the Australian Press, but on which there is no need to return. It was also the subject of unusual comment in the London Press, of which I will only copy one paragraph from the *Spectator*:—

> If anybody wishes to know what the empire loses by English inability to conciliate Irish affection, let him read the speech addressed by Mr. Gavan Duffy, the new Premier of Victoria, to his constituents. It contains the programme of the new Government he has formed in Melbourne, and we have not for years read a political manifesto so full of character and power. Mr. Duffy is an Irishman, a Catholic, and a rebel, a typical man of the class which we English say can neither govern nor be governed; but he speaks like the man for whom the Tories are sighing, the born administrator, utterly free of flummery and buncombe, clear as to his ends, clearer still as to his means, ready to compromise anything except principle, but giving even to compromise an impression of original force. There is not in the entire speech a Hibernian sentence or an Irish foible, unless it be shown in a little soreness at the hostility of the Press—a soreness we think we trace also in the speech of a man (Mr. Gladstone) who is not Irish, but Scotch, and who speaks at Whitby instead of Kyneton.

But I was more anxious to ascertain the impression made on my opponents, and Judge Bindon, who had been himself one of the McCulloch Ministry, sent me a friendly report from the Melbourne Club, the headquarters of the squatters and the Conservative party:—

> The verdict of the smoking-room on your speech was, "clever!" "clever!" "clever!" The opponents mute as *mice*; I only judge of their dissent by their silence. They were cowed.
>
> I went to the *Age* office. George Syme was wild in his praises; said

it was like "the fresh air descending from the mountains." The sub-editor, Mr. Poole, was frantic; said he never read such a speech; beseeched me to go and see the editor and warm him up. Would not let me out until I did it. Syme says you cannot be beaten, and if you were that no man can retreat from your speech now, it will be a *standpoint*. He prays that "you may keep the Pope and Irish out of your road!" Wherever I went the verdict was all the same way. No need now in being in a hurry about the "Commission to consider and report on the best means for planting and conserving State forests, and for inquiry and reporting as to the planting of foreign trees, suitable to the climate and for industrial uses."

I see no need now for haste; you can afford to keep it back, as "action" wants leisure, and one cannot let off all one's powder at once.

The reception of the new Government by the Press was fair and even generous. The principal journals on the gold-fields which had accepted, and perhaps supported, the McCulloch Government, admitted that the late Administration had been lethargic and barren, and they were prepared to welcome successors who cut out work on a liberal scale and set themselves promptly to perform it.

It was a great encouragement to me that in several of the other colonies the policy I proclaimed was pronounced suitable for the whole Australian continent.

These designs needed, above all things, tranquillity to gather details, to ponder upon means and methods, and to consult the experience of other countries, but during the twelve months I was Prime Minister, however just and necessary the policy I proposed, I was never allowed one day's leisure. The wealthy class, to whom Free Selection meant extinction, the party who had held power so long that they deemed themselves robbed of their inheritance if any other one intruded into that domain, and the free lances fighting only for personal ends, were agreed upon one point—to misrepresent and disparage whatever we undertook. "If a man," says Dickens, "would commit an inexpiable offence against any society, large or small, let him be successful. They will forgive him every crime but that." But there was compensation in the sympathy and applause of the industrious classes, which burst out spontaneously and universally. The crowded events of this period must be dealt with briefly on pain of omitting some of them altogether. The colony lived fast, and laboured successfully in that time. I will specify some of our labours.

A provision in the Australian Constitutions which forbade them to make discriminating tariffs with each other, had long been a subject of complaint, and it was determined at this time to hold at Melbourne an inter-colonial conference of the Australian Governments, to urge on the Imperial Government the repeal of this provision. September was found to be the most convenient time generally, and I thought it right to accept that date, though it was highly inconvenient for us, as Parliament would be at that time in Session at Melbourne. A serious difficulty with New South Wales was pressing for settlement at this same time, and these public duties threatened to jostle each other. I will dispose of the New South Wales controversy first, as it had an ending unparalleled in colonial history.

New South Wales was entitled to the Customs Duties on goods entering that colony over the river Murray, and an arrangement had been come to with them to pay them an annual sum of £60,000 for the establishment of Free Trade between the colonies. This agreement, which was to continue for five years, was now about to terminate, and a subsidy of £100,000 was demanded. The negotiations were conducted in correspondence between Sir James Martin and myself, and I was of opinion that the new claim was altogether extravagant and unjustifiable. I finally proposed that the exact facts of the case should be ascertained by registering for twelve months the dutiable goods passing the river both ways, and accepting the result as the basis of a renewed agreement. Sir James Martin declined this proposal, but it was considered so just and reasonable by the Parliament of his own colony that a vote was passed censuring him for not accepting it. Upon this he dissolved the Assembly with disastrous results. He lost his seat for the capital, and was only rescued from political extinction by a country constituency. Two of his colleagues lost their seats also, and when the new Parliament assembled the majority promptly removed him from office.[1] The succeeding Government was one with

[1] Childers wrote me on this occasion : "I congratulate you very sincerely on Sir James Martin's ignominious defeat; not only because it must be personally gratifying to you, but because, to my mind, it will do more for co-operation between the colonies, and ultimately for Federation, than any single event I remember since your speech in 1856."

which it would be pleasant to work; Henry Parkes was the Prime Minister, and Edward Butler the Attorney-General. I concluded that Federation was now safe, but I took too little account of the strong and perverse interests I had to encounter at home. My most bitter party opponents in the Press acknowledged that I had vindicated the interests of the colony prudently and successfully. But a section of the Opposition in Parliament which did not dispute this fact, seized the opportunity when I was most deeply immersed in the Inter-colonial Conference to move in the Assembly a vote intended to destroy the Government. The vote concerned the Railway Department, and as it altogether failed is only necessary to be noticed in this place, because it withdrew me for a day from the Inter-colonial Conference, where my place as chairman was filled by Sir James Martin. When I returned to the Conference, we completed the case to be submitted to the Imperial Government. It was not reasonable, we insisted, that communities which founded great states, built great cities, and established a commercial navy larger than that of many kingdoms in Europe, and who did these things without asking assistance from the Imperial Government, should be treated as persons who could not be entrusted to regulate their own inter-colonial interests at their own discretion, and we claimed that all existing restrictions on the power of making fiscal agreements between the colonies should be removed. Our appeal was successful, and the statute we demanded was speedily passed into law.

But to succeed is not the way to placate an Opposition. Some inaccurate and exaggerated gossip about differences in the Conference had got abroad, and Mr. Fellows accepting it as true, framed a vote of want of confidence against the Government, in which, after objecting to certain propositions to which the Colonial Conference had agreed, he asked the House to affirm that they had been induced to adopt these objectionable propositions by the Chief Secretary of Victoria. He proceeded to say that it was known the Chief Secretary had refused to sign an address to the Secretary of State, framed by Sir James Martin, because it contained a passage strongly objecting to the dismemberment of the British Empire. This was the case against me, but never had party

rage more completely "o'er leaped itself, and fallen on t'other side." The answer was too easy. I asked the House to recall the day on which I was withdrawn from the Conference by the attack on our railway system. It was on this day the propositions in question were carried, and I never saw them till after they had been adopted. Next day when I saw them, I accepted and signed them, and I considered them altogether unobjectionable; but was the House prepared, at the instance of the learned member, to affirm that the Chief Secretary of Victoria was primarily and peculiarly responsible for their adoption? On the other point he was as hopelessly mistaken. The document which I had refused to sign contained the allegation that certain unnamed English statesmen desired to dismember the British Empire. I asked Sir James Martin who were the statesmen we were invited to condemn so emphatically. He replied, Mr. Gladstone and others. As I did not believe the charge was true, I refused to adopt it. It was, in fact, a slander on Mr. Gladstone, with which I would be ashamed to be associated. Mr. Fellow's speech was seasoned with suggestions against my policy as an Irishman in Ireland, and my answer to this part of the case was fortunate enough to meet with peculiar success. After a detailed reply which is needless to reproduce, this was the concluding sentence:—

> I will soon have to account for my whole life, and I feel that it has been defaced by many sins and shortcomings; but there is one portion of it I must except from this censure. I can say without fear, and without impiety, that when I am called before the Judge of all men, I shall not fear to answer for my Irish career. I did what I believed best for Ireland, without any relation to its effects on myself. I am challenged to justify myself for having been an Irish rebel, under penalty of your fatal censure; and I am content to reply that the recollection that when my native country was in mortal peril I was among those who staked life for her deliverance, is a memory I would not exchange for anything that Parliaments or sovereigns can give or take away.

I had reached the hearts of my fellow-men, for tears overflowed the eyes of hardened politicians, and the House gave me a triumphant majority. The effect of the debate and division may be measured by the language held immediately after by a prominent member of the Opposition, Mr. Wilberforce Stephen, leader of the Equity Bar and Attorney-General in the next McCulloch Administration:—

Any one must have seen that the Chief Secretary has gradually been gaining the confidence of the House, though no one could anticipate that he would be able to retain office until the division which took place last night. Every one must feel after the result of that division that he has been adopted as the leader of the House, and that the House places the fullest confidence in him. . . . He may govern the country for many years, with all the strength which must be possessed by a gentleman who governs not by Parliamentary tactics, but by the mere force of genius, and by being at one with the sentiments of the country. . . . I do not hesitate to say that the present Chief Secretary is the most powerful Minister that this colony has seen since we have had Constitutional Government.[1]

Political friends at a distance sent me abundant congratulations, but the sympathy of a dear kinswoman touched me nearer.

Friday morning.

I cannot resist writing to thank you for your noble vindication of the past. It made me feel young again, swept away how many years of sordid cares and commonplace troubles, and set me face to face with the long ago. I could not read it without thick-coming tears, I cannot write about it without the same accompaniment. Your heart must have coined the phrases that so moved me—and not only me, but all round me. I had feared that Philip's Irish blood was cooled or rather frozen by long bank discipline ; he came home from the House mad with delight—one and all they showed, thank God ! their Celtic blood and kindly Irish nurture—in their generous transports of delight and pride in their kinsman, not that he was Chief Secretary with a great following in the House—though that is much to be proud of—but that in the face of a hostile assembly at the risk of his great position, he dared to speak in words that shall live as the apotheosis of Irish treason.

Some of my colleagues, especially the Treasurer, Mr. Graham Berry, were Protectionists, and eager to carry their principles a stage farther than Mr. Francis had proceeded. I had been absent from the colony when the Francis Budget was carried. I had been the first to call attention to the exception, which Stuart Mill admits, authorising the State to give temporary support to the manufacture of an article for which the raw material existed abundantly in the colony. I had consulted Bright, Carlyle, and Mill, as the reader has

[1] The *Argus*, which not unfairly claimed to be the leading journal of the colony, was most unfriendly to my Administration, but the *Australasian*, a weekly journal published by the same proprietors, was more generous. Speaking of this scene it said :—

"He avowed, in accents which quivered with emotion and produced a powerful effect upon the House, that no honours which he had achieved or might achieve, here or elsewhere, could afford him the pride and gratification which he derived from the retrospect of his efforts in early life on behalf of his native land, when it was smitten with famine and pestilence, and the number of those who perished or fled exceeded the population of the whole of these colonies.

seen, on what it was justifiable to do in a community determined to adopt the principle. I agreed that Protection should be given to articles which the colony was peculiarly fitted to produce, and the tariff was modified accordingly. The preference for Protection in Australia was in some degree a reaction from the shameful selfishness with which colonies had been originally governed. George III. would not permit colonists to manufacture a horseshoe, or a hobnail, nor to carry their produce to England in their own ships; and in quite recent times, when Victoria had commenced the manufacture of simple tweed for home use, English manufacturers imitated it in shoddy, undersold us in our own market, and ruined the reputation of the native article. England was Protectionist as long as she believed it to be her interest to be so, and this was a practice which necessarily found imitators in colonies. My policy was to give the working class anything which had been improperly denied them, but not to create any monopoly in their favour. They had cooled a good deal in their enthusiasm for popular measures. They lived in freehold houses, worked only eight hours a day, got good wages, shut out competition by forbidding assisted emigration, and their children were educated almost free. They would give a cheer and perhaps a vote to the popular leader, but they were no longer prepared to make any sacrifice for his public ends. Another serious evil was that they looked too exclusively to the amount of their wages, which greatly hampered the attempt to plant new industries and increase the prosperity of the state of which they were citizens.

The remaining business of the Session occupied a brief period, and I was happily set free for the more fruitful work of Administration. When I took my reforms in hand I found that long and slovenly mismanagement had created serious, almost insuperable difficulties to some of them. The land reforms we brought into immediate effect, and there was wide selection and settlement, but the social reforms were barred on every hand by a complete neglect of direction and supervision over the institutions we had long possessed. The chief Refuge for foundling children was a building separated from the barracks occupied by young soldiers, only by a

broken wall, and how slender a boundary conduct and character brought to strengthen this defence was illustrated by the deplorable fact that among the wet nurses at the hospital there was scarely one who was a wife. There was a training-ship used as a reformatory for boys where it had been designed to make them skilled sailors, and I found that after years of apprenticeship to the business of the sea, nineteen-twentieths of them instead of being employed in our commercial navy, were hired out for agricultural or domestic work. I visited the principal jail to determine how far I might count on getting effectual work out of the prisoners. The unfortunate men expressed their willingness to try what I proposed, but they besought me to make one concession—that they might be permitted to make complaints of wrongs they suffered to me personally, not through the governor of the jail as heretofore, or in his presence. I promised to send one of my colleagues to hear the prisoners' complaints. There was a feeble system of prison labour already in operation, and they positively alleged that the principal part of their work was appropriated by the governor to his own use, and that they were punished if they did not fall in with this system. The governor of course denied the allegation, and found Members of Parliament to declare that it was an unpardonable offence to interfere with his salutary system of discipline. But I found that under fatal neglect of Ministerial control this officer had grown into something like a responsible minister. He amalgamated dissenting congregations without their consent, and in one instance took the amazing liberty of suspending a clergyman with whom he came into conflict.[1]

The immense interests at stake in the question of who should possess the public territory, and the interest of wealthy importers, disguised under a zeal for Free Trade, created classes ready to spend profusely, and to exhaust their very

[1] The gravity of the offence may be measured by the memorandum I found necessary to send to the officer in question :—

"Mr. Duncan has taken a most improper liberty in suspending a chaplain, and communicating with the head of a denomination respecting his successor, without my authority. I have so frequently had occasion to check Mr. Duncan's assumption of a Minister's functions that if it happen again the consequences will be serious for him.—(Signed) C. G. D."

considerable interest in damaging the Government. During the recess the fire of their journals was fierce and incessant. A happy accident furnished a convenient mode of reply. The popular sympathy with the Government expressed itself in invitations to banquets in all the great towns of the colony in succession, and on all the great goldfields. I was unwilling to divert time from administrative work, but I could not allow the authority of the Government to be undermined by slander, and I accepted the invitations and took the field in our defence. I scorned to answer personal attacks, but the standard-bearer of a party, the head of an Administration cannot permit his principles or his colleagues to be belied, and I answered all that had been said against us to the vehement satisfaction of our audiences. I still more industriously expounded and justified the opinions which we represented. I presented to the people the record of a state endowed with prodigious natural gifts, and which might confidently count, with wise government, on a great future. Her revenue was greater than that of any British colony, far greater than that of all the South African colonies united or all the West Indian settlements, greater than any of the Australian colonies or of three of them taken together, and greater than one of the oldest and most populous of the colonies —Canada. Her foreign commerce was in about the same proportion as her revenue to that of these other British possessions. And this prosperity was on the increase, the three great colonial interests—mining, agriculture, and squatting—were more prosperous than they had been for the past ten years. A community where property is widely diffused among the class who actually till the land is of all others the community most contented, most orderly, and where manners are simplest and morals purest—and that class of cultivators obtain most from the soil and increase most rapidly the savings which constitute the wealth of a nation. I constantly reiterated the advice to be prudent and saving, not because I rated money-making as the highest of human pursuits, but because history teaches that national wealth is the nurse of civilisation and liberty. With wealth come the agents of civilisation and the inevitable ambition to be first in the arts of peace and war; and the late conflict in the United States

furnished conclusive evidence that great prosperity is not incompatible with self-sacrificing public spirit. The Australian was distinguished from the American by a greater love of holiday and a keener enjoyment of life, and—if I might venture to say so—a juster idea of the relative value of money and happiness. The new Government had found the public finances in a disastrous condition, a serious debt had been created by our predecessors, and they predicted that at the end of the financial year there would be a deficit of £200,000, but before popular hope and unwonted confidence in the Government these difficulties disappeared. There would not be a deficit of 2½d.; on the contrary, we would end the year with a surplus. This was the business of to-day, but we projected, as we wère bound to do, not only for to-day and to-morrow, but for the far future. We did not forget that Victoria was bound to set an example to the other colonies which would facilitate the coming of the time when they would be united together, and become the centre of a system of states yet unborn—the three dozen Victorias for which there is space on the surface of Australia.[1]

The comments of the Press in Australia and England on these banquets would fill a volume, but I am content always to cite only the verdict of opponents.

The correspondent of the London *Standard* in Melbourne who saw the men and transactions close at hand, and whose political sympathies were adverse to those of the Government, wrote to his journal:—

> A banquet has been given to the Ministry at a place called Creswick, at which Mr. Duffy made an exceedingly able speech. I begin almost to believe in Mr. Duffy. It is difficult to refrain from admiring the consummate skill—different entirely from anything I have otherwise seen here—

---

[1] A welcome tribute came from my old home and my old friends. John O'Hagan, then a leader of the Equity Bar of Ireland, wrote:—"I heard of your promotion as far back as Circuit, when Sir Colman O'Loghlen, coming in to Mess, said, 'Duffy is Prime Minister of Australia,' and I greeted it with a *hoch lebe*. I read both your speeches with the deepest interest and admiration, and the feeling uppermost in my mind was what I am sure must be in your own—Davis's line about Sarsfield—'Oh, that this were for Ireland!' It is certainly a proud thing for you to have won your eminence by your own right hand, in the teeth, as I can see, of the bitterest National and religious prejudice; and to have extorted from envy itself its reluctant tribute. Your Sandhurst speech has in truth excited my brain, and I could not go to bed without writing to you."

with which he manages everything. Indeed, were it not flat heterodoxy, I should be inclined to say that Mr. Duffy is the only statesman we have here. He is, at any rate, the only public man here who knows anything about Parliamentary tactics; and had he a fair opportunity he would, I doubt not, be of infinite use to this country.

The *Ballarat Courier*, which had habitually supported the McCulloch Government, was one of a dozen goldfield journals which preferred the new Government to the old. "All the pent-up stream of life," it exclaimed, "pours downward like a cataract. The Ministerial demonstration at Sandhurst reads more like a royal progress than a compliment paid to a newly-formed Administration."

I am not writing history, or it might be needful to inquire, How has Victoria lost the primacy which belonged to her in that era? These transactions, when this narrative is being written, present themselves to me in the perspective of history, and I cannot but recognise that I committed one serious mistake. The opponents of the Government consisted of three sections who had recently assailed each other with imputations which it might be assumed could never be forgiven. The late Government had been charged by one of the other sections with having manipulated an Act of Parliament to put many thousand pounds into their private purses, and in return the assailants had been treated with habitual and exasperating scorn. I unwisely took it for granted that these offences could never be pardoned. In one speech I complained banteringly that I did not know who was leader of the Opposition. The hon. member for Richmond was generally assumed to be so, but whenever there was a remote chance of a gentleman being sent for by the Governor, there were three Richmonds in the field. The leader of Opposition (I said on another occasion) ought to be a man who commanded a party ready and able to act as a Government, but though such a party once existed, I exultingly declared that it had disappeared. "Hans Breitmann had a party. Where is that party now?" This was perilous chaff, and taught my opponents the necessity of uniting.

Mr. Verdon performed the functions of Agent-General to my entire satisfaction, but the office was tenable only for three years, except in the case of formal reappointment, and the salary was inadequate. I was well disposed to set these

wrongs right, but there were always a number of critics in Parliament not unwilling to hold the office themselves, and it was an impossible task. Mr. Verdon was offered an important and remunerative office in connection with the English, Scottish, and Australian Bank, of which he was a London Director, and he announced his intention to retire. I had applicants enough for the vacant office to man a frigate, and the Speaker informed my colleague, Mr. O'Grady, that Mr. Francis, now leader of the Opposition, was extremely anxious that the office should be conferred on Sir James McCulloch, who had gone to England, and if this were done he would be willing that I should succeed Sir James when I ceased to be Chief Secretary. But I was determined that my distribution of patronage should have no element of self-interest in it. I was relieved from my difficulty by a letter from Mr. Childers announcing his willingness to undertake the office. He was eminently fit, and altogether unobjectionable—having, in fact, been sent home by the party I displaced to undertake an office of the same character.

BERLIN, *November* 2, 1871.

MY DEAR DUFFY,—I received some days ago in South Germany a letter from Clarke,[1] telling me that he understood that Verdon was giving up your agency. I authorised him to telegraph to you and say that my services were at your disposal if they were desired; and he tells me that he has done so.

I think you will know that my only reason for offering to serve you is my sincere wish to do all in my power for the colony to which I owe so much. I shall not be in the least hurt or surprised if you make, or have made, some other arrangement; although in that case I would ask you to consider before you make any use of my telegram. But perhaps I need hardly suggest this caution to an old friend.

I shall read with much interest the accounts of your doings, and I presume you will now be able to take up some of the old plans we used to discuss in 1856.—Believe me, yours very truly,

HUGH C. E. CHILDERS.

Before retiring from office Mr. Verdon disposed of the remnants of business, the most important being an engagement which he and his Board had made with Mr. Herbert to paint for the colony a replica of one of his famous frescoes in the House of Lords.

Our friend Herbert has been commissioned to paint a portion of his great work—"The descent of Moses from the Mount"—for the Melbourne

---

[1] The present Lieutenant-General Sir Andrew Clarke.

Gallery, and he feels that it would be so much better to reproduce the whole work, that he will accept a really insignificant addition to the price he is to receive for the part, and complete the picture, if you will let him.

Long before I had the privilege of knowing Mr. Herbert, I thought and said that it would be a great thing for our Gallery to have a *second original* of his famous and most beautiful work, and I do not hesitate to urge most strongly that if possible the opportunity should not be lost of securing it. Unless the instruction go from Melbourne nothing can be done, for Herbert feels great delicacy even in making the liberal offer he submits. I have forwarded by this mail a letter to Wardell, in which Herbert gives the particulars of his offer, and I have asked that it may be submitted to you.

In May, '72, I received a communication from Sir Redmond Barry, President of the Trustees of the Public Library, Museums, and National Gallery of Victoria, referring to the practice which exists in the House of Commons of having the annual estimates for the British Museum explained and supported by some trustee who is a Member of Parliament and familiar with all the facts and circumstances connected with the Institution. He enclosed a resolution of the Trustees requesting me to undertake that office.

In the midst of perverse and self-interested assailants it was invigorating to receive the congratulations and applause of Thomas Carlyle :—

CHELSEA, LONDON, *May* 28, 1872.

DEAR DUFFY,—About ten days ago I received the report of speech, the newspaper with your portrait and sketch of Biography, &c., &c., all of which, especially the first-named article, were very welcome and interesting. The portrait is not very like, though it has some honest likeness ; but in the speech I found a real image of your best self; and of the excellent career you are entering upon, which pleased and gratified me very much. Though unable to write, except with a pencil, and at a speed as of *engraving* (upon lead or the like), I cannot forbear sending you my hearty *Euge, euge,* and earnestly encouraging you to speed along, and improve the "shining hours" all you can while it lasts. Few British men have such a bit of work on hand. You seem to me to be, in some real degree, modelling the first elements of mighty nations over yonder, scattering beneficent seeds, which may grow to forests, and be green for a thousand years. Stand to your work *hero-like*, the utmost you can ; be wise, be diligent, patient, faithful ; a man, in that case, has his reward. I can only send you my poor wishes, but then these veritably are sorry only that they are worth so little.

Nothing in your list of projects raises any scruple in me ; good, human and desirable we felt them all to be, except that of gold-mining only. And this too, I felt at once was, if not human, or to all men's profit, yet clearly colonial, and to Victoria's profit, and therefore inevitable in your season. But I often reflect on this strange fact, as, perhaps, you yourself have done, that he who anywhere, in these ages, digs up a gold nugget from the ground, is far inferior in beneficence to him who digs up a mealy potato—nay is, in strict language, a malefactor to all his brethren of mankind, having actually to pick the purse of every son of Adam for what money

he, the digger, gets for his nugget, and be bothered to it. I do not insist on this, I only leave it with you, and wonder silently at the ways of all-wise Providence with highly foolish man in this poor course of his.

Adieu, dear Duffy, I have written more than enough. If I had a free pen, how many things could I still write; but perhaps it is better not! I am grown very old, and though without specific ailment of body, very weak (in comparison), and fitter to be silent about what I am thinking of than to speak.

I send my kind and faithful remembrance to Mrs. Callan. John, my brother, is gone to Vichy again (day before yesterday); Forster is looking up again, now that the collar is off his neck. Good-bye with you all.—Ever truly yours, T. CARLYLE.

Parliament was to reassemble in May, and during the recess two things had been going on simultaneously, the colony had been pronouncing for the Government in successive demonstrations from Geelong to Stawell with an enthusiasm which had no parallel in our history, and the groups of the Opposition which a year or two before had assailed each other with language of unbridled contumely were agreeing to a vote of no confidence, and manipulating doubtful individuals. All the great fortunes in the colony were among our opponents. Their exclusive interests were at stake, and they spent lavishly in social efforts to unite all the sections of the Opposition against the obnoxious Government. I would be ashamed to record some of the base devices employed to cajole individual opinion.[1] An amendment on the Governor's speech, which looked ludicrous in its naked cynicism, was proposed. The one measure which was notoriously an open question in the Cabinet was education, and we were censured for not submitting an Education Bill to the House. I answered we were not agreed upon Education, nor was the House agreed upon it; we were prepared to submit measures on which practical results might be obtained, but Education was not such a question; my predecessor and others before him had failed to induce the House to agree to any Education Bill.

"In this excellent bed *died* three people of fashion." The solemn plausibility with which I was urged to do what they knew I would not and could not do, reminded me of an Irish

[1] In one case I had been fortunate enough to induce an able and worthy man, whose career was marred by a fatal weakness, to become a water-drinker during the twelve months I was in office; but when the critical moment approached, shameful tempters induced him to violate his pledge and rendered him useless in the contest.

story of '98, when a yeoman captain rode up to a farmhouse to arrest one of the youngsters. The lad naturally made off by a back door and the yeoman roared at the farmer not to allow him to escape. "Dinny," cried the farmer, "Dinny you vagabond, why don't you come back and let the gintleman shoot you."

After a short debate the motion was lost, but the Opposition had another in reserve. The Government was charged with the abuse of patronage, but the cases cited were so trifling that they are not worth dwelling upon except two: The Pier-mastership at Williamstown being vacant was filled up by the appointment of an experienced officer of the Mercantile Marine, who had come originally from Sydney. The method of his appointment was hinted at in the newspapers, and openly stated and insisted upon in political gossip. Coming from Sydney he was manifestly a Catholic, as the facile logic of party politics insisted, and there could be no doubt he brought me an introduction from Archbishop Polding. When I stated that he was not a Catholic but a Wesleyan-Methodist, that neither he nor anybody else had ever brought me an introduction from Archbishop Polding, and that he was appointed as usual by the Minister of the Department without reference to the Cabinet—except when the list of appointments was submitted for approval—I had only half answered the case. For it still remained to inquire whether the Minister who did appoint him, had not done so under some improper influence. The Minister of Railways put into my hands the document which induced him to make the appointment. It declared that Mr. Dennis "was eminently qualified for the appointment of Pier-Master," and this recommendation was signed by five Members of Parliament. I would read their names, and the House would note that every one of the five was now sitting in Opposition, and cheering the charge of abuse of patronage against the Government. The other case was made much more of. When Mr. Childers was appointed Agent-General, both he and Mr Verdon informed me that he must have a secretary,[1] as

[1] Mr. Verdon wrote :—
"But he (Childers) must have a secretary, and has said so to you. I have told him how well fitted Mr. Hoey is for such a post, and, if he is authorised to appoint any one he will appoint him."

political engagements occupied much of his time. Under the Act which authorised the appointment of secretary, the office was in the gift of the Agent-General and his Board of Advice. Mr. Cashel Hoey was one of the Board of Advice. He was a young, vigorous, capable man, eminently fit for the office of Secretary, and as I had recommended him to Sir James McCulloch for his position on the Board, there was no possible reason why I should not recommend him to Mr. Childers. I did so, and Mr. Childers appointed him. There were many men in the Assembly who would gladly have gone to London in such an employment, but there was an Act of our local Parliament which forbade the appointment of any member of the Assembly to an office of profit till six months after he had ceased to be a Member, and this was an appointment which must be filled up at once. I told the House when the subject was mentioned, that the appointment of Secretary was one without which Mr. Childers could not be retained as Agent. The correspondence last year had amounted to over 11,000 letters. The Postmaster-General, the permanent officers of the Colonial Office, the contractors who furnished firearms, railway plant, and the like to the colony had to be seen from time to time, and this was not a work which an Imperial Cabinet Minister could be expected to undertake. I added that the appointment would not cost the colony a penny, as the selection of Mr. Childers saved the payment of a pension larger than the salary of a secretary. But gentlemen who wanted office, and gentlemen who wanted to save their squatting interests were not open to reason. Mr. Hoey had been formerly editor of the *Nation* after my departure for Australia, but subsequently became a member of the English bar and resided in London. Articles in the *Nation* years before he became editor were attributed to him. It was declared he must be peremptorily removed from office. The vote against the Government was carried, and after a time he was removed.[1] The fall

[1] When the debate on which the Government fell reached Mr. Hoey, he wrote in a spirit worthy of a man of honour :—

"You know me well enough to dispense me from telling you with what keen anguish I found I had been the cause of your fall from power, and not all the tenderness and consideration with which you express yourself on the subject can ever lessen this grief. You well know that what has

of the Government was brought about by a couple of members staying away from the division, and a couple more changing their opinions, the majority against us being only five. One of the two deserters was a curious case and had curious consequences. Kilmore, which had long been represented by Mr. O'Shanassy, sent to this Parliament an Irish farmer named Larry Burke. Burke supported the Government for a time, but Mr. O'Shanassy, to whom he was long known, besought him to vote against us on the question of patronage, Mr. O'Shanassy, who was now a prosperous squatter in New South Wales, having become one of our most vehement and vindictive opponents. Burke's constituents were not gratified by this change of opinion, and when he returned among them his welcome was not cordial. It is better to finish the story at once that its moral may not be lost. When a General Election came round, Mr. Burke was assured by his constituents that they would have nothing more to do with him, and Mr. O'Shanassy, who desired to re-enter the Assembly, announced his intention to stand for Kilmore. He expected Larry Burke who had been so complaisant with his vote in the House, would retire in his favour; but Burke burst into a rage at the man who had brought about his unpopularity attempting to profit by it. He insisted that he would stand and win. While the two disunited Irishmen were rallying their supporters to the fight, a journalist, who had been a steadfast friend of mine in Dalhousie, stood against them and defeated both.

The decision of Parliament the Government regarded as only the first step in the contest. There was afterwards an appeal to the constituents. We considered we were distinctly entitled to a dissolution of Parliament. The present Assembly and several before it had been elected under the control of our opponents, the existing Government had had no opportunity of appealing to the country, and the majority against them was so small that it was improbable

befallen, or may befall myself—happy as I have been in my work here—is little in comparison with this pain. I can only console myself with the feeling that I could not have anticipated or imagined it. If I could, not all the gold in Ballarat would have tempted me to pass the door of this office."

a strong Government could be formed out of it. I stated the case in a paper, which I had reason afterwards to know the Cabinet in London regarded as entitling me to a dissolution. But after the fall of Sir Charles Darling we had got an impoverished peer for Governor, whose business in the colonies was to increase his balance at the banker's.[1] He allied his family with that of a shipowner and squatter. I was assured in various directions that a majority could not have been obtained but that the Governor's son-in-law had whispered to the leaders of the Opposition, that they need have no fear of a dissolution as the Governor would not grant one. The Governor, on behalf of his son-in-law, denied this allegation; but that was a matter of course. It was not disputed on any hand that an appeal to the people would have given us a decisive majority. But the one solitary power which a Governor has been permitted to retain, and which has not once in a long reign been exercised by the sovereign, was employed to betray the interests of the community to the opulent minority. Mr. Francis, who had made a fortune in Van Diemen's Land, supplemented by Victorian squatting, became Chief Secretary in a Government in which fierce Free Traders and devoted Protectionists sat side by side. When the Ministerial elections were over, the Governor wrote to me saying the Secretary of State had authorised him to offer me a Companionship of the Order of St. Michael and St. George. I had much satisfaction in refusing the offer, which I considered little better than an insult. A day or two after he wrote again, informing me that he had been authorised to offer me a Knighthood. It would have been a pleasure to me to decline this offer also, but some of my late colleagues were of opinion that my doing so would be greatly misunderstood; that the distinction was the same which had been conferred on Sir James McCulloch, and that

[1] Mr. Manners Sutton, afterwards Lord Canterbury. A story of which the Governor was the hero got a good deal laughed at in political circles. The Members of the two Houses are entertained at dinner in successive batches at Government House. On one of these occasions he met a notable man, of whom he must have heard many anecdotes, which stimulated his curiosity. "I believe," he said, in a tone of superb graciousness, "you were originally a tailor?" "I was, your Excellency." "And pray, how are you employed at present?" "I am employed at present taking your Excellency's measure."

I could not refuse it in my native country if she, like Victoria, had a Parliament and a Government of her own.

The controversy on the dissolution extended to England, where it was debated on imperial grounds. Lord Canterbury, it was insisted, had violated the principles of the Constitution and thrown the administration of responsible government in colonies into fatal confusion by a wholly indefensible proceeding. The *Spectator* examined the facts in minute detail. It was the case (the writer said) of a Ministry which, by large and liberal measures, had attracted a most unusual amount of European attention. Mr. Duffy had been defeated by a small majority, and advised a dissolution in a state paper which, on constitutional principles, was absolutely unanswerable. He had not had a dissolution before, whereas his opponents had had five dissolutions. He had good reason to expect a majority at the hustings. The *Times* correspondent at Melbourne admitted he would get a majority:—

> The Governor is bound to allow a Ministry to submit itself once within a term of years to the popular vote. This obligation Lord Canterbury disregarded, apparently for no reason at all except personal dislike—for the only reason given in his minute, that Mr. Duffy had been defeated by a vote of no confidence and not by the rejection of any of his measures, is perfectly childish, and is indeed an unanswerable argument for granting an appeal against a vote so obviously personal. . . . This sympathy, moreover, must be personal, and not political, for on the only question on which the victors have not adopted the policy of the vanquished—secular education—the Colonial Parliament defeated the victors and upheld the vanquished. Partiality of that kind is as fatal to a constitutional governor as to a judge, and if not a reason for removal, is at least a final reason against continuing him in a similar appointment after his term of office has expired.

The correspondence between me and Lord Canterbury was moved for in the House of Commons. I was assured on competent authority that the action of the Governor was disapproved of in the Colonial Office, and it is notable that he never after received any public employment.

Among the applicants for an appointment while I was in office one described himself as a kinsman of Robert Browning, and I sent his letter to John Forster, who knew where the poet was better than I did, to ascertain his wishes on the subject. In reply Forster wrote:—

PALACE GATE HOUSE, KENSINGTON, LONDON.
5th September, 1872.

MY DEAR DUFFY,—I saw with regret the fall of your Administration, not because I think you will be less happy out of all those cares and responsibilities, but because I thought the whole affair, as far as I could understand it, of unequalled shabbiness in regard to the grounds taken for the no-confidence vote, and with a sequel, on the part of the Governor, grossly unfair. I thought your paper of reasons for a dissolution unanswerable, and I think I can assure you that all capable or thinking men here are with you.

But now you are out of it I hope you won't go on "squaring the circle" there when you ought to be here "climbing trees in the Hesperides." Not that we have much of a garden, or of golden fruit, amongst us just now, but there are some friends that would give you warm welcome, noble and dear old Carlyle among them, if you should resume your former purpose of coming to our side of the world again for your well-earned *otium*, a still profitable labour, *cum dignitate*.

I sent your enclosure to Browning, who has evidently, however, small interest in the subject of it, though grateful to you for this kindness to himself. He describes him as a connection of his father's, "whom I just remember in my boyhood as the awful example to youth—a true ne'er-do-well, for whom an infinity of pains was expended in pure waste, and who finally took himself off to New Zealand, full five-and-forty years ago." I need not quote farther, but he has not heard of him since, and so prefers that the old memories should be left to sleep.

JOHN FORSTER.

Dr. Moriarity, the Bishop of Kerry, was one of the most steadfast of my friends during my Irish career, and I saw with pain and astonishment abuse of him in National and Fenian journals. He wrote to me at this time what may be regarded as his vindication, and though he judged the Fenians too hardly, his defence may put his detractors to shame. The Home Rulers of that period, whom Parnell afterwards scattered and supplanted, did much to justify his opinion of them.

THE PALACE, KILLARNEY, *November* 11, 1872.

MY DEAR MR. DUFFY,—It gave me very great pleasure to hear from you, and to have the assurance that you do not forget your old friends. And these friends must rejoice for your success. Was it not you who said, "the strong man and the waterfall carve their own channel"? I remember the story you told me of the poor fellow who presented you a tattered prayer-book. The change of fortune since that day testifies to a well-worked life.

As to your Government, of course, like every other Government, it should fall some time, as every besieged fortress must be sooner or later taken; but I did regret that you had not more time to serve interests and persons dear to us, especially poor Hoey. I regretted, too, that the Press in this country did not defend you as you deserved. There was much of very cordial acclamation when you became head of the Government. It seemed to me that there was silence, when we should not expect it, when the Opposition triumphed.

You say your Irish politics are not changed. Now I hope that C. Hoey and myself may say the same, for surely our politics consist in loving our country and serving it the best way we can. And surely the *best* way is not the *same* way always. If we admired a noble and unselfish band of rebels in '48 it does not follow that we should admire a set of cowards and swindlers who pretend to play rebellion in '68. If we opposed the Government under Palmerston, it is not inconsistent to support it under Gladstone. The abuse of Gladstone in the *Nation* is to me perfectly disgusting. To say that Murphy, the no-Popery lecturer, should be better received in Ireland than the man who disestablished the Church and passed Ballot! Now I think if you were in Ireland you would agree with Hoey and myself. I must admit that the *Nation* did you justice in the Keogh affair by republishing your articles. All agreed that you were a true prophet.

What more about Irish politics? There are our Home Rulers. If you were here I do not think you would be amongst them. They do not mean what they say. The *cry* answers the same purpose as the Conciliation Hall £5 note. When our Kerry election was lost by the most outrageous mob violence, I consulted Gladstone, and Glynn the Government Whip, on the advantage of pursuing our petition. They both dissuaded us, and Glynn gave me to understand that the Home Rulers were just as obedient to his whip as any other supporters. With Butt as its leader it can he nothing but a sham, except in as far as it is obstructive, keeping out of Parliament honest men who prefer losing a seat to telling a lie.

I am expecting J. J. McCarthy here this evening. We often talk of you, and wish you among us again.—With kind regards to Mrs. Duffy, I am yours sincerely,

✠ D. MORIARTY.

There are many evidences that I did not use power selfishly or churlishly. The Governor communicated me the thanks of the Secretary of State for the Colonies for the services I had rendered in collecting materials and evidence respecting the Alabama claims.

The General Assembly of the Church of Scotland had before Parliament a Bill to legalise certain exchanges of Church land, and they voted me their thanks for the facilities I had afforded them, and Rev. Dr. Lang sent me from Sydney cordial thanks for the help I gave some of his political friends to obtain a vote from the Victorian Parliament in recognition of his early aid in separating the colony from New South Wales.

After resigning office I took up the business which had engaged me in Opposition. I returned to the care of the National Gallery, which I had commenced. We photographed our best pictures, to be sent to museums and art galleries in Europe. As Chairman of the Committee of Trustees of the Gallery, my name was printed conspicuously

on the proof of the cover sent to me. I asked my colleagues to place above it the name of Sir Redmond Barry, the President of the museum and gallery, and Sir Redmond acknowledged the courtesy with effusion :—

CARLTON GARDENS, MELBOURNE.

MY DEAR SIR CHARLES,—I am very sensible of the compliment which you and the Committee of the National Gallery propose to pay me, as well as of the mode in which it is conveyed.

I accept your offer with pleasure as an expression of good feeling. It renders truly enjoyable to me the performance of the duties which we perform in common as administrators of the great institution, the affairs of which we have the honour to conduct.—Believe me to be, my dear Sir Charles, yours very faithfully,

REDMOND BARRY.

August 27, 1873.

From the Press I had received the ordinary party support, and more than the ordinary party opposition, but I recall with pleasure that one able and original journalist followed each public transaction in which I was engaged with a wise, generous, and sympathetic commentary ; the sort of commentary which, infinitely more than unmeasured praise, strengthens and encourages a public man. The writer never made himself known to me while I was in the exercise of power, and when I returned to the freedom of Opposition I thanked him for his liberal and unselfish co-operation. The writer was Mr. A. L. Windsor, author of a volume of essays, which, long before I knew who was the writer, I noted in my diary as exhibiting "the luminous style, the wide knowledge, and governing sense which distinguish Macaulay."

In acknowledging my letter Mr. Windsor said :—

It was a sublime puzzle to me how my brethren on the Press of Melbourne could have conspired to have delivered over into the hands of the British Philistine the only politician who ever attempted to infuse sweetness and light into the dull, confined, parochial, commonplace spirit of colonial statesmanship.

Unpleasant news came to me over the Sydney border. A controversy had sprung up between Parkes and Butler, in which, though I think neither of them was altogether in the right, Parkes was decidedly most to blame. The Chief-Justiceship at this time became vacant, and he had offered it to the Attorney-General, who accepted. After a time, how-

ever, a number of the Government supporters in Parliament objected on grounds which, when they were analysed, seemed to resolve themselves into the fact that the office ought not to be given to a Catholic. Parkes reported these facts to Butler in the presence of their colleagues, and Butler said that to acquiesce in such an objection from such a motive would be to insult the men of his own creed who formed so large a share of the population. A long and courteous, but extremely bitter correspondence, ensued, during which Butler resigned the Attorney-Generalship, and Parkes offered the office of Chief Justice to Sir James Martin. Cynical persons naturally said that to remove the leader of the Opposition in Parliament was a fine stroke of diplomacy, and perhaps accounted for his second thoughts on the subject. To other persons the selection of Martin, who, like Butler, was born and bred a Catholic, but was a Catholic who had ceased to go to Mass, seemed to indicate that there was a submission to sectarian prejudice. I told Parkes my opinion on the transaction frankly, and our relations were disturbed, but not terminated. When he saw that I meditated a journey to Europe, which might be a final one, he wrote:—

COLONIAL SECRETARY'S OFFICE, SYDNEY.
Feb. 18, 1874.

MY DEAR DUFFY,—I write to bid you farewell, and to wish you and yours every blessing.

Though circumstances have occurred to chequer the course of our friendship, yet that friendship has been to me in many respects an unmixed pleasure. I owe you much for the consolation your words have afforded me in time of trouble, for the happy thoughts you have set in motion in our personal intercourse, and for the fine intelligences you have been the means of making me acquainted with. For all accept my truest and my kindest wishes for your welfare.

I shall no doubt occasionally hear of you if not from you, and your fortunes in life will always have a special interest for me.—Very truly yours,

HENRY PARKES.

CHAPTER IV

SECOND VISIT TO EUROPE

Death of John Martin—Meath election—Forged telegrams and their consequences—Butt and Independent Opposition—News of old friends—Letters to my wife—Archbishop Manning—John Forster—Letter from William Allingham—Orion Horne's literary claims—An offer of the *Elixir vitæ*—Negotiations for re-entering Parliament—Why I declined—Lord Emley—Morell Mackenzie—The O'Connell Centenary—I decline the Lord Mayor's political projects—Lord O'Hagan's centenary oration—Farewell visit of Lord O'Hagan at Monaco—I return to Australia.

I LANDED at Brindisi on a dazzling spring day, and the landscape through which we passed, making in an express train for the French frontier, looked like glimpses of Paradise. I stopped in the South of France promising myself a long holiday of absolute idleness before going to London or Dublin. The newspapers announced the death of John Martin, hastened by his attendance at the funeral of his brother-in-law John Mitchel. Martin's death created a vacancy in the representation of the County Meath in the beginning of March, and I immediately received the following telegram from the Reverend Peter O'Reilly and the Reverend Michael Tormey, inviting me to stand for the seat :—

> John Martin dead, telegraph will you stand for Meath. At a conference in Kells on Monday twenty-four priests present, much enthusiasm the bishop not disapproving. Come home, success certain.

I replied that I did not desire a seat in Parliament, and could not go home, as I was about to be subjected to treatment for the recovery of my voice ; but if I were elected I would feel it my duty to act.

Immediately after I received a letter from my friend J. J. McCarthy :—

Dr. Donnelly, Bishop of Clogher (he wrote), called here this morning, and showed me a letter from Dr. Nulty, Bishop of Meath, saying that he and several of the priests were in your favour, and were sure you would have a "walk over"; but that they could not make out your address to communicate with you. Dr. Donnelly has telegraphed your address to Dr. Nulty, and by his advice I have sent to Dr. Nulty your telegram to W. Dillon.

That is how affairs stand just now. Let them say will they have you under the old flag. There is talk also of naming you for Tipperary.

The telegram referred to in McCarthy's letter was as follows ;—

John Martin dead. Parnell candidate of Home Rule League would probably retire if you join League and stand. Wire reply. Wm. Dillon, 15, Nassau Street, Dublin.

William Dillon was the eldest son of my late well beloved friend John Dillon, and though I was somewhat surprised at his interference with a constituency with which he was unconnected, this was my reply :—

Thanks. I do not seek a constituency, but I am a Repealer, as I have been all my life, and if Meath elect me I will do my best in concert with the Irish members to serve the Irish cause. Should the constituency be dissatisfied with me at any time, I will resign. But if it be made a condition that I shall join the League and adopt its novel formula instead of the principles held by me in common with O'Connell, O'Brien, Davis, Dillon, Dr. Maginn, Meagher, and all the Nationalists in my time, that I cannot do.—Gavan Duffy.

At the same time I wrote to Mr. Dillon :—

MY DEAR SIR,—I answered your telegram this morning, but Foreign Telegraph Offices make such a hash of messages in English that I think it better to enclose you a copy.

I do not seek a seat in Parliament, and I will only accept one, if it comes unsought, as a duty—the sort of duty we all owe to our country. A seat in Parliament to a man who means to use it only for public ends is a heavy burthen and a constant responsibility. I do not believe one man worth sending there has gone from Ireland to the House of Commons as a popular representative in my day, whose life was not shortened by the toils and chagrins of the position. It probably shortened the life of John Martin ; I am persuaded it shortened the life of your father ; it certainly killed Frederick Lucas, and perhaps George Henry Moore. That is not a reason for shrinking from it any more than a man would be justified in shrinking from a forlorn hope in a just war ; but it is a good reason, I think, for not soliciting a seat as if it were a personal favour or a personal advan tage.

You intimate that I would be expected to join the Home Rule League. If joining it would mean adopting its programme, that is a step I am not prepared to take. Considering that the Repeal Association in the era of its greatest power and authority found it necessary to recognise that opinion cannot be always cast in the same mould by opening its doors to Federalists, it is doubtful policy, I think, for Federalists to shut their doors on those Repealers who prefer the principles and policy of 1844 to those of 1874. But be that as it may my opinions on the National question have long been fixed. I maintained them at some peril in Ireland, and against constant assaults in a new country where they were used to trip one up in every step of public life, and I cannot alter them now for a seat in Parliament or any other consideration. My convictions are my masters, not my servants, and I have no choice.

I thank those who thought of me on this occasion, and I shall be content whatever course they may determine to take.—Believe me, my dear sir very faithfully yours,

C. GAVAN DUFFY.

Isaac Butt had come into Parliament in later years, was leader of the Irish Party, and had given it a creed which it is probable no one now remembers, but it contained one provision very offensive to me : he rejected and repudiated Independent Opposition. Not only did his party not adopt the principle, but some of them who had pronounced for it before their constituents, notably Mr. Biggar, were required to repudiate it. I was very much alarmed at the danger of this policy renewing sooner or later the old practice of place-begging and subserviency to the English Government. It might be subserviency to the Tory Party next time, as it was to the Whig Party this time, but the upshot would be the same.

In a few days some friends in Dublin informed me that my telegram was carried to the Home Rule League with the alarming assurance that I repudiated the League and was coming into Parliament to destroy it. They were exhorted to defend themselves, and they immediately adopted the candidature of Mr. Parnell, then an unknown young squire, and sent down a deputation to Meath to promote it. Later Father Tormey informed me that the Conference would have adopted my candidature, and carried it to success, but that it would have broken up the National Party in Meath, and as I was indifferent to a seat they avoided such a catastrophe by not proposing me. The perplexing incident was that a son of John Dillon's should have used my telegram for such a purpose, and it was a great satisfaction to me to receive

a letter from him informing me that his name was signed to the telegram without his knowledge or authority, and during his absence from Dublin. A note which I wrote to Father Peter O'Reilly will complete the narrative of this sinister transaction :—

MY DEAR FATHER PETER,—I have not the slightest feeling of disappointment with respect to the Meath election. As long as the people have no need of me in Parliament, I have no need whatever of a seat. I consented to accept one as you might consent to undertake a mission in an infected district, because a man must do the duty that belongs to his position of life at whatever cost.

Here the matter might rest for ever as far as I am concerned ; but I have learned from Mr. William Dillon a series of facts which place the late election in such a new and painful light that I feel bound to state them plainly for the information of my friends in Meath to whom I am bound by so many old ties.

There were four telegrams sent in Mr. William Dillon's name—one to Paris, one to Monaco, and two to my club in London, with respect to the Meath election. All these telegrams were *forgeries*, issued without Mr. Dillon's knowledge or authority. When an answer came from me it was opened before Mr. Dillon heard of its existence, and Mr. Parnell's address immediately issued and a canvass commenced before any letter from Meath had reached me. The persons engaged in this transaction have induced Mr. Dillon to promise to conceal their names, and while he has felt bound to reveal the forgery to me he shelters the forgers from exposure.

You will note of course the effect of employing Mr. Dillon's name. Had some young man unconnected with Meath thought proper to interrogate me on my opinions and intentions respecting that constituency, you may surmise how I would have treated such an attempt had not the writer been the son of John Dillon. I do not blame Mr. Dillon at all, except for having withheld the facts from me till the election was over, instead of communicating them at once, when I might, had I thought fit, have gone to Meath and rendered the success of the conspirators impossible.[1]

And now it is a fact of very great importance for Meath to know who were the forgers ? A Latin proverb says that to discover who did a wrong, you must consider whom the wrong benefits.

No doubt it was done either in the interest of Mr. Parnell's candidature, or in the interest of some person in the Home Rule League.

That there are some persons in the League and in Parliament who wish to exclude me is very possible. Of course men might honestly desire to do so who regard me as incompetent or untrustworthy, but men of that sort do not have recourse to forgeries. I know nothing of Mr. Parnell except that he is reputed to be a young man of good character and position, and this device could not emanate from any person entitled to be so described.

It would be very improper of me to make these statements in secret, and

[1] Mr. Dillon was finally of the same opinion himself. He wrote to me later warmly defending Mr. Parnell from having any part in the intrigue, but admitting that they had both made one mistake. "He certainly did very wrong in asking me not to explain the circumstances under which the telegram was sent, but I don't think he was more wrong than I was in consenting to that course. The simple and straightforward course would have been to have written or telegraphed the whole matter to you, and I still regret very much that I did not do so."

therefore I fully authorise any use of them that may be considered necessary by those who are responsible for the honour of Meath.—Very faithfully yours,

C. GAVAN DUFFY.

Mr. William Dillon, on my strong insistence, at length named the person who had taken this liberty with his name, but after more than twenty years I am unwilling to complete the painful exposure. The offender is still busy in Irish politics, and poses, I perceive, as a man of honour and distinction, and perhaps he has learned to amend his ways; at any rate his father was a good Irishman of constant and unobtrusive patriotism, and for his father's sake I forgive him.

Mr. Butt was much elated by the Meath election. It disembarrassed him of an associate with theories of his own, and who insisted on the dangerous novelty of Independent Opposition. In his place he got a young man who accepted the entire programme of the League without demur, and who it might be hoped would prove a steady and deferential supporter. Alas for the futility of human hopes; in a brief time the new recruit completely overthrew the power of the leader, succeeded to his place, and established Independent Opposition as one of the permanent principles of the National programme in Ireland.

Cashel Hoey sent me news of my friends. I surmise from his note that I had quoted Mangan's "Lament":—

"My eyes are filmed and my beard is gray!
And I'm bent with the weight of years;
May I soon go down to my house of clay,
With my long lost youth's compeers." &c.

Don't talk to me (he wrote) of your long lost youth's compeers; your particular cronies among them are all looking as if they had just turned a new climacteric, and meant to go on to eighty at the very least. Lord O'Hagan was here last week, intending to take my Lady to Bournemouth next day for sea air. My wife, who is in Ireland, dined with John O'Hagan last week, and he is taking to poetry again. I leave you to draw your conclusions from that. D. F. MacCarthy dined with me recently. He is retranslating into assonant verse all the plays of Calderon which he originally rendered in blank. He looks nearly but not quite as young as you do, or at least did when I saw you last. Lord Granard tells me that the other M'C. has been staying with him at Castle Forbes, and after a good brush with the gout is as lusty as a cricket. Dr. Murray, too, recently published another theological volume, and is the strongest man of his age in Maynooth, as you are of your years in Melbourne, and MacKenna of his in London. There is a good deal of gristle in Monaghan men.

The incidents of this journey would occupy a volume, but as I can only afford them a chapter I must pick and choose. A few scraps from my correspondence with my wife will furnish all that is necessary of my route and occupation :—

MODENA IN THE ALPS, *June 12*, 1874.

I am resting a day here on the frontier of France and Italy, close to St. Michel where we took the diligence over the Alps, when we went to Rome. I am here under strange circumstances. I took a through ticket from Venice to Paris, and when I read it *en route* I discovered that though you can break the journey three times in Italy you are not permitted to break it in France, though the journey from Venice to Paris occupies twenty-three hours. I determined to stop at the last Italian station and reduce the journey to nineteen hours, or perhaps less. But after I stopped at Modena I found I had just crossed the frontier and was in France. I represented to the *Chef de Gare*, an official blazing in gold lace, that I was an invalid whom twenty-three hours' travelling would prostrate, and that I was not a German upon whom such a punishment might, of course, be properly inflicted. But my remonstrance would probably have been in vain, but for an unexpected *deus ex machinâ*, a door opened near us and an official put out his head and cried in an unequivocal Munster brogue, "Sure he must let you rest, if you're donny." And, with the help of my countryman, so he did.

PARIS, *June 16th*.

I have been to-day in Paris, and find it only a shadow of its old self. The Palais Royal and the Boulevards are occupied, it seems to me, by an inferior class, and are imperfectly lighted. The Tuileries are as desolate and ugly as an exterminated Irish village ; there is a political crisis, and men and things look dismal. In short it is not the Paris of long ago.

I shall push on to London to get a hair-cutter I can trust, for a countryman of Cleopatra's at Alexandria clipped me as if I were about to wear a fez. Since I came on shore I sleep better and I eat with some relish, which I never did at sea. It isn't yet two months since I left Hawthorn and it seems a generation, I have seen and endured so much.

LONDON, *June 20th*.

I am again in London ; Hoey met me at the station and assured me that on account of Ascot Races there was not a vacancy in a London hotel, and asked me to his house, Mrs. Hoey being in France, which left a spare room. I have accepted his invitation, and was pleased to find what a well-appointed house, and, above all, what excellent and skilful servants, he has got. Lady O'Hagan is a young and agreeable woman, and they are so much in society that a dinner which they made for me was the first they had eaten at home for two months. I have made arrangements to remove to the Alexandra Hotel, where friends can visit me, after two or three days with Hoey.

LONDON, *July 7th*.

The Australian mail is several days overdue, and this note must go without my hearing from home. During the fortnight I have been here I have constantly dined out, among others, with Lord Carnarvon, Lord Emly, Lord O'Hagan (repeatedly), Sir Charles Dilke, Sir Colman O'Loghlen, and various persons of political importance whose names you do not know. I dined at a whitebait dinner yesterday given by the Permanent Secretaries

for the Colonies, and I was placed on Mr. Herbert's right hand, the Governor of Ceylon being only on his left, and the Colonial Agents General in worse places. My "morbid vanity," for which the *Argus* will vouch, was abundantly gratified. Michie has almost entirely recovered his voice; he has introduced me to the doctor who cured him. I hope I will do as well.

When I arrived in Paris, Marshal MacMahon was President of the Republic, and I was much interested in seeing so notable an Irishman in such a position. An extract from my diary will tell all that need be said of that time:—

April 23, 1875.—Went to a reception of the President of the Republic at the Elysée, where his predecessor concocted the *coup d'état.* MacMahon looks very Irish—not intrinsically different from many Irish soldiers whom I have seen, or even many Irish policemen—large, frank, fiery. The French officers, of whom there were many present, had less of what we are accustomed to call the look of gentlemen than officers of the British Army, and among the civilians there was often a decidedly commonplace looking person. Several of the Orleans princes were there, and one of them, the Duc d'Alençon, is one of the handsomest young men I have ever seen; Providence has been too good to him. The Duke of Némours, who is gray and furrowed, has a soldierly bearing and noble address. There were many of the old Irish—Nugent, O'Brien, O'Neill—as soldiers or officials. Nugent is a fine old man and had the air of a nobleman as much as any one there. They are all Legitimists, I understand, and scarcely any one of them speaks a word of English. One of them, Captain MacDermott I think, made a very effective retort upon me. I expressed my surprise that he did not continue to speak English in memory of his ancestors. "Monsieur," said he, "when my ancestors lived in their native country they spoke their native tongue." *Vive le MacDermott!* The ladies, though covered with jewels, were not dazzling by their beauty. In fact I was amazed at the small proportion of handsome women.

I asked Count Nugent to point out the Ministers of the Republic, and he said, contemptuously, that they were gentlemen he didn't know.

During this visit to Paris and many subsequent visits, I saw much of Mr. J. P. Leonard, who was a type of the best class of Irish exiles. He lived all his life, from boyhood, in France, but everything Irish engaged his constant interest and attention, and he laboured as systematically to foster Irish interests, and spread an intelligent knowledge of Ireland in France as if he were *Chargé d'affaires* of a National Government. His *métier* was a professorship in the College of St. Barbe. On these occasions I also saw much of Mr. O'Leary, who had been released from imprisonment on condition of living abroad. He was a Fenian of a class which I had never seen before, and rarely afterwards; moderate in opinion, generally just to opponents, and entirely without passion or enthusiasm

except a devoted love of Ireland. He was a great reader of books, and, I fear, a great dreamer of dreams.

Susan's old friend, Miss O'Meara, says my diary, told me that Béranger had resided for several years in the rather shabby pension on the Rue Chateaubrand (No. 3) with Madame Thérèse. Their meals were served in their apartment, and he never came to the *table d'hôte*, or drawing-room. She sometimes did, and was received by the most strait-laced English as a personage. The habitual life of this epicurean poet was as simple and regular as that of an English artisan of the better sort. He went to a *café* in the evening, and seldom received any person. His dress was the Sunday clothes of an *ouvrier*, coarse, loose, and ill-made, but clean and orderly.

In London I went on a visit to Lord O'Hagan for a time, but I was unwilling to bring to the house of a judge the miscellaneous political *clientèle* who sought me from time to time. Two or three scraps from my diary will suffice :—

I met Dr. Manning, the new Archbishop of Westminister, at dinner, and had a long talk with him and O'Hagan on Irish affairs, in which he takes a genuine interest.

Went to hear Dr. Manning preach. The style is correct and solid, but to my Celtic taste it is so tame as to be ineffectual ; it runs on like a gently rippling brook, which never breaks into cascades. Dined with him afterwards, in his strange, naked mansion in the purlieus of Westminister. He talks well and frankly, and with generous freedom from reserve. I spoke to him of Australia ; he recommended the new religious orders for that country in preference to the older ones, which, with the exception of the Jesuits, have done their work. In all new countries there is a tendency, hard to control, to grasp land or gold ; it had marred the Protestant missions, and must be sedulously guarded against in the Catholic ones. As regards politics, he said that the comfort and happiness of the working people was the first duty of Government as well as philanthropy ; he said he was cordially with Ireland in the effort to undo altogether the work of injustice and mis-government. As for English parties, he knew Gladstone from early manhood, and sympathised much with him, but if he desired, as it was alleged, to disestablish the English Church, there they must part. He regarded the Established Church as a bulwark against Agnosticism which it would be a grievous error to remove.

I found poor John Forster seriously ill and very hopeless about himself. He has not left the house for months, and fears that he will never leave it. I am deeply touched by the condition of a man whom I have known for more than twenty years, and who was inexhaustible in his kindness and services. He has been the intimate friend of Carlyle, Dickens, Bulwer Lytton, Savage, Landor, Browning, and many more, and seems to have been loved by them all.

Before I left London Isaac Butt wrote to me :—

WHEATSHEAF, VIRGINIA WATER, *June* 27, 1874.

MY DEAR DUFFY,—I was greatly disappointed at leaving London without calling on you to welcome you back.

You know, no doubt, the task I have before me on Tuesday. I have

been overworked, and am low and depressed, and came down here for quietness and a little preparation.

I will hope after Tuesday to see you. How much have we to speak of! How many things have passed, how many have changed, since last we met!—Yours ever as of old, sincerely,

ISAAC BUTT.

Among the new friends I made at this time was William Allingham the poet. A note or two from him indicates business in which we were engaged, and revives the memory of a man whom I liked and admired :—

LYNMOUTH, N. DEVON, *September* 19, 1874.

DEAR SIR CHARLES DUFFY,—Best thanks for your kindness as to my book; I have not yet heard the result. Also for photographs, which I shall doubtless find on my return to London. I should have written sooner, but have been busy getting married! Hoping to have the pleasure of seeing you again when I come back next month,—I am, sincerely yours,

W. ALLINGHAM.

Later he urged me to write in *Frazer's Magazine*, of which he was editor, and at the same time Father Coleridge invited me to write in the *Month*, and Cashel Hoey in the *Dublin Review*, but I was determined to have a genuine holiday, and replied to them all by an emphatic negative.

Orion Horne, who was now in England, had passed his seventieth year, and had made no adequate provision for the trying days which were to come. Some of his friends determined that an application for a literary pension should be made on his behalf. A little earlier he had found it necessary to apply to the literary fund managed by men of letters for some temporary help, and they sent him double the sum he asked, with an expression of surprise and regret that he should have need to make such an application. But politicians are made of sterner stuff. The memorial on his behalf set forth that Mr. Horne was the author of "Orion" and many other works in poetry—dramatical and lyrical—which had long since received the highest eulogies from the highest quarters, and cited other official public work in which he was engaged. There were six-and-twenty signatures of whom it is only necessary to specify—Tennyson, Browning, Carlyle, Ruskin, Swinburne, Kingsley, Morris, Lord Lytton, Mathew Arnold, Rossetti, Sir Henry Taylor, and men eminent

in science and art like Owen and Millais. How any minister could consider himself entitled to disregard an appeal so supported is hard to understand, but nothing came of it. His hope was kept alive by rumours from time to time that the thing was about to be done, which he generally reported to me. "Robert Browning," he wrote to me, "being on a visit at Alton Towers, it so befell that Gladstone came there also for a few days. Being together in the library next morning Browning began to speak about me, when suddenly Lady Marion Alford (a visitor likewise) darted from behind one of the reading niches and backed what R. B. was saying with strongest terms. Gladstone thanked them frankly, and at once made a memo. in his note-book. So R. B. wrote to me of this, adding that he supposed the deed was all but done." But it never was done, and Horne spent valiantly and cheerfully an old age of penury.

When I passed over to Dublin, there seemed as little chance of the *dolce far niente*. Among my earliest visitors was an old acquaintance and old antagonist. When I established the *Nation* in 1842, I made the acquaintance of a man very notable in that day, the Reverend Tresham Gregg, Grand Chaplain of the Orangemen of Ireland, whom I relieved of a vacant newspaper office which was an embarrassment to him. Afterwards, whenever we met in the streets, or such neutral places as public exhibitions, we commonly exchanged a little banter and maintained not unfriendly relations as of persons who agreed to differ. One morning during this visit to Dublin, Mr. Gregg, whom I had not seen for a dozen years, was announced as a visitor, and after the ordinary civilities he burst on me with a question. "Tell me, my old friend, would you like to live for ever?"

"By no means," I replied, "unless in the sense I have always been taught that I shall live for ever, whether I like it or not.'

"Oh," he replied, "you are speaking of spiritual life. But what I propose to you is the life of both body and soul; life for endless centuries on this globe, in this good city of Dublin, if you choose, in health, strength, and peace of mind. From the earliest times, from the beginning of this world indeed, the inestimable gift of immortality without

the intervention of the grave was promised and expected, and at last this new dispensation is granted as the crown and confirmation of Christianity, for who shall refuse to believe, when revelation is confirmed by such a tremendous miracle? I ask you again, do you wish to live for ever?"

"For ever is a long time," I said, in the bantering tone I had commonly employed when speaking to him; "but I would not object to a century or two in good company. By what method can one obtain this earthly immortality?"

"By prayer and obedience," he replied with a solemn air. "I cannot confer the gift of eternity on any one who does not consent to be implicitly guided by me, so far as my directions are founded on Holy Scripture and the doctrines of the primitive Church."

"I must renounce the errors of Popery, then, I presume, and consent to be baptized anew in the Boyne water to obtain this blessing. Must I join an Orange Lodge?"

"Shame!" he said, "you are scoffing at God's greatest gift to latter-day Christians, destined to be received with thanks and blessings over the whole earth. I can accept as clients the members of any Christian Church; if you will introduce me to Dr. Paul Cullen, for example, I will enable him to remain Archbishop of his community in this country for more centuries than have elapsed since the coming of St. Patrick."

"Good gracious!" I exclaimed, throwing up my arms in mock consternation, "you frighten me, for that is just what I don't want to happen. I expect no good for Ireland till the period which a friend of mine calls *paulo post* future, and if you are going to inflict Dr. Cullen on us in perpetuity I cry off and must decline your immortality. But pray tell me, how did you make this prodigious discovery?"

"I found it in the Scriptures, mainly in portions of them hitherto considered unintelligible. It was plainly promised that the blessings should come, and that the year 1874 was the appointed time."

"Would you mind showing me these Scripture evidences?"

"I can only undertake to exhibit any proofs to persons familiar with the Scriptures in the original, profoundly

acquainted with the Hebrew and Greek text, and versed in the higher mathematics."

"Do you bestow this inestimable gift to people 'free, gratis, for nothing'—as the children say?"

"It was my purpose to do so, for I thought it simony to sell God's gift. But I have come to think that it is proper that persons who have passed the ordeal should contribute towards the good works which I intend to execute in the eternity that awaits me."

"By the way," I said, "have you entered on immortality yourself?"

"Certainly I have. I am now in my seventy-fourth year, and that is the mere babyhood of the life I am to enjoy."

"How did it happen that this boon, expected from the beginning, had never been heard of till the present day?"

"You are altogether mistaken; a minister of the Gospel, in the reign of Queen Anne, evolved the same truth from the Bible, as I have done in the reign of Queen Victoria."

"Bravo! That is what I call coming to the point. Bring me this contemporary of Queen Anne enjoying perpetual life (for of course he availed himself of his own discovery) and I'm your man; meanwhile the debate stands adjourned."

Dr. Gregg afterwards sent me two pamphlets in which his opinions were stated with the utmost gravity, and insisted on with considerable rhetorical power.[1] I found in one of the brochures, that there was a tariff for perpetual life. The Doctor intended to impose as the honorarium for his instructions—"On persons of £100,000 per annum, £10,000; of £50,000 a year, £5,000; of £20,000 a year, £2,000; and so on in the same proportion. With respect to the poorer

[1] This letter reached me shortly after the colloquy detailed above:—

"ST. NICHOLAS WITHIN, DUBLIN, *August* 7, 1874.

"MY DEAR SIR GAVAN,—According to promise, I send you a few additional documents and a photograph, with a legend that you will find *multum in parvo*. You will not be offended at my letter to the English apostate Manning, and will perceive that it is my grand discovery which gives me the whip hand of him. Could he taunt me with being the creature of the English State, as either endowed or disendowed, he would have wherein to glory. But my noble discovery makes me master of the situation. As a wise and practical man you will consider these things. Remember, I do not now go to the Irish Protestant Church any more than to the Roman. I am above both, and so remain faithfully yours,

"TRESHAM GREGG."

classes, when he had ascertained their perfect sincerity, his instructions would be gratuitous, or formed upon such a scale as should conduce to their temporal and eternal interests." Some time later I read a report of the "Conditional Immortality Association," where the Doctor was surrounded by zealous supporters; but he failed somehow, I suppose, to practice "the inexorable Scriptural conditions," for two or three years later I read of his death in the newspapers.

Soon after my arrival in Ireland, my old friends, the leading priests of the Tenant League, renewed their request that I would go into Parliament. I went on a visit to Father Peter O'Reilly, at Kingscourt, and he gathered our old comrades around us. I was informed that Mr. Ennis, one of the members for Meath, was willing to resign his seat in my favour. I told them my objection to Butt's policy, but they thought that an additional reason for adopting their proposal: it was only in Parliament I could watch effectually over the safety of the Irish cause, and if Mr. Butt, who was in ill-health, died, the cause might be lost for want of a leader. It was proposed that I should be invited to a public dinner, and a requisition be presented to me in two or three months from the date of our Conference. These proposals naturally reached the League, and Mr. Butt was extremely unwilling that I should come into Parliament without joining that body. After I left Ireland certain Irish members employed themselves in alarming my friends with the disastrous consequences of an election in which the League was ignored. The Kingscourt priests wrote me a generous and sympathetic letter, arguing that I should meet this difficulty by consenting to join the League, and accept its programme.[1] They described the success which had attended the movement, the change from long apathy to hope and enthusiasm, and the good which they believed I could effect by falling in with the will of the people. And they added that Mr. Ennis, having been elected to support the League, now considered himself prohibited from resigning in favour of any candidate who would not do the same. It was hard to resist such an appeal, but it had

[1] This letter was signed by Father Peter O'Reilly and Father Tormey, with the concurrence of Father Tom O'Shea, of Callan, to whom it was submitted.

become a question of personal honour. I had declared on my arrival that I would not join the League, that declaration had been widely circulated by my opponents. If after a short interval I forgot that declaration, I would enter Parliament with a character for inconsistency, which would render the position worthless. The career I had promised to myself as the only one suitable in the present condition of Irish affairs, was such a one as Mr. Bright adopted in England, taking always the course which I thought was right, without looking for any political sustainment in the House or outside of it, which did not come spontaneously, and serving Irish interests more effectually by not being bound by any preliminary undertaking. This was not a policy designed to create a party, but simply proper to my position and antecedents. If I could not do the good I projected, I would at any rate do none of the harm threatened; but Isaac Butt insisted so stubbornly on his programme that I determined to return to Australia.

I went with Mr. Michie to the Royal Academy to choose pictures for the Melbourne Gallery, and encountered a difficulty of which we make too little account at the Antipodes. We agreed upon six pictures, and were much satisfied with the choice, but when we applied to the clerk in charge of the sale catalogue for the prices we found five of the six were already sold. As it was still early on the first day, when only invited persons were admitted, they were probably sold in the studios before they were hung.

I breakfasted with Lord Emley. He told us a good story of the experience of a footman who went on a visit to a fellow-servant in the country, who was the Major-domo of a septuagenarian squire. While they were at luncheon the master's bell rang violently. "Confound him!" said the Major-domo, "how troublesome he is; he wants his luncheon I suppose. Come upstairs till you see what a lesson I'll give him." The visitor accompanied his friend to the anteroom of the squire's bedchamber, and heard him address his master in an angry tone. "What the deuce do you mean by disturbing me at my meal? I tell you flatly I'm not going to stand that sort of thing, and that if you don't behave yourself better, you and I will part. I have brought you something to eat, which is

more than you deserve." The old gentleman did not reply a word, but ate his luncheon with perfect placidity. The visitor thought it a marvellous example of discipline. When he returned home he tried the experiment on his old gentleman. His master, after looking at him in amazement for some minutes, rang the bell. "Let this fellow," he said, "be stript of my livery, and kicked out of the house; he shall have no character from me, unless I write one on his back with a horsewhip." The dismissed valet rushed to his friend to complain that the experiment had not worked as well as he expected. "Ah!" said his friend, "perhaps I forgot to mention to you that *my* master is stone deaf."

A few more extracts from my letters home will fix the march of events.

LONDON, *August* 1st.

Michie introduced me to the doctor who restored his voice, Morell Mackenzie, and I have been visiting him daily. He talks to me for twenty minutes or more of Irish or Australian politics, and not a word about my malady. He says the vocal chords are relaxed, and recommends a season at Aix-les-Bains, where he will give me a letter to the most experienced doctor. I will go there before winter, and after a month there I will probably go to Mentone.

CANNES, *October*, 1874.

My month of Aix has done my voice little service, but there is some chance of a change coming after I have settled down here. I propose remaining on this coast during the winter.

CANNES, *January* 10, 1875.

I fear I am growing an old fogey. There was a family stopping here recently, consisting of the grandson and granddaughter of Lord Thurlow, Chancellor under George III. The lady asked me if I knew her grandfather. I replied that I did not, but that the fault was not mine, as he had placed an impediment in the way of our acquaintance, by dying before I was born.

Having seen the worst that winter can do here, I may confidently affirm that this climate is not so good as that of Hawthorn. And what renders it worse is that the houses are built as if there was no winter. Not only are there no window-shutters to windows that close imperfectly, but there are often no curtains, except a slip of white muslin. In villas built for English people, with all the modern comforts, it is different, but in a hotel a change to the Governor Hotham, Hawthorn, would be a change for the better.

There is an English family stopping in the same hotel with me who have been travelling for some years, and who speak of all the places they have visited by their foreign names. They have come from "la Belgique" last, by way of "la Suisse," and propose to visit "l'Autriche" in the summer. I suggested that there was an interesting island lying north of "la France," which might occupy some leisure months agreeably, 'l'Angleterre!" There was an election in Cannes last month, which

illustrates the advantage of marrying judiciously. One of the candidates announced himself as "Monsieur Mounier *époux* Jorden," the Jordens I presume, are, in modern slang, "tremendous swells."

From Cannes I went to Mentone.

MENTONE, FRANCE, *February* 4, 1875.

Your December letter was a great pleasure to me. The success of the mathematician was like a flask of Möet, and I was much gratified by the pains you all took to make young H—— at home. You could not have done me a greater pleasure.

The "picturesque dodge" in begging, here at present, is a grey and sombre Monsieur, who announces himself as "un pauvre Alsatien, qui a été riche; Mais—Bismarck," &c. The number of French beggars surprised me; there surely used to be few or none in the days when we were gipsying, a long time ago.

I do not altogether escape indigestion, principally because I do not take exercise enough, though it is only a morning walk into Italy, across a stream, where you could scarcely wash your hands. Everything is very dear at present in France, and it is a common saying among the visitors, that *we* are paying the German subsidy!

From Mentone I went to Monte Carlo.

While I was at Mentone and Monte Carlo, Summers, the sculptor, came to take some sittings for my bust, and in obtaining suitable clay for him I came upon some facts of singular interest for my scheme of planting southern industries in Victoria. The maitre d'hotel gave us an order for the clay on a little establishment within a short distance where there was a large manufactory of objets d'art. I found that the establishment was the private property of Madame Blanc, whose husband may be called the Prince of Monte Carlo, if the Prince of Darkness does not compete the title with him. She has also at hand a distillery of perfumes, made from the wild flowers of the Alps, which is popular throughout Europe. And this industry is pursued by a lady whose husband is richer than any squatter in Australia. He has recently married one of his daughters to Prince Radziwill, and she has carried a dowry of half a million sterling over the German frontier with her. What a pregnant fact for men who have leisure for half the year on Australian runs! Summers assures me that there is sculptor's clay in abundance in Moonee Ponds, which it would pay well to export to Europe.

In the spring I went to Paris.

For precise dates, for I rarely wrote my diary now, I must recur to my correspondence home.

August, 1875.

I am going to Dublin to-day, to attend the O'Connell Centenary. I sent an apology and hoped to evade the noise and trouble, but the Committee sent me a resolution entreating me to go as O'Connell's fellow-prisoner of '44, and the Lord Mayor came to me in London on the subject, and finally I had to give in. I will remain about a month in Ireland to pay a few visits, for which I have accepted invitations, and to visit my mother's grave. The Irish in Melbourne sent me a letter, asking me to represent them on the occasion, and it reconciles me to the trouble of going, that I will not disappoint them. I will take a look at Merton and Whitehall, for sake of "Auld lang syne"; and at Richmond Penitentiary. Newgate has just been carted away as rubbish, and the old *Nation* office has passed to other purposes. And what a sweep of men within a little time—Dillon, Moore, Mitchel, Martin, John Gray, Wilson Gray, and Arthur O'Hagan, dead since I was there last!

SHELBOURNE HOTEL, DUBLIN, *August* 15th.

I write to you from Dublin while the things I have seen and heard here are fresh in my memory. About public proceedings, I send you the newspapers. I have only to add that a number of Bishops and other influential people strongly urged on me again to go into Parliament, but I am less disposed than ever to do so. The day I arrived I had an invitation to dine, the first open day, with an Australian lady, who has married the eldest son and successor of Sir John Gray; and who should she prove to be but Carrie Chrisholm. She is a charming young woman but rather an invalid just now. Her mother has not left her bed for years. Fancy a vigorous woman like Mrs. Chrisholm bedridden!

I went to visit Merton[1] and found new people, who have recently purchased it, in possession. I went up to a grave old lady, who was giving directions to a gardener, took off my hat, and told her that this house had great interest for me, as it was there I brought home my young wife long ago. The old lady was quite touched by such a sentiment, and carried me to every part of the house and grounds. Perhaps she was once a young bride, but it was long ago!

Every one asked whether you were in London or Paris, and could scarcely be persuaded that you were in Melbourne. So that I had to announce I was going to rejoin you there forthwith, or I would probably have been ducked in the Liffey—for this is a very chivalrous nation.

The O'Connell Centenary promised to be a triumphant success. Dublin was full of deputations sent to represent a hundred cities, towns, and hamlets, and a vast number of stalwart men came to take part in the procession to his monument.

Princes and ecclesiastics from Germany and France, who sympathised either with the great Catholic or the great Nationalist arrived to grace the occasion, and the recognition of Ireland as an ancient, pious, and indestructible nation promised to be complete. But in all our annals before and since the spirit of faction has played a fatal part, and when I arrived in Dublin I found the committee of the Centenary

[1] Our former residence near Dublin.

broken into two fierce factions, one led by Mr. McSweeny, the Lord Mayor of Dublin, counselled by P. J. Smyth, the other by A. M. Sullivan and probably Mr. Parnell, who, however, did not yet count for much. The Lord Mayor's party, who disliked and distrusted Mr. Butt, opposed all proposals to give him a prominent place in the demonstration, while the other party insisted upon it as his right. The committee requested me to speak to the toast of Irish Nationality—a not unreasonable selection, as I had been the earliest and not the least unchangeable Nationalist in that assembly; but the majority were determined to have Mr. Butt with or without the assent of the committee. The procession in the morning was a magnificent one. It looked, as some one said, as if Ireland had been born again after the famine and disasters of the last dozen years. Lord O'Hagan had been invited to deliver an oration, and prepared a powerful one which was to be read in his absence, as he was unable to attend. When the reading commenced an immense clamour arose, cries of "Butt! Butt!" broke out from groups in various directions, which ended in confusion and disaster. At the banquet in the evening the attendance was numerous and singularly impressive; the foreign element gave it the appearance of a triumphant recognition of Ireland, which no one would be base enough to disturb; but when the toast of Irish Nationality was reached near midnight, and I rose to respond, cries of "Butt! Butt!" broke out as in the morning, and I sat down to let the storm blow over. The Lord Mayor, who was in the chair, declared he would not permit the proceedings to be interrupted by a factious conspiracy, and the clamour continued. Mr. Butt, who was sitting next me, said if I induced the Lord Mayor to give him a moment's hearing, he would put an end to the trouble by insisting on their accepting the arrangement of the committee; but I said I was disgusted with both parties for destroying a noble National demonstration, and that I would not interfere. After a time the principal guests, and I along with them, withdrew, and in the end the Lord Mayor ordered the gas to be turned off, and what would have been a strength and honour to Ireland became a disgrace.[1]

[1] A day or two after the dinner, Mr. A. M. Sullivan published an account

Next day I was requested to attend a consultation at the Mansion House. The Lord Mayor, who was furious at the discredit brought on the Centenary, and at the slight support he had received from the *Freeman's Journal*, proposed to establish a daily paper, to found an association on the old Repeal principles, and contest every National seat in Ireland. He spoke disparagingly of Mr. Butt, and said the Tories who had joined him at the outset of his movement had all deserted, and he had now no supporters except some of the most extreme or discredited of the National party. The most important men who had come to town for the Centenary, lay and ecclesiastical, might be counted on, he said, to support this new movement. I said I felt the deepest disgust at a policy which set the interest of a faction or of some particular demagogue over the plain interests of Ireland, that the Centenary should be a serene and majestic exhibition, but I was not going to make another Irish faction. Their project would probably fail. £50,000 would be needed for a daily paper; where were they to find such a sum? and the most influential men in the country would scarcely set up another Association, and I fancied that many of them felt as I did, that it would discredit them to try. The Lord Mayor declared that he had ascertained that he could certainly get both the men and the money, if I remained at home and undertook the direction of these enterprises. Dr. Cullen, for example, had promised a substantial portion of the necessary capital for the newspaper. "Then he cannot possibly know," I said, "that you propose to ask me to control the enterprise." "Yes, he does," he rejoined, "the Archbishop has entirely changed his opinion on your Irish policy." "But alas!" I replied, "I have not changed my opinion about his. To ask me to direct a newspaper and a party, whose funds are to be largely furnished by

of the transaction imputing the blame to the negligence and mismanagement of the committee:

"There were probably not a dozen men in the room who recognise in the stranger who rose at a particular moment Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, and the tumultuous protests against the committee manipulation of toasts and speakers had burst forth long previously. It was no contention whatever between Mr. Butt, Mr. Duffy, and Mr. Downing. The committee—or rather the person or persons who so disastrously mismanaged those things—did not place the name of a single speaker on the printed toast-lists, and consequently the assembly were kept in blank ignorance of who was to speak at all."

Dr. Cullen, is to ask me to make a voyage certain to end in shipwreck, and I respectfully decline." I had much conversation with friends, especially the Bishop of Clogher and the Bishop of Kerry, but I was immovable in my determination not to create another Irish Party. When Lord O'Hagan's Centenary oration was published, I was astonished and pained to find that my friend had used arguments to justify O'Connell's violence towards some of his opponents, which might be employed to justify all Mr. Butt had done, or which had been done on his behalf in these late transactions. I was dumb on the subject except to himself, and I wrote to him tenderly as to a friend I loved :—

You have probably heard already that the Centenary oration greatly pleased your friends. I have heard the warmest praise of it from the best people whom the celebration brought to Dublin. It was vigorous, broad, and comprehensive, and the rhetoric is perfect; but in my inner conscience I felt a want to which I gave no words. The O'Connell you paint is as ideal a personage as the King Arthur of Tennyson. He was no more the generous, single-minded, unselfish hero of your prose idyll than he was the impostor ordinarily presented in the *Times*—but a strange compound of both.

And unfortunately in his case it is not like painting Brian Borhoime *en beau*, because the evil consequences of his moral deficiencies are still in full vigour. There were two scenes in Dublin on Friday last, which come very pat to bear me out. In the morning the Lord Mayor invited a popular audience to hear Lord O'Hagan's address, and had his voice drowned with cries of "Butt! Butt!" In the evening when he called on a returned Australian to respond to a toast, again he was met with cries of "Butt! Butt!" Both proceedings were plainly preconcerted, and I thought the occult author of them—not a patriot, but something quite different. But perhaps I did him injustice, if he were tested by the principles in your vindication of O'Connell. Mr. Butt, like the other leader, requires "concentration of authority." He has to deal with ignorant and undisciplined masses, and a vigorous will defying and trampling upon opposition is necessary to his success. "If he does not become an autocrat the people will never be welded into an unbroken phalanx," and he is (I infer) entitled to turn a National festival into a drunken row to serve his purpose, if he calls his purpose by a lofty name. Assuredly he has done nothing for which he may not cite a precedent in the conduct of his great predecessor towards Sharman Crawford, Sheil, Purcell, and others.

In an *éloge* it is not usual to parade a man's faults; but the allowances you ask us to make leave no faults; even his weaknesses lean to virtue's side.

Forgive me this criticism, but I could not say how much I liked the speech without saying also what I missed.

To my wife :—

PARIS, *September* 25, 1875.

I have bade adieu to the British Isles and am at Paris, the first stage of my return journey to Hawthorn. Since I wrote you last I have been on a

visit at Townley, the residence of Colonel Townley, Lady O'Hagan's father. Though they have always been Catholics the estate has been in the family since the time of King Alfred, and the Castle, which is a massive one, is older, the Colonel is fond of saying, than the Protestant religion.

I make a few extracts from Marcus Clarke's correspondence at this time:—

April 10, 1875.

There is nothing new here save that Kerferd is still Chief Secretary. I mention this as news because "news" is something strange! We have just heard of the case of poor Aspinall, and to-day the paper contains intelligence of the death of his wife whom you made post-mistress of Emerald Hill.

I suppose you know that my cousin Andrew Clarke, after generally slaughtering pirates in the Malay Peninsular, has been named Minister of Public Works in India at £9,600 a year. Lucky fellow he is, to be sure. I would take his work for half the money, and sustain the dignity as royally as in me lies.

November 30, 1875.

Very many thanks for all the trouble you have been at on my account. It is rare indeed to find any one who will really "work" for a man who wants help. I hope that it may one day be my good fortune to aid *you* in something which you want done.

I have received from London the "Natural Life" in three vols., and have written to thank Mrs. Hoey; I have told her that she is a "brick"—the only word in the English tongue which cannot be applied to any person having a hint of selfishness in them.

June, 1876.

The *Boston Review* speaks very favourably of the book, and Harper, who has republished it, sends me £15. Why this curious sum I don't know. I suppose it represents something in dollars—Harper's conscience, perhaps!

I hope that you will like the book better in its amended condition. I have I think followed your advice in all particulars.

MARCUS CLARKE.

I now turned my face to the new country; a letter to Lord O'Hagan specifies my intentions.

HOTEL DE PARIS, MONACO, *December 20th.*

MY DEAR O'HAGAN,—The latest train by which I can conveniently reach the steamer at Brindisi leaves this January 12, at nine o'clock in the morning, and it is by it I propose to go. The sculptor has been here and made a successful bust, but there would be no advantage in my going to Rome, as he will not have it in marble—so as to take a last sitting *for the marble*—till long after I have left Europe. By the time they are lighting bonfires at Townley for the *nouveau né* I shall probably be a couple of months in my Australian home. I hope to arrive early in March. As a rule our friends never do what we wish them to do, and perhaps they are right with their better knowledge of what suits them. But ever since I have known this benign southern climate I have greatly wished you to get a villa where you would spend three or four of the worst winter months every winter

for the future. With your excellent constitution and buoyancy of disposition you might have twenty years which would be the happiest of your life, in a country where the rigours of winter are practically unknown. And as Lord Brougham did, you would draw a few friends to follow your example. You have a new reason for desiring a long and healthy life; and a Tusculum on the Mediterranean, where you could read and think and loiter in the sun counts for something in the means of attaining it. There; I have said my say, and my good advice will be wasted. But I shall probably give practical evidence of my confidence in it by taking my own prescription. The main reason why I hoped to see you here, was that you might realise, by coming directly from England to this garden of Paradise, what a gain it would be to spend your winters here. But if there be causes, or duties, that would make it improper for you to distribute your time in that way for the future, I beg of you *do not* come here merely to say "farewell." I will see you, I trust, in London in 1877, and I saw you three months ago at Townley. If an Alpine villa be an open question, however, I would greatly like to have a few days to show you this coast from Nice to Mentone.

With sincerest good wishes to Lady O'Hagan.—Believe me, always yours,

C. G. DUFFY.

This was his reply:—

TOWNLEY, *January* 2, '76.

MY DEAR DUFFY,—One line to say that I have made up my mind to run to Monaco (D.V.). I shall start for London to-morrow morning, and think I may get to see you by *Friday*. But I shall probably know better at Paris and write you thence. All good New Year greetings. In great haste.—Ever yours,

O'HAGAN.

I had the happiness of spending a few days with my friend in the genial south, and exchanging confidences and predictions for the future.

On the way to Australia I wrote him my *adieux*:—

SUEZ, *January* 27, 1876.

MY DEAR O'HAGAN,—I hope you arrived home safely, and not too much fatigued. For me, I have had misadventures by sea and land, but at length I have reached my port of departure, and to-morrow I embark on the Red Sea, where metal and human marrow are said to melt. You "gentlemen of England who live at home at ease," or travel with a dragoman and courier, know nothing I fancy of the adventures of tourist life. Last night, for example, I arrived at Suez in the dark, at an ill-lighted station, where there was not a single European or person speaking a European tongue. I had a ticket for my baggage written in an alphabet which I had only seen previously in the British Museum. The number of my packages, the place they were registered, and the place of their destination were expressed in an unknown tongue, and I had a lively apprehension that they had gone off at Ismalia, where the majority of the passengers left for Syria. I flourished this illegible document and cried "baggage" in an authoritative tone, and an Egyptian official touched his breast and said "*Me*," admitting his responsibility, but not exhibiting the smallest visible intention of discharg-

ing himself of it by delivering my luggage. After long delay I got together seven portmanteaus and packages, several of them indispensable things for the voyage bought in Alexandria or Cairo, and seven black gentlemen proffered themselves to take charge of them (or more than seven, indeed, for they believe in division of labour), and carry them to the Suez Hotel nearly half a mile distant. To distribute the baggage would have been easy, but in a dark night, on the borders of the Great Desert, after half a mile's walk, to reassemble the scattered fragments might *not* be so easy. I will not trouble you with the close of the story, but you see that a traveller without a dragoman gets disciplined in patience and resourcefulness.

I trust Lady O'Hagan will forgive me for being the cause of your making so disagreeable a journey in so inclement a season, more especially as I would have forbidden it if I could. It will be a pleasant memory hereafter and always, but while you were with me I had an uneasy sense of inflicting a great wrong on you. Do not omit to give her my best wishes, and thanks for many kindnesses; and so I will say not "adieu" but "*au revoir.*"—Always yours,

C. G. DUFFY.

Some suspicion of small-pox sent our ship into quarantine, but I had a country house within ten minutes' ride of the Sanatory Station, and I soon saw my sons through the gate, and had my favourite horse sent into the quarantine grounds, and after a few days I was in my home again.

CHAPTER V

SPEAKER

My election for Gippsland, the "New Province"—Unanimously chosen as Speaker—The functions of a Speaker—Questions in Parliament—Payment of members—Opposed by the Council—Counter *coup*—Wholesale reduction of officers—My remonstrance—Letter from Mary Howitt—Personal leisure—K.C.M.G.—Literary criticism—Incidents—"Young Ireland" begun — Correspondence with Pope Hennessy — Lord O'Hagan and MacDermott of Coolavin—Futile appeal by the Colony to the Colonial Office—Re-appointment of Cashel Hoey—Loss of my wife—Death of Edward Butler and John Dillon—Rinuccini—Farewell to Australia—The main reason influencing me—Letter from Archbishop of Sydney—The two last decades of my life.

IMMEDIATELY after my return to Melbourne the representation of Gippsland became vacant by the expulsion of a member who had misconducted himself. It was by a similar catastrophe that Dalhousie was vacated for my election ten years before, and the unwary reader will conclude that expulsions are a very common occurrence in that country; but the unwary reader will be mistaken, for during the five-and-twenty years I was connected with Australia there was not another such transaction, and there were at least as many expulsions from the House of Commons in the same period. Gippsland was by far the largest constituency in the colony, and from its size and importance was commonly called the New Province. When I was Chief Secretary I had proposed a railway, not so much to convenience a long neglected population as to connect the gold-fields, agricultural and squatting districts, lakes and forests of Gippsland with the metropolis, which I suggested would add a new province to Victoria. The name stuck, and when I returned from Europe was in universal use. The new province invited me to

become its representative, and although I was suffering from bronchitis caught during my voyage, and could not attend the election, I was triumphantly chosen against a candidate whom the squatters as usual were pleased to send out against me. When I returned to the Assembly Sir James McCulloch was again Premier, and the Opposition was led by my late colleague, Mr. Graham Berry, who had infused a much more democratic spirit into it than existed in my time. An attempt was being made to compel the Government to dissolve Parliament by what was called "stonewalling," that is to say standing as firmly as a stone wall in front of their measures. In spirit and purpose the Opposition was a forecast of the Labour Party which has since arisen. To demolish the Stone Wall the Government established a Standing Order popularly called the Iron Hand, but its authority was seriously damaged by its being used for the first time to authorise an expenditure on the Chief Secretary's constituency, to which decisive objection had been made. In a few months the dissolution came, and I visited my constituents, expounded my opinions, and was re-elected.

When Parliament was about to assemble, Mr. R. S. Anderson came to me on behalf of Sir James McCulloch and his other colleagues to say that they had reason to complain of the part the late Speaker took in a difference between them and Mr. Francis, that they could not support him again, and that if I accepted the office they would support me. At the same time Mr. Berry came to talk over the situation. His party had no doubt a majority, he said, and the battle had been so habitually fought in his name that the leaders of the organisation considered him bound to accept the first place. I told him I was of the same opinion; that after the efforts which had been made for him, he would create just discontent if he shrank from doing so. He then said very cordially that he had the pleasure of offering me any office in the Government I selected. I told him frankly that I was not prepared to act in a secondary position after having occupied the first, and I mentioned the overture made to me by the Government. He said the Opposition would support this proposition and make it unanimous. Before the election of Speaker came off the two parties changed places, but the agreement was carried

out, and I was unanimously chosen; and that the exception might not be wanted to confirm the rule, one member of the late Government against whose official conduct I had levelled a vote of censure a few months before, growled that he had not been consulted. When a member of the House of Commons has been raised to the Chair, he has reached a region where criticism does not follow him; the rulings of the private member of yesterday are received as oracular. But in colonies manners are freer, and less punctilious. Two former Speakers had to learn their business after they came to office, and some of their old antagonists were not disposed to make their task an easy one. I had the same experience, but I was long familiar with the law and practice of Parliament. In one respect a Speaker stands at a serious disadvantage. When a judge has to decide a point of law he fixes the time to do so at his discretion, or if necessary intimates that he will consult his colleagues before deciding. But a Speaker's rulings must be prompt and decisive, on pain of forfeiting his authority. I remember still that it was sport to me, when some mischievous member specified some difficulty which overwhelmed him, to dispose of the matter in a Parliamentary axiom of six words. I laugh still to think of a case in which a Parliamentary gladiator complained in pathetic tones that he was perplexed by two decisions of the Speaker which he could not possibly reconcile, and he besought my guidance in his difficulty. What must he do to tranquillise his mind? He had altogether mistaken the points at issue, and I simply said, "What the honourable member must do is to study the Standing Orders."

In my second year of office a political crisis sprung up of which I was only a spectator; it belongs not to this personal narrative, but to the history of Victoria. This was the trouble:—

Payment of members had been for some years in existence as an experiment, and the period specified in the Act establishing it was about to come to an end. To me it seemed that it was a natural complement of the principle involved in the abolition of Property Qualification, the principle of opening the legislature to the industrial classes. During the McCulloch *régime* a Select Committee on the subject had

been appointed, of which I was Chairman, and its Report exhibited the practice in operation in nearly every civilised country in Europe and America. A Bill to continue the practice was passed by a large majority in the Assembly, but rejected by the Council. Some of the supporters of the principle then demanded that a sum should be put on the Estimates to provide for this service, a method which had already been employed in some British colonies. These gentlemen were sufficiently influential to induce the Berry Government to follow their counsel, and the item appeared on the Estimates, and consequently in the Appropriation Bill. In the Darling dispute the right of the Council to have such novel expenditure submitted to them in a separate Bill had been fiercely insisted on, and the Council refused to adopt an Appropriation Bill containing such an item. A bitter hostility sprung up between the majority of the Assembly and the class who thwarted them. Some members of the Government, generally supposed to be Mr. Lalor and Mr. Grant, proposed a stroke in return which was harsh and unjust. On the 8th of January, 1878, the Government *Gazette* announced the suspension from office of a serious number of officials, including heads of departments, police magistrates, County Court judges, and a large number of minor officers. It was said the delay of the Appropriation Bill endangered the stability of the public treasury, and justified large reductions, and no doubt it was felt by the Government that the Civil Service had nearly universally been appointed by their opponents, and that their supporters had not fair play. The event belongs to my narrative because some of the enemies which a public man cannot fail to make if he does his duty, raised a report that I had advised this measure. The Chief Secretary, it was said, had been on a visit to the Speaker in the country, and Duffy had taken vengeance on the squatters and their friends. But my relation to the transaction was very different. I had never heard of the project till it became public. I stated at once my entire disapproval of it, and when it was intimated to me that a second batch of removals would include the Clerk of Assembly, Mr. Barker, and the Assistant Clerk, Mr. Jenkins, I went to the Government and remonstrated against this

proceeding as gravely injurious to the public interest. As I did not get satisfactory assurance on the point I took occasion, on the next day the House went into Committee of Supply (the only occasion on which a Speaker can with propriety take part in a debate), to call attention to the stroke which was meditated. Mr. Barker, I said, was one of the very best officers in the public service, was, in fact, the pivot on which the business of the House turned, and his colleague a serviceable and trustworthy officer whom we could not well spare. Mr. Barker was a squatter, and a fierce partisan of the squatting interest, but he was besides a patient, reliable, and careful officer, in whose hands the accurate records of Parliament were safe. The Government relinquished the design of displacing these gentlemen. Later I urged, with some success, that a few of the proposed victims might be spared. I have forgotten most of the transactions by this time, as I make no doubt the persons served have also done, but a note of a little later date reminds me of a service I was able to accomplish in the interests of a woman of genius to whom the reader may remember I was under obligations twenty years before, the dear, genial author of "Tibbie Inglis."

DUTENHEIM, BURNECK, TYROL, *June* 5, 1878.

DEAR SIR CHARLES DUFFY,—Writing to our son with our warm congratulations on his restoration to work and public usefulness, I cannot but acknowledge, with heartfelt gratitude, the kind part which you have taken in this happy change for him and for us all, for we have deeply felt with him the pain and unnaturalness of his enforced idleness. Now, however, thank God, it is over.

It is curious, but many a time I have thought that surely you would be his friend at a time like this, remembering as I did the kind, sympathetic nature which I seemed to recognise in you. The poetry of the *Nation* had made me pleasantly acquainted with one part of your character, and now these little green volumes will be additionally valuable to me.

Should you some winter visit Rome, as so many of your countrymen from old Ireland, as well as from the new land of your heritage do, it will give us great pleasure once more to shake hands with you.

Receive the kindest regards of my husband and myself, and believe me, dear Sir Charles Duffy, yours sincerely and gratefully,

MARY HOWITT.

Still the Council would not give way, and as a solution of the difficulty the Attorney-General advised that a deputation should be sent to London, to urge the Imperial Government to limit the obstructive power of the Legislative Council by an alteration in the Constitution. At a private meeting of

his Parliamentary supporters, Mr. Berry proposed that the deputation should be composed of the Speaker and the Chief Secretary, to represent the Legislature and the Executive. I read next morning in a paragraph in the *Argus* that some of the members suggested that I did not authentically represent the democracy, and as I thought their objection a perfectly reasonable one, I wrote immediately to the Chief Secretary that I must decline to act. Mr. Pearson[1] was chosen in my place and the deputation departed for London.

My occupation of the Chair gave me such a release from political contests as I had never enjoyed before. In one respect only I found it necessary to interpose in the current business. The Assembly address the Secretary of State and the Governor, and as such addresses must be signed by the Speaker, I either drafted or revised them that they might contain nothing to which I objected. In other respects my leisure was given to writing either correspondence or history.

Among matters of personal interest I must note that in the November of this year the Governor laid on the table a despatch from Lord Carnarvon, Secretary of State for the Colonies, informing the Governor that the Queen, on his recommendation, was pleased to give directions for the appointment of Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, Knight, Speaker of the Assembly of the Colony of Victoria, to be a Knight Commander of the Most Distinguished Order of St. Michael and St. George.

My diary of this date deals chiefly with literary or social subjects. I borrow a few scraps:—

Read Thackeray's "Philip." The prompter is too constantly making his voice heard above the actors', he plays chorus as well as prompter. And the Thackerayan trick, pleasant enough for once, of exhibiting the author's supposed motives for praising or disparaging the *dramatis personæ*, is worked to death. The novel is diffuse, overlaid with moralising and banter, and it is nearly as hard to like the tempestuous hero as an associate as to love Dr. Johnson in the same character.

St. Patrick's Day. This is a holiday in the public offices, courts, and banks in honour of the day: a recognition the Apostle does not receive in Ireland. There are outdoor sports and gambols of many sorts projected, for which I find I have no longer the adequate animal spirits, but I will dine with my countrymen in the evening.

---

[1] Mr. Pearson had been a professor in the Melbourne University before entering Parliament, and was afterwards author of the remarkable volume "National Life and Character."

The Australians will differ from their progenitors by a more decisive penchant for enjoyment. Marcus Clarke attributes it to the Irish element; but is it not rather attributable to the sunshine? The Irish certainly resemble the continental rather than the insular races. Not merely the Latins, but the Teutons and Slavs, like to live their lives, whereas the English and Americans generally live for some future generation—a practice better for the nation certainly, but is it better for the individual? Seeing we have but one life to live, it may be doubted.

Alas for the poet whose imagination so often outruns his capacity and resources! Orion Horne assured me that Leigh Hunt's charming description of artistic breakfasts in summer, which quicken the appetite like one of Walter Scott's banquets, was represented and practised by butter wrapped in paper, carried to the table by a slovenly maid-of-all-work, and similar penury and discomfort in the other constituents. Alas, poor genius! it cannot have both worldly comforts and its share in the empyrean. Horne and the school which recognised W. J. Fox as leader came in just as the Lamb and Hazlitt connection was expiring. They were *ad interim* Radicals before the coming of John Bright, the "crowning mercy," or the swell Radicals Charles Buller, Molesworth, Lytton Bulwer, and the rest. Joe Hume was their contemporary, but not associate. He was a man of one stinted idea, and Roebuck had not the power of associating himself with anybody. Tom Duncombe and Bernal Osborne only masqueraded as Radicals, being merely men about town in want of a sensation.

Had a good deal of talk yesterday with Mackay; like most men he is pleasanter in a *tête-à-tête* than on his legs. I asked him why the Scotch so habitually hated the Irish who had never done them any harm? He said he believed they were disgusted with the superstition of the peasantry, and their servile submission to their priests. No wonder, I rejoined Burns wished for his countrymen the gift to see themselves as others see them. Buckle declares that the most superstitious race in Europe are the Scotch, and the most prostrate before their ministers. The Spaniard, he insists, do not approach them in either attribute. It was amusing to see Mackay's astonishment.

We have a French *femme de chambre* who is a curious study of national character. The gardener stepped into the kitchen the other day with his hat on. She inquired if Monsieur had a cold in his head? No! Then perhaps Monsieur will have the goodness to take off his hat. She is learning English rapidly, but when she masters a new phrase she is careful to repeat it to her mistress, in order to make sure she is not learning "kitchen English."

I have been reading the "Remains of Arthur Hugh Clough," the representative man of the upright modern sceptic, who was not betrayed by passion or perversity, but perplexed by honest difficulties unwillingly entertained. The prose is gentle, thoughtful, commonplace, and the early poetry ultra-Wordsworthian in its simplicity. What would Jeffrey or Lord Byron have said to this—

> "Locked hand in hand with one another
> A little maiden and her brother.
> A little maiden and she wore
> Around her waist a pinafore."

His principal poems arose immediately out of some personal experience as the "Boothie" out of a Highland excursion; the "Amour de Voyage" out of a visit to Rome; and "Dysychus" out of a visit to Venice. They are of the class one reads with certain enjoyment, and does not want to recur to.

The National Gallery gets on slowly. It is impossible to get an adequate grant for it. £1,000 buys only one good picture; but I have been medi-

tating other measures. Every gallery in Europe has duplicates, which could be spared, if we offered them, as we might, stuffed animals and birds in exchange.

Read Rath Mueller's "Life of Alexander Hamilton"; a lively sketch, not overburthened with details, and not sacrificing others unduly to the hero. Indeed I was under the impression that Washington owed more to him as a prompter than is claimed for him here. Slang whangery began early in the United States; Hamilton, after an eminently honourable and useful public life, was habitually assailed by the democratic newspapers as if he had been one of the basest of men.

Re-read the *Federalist.* Dull, sensible writing, in a whitey-brown style —hard to read and hard to remember.

Marshal Wood, the sculptor, brought me introductions from London and I sent him to Marcus Clarke to ascertain whether the National Gallery could be of use to him.

He seems aware (says Clarke) that solid pudding is [sometimes] the accompaniment to empty praise, and by no means inclines to follow the precept of Ruskin, who says, "Art should be pursued alone, in sorrow, in poverty, and in suffering, practised in divine secret, without fee or hope of reward."

Mr. Wood found his visit to Victoria, on the whole, a success.

I employed the leisure furnished by the Parliamentary recess, to begin a work I had long projected—a history of my own time in Ireland, and a defence of the friends with whom I acted. The recess was spent at Nepean, separated from Melbourne by forty miles of sea, and where the hot winds, which are the plague of the city, after they passed over the long stretch of Hobson's Bay became almost genial. We spent Christmas here on a peninsula which on one side is lapped by the gentle waters of Hobson's Bay, and on the other lashed by the breakers of the Pacific, and bathing was a great enjoyment. One of my correspondents from Ireland declared it made her shudder to hear of baths in the sea, while she saw nothing about her but the snows of Christmas. But custom is the supreme ruler; my children bathed on the beach from which they can see the skeleton of a shark larger than a great bull-dog rotting on a sand-bank, and they walk night and day without a thought of fear where we had once or twice killed snakes six feet long at midday. I explained my purpose to John O'Hagan in the following letter:—

I propose to write the rise and fall of the National Movement, which otherwise will probably never be written, and we, and our friends, will be for ever misunderstood. I might do some good in the House of Commons as you suggest, but surely I shall do more good in painting the sins

by which our race has always fallen, and the virtues by which it has often risen again. When Goethe, during the French Revolution, shut his ears to clamorous current politics, and wrote books that would live, he set a grand example, which humble people in their humble way may properly imitate. Every one has a good word to say for Young Ireland just now, but the high principles of action which Davis preached are not only not practised, but apparently not remembered. All is as barren from Dan to Isaac, as from Dan to Beersheba! If we should meet Thomas Davis in other planets, and he demands what we have done with his legions of enthusiastic young Irishmen, we must tell him that they are divided between two leaders, one of whom has all O'Connell's shortcomings without the great qualities that counterbalanced them, and the other is a tame Wolfe Tone, with the daring and brains left out. I will probably call the book "Young Ireland." I am weary of new countries, and long for the green pastures where we wandered of old. I often murmur the soliloquy of Sam Ferguson's "Exile"—

"A plenteous place is Ireland for hospitable cheer,
Where the wholesome fruit is bursting from the yellow barley ear,
And I will make my journey, if life and health but stand,
Unto that pleasant country, that fresh and fragrant strand;
I'll leave their boasted braveries, their wealth and high command,
For the fair hills of Holy Ireland."

As I intended to include in "Young Ireland" a bird's-eye view of Irish History, I was anxious to ascertain what had become of the Irishmen whom Cromwell sold into slavery in the sugar plantations, and whether their descendants were still discernible among the population. I asked Pope Hennessy, then Governor at Hong Kong, but who had formerly been in the West Indies, to obtain this information for me. This was his reply:—

I am away from my Barbadoes notes and can throw no light on the phrase "red shanks." I have, however, written for some papers, and though I fear too late for your purposes, may be able to put together a few details as to the white slaves sent to Barbadoes from Ireland by the great "Protector."

Hennessy's period in Hong Kong was coming to an end, and he told me he had some correspondence with the Colonial Office on getting transferred to one of the great self-governing colonies. My advice was contra:—

Stick (I wrote) to the legislature where you are Speaker, Treasurer, and Premier, like three single gentlemen rolled into one. Trust me you are happier there than you would be in a Constitutional Colony, where your active intellect would have no employment, and where you would be advised by men who, it may be, knew less of the matter in hand than you did. In Australia hospitalities are so constant and so costly that a larger salary is really a smaller income than the moderate pay in a Crown

Colony. Sir George Bowen is worried past endurance here just now by the "wealthy lower orders" who hate him for being friendly to the masses; or their leaders, the existing Government. When you change, change if you can to Ceylon. You talk of the H——s coming here to you, when you reach Australia. Do you know that the Governor cannot appoint a policeman; has, in fact, no patronage but his own staff, consisting of a military aide-de-camp and a private secretary, and sometimes both offices are combined. You could not give H—— any employment by which he could live. Had you come here for a political career, you would have had a brilliant one, I have no doubt, but to reign and not to govern is a *triste métier*. Return to London and Parliament as soon as you can (*C'est mon avis*).

When I am relieved from office by the dissolution of this Parliament, I will go back to the old world. Not to return to the House of Commons—I will never go there—but to live among great thinkers, and great transactions.

My friend replied :—

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, HONG KONG, *July* 20, 1878.

MY DEAR SIR GAVAN,—You are right about the "cycle of Cathay," and though you are farther from it than I am, we are both as far as we can well be from Europe. But you must return to great thinkers and transactions, not as you say out of the House, but as the Irish Leader in Parliament.

You once gave me a word of encouragement to republish my little sketch of the Literature of the Young Ireland Party. I am thinking of doing so now, and perhaps, if justice is to be done to the theme, it should be expanded into a volume.

Thomas Davis and yourself must be the leading characters; and therefore its value and permanent interest would be much increased if you could give me any letters, scraps, or unpublished facts about the early literary development of yourself and Davis. From the age of twelve and during my boyhood, I was a student of the *Nation* and of Disraeli's works. Those dear little volumes that your namesake printed, and the prophetic political novel, were my companions in the bohreens about Cork when Father Michael O'Sullivan said I was neglecting the classics in the Mansion House School. No doubt you are answerable for the gross ignorance of Greek that thousands of other boys of that generation in Ireland got involved in. But though I am sometimes ashamed of it, I am well satisfied with the cause, and would not exchange my national sympathies for the scholarship of Gladstone.—Always yours,

POPE HENNESSY.

In reply to his request for literary aid I said :—

If you expand your lecture into a volume, or better still into two articles for the *Fortnightly*, and then into a volume, I can give you letters and other materials. I have written the first volume of a big book on the same subject, but I will not publish until I can return to Europe, so that you can have the first innings. I have all the private correspondence of the period on public affairs, and it will be a pleasure to me to share with you.

Among my many correspondents none was so welcome as my lifelong friend Lord O'Hagan :—

19, CHESHAM PLACE, S.W., *July* 9, 1877.

MY DEAR DUFFY,—I have been watching your public action with the deepest interest. I need not say that I rejoice at the honours you have won; the spontaneous support of your constituency and your elevation to a post which, in Australia as in England, must be one of the highest distinction. But my feeling has not been unmixed—I fear that my hope of having you near me for the remainder of my life runs the risk of disappointment. Contracting new obligations and looking to new prospects, you may not realise your promise of return to Europe as your home, and I cannot help regretting that it may be so.

I read, with keen pleasure, the papers which you sent me. They show that your hand has not lost its cunning—they have all the old lucidity and power, and multiply your claims on the country of your adoption.

I have important news to tell you of myself. My little wife promises to give a companion to her daughter, who flourishes extremely: and the sad and sudden death of the heir of Townley will give her, when her father passes away, a third of the old estates which may, I suppose, produce to us some £10,000 a year. The change is startling, and, in connection with the antecedents of my life, seems sometimes, to myself, the marvel of a dream. God grant that we may rightly utilise it!

Shortly afterwards a telegram brought me the happy news of the birth of a son and heir. In December, '78, I wrote to him:—

Many thanks for your telegram which brought the pleasantest news that has come across the Pacific to me for many a long day. May the young O'Hagan be as wise and patriotic as the Brehons of Tyrowen, and as prosperous and consistent as the old steadfast Townleys. To train him for a public career will be a pleasant task for the rest of your life. But for the next half-dozen years he will belong to his mother, and I congratulate her with all my heart on the gift Heaven has sent her.

I fear there will be now little chance of your venturing on a long voyage till Thomas II. is out of his long clothes; else here is still the southern world worth exploring.

Of the few hereditary titles in Ireland which have survived the ages of ravish and ruin, one of the most noted is the MacDermott of Coolavin. The MacDermott of that day sent me a young man of our common race who was welcome on his account.

Although we have never met I claim you as allied to our ancient House still subsisting and likely to live true to the family motto! Had I no such claim, have I not, as an Irishman a potent claim on one who has by his talents and magnanimity shed lustre on the Celtic race, and made Ireland prominent—famous let me say—in many a clime and country by his courage and abilities. I make bold therefore to recommend to your notice the son of a peasant patriot, Mr. Thomas Roland, who first emigrated to Queensland but left for Melbourne. I undertake to assure you you will find young Roland worthy of any support you may give him directly or

indirectly by patronage or counsel. Your compliance will confer a favour on your friend and admirer,

MACDERMOTT OF COOLAVIN.

P.S.—The enclosed letter will convince you that application and signature are genuine from the Head of the House of Moylsey.

The accompanying letter was from the O'Conor Don, whom Irishmen hold to be the undoubted heir of Rhoderic O'Conor the last native king of Ireland, and it illustrated the pathetic tenderness with which historic memories are preserved among the descendants of the Celtic nobility that the letter to the MacDermott is addressed "My dear Prince."

The appeal which Mr. Pearson and Mr. Berry made to the Colonial Office has been the subject of several Blue Books; this is the upshot: the Imperial Government received them graciously, but in the end intimated that the Victorians must settle their local quarrels at home. Mr. Berry and Mr. Pearson returned to Melbourne, and though they had not been able to accomplish much were received in triumph by their friends. Some weeks later, Cashel Hoey sent additional news which seemed to intimate that the Imperial Government though unwilling to take any decisive step sympathised with the resistance to the Council.

To-day, April 10, '78, the Colonial Secretary has brought Sir G. Bowen's telegram of the day before down with crushing effect on a deputation of sympathisers with the Upper House, organised by Mr. Denistoun Wood, who has been prime, almost sole mover in all proceedings on that side here. Sir M. Beach has behaved uncommonly well. I think the perfectly polite, very complete way he sat upon this deputation is praiseworthy. He had excellent advice of course from Mr. Herbert and Mr. Branston. But he consulted Mr. Childers, who knows him very well, on some debatable points, and they were points on which he was able to speak with no uncertain sound.

I had strongly urged upon Mr. Berry to do justice to Mr. Hoey by reappointing him to the position from which he had been unfairly removed, and Hoey informed me that Mr. Berry had reappointed him temporarily and promised, if his colleagues assented, to make the office permanent, which he did, and Mr. Hoey held it through many administrations down to his death. In other respects I had fallen upon evil days. This extract from my diary tells its own sad tale :—

Sept. 23, '78.—To-day we laid my dear Susan in the grave, my companion and counsellor for more than thirty years in all the joys and troubles of life. How patient and helpful and loving she was no one but I can know. With what truth and feeling her sister, Ellen Hall, says of her: "She was always so gracious a creature, so unaffectedly sweet, good and loving, with a nature so simple and true that every one loved her." The affection and care of her children during her sickness was something of which I had no previous example. I saw nothing like it before in life, nor read in books, so constant, tender, and untiring.

I have lost the relish and enjoyment of life. Nothing interests me, my strength fails, and my appetite is gone. To arrange my affairs in the way most satisfactory for my children and to finish my book on '48 are the only objects for which I feel it possible to work.

In June, 1879, my friend of many years, Edward Butler, died. When the news reached Europe his old comrade Cashel Hoey wrote me:—

Butler ought to have outlived us all. He was strong, sober, diligent, placid, prosperous. Why am I, who solemnly promised to relieve you all of the nuisance of my acquaintance twenty years ago, still cumbering the earth, and he underground? I thank you with all my heart for the note of his which you enclosed me in your last letter, by which I know that he held me in such affectionate remembrance to the last. The day on which I heard of his death was one of those on which in the words of a Latin line that is often on my lips, *mentem mortalia tangunt.* Thank God, that I can read between the lines of his letter to you, he was prepared to die, the one worthy object of all human genius and industry.

Another and still closer friend was lost to me at the same era—John Dillon, a stroke as tragic as the death of Davis.

While I was Chief Secretary Mrs. Hutton, the mother of the gifted girl who was to have been the bride of Thomas Davis, wrote to me about a translation of "Rinuccini's Nunciature" in Ireland, which she was about to publish. It had been partly translated by her daughter, and completed by herself. As no publisher would undertake the book on its own merits, it was published by subscription, and my help had been asked through Mr. D. R. Pigot. I replied that I would gladly co-operate. If the book reached me before I left Australia, I would undertake to sell fifty copies of it, and if it did not reach I would at all events engage a dozen of my colleagues and friends to become subscribers. Mrs. Hutton wrote:—

Your assistance is invaluable, and has given me great encouragement, and I am most grateful to you. I was much urged to bring it out, and now I thankfully consider it a memorial of my daughter and of him who suggested the translation and who was to have been my son.

But years passed, and I heard no more of the subject. Finally the book was brought out by the most unsuitable of all possible publishers, Mr. Thom, the official printer of the Irish Government. After I left Australia Mr. Thom sent out a case to my address containing the fifty copies I had promised to take, and along with them the alternative dozen intended for subscribers in case they could only be sent after I had left Australia, and with the case not a scrap of information on the price at which the volume was to be sold or any other subject. Mrs. Hutton must, I fear, have found it an unpleasant experiment if the business was so managed generally ; and for my part I found the only satisfactory way out of the difficulty was a cheque for the entire claim as soon as I found that the price of the book was ten shillings.

Of a multitude of farewell letters which my intended retirement produced, I shall quote only one from an eminent man whom I had recently added to the list of my friends :—

SYDNEY, *February* 3, 1880.

MY DEAR SIR CHARLES,—I must send you one line to say "Good-bye" —for though I am in so great a measure a stranger to you, and have not had the opportunity of saying much more than once "How do you do?" still I cannot but feel your going from Australia as a great loss, which will leave a weakness behind.

I wish you most heartily, at the same time as I say "Good-bye," all the blessings that you most wish for yourself. It will be pleasant for you to go home, I dare say—but I wish home were not so sad as it is at present. Perhaps your influence will help to bring about some radical change which may end the terrible famine once for all.

I am sending you some "lectures" I gave here last Lent, to read instead of the two you have, because they touch on more interesting points, and I think are, perhaps, more generally interesting. What makes me say this is, that they have been republished (on their own merits) in two or three cities in the United States.

I won't trouble you to write again. Think kindly of me, and believe me, dear Sir Charles, yours ever faithfully,

✠ ROGER BEDE,
Archbishop of Sydney.

P.S.—"Good-bye," too, to your daughter, whose acquaintance I had the pleasure of making in poor Butler's house.

As the Session approached its close, I announced that I would not again occupy the Chair, or be a member of the coming Parliament. I took farewell of a House in which I had served since its creation, to which I had given without stint toil of mind and body, and which had bestowed on me all the favours it could confer on a public man. I owed

it much, and I should probably have finished my life on the scene which had occupied so large a section of it, but that I loathed the task of answering again and again the insensate inventions of religious bigotry. It was a favourite theory with Orangemen and Covenanters that I could not resist the tendency to sacrifice my public duties to some inscrutable interest of the Pope, and though no one had ever produced a single fact to support the hypothesis, and though I exorcised the evil spirit wherever it appeared, yet it seemed to me a pitiful waste of life even to conquer in such encounters. I determined that my public career would end here, that I should never more become member of any Legislature, or ever again mount a political platform.

I had worked incessantly for forty years, but I was not less resolved to still work provided it should be at tasks free from the onerous necessity of attending at a particular place at a particular hour every day. Some of the unfinished designs of early life might be taken up and completed—for work which did not aim to serve Ireland had no attraction for me. To be content and long for no change, "to pay court to no one and expect it from no one," to cherish the fruitful leisure in which thought is ripened and reverie is born—this was the condition I desired. If heaven gave me the capacity to work, gave me—

> "Silence, leisure, and a mind released
> From anxious thoughts how wealth could be increased,
> How to secure in some propitious hour
> The point of interest or the post of power"—

I would ask no more. Power had nothing to bestow for which I cared a bean blossom, and the popularity which was dear to me was the confidence and affection of the men with whom I had lived and laboured. How my last decades were employed I may some day write for posthumous publication, but my public life in two hemispheres closes here.

INDEX

A

Aberdeen, Lord, i. 84 note ; ii. 122
Adair, John George, i. 203 ; letter to C. G. D., ii. 269
Aikenhead, James, ii. 191
Alderley, ii. 100 note
Alençon, Duc d', ii. 353
Alingham, Wm., ii. 355
Allen, John, ii. 150
Anderson, R. S., ii. 371
Anstey, Chisholm, i. 209, 215
Antisell, Thomas, i. 261
Ardagh, the Bishop of, i. 176
Argyll, Duke of, ii. 66 note, 122
Aspinall, Butler Cole, ii. 95 ; letter from, 139, 193, 206, 210, 215 note, 237 note, 281–367
Aspinall, Mrs., ii. 193, 367
Association, Repeal, Davis and Dillon join, i. 80–1, 99, 105–8–9, 114 ; Mr. John O'Connell left in charge of, 115–7, 133 et seq., 150–9, 164 et seq. ; secession of Young Irelanders, 174–7–8, 181 et seq., 191–2, 279

B

Ballad Poetry of Ireland, i. 89
Ballangarry, unsuccessful stand at, i. 291, ii. 79, 114, 265
Banim, Michael, i. 90, ii. 104
Barkley, Sir Henry, ii. 159, 285
Baron, Henry Winston, i. 193
Barrett, Richard, of the *Pilot*, i. 102 ; his libel on the Primate, 133–4, 170, 294–5, ii. 69, 76
Barry, M. J., i. 91 note 126, 165 note, 251 note
Barry, Sir Redmond, letter from, ii. 345, 336
Berry, Graham, ii. 329, 371, 381
Bianconi, Charles, ii. 27
Bindon, S. H., i. 194, 231; ii. 39, 140, 324
Birch, Mr., ii. 69, 79
Black, Dr., ii. 126
Blake, Dr., Bishop of Dromore, i. 54, 181, 318, ii. 8, 18, 73, 302
Blake, J. H., social experience, ii. 255
Blanc, Louis, ii. 120–1
Bleckley, Mr., entrance to his school, how I left him, i. 12
Blessington, Lady, ii. 125
Bogue, Father, explains to me the political conversation of my father's friends, i. 17 note
Bohn, Mr., ii. 105
Bowen, Sir George, ii. 379
Brady, Dr., i. 174 note, ii. 43, 58, 88, 103–4, 126, 187 ; letter from, 253
Bright, John, opinion on C. G. D.'s Peasant Proprietary, ii. 17, 53 et seq., 110, 116 ; letter from, 181–2, 223, 281, 319, 360, 376
Brooke, John Henry, ii. 201–5, 210 et seq., 236
Browning, Robert, i. 1, ii. 223, 258 et seq., 277, 342, 355–6
Burke, Father Tom, i. 71, ii. 273–6
Burke, Larry, ii. 340
Burke, Martin, i. 307, 308 and note
Burke, Mrs. Martin, i. 308
Burrows, Waldron, i. 143
Butler, Edward, ii. 100 note ; letter welcoming C. G. D. to Australia, 137, 141, 174, 345 ; misses the Chief Justiceship, 346 ; death of, 382
Butt, Isaac, i. 40, 70, 202, 291, 301–8 note, 313, 333, ii. 9, 57, 74, 116, 267, 344, 349, 351 ; letter from, 355 ; unwilling that C. G. D. should enter Parliament without joining the League, 359, 364–6

Byrne, Colonel Miles, i. 74, ii. 238
Byrne, Mrs., letter from, ii. 238
Byrne, Robert, ii. 300

C

Cairns, Professor, i. 52
Callan, Mrs., i. 72 and note, 286, ii. 4; letters to C. G. D., 155, 337
Cane, Dr., i. 96–7, 175
Canterbury, Lord, ii. 311, 341 note, 342
Cantwell, James, i. 251
Cardwell, ii. 264
Carleton, William, declares himself a Nationalist, i. 58, 70, 91 note, 220; letters to C. G. D. from, 221, 222; letter from Lord Morpeth to, 223; letter from C. G. D. to, 223, 224, 318, ii. 104; letter to Carleton, 154–5
Carlyle, Mrs., i. 77, 141, ii. 124; letter from, 254–5
Carlyle, Thomas, i. 52; my introduction to, 77; letter from, 78, 122; week in Dublin, 136, 140, 141, 217, 335, ii. 9 and note, 95, 124, 222, 254–8–9–317; letter from, 336–7, 343, 355
Carnarvon, Lord, ii. 352
Carroll, Charles, ii. 133
Caulfield, Rev. John, talks to me of the religious persecutions in Ulster, i. 17
Chapman, H. S., ii. 140, 195, 218
Childers, H. C. E., ii. 163 168; letter from, 237, 243, 256, 264, 326 note, 338, 381
Chisholm, Mrs., ii. 363
Clarendon, Lord, i. 264–5, 278–9, 296, 301, 304, 308, 319, ii. 10, 39, 77–8
Clarke, Marcus, letters from, ii. 313, 314, 367, 377
Clarke, Sir Andrew, ii. 256, 335, 367
Cloncurry, Lord, i. 91, 284
Clontarf Submission, i. 93, 95
Clough, Arthur Hugh, ii. 376
Cobden, Richard, ii. 33, 37, 53 et seq., 110, 119; letter from, 220, 222, 250
Coffey, James, i. 32
Coleridge, later Chief Justice, ii. 281
Conciliation Hall, i. 145, 155–6, 171, 179, 185–7, 216
Confederation, The Irish, i. 194, 205, 215, 231–4–8, 242, 253–7, 262–3, 270–4, 295, 316
Connor, William, i. 241
Conway, Michael George, i. 109–11
Corrigan, Sir D. J., letter from, i. 40 note, 195
Cowper, Sir Charles, ii. 164; letter to C. G. D., 178–9
Crampton Court Conspiracy, i. 310
Crawford, Sharman, i. 99, ii. 14, 29, 32, 35, 43–4, 53–5, 60–5 note, 87, 366
Crean, Michael, i. 251, 255, ii. 25
Crolly, Dr., the Most Rev., the Primate, i. 133
Crolly, Rev. George, i. 52
Croppies, i. 14
Crowe, Mrs., ii. 120–1
Cullen, Archbishop, ii. 27, 36–7, 63–5, 91–9, 102–6, 115–16, 218, 265 et seq., 302, 367, 364

D

Dalley, William Bede, ii. 142, 184, 222
Darling, Sir Charles, ii. 285–9, 297–8
Daunt O'Neill, i. 68, 126, 180
Davern, Father, i. 94 note, 95 note, 96; death of, 148–9
Davis, Thomas, my introduction to, i. 59; conference with Duffy and Dillon and agreement to establish the *Nation*, 59; debated with him the principles of the new journal, 61, 62; songs and ballads, 64, 64–5 note, 65; joins the Repeal Association, 80; letter to Smith O'Brien, 90 note; letter from C. G. D. to, 96, 99, 101; desired to educate Catholic and Protestant students together, 107 et seq.; speech on the question of the provincial colleges, 111; attacked by O'Connell, 112; letter to Smith O'Brien, 114; letter from Dillon to, on O'Connell's attack on America, 116, 117; letter from C. G. D. to, 121, 122; death of, 123, 125, 126, 128, 129, 130, 194
Defiance, Mallow, i. 86, 92, 99, 159, 169, 184
Deniehy, Daniel, letter to C. G. D. from, ii. 184–5
Dennison, Sir William, ii. 178, 191
Deuputtien, M., ii, 114
Dillon, John Blake, my introduction to, i. 59, 62–3–5; joins the Repeal Association, 80, 108, 116, 123–6, 130 note, 189–90, 220, 259, 277–8, 283, 291; letter from John O'Hagan, 312, 322; letter to his wife, ii. 2 et seq., 43 61 108, 116–7; letter from,

186, 211–12, 262 et seq., 348–9; death of, 382
Dillon, Mrs. John, ii. 2, 6, 41, 61
Dillon, William, telegram signed with his name, ii. 348; letter from C. G. D., 348–9, 350, 351 note
Disraeli, Benjamin, ii. 38, 49, 50–6, 60, 84, 110–12, 175, 182, 187, 251–7, 271, 306
Doheny, Michael, i. 102, 126, 238, 254, 291
Don, "The O'Connor," i. 167, 193, ii. 381
Donnelly, Dr., Bishop of Clogher, ii. 348
Donnelly, James, a martyr for his faith, i. 33–4
Dorian, Father, i. 53
Dowling, Mr., ii. 92
Doyle, Dr., i. 218
Doyle, Father Tom, ii. 39, 40, 41
Doyle, Henry, ii. 119
Doyle, Richard, ii. 11 note, 119
Drennan, William, jun., i. 74
Drummond, Thomas, i. 31; points out to Sheriff of Monaghan the impropriety of appointing Mr. Gray Sub-Sheriff, supersedes him and appoints the first Catholic High Sheriff since the reign of James II., 39
Dublin, introduction to library and theatres, reminiscences, i. 28 et seq.
Duffy, Anne, Mother of C. G. D., make a visit to, 38; last words and death, 38 note
Duffy, Charles Gavan, born, i. 3; loses his father, 4; earliest recollection of politics, 4, gains an unmerited prize, 5, schools, 6, abrupt ending of school life, 12, 15–6–7; first patron, 19, 20–2; first visit to Dublin, 23; entry into public affairs, 25; departure from home, 26; experiences as a reporter, 27 et seq.; appointed sub-editor of the *Morning Register*, 34; visit to his mother, and introduction to Thomas O'Hagan, 38; letter from Sir D. J. Corrigan, 40, note 41; entertained by Monaghan Liberal Club at first public dinner, 41, note 41; editor of the *Vindicator*, in Belfast, 42 et seq.; letter to Thomas O'Hagan, 47; letter from Thomas O'Hagan, 48, 51 et seq.; letter from Clarence Mangan, 55–6; letter from Henry MacManus, 58; determines to become a barrister, 59; admitted a law student, 59 note; engaged to be married, 60; debate with Davis, Dillon, and O'Hagan principles of the proposed journal, 62 et seq.; letter from Father Mathew, 67 et seq.; letters from Leigh Hunt, 75–6; introduced to the Carlyles, letter from Carlyle, 77–8; letter from Dr. McKnight, 78–9; ballad poetry of Ireland, 89; visit to O'Connell at Dennynane, 96; letter to Davis, 96-7; letter in the *Nation* to O'Connell on his adoption of Federalism, 100–1 note; 107 note; letter from MacNevin, 115–6–8; letters from Mitchel, Martin, and John O'Hagan, 119–20–21; letter to Davis, 121–2; letters from John Mitchel, 122–3; passes from the death-bed of Davis to that of his young wife, 124; letter from Father Mathew, 124–7; forms a Second Young Ireland Party, 127 et seq.; letter from John O'Hagan, 132; letter from T. D. M'Gee, 134–5, 138–9; letters from John O'Hagan and S. Ferguson, 141 note; called to the bar, 143, 148–9; letter from John Mitchel, 150–1–2; letter from John O'Hagan, 153–7; letter to Smith O'Brien, 166 et seq., 179, 192; marriage with Susan Hughes, 194; letter from Dr. McKnight, 203–4–5, 211 et seq.; letter from Richard Moore Stack, 216–7; letter from (Speranza) Francesca Elgee, 217–8; letter from D. O. Maddyn, 218–19–20; letters from William Carleton, 221–2; letter to Carleton, 223; letters from Clarence Mangan, 225; letter from John O'Hagan, 229, 230; letter from J. E. Pigot, 230–1; letter to John O'Hagan, 232, 240 et seq., 258–9, 266; Creed of the *Nation*, 272–3–4; letter from Smith O'Brien, 275–8; arrested, 281; imprisonment in Newgate, 282 et seq.; The Tocsin of Ireland, 288, et seq.; put up for trial, 291; libel in the *Daily News*, 293 et seq.; letter to Smith O'Brien, 296–7–8; struggle with Lord Clarendon for life and liberty, 299–319; How did Gavan Duffy escape conviction? 320–35; "Wanted a

few Workmen," ii. 9; proposes to create Peasant Proprietary, 16, 19; letter to M'Gee, 23–4; labours to establish Tenant League, 32; addresses the election committee in New Ross, 39; letter to Sir Thomas Redington, 42, 46 note; public dinner in London, 49; Election Petition, 57, et seq., 65; letter from Martin, 81; accuses the Government of corruption, 85; letters from Mrs. Callan, 86, 87 note, 88; Water Cure and visit to Brussels, 95–6; letter from to Edward Butler, 100 note; resigns seat in Parliament, 101; difference of opinion with Lucas, 102; letter from Archdeacon Fitzgerald, 102; social engagements, 103 et seq., 106; letter from E. Whitty, 107; inquiries about Australia, 107 et seq.; interview with Disraeli, 110–1–2; letter from Sir Denham Norreys, 113; visit to O'Brien at Brussels, 113–4; letter from Rev. Dr. Murray, 115; interest in Maynooth College, 116; farewells, 117 et seq.; reception in new country, 131 et seq.; letter from Edward Butler, 137; letter from Aspinall, 139; letter from Orion Horne, 140; urged to settle in Sydney, visit there, 141 et seq.; letter from Edward Wilson, 148; electioneering experiences, 150–1–2; elected to Parliament, 152; generous offer of John Mooney, 153; letter to Carleton, 155; chairman of committee on Federation of the Colonies, 163; endeavours to have the business of Parliament conducted as in the House of Commons, 164–5–6; Minister of Public Works, 170; fall of the first popular Administration, 175; in Office again, 177; letters from Charles Cowper, 179; from John Bright, 181; letter from W. K. Sullivan, 182–3; Daniel Deniehy, 184; Henry Parkes, 186; John Dillon, Cashel Hoey, 187–8; Sir William Stavell, 189; T. B. MacManus, 191; Archbishop of Tuam, 190; Edward Whitty, 192; Aspinall, 193; misunderstanding with O'Shanassy; serious illness, 195; resign office, 197; letter explaining my resignation, 198; re-elected to Parliament, 199; letter to Thomas O'Hagan, 200; decline to join the Nicholson Government, 201; form an Administration, but cannot carry it on without a dissolution, which the Governor refuses to promise, 210; letter from J. M'Evoy, 212 et seq.; letters from O'Shanassy, 218; Cobden, 220; Emerson Tennant, 220; Dr. Newman, 221; Arthur Helps, 222; Henry Parkes, 223; Professors of the Melbourne University, 224, 226–7; take up the Land Question promptly, 228 et seq.; Mr. Ireland's *coup*, 235; letters from Geo. Higinbotham, 236; Childers, 237, Lowe, 238; Mrs. Myles Byrne, 238; Arthur Geoghegan, 239; Sir James Martin, 240; letter to John O'Hagan, 241; letters from J. Dillon, 243; from Parkes, 244; Cashel Hoey, 245; Mrs. Kean, 246; visit to Europe, 250, welcoming letters from John Brady, 252; J. J. McCarthy, 253; Father Tom O'Shea, 253; Mrs. Carlyle, 255; social engagements, 255 et seq.; public dinner, 262; notes from Edward Wilson, John Forster, Sir Emmerson Tennant, social engagements, 264; visit to Dublin, 265; social engagements, 266; public dinner, 267; urged to re-enter the House of Commons, 268; interview with Disraeli, 271; notes from Father Neville, Stuart Mill, visit from Mr. O'Shanassy, introduce him to some political people, 272; Continental tour, Father Tom Burke, 273; Rome, 274 et seq.; letters to Thomas O'Hagan, letter from Rev. Dr. Murray, 279; lecture at the Society of Arts, note from Aspinall, letter to Thomas O'Hagan, 281; letters from Rev. Francis Mahony (Father Prout), 283; T. H. Fellows, 284; defeat of Mr. Higinbotham's Education Bill, 293–4; re-enter Parliament as member for Dalhousie, 297; letter from Sir Coleman O'Loghlen, 306; to Thomas O'Hagan, 306–7; on his becoming Lord Chancellor, and a peer, 308; letters from John O'Hagan, 309; from Cashel Hoey, 311–2; Marcus Clarke, 313–4; from Sir James McCulloch, 315; from Parkes, 317; Stuart Mill, 318;

Prime Minister, 321 ; letter from Cashel Hoey, 322 ; state my political policy, its reception by the Press, 324–5 ; negotiations with Sir James Martin on Intercolonial Customs Duties, 326 ; defence of my policy as an Irishman in Ireland, 328 ; prison reforms, 331 ; letters from John O'Hagan, 333 note ; Childers, 335 ; Carlyle, 336 ; fall of the Government, 339 ; knighted, 341 ; letters from John Forster, 343 ; Dr. Moriarty, 344 ; Sir Redmond Barry, 345 ; Henry Parkes, 346 ; second visit to Europe, 347 ; invited to stand for Meath, 347 et seq. ; letters to Father Peter Reilly, 350 ; Cashel Hoey, 351 ; letters to my wife, 352–3 ; letter from Isaac Butt, 353 ; meet Dr. Manning, 354 ; letter from W. Allingham, 355 ; visit to Dublin, amazing proposal from Dr. Thresham Gregg, 356 ; renewed overtures to induce me to re-enter Parliament, 359 ; social engagements, 360 , letters to my wife, 361–2–3–6 ; Summers makes my bust, 362 ; at the O'Connell Centenary Celebration, 364–5 ; letters to Lord O'Hagan, 366 ; from Marcus Clarke, 367 ; to Lord O'Hagan, 367–8 ; from Lord O'Hagan, 368 ; return to Melbourne, 370 ; re-enter Parliament, 371 ; unanimously chosen Speaker, 372 ; remonstrate with the Government against the proposed removal of the officers of Parliament, 373 ; letter from Mary Howitt, 374 ; appointed Knight Commander of St. Michael and St. George, 375 ; begin to write "Young Ireland," 377 ; letter to John O'Hagan, 377 ; letter to Pope Hennessy, 379 ; from Pope Hennessy, 379 ; Lord O'Hagan, 380 ; The MacDermott of Coolavin, Cashel Hoey, 381 ; to Lord O'Hagan, 380 ; death of my wife, 382 ; letters from Mrs. Hutton, 382 ; Archbishop Vaughan, 383 ; farewell to the Victorian Parliament, 384

Duffy, Francis, brother of C. G. D., death of, i. 23

Duffy, James, publisher, i. 220–3

Duffy, John, Father of C. G. D., i. 3

Duffy, John, jun., brother of C. G. D., touching story of, i. 18

Duffy, John Gavan, eldest son of C. G. D., i. note 60

Duffy, Mrs. Gavan, *née* McLaughlin, i. 119–21 ; death of, 124

Duffy, Mrs. Gavan, *née* Hughes, ii. 4, 241, 252–3 ; letters to, 352–3, 361–2–3 ; death of, 382

Duffy, Rev. James, guardian of C. G. D., i. 7, 10, 16, 19 ; will not consent to my going to Trinity College, 22, 24

E

Ebden, Mr., ii. 209, 211, 214–7

Elgee, Francesca (later Lady Wilde), see "Speranza."

(Eva) Miss Mary Eva Kelly, i. 217

Evans, Dr., ii. 163, 197, 207

F

Fagan, William, letter to Charlton S. Ralph

Fawkner, J. P., ii. 165 and note, 173, 304–5

Federalism, O'Connell embraces, i. 99 ; letters from C. G. D. to O'Connell on, in the *Nation*, 100, note 100 ; O'Connell breaks with, 105

Ferguson, Samuel, i. note 64, 70, 82, 90, 91 ; his estimate of D'Arcy M'Gee, poetry note, 128 ; letter to C. G. D., 141 note, 194, 202–3, 243, 263 ; ii. 261–5

Fitzgerald, Archdeacon, ii. 102

Fitzsimon, Christopher, i. 193, ii. 21

Flood, Mr. Edward, ii. 142

Ford, Mr., ii. 116

Forster, John, ii. 95, 110, 124–6, 258 et seq. ; letter from, 263, 271, 342 ; letter from, 243

Francis, J. G., ii. 218, 299–300, 329, 341, 371

Fulham, Mr. Bernard, i. 310

G

Geoghegan, Arthur, ii. 117 ; letter from, 239

Gladstone, William Ewart, i. 71, ii. 33–7, 50–2, 83–6–7 note, 223, 264, 279, 281, 307, 311 note, 312, 328, 344, 356, 379

Glass, Hugh, ii. 226

Godkin, Rev. James, i. 43, and note 43, ii. 34

Godley, Mr., ii. 126
Grant, J. MacPherson, ii. 241, 287, 290–91, 373
Grattan, Henry, i. 74, 112, 113, 142, 158, 161, 193
Gray, Doctor, i. 259
Gray, Sam, appointed sub-sheriff, i. 39, ii. 35
Gray, Wilson, ii. 61, 193, 205, 210
Gregg, Rev. Treshem, i. 70, 71, ii. 356, letter from, 358
Griffin, Dr. Samuel, i. 182, 228
Griffin, Dr. William, i. 228
Griffin, Gerald, i. 58, ii. 104

H

Haines, William, C. ii. 160–9, and 175 et seq., 218–9, 226
Hatchell, Solicitor-General, i. 297, 327, ii. 42
Hawarden, Lord, i. note 94, 148, 149
Head Pacificator, i. 150, 169, 180, 206
Head, Sir Francis, ii. 94
Heales, Richard, ii. 209 et seq., 241
Hearn, W. E., ii. 224, 232
Helps, Arthur, letter from, ii. 222
Hennessy, Pope, ii., 257–8 ; letter from C. G. D., 379 ; letter to, 379
Higinbotham, George, late Chief Justice of Victoria, ii. 226–7, 233 ; letter from, 236, 286 et seq., 291–2, 301–2
Hoey, John Cashell, ii. 9 ; letters from, 59, 187, 243–5, 255–7, 305, 311, 312, 338, note 339, 343, 351–3. Cashel Hoey, Mrs., ii. 352, 367
Hogan, John, i. 12, 90 note
Holmes, Robert, father of the Irish Bar, i. 153, 154 ; his splendid defence of the *Nation*, 155, 182
Horne, H. H. (Orion), ii. 139, 216, 355, 376
Howitt, Mrs., ii. 108, 124 ; letter from, 127 ; letter from, 374
Howitt, William, ii. 107–9, 124
Huddlestone, Baron, ii. 59 note
Hudson, William Eliot, i. 136, ii. 58
Hughes, Archbishop, i. 206, ii. 126
Hughes, Christy, *doyen* of the Dublin reporters, his appearance and quickness of resource, i. 30, 34
Hughes, Don Juan, i. note 63, note 72
Hughes, T. M., i. 23, shows me Dublin and fires me to become a journalist, 24 ; Sunday walks with, 29, 41 ; ballad by, 56
Hutton, Mrs., i. 231, ii. 382–3

I

Innes, survivor of the battle of Ballynahinch, i. 118–9
Ireland, R. D., i. 232–5, 237
Irish Priest, see Rev. Dr. Murray

J

Jackson, William, i. note 46
Jameson, Mrs., letter to C. G D., i. note 90
Jennings, Rev. William, ii. 10
Jennings, Sir Patrick, i. 4
Johnson, George, ii. 152

K

Kane, Sir Robert, i. note 91, 219, ii. 182
Kavanagh, Julia, ii. 11, letter to C. G. D. from, 12, 121
Keefe, Father Mat, ii. 14, 97–8, 102
Keen, Mrs Charles, ii. letter from 246–7
Kemmis, Mr., i. 292
Kennedy, Colonel Pitt, i. 265
Kennedy, Dr., Bishop of Killaloe, 164
Kennedy, Dr. Evory, i. 265, note 20
Kennedy, Tristram, i. 265, ii. 19, 119
Kenyon, Fr., letter from to C. G. D., 147 ; letter from to Mr. Ray, 147– 209, 227, 238–9, 242, 277–8, 284, 71–2
Keogh, William, i. 187, ii 18, 37, 44, 47, 62, 83–4, 90–1, 102–6
Kerry, Bishop of, letter to from C.G.D., ii. 173
Kingsley, Rev. Charles, letter from, ii. 127
Kinkle, ii. 108
Knowles, Sheridan, ii. 88–9–90, 104
Knox, Alexander, ii. 27–8

L

Lalor, James Fintan, remarkable letter to C. G. D., i. 234–5, 238–9, 241; his theory adopted by John Mitchel, 242–4–7, 251–5 note, 261, 286, 292, 314–5 note, 322, ii. 74, 80, 128
Lalor, Patrick of Tinnakill, i. 193, 234, ii. 19
Lalor, Peter, ii. 218, 373
Landor, Savage, ii. 259–60
Lane, Denny, i. 64, 153, 178

Lang, Rev. Dr., ii. 145, 344
Latrobe, Mr., ii. 110
Lawless, John, i. 45, 46 note, 60, ii. 89
Lefanu, Joseph, i. 59 note, 70, note 91, 202, 216
Lemoinne, M. John, i. 269, 270
Leonard, J. P., ii. 353
Lever, Charles, i. 70, 91 note, ii. 100
Leyne, Maurice, i. 322, ii. 9, 21; his death, 88
Linton, W. J., ii. 53
Lover, Samuel, i. 89, ii. 103
Lowe, Robert, ii. 109, 116, 237; letter from, 238, 262 et seq.
Luby, Thomas Clarke, i. 71 note, 315 note
Lucas, Frederick, i. 77, 134, 140–1 note; letter to John O'Hagan, 208, 229, 251 note, ii. 27–9, 35 et seq., 43–8, 55, 63–6 note, 91 et seq.; his mission to Rome, and breakdown of health, 91–6 et seq.; difference of opinion between him and C. G. D., 101–2; last letter to C. G. D., 103; death of, 123, 173, 267, 276
Lytton, Bulwer, ii. 96, 125, 355, 376

M

MacCarthy, Denis Florence, i. 71, 96, 128 note, 137, ii. 253, 265, 351
MacCarthy, John George, ii. 9
Macaulay, Lord, i. 52, 65 note, 72, 88 note, 302, 306
MacCormic, Dr. Henry, i. 52
MacDermott, Martin, i. 251, 278
MacDermott of Coulavin, letter from, ii. 381
MacHale, Archbishop, letter to C. G. D. from, ii. 189–90
Mackay, Captain, trial of, i. 306–7
Mackay, Mr. Angus, ii. 376
MacKenzie, Morell, ii. 361
MacMahon, Heber, Bishop of Clogher, i. 14
MacMahon, Judith, maternal grandmother of C. G. D., flung a petition for the Union into the fire, i. 3
MacMahon, Marshal, ii. 353
MacMahon, Patrick, M.P., i. 59 note; ii. 43, 58, 187
MacManus, Henry, i. 12, 14, 24; takes me to see the Hogarths in Charlemont House, and other works of art in Dublin, 29, 58, 74
MacManus, Terence Bellew, i. 12, 24; Sunday rambles with, 29, 32 note, 278, 322; ii. 25, 75, 190; letter to C. G. D. from, 190
Macnamara, John, ii. 143, and note
MacNevin, Thomas, i. 76; his History of the Volunteers of 1782, 89; letter to C. G. D., 115, 126, 150
MacPherson, Mr., ii. 301–2–3, 323
Madden, Dr., i. 91 note, ii. 2 note, 125
Maddyn, D. O., i. 194, 218
Maguire, Father Tom, i. 38
Maguire, John Francis, ii. 43
Maher, Father, ii. 63
Mahon, O'Gorman, i. 69, 94, 202
Mahony, Rev. Francis (Father Prout), ii. 95; letter from, 282–3
Mangan, Clarence, Saturday nights with, i. 35; his stupendous rhymes, 35; his life made desolate, 36; letter from, 55, 56, 64, 90, 91 note, 137, 224; letters from, 224 et seq., ii. 25, 351
Manning, Archbishop, ii. 354
Martin, James (later Sir), ii. 142, 178, letter from 239–40, 326 and note, 327–8, 346
Martin, John, i. 115, letter from to C. G. D., 120–1–2, 129 note, 177–8, 188; his confidence in the Ulster Presbyterians, 269, 278 and note, 282–3, 286, 292, 302–8, 324, 330, ii. 25, 73 et seq., 81, 346, 363
Mathew, Fr., i. 53, 55, 65–6–7; letter from, 67; letter from, 124, 181, 309, 310, 314; letter from, 318, ii. 73
Maunsell, Dr., i. 70
Maynooth Professor, see Rev. Dr. Murray
McCarthy, J. J., ii. 117, letter from, 253, 265, 311; letter from, 348
McCarthy, Justin, i. 71 note, 130 note
McCormack, Widow, ii. 114
McCullogh, James (later Sir), ii. 163; McCullogh, Sellars and Co., large station holders, 290, 296 et seq., 303–5, letter from, 315–6, 334–5, 341
McEvoy, James, letter from, ii. 211
McGlashan, James, i. 194, 218, 223–5, 227, 300
McGrath, Mr. John, ii. 21–3
McKenna, Joseph Neale, (afterwards Sir), ii. 20–2, 351
McSweeny, Lord Mayor, ii. 364
Meagher, Thomas Francis, i. 128, 156, 162, 165, 167; the sword speech, 172; his arguments de-

fended by Smith O'Brien, 173, 188; stands for Waterford and is beaten, 209, 218, 238, 251 note, 267–9, 270, 275–7, 317, 322–4, ii. 2, 7, 9, 15 note, 25, 68 note, 73–5–6, 9, 110, 348
Meehan, Rev., C. P., i. 178
M'Gee, Thomas D'Arcy, i. 121–7–8; Samuel Ferguson's estimate of as a poet, 128, and note; letter from, 134–5 note, 179, 202, 230, 254, 269; despatched to Scotland for arms and recruits, 285, 315, ii. 6, 22; letters from C. G. D. to, 23–4–5, 104, 266, 307
Michie, Archibald (later Sir), ii. 139, 163, 175, 264, 286, 353, 360–1
Mill, John Stuart, opinion of C. G. D.'s Peasant Proprietary project, ii. 18, 39, 117, 124, 223, 272, 317, 329
Mitchel, John, i. 62 note, 65 note, 115; letter from to C. G. D., 119–20 et seq., 127–9, 129 note; in temporary control of the *Nation*, 135 et seq.; his Railway Article, 139, 140, note 140; letter to C. G. D., 150–1–6, note 156; letter to the *Tablet*, 165, 178, 192–4, 205, 235–8; adopts Lalor's theory, 247, 251 and note; Smith O'Brien repudiates his theory, 252 et seq., 262 and note, 269, 270, 275 et seq., 315 and note, 324–7, 330, ii. 25; controversy with, 67–81 inclusive; 108, 110, 128, 256, 307, 347
Mitchel, William, i. 278
M'Keon, Hon. John, ii. 25
M'Knight, Dr. James, i. 43; letter from, 78–9, 203–5, 264; ii. 29, 32, 34–8, 62–3–9, 90–1, 267
Mooney, John, ii. 153–4
Moore, George Henry, ii. 48, 62, 98, 256, 267–8 et seq.; death of, 312, 348
Moore, Mr. David, ii. 163
Moore, Thomas, a visit from, i. 37
Molesworth, Sir William, ii. 126
Monahan, Attorney-General, i. 302, ii. 42 note
Monckton, Milnes, i. 73
Monsell, William, M.P., ii. 19, 75, 191, 312, see Lord Emly
Montalembert, Count de, ii. 245, 283
Mulgrave, Lord, receives Catholics and Protestants on equal terms for the first time since the Capitulation of Limerick, i. 24; my *début* in public life as secretary to his levée in Monaghan, 25, 35, 39
Murphy, Sergeant, ii. 55
Murray, John, ii. 271–280
Murray, John Fisher, i. 44, 137
Murray, Rev. Dr., Maynooth Professor, i. 57 and note; letters of "An Irish Priest" to *Tablet*, 299 and note, 303–5; ii. letter to C. G. D., 115, 267; letter from to C. G. D., 279–80

N

Napier, Joseph, Irish Attorney-General, ii. 47, 56–7, 60, 87, 110, 188
Napoleon, Louis, ii. 122, 244, 257
Nation, The. Conference on its establishment with Davis and Dillon, i. 59; rise and growth of, 63–5, 64–6 note, 69; spirit of, 72–3; contributors, 74–8, 85 et seq., 100; letter from C. G. D. to O'Connell on his adoption of Federalism, 100–1 note, 104–5, 120, 125 et seq., 136–7, 140 and note, 141 note, 143; shut out of Repeal Reading-rooms, 146, 157, 160 et seq., 175–6–9; O'Connell's war with, 180–1 note, 182, 197; insists on the duty of retaining the food in the country, 201, 211, 218, 238, 244–6; the Creed of the *Nation*, 272–4, 283; the entire issue of, seized, 290, 323; policy of the revived *Nation*, ii. 7, 21–2, 40; principle of Independent Opposition stated in, 44, 59, 69, 71, 81, 127, 200, 262
Neale, Edward, ii. 251, 257
Newman, John Henry, ii. 26–7, 116, 221, 267, 271–2
Nicholson, William, ii. 201–5–9–10, 218, 226
Norreys, Sir Denham, ii. 75, 112; letter from, 113
Nugent, Count, ii. 353
Nulty, Dr., Bishop of Meath, 348

O

O'Brien, R. Barry, i. 31 note
O'Brien, Sir Lucius, ii. 77–8
O'Brien, William Smith, letter from Davis, i. 90 note; joined the Repeal Association, appearance, manner, and character, 94–5, 112–3, 130–1, 141–2; refuses to attend a call of the House of Commons, 149;

'Eighty-two Club send deputation to London to assure him of their sympathy, 150 ; his release moved by Mr. Shaw, 151–60 ; letter to from the Bishop of Killaloe, 164, 166–8, 172 ; leaves Conciliation Hall, 174, 183 ; letter from C. G. D., 184, 185–9, 190, 202–6–9, 233 ; letter from Mitchel to, 238, 239 ; letter from Mitchel to, 240 ; letter from C. G. D. to, 241, 243 ; letter from John Martin to, 244 note ; letter from Meagher to 245–6, 252–3 ; letter to C. G. D. from, 259 note, 260 et seq., 269–70–1 ; letter to C. G. D. from, 275, 277–9, 285–6, 290–1 ; unsuccessful stand at Ballingarry and arrest, 291–6–8, 316–7, 322–4 ; letter from to C. G. D., 335, ii. 73–9, 80, 111 et. seq., 141 ; his death, 243, 265, 348

O'Callaghan, John Cornelius, i. 82, 170

O'Callaghan, Mark, i. 170, ii. 2

O'Connell, Daniel, my first impression of, i. 27, 29–30 ; declares he will hold a Repeal Meeting in Belfast, 47, 50–1, 68–9, 74, 80 et seq., 85 ; the Mallow Defiance, 86, 91–2 ; arrested on a charge of conspiracy with seven other Repealers, 93–4 ; discharged from custody, 95 note ; C. G. D. visits him at Darrynane, 96–8 ; declares for Federalism, 99 ; letter to from C. G. D. in *Nation*, 100 note, 100 et seq. ; *Tait's Magazine* on the controversy between him and the Young Irelanders, anent Federalism, 105–6, 107 note, 109 et seq. ; ingratitude towards Davis, 113, 115 et seq., 127, 131 et seq., 139 et seq. ; resolves to destroy the *Nation*, 145 ; asks an assurance from C. G. D. and John Mitchel that the *Nation* would not oppose decisions of the Association, and shuts the *Nation* out of Repeal Reading-rooms, 146, 148 et seq., 155 ; muster of Whig members at Lord John Russell's, 156, 159 et seq., 161 note ; letter to Mr. D. R. Pigot in the interest of Whig candidates, 163, 164–6 et seq. ; places the *Nation* on the Index Expurgatorius of Conciliation Hall, 180 note ; suppresses the Bishop of Dromore's letter to the Association, 181–2–4 ; declares the Dublin Remonstrance ought not to have been flung but kicked out of Conciliation Hall, 185 ; Father Kenyon renounces his leadership, 186 ; disposed to make overtures to Smith O'Brien and Young Irelanders, but deterred by his son John, 189 ; negotiations for a reunion, accepts places for his family and followers, 193–8, 202–7 ; death of, long delayed funeral of, 208–9, 215, 234, 275 note, 295, ii. 6, 21, 33, 55, 66 note, 71, 119, 223, 262, 273, 274 note, 275, 302, 348 363–6

O'Connell, Daniel, Jun., i. 162

O'Connell, John, i. 81–2, 108–9, 114 ; the most mischievous public man in Ireland, 115–7, 125, 133–8, 144–6, 164–7, 172–4 ; John had done it all, 174 note, 176–7, 180–3 ; directs the Dublin Remonstrance to be flung out, 185 ; prevents his father making peace with the seceders, 189, 193–8, 207–9, 238, 271 note, 279, ii. 22, 93

O'Connell, Maurice, i. 141, 193, 260 ; declares that John did all the mischief, 174, and note 174, 260

O'Connell, Morgan, i. 193

O'Connor, Count Condorect, i. 74, 91

O'Connor, Feargus, i. 69, 268, ii. 72

O'Doherty, Kevin, i. 282, 291–2 302, 330, ii. 25

O'Donaghue, The, ii. 256

O'Gorman, Richard, i. 126, 130, 150, 153, 156, 165 ; letter to M. J. Barry, 166, 178, 209, 251 note, 322, ii. 43

O'Grady, Michael, ii. 49, 118, 128, 304, 335

O'Hagan, John, my first meeting with, his early love of reading, i. 63–4 ; holiday with, 115, 120 ; letter to C. G. D., 121–9 ; letter to C. G. D., 132–5 ; letter from C. G. D., 138, 151 ; letter to C. G. D., 153, 189, 197 ; letter from Frederick Lucas, 208 ; letter to C. G. D., 229–32, 244, 267 ; letter to John Dillon, 312, ii. 14 ; letter from C. G. D. to, 241–2, 265, 278, 282 ; letter from, 309–10 ; letter from, 333 note, 351 note ; letter from C. G. D. to, 377

O'Hagan, Thomas, afterwards Lord

O'Hagan, i. 20; my first meeting with, 38, 40; letter from C. G. D. to, 47–8; letter from to C. G. D., 48–9, 52, 99, 301 note, ii. 19–23, 27; letter to from C. G. D., 200, letter from C. G. D. to, 278, 281–2; letters from C. G. D. to, 306–9, 311, 351 note, 352, 364, 366; letter from C. G. D. to, 367–8; letter from, 380; letter from C. G. D. on the birth of an heir, 380
O'Hara, William, ii. 41–58
O'Keefe, ii. 278
O'Leary, John, ii. 278, 353
O'Leary, Pagan, ii. 278
Olivera, ii. 51
O'Loghlen, Sir Coleman, i. 114, 188–9, 202, 243, 259, 301, 313, 322, ii. 27, 262; letter from 306, 352
O'Loghlen, Sir Michael, i. 302
O'Malley, Mr., Q.C., ii. 59 note
O'Reilly, Rev. Peter, ii. 347
O'Shanassy, John (later Sir), welcomes me to Melbourne, ii. 132–36, 147, 153, 163; forms an Administration, 169 and note, 172 et seq., 194; alienation from C. G. D., 195, 197 note, 199 et seq., 209 et seq.; friendly relations re-established between him and C. G. D. by the intervention of the Bishop of Brisbane, 218; letter to C. G. D., 219, 226, 236, 272–3, 291 et seq., 340
O'Shea, Fr. Tom, ii. 14, 32–9, 96, 102; letter from, 253–4
Owens, Dr., ii. 240, 291

P

Palmerston, Lord, i. 103, ii. 52–4, 111–2, 191–2, 259
Parkes, Henry (later Sir), ii. 137, 142–3; letter from, 144–5, 147, 185; letter from, 186; letter from, 222–3, 243; letter from, 316, 327, 345; letter from, 346
Peace Resolutions, i. 164–7
Pearson, C. H., ii. 375–81
Peel, Sir Robert, i. 4, 22, 82, 92, 95; declares that he desires to make peace with Ireland, 106, 113–4, 131–2, 158, ii. 51, 83, 122–5, 223
Pennefather, Judge, i. 153
Peyrat, M., ii. 95
Pigot, D. R., the Right Hon., i. 133–5; letter from O'Connell to, 163 and note
Pigot, John E., i. 126–9, 136, 145, 153; letters from to C. G. D., 231, 251, 229, 230; letter to C. G. D., 231, note
Pigott, Mr., of the *Leader*, ii. 95
Plunkett, Alderman, ii. 117
Plunkett, John Hubert, ii. 141
Polding, Archbishop, ii. 338
Porter, Grey, i. 117; declared that Protestants would never join Repeal Association with a despotic and irresponsible treasurer, 177
Potter, M. de, ii. 114
Potter, Mr., sent to me by O'Connell with bill of costs for the defence of Fr. Davern against Lord Hawarden, i. 148
Precursor Society, i. 32
Purcell, Peter, i. 32, 74, ii. 19, 366

Q

Quinn, Dr. James, late Bishop of Brisbane, ii. 27, 218, 267

R

Ray, T. M., i. 146–7, 183, 185, 188
Redington, Sir Thos., i. 309 note, ii. 39, 40–1
Reilly, Thomas Devin, appointed sub-editor of *Irish Life*, i. 135, 255, 275, ii. 74
Repeal Cavalry, i. 93
Repeal Reading-rooms, i. 68, 175; *Nation* shut out of, 180 note
Reynolds, John, ii. 83
Roden, Lord, ii. 60
Roebuck, Mr., ii. 53
Rogers, Rev. John, ii. 34, 62
Rollin, Ledru, i. 84, ii. 120
Ronayne, Richard, i. 69
Ross of Bladensburgh, i. 203–9, 255
Russell, Dr., President of Maynooth, ii. 267, 311
Russell, Lord John, i. 131–2, 145, 152–8, 161, 198, 207, 222, 267, ii. 36–8–9, 63, 93
Russell, Lord Odo, ii. 277–8
Ruthven, Edward, jun., i. 193
Ryan, Dr., Bishop of Limerick, i. 228

S

Sadlier, James, ii. 65, 82–3–8, 90–2–3, 257
Sadlier, John, ii. 18, 19, 20, 37, 44, 62–3–5, 82–5, 92–3

Scratchley, Mr. Arthur, ii. 17
Scully, Vincent, Q.C., ii. 18
Shaw, William, ii. 9
Shee, Sergeant, ii. 19, 34–8, 44–7, 52–6–7, 60, 86
Sheil, Richard, i. 68, 133, 145, 160; selected for Dungarvan, 162–3, 167
Sladen, Charles (later Sir), ii. 297
Spencer, Lord, ii. 309
"Speranza," letter from, 217; *Jacta Alea Est*, 287; letter from, 271 note
Stack, Richard Moore, i. 216, 217, ii. 26
Stawell, William Foster (later Sir), i. 59 note, ii. 169; letter to C. G. D. from, 189
Stephenson, George, i. 207
Stacpoole, Margaret, i. 35–6
Sullivan, A. M., ii. 81–8, 364 and note
Sullivan, Barry, ii. 193
Sullivan, Dr. William K., ii. 14, 19, 182–3
Swift, Richard, i. 175 note, ii. 52, 99, 252

T

Teeling, Charles Hamilton, my first patron, i. 19; invites me to contribute to the *Northern Herald*, 20; urges my guardian to send me to Trinity College, 21–5
Tenant League established, ii. 33
Tennant, Sir Emerson, ii. 121–7; letter from, 220; letter from, 263
Thackeray, W. M., i. 74 and note, ii. 11 note; letter from, 123, 375
Thomasine (Miss Olivia Knight), i. 217
Thompson, General Peronet, i. 74
Trevelyan, Sir Charles, i. 88 note
Trumble, Matt, schoolfellow, i. 7, 8, 12, 21, 24, 62 note, ii. 49
Tuam, the Archbishop of, i. 304
Tithe Martyr, funeral of a, i. 32

U

Urquhart, David, i. 209, 211; his extravagances, 212 et seq., ii. 251

V

Vaughan, Archbishop, letter from, ii. 383
Verdon, George (later Sir), ii. 210; letter from, 335–6, 338 and note

W

Wallis, Thomas, i. 59 note, 129, 136; letter from to C. G. D., 215, 220
Wallscourt, Lord, i. 215, 258, 284
Wilde, William (later Sir), i. 70
Williams, R. D. (Shamrock), i. 64, 261, 301–2, 324, 330
Wilson, Edward, ii. 147; letter to C. G. D. from, 148–9; letter to C. G. D., 165 note, 247–8, 263, 323
West, the Rev. Mr., ii. 143
Wood, Dennistoun, ii. 201, 232, 381
Wood, Marshal, ii. 377
Whitty, Edward, ii. 10, 11, 85, 95, 107, 119, 139, 192, 193

Y

Young Ireland, i. 105; second party, 144
Young Irelanders, i. 68, 91 note, 162, 170, 177, 183–5–7, 207, 209, 216, 235, ii. 14

The Gresham Press,
UNWIN BROTHERS,
WOKING AND LONDON.

DEC 19 1908