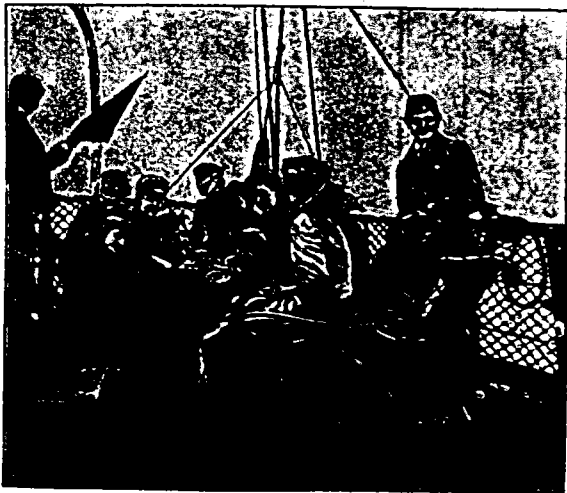


with perpendicular cliffs 700 or 800 ft. A curious thing is that along the coast one can imagine buildings with domes, domes and towers, like the architecture of the sandstone of the Far West—like it in form, but and glacial in substance, milky and pale green in color, as though of emerald and opal, layer upon layer. In a few minutes we are abreast of the ice. Very soon it is the lead on the ice again, drifting, creeping, swinging southward, dissolving continually by the warming current, but menacingly so long as it exists. As it vanishes the thought lingers of the potential of which, in fog and darkness, goes for all ships that cross its track. The region of ice is also the region of a thousand miles from New York one upon a fleet of fishing boats, is well for them that the day is clear. The fierce Atlantic gale is not so source of peril to them as the passing and re-passing of the steamers when the fog upon "the Banks." They lie helpless on the smooth, heaving sea, any moment, unforetold except by the sudden blast of a whistle, a huge shape, triplicated or quadrupled in size by their terror-stricken eyes, may appear upon them. On the larger vessel every precaution is taken to avoid collision. The watch is kept and the captain never leaves the deck. At intervals of thirty seconds

the whistle sends across the sea its poignant warning, and all other sounds are subdued. The funnels and the masts seem to have grown bigger in the gray envelopment; the long ridges of the sea are pale as though mixed with the washings of a chalky shore. When night falls and we listen to the pulsation of the engines and gaze out into the mystifying vapor, there comes over us a strange sense of disembodied things; the bustle on deck has ceased voluntarily, and in the hush the voices of the captain and the officers upon the bridge are alone audible. The moisture drips from the cordage and the eaves of the deck houses; a vibrant hum issues from the engines; the whistle splits the air; every lamp has a nebulous blur. We are conscious of existence, of movement, but nothing seems tangible or distinct, and the sense of disembodiment grows upon us.

Away from the whitey-green water of "the Banks" and out of the ice track we speed up northward where the twilight lingers in the summer until ten o'clock, and early on the sixth day we are in sight of land, the gray cliffs and green turf of Ireland. It does not seem possible that the voyage is over; that 2800 miles of ocean have been crossed. Surely it was but yesterday that we stood looking down upon that mosaic of faces of friends on the end of the wharf as the great ship glided into the stream, and that Sandy Hook reached its white arm after us in the scorching sun of the west!



THE CAPTAIN TELLS A FUNNY STORY.

44 X  
AUSTRALIA.

Composita Vol. 1

BY HENRY GEORGE.

No. 1.



That side of the world which is at the bottom of our globes, connected

with us by some 7000 miles of easy ocean highway and separated from us by a high

tariff, there is growing up a people who are not merely our near kinsmen, but who in character, conditions and future possibilities come closer to us than any other. Counting the Canadians as tariff-sundered

Americans, as they truly are, there is no people with whom we have more points of resemblance, and none therefore whose points of difference may be more instructive. Yet so well has our "protective" policy killed our foreign trade, so well in these days of the British "globe trotter" has the once "universal Yankee" been bottled in behind his tariff wall, that there is little touch between us and them, and the average American knows little or nothing of the country that, in the southern hemisphere, is to be what it is our manifest destiny to be in the northern—the country that the close of the next century is likely to find second of the mighty English-speaking powers. But the rapidity with which the Australian ballot—the "kangaroo ballot," its opponents have called it—has been leaping into the statute books of American states has shown that we are by no means indisposed to learn from the antipodes. And returning from a trip that carried me through the better-settled parts of the Australian colonies it seems to me that there is no country whose social and political development is so well worth the study of thoughtful Americans.

The peculiar interest that Australia has for Americans is that there a later offshoot from the same stock as ours is also growing up on virgin soil, and has carried into

practice some things we are only beginning to talk about. They have, of course, the Australian ballot; they have responsible government; they have a permanent, non-political civil service; they have a most admirable and simple system of land registration and transfer; they have government ownership and operation of railroads and telegraphs. Trades-unionism has with them reached a more powerful development than anywhere else, and they have come nearer to the adoption of the eight-hour working day. They have state statisticians that shame our national and state bureaus, and they have carried paternalism in some respects to a length unknown in any other English-speaking country. They have, too, the same social and economic problems. They are free from the race difficulty that is the cloud on our southern horizon, and the duality of tongues that is the thorn in Canada's side; but they have had the Chinese question and the black-labor question, both of which may possibly yet be revived again in their tropical regions. They have great public debts. They have land monopoly in gigantic form. They have had land speculations that would equal if not surpass those of any "boom town" of our west. And (for it follows) they have their "unemployed," their charity organizations, and strikes that in relative magnitude and importance are the greatest that have anywhere yet taken place. And if they have not carried "protection" to the lengths we have now attained, its spirit and tendencies may be seen there more clearly in some respects than even here.

I cannot speak of the interesting and instructive comparisons thus suggested with the knowledge and confidence I would wish, for a trip such as that from which I have returned, a constant round of speaking and travelling, only permits one to see how much in such matters there is to learn. Yet even such little information as I may be able to give may help to interest my countrymen in their far southern kinsmen, and thus do something to draw closer the two peoples and

in some little hasten the day when, wherever our common speech is mother tongue, there may fly the banner of a grander Union than that which here stretches from lakes to gulf.

Of the seven self-governing colonies which comprise the Australasian group, five divide between them the continent of Australia; another, Tasmania, occupies the island cut off from the southeastern extremity of the continent by Bass's strait, that used to be marked on our maps as Van Diemen's Land; and one, New Zealand, occupies the long, narrow island, or strictly three islands, that, 1200 miles to the east of the continent, stretch north and south for nearly the same distance. Excepting that there is but 1200 miles of sea between them, and that the same parallels of latitude that run through the southern quarter of Australia also run through the northern third of New Zealand, the two have no physical features in common. The one resembles an immense shallow basin, with coast line but slightly broken, its mountain rim sloping inward to vast plains; the other is a long and narrow Switzerland, with coasts indented with bays and harbors and fiords. Even their indigenous fauna and flora are entirely different.

It was not at random that Macaulay, in his famous picture, placed a New Zealander on the ruined arch of London bridge. New Zealand is not merely the exact antipodes of Great Britain, it has all the physical characteristics that promise a vigorous race of men. While the aborigines of the Australian continent were one of the lowest types, the aborigines of New Zealand were the stalwart Maoris, whose abilities and valor won the respect of conquerors always disposed to look contemptuously on skins a shade darker than their own. But the physical characteristics of a country count for less with the civilized man than with the savage, and for less and less as civilization advances and arts are developed that practically modify climate and bring external nature more and more into subjection to man.

While Australia and New Zealand differ greatly physically, and there have been some differences in settlement and conditions of development, yet in general social and political features the two countries are much alike. But while what I

shall say on these points has in the main equal reference to New Zealand, it is of Australia that I shall particularly speak, partly because of the limit of space, and mainly because I did not have time to see more of New Zealand than was afforded by the short stop at Auckland of the steamer that carried me out.

An idea of the relative position of the five colonies that occupy the mainland of Australia may be had by dividing the continent into three north and south slices. The eastern of these contains a tier of three colonies. At the south or bottom of this tier, with Tasmania, an island of 26,375 square miles, lying 150 miles south of its southeastern point, is Victoria, with an area of 87,884 square miles. Melbourne, the largest city in Australia, and contesting with Buenos Ayres the honor of being the largest city in the southern hemisphere, is the capital and metropolis of Victoria. In the middle of the tier is New South Wales, capital and metropolis Sydney, with an area of 309,175 square miles. At the top or north is Queensland, capital and metropolis Brisbane, with an area of 668,224 square miles. The middle slice running south and north through the continent is South Australia, so named because first settled on the southern coast, with an area of 975,425 square miles. Adelaide is the capital and metropolis of South Australia. The western slice is the colony of Western Australia, capital and metropolis Perth, with an area of 975,920 square miles.

For comparison it may be well to state that the area of Massachusetts is 8315 square miles; New York, 49,170; Illinois, 56,650; Kansas, 82,080; California, 158,360; Texas, 265,780; England and Wales, 58,489; the United Kingdom, 120,840.

The quality of the land of these colonies seems to be inversely to their size. Victoria, the smallest, having the most uniform rainfall, and Western Australia, the largest, the greatest proportion of sandy desert.

The total area of Australia is 2,944,628 square miles, which is 48,128 square miles less than that of the United States, excluding Alaska.

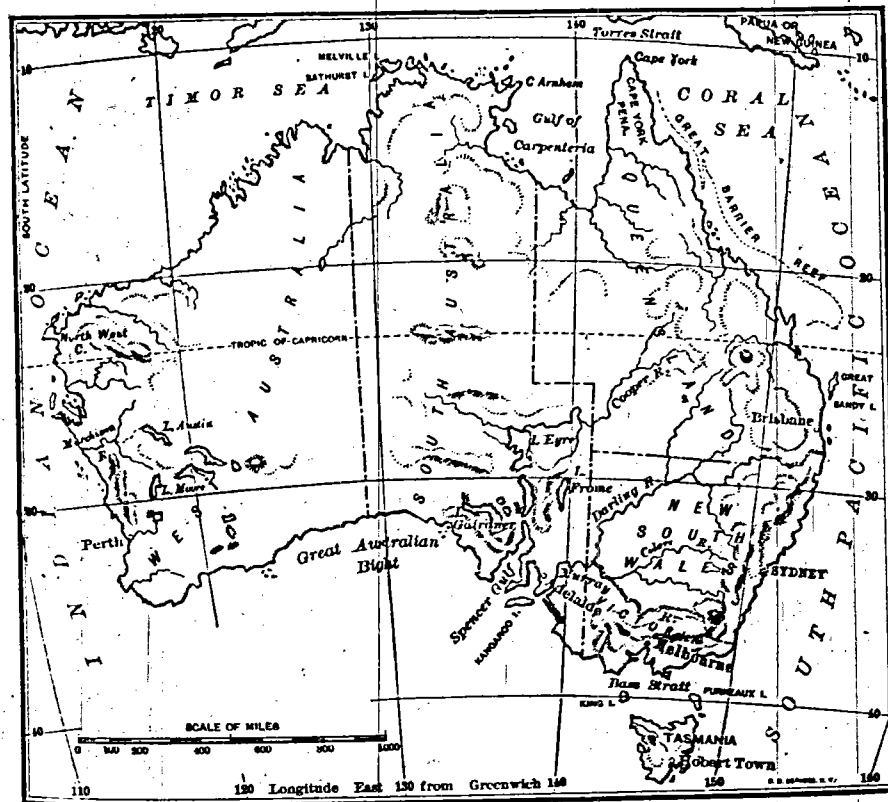
The land as a whole, however, is, under present lights, by no means as good as that of the main body of the American

republic. It lacks interior mountain chains; it lacks great lakes and navigable rivers. Its rainfall, superabundant on the eastern coast, where in some places they actually reckon it, in feet, dwindles off on the interior slope until it comes to almost nothing. It is lacking in variety and quality of timber, the eucalyptus in its different species being its only forest tree. It lacks in large part that temperate climate which seems best suited to our race, the fortieth parallel of latitude passing through Bass's strait, which separates the southernmost portion of the mainland from Tasmania, the Tropic of Capricorn running somewhat north of the centre, and the northern point lying within twelve degrees of the equator.

Yet with all these physical drawbacks, as at present they seem to be, Australia has good land enough to support an enormous population, and there are vast areas that can be made sus-

ceptible of cultivation by simply throwing dams across the streams flowing inland. Other great areas, it is already known, can be supplied with a sufficiency of water by artesian wells tapping the subterranean streams. The dryness of the climate has, too, its brighter side. It enables white men to stand heat as they could not in moister climates, and, with the absence of predatory animals, makes Australia the best wool country in the world. It is, besides, rich in minerals, not merely gold and silver and lead, but more important still, coal of excellent quality.

And such as Australia is, whether better or worse, it offered after America the grandest opportunity for European colonization the world afforded. In seizing this opportunity England assured for our race the dominancy of the southern oceans, and took a step only second in importance to the planting of her North American



colonies toward making our speech the world tongue of the future.

Discovered by the daring Portuguese navigators who were the contemporaries of Columbus, visited again and again by Dutch seamen who gave names to capes and islands that they still retain, though the name, New Holland, they gave the country has been lost; taken nominal possession of by Captain Cook for his Britannic majesty, the impulse to the settlement of Australia came from the American revolution. The loss of the most important of British colonies gave rise to a desire to establish others that might some time and to some extent take their place, and the first propositions for Australian colonization looked to the opening of a refuge for American loyalists who had been driven from their homes or could no longer abide among successful rebels. But more pressing still was the necessity of finding some new dumping ground for the convicts who with the closing of the American outlet, began to horribly overcrowd the British jails.

In the history of New South Wales from the Records, now in course of publication by the government of New South Wales, there is some curious information on a matter on which American historians have touched lightly and the American people have nearly forgotten—that of transportation to our shores. The compilers of this history estimate that the number of British convicts sent to the American colonies (including of course the British West Indies) between 1650 and 1775 "could not have been less than 120,000, and was probably far larger;" but the only official basis they give for their estimate is the statement of Duncan Campbell, Superintendent of Convicts on the river Thames, that from 1769 to 1775, inclusive, he had sent to America an average of 547 convicts annually, and that "I always looked upon the number from the other parts of the kingdom to be equal to what was transported by me."

In order of establishment the Australian colonies rank—New South Wales, Tasmania, South Australia, Victoria, Queensland, Western Australia. New South Wales was the first and Western Australia the last to which convicts from the mother country were sent. South Australia, like New Zealand, never had

any convicts, being an independent centre of a totally different colonization movement.

In 1888 New South Wales celebrated the centennial of the first settlement. It was then proposed to change the name, for New South Wales and New South Welshmen are felt to be clumsy and inappropriate. But no name could be found that struck the popular fancy: Sir Henry Parkes, the premier of New South Wales, and the "grand old man" of liberalism in that colony, coolly proposed to appropriate the name Australia, on the ground that when it first got its name New South Wales was really Australia. But whether the proposition was too audacious, or it was feared that it would lead to too much confusion, it was not adopted, and the New South Welshmen are New South Welshmen still.

Fortunate above all other countries, Australia has never known war, even the contact with the aborigines—unlike New Zealand, where the Maoris fought long and bravely—never having given rise to more than some little massacres. Briefer even than our own, and more uneventful, the history of Australia has, however, that interest, akin to the interest of biography, which attaches to the history of smaller states, where the size of the stage does not dwarf the players. The landing on the shores of Sydney harbor in 1788 of a detachment of convicts with their keepers and guards under Governor Phillip was the first settlement, from which came more or less directly the settlement of Tasmania, Norfolk Island (now tenanted by the descendants of the mutineers of the *Bounty*), Queensland, Victoria and Western Australia.

The impulse to the settlement of South Australia came from a remarkable man, Edward Gibbon Wakefield, who, having visited the United States and Canada, wrote some letters purporting to come from Sydney describing the annoyances which in new countries befall immigrants of taste and fortune, and followed this with other works on colonization.

Wakefield saw that the fundamental social fact was the tenure of land. He was, in short, a sort of inverted single-tax man, recognizing the same primary principles, but seeking opposite ends. Seeing that cheap land meant high wages and dear

land low wages he proposed a plan by which people of wealth and refinement might comfortably and profitably engage in colonization, and English social life in higher as well as lower grades be transferred, as it were in horizontal sections, to new soil. His plan was to hold land for such a high price that the poorer people could not buy it, while the money received from its sale to the richer was to be used to bring the poorer out. With wages thus kept down to something like English rates gentlemen of wealth who should buy colonial estates could find labor to cultivate them and service as good as they could get at home, and with larger incomes enjoy the same cultured and elegant leisure. This scheme took greatly among influential classes, leading to the formation of a South Australian company and the sending out of a colony in 1836. The cultured colonists engaged in a mad career of land speculation, and would probably have soon been starved out had not Captain Grey (now Sir George Grey of New Zealand, the most heroic of antipodean figures) been sent to take hold of affairs with the firm hand of a dictator, and bring chaos into order. But Wakefield's ideas survived in the minds of officials of the Colonial Office, and have had large influence upon the land policy of Australia.

Aside from the history of South Australia, which deserves separate treatment, the general history of Australia is that of the convict period and arbitrary power, a period full of dark shades; then the rise of the pastoral industry, the gaining of self-government and the efforts to swell free immigration; the discovery of gold, bringing Victoria to the rank of the leading colony in population and wealth, and greatly stimulating the development of the other colonies and the period of steady growth that has followed.

The great rush to the gold fields is of course long since over, and assisted emigration, on which the colonies have all spent money, has about stopped; but the natural increase is large, and a considerable immigration is steadily flowing in from the British Isles. Natives of the colonies are already in a considerable majority, and those not by birth subjects of the queen in an inconsiderable minority.

The population of Australia on the 1st of

last year was officially estimated at 3,070,666, New Zealand having at the same time a population of 607,380, exclusive of some 40,000 Maoris not counted. In this estimate Victoria stands first with a population of 1,090,869; New South Wales is close behind with a population of 1,085,740; Queensland has 387,463; South Australia, 318,308; Tasmania, 146,149; West Australia, 42,137.

The same tendency of population to concentrate in cities which is observable all over the civilized world is strikingly shown in Australia. Melbourne contains over forty per cent. of the population of Victoria; Adelaide over thirty-six per cent. of the population of South Australia; Sydney over thirty-three per cent. of that of New South Wales; Brisbane over twenty-two per cent. of that of Queensland; Hobart nearly twenty-four per cent. of that of Tasmania; and Perth nearly twenty-two of that of West Australia. There are, of course, other considerable towns in all these colonies. In Victoria, according to Hyter, the official statistician, the urban population is 58.05 per cent. of the whole—a most suggestive and unpromising fact.

The Australian people are, as might be expected, more English in their habits and customs than the Americans, as is shown by many little indications. They have no Sunday papers, and do not want to have any. They are hardly Sabbatarians, yet they are tender of running Sunday trains; and between Melbourne and Adelaide there is only railway communication five days in the week, since even starting on Saturday would involve Sunday running in one colony or the other. Their bars are all tended by women, and their hotels kept in the older English style, and (notably in the smaller towns) are wonderfully good. They know nothing of the domestic uses of ice, and have the English idea that it is unwholesome; have but a faint knowledge of ice cream, and none of soda-water fountains, and drink tea to the exclusion of coffee. They speak of luggage rather than of baggage; what we call a drug store they call a chemist's shop; and what we know as candies they call sweets or lollies. They estimate their weight by stones, and in this connection do not understand pounds. They drink the strong British beer or the still stronger colonial, even in the tropics,

and lager beer is only just being introduced as one of the results of the Melbourne exhibition some years ago—coming from St. Louis or San Francisco, and in bottles. As in England, the pipe is smoked rather than the cigar. The furniture of their houses and the arrangement of it is English, and a bedroom window must always be blocked up by a dressing table. Their diet has the English monotony. They are even greater meat eaters, for meat is very cheap; but in a country where the best vegetables can be easily grown, they seem to know of few and use less. The meals at their railway stations are poor as compared with the American, and if an American railroad caterer—such, for instance, as the proprietor of the eating houses on the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé—were to open out in Australia, he would gain fame and fortune. Nor do I think that the Australians talk through their noses. This, however, is an inference, not an observation. For, to tell the truth, I never knew that we talked through our noses until on my way back from Australia. I had always imagined that the English notion of our nasal twang was half joke, half prejudice, till, after having been a long while out of the way of hearing my countrymen speak, I suddenly came on a large party of American tourists in the dining room of the Hotel Royal in Naples, when they were all talking at once. I can never again deem the Englishman's notion of our nasal twang only a proof of the liveliness of his imagination.

But such things are of the surface. And in spite of the retention of English ways and habits it seems to me that the Australian type that is developing is nearer to the American than the British. The new country, the fresher, freer life, the better diffusion of wealth, are telling in the same way on the offshoot that has taken root in Australia as on the offshoot that took root here. There is, I think, in the people, and especially in the native born, evidences of the same inventiveness, the same self reliance and push, the same independence, the same quickness of thought and movement, the same self satisfaction and spread-eagledness as are supposed to be characteristic of our own. They are even more prone than the Americans to the invention and naturalization of new words and phrases,

and a considerable list of these might be made. "To sheppard," for instance, has various suggestive uses, and "to go bung," for to fail or break up, carries the idea of explosion in its very sound. Australia has already produced a great number of successful inventions, ranging from the "stripper" which gathers grain and leaves the stalk, to the "totalizer," some sort of a horse-race gambling machine much in favor; and the tide of invention under the influence of recently improved patent laws seems only now fairly beginning to flow. The quickness of the people, the newness of the country and the mobility of the governments make political changes and legislative experiments comparatively easy.

The Australians are apt to pride themselves on the fact that they are so purely of British stock. But there are little things that one notices in England and Australia which indicate that we have profited by the admixture from continental Europe, and that it would be better for the Australians if they had a larger immigration of the same kind. We are all creatures of habit and are apt to follow in our own ways until jostled out of them or brought into contact with something better. And in the mixing of people capable of assimilation, yet of different ways and habits, what is best in each is apt to be perpetuated.

The danger of a large Chinese immigration, much more threatening in Australia than in California, has been met harshly but effectively by regulations virtually forbidding the entry of Chinese and even their passage from one colony to another. The first anti-Chinese legislation induced a good many Chinese to take out naturalization papers, but the issue of these has been stopped, nor are naturalization papers issued in one colony respected in the others. Excepting on the northern tropical coast, where something like Chinese colonization is going on, the Chinese population is now diminishing. The Chinese in Australia pursue generally the same industries as in California, and have among them a number of wealthy merchants and business men. Most remarkable of these is Quong Tart of Sydney, who carries on a large wholesale tea business and a number of attractive tea parlors or light restaurants. He

speaks good English, sings Scotch songs, has an English wife and takes a prominent part in religious, moral and philanthropic movements.

When a Chinese commission visited Australia some years since Quong Tart was of much help to them, and on their return he was made a mandarin of the fifth class. It was a pretty, touching story he told me of his visit to his native land: how the Queensland regulations were relaxed in his favor; with what distinction he was received by the Viceroy of Canton, and sent in the viceroy's steam yacht with a guard of honor to his native village; how before the imperial flag all vessels gave place, all drawbridges opened, all custom-house officers or squeeze station men held their hands and made obeisance; how the villagers were in fear and trembling at the unwonted sight of an approaching steamer bearing the emblems of the viceroy; how their fear changed to rejoicing when they found that the mandarin she carried brought honor to his native village; how his old mother wept and laughed and wept again when in the official who, in his robes of dignity, flung himself at her feet, she knew her long-absent boy; how he observed the rites for his father, who had not lived to see the happy day; how his relatives were made comfortable and leading citizens received appropriate gifts; and how the feast was spread in honor of the ancestors, who, as is the good way of the Chinese, were through him ennobled. Quong Tart or Joseph! What does it matter? The same deep and tender chords are stirred; and at the touch that makes the whole world kin one cannot but feel ashamed of the bars, necessary though they may seem, that keep men apart. When the day of the truly "superior man" shall come, will they not cease to be?

The ruthless slave trade that swept Polynesian islands to furnish Queensland sugar planters with labor has for some time been strictly regulated, and with this year even the amended form of the traffic must cease. Whether sugar cane can be grown without black labor is in Queensland a bitterly disputed question, one side averring that it can and the other declaring it impossible. And of more importance is the question how far our race may penetrate into the tropics and yet retain

its vigor. In the dry climate of Australia this is probably further than anywhere else, and miners, herdsmen, etc., are now working as far as the northern coasts. Even in that part of Australia which lies south of the tropic the heat in the summer is, however, very great, and in South Australia they talk of 160 degrees; but you find on inquiry that they mean in the sun, and that the true temperature does not exceed 110 or 112. This is hot enough; but though it may be too early to tell, there does not yet seem to be any indication of lessening strength or energy in the people.

The Australian states are only nominally colonies. They are in reality, in all things of practical importance, except perhaps the matter of legal appeals to the Privy Council, which could easily be got rid of, self-governing republics, for the system of responsible ministries leaves to the governors appointed to each colony little but social and advisory functions. These governors, representing the dignity of the crown, receive much larger salaries, paid by the colonies, than the premiers, who are really the administrative heads of government; the governor of Victoria, for instance, getting £10,000 with residence, the governor of New South Wales £7,000 and residence, while the premiers get but £2,000 each. But as custom lays on the governors the obligation of entertaining they spend their salaries and more than their salaries.

The colonies are moreover absolutely independent of each other. The American realizes what the greatest blessing of our Union really is when, on passing from one Australian colony to another, he finds that his luggage is liable to examination. In addition to this there is the difference in railway gauges. The New South Wales roads have the standard gauge of England and America, 4 feet 8½ inches. The Queensland system, with which they connect on the north, has the narrow gauge of 3 feet 6 inches. The Victorian system, with which they connect on the south, has the Irish gauge of 5 feet 3 inches. From Adelaide the South Australia system makes connection with the Victorian system with a 5 foot 3 inch gauge, but a little distance to the north of Adelaide South Australia breaks her own gauge and resorts to the 3 foot 6 inch, so that her

roads cannot connect with the New South Wales system, which ere long will be pushed west to the South Australian line. And in the colonies there are many little indications of that spirit which, if suffered to grow and intensify, may give justification to the adage that peoples separated by creeks may more bitterly hate each other than those separated by oceans.

With the political connection with Great Britain, which under present conditions combines security with freedom, there is no real restiveness. Neither do I think there is any loyalty more than skin deep. Imperial federation, such as is talked about in Great Britain, has no hold in the colonies. In fact, the tariff legislation, in which Great Britain is treated as any other foreign country, is a more substantial declaration of independence than any mere formal separation could be. As for loyalty to the crown, while there is a good deal of personal respect and affectionate regard for the queen, too much stress must not be laid on such facts as that; not contented with celebrating the queen's birthday, the Australians also celebrate that of the Prince of Wales, and this year, as the queen's birthday fell on Saturday, a universal half holiday, they celebrated the queen's birthday both Saturday and Monday. So well do the Australians love holidays, so large with them has been the development of open-air recreations and athletic sports, that I do not think it would be difficult to get them to celebrate Washington's birthday or even the Fourth of July. The following sentence, with which the *Armidale* (New South Wales) *Chronicle* this year began its editorial on The Queen's Birthday, not only betrays the rather hazy notion of royal chronology, but is, I think, a pretty good indication of the way in which royal birthdays commend themselves to the Australian mind:

"The seventy-first year of the reign of Her Majesty Queen Victoria was looked forward to with more

than usual interest, principally on account of the first meeting of the trotting club being fixed for that day, as well as football matches, etc."

In truth, though I doubt if it is fully understood in Great Britain, the Australian feeling toward the mother country is no more filial and involves no more loyalty than does the feeling of the people of our newer states toward the older states. Nor is there any reason why it should be so. The descendants of one brother who have removed to a distance do not regard with any filial feeling the descendants of another who have remained in the old homestead, and do not regard themselves as bound further than present interests and feeling may incline them. Still less likely is there to be anything like filial feeling if there smoulders any half-conscious recollection of having been forced to leave the old home by injustice or privation. And it must be remembered that it is not the rich and fortunate, the class whom Wakefield wished to attract, that really do emigrate.

It is true that in a spasm of half-chivalrous, half-jingo enthusiasm New South Wales did send a contingent to the *Soudair*. But that is not a popular thing to refer to now. It is true that most of the colonies have agreed to pay a subsidy toward the support of British naval vessels to be kept in the Australian seas. But Queensland refused to enter into the agreement, and it is probable that at least some that did will refuse to continue it when the present term expires.

As for the feeling toward the United States it is fully as good and as warm as we deserve. I am inclined to think that the Australians would be quick to respond to any proposition from us for reciprocity. We could virtually annex Australia as we could virtually annex Canada and Great Britain, by the simple process of abolishing our tariff and raising our revenues by means not in themselves corruptive and impoverishing.

## DOUBT.

BY MARGARET PRICE.

YOUR words have touched my quivering soul.  
No, no! I still have self-control,  
So come not near.  
I do not say I yield at last  
Beneath the spell your words have cast  
Upon me here.

I say but this—ah! yes, I know  
You found it out long, long ago—  
You rule my life.  
No, no! stay there! An awful task  
'Tis to refuse you what you ask—  
To be your wife.

My throbbing heart longs to deceive  
My calmer mind. Could I believe  
Your passion true,  
The splendor of these saddened eyes  
Would shame the tint of yonder sky's  
Deep azure hue.

I doubt your love. It may be true,  
But how can I be sure that you  
Love well at last,  
When brighter eyes than these of mine  
Have seen in yours such ardor shine  
In days now past?

My comrade, it were best for us  
If you had never spoken thus  
Of love to me;  
For we can never now go back  
Along the broad, well-beaten track  
Of friendship free.

And in exchange you offer this—  
Your fickle love—a transient bliss  
Of lips and eyes.  
Stand where you are! E'en one caress  
Would crush me low. My soul's distress  
For mercy cries.

Respect my doubt and go your way;  
You cannot win me 'neath your sway  
By prayer or sigh.  
I could not trust you though you swore  
By all the loves you've loved before.  
And now—good-by!

