

ni ce qu'il veut m'expliquer par tout cela." No doubt, the wily Duke of Otranto desired to ingratiate himself with Wellington, in order to save himself from the fall which he must have seen gradually approaching. Like other cunning men, he was incapable of understanding a purely honest character, a character which finds its best protection in its very simplicity. Wellington could conscientiously testify that the King owed his return in a great measure to Fouché, but everybody knew this before. This was not all that Fouché wanted, but it was all that he got!

General Dumouriez's advice at this time was bold and sweeping. He recommended that the officers of Napoleon should be prosecuted, and their estates confiscated to indemnify the plundered *émigrés*. We find him lamenting that—"On a traité avec les Davoust, Vandamme, Masséna, Rapp, Grouchy, Suchet, Clausel, &c., avec tous ces *vils gladiateurs* qu'il falloit poursuivre à l'outrance après la chute de leur Spartacus." Perhaps the richest thing in the volume, however, is a polyglot epistle from a certain Duchesse, whose name assuredly deserves to go down to posterity. She writes with an easy familiarity for a place in the Excise, 300*l.* or 500*l.* a year, for a young friend, although she confesses that she has never seen the Duke except *en passant*. She addresses Wellington as "Aimable Duc," and asks him, although a stranger, to drop in and dine "*en famille*"—so that they may chat over the little affair of the young man who wants money. The Duke rather bluntly tells her that she should apply to some one else.

The Knapsack Guide for Travellers in Switzerland. With Clue Maps, Plans, and Mountain Outlines. (Murray.)

A Handbook for Visitors to Paris; containing a Description of the most Remarkable Objects in Paris, with General Advice and Information for English Travellers in that Metropolis, and on the Way to it. With Maps and Plans. (Murray.)

Mr. Murray does well in preparing to meet the "demand for a briefer, cheaper, and more portable series of Guides to the Continent," than is found in his old and now standard Handbooks. By way of first-fruits we have 'The Knapsack Guide to Switzerland,' which is affirmed to be "not merely an abridgment of the Swiss Handbook, but a condensed and corrected revision, containing much new matter regarding places and passes in the Alps to which Englishmen now resort, suited for persons whose time and means are limited, and who wish to take merely a rapid run across the Continent, arranged in a form very convenient for the traveller on foot or by rail."

In looking over these pages, and testing the work by its notes on places and routes well known to us, we are enabled to pronounce it an answer to its title. One uniform plan has been adopted; and although the brevity will disappoint some, it must be remembered that a large space of country and a vast number of objects of interest are concisely noticed in little more than 500 pages. Its distinctive features are ready utility, compactness, and late information. It will go into a coat-pocket, and is no burden. In these respects it is superior to Mr. Murray's older Swiss Handbook, but inevitably where details are wanted it fails to be of service. This is just the difficulty with all such small Guides. They are tempting in their compactness, and may be as well executed as the present little book; but who, when visiting the Alps even for one month, will feel satisfied with the modicum of information afforded by

them? Hence the tourist looks longingly to the larger and older Handbook, and, if that were as late in information (which it by no means is) as this "Knapsack Guide," we should say, choose the former. If taking both be out of the question, then the tourist must put up with inconvenience either in meagreness or weightiness, according to his choice of the smaller or the larger Guide.

Since conciseness is the prime object of this "Knapsack Guide," it would not be fair to quarrel with its numerous omissions. To say it is concise, is, of course, to say it is portable, and therefore we shall add nothing further upon this score.

The "Introductory Information" contains some brief but serviceable notes for tourists. One, however, amuses us. After alluding to the extreme thirst from which the pedestrian commonly suffers, the writer says, "When fevered and thirsty, buy a lemon." "Buy a lemon" is good advice in cities and towns, but where can you buy one in the valleys and snow mountains? "Buy a lemon," indeed! Are there costermongers at Zermatt, or fruiterers on the Gôrner Grat? Are they sold on the glaciers, or do old Jews hawk them upon the passes? Do lemons grow upon the stony slopes? Are they found among scattered vines? "Buy a lemon!" Why, a sovereign would hardly procure one in the remote valleys. We remember, when the landlord of one of the inns at Zermatt wished to show special favour to two mountaineers, that he presented them at parting with a couple of oranges, carefully enveloped in tissue-paper—oranges being great rarities in those parts.

When Mr. Murray's larger Swiss Handbook was written, its editor evidently had a feeling of sympathy with toiling tourists, but the editor of the "Knapsack Guide" is manifestly a hard-hearted walker, writing, as he does, with a jaunty allusion to really fatiguing excursions. Thus, for example, he describes the Jardin above Chamouni as "an easy" excursion, while the other Handbook notes it as a fatiguing day's work. "Easy!"—let those pronounce upon it who have scrambled over slippery rocks and absolutely jumped from stone to stone. Passing the *Egralèts* is surely the very reverse of "easy"; and even the writer adds respecting this spot, "In some places the hands are required as well as the feet." It is a hard day's work of at least eleven hours from Chamouni.

We will not, however, advert to the *easy* way in which the editor glances at other hard undertakings, but finally say he deserves credit for having produced an Alpine Guide remarkable for easy reading, easy reference, and easy carriage. Probably he found this as easy work as the excursion to the Jardin.

Though late in the field with a Paris Handbook, Mr. Murray has claims to notice and perhaps to preference over similar handbooks. A few pages of "General Information" precede the chief part of the book, and will be found useful to visitors to Paris for the first time. The editor does not disdain to tell the visitor what to order for dinner, as well as where to dine. The remarks on hotels and prices must be serviceable to strangers, as well as the "Scheme for Seeing Paris."

The body of the work consists of an "Alphabetical Description of Paris." Certainly this alphabetical arrangement, aided as it is by varied type and legible titles, has several advantages, but also some few inconveniences. In the concise notice given of the principal objects of interest in Paris, it would be unreasonable to expect any novelty. Condensation and arrangement alone can be expected, and these appear to be obtained. We have found several minor

matters mentioned which show care and knowledge, and seem to justify the editor's observations in the Preface, that "the notices of the different monuments and public establishments have been carefully brought down, from personal examination, to the latest time."

A clear and convenient Map of Paris accompanies the Handbook, and will render another map unnecessary.

The Scot Abroad. By John Hill Burton. 2 vols. (Blackwood & Son.)

A Scot Abroad, according to the time-honoured acceptance of the meaning of the phrase, is, generally speaking, a Scot very much at home. There are few people, except the Israelites, who are so universally scattered over the face of the earth. As the crows are confined to no one corner of the world, but are to be found, sagacious of their quarry, in every district of the globe, all in the same way profitably employed, so are the Scots to be met with; never idle, watching their opportunity, and seldom failing of the knowledge how to make the best of it. Dr. Cumming maintains that the future Paradise itself must be laid out in the style that Scotland is—lake, river, mountain and valley, open plain and wood,—or that it will hardly answer the purpose of dwelling in for ever. But if the two localities were really so much alike, it is not to be supposed that the Scotsman would fail to hold on by the one which he has in hand. From his readiness to quit it, we might conclude that the difference between the land and the Elysian Fields is far greater than Dr. Cumming (whose face, indeed, is towards the paradisiacal garden, and not towards Scotland) conjectures.

A travelled Scotsman's estimation of his own country is made in the way Beaumarchais followed in constructing his plays. He stole beauties from other writers, and defended himself on the plea that he was justified in taking what was his own wherever he could find it. So the travelled Scot, if he have wit, takes all that is good in the lands through which he passes, and, with pleasant audacity, pronounces them to be Scottish in character. Even when he, with fine pretence of joking, lays hands upon Shakspeare, and expresses belief that he was a Ross-shire man, or an Aberdonian, or a native of the Lowlands, the rogue is not half so comically serious as he seems to be; there is a lurking idea in him that if Shakspeare was not from beyond the Tweed, it would have been the better for him if he had been; that the weakest of his plays may attribute their weakness to the fact of his not being so born, and that the best derive their excellence from their Northern-like quality, and not from any virtue in Avon or its swans, or in Blackfriars, the Globe, and other London localities in which Shakspeare served apprenticeship.

The Scottish lady who, on passing southward through Knaresborough, replied to the query of what she thought of it, that "it was no' to be compared with Edinbro'," indicated the Scottish readiness to fight to the teeth in defence of a superior nationality; and the assertion of the Scot to an Englishman, "Ye'll never forgie us Bannockburn!" indicates their belief that the Southerner thinks as much about the matter as the Northerner; whereas the former is never better pleased than when he is listening to the pleasant and clever conceits on this question, enunciated by the latter.

Mr. Burton does not affect to conceal this disposition in his countrymen. He even gives up some of the districts producing remarkable men as not Scottish at all. The inhabitants of the south-western Highlands he confesses to

be all Irish—by descent; and he might have added that all the poetry, connected with Fingal and contemporary heroes, is Irish, by birth. For many years the Irishman was spoken of as a Scot, but that is no reason why we are to "count every distinguished Scot, down to the eleventh century, as an Irishman." Mr. Burton experiences no difficulty in dividing the great names in the early period with an equitable appreciation. "Ireland," he says, "kept them all until the inhabitants of the Scotland of later times made a world of enterprise and fame for themselves." This is candid, and creditable to him who exercises the candour. "Just when Ireland," he writes, "was distributing her most illustrious missionaries over the Continent, the Northmen had completed the subjugation of the Albanian Scots, and all but suppressed, if they did not entirely suppress, Christianity among the people. Albania became a Norse kingdom, in which the Celts were serfs." And Mr. Burton makes surrender of a goodly number of illustrious Irishmen who have hitherto been claimed as Scots, and is quite satisfied to begin with Duns Scotus as his own, a name which "there has been no country too great to have proudly recorded it in the list of her sons. He began the series of learned Scotsmen who became eminent abroad." Honour be to Scotland for such a beginning, and for the long list of those who followed him!

Of the extravagant nationality of the Scots Mr. Burton gives many an amusing example; and he states that the "climax of preposterous nationalism," and, he fears, of "insolent mendacity," was reached by Thomas Dempster:—

"He was evidently a man cut out for extremes. His contemporaries bear an almost frightened-looking testimony to his size and strength, and the marks of ferocity stamped upon his dusky visage. One of the events of his varied life at once introduces us to a man who would not stand upon trifles. Once, in the course of his Continental wanderings, he found himself in possession of power—as sub-principal, it has been said, of the College of Beauvais, in the University of Paris. Taking umbrage at one of the students for fighting a duel—one of the enjoyments of life which Dempster desired to monopolize to himself—he caused the young gentleman's points to be untrussed, and proceeded to exercise discipline in the primitive dorsal fashion. The aggrieved youth had powerful relations, and an armed attack was made on the college to avenge his insults. But Dempster armed his students and fortified the college walls so effectively that he was enabled, not only to hold his post, but to capture some of his assailants, and commit them as prisoners to the belfry. It appears, however, that, like many other bold actions, this was more immediately successful than strictly legal; and certain ugly demonstrations in the court of the Chatelain suggested to Dempster the necessity of retreating to some other establishment in the vast literary republic of which he was a distinguished ornament—welcome wherever he appeared."

The incident most observable in the above extract is, that a barbarous and indecent method of chastising offending students disgusted the men of a remote age, and yet that such method still flourishes in England, with all its indecency, and so prevails only in the great establishments which are under the direction of clergymen. That conservative body has retained longest what it should have been desirous to surrender at the earliest opportunity. Some years ago, the Rev. Mr. Sewell, in a sermon to his aristocratic pupils, on the duty of submission, boasted of his being able to compel them to bear that which was the most humiliating insult that a gentleman could undergo,—namely, a blow! But the blow is not so degrading as the way in which the flogging is now administered by Christian teachers, and for administering which, in like fashion, Dempster

centuries ago had well-nigh been very roughly treated by a disgusted public. That Dempster deserves as little mercy at the hands of righteous critics, Mr. Burton readily shows.—

"His great triumph was the biographical dictionary, which he was pleased to call a literary history of Scotland. Such an array of illustrious names was probably never elsewhere attributed to one nation. He not only sweeps in the whole flock of Irish saints, but makes a general raid on the Bollandists, and carries off all the names that suit his fancy. He not only was not fastidious about the evidence of their Scottish birth, but would have found it hard to prove, in many instances, that they ever had existence; and perhaps, in the choice of fabulous names, he had the better chance of evading detection, since there was no other country to which they could be revindicated. Following the course of the alphabet, his first names are, St. Abel, St. Adam, St. Adannan, St. Adalbertus, St. Adelmus, St. Aidanus, St. Adalgisus, and St. Antobodus; and some hundred or so of such exotic names have we to encounter ere we come to such as Alexander Alesius, Alexander Abernethæus, and Robertus Aitonus. There are, besides the doubtful and fabulous names, some that notoriously belong to our neighbours—as the venerable Bede, St. Bruno, Boethius the Roman moralist, and Macrobius—being tempted in this last case probably by the home sound of the first syllable, which, however, he knew very well to be Greek."

But Scotland produced a more dishonest writer even than this daring Dempster,—Dr. Mackenzie, a vulgar caricaturist and a "blundering blockhead"—

"He burdened literature with three portentous folios, which he called 'The Lives and Characters of the most Eminent Writers of the Scots Nation, with an abstract and catalogue of their works, their various editions, and the judgment of the learned concerning them.' His method of filling his pages is not uncommon, though few have carried it to so extravagant an excellence. He gets his hand on a monk, supposed to have such-and-such a name, supposed to be born at such a date, and supposed to be a native of Scotland—an identification utterly vague and unsatisfactory. He manages, however, to keep it down to the solid earth by attaching to it a long history of monachism and the several monastic orders, injudiciously plagiarized from the commonest authors who had previously dealt with that matter. In his life of James Bassantin, professor in the University of Paris in the early part of the sixteenth century, and a great mathematician and astronomer according to the light of his times, it is pleasant enough to find the biographer, in much reverence and amazement, repeating Sir James Melville's story of his astrological predictions about Queen Mary's journey into England. But he becomes intolerable when, after announcing the branches of exact science in which Bassantin wrote, he proceeds as if taking credit for moderation: 'We shall only take notice of the rise and progress of astronomy, in which our author exceeded all the mathematicians of his age.' One of his great efforts he calls 'The Life of Clement, the First Founder of the University of Paris,' of whom he says, 'It is certain that he was born and had his education in Scotland'—a statement altogether about as true as any of the tales of the 'Thousand and One Nights.'"

There are many more illustrations of this subject, but we leave it, to notice Mr. Burton's able and handy volumes, generally. As far as they go, they are perfect. We say, "as far as they go," for how could a couple of volumes hold the names of all the Scots who have been eminent, or who have prospered abroad? To accomplish such an end as that, Mr. Burton would have been constrained to write a work as bulky as an Encyclopædia. Accordingly, there is nothing said of the munificence of the Scottish prince who is named in Spottiswoode, and who founded an hospital, on condition that none but Scots should ever be admitted into it. Neither has he looked into, or, at least, quoted from those singular volumes, of the beginning

of the last century, 'Relations de la Vie et de la Mort de quelques Religieux de l'Abbaye de La Trappe;' nor has he cared to take from the history of our old merchant factories or fraternities abroad, the details which their records could furnish of some of the quaint and good old Scottish chaplains who were charged with the care of the mercantile religious interest, and had to warn their masters that a man who put a quart of wine into a pint bottle, or sold linen made up of as much devil's dust as flax, did not regulate with Heaven by subscribing largely to churches. Nevertheless, all that Mr. Burton has done, he has done well. He gives at great length the history of the ancient League between France and Scotland, and of the most eminent men who, being born in the one country, served in the other. In this matter he has been indebted, to some extent, to M. Michel and to the State Paper Office Records. Here, again, it would be in vain to look for every name. Like M. Michel, Mr. Burton takes no account of the family of *Lys*, which settled in Scotland, and which is said to have descended from a brother of Jeanne Darc, who took service in that country.

The remainder of the work deals with the Scotsmen who have achieved celebrity abroad, and the whole is written as an accomplished man would write who has all his facts well in hand, and who knows how to place them skillfully, and give them graceful expression. It is difficult to cite passages where the details run at length into each other, but we may cite the paragraph which follows the account of the death of Gleig, the Scotch Admiral who built that Cronstadt which kept another Scotch Admiral from getting to St. Petersburg, and thus "stopped the way" to the heroes and the good cause of his own country:—

"It is not, after all, an entirely satisfactory task to celebrate services like these. A nation that can show unrivalled courage and endurance in the defence of its own independence, need not covet the lustre of success in foreign causes. Boasting of such renown, in quarrels selected by and not forced upon the heroes, has something akin to the bully in it. That so many Scotsmen should have thus distinguished themselves abroad was the fruit of their country's sufferings rather than its success. The story of it all reminds one how dreary a thing it is that a community should have to dismiss the choice of its children from its own bosom, and how happy is the condition of that compact and well-rounded state which, under a strong and free government, productive of co-operation and contentment, has resources enough to keep its most active and adventurous citizens at work on national objects, and neither lends its children to the stranger, nor calls a foreign force into its own soil. There is little ultimate satisfaction in stranger laurels. Those who are the children of liberty themselves, such as the Scots and Swiss, have seen their services, by the obdurate tendency of historical destiny, almost ever assisting tyranny; and thus the sword of the freeman has done the work of the despot. The prowess and skill of our military leaders have given an undue preponderance to the strength of barbarism, and enabled it to weigh too heavily against the beneficent control of civilization. The foreign despot is deceived with the notion that the system artificially constructed for him by strangers represents a permanent, well-founded, national power: he becomes insolent in the confidence of its possession; and the fabric of power, raised up by one generation of freeborn auxiliaries, costs the blood of another generation to keep it from destroying freedom and civilization throughout the world. Even while this is passing through the press, the question vibrates at the conference-table, whether we are to have a struggle with another great power which several Scotemen helped to consolidate."

That is Prussia, the Government of which especially disgusted Keith, who helped it to greatness, by its utter disregard of the reckless

waste of human life. What would he have thought of the waste of these later days, and the joyous thanking of "the Lord of Hosts" for all the blood so shed, and all of which might have been spared! Keith was one of the Scottish men who, even after realizing an independence, and having attained to the dignity of Laird or of Gudeunan, could not tolerate the native home as an abiding dwelling-place. Such men justified the good-humoured retort of Johnson, when Boswell was apologizing to him for being a Scotsman. "I cannot help," said Boswell, "coming from Scotland."—"Sir," replied the Doctor, archly, "no more can the rest of your countrymen!" This was, at all events, a more refined comment on "the Scot abroad," than that made by Foote, who had satirized the Northerners unmercifully, and was asked why he hated them so. "Sir, you are mistaken!" replied the actor; "I don't hate the Scotch, neither do I hate frogs; but I would have everything keep to its native element!"

The Colony of Victoria: its History, Commerce, and Gold Mining; its Social and Political Institutions; down to the End of 1863. With Remarks, Incidental and Comparative, upon the other Australian Colonies. By William Westgarth. (Low, Son & Co.)

FOUR times has the author of 'Victoria and the Gold Mines' written the history of that dependency which Mr. Wentworth described as "a colony that had been precipitated into a nation." Four times has the same writer traced the progress of the great gold-bearing province of South-Eastern Australia; and yet, such has been its commercial activity, so rapid the increase of its material prosperity, that the country has as often supplied the author with materials for a substantially new volume. Each work has differed from that which preceded it: and now that the chronicle of the marvellous colony, from its foundation to the present time, is laid before the world, it is not difficult to see that ere ten years have passed the record will have become antiquated, and that it will be necessary to renew and extend Mr. Westgarth's labours.

Twenty-eight years since a few settlers, proceeding from Tasmania, pitched tents and built rude huts on a vacant area at the head of Port Phillip. Five years later Mr. Westgarth visited the settlement, and found it a scattered village, with a population of less than four thousand people. Such, in 1840, was the germ of that Melbourne which at the present time contains one hundred and twenty thousand inhabitants, is the seat of the local government, and claims to be regarded as the chief of our Australian cities. Much of a volume that describes the steps by which the village became a metropolis is, of course, a repetition of facts with which readers are familiar; but Mr. Westgarth is an artist who knows how to give new interest to an old story. His opening chapters set forth with equal simplicity and vigour the labours of the early colonists, and tell the strange tale of Victorian exploration: and when the reader closes the book at the last page, he muses over a grand panoramic picture of the inexhaustible sources of wealth, the various forms of industrial enterprise, and the political organization of the heterogeneous multitudes, which constitute the present, and point with impressive significance to the future, of the colony.

The statistics of the Census of 1861 give glimpses of certain curiosities of social life in Australia. Availing themselves of the invitation of the Census-papers, nearly two-fifths of the Victorian population returned themselves as members of the Church of England, one-fifth

as children of the Roman Catholic Church, whilst 11,536 persons declined on conscientious grounds to state their religion. After noticing various small bodies of Christian believers, Mr. Westgarth concludes by saying, "The main divergence of feature from the home roll consisted in 10,043 Lutherans and 26,223 'Pagans'; the latter being the very unceremonious 'denomination,' and common tomb prepared by the European 'barbarian' for the high pretensions of the Chinaman." In Australia the Chinese and aborigines are grouped together by public opinion and official usage, the ordinary Anglo-Saxon colonist regarding the settlers from the Celestial Empire as a connecting link between the human species and brutes; whilst it is the significant wont of the Registrar-General to describe the returns of the population belonging to any particular district as being "exclusive (or inclusive) of Chinese and aborigines." General attention was, in the first instance, drawn to the Chinese in Victoria by the Gold-Fields Enquiry Commissioners, who, to their own consternation and the lively alarm of the public, found that ten thousand of the race were already in the colony. "Their presence in such large masses," urged the Commissioners, "must certainly tend to demoralize colonial society by the low scale of domestic comfort, by an incurable habit of gaming, and other vicious tendencies, and by the examples of degrading and absurd superstition." Bent on preserving the morals and faith of true Victorians from Mongolian contamination, the Government sought security in a protective tariff, and imposed a duty of 10*l.* per head on all Chinese imported into the country. Henceforth no son of John Chinaman was permitted to settle in the land unless he paid 10*l.* for the privileges of citizenship. But the enactment was powerless to check the irrepressible wearers of pigtails. Mrs. Partington's mop did more to stay the waves of the ocean than the 10*l.* duty effected as a barrier to the influx of the intruders. With equal cunning and pluck, they defeated the illiberal precautions of the legislature. "Still," says Mr. Westgarth, "the Chinamen poured in, taking now the way of South Australia, by landing at Guichen Bay, and walking overland to the Victoria gold-fields. This procedure, which gave the colony the Chinamen without the advantage of the accompanying commerce at the sea-port, led to an alteration in the abolition of the tonnage restriction. After a while, however, South Australia herself passed a like deterrent measure, in aid of the sister colony's policy. The imperturbable enemy now took his passage from China to Sydney, whence, although by a very tedious and costly journey, he succeeded in his object by duly presenting himself in Victoria." The Victorian legislature made another effort against the subtle "barbarians." In 1859 a fine of 4*l.* per head was imposed on all Chinese arriving in the colony by land, while each Chinese miner within Victoria was subject to a special tax of 1*l.* per quarter. This last act of unqualified injustice was too much for the Chinamen. Before the iniquitous proposal had become law, fourteen hundred of the oppressed race held a public meeting at Castlemaine, and protested against cruel measures framed for the special detriment of them and their countrymen. Pon-sa acted as president, and Chu-a-luk, a Chinese missionary, as interpreter:—

"The new tax, said Pon-sa, would be too heavy, as even the miner's right of 1*l.* a year, which they were then paying, was too heavy for some of them. They were mostly all very poor, and had not anything to spare, even to send home to their wives, some of whom were dying through want. Englishmen behaved badly to the Chinese, and drove them

away from any places in the gold-fields that proved, after Chinese prospecting, to be worth working. And yet his people were content with 'tailings' and places abandoned by the colonists. Alluding to the objection that their wives did not accompany them, Pon-sa stated that, from the smallness of their feet, they could not go about and endure fatigue, and that there was a fear of their being abused by the Englishmen; while the wives themselves preferred to stay at home. A petition was drawn up and signed, praying that the proposed tax might not become law. Although the proposed measures were passed in due course at that time, they were subsequently repealed; and there seems now an increasing desire to see the last remaining bar, the 10*l.* fine upon arrival by sea, swept away, as the immigration has not, after all, been of the alarmingly large character that had been anticipated. In the mean time, a strong agitation on the subject had arisen in New South Wales, as many of the Chinese had halted on the southern gold-fields of that colony in their journey to Victoria, and in particular, as we have seen, at the gold-fields near Yass, where they were to be counted by thousands. They were also now streaming back into New South Wales from inhospitable Victoria. The Parliament of the former colony was divided on the question of restrictive legislation, the Assembly being hostile to the Chinese, against whom it had repeatedly passed very stringent enactments, while the Council as often opposed such discrimination, and rejected the measures. But at length, in November, 1861, the refractory Upper House came to terms, and a measure, fully as restrictive as any that Victoria had enacted, was passed, came into operation in the following February, and duly received the royal assent. But so various and changeable are the views of the Australian public on the subject, that precisely at the time New South Wales was passing this law, South Australia, it appears, was abolishing its Chinese immigration restrictions; while Victoria during the session of the same season had taken off the special residence tax, so bemoaned by Pon-sa and his compatriots. * * * The latest voice on the subject comes from the Melbourne Chamber of Commerce, which in the month of May, 1862, petitioned the Victoria Government against the continuance of the head money. The Chamber is thoroughly commercial, and has an eye only to business. It regards, indeed, as groundless the apprehensions as to any very great immigration, seeing that the emigrating Chinamen come from only one district of China, that of Kwang Tong, which contains but sixteen millions of people. But the petition goes on to tell how injuriously the restriction has operated on the colony's commercial interests. It has reduced the number of the Chinese in the colony from 40,000 to 24,000. And further, a careful calculation has shown that, but for such legislation, the numbers might have reached 75,000, whose yearly expenditure would have amounted to 3,000,000*l.*, with a contribution to revenue of 300,000*l.*, arising from the duty on gold and consumption of dutiable goods. By this argument the colony would have been immensely the better of the whole sixteen millions. One may hope, however, on higher grounds of view, that as the alarm on social considerations seems allayed, the colony may find itself able to dispense with such ungenerous and unfraternal legislation."

The Victorian Chinese, for the greater part, live and labour in the gold-fields, but nearly one-third of them reside in different towns of the colony, the largest body of town residents being found in Melbourne, where in the "Chinese quarter," *i. e.*, Little Bourke Street East, they have raised themselves to different grades of substantial prosperity. As wholesale merchants, druggists, opium-manufacturers, butchers, restaurateurs, and lodging-house keepers, they are industrious, thrifty and reputable citizens. One curious feature of their mode of dealing with life is their habit of trading under fictitious names composed to express the distinctive characteristics of their firms. Thus "Kong Meng & Co.," Bright Light (Illustrious)