



THE following poem was cut from a Port Phillip or Geelong paper about a year ago. We give it further publicity in our pages as well on account of its own intrinsic value, as because it affords such touching evidence of the despondent life of a solitary Squatter, and an insight into the character of a class, many of whom, born and educated with very different prospects from those of a life in the bush,—were taken with that mania which, some years ago, brought so many of our enterprising countrymen to New South Wales.

## THE SOLITARY BUSHMAN.

Deep in the wilderness, whose trackless gloom  
Of to the Exile proves a living tomb,  
He dwelt—no matter who—a man whose lot  
Misfortune willed—unpitied and forgot.

Oh, Solitude! here only art thou found  
In all thy stern reality; no sound  
Of human voice, no foot can e'er intrude,  
To scare from thy drear wilds, mute Solitude!  
'Tis but the south-wind's chill destructive blast  
Howling amidst Australia's forests vast;  
'Tis but the crash of some gigantic oak—  
Respondent to the lonely bushman's stroke;  
'Tis but the watch dog's bark, his only friend,  
Whose faithful vigilance remains to tend  
And warn his master of the danger nigh,  
From prowling beast, or savage treachery;  
'Tis but the crackling blaze, the lurid glare,  
Of some huge mountain pine consuming there,  
That yields a kind and happy, cheerful light,  
And shields him from the noisome dews of night:  
House, he has none, nor cottage—trunks decay'd  
Of fallen timber have his mansion made,  
With roof of bark, fresh stripped, to shield his form  
From Austral's piercing sun or pelting storm;  
These, these alone, remain to him—whom fate  
Hath left, with spirit crushed and desolate,  
And banished far from what was once his home,  
Through wilds untrod by Christian foot to roam;  
Yet he was once—but why the tale unfold,  
'Tis bootless, better it remain untold.  
Yet o'er the bushman, at his mid-day toil,  
Would cease from tilling the ungrateful soil!  
Oft would he kneel above the fresh turned earth,  
And curse the luckless hour that gave him birth;  
Then slowly rise, his heavy task resume,  
Whilst his soul revelled in its rayless gloom.  
And oft at night, that grateful respite given  
For man to seek repose—his spirit, Heaven,  
Within that lonely dwelling would he lie,  
Reckless of Time and of Eternity.  
Or if his mind reverted to the days  
Long past, when taught to breathe his Maker's praise,  
By her, the memory of whose love remained  
Alone of all within his heart unstained;  
If the pure spirit of the past awoke  
Remembrance of a mother's lips, which spoke  
Of prayerful resignation to His will,  
'Twas but to bid that 'warning voice' be still,—  
'Twas but to smile defiance, or to crave,  
In impious phrase, an unrepentant grave.  
And yet, though rarely, it at times would seem  
As if a ray of hope'some gentle beam  
Of sunshine o'er his cheerless soul would stray,  
And chase his wild despondency away;  
'Twas then, and only at a time like this—  
A fleeting moment freed from wretchedness—  
His eye would beam strange gladness, and a smile  
Of half content would light his cheek the while;  
And he would glance around, as if to seek  
The same reflected in some kindred cheek,  
As though his heart's warm sympathies then strove,  
To find some altar for its hoarded love.  
In vain, poor solitary wretch, in vain;  
Thy dogs alone to share thy fate remain—  
To guard thee in thy toil, protect thy rest,  
And fondle in their master's aching breast.  
The plaintive whine, the upraised glistening eye,  
Alone can speak their brute fidelity;  
Yet e'en their sympathetic gaze is dear,  
And oft evokes proud manhood's bitter tear.  
The tear which oft may course his sunken cheek,  
Ere yet the Solitary's heart shall break;  
And many a weary, sad, and cheerless day,  
May change his wildly matted hair to grey;  
And he may linger, weep, and linger on,  
Till all he has, with all he had, is gone;  
And years may wither every sympathy,  
And the deep fountain of his tears run dry;  
And e'en may Nature, in her stern decay,  
Summon his dogs—his only friends away;  
Yet may his sorrow strengthen with his years,  
And misery crown the ruined fount of tears;  
And age may chill and bend his yielding frame,  
Ere tardy death shall press his friendly claim;  
Ere the same Southern blast shall wildly wave  
The brushwood—sacred as the Bushman's Grave!

G. F. P.

*Coningsby; or, the New Generation.* By B. Disraeli, Esq., M.P., Author of *Contarini Fleming*. 3 vols. London, 1844. H. Colburn.

THE great work of the day in London, is Mr. Disraeli's political novel—*Coningsby; or, the New Generation*. Most of our readers are already acquainted through the English periodicals with the leading features of the party known as "Young England," and as this book presents an accurate and brilliant embodiment of their principles, we think we shall be affording the public of Australia, both amusement and instruction by reprinting the following review from Fraser's Magazine. It is about the most unfavourable of the many that have appeared, but, like everything from Frazer, it is well written:—

There is no harm, certainly, in gentlemen prefixing their names and addresses at length to any literary performance of which they may be delivered. And Mr. Disraeli has shown that his views, in regard to this matter, agree entirely with ours. For, instead of falling into the established practice, and telling his dear public that the author of So-and-So again addresses them, he gallantly proclaims on the title-page of *Coningsby*, that it is the production of the first M.P. of his family. We are inclined to think that Mr. Disraeli has acted properly on the present occasion. Had the book come before us without any signs of paternity at all, there would have been slight hesitation on our parts in giving judgment concerning its lineage; for there is, probably, no man in all England, except Mr. Disraeli himself, who could have written it. Not that the degree of talent exhibited in the pages of *Coningsby* would have been wanting had the same sort of novel come from the pen of any one out of a score of writers whom we could name. Mr. Disraeli has several, though not very many, rivals in this respect; there are writers in the world as smart and clever as he. Neither should we speak the truth, were we to affirm that he has astonished us, either by the extent of his knowledge or the depth of his philosophy. His knowledge scarcely exceeds the average portion which clever men acquire, who do not

cease to read after they have entered into society; while his views of men and things, as well past as present, are startling chiefly when they run into absurdity.

But there is a peculiarity about his present work, which, we are constrained to acknowledge, leaves all our previous experience of such matters behind. *Coningsby* is the most audacious performance to which author ever applied himself, and to which, after its accomplishment, he had the hardihood to prefix his name. Heaven knows we are not over fastidious in regard to such things. The pages of REGINA have contained their own share of personalities; for when honest men feel strongly the evil that knaves are doing, they are apt to speak out; but such a series of gross personalities, such a sustained interference with the private, as well as with the public lives of well known men and women, we certainly do not remember to have met with anywhere in the course of our reading. Why, there is scarce a character introduced into this tale of which the prototype is not as familiar to the mind of the reader as a household word. Take but a few of the most prominent. In *Coningsby* himself we recognise an exaggerated, and therefore by no means a well sketched portrait of the Honorable Mr. Smythe; Lord Monmouth represents the late Marquess of Hertford; the Duke of Blanc is the Duke of Rutland; Lord Henry Sydney, Lord John Manners; Messrs. Earwig, Tadpole, and Taper, rather the genus Ross, Bonham, and Clarke, than the veritable Charles, the true Sir George, and the undoubted storekeeper of the ordnance. Mr. Lyle is the amiable and excellent Lord Surrey; Mr. Rigby, the Right Honorable John Wilson Croker; and Sidonia, the Jew, the most sublimated abstraction of the whole, Mr. Benjamin Disraeli, accommodated, for the nonce, with the wealth and political position of Baron Rothschild. Now, really, whenever it comes to this, when gentlemen who mix at all in society, and are capable of observing a little of what passes there, make up their minds to transfer to their private note-books the sayings and doings of individuals whom they are in the daily habit of meeting, the deuce is in it if they fail, having taken to the concoction of novels, to strike off, here and there, tolerable startling passages. How far the parties affected, whether by the praise or censure of the limner, may happen to relish the attitudes into which their friend has thrown them, is quite another matter. The public laughs, or marvels, as the case may be, at the exhibition; and should the novelist, by any accident, get into trouble, the probability is that the mirth or wonder of the said public would suffer no diminution.

Mr. Disraeli's new novel is dedicated to the highly favoured proprietor of Deepdene. As the dedication is, in its style, eminently characteristic of the writer, and contains an avowal, besides, of the great object which he seeks to accomplish, we conceive that we should be unjust, both towards him and our readers, were we to withhold it. Here it is at length:—

To Henry Hope.

It is not because these volumes were conceived, and partly executed, amid the glades and galleries of the Deepdene, that I have inscribed them with your name. Nor merely because I was desirous to avail myself of the most graceful privilege of an author, and dedicate my work to the friend, whose talents I have always appreciated, and whose virtues I have ever admired.

But, because, in these pages, I have endeavoured to picture something of that development of the new and, as I believe, better mind of England, that has been the subject of our converse and speculation.

In these volumes you will find many a thought illustrated, and many a principle attempted to be established, that we have often together partially discussed and canvassed. Doubtless you may encounter some opinions with which you may not agree, and some conclusions the accuracy of which you may find cause to question. But if I have generally succeeded in my object, to scatter some suggestions that may tend to elevate the tone of public life, ascertain the true character of political parties, and induce us, for the future, more carefully to distinguish between facts and phrases, realities and phantoms, I believe that I shall gain your sympathy, for I shall find a reflex to their efforts in your generous spirit and enlightened mind.

△.

Grosvenor Gate, May-Day, 1844.

We have copied this dedication precisely as we found it at pages iii. and iv. of the first volume of *Coningsby*; with its broken sentences, its arbitrary paragraphs, its May-day date, and its Delta signature. To have done otherwise, whether by transposing points, or changing, or abbreviating, or Anglicising terms, would have been to take a very undue liberty with the writer, whose purposes, it is clear, go very much farther than the mere paying of a compliment to Mr. Henry Hope. We say nothing, moreover, about the announcement made regarding the great end which the tale is meant to serve. That must be sufficiently obvious to all men; but there is a hidden, or symbolical design, shadowed forth in every line of the dedication, which it were a thousand pities not to place in a clear point of view before the world. Mr. Disraeli's style is, like his philosophy, mediæval. He approves of the arrangement of words that was in vogue under the last princes of the house of Tudor. He announces a truth, important in his own eyes, by means of a sentence which signifies nothing. He speaks of a cause in a distinct and separate paragraph, yet fails to inform us of the results to which it leads. Now these things are not done without a purpose. Sir Thomas More was fond of this species of ellipse; so was Sir Philip Sydney; so, indeed, were all the most distinguished writers of the Elizabethan age, and of the ages immediately preceding that of Elizabeth; and Mr. Disraeli is desirous that the world should understand that, down to a point so minute as this, his tastes are strictly in accordance with theirs. In like manner, his "May-day," standing in juxtaposition with Grosvenor Gate, is not only very graceful in itself, but it speaks of more than grace in the art of composition. Mr. Disraeli loves the sports which modern utilitarianism has abolished; and, seeing that he cannot bring back the Maypole to Hyde Park, he is determined that the dedication of his book, though it go from Grosvenor Gate, shall bear the impress of May-day upon it. And, last of all, being a candidate for immortality, and, in his own eyes, no unsuccessful candidate neither, he has chosen as his "mark" the Greek letter, which has ever been regarded in the Roman Catholic Church as the most appropriate emblem of the Divinity. Any other man than himself, having honoured the title-page with the words "B. Disraeli, Esq., M.P.," would have placed "B. Disraeli," minus the M.P., at the tail of the dedication; or, if his modesty, or some caprice of humour, hindered him from adopting this course, he would have been content

to subscribe himself, "The Author," or, "The Writer," or, possibly, "The Compiler," or, being a Hebrew, "The Scribe." But none of these arrangements fell in with the peculiar notions of Young England. The mysterious triangle was the only emblem which was regarded as worthy to represent a class, from which, and especially from the historian of its opinions, first, Great Britain, and, ultimately, the civilised world, is to be regenerated. Wherefore, here it is very skillfully, as well as accurately, delineated; for though one of the sides be touched with a lighter brush than the remaining two, so as to deceive the careless into a belief that they are looking on the Greek letter delta, the more reflective perceive that an equilateral triangle, and nothing else, is the figure which the philosophical and singularly modest author has adopted as the index to his work.

And now for the work itself, concerning which we are constrained to say that, so far as it may aim to be classed among what are called "works of fiction," it is a very so-so performance. The story, besides that it is meagre in the extreme, possesses little interest, and less of verisimilitude. The mystery which we are led at one time to suppose attaches to the early history of the hero is never cleared up, because it turns out that there is no mystery in the case. All the care which the author takes to introduce us to portraits, miniatures, boxes of letters, and so forth, proves to be entirely gratuitous. The agony of Mr. Millbank, senior, too, when *Coningsby* questions him concerning the original of a painting on his dining-room wall, alarms us for the moment, and then ends in smoke. There was really no occasion, or next to none, for Mr. Millbank to be affected at all,—certainly no reason why he should look as if the young man's inquiry had struck some frightful chord in his memory. And so it is with regard to the feud which rages between the cotton lord and the Marquess of Monmouth. The Marquess had been somewhat harsh in his treatment of Mr. Millbank's sister, no doubt,—if, indeed, the lady was his sister, for this is by no means a point settled. But then the young lady had brought the misfortune upon herself, by marrying the Marquess's son without the sanction of the Marquess; and there are more marquesses in the world than he of Monmouth who would find it difficult, if not impossible, to forgive such an outrage. We hold, therefore, that, in resenting the injustice as he did, the Lancashire manufacturer exhibited a much more unchristian spirit than the peer of the realm; and we are sure that Mr. Disraeli intended all along that we should come to this conclusion.

Again, the career of *Coningsby*, using the term in its proper sense, is about as humdrum and common-place a journey through life as the grandson of a peer, especially such a peer as Lord Monmouth is represented to be, could be expected to accomplish. The lad goes to Eton, forms some friendships there with youths of his own stamp, saves young Millbank, the son of the Lancashire manufacturer aforesaid, from drowning; strikes up with him a close alliance, and, in due time, enters Cambridge, while his friend becomes an undergraduate of Oxford. He visits his grandfather first in London, where, behaving much like a spoon, he is pronounced by that sagacious senator to be—what appearances represent him. Thanks to the patronage of certain ladies, who reside under the same roof, he soon contrives, however, to undeceive his grandfather touching his mettle, and goes back to school high in favour, with a sort of *carte-blanche* to spend as much money, and to cut as great a dash there, as he shall please. From that time forth, till he thinks fit to offend his grandfather by refusing to contest with Mr. Millbank, senior, the representation of a borough, he sails steadily before the wind. He becomes the centre of a little circle of choice spirits at Eton, who combine the most precocious habits of abstruse speculation with surpassing excellence in all athletic pastimes. It does our hearts good to hear these unflinching politicians denounce all past and present theories of government, as well as all past and present English statesmen. They discover, sages as they are, that the revolution of 1688 was a great mistake. They conceive that the result of it was to establish in England the ancient constitution of Venice, that the king became in the hands of the nobles a mere doge, the people absolutely nothing. They are clearly of opinion that the Church has suffered frightful degradation in consequence of its alliance with the State. They look upon an elective system, such as that under which members are returned to serve in the British House of Commons, as a monstrous absurdity.

Indeed, their views in reference to deliberative assemblies in general are the reverse of favourable. Young England (for *Coningsby* and his friends constitute this aspiring class) hold that parliaments, however useful in a less enlightened age, are positive nuisances in this. They are all for monarchy, pure and unmixed monarchy, which cannot, according to their notions, trench upon the liberties and just rights of the subject, because it must henceforth be restrained by the vigilance of a free press and the force of public opinion. But we are anticipating. We must not enter upon the philosophy of the work till we have finished our outline of its story.

With these opinions formed, yet hardly matured, *Coningsby* quits school that he may visit, on his way to the university, the father of one of his intimate friends, the duke without a title. How it comes about we cannot tell, but a part at least, if not the whole, of his journey, the young man performs on foot, and being overtaken by a thunder-storm in the middle of the forest, he seeks shelter in a little road-side inn. He is here joined by a personage who is destined to play no inconsiderable part in all the remaining scenes of the drama, and it must be confessed that Mr. Disraeli speaks with becoming modesty of this personage, who proves ere long to be Sidonia—that is to say, Mr. Disraeli himself. He gives us, to be sure, when the proper time comes, an elaborate account of the birth, parentage, and education of the Jew; for a Jew Sidonia is, and a Jew he delights to proclaim himself. But considering the respect which Mr. Disraeli is understood to entertain for his own personal charms, his description of Sidonia's outer man is abundantly discreet. We hear no more about the subject than that he "was above the middle height, of a distinguished air and figure, pale, and with an expressive brow, and dark eyes of grave intelligence." Now this is not quite just. Mr. Disraeli ought to have gone farther. He ought to have spoken in becoming terms, of Sidonia's long dark hair, of the peculiar cut of his coat, of his hat, and of his trousers; of the sort of slide or shuffle which gave so much grace to his movements, and of the elegant habit to which he was addicted of sticking one of his hands into his coat-pocket when he

lounge at rest over a table or against the back of a chair. However, if scant justice is done to the graces of the Israelite's figure, we are told enough of the extent of his knowledge and the varied powers of his mind. To be sure, we don't discover many evidences of these acquirements in the young man's conversation. He speaks a good deal, but seldom much to the purpose; indeed, there is a bombast and straining in most of his colloquial efforts contradictory of the expectations which his experience and renown had excited. However, these things do occur in actual life. There is Mr. Disraeli himself, for example, a man of unquestionable talent, a scholar, as scholars go, not of the meanest; and in his knowledge of men and things an accomplished gentleman. Yet we venture to say that few persons have ever encountered him in general society without being disappointed. Men who talk on stilts seldom talk well, neither is a dinner-table the most convenient place for dealing out opinions. Let that pass, however, while we return to Sidonia, who manages to establish a marvellous influence all at once over the mind of his young acquaintance. Listen, oh reader! and judge for thyself, whether the mysterious being who plunges into such a two-handed talk as this be not the very person to make one of the "new generation" open his eyes.

Coningsby, like a well-bred Etonian, had invited the stranger to share his room in the little inn. The stranger enters:—

"I am glad that we have both escaped the storm," said the stranger; "and I am greatly indebted to you for your courtesy." He slightly and graciously bowed as he spoke in a voice of remarkable clearness; and his manner, though easy, was touched with a degree of dignity that was engaging.

"The inn is a common home," replied Coningsby, returning his salute.

"And free from cares," added the stranger. Then, looking through the window, he said, "a strange storm this. I was sauntering in the sunshine, when, suddenly, I found I had to gallop for my life. 'Tis more like a white squall in the Mediterranean than any thing else."

"I never was in the Mediterranean," said Coningsby. "There is nothing that I should like so much as to travel."

"You are travelling," rejoined his companion. "Every moment is travel, if understood."

"Ah! but the Mediterranean!" exclaimed Coningsby. "What would I not give to see Athens!"

"I have seen it," said the stranger, slightly shrugging his shoulders, "and more wonderful things. Phantoms and spectres! The Age of Ruins is past. Have you seen Manchester!"

"I have seen nothing," said Coningsby; "this is my first wandering. I am about to visit a friend who lives in this county, and I have sent on my baggage as I could. For myself, I determined to trust to a less commonplace conveyance."

"And seek adventures," said the stranger, smiling. "Well, according to Cervantes, they should begin in an inn."

"I fear that the age of adventure is past, as well as that of ruins," replied Coningsby.

"Adventures are to the adventurous," said the stranger.

At this moment a pretty serving-maid entered the room. She laid the diaper-cloth and arranged the table with a self-possession quite admirable. She seemed unconscious that any being was in the chamber except herself, or that there was any other duties to perform in life beyond filling a salt-cellar or folding a napkin.

"She does not even look at us," said Coningsby, when she had quitted the room; "and I dare say is only a prude."

"She is calm," said the stranger, "because she is mistress of her subject; 'tis the secret of self-possession. She is here, as a duchess at court."

They brought in Coningsby's meal, and he invited the stranger to join him. The invitation was accepted with cheerfulness.

"'Tis but simple fare," said Coningsby, as the maid uncovered the still hissing bacon and the eggs, that looked like tufts of primroses.

"Nay, a national dish," said the stranger, glancing quickly at the table, "whose fame is a proverb. And what more should we expect under a simple roof? How much better than an omelette or a greasy olla that they would give us in a posada! 'Tis a wonderful country this England! What a napkin! How spotless! And so sweet, I declare 'tis a perfume. There is not a princess throughout the south of Europe served with the cleanliness that meets us in this cottage."

"An inheritance from our Saxon fathers," said Coningsby. "I apprehend the northern nations have a greater sense of cleanliness—of propriety—of what we call comfort?"

"By no means," said the stranger, "the east is the land of the bath. Moses and Mahomet made cleanliness religion."

There are two points in this discussion to which we particularly desire to draw the reader's attention, namely, the depth of thought which is manifest in Sidonia's remarks upon the pretty barmaid, and his announcement that if you want cleanliness any where you must look for it among Mahomedans and Jews. With respect to this latter fact we acknowledge, in all humility, that it has come upon us by surprise. We have lived up to the present moment in a gross delusion touching the matter. To be sure our acquaintance among the descendants of the patriarchs is not very extensive, but we have visited Houndsditch and Holywell Street more than once, and are in the almost daily habit of meeting gentlemen of the Jewish persuasion who delight in the euphonious cry of "old clo," and the persuasion on our minds has hitherto been that a dirtier set of dogs than these same children of the captivity were not to be met with in a long summer's day. But all this, it appears, is mere prejudice. The odours that exhale from the person of Moses breathe of Araby the Blest; and if his face shine, it is because, like that of Aaron of old, it has been anointed with precious ointment. Henceforth we shall refrain from an absurd custom to which we had addicted ourselves. We will not hold our noses any more when a Jew comes between the wind and our nobility, for Mr. Disraeli, who ought to know, assures us that to be at once filthy and a Jew is impossible. And then only think of the acuteness which can discover in the barmaid of a beer-shop the self-same material out of which duchesses are manufactured. The bar-maid is quite at her ease while covering the table. She neither spills the salt, nor drops the napkins, nor jingles the knives, nor lets the dish of bacon and eggs fall;—though we observe from the way in which she blows upon her fingers that the latter had been too long beside the fire. Whence comes all this? Hear Sidonia, *i. e.* Mr. Disraeli, account for it. "She is calm because she is mistress of her subject; 'tis the secret of self-possession. She is here as a duchess at court." A duchess at court, quotha! We venture to say that no duchess,

living or dead, was ever so completely mistress of herself as this same black-eyed and rosy-cheeked barmaid. Why we recollect her ourselves, the last time we travelled that way, how ready she was of reply to all the smart things that were said to her. And her calmness was wonderful. Once when our groom tried to steal a kiss, instead of flying into a passion, real or pretended, she hit him such a slap on the cheek with her fair hand that the kitchen rang again, yet not a muscle of her own face was moved. "She is calm because she is mistress of her subject," and what a subject! We seriously recommend to Mr. Disraeli that he endeavour to bring it down to the level of ordinary capacities, "the art of laying the table-cloth" would form an excellent title to a book of philosophy. We are confident that "the new generation" would do ample justice to it after it was fairly laid.

After discussing these and other questions equally interesting and important, Sidonia gallops off, while Coningsby pursues his journey. He is charmed with Beaumanoir and its inmates, as he well may be, for there is an air of generous worth over the very locality, and the individuals who people it are all of them admirable. Yet we must protest against this habit of painting from life. The thing is not correctly done in the present instance, to begin with; but if it were, the act of doing it constitutes a gross breach of confidence. What right has Mr. Disraeli, or any body else, to take advantage of the admission which is conceded to him into a nobleman's or gentleman's family, to introduce his entertainer, no matter whether favourably or the reverse, into the next novel or book of travels which it may suit his convenience to compile? We well remember the mixture of ridicule and disgust with which Mr. Willis's *Pencilings by the way* were received in this country. Not even the fact that he was a Yankee would be accepted as a sufficient excuse for the impertinencies into which he ran; yet Mr. Willis's manner of dealing with people and places is commendable when brought into contrast with that of Mr. Disraeli. The American called people and places by their proper names, and described, as he best could, scenes to which he had been an eye-witness. Mr. Disraeli, substituting fictitious names for real, causes well-known individuals to disport themselves, as we venture to say they never did before him or any body else. We do not deny that the impressions which he intends to convey of the social state of Belvoir Castle are all favourable; but the point which we object to is that he, or any other chance partaker in the hospitalities of the Duke of Rutland, or any other duke, should presume, for his own purposes, to describe so much as the furniture in his host's drawing-room, much more the manners of its occupants. The practice is inexcusable, and if followed up much further must lead, as it truth it ought, to the exclusion of all known scribblers from respectable society.

Having no desire to walk in Mr. Disraeli's footsteps, we shall refrain from describing, either in our own words or by extracts, the manner of life as it is represented to have been carried on at Beaumanoir Castle. Coningsby finds himself surrounded there by several of his old friends and makes many new ones. He is introduced to the Marquess of Beaumanoir, *alias* Lord Lincoln; he forms the acquaintance of Mr. Lyle, *alias* Lord Surrey; he is charmed with the manner in which the latter gentleman dispenses his bounty to the poor, and discovers that, though of an old Roman Catholic family, his political opinions are in strict agreement with those of the new generation. Such a discovery materially leads to mutual respect and an incipient intimacy. The two young men shoot, and ride, and walk much together; by and by Mr. Lyle is taken formally within that circle, which is to radiate over the surface of society by degrees and effect great changes for the better. But neither the satisfaction which he derives from the renewal of schoolboy associations, nor the charms of the very best female society which England has to offer, suffice to hinder Coningsby from carrying out a project which, having been suggested to him in the forest-inn by Sidonia, has ever since kept possession of his mind. He desires to see Manchester, and to Manchester he accordingly betakes himself. Now don't let the reader take fright. Neither by Mr. Disraeli, nor by us is he going to be introduced to the manner of life that prevails in mills and factories. Mr. Disraeli, having carried his hero to the metropolis of cottons, wisely deals, throughout his narrative, of events, there in generalities. But the case is different after Coningsby, as in duty bound, proceeds to inspect the mills at Millbank. We must quote the account of this little adventure, for it is deserving of the highest praise:—

"The sun was declining when Coningsby arrived at Millbank, and the gratification which he experienced, on first beholding it, was not a little diminished when, on enquiring at the village, he was informed that the hour was past for seeing the works. Determined not to relinquish his purpose without a struggle, he repaired to the principal mill and entered the counting-house, which was situated in one of the wings of the building.

"Your pleasure, sir?" said one of three individuals sitting on high stools behind a high desk.

"I wish, if possible, to see the works."

"Quite impossible, sir;" and the clerk, withdrawing his glance, continued his writing. "No admission without an order, and no admission with an order after two o'clock."

"I am very unfortunate," said Coningsby.

"Sorry for it, sir. Give me ledger K. X., will you, Mr. Benson?"

"I think Mr. Millbank would grant me permission?" said Coningsby.

"Very likely, sir, to-morrow. Mr. Millbank is there, but very much engaged." He pointed to an inner counting-house, and the glass-doors permitted Coningsby to observe several individuals in close converse.

"Perhaps his son, Mr. Oswald Millbank, is here?" inquired Coningsby.

"Mr. Oswald is in Belgium," said the clerk.

"Would you give a message to Mr. Millbank, and say a friend of his son's at Eton is here, and here only for a day, and wishes very much to see his works?"

"Can't possibly disturb Mr. Millbank now, sir; but, if you like to sit down, you can wait and see him yourself."

"Coningsby was content to sit down, though he grew very impatient at the end of a quarter of an hour. The ticking of the clock, the scratching of the pens of the three silent clerks irritated him. At length voices were heard, doors opened, and a clerk said, "Mr. Millbank is coming, sir;" but nobody came; voices became hushed, doors were again shut; again nothing was heard, save ticking of clock and scratching of pen.

"At length there was a general stir, and they all did come forth, Mr. Millbank among them, a well-proportioned, comely man, with a fair face inclining to ruddiness, a quick, glancing, hazel eye, the whitest teeth, and short, curly, chestnut hair, here and there slightly tinged with grey. It was a visage of energy and decision.

"He was about to pass through the counting-house with his companions with whom his affairs were not concluded, when he observed Coningsby, who had risen.

"This gentleman wishes to see me?" he inquired of his clerk, who bowed assent.

"I shall be at your service, sir, the moment I have finished with these gentlemen."

"The gentleman wishes to see the works, sir," said the clerk.

"He can see the works at proper times," said Mr. Millbank, somewhat pettishly; tell him the regulations," and he was about to go.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Coningsby, coming forward, and with an air of earnestness and grace that arrested the step of the manufacturer. "I am aware of the regulations, but I would beg to be permitted to infringe them."

"It cannot be, sir," said Mr. Millbank moving.

"I thought, sir, being here only for a day, and as a friend of your son—"

"Mr. Millbank stopped and said,

"Oh! a friend of Oswald's, eh? What, at Eton?"

"Yes, sir, at Eton; and I had hoped perhaps to have found him here."

"I am very much engaged, sir, at this moment," said Mr. Millbank; "I am sorry I cannot pay you any personal attention, but my clerk will shew you everything. Mr. Benson, let this gentleman see every thing," and he withdrew.

"Be pleased to write your name here, sir," said Mr. Benson, opening a book, and our friend wrote his name and the date of his visit to Millbank.

"HARRY CONINGSBY, Sept. 2, 1836." Coningsby beheld in this great factory the last and the most refined inventions of mechanical genius. The building had been fitted up by a capitalist as anxious to raise a monument of the skill and power of his order, as to obtain a return for the great investment.

"It is the glory of Lancashire!" exclaimed the enthusiastic Mr. Benson.

The clerk spoke freely of his master, whom he evidently idolised, and his great achievements, and Coningsby encouraged him. He detailed to Coningsby the plans which Mr. Millbank had pursued both for the moral and physical well-being of his people; how he had built churches, and schools, and institutes; houses and cottages on a new system of ventilation; how he had allotted gardens; established singing-classes.

"Here is Mr. Millbank," continued the clerk, as he and Coningsby, quitting the factory, re-entered the court.

Mr. Millbank was approaching the factory, and the moment that he observed them he quickened his pace.

"Mr. Coningsby?" he said, when he reached them. His countenance was rather disturbed, and his voice a little trembled, and he looked on our friend with a glance scrutinising and serious. Coningsby bowed.

"I am sorry that you should have been received at this place with so little ceremony, sir," said Mr. Millbank; "but had your name been mentioned, you would have found it cherished here." He nodded to the clerk, who disappeared.

(To be concluded in our next.)

## Punch.

### "The Storming of Kororarika, and Massacre of the Whites."

WE have been favored with the perusal of a new Melo-drama, bearing the above title, which, we understand is in the course of rehearsal, and will be shortly represented in Sydney. It is from the pen of a talented New Zealander, and the proceeds arising from its representation will accrue to the funds of the Maorian Philosophical Society. The principal characters will be sustained by Governors Fitzroy, Gipps, and Bishop Selwyn, who have been engaged, at high salaries, to render the performance as effective as possible. The celebrated performer Heki has most liberally promised to come forward on the occasion, and will, in the course of the piece, display the New Zealand war dance, concluding with the scalping of a British soldier. The piece opens with a splendid chorus of Maories, who express their disgust at finding the pork at Kororarika of a very inferior quality, and vow vengeance on the perfidious whites, who, not content with having usurped their territory, now want to compel them to eat lean pork. The words of this chorus are very spirited, and characteristic of the pure patriotism that so highly distinguishes the free and enlightened sons of New Zealand. They are as follows:—

#### CHORUS OF MAORIES.

Oi, poi, cricky, flum,  
Whitey scalp, eaty come,  
Pipey smoky, drinky rum,  
Oi, poi, cricky, flum.

#### FIRST CHIEF. (Solo.)

Maori man him now not glad,  
Cause em porky it d—n bad,  
When em porky no got fat,  
Maori man no likey eat.

#### CHORUS.

Oi, poi, cricky, flum,  
Whitey scalp, eaty come,  
Pipey smoky, drinky rum,  
Oi, poi, cricky flum.

#### SECOND CHIEF. (Solo.)

Maori man he know wots wot,  
Plenty musket, powder got,  
Ingl-huan he knock um down,  
Take um ship and burn um town.

#### CHORUS.

Oi, poi, cricky flum,  
Whitey scalp, eaty come,  
Pipey smoky, drinky rum,  
Oi, poi, cricky flum.

The brave Maories determine on asserting their rights as free born men, and raise their standard of liberty, being a blacken'd scull stuck on the top of a pole. This gives umbrage to their invaders, the chief of whom sends an ambassador, a priest, to the Maories, to induce them to lower their standard, and withdraw peaceably from the vicinity of the town, promising them fat pork in abundance on their complying. The Maories however know what little faith is to be placed in the promises of their invaders, and refuse to do either the one or the other. While the priest is holding a conference on the beach a vessel of war belonging to the enemy heaves in sight, and approaching the beach runs out her guns, and prepares to give the Maories a broadside. But the good priest interferes, and prevents the brave Maories from being sacrificed. In return for which the