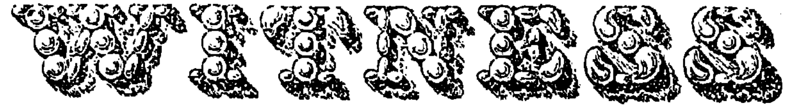

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LECTURE OF THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER ON AUSTRALIA.

(From the New York Herald.)

On Thursday evening, 25th Nov., Mr. Thomas Francis Meagher, the distinguished Irish Exile, gave a lecture on Australia, at Metropolitan Hall, New York. Never was that building so filled with human beings before. The charge for admission was fifty cents. The time announced for the opening of the doors was 7 o'clock—the lecture to commence at 8 o'clock. So early as 5 o'clock the hall was besieged; and at 6 o'clock the crowd became so dense and so threatening, that the committee found it necessary to open the doors, so that at 7 o'clock the house was nearly filled, and those who came punctually at that time to get good seats, were disappointed. So great was the rush that the crowd carried away the barriers, and a number got in without taking the trouble of delivering tickets, or procuring them. The sum of $1,000 was taken at the door. There were fully 4,500 persons in the building. A large number went away. Not only was every seat in every part of the building occupied, but the stage, the passage ways, and every available standing spot were densely crowded; in fact, the people were as densely wedged together as it was possible for them to be. We observed Mr. Maxwell, the collector of the port, on the stage, and Archbishop Hughes occupied a private box. The audience listened with breathless attention to the brilliant lecture, which occupied two hours and a-half in its delivery, and which would fill a page of our space. We are necessarily compelled to give but an outline.

Mr. Meagher made his appearance on the stage exactly at eight o'clock, accompanied by some friends, and was greeted with prolonged and hearty cheers. He said:—

The great clock of the Bastile ticks inaudible in its inner court there, at its ease, hour after hour, as if nothing special for it or the world were passing. The secrets of those "eight grim towers" are not yet disturbed. These two cannon there, mounted with silver—the ancient gift of his Majesty of Siam to Louis XVI., are not yet soiled by the touch of the people. Cammillie Desmoulins has not yet stuck the green leaf in his hat; has not yet mounted his chair in the Palais Royale; has not yet exclaimed, "Friends! shall we die like hunted hares?—like sheep bounded into their penfold, bleating for mercy where there is no mercy?" Mirabeau has not yet exclaimed, looking at the poor king covered with his jewels and his ribbands—" Behold the victim already adorned for the sacrifice?" Marie Antoinette may still sit beneath the canopy of purple velvet, sprinkled with golden lilies, in the church of Notre Dame. The nobles may still surround her in their black coats, silk cloaks, lace cravats and feathered hats; or, trampling upon the national cockade, pledge her their swords in delirious festivities at Versailles. Not for another year will Madame de Montmorin, wife of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, looking down from the gallery in the hall of St. Louis, and checking the daughter of Necker in her exultation, whisper to her, "You are wrong to rejoice; this event forbodes much misery to France and to ourselves." The winds are still in their caves; but there are signs in the heavens, and strange things have come to pass. The Parliament of Paris had passed a decree, for the second time, against the *lettres de cachet*, and for the recall of all exiled persons. The Abbe de Sieyes had written—" The *Tiers etat* are nothing. What ought they to be?—everything!" La Rochefoucut had interrupted the Archbishop of Aix, who had said that " tithes were the spontaneous offerings of christian piety—on which there are now forty thousand law suits in this realm!" The courtiers were heard to applaud in private the Declaration of Rights drawn by Jefferson. The English had evacuated the city of New York. The officers who served under Lafayette at Brandy-wine and Monmouth had returned home—had been everywhere received with honor—were equally caressed by the philosophers and the ladies. Necker had been recalled from exile, and instructed to repair the finances of the kingdom. There was an enormous deficit in the treasury—so enormous that it was called " the abyss." Something was at hand. The tops of the mountains were already hid. Yes, even the bronze figure of the king on that tall monument was growing dim in the thickening mist. "Far down in their vaults—in the huge prison which had only another year to stand and the great clock of which ticked insensibly at its ease, hour after hour, as if nothing special for it or the world were passing —far down in their vaults, the prisoners hear the muffled din as of an earthquake." In another quarter of the earth—away in the blue solitudes of the ocean —another event is taking place. Through a narrow gateway, in a black wall of rock, six hundred feet in height, a ship is disappearing. One by one, the white wings vanish, and as the wall closes in, a red riband, fluttering in the air, tells you the name of the king of which she is the messenger. The stranger has disappeared. There is nothing to be seen but the black wall before you, stretching to the north and south for miles and miles. There is nothing to be heard but the dull sound of the slow waves, as they roll in against the vast rampart, and, muttering for a moment, roll back again to the solitudes of the ocean. Spring upon that rock there—grasp that tough root above you—steady your footing—rest a moment! There—look up—the wall has grown higher since you leaped. As you gaze upon it, it grows higher—you see it *growing*! There is life in the black mass. It moves—lifts itself up—touches that solitary star! Steady—rest a moment longer. Tighten your hold upon the root. Take heart, the hunter of the Tyrol speeds along a more fatal spot, and starts the chamois from a crag nearer to the sun! On then; spring to that other rock. Grasp the long grass to your left. Do you see that ledge there? It shelves too suddenly—your foot gives way—down upon your knees—lock your hand in the crevice straight before you. Now, the other hand—up—up! Then you come to a slab of sandstone: cross it, and you reach the trees! The wall still towers many feet above the climber, and there is a weary and a dangerous path still before him. But, between him and the wave which wets the rock upon which he first sprung there is a precipice. He has reached the trees. He grasps the first, swings himself to the second, then to the third. He has gone. The moving speck is lost in the darkness of those Alps. Is that a cry? The waves utter no cries—the rocks are dumb—the trees moan only when the storm is coming on. Another moving speck—moving towards the sun, no bigger than his hand, yet more distinct than cloud or sun—moving silently far up there—in the azure sky. Hurrah! the climber has topped the wall, has startled an eagle from his throne, and now looks down upon and far and wide into the land, they call Australia. Below him, in the shadow of a circling forest, lies a noble lake mirroring the green islands which sleep in flowers upon its breast, the black swans that sail across it, uttering cries so mournful and musical and the tall emu that speeds along the sands more fleetly than the wild dog—and that ship, with its white wings furled, and the red crest drooping from the peak, which disappeared through the gateway in the rock. It is the "Sirius," from London—one year and twelve days out—in charge of Captain Philip, with six hundred prisoners on board and a guard of marines, two hundred and fifty strong. On the 26th of January, 1788, the Captain landed, ran up the English ensign, and read the proclamation constituting the colony of New South Wales. Eighteen years before Captain Cook, casting anchor in a bay a few miles farther to the South, had taken possession of the whole of the eastern coast, in the name of George the Third, King of Great Britain, Defender of the Faith.

Mr. Meagher then proceeded to give a graphic sketch of the rise and progress of the colony up to the present day, which displayed the most minute research. He exposed the tyranny practised in the early history of one colony, until the power and resources have become gradually developed, and it has outgrown oppression, and it is in the attitude of asserting its independence.

Mr. Meagher then gave a glowing description of the gold discovery. He proceeded as follows:—

Through that gateway in the rock, morning steals, fragrant with the flowers of the coral isles through which he tripped along the waters of the Pacific—the wild birds on the wing—the native dog slinks away in the cold light to his hiding place among the dead trees. The sleeper awakes—awakes, and the climes that is softer than the wooded regions of Arcadia, more fruitful than the sunny island from whose fields the daughter of Vesta wove her fairest garland; but his brow is flushed, his eye is inflamed, his pulse beats, anxiety, impatience, bewilderment, a world of care and wonder is written in his look. He has dreamt of gold. Along that road over the blue mountains, where a few years since a little band of brave adventurers went in search of pasture for their sheep a multitude, denser and more motley than that which treads the sands to Mecca, moves on. And down that river, where the seamen of the Calcutta frigate a few years since had picked up the glittering atoms but threw them away, thinking it was mica, ships straining with richer burdens than the Venetian argosies ever bore are passing out to sea. With respect to this discovery, all the credit of it is due to Mr. Hargrave, a colonist of New South Wales, who on his return from California at the end of 1850, being greatly struck by the analogy that appeared to exist in the geological structure of the two countries was induced to enter upon the inquiry that lead to the discovery. The value of the exports from the port of Melbourne alone from the gold discovery, in November, 1851, amounted to £1,235,326, exceeding in value all the gold imported into Europe from Mexico and South America in 1826. In 1812 the colony contained only 10,454 souls, 21,000 acres in cultivation, and 74,000 under pasture. Now it has 2,000,000 of free people, an export of £2,899-600, an import of £2,078,300; has 7,000,000, some say, 12,000,000 sheep, and for the discharge of her debts and liabilities, bars upon bars of yellow metal piled in her mountains. Yet, with all this, she is not at rest. The wrinkled hand of England is upon her. Years they have petitioned and protested, over and over again, against the perpetuation of this terrible and incalculable wrong. *In vain; the curse continues*, the pestilence becomes intolerable. In 1851, the five colonies—New South Wales, Port Philip, South Australia, New Zealand, and Van Dieman's Land, enter into a solemn league and covenant, binding themselves, one to the other, to resist, by every just means within their power, the transportation of criminals to their shores. They adopt a flag. The convict officers and their supporters—the pollutionists, as they are called—denounce it as a seditious rag. It does look, indeed, as if it was copied from the hunting of the Chesapeake. Honor and victory to that flag. It is lifted in a holy cause —it is the type and war crest of a nation full of youth and glorious promise. One of these days it will traverse the world, *with the five stars, in undisputed* possession of the field. That destiny was preordained—was pre-arranged—would have come—though all her wealth lay in the fleeces of her flocks, and no sands sparkled through the streams at which they drank. Inevitable always, it is now immediate. The gold discovery shortens the road to it—shortens it by a thousand miles—disperses many superfluous words—many circumlocutory chapters in her history —has saved her, perhaps, many a discomfiture—many a staggering blow—many an exhausting wound. Gold which has caused many a brain to ache, has blistered many a hand, has broken many a noble heart, has wounded many a soaring soul, clinging to it, has brought it to the dust; gold, which has bought *the integrity of the statesman*, and led his wisdom captive; gold, which has silenced the tongue of the orator, and bought the luscious flatteries of the poet; for which, in the gay saloons of fashion, many a fair and noble girl has plighted the vow which consigned her life to bitterness, and locked upon her radiant neck the snake which swells her veins with venom; gold, which has stolen into the councils of the struggling nation, has bred dissension among her chief, has broken the seal of her most sacred secrets, has forced the gates of her strongest citadels, has bought the evidence which hurried her apostles to the scaffold, has bought the votes which made over her inheritance to others, and her glory to a strange people—gold, which has led the traitor to the garden, and with a kiss betrayed the Redeemer of the world; gold, which in so many shapes has stepped with a stealthy tread or rioted amongst men—which has been the fever, the madness, the despair—has been in terms and in quick succession, the spy, the swindler, the perjurer, the assassin—the foe of innocence, the blight of beauty, the bane of genius; gold has become a fountain of life, and joy, and freedom—the serpent has been transformed into a blossomed wand —Lucifer has become the morning star! To you, the citizens of America, it must be pleasing, indeed, to behold a new republic rising up to share with you the labors and the glories of a future, before which the conceits of the Old World shall be humbled, and in the light of which humanity shall grow strong.—Already—as if you had a secret intimation of it—you have gone down to the golden shores of the Pacific, and there, arrayed as a bridesmaid in her jewels, your youngest daughter has waited the coming of the bridegroom. The new-comer traces his descent from an ancestry which has given to you the tongue you speak, and the sounder portions of the laws you reverence. The new-comer has had trials similar to those which taxed the patience and roused the courage of your fathers. The new-comer has wealth, and enterprise and growing interests—all the sympathies—all the facilities which qualify to enter with you into relations of statesmanship and commerce, in these new communities, humanity restores itself.—One fair morning towards the close of last summer, I stood in a field that overlooked the Hudson. I was struck with the ripeness of the fruit which waved around me, and broke into an expression of delight. It seemed to me the most glorious I had seen in any clime—the most glorious which the earth could bring forth. "That seed," said one who stood by it, "came from Egypt." It had been buried in the tombs of the kings—had lain with the dead for two thousand years. But though wrapped in the shroud, and locked within the pyramid, it dies not. It lived in the silence—lived in the darkness—lived under the mighty mass of stone—lived with death itself—and now that the dust of the kings had been disturbed—now that they have been called, and they stir not—behold, seed gives forth life, and the fields rejoice in its glory. And thus it is that the energies, the instincts, the faith, all the vitalities which have been crushed elsewhere, have been entombed elsewhere, in these virgin soils revive, and that which seemed mortal becomes imperishable. And thus it is, the seed will multiply, and borne back to the ancient land, will make the wilderness rejoice. Children of the Old World, be of good cheer! Whilst in the homes, by the Rhine, the Seine, the Danube, and the Arno—in the homes you have left, the wicked seem to prosper, and spurious senates provide of the offspring of the tyrant, even to the third and fourth generation. Freedom strengthened herself in these few lands, and, in the midst of countless hosts, concentrates the power by which the captive shall be redeemed and the evil lord destroyed.

Mr. Meagher concluded amidst most tremendous cheering, and waving of hats and handkerchiefs, which lasted for several minutes.

LECTURE BY T. D. M'GEE, ON THE REFORMATION, AND ITS INFLUENCE UPON MODERN POLITICS.

(From the New York Herald of Nov. 27.)

The third lecture of this series was delivered yesterday evening, at the Stuyvesant Institute, Broadway, by Mr. M'Gee, at eight o'clock. The room was crowded to excess by a large and highly respectable audience. Among the assembly we noticed Archbishop Hughes.

The lecturer, when the plaudits which greeted his appearance had subsided, said:—Ladies and Gentlemen—In our schools, in our journals, and in our daily walks in life, there are few phrases that meet us oftener than the influence of the Reformation. We are told that it has influenced civil government; we are told that it has influenced human learning; and we are told that it has enlarged the liberties of humanity. In at least a thousand different forms the same thought is presented to us daily and weekly, and will be presented to our children; and it becomes very important that we should have clear and precise notions as to the truth or falsehood of the historical associations connected with the Reformation. There is to the question that I have chosen a theological and a political side. In my place it would be improper, and I may add impertinent, if I should choose the theological side of the question, even if I were able to discuss it; but, upon the political side considering the Reformation merely as a political fact, and tracing its political influences to that part of the question, I may offer to you some remarks which may not be entirely unworthy of your attention. When we talk of politics in the United States at the present day, we do not consider them in relation to eternal principles. The first principles that govern the United States have all been fixed in that sublime instrument called the constitution, and since its adoption until the present time, our politics have been more covered with details than fixed principles. Politics, although they are capable of being degenerated into the basest trade followed in the community, yet are equally capable of being considered as a most sublime science. It is in this large sense that the influence of the Reformation upon modern politics is to be considered. The era of the Reformation can be fixed precisely, and it may be considered an accomplished fact, politically in the first half of the sixteenth century. The original principle of the Reformation and the principles of the private judgment of each individual, were much older, of course, than the era in which it was embodied into politics, as into religion, by the larger part of the people of Europe. It was as old as the days when the serpent sought Eve in the garden of Paradise, and tempted her. The principles of private judgment may be traced by the curious antiquary from that period down through all intermediate stages of human history, until at last it was asserted, and received a body of illustration from the ingenuity and brutal mind of the apostate monk, Martin Luther. We may consider the Reformation politically, as connected with Europe, with America, or with the ancient fatherland of all mankind, the continent of Asia itself. We may consider it in its connection with the history of the three populous parts of the earth, and in all those connections we must come to the same conclusion in the end, as to the influence that it has exercised upon the children of men from the time of its establishment until the present. From the beginning, the Reformation was political. From the beginning Protestantism, as embodied at Wurtemberg and Geneva, was political; and it addressed itself in every capacity—first to the State, and in the State almost invariably to the executive department of the State. In Germany it was found in the streets by the Elector of Saxony, who