

edence so frequented by the wits of this most witty age, and from that time, *Colin* became the height of fashion, and our hero, whose name our readers have already guessed,—Jean Jacques Rousseau,—no longer had to contend with a world incredulous of his genius.

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Success came, and for twenty years he drank of its intoxicating cup, and then came the bitter end.

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The suicide sleeps until the trump of the archangel shall sound, but the fruits of his genius ever live.

(FOR THE CANADIAN LITERARY JOURNAL.)

ANTIPODEAN REMINISCENCES.

ARRIVAL AT MELBOURNE.

BY "GRAPH."

Nearly twenty years ago, a low state of health rendered it advisable for me to make a long voyage to some more congenial climate, and, as at that time reports were constantly arriving, of the fabulous riches of the great Southern Eldorado, my mind was soon made up to go there in search of health, and at the same time, as opportunity offered, pick up some of the superfluous golden stones that were supposed to be lying about everywhere, waiting for anybody to gather them who would only stoop down for the purpose: thus, as the old saying is, "killing two birds with one stone." I therefore propose giving you Canadian readers a series of "Reminiscences," descriptive of the adventures and hardships of the earlier seekers for gold in that far off and then comparatively unknown land.

It was on a lovely spring morning, about the first of September, 185— that we obtained our first view of the "promised land." The sun rose from the broad bosom of the Pacific, as if his night's peaceful slumber there had invigorated his energies, not a cloud obscured the clear rich blue of the Australian sky, scarcely a ripple disturbed the surface of that element through which our gallant little ship had ploughed so far, and, with just breeze enough to give her steerage way, we

rounded to, beneath Cape Otway, waiting to see what probability there was of our obtaining the services of a pilot to take us through the narrow and difficult entrance leading into Port Philip.

What a noble sight it was on that fine spring morning! Far as the range of vision extended, East, South, and West, more than thirty vessels were in sight, all with their prows steadily set toward the same point; each crowding on every stitch of canvass, in order, if possible, to arrive first at the common goal, as if they feared that all the hidden treasures would be abstracted before they could participate in the eager search; while to the North, in the bight between Cape Otway and French Islands, at least a dozen large ships were before us, pressing forward to the Heads, each trying to be there first to secure one of the supposed indispensable pilots, of whom it was suspected there would not be sufficient to meet the unprecedented demand.

Carrying on under easy sail, we arrived about five o'clock in the evening, off the mouth of the harbour, in the midst of quite a fleet, and hove to, while our Captain boarded the "*Commodore*,"—which had just received her pilot after waiting for a week—in order to see what prospect we had of being taken into port within a reasonable time. On his return, calling all the passengers on the quarter-deck, he informed us, that we should have to wait at least ten days, before we could obtain the services of a pilot; but looking around the horizon which, toward the South-east began to assume rather a threatening appearance, he said, that if we were prepared to hazard the consequences in so far as they might affect ourselves, he was determined to run the ship in without the aid of a pilot, in preference to risking her outside, subject to the dangers of the usual spring storms and a lee shore.

Of course we were all very anxious to be once more on *terra firma*, and therefore, with the exception of a few timid ones, gave our unanimous consent to the proposition: on which he once more went on board the other ship to make his final arrangements for carrying out the hazardous venture thus determined upon. He returned, as night was setting in, with the