

that were to have been taken as luggage, were to have sailed, might have been expected to be near Australia at the end of August 1858. The *public* agitation of "independence" was then begun; and *private* letters brought the intelligence to Boston in the United States.

The arguments of the agitator at Melbourne were represented in the Boston paper to have been founded on the danger which might arise to Australia should a rupture occur between England and France, because "France had been, for many months, fortifying positions and constructing a naval harbour in the adjacent islands of New Caledonia." In relation to this argument, which was identical with a portion of Stranger's suggestions when he talked with me before fully disclosing his purposes, I refer to my work on Political Economy written for Australia, and set in type at Edinburgh in April 1858,—the proof-sheets of which, when seen by Stranger in London, drew from him the emphatic declaration, "*This will never do!*" And why would it not do? Because it contained a warning that Australians might expose themselves to pillage and conquest by seeking independence. The conclusion of the pamphlet was much more emphatic in its remonstrance.

Some who knew the man, and his offensive familiarity with revolvers, which he carried about with him, and his common phrases of being as ready to shoot a man as take his breakfast, may wonder why I did not revolt from him sooner. The explanation is this: he had been resident some years in California before going to Australia, and he had been, when in Australia, the associate of the "Californian element" so widely scattered there. His reference to "secret deposits" led me for a time to infer, that, on his Australian property, he knew of some gold nugget too large to lift, and needed the assistance of those who must be sworn to secrecy.

In parting from the Australian incident of my life, I have only this to add, that the agents of the secret societies are bound by oath to avenge the disclosure of their schemes on me. Had I said not a word in this book about the affair, they would have known it, as indeed they already know it, all the same. Assassins have not the manliness to meet their victims face to face. In that only lies my apprehension. My wife has been, indirectly, the victim of that most heartless and cruel imposition on me,—the engagement by which I sacrificed my all to go to Australia. To Canada I have given her wasted dust. The memory of her sweet life remains only to me.

When I wrote to London asking the Colonial Secretary to certify that I had no complicity with the Australian plot, it was not that such a report already "prevailed in Canada," but that some persons to whom I had spoken of the disastrous results of the Australian engagement, on