

Ballarat Courier

29th March 1890

Sailing, sailing, over the bounding main.

And it's many the stormy wind will blow ere Tom comes back again....Popular Song.

THE TESTIMONIAL

The gathering at Craig's on Monday night to give me the "happy dispatch" was indeed one of which any many might be proud, even if it had not been accompanied with testimonial – artistic and golden. His worship Mayor Little, in a very fine and wise speech, did me an honor which I will never forget, and tendered me sound advice which I will certainly try to follow, though really I must protest against too much being expected from me. In response to the mayor's speech and the presentation of the purse of sovereigns I had to reply in some sort of a way. That is what I dreaded from the first, for I am not endowed with the faculty of getting up my legs and pouring forth my thoughts, or concealing my mind in good round set terms. I can talk by the hour in conversational debate, but I find it a very different thing to get up and reel off a clear connected speech of half an hour or so. Heaven knows I had plenty of material to speak about, for my heart was full, and they told me afterwards that I did manage to say something like what I ought to have said fairly well, considering. But what I did not say was well said for me by the dear and diverse friends who became so very eloquent on my behalf. Things were said in my favor that made me blush, for surely I am not as good a man as my partial friends made me out to be. But how could I do other than blush with pride when after the worthy mayor's speech a host of orators followed, for instance Colonel Smith, M.L.A.; the Hon. J.P. McPherson, M.L.C.; the Rev Father Rogers, Mr Wm. King, Mr J. M. Bickett, Mr W. H. Uren, M.L.A.; Mayor Murphy, M.L.A.; Mr M. Butterly, M.L.A.; Mr G. B. Hogg, Mr Calder Smith, Mr W. M. Acheson, J.P.; Mr Chas. Wilson; Mr G. K. Coutts, J.P.; Mr D. Fitzpatrick, J.P. The most feature in each of these orations was that though the praise was too strong, yet every one of the speakers seemed to be sincere in every word, and God knows I felt intensely grateful to them. Their words encouraged me very much, at a time, too, that I was suffering from a sinking of the heart at the daring adventure I have undertaken; for, oh, as my friends know, it is indeed a very serious thing for me - a thing which I could not two months ago have believed myself capable of attempting. But something has urged me on to do and dare for the sake of my dear adopted country, Victoria. I feel myself to be as a leaf blown off a tree into the river – I must go with the stream, and if that brings me to the fall of Niagara, I must go on with it to my fate. It was a terrible trial to me to break up my library and my home – to tear myself away from all the pleasant acquaintances and darling friends, young and old, that I number in Ballarat. A thousand pounds would not, by itself, have tempted me to do all this. But now it is done, and I must go on, endeavoring to do the best I can from day to day until, if I am spared, I return to Ballarat once more. While writing this in Melbourne, I am a state of mind and body

that it is simply torturing, and if this condition lasted a few days longer I could not last. But I suppose when we weigh anchor on Friday, and I get seasick, a change will come over the spirit of this nightmare or phantasmagoria, and the worries and complications of business will be thrown overboard for a few days, and I will see things with a brighter eye in such totally fresh scenes and associations. I must just once more sincerely thank his worship Mayor Little, his worship Mayor Murphy, and all the other prominent gentlemen who took part in the presentation to me on Monday night, and I only hope that I will be enabled to fulfil their anticipations by my writings and observations on my journey in other lands; but still I beg of them not to expect too much from me- at least, not till I get fair start, and recover from this very severe fit of nostalgia, and the painful feeling of loneliness on leaving so many friends, perhaps for only six months or so, or perhaps for ever. Thank you one and all, and may I be present at the presentation of similar testimonials to each of them hereafter.

THE DEPARTURE

I do not think anyone ever had a smarter run for the train than I had on Tuesday afternoon. I just got there at the last moment, and there was a host of dear good friends – men, women, and children- waiting for me to give me a kindly send-off. God bless them everyone, and on their last departure may they each and all have as good and kindly a send-off to Canaan as they gave me. Never will I forget the tears that I saw in some strong-bearded men's eyes as they waved me farewell. In the bustle I had no time to say anything to, or even to shake hands with some of the dear ladies, but well do I know that everyone there, old and young, took the will for the deed. In the excitement I could not realise the importance of the step I was then taking, but it was when I was alone, hours afterwards, that the kindly looks and farewells of these friends came back to me with earnest vividness, and, well, my eyes became moister than usual, and I wished with my heart of hearts that the idea of this tour had never occurred. There was once little incident at the railway station which I think I must particularise. Amongst those who came to see me off was Mr James Esmond, the discoverer of gold in Victoria. He left his bed in the hospital to do this, and limped his way down; for one side seems to be getting paralysed. Poor man, he is now unable to work at hard open air labor, and he to whom Victoria – nay, Australia – owes so much, is destitute, though it gives his manly pride much pain to won it. Now several gentlemen, amongst whom are Mr Butterly, M.L.A.; Mayor Murphy, M.L.A.; the Hon. E. Morey, M.L.C.; Colonel Smith, M.L.A.; the Hon. David Ham, M.L.C, have promised to take up Mr Esmond's case and see what can be done for him. Some of these gentlemen have generously started a fund, subscriptions to which I believe now lie at The Courier office. It may be said that Mr Esmond did receive the reward for discovering gold in Victoria. True, but we should bear in mind that it is not a crime to have invested that money with much more in the wrong mines. Had he happened to invest in the Band of Hope in the early days, he would not be so helpless now, but it was not to be, and so in developing the resources of the colony, poor Edmond invested in calls instead of dividends and many others have the same story to tell. I sincerely hope that Mr Esmond may be taken in hand. Certainly, he has done more for Victoria than twenty like myself can

ever hope to do, as certainly does he deserve at least as generous treatment as I have received for the good people of Ballarat on the eve of my temporary departure. That departure may be (though I think not) a final one. There are many risks,

And dire diseases wait around

To hurry mortals home,

Even the very toughest. We all can remember how sure G.V. Brooke was of returning to Melbourne; and who is not familiar with his words to the men in the boat as the London sank – “Remember me to the people of Melbourne.” Should a similar fate be in store for me and the other passengers in the Ormuz, then I would think what a fool I was to leave it, and not to know when I was well off. But cheer up, Tom, and make the best of a bad job.

Who would not have an eye to see the sun

Where others see a cloud?

HENRY GEORGE

It was late when we got into Melbourne by the direct line, which passes through such beautiful country. After I had had a cup of tea I took a look around me, and at quarter to ten I arrived at the town hall, where Henry George was opening his Victorian campaign. I got in just at the tail end, and stood close to Mr Deakin, the Chief Secretary, who seemed to be devouring every word. The town hall was crowded, and friends and foes were more or less pleased with the great American. He has a wonderfully clear voice and distinct enunciation, somewhat marked by Yankee intonation. I could not fairly judge by the few words I heard of his lecture what it was in its completeness, but the bulk of the great audience declared the arguments to be unanswerable, and the language unapproachable. After the lecture I made my way to the platform, and my Single Tax friends were in great glee at seeing me, and introduced me to Henry George, who promised to give me introductions to take me through America if I go there on my return. I went with Henry George to the Celtic Club, accompanied by Dr Maloney, M.L.A.; Mr Trenwith, M.L.A.; Dr Sullivan, Mr Robert Jones, and some thirty or forty other gentlemen, and we had a very fine time of it for an hour or so. Mr George was very entertaining with his experiences of Ireland in the time of the Land League and the Phoenix Park murders. He showed (as I have often argued) that land nationalisation is merely a reversion to the old Celtic system of land tenure. Several other men gentlemen had a word to say, amongst whom were Mr Murphy, Mr Trenwith, M.L.A., and Dr Maloney, who appealed to “Tom Touchstone” in reference to the Emperor of Brazil. Then Mr George raised some little objection to the arranged discussion on “Protection v free trade,” to take place between himself and Mr Trenwith. He thought it was not his place to offer himself up as a debater with anyone without being consulted; but as Mr Trenwith holds such a position in the Trades’ Council, and is altogether a man of such singular a ability, Mr Henry George seemed to think such a debate could be arranged somehow or other. There is nothing else talked of in Melbourne but Henry George now, and as I have been kindly invited on to the platform tonight, I mean to

be there, when I expected a very interesting and instructive time. I have no doubt but that Mr George will draw all men unto him in Ballarat as in Melbourne.

CRUSHING ON AND OUT

Every now and then we hear of the death, or it may be the insanity, of some man who was doing fairly well in Ballarat, but who went to Melbourne to do better, and who was envied for his success. I need name no names. The other day we read of the sudden death of a highly esteemed Ballarat gentleman who shifted to Melbourne, and a friend who knew and esteemed him much, told me it was the result of other pressure and business anxiety. Yes, as Wordsworth says –

The world is too much with us; late and soon

Getting and spending we lay waste our powers,

Little we see in Nature that is ours;

We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!”

Money is the standard for everything, even for religion; for is not a preacher valued by the amount of the church revenue? Go into a book shop and ask for a good book, and they will hand you “The Mystery of a Hansom Cab” good because it sells. Go into the centre of a family circle, and there you will see the well-meaning father too intent on the hurly-burly outside to spend an occasional quiet hour with his children, to be fondled and to fondle. He cannot afford it, for there is no money in it. And so these successful men go on from day to day worshipping the golden calf, and only wishing it was a golden cow. Is it a wonder, then, that so many people commit suicide, die sudden deaths, or turn insane? Well said Henry Ward-Beecher, “It used to be raised as an objection against revivals of religion addled that they see men crazy; that religion addled their heads.” Ah! Ten men go crazy after money where one man goes crazy in religious excitement. And yet nothing is said in the papers about that. There are many men belonging to the business circles in New York who step out. And what is the matter? Softening of the brain. Hardening of the heart is very apt to end in softening of the brain. Men step out of the ring. What has become of them? Gone to Bloomingdale – that is, gone to the asylum. There are many whose business goads them on, whose troubles harass them to such an extent that some latent tendency, induced or inherited, is perhaps developed in them, or that they break down without any such foregoing tendency, and become insane. And shall nobody mark these things and think of these things? Is it enough to say of a man, “Oh! He has gone crazy”? shall nobody say “How?” I have had a long talk with some folks in the Coffee Palace here, and there whole idea of success in life is to make money, money, money! It wants Henry George and others to set people thinking about what is, or should be, the real object of life, and how it can be best attained. I don’t know how people can be contented and happy in Melbourne with all its rushing and crushing but I suppose when I get to London I will find it worse.

THE WHEEL PROBLEM

My Grant street correspondent sent me two further letters before I left Ballarat about the moving wheel problem, and I must confess that he certainly has me in one

particular. I said that if I found the top of the Ormuz going faster than the bottom I would let him know. Well, he argues that the top of the vessel – that is the top of the mast must go faster, because it describes a greater circle than the bottom or the keel. Of course it does, only I did not look at it that way. Still harping on the top going faster than the bottom, my friend says – “Since I wrote you in reference to the top and bottom of the running wheel, I find that the bottom of the wheel does not move at all in rolling on a plane surface, but only changes its axis as it rolls along. The instantaneous axis at the instant of contact with a plane surface cannot be moving unless it is slipping, or the plane surface cannot be rigid. I saw when I read your ‘Cornerism’ that the top did go faster than the bottom, and wrote you accordingly; but since last Saturday’s ‘Cornerism’ I have been putting it into practice, and find the above to be correct. I have also been looking up some authorities. They bear the above out. Professor Rankin, in ‘Geometry of Machinery,’ has the following: - “The instantaneous axis of a rigid body which rolls without slipping upon the surface of another rigid body passes through all the points in which those bodies touch each other,” for the particles in the rolling body which at any given instant touch the fixed body without slipping must have at that instant no velocity.” (Vide “Machinery and millwork,” page 51.) and continuing the matter in a further letter my Grant street friend quotes Professor Rankin, page 53, - “The proof that T is the instantaneous axis is that any particle whose projection at a given instant coincides with T is carried backward relatively to C by the rotation, with a speed equal and opposite to that with which C is carried forward by the translation; so that the resultant velocity of every particle at the instant when its projection coincides with T is nothing”. Again, page 57 – “In the case of a cycloid, traced by a point in a circumference of a cylinder which rolls on a plane, the radius of curvature at a given point is twice the length of the normal, measured from that point to the corresponding instantaneous axis.” This is where I erred. I measured the distance the wheel travelled and the radius of curvature from a given point, and found that the radius of the curvature was twice the distance travelled. I see it very plainly since I wrote you in the first case. The natural axis of a 7 feet wheel in diameter running one revolution reaches about 22 feet, and the radius of circumference 44 feet; so the bottom could not be moving forward, but changing position, or how could the top be top twice as fast as the centre? I have been showing this correspondence to Mr R. H Edmunds, Surveyor of the Lands Department, Melbourne, and he became very interested in it, and said he would take it up. He says that my friends confounds the velocity of translation with the velocity of rotation. The velocity of translation he considers might be quicker on the top when falling after passing the perpendicular centre. For my own part I can hardly form an opinion on anything just now, and I not quite sure that the nose on my face is my own. But I will see things better when at sea, and so good-by all and each. I day say I will be able to send a little from Adelaide, if I am not sick.