

MASTERS OF EMPIRE:

A CHAT ABOUT COLONIAL PREMIERS.

BY FRED A. MCKENZIE.

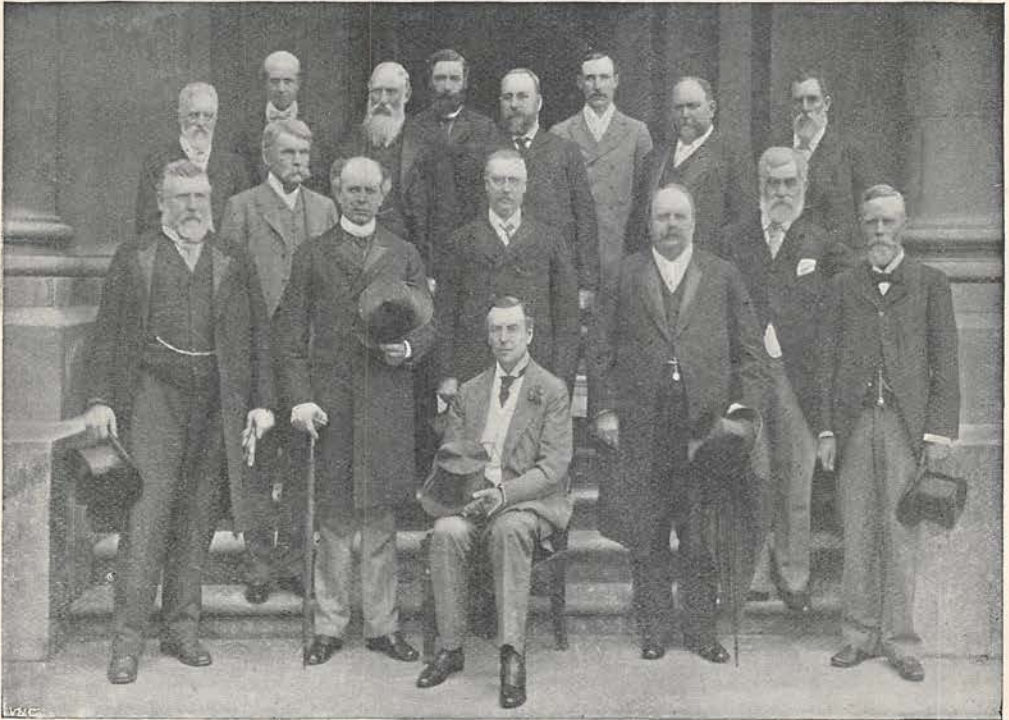
Illustrated by Portraits.



THE first thing that impresses the English student of colonial politics is the utter lack of formality and stiffness among the rulers of almost all our self-governing dependencies. In Canada the traditions of the old

vanants has produced in a lesser degree the same result. But in most parts of Australia and South Africa there is no gulf between a Cabinet Minister and his constituents, while even the Premier must not put on airs if he hopes to renew his term of office. In England we look on the Prime Minister as

Mr. E. Wingfield. Mr. J. Anderson. Earl of Selborne.
 Right Hon. Right Hon. Right Hon. Right Hon.
 Sir J. Bramston. Sir H. M. Nelson. C. C. Kingston. Sir J. Forrest. H. Escombe.



From a photo by

[Lliffott & Fry.]

Right Hon. Sir E. Braddon. Right Hon. Sir George Turner. Right Hon. Sir W. Whiteway.
 Right Hon. R. J. Seddon. Right Hon. Sir W. Laurier. Right Hon. G. H. Reid. Right Hon. Sir J. Gordon Sprigg.
 Right Hon. J. Chamberlain.

“MASTERS OF EMPIRE.”

(A colonial group, photographed in London, June 1897.)

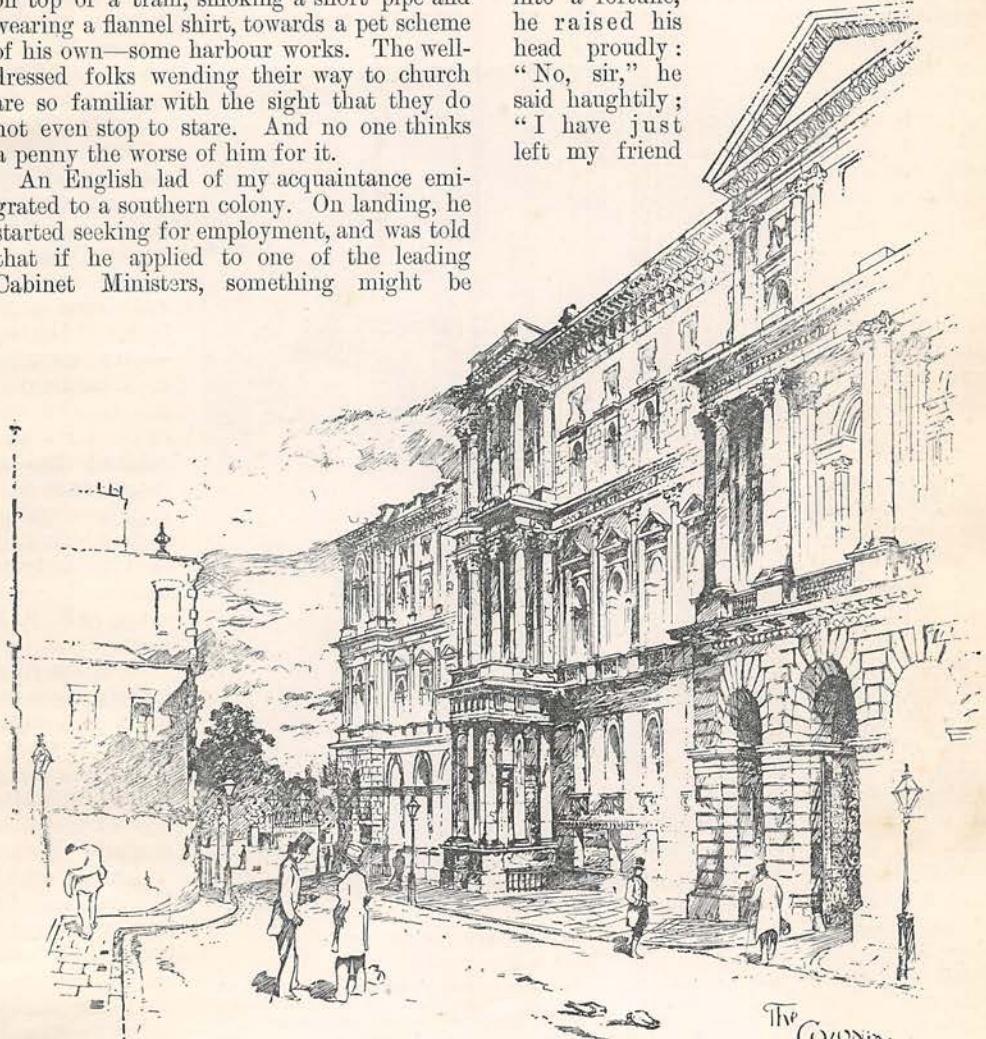
régime and the presence of a strong French element lend a formality and dignity to political procedure which is not without its charm; in Tasmania the incursion of a large number of old ex-Indian Civil Ser-

so much above us that we may only reverentially stare from a great distance at his most puissant majesty: in Australia every man in the street feels at liberty to salute the ruler of his colony as “Charlie,” or “Dick.”

The Prime Minister who dared to shut himself out from the people and daily array himself in frock coat and silk hat would become the laughing stock of the continent. One of the ablest and best of our colonial statesmen can be seen almost every Sunday morning, about church time, making his way on top of a tram, smoking a short pipe and wearing a flannel shirt, towards a pet scheme of his own—some harbour works. The well-dressed folks wending their way to church are so familiar with the sight that they do not even stop to stare. And no one thinks a penny the worse of him for it.

An English lad of my acquaintance emigrated to a southern colony. On landing, he started seeking for employment, and was told that if he applied to one of the leading Cabinet Ministers, something might be

with me, and then we can talk over the matter." And so saying, he gently led him towards the nearest hotel bar. The same afternoon a friend met the English lad, and noticed that he strutted along as though the street belonged to him. In answer to an inquiry if he had stepped into a fortune, he raised his head proudly: "No, sir," he said haughtily; "I have just left my friend



STUART H.
KOTT.

A VIEW OF THE COLONIAL OFFICE, LONDON.

The COLONIAL
OFFICE
Downing Street.

found for him. The lad, who had come from a very humble station in life, carefully got himself up for the occasion, and made his way towards the Government Offices. He met the Minister coming out, and nervously explained his errand. "My dear fellow," said the Minister, putting his arm in his, "come over the way and have a drink

Mr. —, the Minister of Railways. I have been having a drink with a Cabinet Minister!"

In the early nineties the Liberal-Labour party in New Zealand had a large majority in the Lower House, but was in a minority in the Legislative Council, the colonial equivalent for our House of Lords. The

Ministry, having the mass of voters at its back, determined to swamp the Upper House by the appointment of twelve Radical Councillors. Of these, two were compositors, one a storeman, and one a boiler-maker. There is an old story of how, when the Governor's telegram reached the boiler-maker, announcing his nomination to the colonial nobility, the newly-made honourable was busy tinkering at the inside of a boiler. The messenger stood outside the boiler and called to him that there was a wire for him. "You've made a mistake," the boiler-maker shouted through the metal; "no one sends me telegrams." "I tell you it is for you," the messenger shouted back, "and it's very important." "Well, shove it through the hole in the top," the boiler-maker yelled, "and I'll see if it's mine," and he put a grimy paw up to grasp it. And thus it was that the news reached him.

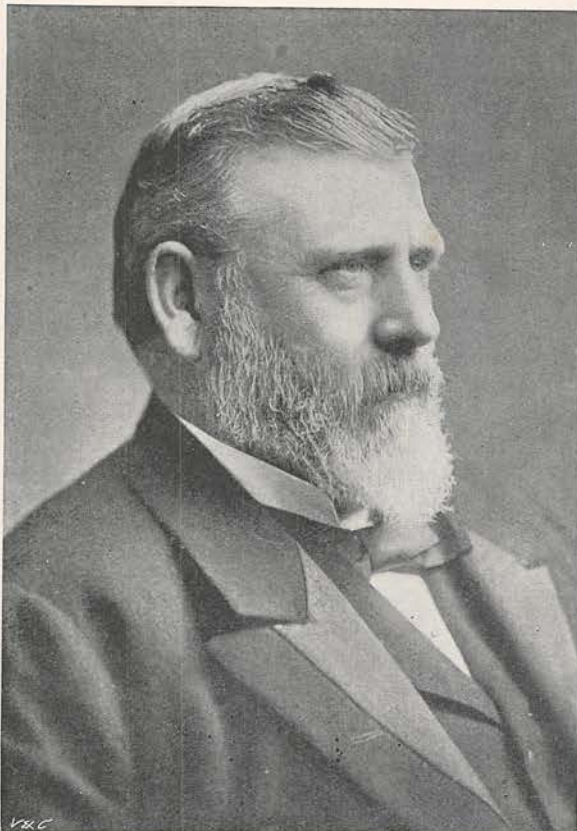
The Englishman, accustomed to more vividly accentuated social conditions, is sometimes apt to despise the colonial parliamentarians because of their easy ways, and to mentally estimate our colonial Cabinet cousins as about on an equal footing with our provincial mayors and aldermen. There could not be a greater mistake. These Ministries of the south are the rulers of great and growing nations; they have not, it is true, to face the complex problems of European foreign relations; but in internal administration

their work is as momentous and as responsible as that of the over-lords of Downing Street. They are the pioneers of Anglo-Saxon politics, and are boldly conducting experiments in legislation from which the whole world is benefiting. Question after question that the English Parliament has shrunk back from, not daring to deal with, these colonial administrators have tackled

and solved. The problems of the unemployed, the enfranchisement of women, the solution of the liquor question, the prevention of strikes—to name only a few out of the many topics of the day—our assembly at Westminster has timidly put on one side. The colonial legislatures, more daring, have taken steps which may in the future teach us how we can deal with them.

Of all the Australasian colonies, the most interesting in many ways is New Zealand. Politically, the jewel of the Southern Pacific represents what England may be in sixty years time. It is hard to realise that, less than sixty years ago, the Southern Island was nearly being

taken by the French as a convict settlement, and was only saved by the arrival, a few days earlier, of an English captain, who hoisted the Union Jack. For some time it seemed likely that New Zealand would prove the aristocratic colony. The people who went there were, on the whole, possessed of more means and of higher education than the usual run of emigrants. Large numbers



From a photo by

[Russell.]

RIGHT. HON. RICHARD JOHN SEDDON.

(Premier of New Zealand.)

Born at Eccleston, Lancs. Became a mechanical engineer, and emigrated to Melbourne, 1863. Removed to New Zealand, and entered the Parliament of that colony, 1879. Became Premier of New Zealand in 1893; is also Colonial Treasurer, Minister of Labour, Commissioner of Trade and Customs, Postmaster-General, and Electric Telegraph Commissioner.

of Scotch farmers threw up their old holdings and took up land in the Northern Island, and even to-day there are, I believe, more McKenzies in New Zealand than in Scotland itself. Christchurch soon assumed the air of an English cathedral city, and social distinctions threatened to become as prominent as they are even in Surbiton. But, thanks to the influence of one man, New Zealand has become to-day the most democratic of all our possessions. Its democracy is not of the shouting, offensive type seen in some parts of Sydney, and it is accompanied by a most vehement loyalty to the mother country. It is of the practical, hard-working kind, which shows itself in legislation rather than declamation.

New Zealand is rapidly becoming the earthly paradise of the English race. Imagine a land with a climate surpassing that of California, with natural scenery which combines all the beauties of Kent, Norway, and Switzerland, besides many more which none of these possess; where there is no poverty of the destitute type, and both millionaires and paupers are unknown; where the sweater is hardly to be found; where strikes and lock-outs are abolished; where the drink traffic is small; where the humblest toiler has free access to those joys of life here mostly confined to the leisured classes; where women are given political rights; and where the most dread disease of England, consumption, is almost overcome, except among natives and imported invalids. Such is New Zealand; and the only wonder to me is that multitudes of the toil-worn slaves of our London workshops and factories do not sell the coats off their backs to get enough to make their way to this workers' elysium.

This is not the place to describe the very striking laws which have helped in the making of New Zealand. A concrete instance will best show their result. Writing

about three years ago, the Hon. W. Pember Reeves, then Minister of Labour, said: "While I write these words, the fan and long gloves of our general servant are lying on the kitchen dresser. She is an excellent servant, and the dresser is a very clean one. She is going out to-night, in full evening costume, to the W—— Boating Club ball. This club is composed chiefly of young work-



UNDER ESCORT.

["Military escorts are to accompany the Colonial Premiers in England on the occasion of all official visits."—*Cable*.]

Here is a realistic representation of Premiers Turner and Reid as they will appear when going out under military escort to have an official hair-cut.

(A cartoon reproduced from the "*Melbourne Punch*.")

ing men. Her invitation comes through the captain, a well-known barrister, the secretary and treasurer, who will introduce her to plenty of partners—all in swallow-tail coats! I anticipate that her programme will be filled up at once. She will meet there, and may dance in the same set with, the daughters of the Premier of New Zealand and other notable personages."

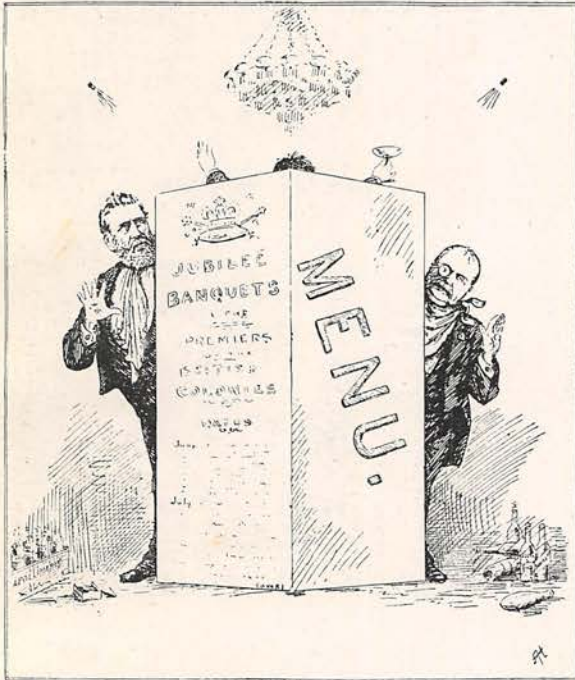
In the recent history of New Zealand four men have stood prominently out. The pioneer of the modern democratic movement, the one whom most New Zealanders gladly recognise as the father of their colony, is Sir George Grey. "The dear old man—God's Englishman," as Olive Schreiner passionately calls him, went as Governor to the colony when it was at the point of ruin, the whites and blacks in fierce conflict, and the treasury empty. He brought peace and prosperity, and then found himself confronted by an Act of Parliament, sent out

specimen of the self-made colonist. Mr. Ballance was the son of a poor Irish tenant-farmer, and emigrated to the colony when twenty-seven, with practically no money, but plenty of ambition. He started a newspaper, and made this his stepping-stone to political life. As a member of Sir George Grey's Ministry, he took active part in framing many progressive measures. When he became Premier in 1891 he initiated still bolder schemes; but death cut him off in 1893, and he was succeeded by the present Premier, the Right Hon. Richard Seddon.

"Dick" Seddon—as he is popularly known among his mining constituents—is, even his political opponents allow, "a jolly good fellow." Robust, sincere, with unaffected manners, and utterly lacking in "side," he is a typical colonial. Yet by birth he is English—a Lancashire man—and when a lad he emigrated to Victoria as a railway engineer. From Victoria he made his way to the mining district of New Zealand, and there set up a store. He was very popular with the miners, and when a vacancy occurred for the representation of their district, someone proposed that "Dick" should stand. "Dick" did stand, and came out top of the poll. A man of immense physical strength, and of an unlimited capacity for work, he soon forced himself to the front. It is not too much to say that he is the present New Zealand Cabinet. He undertakes five different portfolios, besides the Premier-ship, himself, and absolutely dominates the remainder of his colleagues. The only man able to stand against him was wisely sent as Agent-General to London. Like all strong men, Mr. Seddon dearly loves to

have his own way, and his opponents loudly complain of what they call his "autocracy." But they like him, all the same, and when he went to London for the Jubilee celebrations, they agreed to declare a political truce till his return. Mr. Seddon's ambition is to help on the federation of the Empire, and to sit as the representative of New Zealand in a truly Imperial Parliament. But if ever that time comes, he will want to combine the London representation with the colonial Premier-ship.

The fourth of the men who have democratised New Zealand is the Hon. W.



MAKING HISTORY.

Premiers SEDDON and REID: Go away, please; we're too busy to see anyone.
(A cartoon reproduced from the "New Zealand Graphic.")

from England with orders that he should enforce it, which would at once have plunged the country into a worse state than before he came. Sir George took a bold step, refusing to enforce the Act. He had to come home in disgrace, but he saved New Zealand. Some years later, when the colony was granted self-government, he was again made Governor, and at the conclusion of his term of office he took the extraordinary step of entering colonial politics. He became leader of the Liberal party, and inaugurated the new era in the politics of the islands. He was succeeded by Mr. Ballance, a good

Pember Reeves, the present Agent-General of the colony in London. Mr. Reeves is of a different type from his chief. A student, a man of letters, and something of the courtier, he has already made his mark in London. He is colonial born, and had a brilliant collegiate career, finishing up with a short course at Oxford. He started life as a journalist, became Minister of Education in the Ballance Cabinet, and then took over the newly-formed Ministry of Labour. Here his greatest success was the carrying of a measure which has absolutely put an end to strikes and lock-outs in the colony. Mr. Reeves is a very advanced Liberal, and as he is still quite young there can be little doubt that, if he cares to confine himself to New Zealand affairs, he will in course of time occupy the highest office the colony can give.

It would be difficult to imagine a greater contrast than between New Zealand and Western Australia. The most newly enfranchised of our Southern colonies is in some ways the most Conservative. Western Australian politics are largely bound up with one man, Sir John Forrest. Like most of the Australian Premiers, Sir John is a standing advertisement of the healthful qualities of the climate. Over six feet high, broad and big in proportion, he looks a veritable giant. He has seen Westralia rise from a despised little convict settlement at the mouth of the Swan River to a rich and rapidly growing self-governing colony, and no man has done more to bring about the change than he. Sir John was born in Westralia, and, when in the early twenties, became famous as an Australian explorer. An expedition was organised to search for the remains of the explorer Leichardt, and at the last moment young Mr. Forrest, then in the Surveyor's office, was offered charge of it. He accepted, and soon won fame as one of the boldest and wisest of pioneers. This first expedition was quite eclipsed some time later, when he performed the stupendous feat of crossing from Perth to Adelaide. This journey proved that the settlement was accessible by land as well as sea, and led to the opening up of Westralia.

When Westralia was given self-government in 1891, Sir John Forrest was elected the first Premier, and he has held office ever since. In the six years since then the colony has been transformed. As Sir John once put it to me when talking over this point: "In 1890 Western Australia was practically unknown and almost penniless. Our revenue

was £400,000 a year, our population under 50,000; we were isolated, we had only 400 miles of railway, and under 4,000 miles of telegraph lines, and our exports of gold only amounted to £86,000. Now our population is 150,000, our revenue about two and a half millions; we are in touch with the world, we have 1,400 miles of railway at work, our length of telegraph-wires has doubled, and our total gold exports for the first four



From a photo by]

[Lafayette.

RIGHT HON. SIR JOHN FORREST, K.C.M.G.

(Premier of West Australia.)

Born in West Australia, 1847. Educated at Perth. Entered the Survey Department, 1865, and became Surveyor-General. Was Member of the Executive and Legislative Councils, 1883 to 1890, when he was elected Premier of Westralia in his first Ministry under responsible Government; is also Treasurer and Colonial Secretary.

months of this year alone amounted to nearly £600,000."

In this great increase the gold rush has of course been the chief factor, but the prudent administration of Sir John Forrest and his colleagues has done much to help it on.

Ten years ago Sydney and Melbourne were rivals, each clamouring for the right to call itself the first city of the South. To-day the question is no longer in dispute. Even the most enthusiastic Melbournian can hardly blind himself to the fact that Sydney

now comes first. New South Wales escaped the fiercest blasts of the financial storm that brought such wreck on Victoria, and can with justice claim to be the premier, as well as the oldest, Australian colony. Politics in Sydney have always been noted for their fierceness and intensity. Men of different parties seem to cultivate a bitter animosity towards their political opponents, which can only be equalled in America during the year of a Presidential election. The Right Hon. G. H. Reid, the present Premier, does not share this failing. He is the very incarnation of good nature. His popularity, even with his opponents, is consequently very great; for all the world loves a merry-hearted man. Somewhat below middle height, exceedingly stout, and very active, he wears an air of genial good-fellowship that disarms criticism. He has a smile for everyone, and will go a long distance out of his way to oblige a friend or win over an enemy. When Sir Henry Parkes, who was surely one of the strangest figures in colonial politics, threw up the leadership of the New South Wales Opposition in a fit of petulance, Mr. Reid took his place. Sir Henry, like many others before and since, believed himself indispensable, and refused to forgive Mr. Reid for stepping into his shoes. When Mr. Reid added to his offence by taking over the Ministry and becoming Premier, Sir Henry could find nothing bad enough to say about him. He allied himself with his former enemies, and fought Reid for all he was worth. Months passed on. The old campaigner, worn out by many anxieties, overwhelmed by financial disaster, unsubdued in spirit, but broken in body, lay dying in his house in a Sydney suburb. Mr. Reid heard of it, and went straight off to the veteran's home. For long Sir Henry refused to see him, but at last he consented to receive his opponent, whom he had fought so valiantly, in his room. At first the old man was hard, but the young Premier was not to be put off. What passed in that interview is not for

print, but before it was over the two were once more friends. "I have misunderstood him," the dying man said to his friends after Mr. Reid had left, "I have misunderstood him."

Mr. Reid was a great athlete before he put on so much flesh, and even to-day he takes great interest in colonial cricket. In the great test matches which Mr. Stoddart's team plays no one will watch more keenly the contending teams than the Premier of New South Wales. As a story-teller, in private, he almost rivals Mr. Chauncey Depew, and he tells all his tales with such gusto and evident self-enjoyment that the

listener is bound to appreciate them. He has a great record as a practical joker, and the more or less true anecdotes of his doings in this line might make even Mr. Toole envious. But all these things cannot hide his record as a serious politician. The way in which he stuck to and carried through his Free Trade policy proved his power as a strategist; and his holding on and maintaining his Premiership amid such incessant difficulties, which might well have dismayed a less resolute man, for the time he has done is evidence of his administrative ability. He is a born orator, and no matter when or where he is called upon, he can always be depended on to say something that will attract attention and arouse discussion. Some people

even venture to hope that if Mr. Reid remains in office for a few years more he may manage to imbue other New South Wales politicians with his own *bonhomie* and lack of bitterness. This, however, is an exceedingly optimistic expectation, for they take matters very strenuously at present. Mr. Reid made many friends in the mother country on his recent visit, and his speeches on the different occasions when the Colonial Premiers made orations were always successful.

The clouds are lifting from Melbourne now, and the people of the centennial city are once more plucking up heart. Few outside of Melbourne have been able to



RIGHT HON. GEORGE HOUSTON REID.

(Premier of New South Wales.)

Born at Johnstone, 1845. Became Member for East Sydney in the New South Wales Legislative Assembly in 1880. Was Minister of Education, 1883, and was elected Premier of New South Wales, 1891. Is also Treasurer and Minister for Railways.

realise the depths reached by the Victorian capital four or five years ago. The crash that followed the period of over-speculation, excessive building, and needless borrowing, was overwhelming. Men who one month thought themselves worth hundreds of thousands, the next found a five-pound note beyond their reach; once-honoured statesmen found their reputations gone and their names bywords in every mouth; a great body of people fled from the colony like rats from a sinking ship; streets, almost whole suburbs, that once had been full of people now became almost deserted; every street corner was the meeting-place of a knot of out-o'-works; and the Domain was each night crowded with homeless and hungry wretches. It was a ghastly, horrible time, and even those of us English investors who found our deposits in Melbourne banks swept away in the common ruin may well forgive the city when we realise the greater punishment it reaped itself.

It was when things were almost at their worst, and the public treasury showed a deficit of almost five millions, that a quiet Melbourne lawyer, George Turner by name, was asked to take the head of the Government. Some of us can still remember the general curve of the lip and smile of disdain with which the appointment was greeted. Even Sir George Turner's friends could not say that he was

much of an orator, and his most enthusiastic eulogists had to admit that he possessed few of the qualities which attract the mob. He is a man who hates ceremony, who dislikes fuss, who has no great gift of speech or majesty of presence to win him support. Spectacled, blue-eyed, with gentle countenance and anxious aspect, Sir George hardly looks the man to lead a colony out of a great crisis.

But his looks belie him. Behind his quiet countenance there lies a shrewd, dogged and undaunted personality. Like the hero of classic fame, in its darkest hours Sir George did not despair of his country. He threw the same tireless energy and mastery of detail which had made him a successful lawyer into the affairs of state. He gave an amount of attention to minute detail that startled those accustomed to the ways of his predecessors. A thousand and one petty sources of leakage were stopped, the affairs of the colony became economically administered, new laws were framed to stop the tricks of adventurers such as those who

had brought ruin on the city, and to help the people to recover from their distress. And where other and more showy men might have failed, Sir George succeeded. To-day trade is coming back to Melbourne, the rush of commerce is once more heard in her streets, the empty houses are filling up, and the budget of the colony has again



From a photo by

[Russell.]

RIGHT HON. SIR GEORGE TURNER, K.C.M.G.

(Premier of Victoria.)

is a "native" Australian, and was born forty-five years ago, in Melbourne. He began life as a solicitor, and built up a large practice, which he still directs. He commenced his public career as Councillor, and subsequently Mayor, of St. Kilda, where he resides. In 1889 he entered the Victorian Legislative Assembly, and two years later was chosen Commissioner of Trade and Customs in the Munro Ministry. He became Solicitor-General in February 1892, and Premier and Treasurer, September 1894. He was made K.C.M.G. in January 1897, and was sworn a member of the Privy Council in June 1897.

been made to show a surplus. If the people of Victoria have any sense of gratitude, they will build to their once despised "baby Premier" the finest statue human hands can make.

"Don't wear a top-hat, Charlie. Keep to your billycock, and the English won't be able to nobble you," was the parting greeting of one of the crowd that assembled to see the Hon. Charles Cameron Kingston, Premier of South Australia, leave Adelaide for the



From a photo by

[Lafayette.]

RIGHT HON. CHARLES C. KINGSTON, Q.C.
(Premier of South Australia.)

Born at Adelaide, 1850. Son of the late Sir George S. Kingston, who was many years Speaker of the South Australian House of Assembly. Studied law, and became a Q.C. Entered the Parliament in 1881, and was elected Premier of South Australia in 1893. Is President of the Federal Convention, and also Attorney-General for the colony.

Jubilee celebrations. The Adelaide folks, like some in Melbourne and Sydney, were very suspicious that the scheme of assembling the Premiers in London was devised solely with the view of "nobbling" them politically. If so, Mr. Kingston would prove very difficult to nobble. Physically, Mr. Kingston is a giant, tall and immensely strong, and many are the tales of his physical prowess. The favourite anecdote—which is, I believe, wholly untrue—is that an unhappy pressman once asked Mr. Kingston for an interview.

Mr. Kingston did not answer a word, but stretched out one hand, playfully caught his visitor by the back of his coat and flung him out of the window. Unfortunately for the likelihood of this tale, Mr. Kingston is very friendly with pressmen, and—as I can personally testify—will put himself to some trouble to aid them.

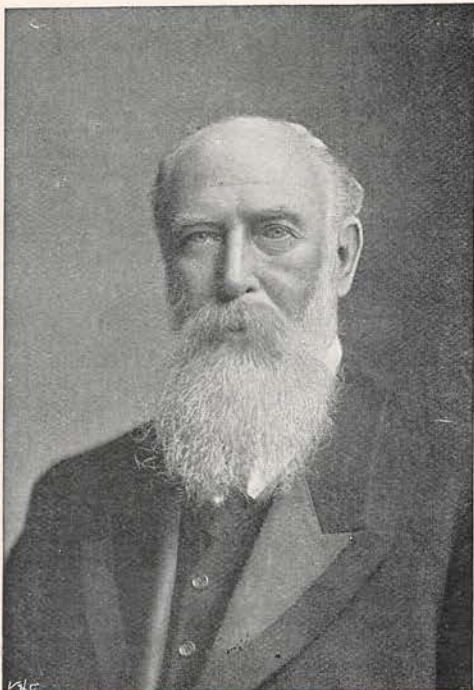
South Australia is the most socialistic colony in Australia, almost equalling New Zealand. Mr. Kingston comes from an old English military family, and his father was one of the pioneer South Australians, and for long Speaker of the Colonial House of Assembly. Mr. Kingston, who is still well under fifty, began life as a lawyer, and was three times Attorney-General. He formed his present Ministry in 1893, and has held it together far longer than any other South Australian Government has ever ruled before. In forty years South Australia has had nearly forty Ministries. Mr. Kingston says little but does much. He has a way of compressing much in few words. In his own city he is generally known as "Charlie," and is intensely popular. People like him none the worse because sometimes he indulges in unlooked-for actions. For instance, some years ago he challenged a political foe to fight a duel, appointed a meeting-place, and went to the spot ready for conflict. But his opponent had visited the head of police, and Mr. Kingston found a squad of policemen waiting for him, who promptly laid hold of him and hauled him to the station. Needless to say, this happened long before he became Premier.

Sir Hugh Muir Nelson, Premier of Queensland, is a quiet, canny Scotchman, more given to doing things than to talking about them, and altogether free from the socialistic taint of some of his fellow-rulers. He was born in Kilmarnock, is a "child of the manse," and emigrated to Queensland when only a lad. He is pre-eminently a business man, and made a fortune for himself before he indulged in the luxury of a political career. His views on colonial government might be summed up in a very few words. He would have the government of a district conducted on sound commercial principles, the people doing what they can themselves, but the state using its credit to help them where such is necessary. He wishes to keep Queensland prosperous, and for that reason he is by no means a keen advocate of Australian federation, believing that it would take trade away from the outlying parts to Sydney.

Last, but by no means least, in the group

of colonial Premiers comes Sir Edward Braddon, Prime Minister of Tasmania. Tasmania is the garden colony of the south ;

entered the Indian Civil Service, where he served for thirty years, at last retiring to end his days in peace in Tasmania. But he was too active to wait for the dis-ease that is proverbially to be found in a life of ease, and his neighbours in the garden colony soon nominated him for Parliament. Once there, his long experience told, and it was only natural that he should be invited to join the Ministry. Then he secured the prize of colonial political life by being sent as Agent-General to London, and after six years returned to Tasmania to find the Premiership awaiting him. That was four years ago, and he still peacefully administers the affairs of the island. "Happy is the land that has



From a photo by]

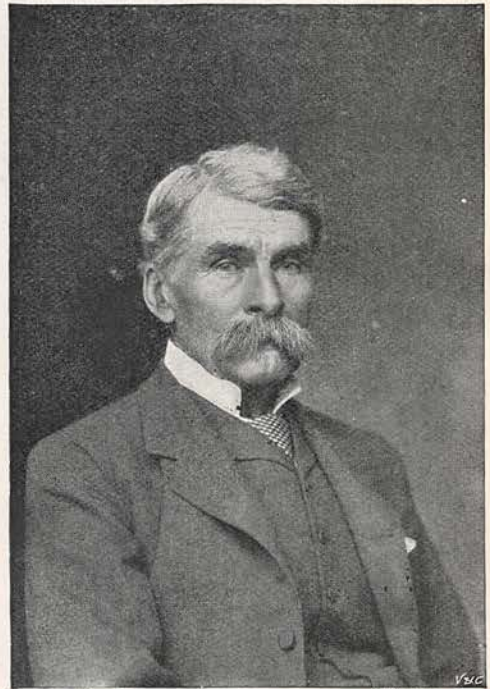
[Lafayette.

RIGHT HON. SIR HUGH MUIR NELSON, K.C.M.G.
(Premier of Queensland.)

Born in Scotland, 1835. Educated at Edinburgh High School and University. Emigrated to Queensland, 1853. Entered the Legislative Assembly in 1883. Was Minister of Railways, 1888-90; Leader of the Opposition, 1891, and Minister without portfolio, 1892. Was elected Premier of Queensland, 1893; is also Colonial Treasurer and Chief Secretary.

it possesses the most beautiful women of any English-speaking land ; it is undisturbed by the acute political questions of its northern neighbours ; its climate is delightful and its people prosperous. What more could anyone ask ?

Sir Edward Braddon possesses more than one claim to attention. He would be interesting, if only from the fact that he is a brother of the famous author of "Lady Audley's Secret." He went to India when a young man, as clerk in a commercial house, and was on the spot when the Mutiny broke out. He took active part in the fighting that followed, and raised a regiment against the rebels. The mutiny suppressed, he



From a photo by]

[Elliott & Fry.

RIGHT HON SIR EDWARD N. BRADDON, K.C.M.G.
(Prime Minister of Tasmania.)

Born in Cornwall, 1829. Educated at London University College. In 1847 went to Calcutta and served in the Indian Mutiny. Retired on a pension in 1878. In 1879 was elected Member of the Assembly, Tasmania; led the Opposition in 1886-87; Minister of Lands, Works, and Education, 1887-88. Elected Premier of Tasmania and Leader of the Assembly, 1894.

no history," and, hence, happy is Tasmania ; for its internal administration flows on so smoothly that few ripples disturb its surface.