LAST GLEANINGS

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Last Gleanings by Frank Fowler

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FRANK FOWLER

LAST GLEANINGS





LAST GLEANINGS

BY THE LATE

FRANK FOWLER.

WITH A PREFACE BY A FRIEND.

The soil was rich, but overwrought; Had Fortune smiled, the wains bad brought Heaped harvest home of mellower thought

LONDON:.

SAMPSON LOW, SON, AND MARSTON.

14 LUDGATE HILL.

1864.

(The right of Translation is reserved.)

ROINSURGH: T. CONSTABLE,
PRINTER TO THE QUEEN, AND TO THE UNIVERSITY.

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PREFACE.



OME eight or nine years ago I chanced to be dining at the 'Royal Hotel'—grandiloquent title—of a quiet little town-

ship in sunny New South Wales. One of those with whom I sat at table was a colonist, who had begun his colonial career as a letter-carrier, had made, in the course of years, a comfortable fortune, and, at the time of which I speak, was a 'candidate for Parliamentary honours.' Another was the reporter who accompanied him to record for one of the Sydney newspapers—with the addition of grace and grammar—the speeches which the candidate had to make on his canvassing tour. A very young-looking man was this reporter, evidently a 'new chum.' The Australian sunlight had not had time to tan his handsome face. Its English fairness, alas, was spotted with two poppy-leaf-like patches of hectic flush,

which told me why he had come to breathe the pure, invigorating Australian air. There was an invalid's languor in his large, liquid, mind-lit eyes. He said very little at dinner-time, but the little he did say then, and the half smile of courteously reticent ridicule which ever and anon played for a second about his lips, whilst he dashed down his notes of the candidate's address to the 'intelligent electors,' in the crowded Court House to which we adjourned from the 'Royal,' convinced me that there was genial mental pith in this silent, young invalid gentleman. I made his acquaintance after the meeting, and found that he was the 'Frank Fowler' whose lectures in Sydney had just created 'a sensation.' Whenever he lectured there, the Hall of the School of Arts was thronged, local 'notables' of all kindsand amongst the professional men of Sydney there are those who are no mean judges of ability-largely leavening his audience. Young as he was, Mr. Fowler was no novice in lecturing when he landed in Sydney. When a mere stripling, he had delivered lectures in Willis' Roomslectures so good that they at once obtained for him an engagement on one of the oldest and ablest London daily papers. Mr. Fowler's name