



1829

The Hermit in Van Diemen's Land

Henry Savery

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THE
HERMIT
IN
VAN DIEMEN'S LANDS
FROM THE
COLONIAL TIMES.



Robert Town :

PRINTED BY ANDREW BENT, ELIZABETH STREET.

1829.

HENRY SAVERY

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Van Diemen's Land*

Edited with a biographical introduction by

CECIL HADGRAFT

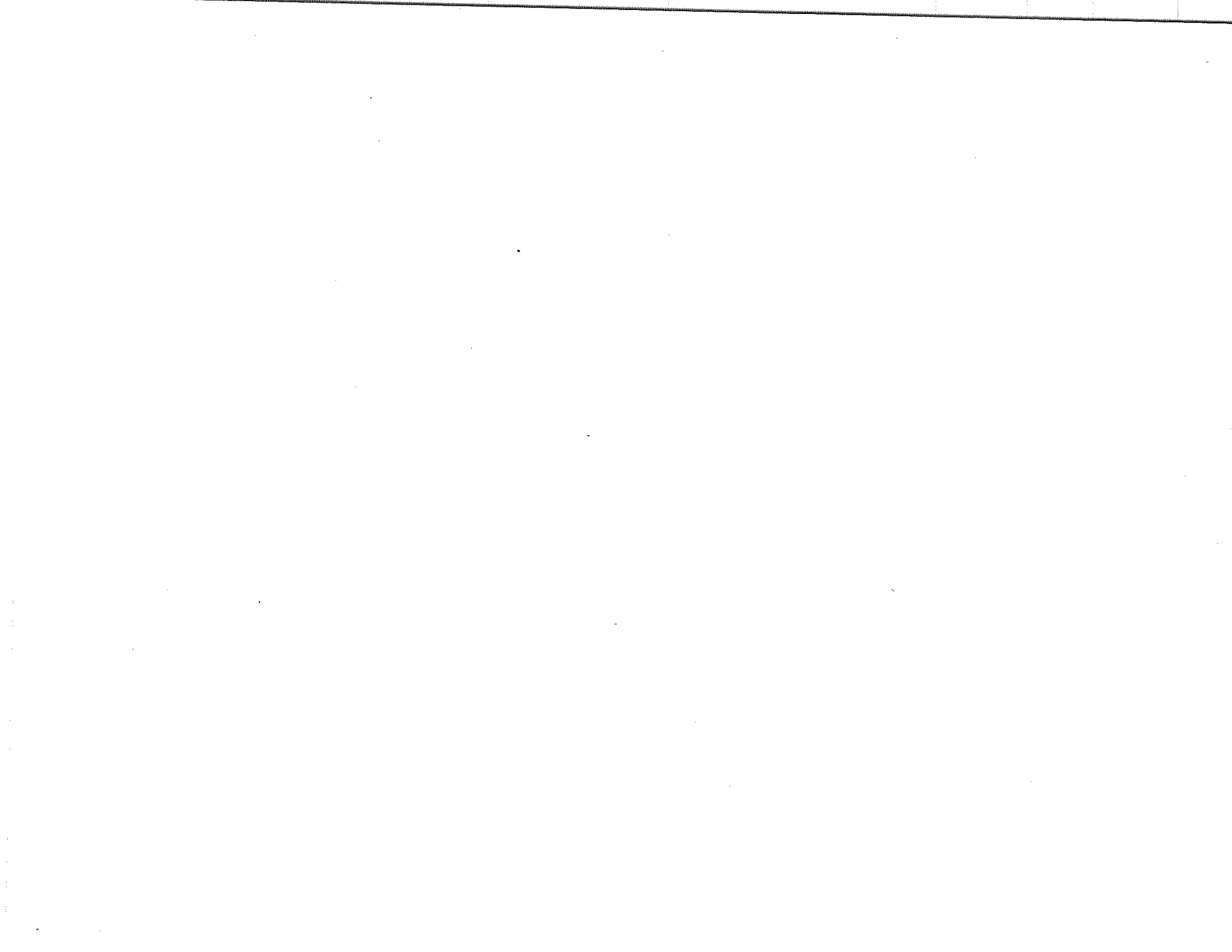
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UNIVERSITY OF QUEENSLAND PRESS



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1829-30.

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DEDICATED TO
Sir William Crowther
IN GRATITUDE

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and registered in Australia for transmission
by post as a book

Editors' Preface

This is a reprint of the first book of sketches or — if we take Goldsmith's *The Citizen of the World* for warrant — the first book of essays published in Australia.

The Introduction recounting the life of its author, Henry Savery, is not a mere reproduction of the biography prefixed to the 1962 reprint of *Quintus Servinton*, Savery's autobiographical novel. The essential facts of his life are necessarily repeated; but many details formerly given in full are only briefly treated, while others that for the sake of space were formerly omitted are now given. Since early 1962 some additional facts have become known, and these modify to a slight extent a few former statements. The most important discovery is that of the date and place of Savery's marriage.

The two introductions, then, are complementary: together they provide practically all the information we have concerning Henry Savery.

The persons whom Savery sketches in *The Hermit* are either not named by him or are given fictitious names. Luckily a key has been preserved, which identifies most of them. A few are so obscure that it has not been possible to find out anything about them; the others have been traced and accounts of them will be found in the Notes at the end of this volume.

The text of the 1829-30 volume of *The Hermit* has been faithfully followed; Savery's own spelling and punctuation, for example, have been preserved. The only changes made are the occasional insertion of quotation marks and one or two spelling corrections where it is clear that the printer was at fault.

The rarity of both *The Hermit* and *Quintus Servinton* formerly rendered them inaccessible except to those who could visit libraries in Sydney or Canberra or Hobart. This reprint and that of the novel now make the work of Henry Savery more available to students of our early literature.

One obvious debt in a reprint of this kind is to Dr. E. Morris Miller, the generous authority on the early Tasmanian press. Other Tasmanians to whom warm thanks are due include Dr. W. E. L. H. Crowther of Hobart. Dr. C. Craig provided photostats

of some Savery correspondence, and Mr. E. R. Pretyman drew attention to some overlooked references. A special debt, most gratefully acknowledged, is due to the officers of the State Library of Tasmania and the Tasmanian Archives: Messrs. B. W. Wray, P. Eldershaw, G. Stilwell, and Miss M. Milne.

The officers of the Mitchell Library have most willingly given that help to which students have been so long accustomed; the Trustees of the State Library of Victoria have granted permission to make use of four Savery letters in the Calder Papers; the National Library at Canberra has provided on inter-library loan its microfilms of early issues of *The Times* (London); Mr. S. G. Gunthorpe, Librarian of the Queensland Parliamentary Library, kindly sought references and provided photostats; the officers of the University of Queensland Library — and here thanks are especially due to Mr. Spencer Routh — have helped in various ways with cheerful readiness.

Dr. Russel Ward of Armidale has generously drawn on his unrivalled stores to answer certain queries; Sir John Ferguson graciously allowed access to a rare edition of *The Newgate Calendar* in his possession; Dr. Colin Roderick kindly provided a reference to Felix McDonough; Professor A. C. Cawley and Professor A. K. Thomson gave much encouragement and advice; Professor Gordon Greenwood read the biographical introduction with almost disquieting vigilance, and made suggestions, practically every one of which has been followed.

Overseas help has come from Mr. W. S. Haugh, City Librarian of Bristol, whose unworried competence and long patience have saved weeks of work. To Mr. F. L. Hill of Paignton, Devon, a special debt is due for his kindness in providing a transcript of certain parts of Mary Wise Savery Hawkins's copy of the John Savery genealogical manuscript. The editors of the *Western Morning News* (Plymouth) and the *Western Times and Gazette* (Exeter) were kind enough to publish in their columns letters requesting information.

Both the editors and the publisher are grateful to the Mitchell Library for permission to use a microfilm of its copy of *The Hermit* for the preparation of this reprint, and to the Dixson Library for permission to reproduce the title page of its copy of *The Hermit*. Mr. Daniel Thomas has been good enough to allow reproduction of his copy of the lost miniature of Captain B. B. Thomas.

Gratitude is owing to the Senate of the University of Queensland for granting research funds for work on this project.

This reprint is dedicated, by permission, to Dr. W. E. L. H. Crowther, direct lineal descendant of the Dr. Crowther who attended Savery after his suicide attempt in 1828. In addition, Dr. Crowther is the only private collector to possess both Savery's works — *The Hermit* and *Quintus Servinton*. The former came to him, while he was still a small boy, as a worn little volume that his father had been given by a patient, Mrs. Stokell. Packed away among youthful treasures, it was not until after World War I that its scarcity and value became apparent.

As for *Quintus* — following a letter-card dated 17.9.35 offering this item at 16/-, a cable to Messrs. Symington, Booksellers, Harrogate, was successful in obtaining this item. Information later provided stated that no fewer than twenty-six other applications were received for this item by air-mail.

Mr. Walker, who gave his collection to the State Library of Tasmania, obtained his copy of *Quintus* at Abbott's Auction Mart, in Collins St., for about 1/6, circa 1880. This copy is inscribed with the name of Richard Lewis, who was an early merchant of Van Diemen's Land, and is in the original paper and boards with labels.

—C.H.
M.R.



Captain B. B. Thomas, from a copy of a lost miniature.
(By permission of Mr. Daniel Thomas.)
Cf. pp.24-25.

1st Book printed in Town

1791

Wrote this while in Jail for Debt
at 11th Town, against the Lawyers
& Burgesses, but principally against Brother
Peterson & John Brown. A Verdict
of £50 was obtained by Peterson
against the publisher (Dent) for Libel.

See the names at Margin of the
Book

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Annotation in an unknown hand in the British Museum copy of *The Hermit in Van Diemen's Land*.

Cf. pp.28-29.

Illustrations

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Biographical Introduction

Henry Savery, the author of this book of sketches, came of an ancient and honourable family. His father, John Savery, compiled in 1809 an outline history of his ancestors in which he traced the line back to 1501. Copies of this history were made for some at least of his children, and more than one such copy apparently is still extant. It tells, among other things, that about the middle of the sixteenth century one Stephen Savery married into the more noble Servington family. This connection was valued, and according to John Savery's account a male Savery was christened Servington in every generation from that time on. It is certainly because of this that Henry entitled his novel *Quintus Servinton*.

John Savery, the father of the author, has left his own account of himself and the births of his children:

The Eldest Son and Heir of the last named John by Sarah Prideaux, was born 21 April 1747 and on the 16th Aug. 1774 was married in St. Mary Archers Church Exeter (by his Second Brother The Rev. Servington Savery) to Sarah Butler Clark; Daughter and Coheirress of Mr. Peter Clark, Merchant, of Exeter; by whom he had Two Daughters, viz. Sarah Savery, Born 18th July 1776. Elizabeth Clark Savery, Born 19th Septr. 1777. Both Registered at Modbury Devon. Sarah Butler Savery, died in a Decline, June 10th 1778. Aged 25 years.

On the 27th Septr. 1779

The above named John, the Son of John and Sarah Prideaux, married at Walthamstow Church in Essex; Mary Towgood, Daughter of Matthew Towgood, Esquire, London; who was the Son of the Rev. Micajah Towgood of Exeter, and by her he had Sixteen children, viz.

Nine Sons named

John. Born 17th December, 1781.

Servington. Born Novr. 1785.

but Died three days afterwards.

Servington. Born 27th Janry. 1787.

Christopher Towgood Savery. Born 9 Janry. 1788.

William Savery. Born 30th April 1789.

Died 1st February 1790.

Henry. Born 4th Aug. 1791.

Frederick. Born 23rd Novr. 1793.

Arthur. Born 21st Febry 1795.

Charles. Born 15th May 1796.

The Hermit in Van Diemen's Land

*John Savery had also by Mary Towgood
Seven Daughters viz.*

Mary. Born August 4th 1780.

Catharine do. August 19th 1783.

Died 18th June 1803.

Marianne born Decr. 1st 1784.

Died 19th Sept. 1785.

Marianne. Born May 2nd 1790.

Caroline do. Sept. 6th 1792.

Harriett do. June 13th 1798.

Ellen do. Oct. 16th 1800.

Of the sixteen children of this second marriage all except the first two, John and Mary, were baptized in the Church at Butcombe, Somerset. This helps to determine one of John Savery's movements. The Rev. Thomas Bere, incumbent of the parish from 1871, transcribed from an earlier register a history of the Manor and Advowson of Butcombe which states that:

John of Wrington disposed of it (the Manor and Advowson) to . . . Curtis of Bristol Esqr. whose son John when Member for the City of Wells sold it . . . to John Savery Esqr. of South Devon who was originally seated at Shelston in that . . . county and then married Sarah Butler Clark. Daur: and co heiress of Peter Clark merchant of Exeter . . . The issue of this marriage was 1st: Sarah born 18 of July 1776.—2d. Elizabeth born Sept: 19 1777. . . . The said John Savery after the decease of Sarah his first wife, Married at Walthamstow in Essex . . . Mary Towgood on the 27 of Sept: 1779. She was the daughter of Matthew Towgood of the City of London Banker.

We may assume from this that John Savery moved from Shilston to Butcombe in 1782 or in the first half of 1783. He later became a well-known banker in Bristol, a senior member of the firm of Savery, Towgood, Yerbury and Towgood, of Vine Street. This partnership was dissolved on 31 December 1828. John Savery died at Portland Square, Cheltenham, on 12 November 1831, after a few hours' illness. He was aged eighty-four years.

It will be seen from the list of sons that Henry was, strictly speaking, the sixth. But since the first Servington died three days (two, according to the Butcombe register) after birth, Henry must have considered himself the fifth. Hence we have the *Quintus* in the title of his partly autobiographical novel.

Henry Savery, then, was born at Butcombe, 4 August 1791. And that is just about all that is known for certain of him for twenty-four years. Morris Miller, using the descriptions of the school surroundings depicted in the novel, has conjectured that he was

educated at Oswestry Grammar School. Unfortunately, since the school records for that period have not survived, the conjecture cannot be confirmed. It has hitherto been thought that Savery passed his young manhood, after leaving school, in London, and that he was married there. In the novel, *Quintus* marries in October, when he has just entered his twenty-fourth year (by which, presumably, is meant that he has just turned twenty-four). This would make the year 1815.

The record of his marriage has at last come to light, confirming the estimate of the date but not that of the place. A copy of an entry in the register of St. James's Church, Bristol, runs:

October 14, 1815. Marriage of Henry Savery of St. John, Esq., 21 years; Eliza Elliott Oliver of St. James, spinster, 19. (Lionel Oliver, linen-merchant, father).

The officiating clergyman was the Rev. N. Ruddock. Identical notices in *Felix Farley's Bristol Journal* (Saturday, 21 October 1815) and the *Bristol Gazette* (Thursday, 19 October 1815) run:

Tuesday, at St. James's Church, by the Rev. N. Ruddock, Henry, son of John Savery, Esq., to Eliza Elliott, eldest daughter of Lionel Oliver, Esq. [Tasmanian records give father's name as William Elliott Oliver.]

A minor discrepancy between this and the former notice is the day of the marriage: Tuesday would be 17 October, whereas the St. James register gives 14 October.

A major discrepancy lies in the age attributed to Savery. It is certain that he was born in 1791. So in 1815 he was aged twenty-four. It can only be concluded that the register, or the transcript existing, was in error. The accuracy of the copy that I have used is vouched for by Mr. W. Haugh, the chief Librarian of Bristol.

What the entry does do is to throw doubt on the assumption that Savery spent some years in London. The only evidence for it that exists is the novel, and there, as we know, Savery altered names of persons and places so as to cover up—at least ostensibly—the relation of the novel to himself. His father John had been a banker in Bristol since 1792, and Henry was married in Bristol. It is at least as likely that he served his apprenticeship to business in Bristol as that he served it in London.

His son, Henry Oliver, was born 30 June 1816.

Savery himself appears as a full-fledged man of business in 1817, being listed in a Bristol directory as living at 5 Berkeley Square. His occupation is not stated, but he was apparently a sugar-refiner (or "sugar-baker", to use the contemporary term) in partnership with a man named Bigg. In 1818 his address is given as Nelson Street. In 1819 it is 21 Kingstown Parade. In that year he

was declared bankrupt, the hearings to be held on 13 and 14 September and 12 October. This was done on the petition of one Bigg, almost certainly his partner.

His father John, the banker, may have come to his help during this crisis, for in August 1819 Henry took over the editorship of the *Bristol Observer and Gloucester, Monmouth, Somerset and Wiltshire Courier* from John Sharp, and held it until February 1822. During this period he also took over the business of a "West India and General Broker" and marine insurance agent from Mr. West in Corn Street. The home of the *Bristol Observer* was in Adam and Eve passage, Wine Street.

Having been in turn sugar-refiner, then editor and insurance broker, he returned to sugar-refining in 1822 in partnership with a man named Saward, their business being situated in Redcliff Street. Next year he moved his home to Bedford Place. In 1824 he was living at Stapleton, on the outskirts of Bristol. This partnership with Saward, the last phase of his business activities in England, was to have the most calamitous results.

By ambition and, it would seem, sheer forcefulness of character, Savery was the dominant partner in the business. Lacking sufficient capital to expand and to carry on wider undertakings, he had recourse to "kites" — fictitious bills drawn on non-existent persons. All this was without the knowledge of his partner Saward. The debts he piled up grew at last far beyond his immediate resources, and his uneasiness deepened into desperation after the execution on 30 November 1824 of Henry Fauntleroy for forgery. The case had been a notorious one, and the effect on Savery was to spur him on to ill-advised flight. Had he thrown himself on the mercy of his chief victims it is likely enough that they would have arranged some accommodation in the matter and that his father would have come to his aid.

Savery fled to London with a draft for £1,500, had it converted to a credit payable in America, and hurried to Cowes via Portsmouth. At either London or Portsmouth he met his wife. She had either followed him, thinking he had run off with a woman (so one report goes), or had hurried to his side in response to a letter in which he had said he was ill. He confessed what he had done, and she set out on her return journey. At Bath she met Saward, now in hot pursuit of his partner. He had, almost by accident, discovered that something was amiss. Savery had made his bills payable at the Bank of Sir John Perring and Co., and it was one such bill that aroused suspicion. *The Times* (20 December 1824) reports:

There was one of £1,250, which fell due on the day after his arrival

in London, for the payment of which he had provided by a check, but in that intended payment there was some delay or irregularity; and, though ultimately taken up and paid, it was not paid in time to prevent the bill being noted and returned to Bristol. The absence of Mr. H. Savery, and the discovery that this bill was a forgery, induced his partner, Mr. Saward, to proceed to London, in search of him.

This meeting with Mrs. Savery, apparently by sheer chance, was crucial. Feeling sure her husband was beyond the reach of pursuit, she disclosed his destination to be America.

Saward hastened on to London, learned more of Savery's movements, went to Cowes, and with a constable rowed out to the *Hudson*, formerly delayed by contrary winds, but now due to weigh anchor in half an hour. Savery threw himself into the sea, was pulled on board, and taken ashore. Brought back in pitiable state to Bristol, he appeared before the Mayor and other magistrates at the Guildhall. His examination is reported in *The Times* (28 December 1824):

He was then charged with forging, or uttering, knowing it to be forged, a certain promissory note or bill of exchange, for £500 purporting to be drawn by William Pearson, a merchant of Birmingham, in favour of Thomas Gibbons, also a merchant there, and made payable at the house of Lubbock & Co., London. The bill also had on it various other endorsements of persons residing in Birmingham, and was subsequently endorsed over by the prisoner in the name of his firm "Savery and Saward," to "John Freeman and Co., Copper Company," who were the prosecutors in this case.

It appeared from the evidence of — Smith, cashier to the Company, that Mr. Savery had been in the habit of getting bills discounted at their office — the bill was presented by Mr. Savery, and he received the value for it in cash, *minus* the discount — when Mr. Savery absconded the bill had been returned to them dishonoured. There was a merchant living in Birmingham, of high respectability named William Pearson, as also a Mr. Thomas Gibbons, a Quaker, and it was on the supposition that they were the parties to the bill that it had been discounted — they, however, denied any knowledge of it, and on referring to the bill, it was seen that the name "Pearson" was spelled "Parson," and that of "Gibbons" "Gibbins." Further inquiry was then made whether there were any such persons, and none of that name were found in Birmingham, as set out in the bill negotiated by Mr. Savery.

From the evidence of Mr. T. R. Sandars, merchant in Bristol, it appeared that he had been in Birmingham, and was there informed by Mr. Kempston, agent to the Bristol Copper Company, that a bill had been negotiated by Mr. Savery, as drawn by reputable merchants in Birmingham, and that he had been requested by Mr. Kempston to accompany him to the different banks there, and to the different places usually resorted to by merchants to transact their business, which he did:

and both having made every inquiry, the reply was, that no such persons as William Parson or Thomas Gibbins were known there.

About three months later, on 4 April 1825, Savary's trial took place before the Recorder, Lord Gifford, at Bristol. The proceedings were dramatic, and more than one newspaper gave them prominence:

The Clerk of the Arraigns then addressed the prisoner—"Henry Savary, how say you: are you guilty or not guilty?"

Prisoner.—"Guilty."

This answer was wholly unexpected by the Court, and it was delivered in a firm and deliberate tone.

Lord Gifford paused for some moments, appearing to be taken more by surprise than any body else. He changed colour, and was evidently much affected by the painful duty he had to perform. His Lordship at last said, earnestly looking at the prisoner. "Have you well considered your answer?"

Prisoner.—I have.

Lord Gifford.—I trust no false hopes have induced you to give that answer?

Prisoner replied something about having deliberately pleaded as he had; but he was not distinctly heard.

Lord Gifford again paused a few minutes, and then said, "Prisoner, you had better consider a short time before you resolve to persevere in pleading 'guilty.'"

The prisoner shook his head, reclined on his hand, and again covered his face, agitated by grief. It was intimated to the Court that the prisoner had no other answer to give than what he had given.

Clerk of the Arraigns.—Shall I enter the verdict, my Lord?

The Recorder.—Wait a short time.

The prisoner was taken from the dock, and in about five minutes he was brought back by direction of the Judge. The prisoner appeared to be much more collected, and looked partially round the Court.

Lord Gifford.—I understand, Henry Savary, you persist in pleading "guilty".

Prisoner.—I do, my Lord. (He then again looked round the Court somewhat collectedly, as if he had relieved his mind.)

Lord Gifford, having put on the fatal black cap, then addressed the prisoner:—Henry Savary, you have pleaded "guilty" to the crime of forgery charged against you, — the forgery of a bill of exchange for £500, and purporting to be the note of W. Pearson, of Birmingham, and with the intent to defraud the prosecutors in this case. You have, I trust, well considered the consequences of pleading "guilty." I trust no false hopes or expectations, that by so pleading you should avert the dreadful sentence which it will be my painful duty to pronounce on you, have induced you to plead "guilty". You were brought up in commercial pursuits, and you followed them for a considerable period in

this respectable city, so that you must have been intimately acquainted with them; you therefore could not but know the calamitous consequences to commerce which the crime of forgery is calculated to produce, as well as the magnitude of the penal results to yourself. So essential is it to give security to the circulation of bills of exchange, so important is it in this country to give ground for confidence in such transactions, that it must have been impossible for you, in your own experience, not to have known and felt the importance of such matters, and the extent of injury calculated to be produced by the circulation of forged instruments, whether the names forged were those of existing or non-existing persons.

Prisoner.—My Lord, I was not aware that to forge the names of persons not in existence was criminal.

Mr. Smith, the prosecutor, who was standing near the witness box, most agitatedly attempted to address the Court. "My Lord" —

Mr. Palmer, one of the Counsel.—My Lord, I believe evidence can be adduced of some circumstances —

Lord Gifford.—All these interruptions are really very irregular. I must proceed, painful as is the duty. It was impossible that you should not know you were circulating fictitious and fraudulent paper, and that the intention was to deceive and defraud. You could not be ignorant of those facts. It is melancholy to think that you should have so destroyed your own character, and wounded the feelings of others; it is not, however, my wish to add any thing to the grief that they must feel. But let me renew my entreaty that you suffer not yourself to be led away by any delusive hopes or expectations. The scene of this life must shortly close upon you. Let me implore you, then, to endeavour — not to atone to society, for that, I fear, is impossible, but — to secure your peace with your Maker. And let me again say to you, that this Court can hold out no expectations that the sentence which it is now my painful duty to pronounce on you will not be carried into effect. The sentence is — that you, Henry Savary, be taken from hence to the place from whence you came, and thence to the place of execution, and there be hanged by the neck till you are dead.

The prisoner, on hearing the latter words, seemed to lose all power of breathing, and dropped down his head.

Mr. Smith, one of the prosecutors, who had before attempted to address the Court, made way through the crowd by the witness-box towards the Bench, and very agitatedly exclaimed—"My Lord, as the prosecutor, I recommend him to mercy. I, the prosecutor, my Lord, recommend him to mercy, if mercy can be shown. The consequences of his crime were limited, the public have suffered nothing — hardly any thing."

Lord Gifford leant back on his seat, greatly affected; but made no reply.

The prisoner was then removed from the dock, amidst the deathly silence of a crowded Court, many persons present well knowing the prisoner and his father the banker.

The day of his execution was to be Friday, 22 April.

He was saved not by influence but by his trust in the advice of one of the Bristol Magistrates. This worthy had urged Savery to plead guilty, asserting that the Court would then show mercy. This was reported to London. Peel, Secretary of State for the Home Department, relented with some unwillingness, and Savery's sentence was commuted to transportation for life. The news was received at Bristol less than twenty-four hours before the time of execution.

Three months after the trial he was transferred to the hulks at Woolwich, thence to the *Medway*, which caught its last glimpse of Land's End in the final week of August. About fifteen weeks later, 9-11 December 1825, the *Medway* arrived at Hobart with 169 convicts. Among them was Henry Savery. He had had favoured treatment on the way out, and he might well have expected this to continue. But he went ashore as a convict, with his head shorn, and wearing the convict garb — grey cloth jacket, waistcoat and breeches, worsted stockings, and thick heavy shoes. For the calamities that befell him from this period until his final catastrophe Savery was in part to blame. But some were due to official suspicion, to local jealousy, and to his wife's disillusionment.

He had one misfortune, indeed, almost on arrival. He had brought with him a trunk containing various possessions, which was lodged in the King's Store about a week after the *Medway* berthed. Either this repository was unsafe or the custodians were untrustworthy, for the *Hobart Town Gazette* of 17 December 1825 announced that the trunk had been broken open and some linen and plate stolen. The crest on this was described as "an eagle's head and wings, holding an olive branch in the mouth". Fairbairn's *Crests* gives the following more technical description of the family crest:

Savery of Great Totnes, Shilston, Willing, and Slade, Devonsh., a heron's head erased arg., between two wings sa., holding in the beak an olive-branch vert. *Aut vita libera, aut mors gloriosa.*

Readers of Savery's novel, *Quintus Servinton*, will recall that in volume II, chapter 5, this motto is given as that of Quintus's family.

An early contretemps arose through suspicion. Savery was fairly well known when he arrived in Hobart: the fame of his case, his favoured treatment on the way out, newspaper comments — all contributed. The political situation, with pro- and anti-Arthur factions, was bubbling with charges and counter-charges.

In such circumstances it is not surprising that Arthur's opponents should inevitably conclude that Savery, an educated convict, was an instrument for officialdom to use as effectively as possible against them. About a month after he landed, the *Colonial Times* and the *Hobart Town Gazette* threw verbal brickbats at each other with Savery's name scratched on them. So, for a few weeks, there was the Green Bag and the Black Bag squabble.

Early in January 1826 the *Colonial Times* portentously, with heavily humorous menace, announced:

We understand a Green Bag . . . is in course of manufacture, for transmission to His Majesty's Ministers, as to the licentiousness, immorality, and other deadly sins of Tasmania. . . . It is some comfort, however, that by the same conveyance, a Black Bag will be forwarded to the same destination.

In other words, Arthur was believed to be preparing for despatch to the English authorities an account highly critical of the conditions in Tasmania with which he had to contend. (The "same conveyance" was the *Denmark Hill*, due to leave Hobart on 15 January.)

Savery, the *Colonial Times* felt sure, was being used to compile the Green Bag; and a week later it declared:

Mr. Savery and the Green Bag.—This precious production is, we understand, in a state of great forwardness. Mr. Savery, to whose management report says it is especially confided, is occupied, as we are informed, night and day, in the "awful note of preparation". The Black Bag is also nearly closed.

The *Hobart Town Gazette* the following day countered these charges:

From the great notice bestowed upon this person (i.e. Savery) in yesterday's "Times", we have taken the pains to enquire what his duties are, and find that he is neither more nor less than a Clerk in the Secretary's Office . . .

and then, attack being the best defence:

We have been informed, however, and on good authority, that overtures have been made to him by persons connected with the "Times" to contribute to that Paper, but rejected.

A week later the *Colonial Times* expended about a column on Savery: it had no personal animosity to him, and would not object if he received a free pardon; but it thought he was forgetting his position and was growing too big for his boots. He was, it went on, employed to answer a remonstrance published in the

Colonial Times, signed by twelve Memorialists, and he had treated Anthony Kemp, chief merchant of the Colony, very cavalierly. More than that, Savery had declared that if he were not paid for his editorial services on the *Hobart Town Gazette* he would offer them to the *Colonial Times*. But, declared the latter, it had no respect for a man who would "pass" thus (i.e. change sides); anyhow, it had no need for his services.

Much of this controversy was a mere beating of the wind. It was sheer moonshine, for instance, to claim that Savery, newly arrived, in government service as a convict and desperately eager to stand well with the authorities, was at all likely to offer his services to an anti-government organ. The point that was remarkable was the fuss that Savery was arousing. This was hardly his doing: he served merely as bone of contention. It showed the bitterness of faction in that period. But it may have been a heady draught for Savery himself. His besetting vice was the desire to cut a dash, to stand well with his fellows, bond or free. The weakness that had brought him to trial, condemnation, and exile was to help keep him in exile and ultimately to hasten his death.

His position in the Colony at first was a clerkship in the Colonial Secretary's office. Later he was transferred to that of the Colonial Treasurer. Jealousy of Savery and hostility to the Lieutenant-Governor (Colonel George Arthur) led to complaints about the treatment of favoured convicts, which found their way into letters sent to newspapers in England. Asked by the English authorities to explain, Arthur had little difficulty in disposing of this accusation. More serious was the question of a Certificate that Savery was said to have got by influence or misrepresentation. This would enable him, only a month or so after arrival, to have his wife and child brought out at Government expense. John Montagu, private secretary to Arthur at the time, held an inquiry, as a result of which he rather leniently excused Savery. There seems little doubt, however, that Savery's conduct in the affair was devious to a degree. The root cause was, in the acute comment of H. J. Emmett, the Chief Clerk, Savery's desire "to establish generally the idea of his being particularly favoured by the Government of this Colony, through which he might hope to receive a countenance from the Public, which in ordinary circumstances he could not expect".

In 1827 Savery was assigned to Captain Bartholomew Boyle Thomas, superintendent of the Van Diemen's Land Establishment, apparently to help him with clerical work. Thomas was to appear in Savery's novel *Quintus Servinton* as Mr. Crecy, the name being taken from Cressy, Thomas's headquarters. (Thomas

himself gave that name to the district in memory of a remote ancestor who was honoured for his prowess at the battle of Crecy.) The Van Diemen's Land Establishment was in fact sometimes called the Cressy Company.

Thomas, a retired officer of the Enniskillen Dragoons, had served in the Bolivian War under Bolivar. In England he and five others formed a partnership to breed bloodstock in New South Wales or Tasmania. He arrived in Hobart on 3 May 1826, investigated the possibilities of New South Wales, and decided on Tasmania. For one reason and another the project did not prosper as rapidly as the partners in England expected, and Thomas resigned his position as superintendent at the end of 1827. Much acrimony was aroused, and an investigation into the affairs of the company was held, but Savery and Thomas were exonerated of any charge of dubious practices.

Thomas later took up land on his own account. A humane man, he was one of those who attempted to make friends with the Tasmanian aborigines. Despite these efforts his hut at Great Western Lagoon was attacked in the winter of 1827 and he himself, as a result of his excessive trust in the friendliness of the aborigines, met his death at their hands. At the end of August 1831, he and a small crew took a boat carrying goods from Launceston to Port Sorell Creek. There they beached it on account of the weather, and decided to transport the goods by cart to the farm, some five miles distant. Thomas and his overseer, James Parker, went to the farm to arrange for a cart, and on the way back saw some aborigines, two of whom the crew said that they had caught in the tent searching for food. These offered to lead Thomas to a tribe nearby. Despite remonstrances from his crew, he decided to go unarmed, though accompanied by the loyal and insistent Parker. They went two miles into the bush, met the tribe, and then after some cordial speech began their return. On the way back one aborigine snatched at Parker's gun while another speared him. Thomas fled, was overtaken, and was speared likewise. This occurred on either 31 August or 1 September. Nearly a fortnight later, when investigations were proceeding, an aboriginal woman led a party to the scene of the killing and the details of the tragedy were made known. Thomas was, with the exception of the editor Henry Melville, probably the closest friend Savery had in the colony.

Early in 1828 Lieutenant-Governor Arthur, discovering that Savery had not been employed by the Colonial Auditor for some months, demanded an explanation. He was told, after inquiries had been made, that a piece of wood had fallen on Savery's finger

and that the Assistant Colonial Surgeon considered the hand might be lost if it were used. Savery, however, could still be of value without the use of his hand, and a settler, George Cartwright, asked for his services as assistant to an overseer. Savery's relations with Cartwright are not quite clear, but a Land Return for May 1828 seems to show that he was renting 1,000 acres in the Caledon district of Richmond, which were owned by Cartwright and were cultivated under a free overseer. Another Return of July 1830 shows that one John Reeves had in 1824 rented a farm at Craw Fish Point from Cartwright, and then two years before this Return (i.e. in 1828) had given it up to Savery for an acceptance of £48.

Reading the old records, one begins to feel after a time that, wherever Savery began even obviously innocent operations, there an uneasy situation was likely sooner or later to develop. But of all the vicissitudes he suffered before his last calamity crushed him, the greatest, ironically enough, arose from the fervently desired and long-awaited arrival of his wife. He applied for and received permission for her to come; Mrs. Savery prevailed upon her parents; and accordingly she embarked on the *Jessie Lawson*, which at the end of December 1827 left the Thames to put in at Plymouth. About midnight of 12 January the most violent storm in living memory struck the south coast of England. At two o'clock the next morning the *Jessie Lawson* parted her cables, was driven onto the rocks in Mount Batten Bay, and broke her back — one of thirteen ships driven on shore. By some miracle the passengers were saved, and Mrs. Savery returned to her family. Undeterred by this frightful experience she set out again some months later, this time on the *Henry Wellesley*. Her parents entrusted her to the charge of Algermon Montagu, a man a few years her junior, who was coming to Van Diemen's Land to take up the post of Attorney General.

What their relationships were will probably never be known for certain. Married in 1815, Mrs. Savery was nineteen at the time; so that in 1828 she was thirty-two. She had with her a son aged twelve. Presumably attractive, since she could engage the devotion of so volatile a man as Henry Savery, she would be in full bloom. She had not seen her husband for over three years. Thrown constantly for about four months into the company of a young and striking man like Montagu, who was going out to the colony to take up a responsible position, she might easily have become attracted to him. Montagu, though presumably rendered cautious by his legal training and the future possibilities of the situation, was inclined to be emotionally unstable.

There are no facts available, but to make up for the lack. As late as 18 *and Queries* (14 November) about *Servinton*, comments:

One fact in Savary's (*sic*) career is not its point at a subsequent date, was fre dalous gossip of Hobart Town; and I r one or other of the sensational novelists passenger who seduced Mrs. Savary was whether he was not coming out to the bench which .at any rate he afterwards to pass upon Savary his second sentence

This J. B. was almost certainly who after coming out from England Adelaide and then to Victoria in t sober historian, he here makes as taken in its limited modern sense — f but only rumour.

What we are justified in asserting must have been evident to her bet There seems little doubt that Saver misleading account of his position. V of October she was to find him stil ticket-of-leave. Presumably they qua heard garbled accounts of her attritu deferred, and now a fulfilment that — it was overmuch for a man of Sav On the evening of Friday, 7 Novemt suicide by cutting his throat. Luckily event — medical aid was at hand. Dr. who had arrived in Van Diemen's I children on the *Cumberland* (24 J (1825) as Savery, attended the wound

Mrs. Savery seems at first to have there is extant a notation by Arthur servant assigned to her if she wishes. vict there were few prospects for l addition a writ for debt, which h; husband's head for some weeks, now ment. Three months later, about th she set sail on the *Sarah*. Savery was :

He was released after fifteen month 1830. Enforced inactivity in busines him on his own inner resources, and

result was the sketches of life and characters in Hobart and the countryside that comprise *The Hermit in Van Diemen's Land*. Thirty in all, they appeared in Andrew Bent's *Colonial Times* from 5 June to 25 December under the pen-name of Simon Stukeley. Their real authorship was a closely guarded secret, for by an official order (No. 41, of 9 July 1828) convicts were forbidden to write for the press. Indeed, but for Henry Melville, Savery's second publisher, it is possible that Savery might still be unrecognized as the author. In the British Museum copy of *The Hermit* a page has been inserted on which Melville wrote an account of the business. This note, reproduced in facsimile in this reprint, runs:

Henry Savery a merchant of Bristol was about the year 1825 transported for forgery and was a crown prisoner when in jail in 1829. In the same jail in Hobart Town was Thomas Wells incarcerated for common debt. Savery wrote all the *Hermit* and Wells copied for the printer. At that time if the authorities knew that a prisoner wrote for the press the punishment was transportation to the penal establishment of Macquarie Harbour. Hence arose the mystery about the authorship of the *Hermit*! I believe all the parties mentioned except myself are in spirit land. On obtaining his ticket of leave Savery became a great Agriculturalist and failed. He again committed forgery and was sent to the penal settlement of Port Arthur where he destroyed his life by cutting his own throat. He was the author of Quintus Servinton of which he is the hero. The undersigned printed the work and was at the time the editor, printer & proprietor of the *Colonial Times* Newspaper. The writing page 141 is that of Andrew Bent from whom the undersigned bought the *Colonial Times* and printing establishment in 1829.

HENRY MELVILLE

Nov. 1869.

This is considered authoritative, coming as it does from a man who was both Savery's friend and publisher. In the same copy of *The Hermit* another note, by a person unknown, also reproduced in this volume, offers an alternative author, the Thomas Wells mentioned above.

1st Book printed in Tasmania
Mr Wells

wrote this while in Jail for Debt at Hob^t Town, against the Lawyers & Barristers, but principally against Butler Pitcairn & John Dunn — a Verdict of £50 was obtained by Pitcairn against the publisher (Bent) for Libel.

See the names at margin of the leaves.

The handwriting is not that of Wells, and in the face of Melville's assertion this claim is generally discredited. One may comment,

in addition, on the general unreliability of this second note by saying that *The Hermit*, though the first book of sketches or essays, was not the "1st Book printed in Tasmania", and that the verdict was not £50 but £80.

The individual essays were collected in a volume and published in 1830 by Andrew Bent. *The Colonial Times* for 8 January 1830 announces its publication, price twenty shillings; a week later (15 January) it is stated that publication has been suspended until an action for alleged libel has been disposed of.

The action was held 10 May 1830. *The Tasmanian* in its report said that it was "the first Trial by Jury held here under the new law". Feelings on the rights and wrongs of the matter ran high. The same paper in an editorial, strongly anti-Bent in tone, declared that "a more atrocious, cowardly and abominable attack upon domestic life never disgraced the press of any country". And again:

Can anything more base be imagined than the diabolical attacks therein made upon private life? Were not the personal peculiarities of every person brought forth in those wretched productions as the sole index to the individual intended to be held up to public ridicule or public odium?

Solicitor-General Stephen acted for Butler, the plaintiff, and Gellibrand for Andrew Bent, the defendant. The first libel was the description of the visit to "the man of law" (No. 12, August 21, 1829), the second the visit of Dr. Crowther to Butler, the third an article from Loo Choo.

Of the five counts on which the jury were asked to decide, Bent was found guilty on four, innocent on one. The damages were assessed at £80. As *The Tasmanian* puts it:

It is understood that so much difference of opinion prevailed in the Jury on Mr. Butler's case, and so little likelihood of unanimity, that a verdict was obtained by a sort of arithmetical calculation. Each Juror wrote upon paper the amount of damages he was for giving, the whole was cast up and divided by 12, which gave the gross amount, which was then apportioned to each libel . . . This is a novel method of Adjudication.

The results of this law-suit might be thought fatal to the publication of *The Hermit*; but it was apparently released, perhaps surreptitiously, some time later in the year. It soon became a rarity: today only about four or five complete copies of the little volume are known to be extant.

Savery's Preface acknowledges *The Hermit in London* as the model for the title of his sketches. In full it ran: *The Hermit in*

London; or, *Sketches of English Manners*. Originally these appeared in *The Literary Gazette* (1819-20), and were later published in three volumes in 1821, containing eighty-two essays. Some are abstract and didactic treatments (*Killing Time, Economy*), some are anecdotes (*The Romance, New Inmates*), others are descriptions (*Hyde Park on a Sunday*).

The author is generally acknowledged to be Captain Felix McDonough or MacDonogh, a fairly voluminous writer who also produced *The Hermit in the Country, The Hermit Abroad, The Wandering Hermit*, and possibly *The Hermit in Edinburgh*. He prefixed an introduction to the three-volume edition of *The Hermit in London*, which opens:

It was remarked by my immortal predecessor, the Spectator, that a reader seldom perused a book with pleasure, until he knew whether the writer of it was a black or a fair man; of a mild or choleric disposition; married or a bachelor . . .

and concludes:

Whilst the fashionable novels (for, alas! nothing is so fashionable as scandal) are hewing away, à l'Indienne, on every side, and cutting up, not only public, but private characters; it is the intention of the following pages to pursue an entirely different plan, namely, to strike at the folly, without wounding the individual — to give the very sketch and scene, but to spare the actor in each; so that, upon every occasion, personality will be most sedulously avoided: to blend the useful with the laughable, and to cheat care of as many moments as possible, being the chief and favourite views of

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

It is interesting to note that McDonough might well have been, like Savery, a transported felon. On Tuesday, 20 July 1824, he and his son, who went under the name of Henry Druid, were tried at the Old Bailey for stealing on 30 June a pocket book, containing banknotes to the value of £65, the property of Thomas Weaver of Abingdon. As there was considerable doubt whether the pocket book did contain any money, and as a witness swore that Weaver was regarded in Abingdon as a notorious liar, a verdict of Not Guilty was returned.

McDonough died in May or June 1836. The brief obituary in *The Gentlemen's Magazine* (June 1836) says he was

a man of quick observation, considerable talent, and gentlemanly demeanour; though, latterly steeped in poverty, he had dragged on existence as a "bookseller's hack".

If McDonough's *Hermit in London* served, on Savery's own admission, as the model for the title, *The Hermit in Van Die-*

men's Land, what then was the original of the *nom de plume* that he adopted? The only reference I can find occurs as a footnote to pages 172-3 in West's *History of Tasmania* (1852). It runs:

The original Simon Stukely was a quaker, who went to Turkey with an intention of converting the Grand Turk: he narrowly escaped decapitation, by the interposition of the English ambassador. He was afterwards confined in an asylum: in answer to inquiries how he came there, he replied — "I said the world was mad, and the world said I was mad; and they out-voted me."

This altogether delightful anecdote, with its eighteenth century flavour of eccentricity, set me searching for further particulars of Stukeley. But after long and frustrating inquiry, I have been able to find nothing more. The Library of Congress, for instance, has no record of any Simon Stukeley. Even the great source materials of Quakerism at Swarthmore College in Pennsylvania and at Friends House in London contain no reference to him. Such missionary travels to Turkey, however, cannot have been uncommon. W. C. Braithwaite's *Beginnings of Quakerism* (1955) gives an account of six persons (three men and three women) who gave Sir Thomas Bendish, the English Ambassador at Constantinople, some trouble in 1658. Bendish writes on 24 July 1658:

'Nor are all our troubles from without us: some are, as I may say, from amongst us and from within us, occasioned by a generation of people crept in unawares called Quakers, three whereof not long since arrived here from Zante by way of the Morea, whom I suffered with tenderness so long as their comportment was offenceless, but when, at length, becoming scandalous to our nation and religion . . . and insufferable also by reason of this disturbances of our Divine exercises and several notorious contempts of me and my authority, I friendly warned them to return, which the two women did quietly, but John Buckley refusing, I was constrained to ship him hence upon the *Lewis*.' (Thurloe, State Papers, vii, 287.)

The Information Division of the New York Public Library think it likely that this was the origin of the Stukeley story, and that *Buckley* in a garbled version might have become *Stukeley*. This is barely possible, of course; but West was a careful historian and was not apt to state what he could not confirm. And the theory, in any case, does not account for the asylum incident.

After his release in March 1830 Savery was assigned to Major Macintosh in the New Norfolk district. It was then, and perhaps earlier during his months of imprisonment, that he wrote his autobiographical novel, *Quintus Servinton*. The *Quintus*, we have seen, came from his conception of himself as the fifth son;

the *Servinton* from the connection of marriage of his family with the more nobly-born Servingtons. It appeared in 1831. The Tasmanian papers announced in January of that year that it was in the press and was shortly to appear in three volumes octavo, price 18s.

It was published anonymously. It is likely enough that its autobiographical details would have made its authorship clear, certainly in this century of literary and historical delving. But any doubts were settled long since by its printer, Henry Melville. His note in the British Museum copy of *The Hermit* (referred to earlier) contains a statement that Savery was the author of the novel as well.

Quintus Servinton is as rare as *The Hermit*, only four or five sets of the three little volumes being known. Even the British Museum has no copy. And yet, though published in Tasmania, it was more likely to be found in England. *The Hobart Town Courier* (22 January 1831), announcing its forthcoming publication, adds the following notation:

As this work is printed expressly for transmission to England, a very few copies only will be reserved for sale in this colony; early application will therefore be necessary.

The copies available to the colonists must indeed have been few. Before the end of the century, in fact by the sixties, the book was no longer obtainable in Australia. Marcus Clarke, writing to *Notes and Queries* (7 March 1874) from the Public Library, Melbourne, says:

Though having every opportunity for collecting books published in the Australasian Colonies, I have failed to meet with this one. Can any of your readers aid me to procure a copy?

The J. B. (James Bonwick) who wrote to *Notes and Queries* in 1868 about the authorship of the book and about the relationships of Algernon Montagu and Mrs. Savery also bears witness to its rarity, declaring that

in a twenty-seven years' residence in Australia, during which I have been an inveterate book-hunter, I only remember one copy, and it is over twenty years since I fell in with and read that.

The novel was reviewed in Australia by the *Hobart Town Courier*, which declared that "it is very far from being discreditable to us as a first production of the kind in these remote regions". It attracted some attention also in England: Morris Miller notes a review in *La Belle Assemblée* (April 1832), and Laurie Hergenthan one in *The Athenaeum* (January 1832).

Both 1831 and 1832 were tolerably good years for Savery, the first for the publication of his novel, even though knowledge of its authorship must have been confined to a limited number of readers; the second for the granting of his ticket-of-leave. He applied in January 1832 and submitted over seventy testimonials. The ticket was granted to him on 5 June.

In both years he seems, despite the official injunction against writing by convicts, to have done some work for his friend, Henry Melville. In 1831 he contributed to the *Van Diemen's Land Almanack*. In 1832, as an assistant to Henry Melville on *The Tasmanian*, Savery on one occasion spoke up for his friend in verse. *The Hobart Town Courier* complained that Melville had reprinted articles and pieces of information (market prices and the like) without acknowledgment. Its editor handed Melville a remonstrance:

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TASMANIAN.

Sir,—Sensible as I am of the honour you do me in occasionally transferring a portion of my paragraphs into your columns, I should esteem it an additional favour if in doing so you would observe the usual practice of contemporary journalists, of at the same time acknowledging the source from which they are derived. I am Sir,

Your obedient Servant,
THE EDITOR OF THE COURIER.

A few days later *The Courier* received "the following poetry in reply from Mr. Savery", and printed it in its issue of 31 August 1832:

Says the Courier to *Tas*, good Sir, let me beg
The next time you mention the finding a leg,
Or a man has been killed, or a woman run o'er
Or a child burnt to death, with many things more
Of the same sort, for instance, the weather is fine
Or people get drunk when they drink too much wine,
Or the snow is all thawed, and the young grass is growing,
Or the moon is at change, and strong west winds are blowing,
Or that murphies are scarce, or corn rather lower,
Thus scarcely repaying the farmer or grower,
You will let to your readers, the fact plain appear,
That you gather the whole from my far famed Courier.
Zounds! is it not known that no one but I,
Can things of this sort, ever hear or espy?
How should you Sir, or any one else, I pray know,
What people are doing, whence they come, or where go,
If it were not for me? I alone hold dominion,
O'er events of this sort, in the public opinion.
Cries poor *Tas* in reply, the honour that's due,

God forbid that I ever should rob, Sir, from you.
 All the world knows full well, that your main stay or forte,
 Lies in neat little paragraphs, just of the sort,
 That I sometimes use too — 'tis thus no surprise,
 That whene'er they appear, you regard them with eyes
 As much as to say, "These are mine that I see,"
 "That sad naughty *Tas* has robbed them from me."
 When in truth Sir, the case stands, 'tis mere facts that I state,
 And the events of the week, as they happen, relate.
 Good Sir, then I hope you'll be pleased to excuse
 My continuing as ever, to give all the news,
 That I'm furnished withal by my scouts through the town,
 Nor regard it as property wholly your own.
 Aug. 23, 1832.

This is the reasonably witty but not very dexterous verse that an educated man of the period might be expected to furnish when occasion demanded.

In 1833 the sequence of fortune was broken and he suffered a temporary setback, losing his ticket-of-leave through no fault of his own. In the temporary absence of Melville, printer of *The Tasmanian*, Savery apparently supervised publication. A review of a pamphlet by an ex-magistrate, James Gordon, appeared in the paper, commenting adversely on his character. Gordon, now hostile to the official party, brought an action against Savery, citing Order 41 (which forbade convicts to write for newspapers) in the hope of showing that officialdom applied the said Order only when it suited their own purposes. This plan of Gordon's was, it is almost certain, treacherously revealed to the authorities by his own lawyer. Gordon suffered at the hands of the Executive Council in consequence, and Savery lost his ticket-of-leave. It was restored some months later.

For the next five or six years the history of his activities is intermittent. He had been a business man in England, and in the first year or two in Tasmania he preserved the same interests. But he soon developed an ardent concern for agriculture. He supervised farms, he rented them, he developed them. His contributions to Melville's *Almanack* were probably the gardening notes. He wrote two letters to Arthur offering advice on the latter's farm near The Lawn, in the New Norfolk area. And yet it is probable, though conclusive evidence is lacking, that this innocent bucolic turn was the cause, however indirect, of his final disaster. He never overcame his besetting weakness, that of biting off more than he could chew. He undertook the cultivation or reclamation of holdings that were beyond him, and plunged

deeper into commitments that he was incapable of meeting. He entered on lawsuits, some of which were concerned with land, while others were begun against him. His debts accumulated until it must have been obvious to him that bankruptcy was imminent. Desperately the wretched man resorted to the practice that had been the first cause of his ruin — he forged notes.

As one reads the records the question arises whether this ultimate step was inevitable. Savery had, for example, experienced some measure of success, and in March 1838 he received a conditional pardon. He had one or two convicts at his disposal as assigned servants. His difficulty, we may guess, was that he simply did not know where to stop — or could not bear to stop. He must have possessed a strong element of the gambler in his temperament.

But whatever the motives, the deed was done, the deception became public knowledge, and Savery was arrested on 29 September 1840. His trial took place a month later, 29 October, before the same Algernon Montagu who had accompanied Mrs. Savery on her voyage out to Van Diemen's Land. Savery was found guilty, and Montagu saw fit to pass upon his character. A passage from *Quintus Servinton* (Volume III, Chapter 9) may be relevant here. Quintus is commenting on Malvers' treatment of him when Malvers and Emily arrived in the Colony:

One of his ideas seemed to be that, Emily was much too good for the man she had married.

This has the ring of probability and actuality about it. It represents not only what Malvers felt about Servinton but also what Montagu felt about Savery. In addition, Montagu must surely have known that Savery had written the novel, a work in which the young judge, however mildly depicted as Malvers, does not always appear to advantage. The resentment of a man with a long memory was now to be given a freedom that the law permitted and even approved. Montagu, then, could feel himself fully confirmed in the poor opinion he had formed years earlier of the prisoner who now stood before him. It requires no imagination to detect unction in the words that he uttered in condemning Savery:

"It is well known, that you are a man of talent, and of extensive information; but it is my duty to inform you, that I can hold out no hope to you of returning again to the settled districts of this colony, unless you exhibit the most decided marks of reformation. I will not, however, so far stultify myself as to suppose that such reformation will be shown by you."

Such comments were customary with Montagu. Here, one feels, he might for once have refrained. He had been Mrs. Savery's protector on the journey out from England, and had known of the quarrel and the parting. To add reprobation to the lot of the wretched Savery was surely too much.

But Montagu had always lacked tact and self-control. Coming to Van Diemen's Land as Attorney General, he was gazetted Puisne Judge on 1 February 1833. His career of acrimony and abuse and quarrelling was well known to all. Passionate and eccentric, he spent lavishly and fell into debt under circumstances that were not always to his credit. At last, after investigations had been made into his conduct and his affairs, he was removed from the Bench at the very end of 1847 by the Lieutenant-Governor and the Executive Council. A character sketch of him is found in a notice in *The Hobart Town Courier* of 5 January 1848:

He moved in an eccentric orbit; and if he terrified by those motions, he occasionally delighted us by the brilliant light which he cast around his path. Fresh, vigorous, and original, his intellect always commanded respect and not unfrequently admiration. Nature and natural scenery had from the earliest infancy imparted to his mind a wild and vigorous cast but he did not check its luxuriance.

Savery was condemned for life to Port Arthur, the grim prison on Tasman's Peninsula. The daily rations for its convicts at that period were: one and three-quarter pounds of flour, half a pound of potatoes or one pound of green vegetables, three-quarters of a pound of fresh or salt beef or half a pound of salt pork, half an ounce of salt, and half an ounce of soap.

About fifteen months later, early in 1842, Savery was among the first of the eighteen prisoners who died that year at Port Arthur.

His death still presents a puzzle.* The note by Henry Melville in the British Museum copy of *The Hermit in Van Diemen's Land*, reproduced in this volume, contains the laconic statement that Savery "was sent to the penal settlement of Port Arthur where he destroyed his life by cutting his own throat". This seems definite enough; and we should now certainly believe this account but for David Burn, the first Australian dramatist.

On January 6 1842 Burn embarked at Hobart with a few others on the schooner *Eliza* for a tour of Port Arthur. On Sunday, January 9, he saw Savery. Here are the relevant parts of Burn's story:

* The six paragraphs that follow are, by permission of the Jacaranda Press, reprinted from my introduction to *Quintus Servinton* (1962).

From the cells we went to the hospital, where we had a signal opportunity of drawing a wholesome moral from the sad—the miserable consequences of crime. There, upon a stretcher, lay Henry Savary (*sic*), the once celebrated Bristol sugar-baker—a man upon whose birth Fortune smiled propitious, whose family and kindred moved in the very first circles, and who himself occupied no inconsiderable place in his fellow-citizens' esteem.

Burn goes on to give an outline sketch of Savery's trial and his life in Van Diemen's Land, where eventually he was

... subjected to the ordeal of Port Arthur. There he experienced a shock of paralysis, and there ere long, in all human probability, the misguided man will terminate his wretched career.

It has been said by the slanderers of the Colony that vice makes converts. I would that my ancient antagonist, His Grace of Dublin, or even his ally of the *Colonial Gazette*, could have stood, as I did, by Savary's pallet—could have witnessed the scarce-healed wound of his attenuated throat—the lack-lustre glare of his hollow eye; I think even they would have felt inclined to doubt the syren's blandishments. Knowing, as I once did at Bristol, some of Savary's wealthy, dashing, gay associates, I could not contemplate the miserable felon before me without sentiments of the deepest compassion mingled with horror and awe. There he lay, a sad—a solemn warning.

All this occurred only a month before Savery's death. He died on 6 February 1842, and was buried two days later by the Wesleyan minister at Port Arthur, the Rev. John Allen Manton, whose notebook has the entry:

Tuesday February 8th. Today I have committed to the grave the remains of Henry Savery, a son of one of the first bankers in Bristol, but his end was without honour.

There are a few questions one would like answered. Was Savery still suffering the "shock of paralysis" when Burn saw him, and if so, did he recover from it and cut his throat? It seems unlikely. Again, what does Burn mean by "the scarce-healed wound of his attenuated throat"? Does he mean "lately-healed" or "badly-healed"? If the first, then Savery must have attempted suicide at Port Arthur; if the second, then Burn probably refers to the scar left by the attempt in 1828.

There remains the assertion by Henry Melville that Savery died by cutting his throat. But it should be remembered that in 1869 Melville was writing twenty-seven years after Savery's death. On the other hand Melville was usually accurate. And Dr. Crowther of Hobart has pointed out to me that suicide attempts are often repetitive. Savery made two early attempts—by drowning, by cutting his throat. A third attempt was likely enough.

We are left then with three possibilities: that the "shock of paralysis" was the symptom of a "stroke" that caused his death; that after Burn's visit Savery did cut his throat; that he cut his throat before Burn's visit and that this and some other malady produced his paralysis and later his death. I incline to the first explanation, and think that a lapse of Melville's memory (he was sixty-nine when he wrote the note on Savery) transferred the suicide attempt of 1828 to the Port Arthur period. But this is speculation, and it seems unlikely that we shall ever know for certain.

A biographical sketch of Savery even as brief as the foregoing reveals a man who affords some interesting problems for anyone concerned with the vagaries of character and circumstance. He had his particular weaknesses, and he lived at a time and in circumstances where these weaknesses could work to his ruin. Had any factor been slightly different he might well have been luckier. What may seem a sheer accident of time — his ship delayed by winds, for instance, and his escape frustrated by a bare half-hour — was the sort of thing that could happen to him. Even when the gloom momentarily lightened — his last-minute reprieve, for example — the same element of chance seems to be present. He was, in brief, an ambitious weak charming unlucky man.

But if that were all there was to be said, Savery would remain merely a sort of historical oddity enlivening a footnote to the larger history of our early days. His two volumes, however, give him a stronger claim to be remembered. *Quintus Servinton*, overlong and laborious as some readers may find it, still has its value; it gives a picture of the treatment of the educated convict, and consequently serves as a corrective to a view even now over-prevalent — that of a system where licensed and limitless brutality was meted out to all the victims that it received. The book has in addition its unique claim of priority: it is the first Australian novel.

The Hermit in Van Diemen's Land strengthens Savery's position. It also is a "first", the first book of essays written in Australia. It is an example from a long-established genre — sketches of a land and its people seen through the eyes of a foreign visitor who preserves the pose of the perpetually astonished newcomer. The genre had its beginnings in France late in the seventeenth century, reached its witty and perceptive apex in Montesquieu, and found in England its most playful and humorous exponent in Goldsmith. His *Citizen of the World* gave glimpses of English life seen by an Oriental — a choice conditioned by the contemporary fashion for eastern things, by the obvious advantages of

contrast it afforded, and by the preferences were a product of the East.

For Savery the contrast of viewer sharp: his Hermit was an English Englishman of a certain kind in an five years earlier. In any case, Savery distinctly the pose of the foreigner. I his contrasts and comparisons, but that the Hermit is himself another he is supposed to be aloofly scrutinizing glass. As an educated man, then, S Goldsmith, not so much as a model of of what had been and could be English product of its kind.

The model for his title Savery found *The Hermit in London* of Felix Nively as McDonough, but he follows terms: the person or place, the author's comment — the latter often has less action than McDonough. We his pictures of small groups, and Dickens in an off moment. But obviously, for *Sketches by Boz* was future when Savery was producing may have contributed something to Pierce Egan, whose *Life in London* period. Both also have, as it happens words with a sort of knowing air, private — though not very subtle — Savery is free of Egan's vulgar gust characters and actions base in them. ing models of behaviour. On the whole not so notably individual or distinctive searching for literary forbears or sketches were part of a fashion, they likely enough that other cultivated men written them — or something very likely

The important thing, of course, men did not. As the writer of them what credit may accrue. The sketches document historically important new own period. They give us fairly in and attitudes, and so far as we can, ments in the sketches provide some e

we shall do well to be cautious: when people are shown telling the Hermit that the sketches are widely known and discussed, then we may legitimately qualify the assertions as ones that might easily spring from the vanity of an author. Nevertheless such claims have some weight. Better evidence is seen in the libel suit that was brought against Andrew Bent, the editor and publisher. Either the articles were read or people assumed that they were; for who resents a slander very bitterly which he does not think others have heard of? And again, the leader in *The Tasmanian* spoke of the articles as it would of some public nuisance and threat to private reputation. The figures that appeared in the sketches must have been easily recognized through their thin disguises; indeed for most readers of the time these were probably transparent. The libel suit strongly suggests this. There is one further point: if, as seems probable, many read the sketches, then they must frequently have done so for their scandalous import, for the caricatures of recognizable people, since often that was all that the sketches provided.

In addition to his historical importance Savery has claims, limited though they are, to literary recognition. He was, it is evident from both his volumes, a man with a background of some cultivation. This is apparent in the literary allusions to recognized writers that are plentifully scattered through his pages — Shakespeare the source most frequently quoted. Savery knows and uses the classical myths, and these are not always the most obvious ones. And his Latin quotations are not merely gleanings from a dictionary of quotations. The style in which all these are embedded is that of the moral, formal, rather impersonal writer of the period, the style of a report in *The Times*.

Such possessions by themselves are not going to result in literature. Of other qualities, those that make for force and vividness — effects that one might think minimal requirements for such sketches — Savery has a fair measure. He has for example a good ear for dialogue and turns of speech, for the idiosyncratic phrase that temperament or cast of mind imposes. The two brief but most vivid instances are found in the woman buying her tea and sugar (31 July) and the hearty farmer with his acceptance of brutality (27 November). He is however at his best when he uses, not his ear, but his eye. The favourite object of his satiric gaze is the dress of persons, and he notes with frequent malice the colour and cut and the consequent absurdity. Shape and posture and gait come next, and some of his most entertaining vignettes are of oddities — this, for example, of a Justice:

a duck waddling and sidling through a farm-yard, first looking on one side and then another, casting up its eyes, all the time making a discordant noise, as if to testify its importance. . . .

Indeed most of his best pictures are grotesque. Here he is not very charitable. His claims that it is dandyism or affectation that he is attacking may sometimes convince, but often he can be unkind or even cruel: it is not the satirist that is speaking but the former man of fashion, the person of taste and cultivation, who permits himself the indulgence of a contempt for those without his advantages.

His laughter, then, can be heartless. But on other occasions he is more playful. Sheer rigmarole, especially when he glances at current legal practice, serves some of his most effective strokes. This verve can extend to an exuberant exaggeration. The range of his humour, if not richly deep, is wide enough for his purpose, from wit to a jovial crudity. What it lacks is real penetration on the one hand and nuance on the other. It has a surface and obvious quality that is only seldom tintured by anything suaver. The exceptions — all too few — contain a bland irony and an understatement that is on the verge of subtlety.

His most individual and endearing trait is his interest in things that are growing. There is no evidence about any farming interests he may have had in England, but we know that he was devoted to agriculture in Tasmania after he received his ticket-of-leave. This interest appears in many of the sketches. His heart warms at the sight of cultivated fields, of goodly trees, of a fine estate well managed: he was a farming squire at heart. And he loves good buildings and good workmanship in stone. Colonial scenes he nearly always compares with those he has known in England, scenes that were dear to him perhaps because they were now irremediably lost. This note of nostalgia, frequent in our early writing, appears also when he talks of streets or buildings. The longing of the exile is glimpsed behind the mask of the satiric observer. And he was, perhaps because of memories of English songsters, one of the earliest of the long train of commentators — whose strictures culminated in Marcus Clarke's famous preface to Gordon's poems in 1876 — who found melody in so few birds in the alien land at the Antipodes.

It would be critical folly to claim much more than this for Savery as a literary artist. Indeed as much, though in different form, can be claimed for some forgotten observers of the English scene — Felix McDonough for one. But it is reasonable to think that many readers of Savery's two works, each an Australian

pioneer in its kind, may now find in them an interest and a flavour that will establish their author in a rather larger niche in our literature than he has hitherto occupied.

Perhaps it may be in the recollection of the London publications, under the title of *London*. We have great pleasure in the younger brother of this family has learned, and, having acquired, almost intuition upon the general state of the Characters of our little community, adapt his observations to such a shape as the eye of the Public.

With this short preface, we introduce our numerous readers to the acquaintance of our numerous readers for himself.

pioneer in its kind, may now find in them an interest and a flavour that will establish their author in a rather larger niche in our literature than he has hitherto occupied.

Preface

Perhaps it may be in the recollection of some portion of our readers, that a few years ago, a series of numbers appeared in one of the London publications, under the title of "*The Hermit in London.*" We have great pleasure in acquainting them, that a younger brother of this family has lately arrived in the Colony; and, having acquired, almost intuitively, considerable information upon the general state of Manners, Society, and Public Characters of our little community, has partially promised to adapt his observations to such a shape, as shall fit them to meet the eye of the Public.

With this short preface, we introduce our Contributor to the acquaintance of our numerous readers, and leave him to speak for himself.

Author's Preface

The object of the Essays which are compiled in this small Volume, is to impart information upon the state of manners and society in the Colony of Van Diemen's Land; to hold up to deserved ridicule, some of the vices and follies by which they are distinguished; to present a mirror wherein good qualities are exhibited, the possession of which is not always acknowledged — in a word, to present a picture of this infant state, which, it is hoped, may prove interesting as well as instructive, not only to its own component Members, but to the general Reader.

The Author has endeavoured to avoid any expressions which might be calculated to cause pain to a single individual — his aim has been “to lash the vice, but spare the name;” and he will be sufficiently rewarded, if, in addition to the notice which his few first essays have already attracted, and which has induced him to re-publish them in this form, he should witness that they produce the good effects, the hope of which originated their publication.

The Hermit in Van Diemen's Land

No. 1. HOBART TOWN, JUNE 5, 1829

"There is not in the world a greater error than that which fools are so apt to fall into, and knaves with good reason to encourage, the mistaking a satirist for a libeller; whereas to a true satirist nothing is so odious as a libeller; for the same reason as to a man truly virtuous, nothing is so hateful as a hypocrite."—POPE.

Notwithstanding all modest men naturally feel a certain degree of diffidence when speaking of themselves, a courtesy which is due to the world, requires that a person who makes his first appearance in a given character, should say something of the pretences whereon he claims attention. Know then, most courteous reader, that he who this day addresses you, is derived from the ancient stock of the Stukeleys, of the West Riding of Yorkshire, a race "whose men were always brave, and women ever fair." Early disappointments of a tender nature led to a seclusion from the noise and discord of a busy world, at the very morning of my existence, and induced a retirement, from whence I could learn much, but said nothing. The fame of this distant Island having, however, reached my abode of privacy, and rumour having represented it as a place which was well adapted to my acquired habits and inclinations, I determined to judge of it for myself; and, changing the disguise which I had long worn, for a fashionable suit by Stultze, boots by Hoby, and hat by Bicknell, I took my passage by one of the vessels which were advertised to sail positively on the tenth of the coming month, being the seventh *positively* already announced, and destined to be succeeded by three others ere we departed. At length setting sail, and patiently enduring the usual ills of a long voyage, I put my foot upon Terra Firma a few weeks ago, and immediately re-exchanging my west-end fashionables, for the Hermit's gown, slippers, and cap, I set about making my observations — but how have I been altogether deceived!

It was not necessary for me to wait the approach to this hemisphere, before I found that a ship load of passengers was another term for quarrelling, contention, and strife — that those who would be peaceable, had scarcely an opportunity afforded them of following the bent of their inclinations — those who were viciously disposed, had abundant aiders, encouragers, and supporters — those who were virtuous, could scarcely escape calumny and detraction. Ah! thought I, as I witnessed scenes, to which I had long been unaccustomed, as I heard language, calculated to stir up anger, or to inflame the passions and corrupt the mind, when I shall reach my destined shore all this will be over; I shall see only, primitive habits and manners — I shall mix with a population, who either not having found Old England good enough for them, must themselves be the purest of the pure, or who having been purified of their sins by punishment, must now have repented, and upon the principle, that a reformed rake makes the best husband, have become the most virtuous of the virtuous! But let no man who may chance to peruse the record of my disappointment, ever more presume to indulge in fairy hopes and dreams. It is for the good of all, who, like myself, are of a sanguine and yet a charitable temperament, that I have determined to commit my thoughts and observations to paper; but as the routine of certain official forms has placed me already, though so recently arrived, in all stages of public business, from the audience room of His Excellency, to the Prisoners' Barracks, as either under my real character or in my disguise, I have mixed in all societies, from the drawing-room at Government-house to the tap-room of the Macquarie Hotel; and, as I have been present in the Courts of Law, and incog. have witnessed the alternate petulance, firmness, sparring, and cutting between the lawyers, who, scissors-like ne'er hurt themselves, but only what's between — have therein also greatly admired the sudden transition between grotesque gravity and "*inimitable humour*" — have noticed the mode of conducting commercial affairs, so unlike what is practised at home, and have in a word, been grievously disappointed in the Utopian picture I had formed, I think myself qualified to impart my thoughts to the world; and having said thus much for the present, may perhaps make my second appearance this day week. In the interim, I say to all those who have honoured me, by having perused what I have now written, that I am their most obedient servant,

SIMON STUKELEY.

No. 2. HOBART TOWN, JUNE 12, 1829

It was a remarkably fine clear day when I landed from the ship on the Wharf. What was my surprise, to observe the large handsome stone buildings, into which, porters were busily engaged rolling casks and other packages, and at several civil looking well dressed young men, who were standing with pens behind their ears, and memorandum books in their hands, paying the most diligent attention to what was going on. A number of other persons formed little knots or circles; and the halloeing of ferrymen, the cracking of whips, and the vociferation of carters, struck me as creating altogether, a scene of bustle and activity, which indeed I had little expected. For the moment it occurred to me, that our Captain, in the hurry and confusion which the quarrels on board had occasioned, has missed his reckoning, and had made a wrong port; and accordingly seeing a fat, portly, sleek-looking, apparently good-humoured Gentleman¹ approaching, I enquired of him, with an apology, in what place I was? — Judging from my manner and appearance that I must be a stranger, he very civilly replied, that I was in Hobart Town, the capital of Van Diemen's Land, adding, "Perhaps, Sir, you would like to walk into our Commercial Room, to which I can introduce you." I then accompanied my new acquaintance up a flight of stone steps into a rather elegantly fitted-up room, in which were three or four plainly dressed Gentlemen reading Newspapers. One of them, who appeared bordering upon sixty, wore spectacles, and had a considerable degree of eagerness in his manner,² rose upon my entrance, and addressed me, "Just from England, eh, Sir? What news, Sir, when you left? The Colony is much talked of at home, Sir. Suppose you heard of our Association, but things are not now as they used to be." Before I could make a reply, he offered me a Newspaper, farther acquainting me, that the town maintained three such publications; one of which, said he, is so dull and prosy, that nobody reads it; another has lately been at death's door, owing to some Government regulations, but has now, Phoenix-like, risen with redoubled splendour; and the other is made up of short paragraphs and country letters written in town, but commands an extensive circulation. I expressed my thanks for the information, and for my courteous reception, and mentally wondering at a commodious Wharf, fine Stone-buildings, a Chamber of Commerce, and three Newspapers, felt that so many other things, to be in character, must still await my attention, that I made my bow to the company, and proceeded on my tour through the town. The fat portly Gentleman was

my companion to the end of the Wharf, and then, with a true John Bull air and manner, left me, and turned into one of the stone warehouses.

How great was my astonishment, at the magnificent straight line of street, extending apparently for more than a mile, by which my sight was greeted upon leaving the Quay. I could scarcely credit my senses, that I was in a town, which is only as it were of yesterday. As I proceeded along, my surprise was increased by seeing other fine streets, meeting at right angles, the one by which I was walking towards a handsome brick church, with a steeple like the extinguisher upon a flat candlestick, my left being flanked by well laid out gardens and shrubberies, in the centre of which stood the Governor's residence; and every here and there, the right being ornamented by large two story brick or stone houses. The church door happening to be open, I took the opportunity of judging of its interior, and I could almost have fancied myself in one of the modern churches of the metropolis of the world. Such regular well-arranged pews, so beautifully a finished pulpit and reading desk, made of wood, which I at first thought was Spanish mahogany, quite astonished me; upon a nearer examination, however, and upon enquiry of a man who was dusting the aisles, I learnt that it was the produce of a tree, indigenous to the Colony, known by the name of Myrtle. While I was thus employing myself, a Gentleman wearing a Clerical hat,³ approached, and with much affability of manner, addressed me as a stranger, and gave me some general information respecting the religious institutions of the place. He had a lisp in his speech, which was by no means disagreeable, and his well cased ribs bore evident marks that, whatever other doctrines he might preach, that of fasting was not one upon which he laid much stress, at least in its practice. He acquainted me, that independent of the congregations belonging to this large Church, a Presbyterian Chapel, a Roman Catholic Chapel, and a Wesleyan Meeting House, were each well attended every Sunday, and it gave me great pleasure afterwards to be told of this Gentleman, as he himself had beautifully expressed of his brother labourers in the vineyard, that in their lives and conduct the religion they all professed received its brightest ornament — that they each made a well formed cornerstone of the superstructure they supported. Oh! thought I, this must be the effect of a virtuous and industrious population. Arts, architecture, literature, religion, and commerce must here thrive so well, because so many excellent people, for whom Old England was not good enough, have congregated, and because so many others have been cleansed of their

sins, and are now restored to innocence. Happy people, and thrice happy Simon Stukeley, to have left your retirement, to come among them! — Everything seemed indeed greatly superior to my expectations. Well dressed and elegant Ladies were promenading one street, well mounted Equestrians were galloping along another, respectably attired Pedestrians helped to add to the scene, which was still more enlivened by the relief-guard of the Military as it approached the Main-guard House from the Barracks, and by the rapid passing and re-passing of gigs, carts, and other wheel vehicles. I was completely in a reverie, scarcely knowing through which street I would perambulate, or which object best claimed my attention. The entire absence of all beggars, or indigent persons, added to my wonder, but after a little reflection, I accounted for it in my own mind, by considering that as all the inhabitants were either pure or purified, it was quite of a piece with their religion and virtue to be charitable, this being the brightest of the cardinal gems. I continued my walk for a long time, each moment more astonished than before at the progress which had been made in laying out and building the town — at the excellent shops in the different streets — at the wide well macadamised thoroughfares, and their convenient causeways, and at a hundred other matters which excited my admiration, until I found myself in a quarter of the town situated on an eminence at some distance from the Church, and where the houses and inhabitants seemed rather of an inferior description to those I had before seen. In their manners and style of conversation, upon the different subjects, respecting which I interrogated them, they exhibited however all the easy confidence of virtue. The calls of my appetite now warned me that the day was fast waning, and I applied my hand to my fob to ascertain the hour, when to my utter dismay I found that one of Hawley's best gold watches, with which I had provided myself previous to my departure from England, was missing. To have lost it in any other manner than by accident, did not cross my mind for an instant, and I pictured to myself what delight would be the portion of him who had found it, when he should know to whom it was to be restored, and therefore pursued my journey to the Macquarie Hotel, with the view of taking up my quarters there, and obtaining some refreshment.

Having knocked at the door, it was opened by a smart dapper waiter, who ushered me into a large and well-furnished room, which I had scarcely entered before the Landlord,⁸⁹ an obliging well-behaved man, paid his respects and enquired what I pleased to order. Upon my telling him that I was exceedingly hungry,

he said that if I should not object to dine in a public room, dinner was now serving up, and that the company who were there, were all very respectable. I used to like table d'hote dinners before my seclusion from the world, and the idea now pleased me. Accordingly, I followed my host into the opposite room, in which were the Landlady, whose appearance and manners were greatly in her favour, and four visitors. They were all men well informed, and of lively conversation, and as I am ever a good listener, I brought this quality into full play on the occasion, carefully noting all that passed. It would be tedious to repeat what I then learned; one thing, however, I discovered to my sorrow, that my ideas of purity and virtue were like snow before the sun — beautiful, but easily dispelled, and that most probably my chronometer and I had parted company for ever. I determined however to make my loss the subject of a visit next morning to the Police-office. Ruminating upon the events of the day, and full of reflections at what I had heard and seen, I retired to my pillow, and being weary both in body and mind, was soon in the arms of Morpheus.

Amongst my plans for the succeeding day, I had purposed paying my respects at Government-house. Perhaps the result of my visit, as well there as at the Police-office, and the manner in which I spent the remainder of the day, may be communicated to my readers, when they next hear from me, till when, I am their obedient servant,

SIMON STUKELEY.

No. 3. HOBART TOWN, JUNE 19, 1829

The intelligence I had collected from the turn, the conversation at the dinner table had taken, having determined me, as I before said, to make the loss of my watch the occasion of a visit to the Police-office, I proceeded thither early the following morning, and was shewn into the Justice Room, which is large and well adapted for its intended purposes.

The exterior of the building appeared neat and well finished, the tout ensemble being quite in character with the apartment which I first entered. Upon my beginning to mention my business to a smart priggish clerk,⁴ who was writing at a table, he interrupted me by saying, "Mr. Siftall will be here directly, Sir, and will attend to you." Within a few minutes, a short plainly dressed

man⁵ entered, apparently between thirty and forty years of age, of pale features, high forehead, and light thin hair, but possessing no particular expression of countenance, which would induce a bye-stander to look at him a second time. He was closely followed by a person of about the same age,⁶ fair complexioned, dressed in a blue coat and fawn-coloured trowsers, with much spic and span neatness, and holding in his hand a small gold-headed cane or walking stick. There was a certain consequential air and manner about this personage, which rendered it paradoxical to me what could be his calling. A third individual accompanied them and completed the group — a man shabbily dressed,⁷ bearing all the marks of dissipation in his squalid features, and exhibiting the oddest shaped head I had ever beheld. It was an oblong, nearly flat on the top, of great length from the crown to the forehead, and projecting over towards the eyes, forming a broad front and narrowing off like the bow of a vessel towards the occiput. The smart priggish clerk⁴ whom I had first seen, then said to me, "Mr. Siftall,⁶ Sir, will now take your deposition." I immediately began to detail my loss, but which of the three was Mr. Siftall, nothing that then occurred could lead me to comprehend. — They all seemed of equal power and authority, but the short Gentleman, who had preceded the others upon entering, asked me the most pertinent questions, and appeared, if any thing, to take the lead. During this time, the whole party stood close together. After the affair had been fully explained, he of the gold-headed cane⁶ remarked, with a most complacent simper, "I see how it is, Sir, the Gentleman is a new chum, and has been up in St. Giles's, and I suppose being sharp set after a long voyage, he has eaten a slice of a cut-loaf, without using his eye-teeth! Ha! ha! ha!" "I cannot allow such observations, Mr. Fowler," gravely replied the short Gentleman, whom I now found was Mr. Siftall, and who immediately turned towards the Bench, and taking his seat, said, "Mr. Scribwell,⁷ take Mr. Stukeley's deposition." With wonderful rapidity did he perform his task. I never saw a pen so handled, and the constant interruption I received from Fowler, who still to my great annoyance persevered in acting the Magistrate, by perpetually questioning me, really made it difficult to keep up with him. My business at length being completed, I made my bow and retired. Although the anticipation I had formed of the dignified appearance of a Police Magistrate, judging by my recollection of the Barristers who preside as such, in the English Metropolis, was not realised by Mr. Siftall's manner and deportment, he seemed to conduct himself with tolerable tact and acuteness, and if he were to keep his myrmidons at a greater distance,

were to make them confine themselves to the duties of their own situations, instead of travelling out of them, to lower the dignity of the Magistracy, he might pass muster very respectably. I could not, however, help admiring the perfection of a machinery, which could be so admirably kept in motion by such instruments as form the Police Establishment of the town, for in no place that I ever visited, or have become acquainted with by report, is it superior, if equal, to what I have seen in Hobart Town. I should observe before I take my leave of describing the interview with Mr. Siftall, that he gave his head man, Fowler, directions so to lay his nets and snares, as would be likely to lead to the recovery of my watch, adding a very significant caution to myself, not in future to visit St. Giles's, when I might be in search of virtue and innocence.

Some considerable time had been occupied with this affair before it was completed, and it was not too early therefore to proceed straight to Government-house. Approaching it, through a newly-made road, which leads from the main street, to the court or yard in which it is situated, a sort of half dragoon, that is, a man dressed in a non-descript light horse uniform, received my card, and forwarded it by a servant. I was immediately requested to walk into an ante-room, communicating with the vestibule or entrance. I had scarcely taken a seat, when a door opened, and a pleasant looking young Gentleman accosted me, forthwith acting as Usher, by leading the way into a commodious well-furnished room, in which stood a table, covered with papers, neatly tied in bundles, and beyond it, towards the fire-place, was a handsome escrutoire, at which had been sitting, till I entered, a Gentleman wearing an undress military uniform, whom I at once perceived was the Lieutenant Governor.⁸ If I had any doubts, however, they were removed, by a few introductory words modestly spoken by my young Gentleman Usher.

I had brought with me from England some letters, written by parties of high distinction, and addressed to His Excellency, which I had previously caused to be delivered, and my name and pretensions were not therefore unknown to him. — His style of addressing me was well-bred and gentlemanly, his features and general countenance were rather hard favoured than otherwise, but expressive; and his eyes denoted quick perception or sagacity, which was a quality soon developed by the general tenor of his conversation. "In what manner, Sir, can I promote your views or wishes in the Colony?" he said to me, after a few passing remarks had been made on various subjects. "I fear that your coming here

in search of virtue and innocence, as you tell me, will prove a visionary idea at the best — there is only one way by which your object might by possibility be even hoped to be attained — and that is by the rule of extremes or contraries. If an extreme of vice, as some suppose, may beget virtue, I am sorry to say that vice has so much sway here that its opposite extreme cannot be very remote, and according to this reasoning, the first step to virtue may be nearer than I fear it is." I immediately felt that His Excellency was ridiculing my Quixotic search for that which I now fear this world does not contain — a pure and innocent race of beings — and I was ashamed that I had so exposed myself before him. Perceiving my confusion, he very good naturedly changed the subject, conversed freely upon the state of the Colony, respecting which he seemed astonishingly well informed, even to minutiae — entertained me with some well told anecdotes, explanatory of the characters over whom he has to rule — exhibiting throughout an interview, which lasted upwards of an hour, a shrewdness and clearness of intellect, with which I was much delighted. I could willingly have staid longer, but thought it quite time to take my departure, and therefore rose for that purpose, feeling really grateful for my very courteous reception. As I was turning round the corner which leads into the street, I saw a Gentleman² coming quickly across, as if to speak to me, and I presently recognized my acquaintance of the Commercial Rooms, who had spoken to me of the newspapers. "What, Sir, been to Government-house, eh Sir?" "I have, Sir, and am much pleased with the manner in which His Excellency has received me." "Yes, Sir, yes, Sir, all very good to new comers; when you have been here as long as I have, you'll find 'twont do, Sir. We are too heavily taxed, Sir, and until we have a House of Assembly and Trial by Jury, we shall do no good, Sir." "Really, Sir, these are subjects which I do not understand, and at present if you will excuse me I cannot enter upon them, as I have a pressing engagement, but probably at some other time I may thank you for information which doubtless your experience must render valuable." With this I took my leave, although he would fain have prolonged the conversation, and marched on to the Macquarie Hotel, where the same company I had before met, and an excellent dinner rendered the remainder of the day equally agreeable as its forenoon. Late in the evening, a card from Government-house invited me to dine there the next day, with an apology for the shortness of the notice. I determined to accept it, but as I have no desire to tire my readers, I must defer an

account of my visit, and of the large party to whom I was then introduced, to another opportunity, remaining in the mean time their most obedient,

SIMON STUKELEY.

No. 4. HOBART TOWN, JUNE 26, 1829

Six having been named as the dinner hour in the invitation card I had received from Government House, a few minutes before the clock struck I proceeded thither, dressed in my very best attire. Upon entering the hall by the front door leading to the shrubbery, through which I had approached the house, a servant in a plain blue livery received me, and led my way to the drawing-room. Already several Gentlemen were assembled, all of whom were strangers to me, and amongst them were some Military Officers. His Excellency himself appeared in the full dress uniform of a Colonel on the Staff, which was not, however, in my idea so becoming to his shape and figure as the blue frock and trowsers in which I had before seen him. His reception of all his guests was easy and polite, and to myself he paid particular attention.

The room in which we were assembled was well proportioned and neatly furnished. Nothing at all resembling the splendid drawing-rooms which are met with, even in private life, in England; the furniture being rather good and substantial, than fashionable or elegant, and certain almost indispensables, such as brilliant chandeliers and magnificent mirrors, being absent.

The young Gentleman, with whom I had become acquainted the preceding day, met me with much obliging frankness, and introduced me to several of the company — amongst others, to a sallow-complexioned Gentleman,⁹ of a very sad and woful countenance, upon which a smile seldom even for a moment banished a certain measured demure look, which might have served for an original whereby to have drawn the portrait of some of the Members of Cromwell's long Parliament. He spoke but little — indeed he seemed as if he had been transplanted into society to which he had formerly been unaccustomed — but I understood that he was much esteemed by the Lieutenant Governor, and that he held an important and confidential place in His Excellency's household. While I was conversing with my young friend upon general chit chat subjects, dinner was announced,

and we proceeded to a large room, apparently of recent construction, in which was a well covered table laid for fourteen persons. It was my chance to be placed between two Gentlemen, about half-way down the right-hand side of the table, one of whom was an elderly person,¹⁰ habited in a straight cut single breasted coat, with upright collar, and whom I soon discovered to be a Clergyman of the old school; and the other¹¹ appeared to be turned of forty, wore spectacles close to his eyes, had a single breasted dress coat, and an appearance altogether somewhat resembling the celebrated Bob Logic, in Tom and Jerry, and reminding me of what was said of Sir Joshua Reynold's picture of Garrick, when personating one of Shakespeare's finest drawn characters. My Clerical neighbour possessed a remarkably mild placid countenance, and his manners were easy and gentlemanly in the extreme; his conversation was lively and agreeable, and we soon appeared perfectly to understand each other. Exactly opposite us sat a tall thin Gentleman,¹² of solemn melancholy visage, apparently a valetudinarian, who took snuff largely, and seemed as little pleased with himself as with all around him. He was engaged in conversation with another tall thin Gentleman,¹³ apparently his junior, who sat upon his right, and with a young man¹⁴ of engaging countenance, dark expressive eyes, and wearing his hair, which was also dark, very thick and bushy; but it became him, and helped to set off tolerable features, into which, when he pleased, he knew how to impart much grace and sweetness, by a most agreeable smile. He was dressed in the Court-suit of a King's Serjeant, exhibiting an unusual display of shirt frill. I gathered from the conversation of those three Gentlemen, that they were discussing some point connected with public affairs, for I caught from the one whom I first mentioned, "I am clearly of opinion that nothing but the most rigorous discipline can do any good; I say that in all cases the very letter of the law should be fulfilled." The youngest of the party¹⁴ replied, "I cannot agree with you at all, Sir; on the contrary, I am much more the advocate of sun than wind, and I would always much rather reward than punish." The other tall Gentleman,¹³ who was, like his left hand companion, a most immoderate snuff taker, then said, "I doubt very much as to the abstract question, I wish I could find precedents whereon it might be well argued, but I confess my doubts have increased the more I have considered it, and the cases which I am constantly called upon to decide, rather still further add to my doubts than otherwise."

The conversation now became too general for me to understand any more that was said. Had not the last speaker¹³ been

gaily dressed in a blue coat, with corresponding et ceteras, I should have taken him for some high authority, learned in the law; but as it is as much out of the question to see a Barrister in a party coloured suit, as a Clergyman, or, as a soldier in a sailor's blue jacket and trowsers, my doubts as to who he could be, were fully equal to his own upon the question which had been before them, and as my good manners forbade my making any enquiry, I cannot even at present solve the point. I now settled into a quiet cozy chat with my friend the Clergyman,¹⁰ whom I soon found to be what is known by the term a choice spirit. With the true scent and knowledge of a kindred soul, he speedily discovered that I had been accustomed to follow Lord Fitzwilliam's fox hounds, and like an old broken down hunter, who will snuff the gale and snort and toss his head at the exhilarating tones of a pack in full cry, when lame and spavined he cannot move three paces, so did my worthy neighbour's face wear a more than usually expressive smile, his voice became more than usually animated, as he recounted some of the exploits of his early days, and told "each thrice told field of battle once again." The good old Gentleman at length so warmed with the subject, that he shook me by the arm, and said in an under tone, "you must come and see Bob at the cottage — yeoix, yeoix! tantivy, tantivy!" — to which friendly invitation I immediately assented. My spectacle companion now addressed me. "I fancy, Sir, you are of Oxford — may I have the honor of enquiring of what College?" "Of Brazen-nose, Sir," was my reply. "I also am an Oxonian, and have to thank my luck more than my merit, perhaps, that I hold an honorary degree, by which I am able to write A. B."

"Indeed, Sir," said I, "you are fortunate." "Rather so," he replied, "for I was never very fond of learned palaver, but I have my degree as well as others." There was a young delicate looking Gentleman¹⁵ sitting next below the last speaker — he had a very consumptive appearance, but an agreeable countenance, and very sprightly manners. Taking up the conversation, he added, "not only as well as others, but better than most, for if you can say B. A. in virtue of your Oxford degree, so can you write me down A. S. S. in virtue of your antiquarian honors." A very hearty laugh followed this sally, but nothing more was said.

It would be tedious to dilate further upon the conversation of the evening. His Excellency was very attentive to his guests, and exerted himself to do the honors of the table. The dinner was good of the kind, but "though Heaven sends meat, the Devil sends cooks." The wine and dessert were excellent, the attendance of

the servants might perhaps have been better, but in other respects the entertainment passed off extremely well.

Just before we left the dinner table, my fox-hunting friend¹⁰ said to me, "mind Bob at the cottage," which I assured him I would, pledging him my honor. "A fox-hunter's honor is good security," replied he, "but there is nothing like a collateral," filling at the same moment two bumpers of Burgundy, "come, Sir, your word's the bond, and this is the collateral," drinking at the same moment the wine, and handing me the other glass, "and now," said he, "'tis signed, sealed, and delivered."

We retired to the drawing-room soon after nine, when the pleasure of the day was increased by meeting several elegantly dressed ladies, and who with my late companions formed a lively conversazione, till the Church clock sounding eleven warned us to make our bows and depart.

If I had not already spun out my account of the dinner so unconscionably, I might enter into a description of the charming addition thus made to our party. However desirous I might be of employing my pen upon so interesting subject discretion whispers me to beware of fatiguing my readers. My motto is "*Agam quam brevissime potero*," I wish to be as brief as possible. I therefore, for the present, subscribe myself their most obedient,

SIMON STUKELEY.

No. 5. HOBART TOWN, JULY 3, 1829

Previously to leaving England, I deposited in the hands of the Colonial Agent, a certain sum of money, taking from him a letter addressed to the Local Authorities, and which he said would enable me to receive the same amount upon my arrival here. I had been several times advised to claim the grant of land, to which my property would entitle me, and having no particular occupation one day last week, I determined to devote the morning to these objects. Having so arranged my plans, I felt inclined to deliver in person the letter which I had received in England, as I always like to acquire information, and to see how business is conducted. For this purpose, I went to a brick two-story building, nearly opposite the Government-house, and, having been received at the door by a man in tolerable attire, was conducted by him to a large room up stairs, which was approached through a small ante-chamber. At the further end, at a table covered with

papers, apparently in sad confusion, sat a man¹⁶ perhaps fifty years of age, but of an appearance not gentlemanly or prepossessing. He wore spectacles, appearing to be near-sighted, as he had a particular manner, when he looked at a distant object, of screwing his eyes, which were of a hazel grey. His clothes had a good deal of the Monmouth-street cut about them, but did not seem unsuitable to his tout ensemble. In his tone and gestures, he exhibited a wonderful degree of authority, for just as I entered the door-way, he was severely censuring one of the Clerks¹⁷ for some neglect of duty, and it might have been supposed that he was the Minister of War himself, pouring forth his phials of wrath, from the style of his language, and the expression of his countenance.

The poor fellow who was being drilled, was the exact prototype of the Knight of Mancha, a tall lank figure, without shape or substance, dressed in a long sombre coat, hanging like a garment on a clothes horse, which, contrasted with his pallid features and staring eyes, gave him altogether a most woful appearance. He held the door in one hand, as I passed him, and I heard him say, "Pardon me, Sir, I was up till 3 o'clock this morning, and I have prepared several plans to be submitted to Mr. Consumet,¹² one of which particularly relates to a suppression of these German dollars, which are now"——"Hold your tongue, Sir, this instant, and don't talk to me of your plans, and your interferences — go to your room, Sir, and attend to your business, and leave Mr. Consumet alone till he wants you, I have had quite enough of your intolerable assurance." "Pardon me, Sir," again was heard, but he could proceed no further, for the peremptory orders he received, compelled him to retire, taking with him under his arm a large bundle of papers. As soon as I could command sufficient attention to have the nature of my errand understood, I was requested to take a chair for a few minutes, when a Messenger presently entered, and announced that the head of the department wished to see me. I followed him into a handsomely furnished room on the ground floor, where a Gentleman¹² was sitting, whom I instantly recognized, and who received me with much stiff formality. After a short space occupied in desultory conversation, in the course of which I gave him to understand that I should be obliged by his allowing me to be the bearer at once of whatever credentials I was to be furnished with, he rung his bell, and ordered the attendant to send one of the Clerks to him. Immediately the same gaunt figure¹⁷ I had before seen entered the room, bearing in his countenance the utmost obsequiousness, almost to fawning, and having

received his orders withdrew, but shortly returned with a paper in his hand, which he presented to the Gentleman for signature, and which was then given to me, accompanied by the information that by presenting it as directed, my wishes would be attended to. I then took my leave and departed. The letter being an open one, I had the curiosity to see what was the form adopted on these occasions, and I found that it was merely to transmit a copy of the document I had brought from England, and to say that a warrant from the Governor for paying me the money would be prepared. I proceeded at once to my further destination, according to the address of the letter. Upon entering a low narrow building, which I understood was the Treasury, I was shewn into a small apparently inconvenient room on the left-hand side of a dark passage, and which was divided off by a sort of a stop gate and counter, such as I have seen in England at the entrance of a country Theatre, which had been fitted up for the evening by an itinerant corps dramatique, having given full employment all the forenoon to the industrious exertions of some sturdy thrasher.

Behind this make-shift money changing board, stood a young Gentleman¹⁸ of pleasant open countenance, and a person¹⁹ apparently his senior by a few years, bearing all the appearance of "un homme d'affaires," and whose deportment seemed marked by obligingness and civility. The young Gentleman having been made acquainted with my business, left the room for an instant, when he returned and motioned me to follow him. Upon his leading the way into another apartment at the end of the passage, a Gentleman²⁰ who was there seated rose to return my bow, and immediately entered into conversation. — There was a hurried quickness in his manner — a sort of absentism, if the expression may be allowed — a change from one subject to another, which makes it difficult to relate what passed, but upon one or two points, the information he bestowed, made some impression on me. He had a little of the brogue in his style of language, but only such as is met with in the best bred Hibernians — just enough to swear by; but it was not difficult to see that his birth and breeding had been good. "In what part of the Colony do you propose to settle, Sir," he asked; "the property you possess, will, I believe, entitle you to a maximum grant, but upon this point the Land Board will instruct you." "I really do not know, Sir," I replied, "I have been here so short a time, that I am very little acquainted with the country — indeed, I have scarcely made up my mind about taking land, for I have been informed by several, that, paradoxical as it may seem, I can buy cheaper than I can have it given to me; but there's a certain pleasure in owning

dirty acres, and I've not yet determined." "You say quite true, Sir," said he, "as to the pleasure of owning dirty acres, perhaps no man places a higher value upon them than I do. It is to the failure of a large embankment scheme at home, whereby I sought to reclaim a few hundred thousands of acres from the sea, that I may owe the honor of now addressing you, but the unruly element paid no more regard to me than to Canute of old, and in one hour the work of years was destroyed. The same love of these same dirty acres has accompanied me hither, and I am almost constantly either buying, selling, or bartering them. If you should determine to buy land, I may perhaps have the honor of being allowed to name a farm or two of mine which are in particularly eligible situations." Our conversation was here interrupted by the abrupt entrance of a tall stout person,²¹ who, judging by the easy familiar style in which he addressed the last speaker, I suppose is a Gentleman. He appeared to have a defect in his eye sight, much resembling in its appearance, an infirmity under which some of the Royal Dukes labour. His mien was stately and commanding, but its impression was but momentary, for no sooner was his mouth opened, than my uncertainty as to what rank of life he was filling was two-fold increased. Seeing that the Gentleman with whom I had been conversing was engaged, he said in a tone which would have suited Lady Morgan, "I'll just be with ye again by and bye, I did but just bring ye some money," and not allowing time for a reply, retired.

I now made some enquiry as to what was my best course to pursue towards obtaining the land to which my property entitled me, as I seemed in such good quarters for information, and which the Gentleman gave me with much readiness. — I then prepared to depart, when the door-keeper announced that somebody, whose name I could not collect, was waiting to be admitted, upon which my companion quickly said, "Oh, he's the very man himself," and leaving the room, re-entered in a minute or two, accompanied by a Gentleman²² of perhaps between forty and fifty, rather above the middle height, and proportionably stout, and who was introduced to me as a person extremely well qualified to impart information respecting the interior of the Colony. I soon discovered that he was a man of sense and talents, and a long and interesting conversation ensued. In the course of it, several points were made known to me connected with the capabilities of this Island, of which I was before ignorant; these however, although they may open the door to future observations, will not be further pursued at present. Before we parted, I made an engagement to accompany him upon a tour of inspection as soon as the state of the roads

and bridges rendered travelling practicable, for he told me that at this season of the year, many of them are nearly impassable; a wide field will therefore be opened to my readers. — I now subscribe myself, their most obedient servant,

SIMON STUKELEY.

No. 6. HOBART TOWN, JULY 10, 1829

Passing down Macquarie-street a few mornings ago, my attention was attracted by seeing a number of persons entering a large unfinished stone building, opposite the Church, and which upon enquiry, I found was the Court House, where the Criminal Sessions are held, and Civil Causes tried. — Among those who were pressing towards the door-way, apparently in great haste, was a tall thin Gentleman²³ dressed in black, tripping along on his toes in a pace somewhat between a walk and a run. He leant his body forward, the projection of his back, which was unusually long, forming a very considerable angle. In his hand, which I noticed as he passed, was larger than ordinary, he held a bundle of papers. Just as he entered the broken enclosure in front of the Court House, he stopped for a minute or two to converse with another Gentleman²⁴, who was travelling the same road, but who, so far from having any hurry in his look, seemed wonderfully quiet and composed. Ever and anon during their short conference, the tall Gentleman had recourse to a snuff box of extraordinary dimensions; the box indeed appeared to have been made for the hand, and the capacious power of the nose for both. The Gentleman, who helped to form the tête a tête, was also dressed in black. He was much the shortest of the two — wore his hat a little on one side, inclining the head a little further still; — had rather a pleasant smile on his countenance, which was likewise full of meaning or expression, and I observed that his mode of talking was remarkably quiet. Upon my enquiring of a Gentleman, whom I had met at the Macquarie Hotel, what all this was about, he told me there were some civil causes for trial, and I determined therefore to make one of the lookers-on, and to see in what form justice was administered. Before I had time to cross the street for this purpose, my attention was attracted by the approach of a curricule, at a very rapid rate, drawn by two ponies, who were scampering at full speed, the one in a canter with the left leg foremost, and the other in a run, such as is known in

England by the name of the butcher's shuffle. The vehicle turned the corner with such velocity, that I was nearly run over, and only saved myself by a hasty retreat. It stopped at the entrance of the building, and the person²⁵ who had been driving, alighted and bustled towards the door, as if all the affairs of the universe were upon his back. He was short and fat, of a very merry countenance, somewhat resembling such as a painter would select for the original of the laughter loving God, and there was a certain something in his air and manner, as much as to say "*Ecce magnus sed parvus homo.*" I followed these personages and several others into the building, and passing through a small sort of entrance hall, presently found myself in a capacious room or chamber, with a number of windows opposite each other, which producing cross light, and admitting the full force of the sun's rays from the north side, must not unfrequently annoy the persons most requiring a steady and not glaring light. Across the middle of the room, about half way from the door, was a bar or railing, within which stood a large table, in size and arrangement not very convenient for the profession, two pews or seats, resembling those of a Church, being on the left, close to the wall, and one of the same sort on the right, and immediately in front was an elevated seat across the room, in the centre of which was a sort of desk, as if intended for a Chairman or other person holding pre-eminence, and over which was an unsightly sounding-board, so unsoundly fixed as to threaten a sudden descent, and the natural consequence of putting out the light occasionally below it. Upon a chair at the left-hand corner of this desk, sat one of the Gentlemen, whom I had seen enter from the street; exactly opposite to him, in another chair, was a young man, in the costume of a Barrister, and whose countenance seemed familiar to me. — Round the table, upon forms, were several other Gentlemen, amongst whom I recognized the tall snuff-taker, and the short curricledriver, whom I had before seen, together with many others. Presently a door in one corner of the room opened, and a tall Gentleman, wearing the gown and wig of an English Barrister, entered and immediately proceeded to the desk in the centre of the long seat under the front wall. His countenance did not seem unknown to me, although I could not immediately recollect where I had been introduced to him, but afterwards a friend brought to my recollection that it was at the Governor's dinner party. Some little preliminary business having been disposed of, and two more Gentlemen in plain clothes having joined him who last entered, one of those who were sitting on the form rose and said, "if His Honor pleased, the cause, Fitwell²⁶ v.

Testy,²⁷ was ready for trial." The Court having nodded assent, the pleading began. From the opening speech of the Lawyer, I found that Fitwell was a tailor, and had been employed by Testy to make sundry articles of clothes, which he had done, and had sent them, accompanied by a bill or account, amounting to £11 3s. 10d. — Among other articles was a blue coat, charged at £5 15s. with the additional demand of fourteen shillings and sixpence for a velvet collar, which was the sole ground of action, Mr. Fitwell having stated in his bill

"A blue coat and trimmings complete £5 15 0
"Velvet collar to ditto 0 14 6

Whereas Testy contended, that it could not be complete without a collar, that it only had one, whether velvet or cloth was no matter, and that he was not therefore liable to pay as if the coat had been furnished with two collars. His Honor enquired if it could not be settled out of Court, but neither party chusing to accede to this proposal, the case proceeded. After witnesses for the plaintiff had been examined, the Gentleman²⁴ who occupied the chair on the floor, on the Judge's left, rose, and putting his left hand into his breeches pocket, and giving his head the exact proper inclination to the right, cross-examined one of them as follows:—

What are you?—What am I, Sir? a man.

I did not ask you whether you were a man or woman, I wish to know what is your trade.

Witness.—A tailor.

Lawyer.—Well now Mr. Mantailor, do you know a coat when you see it?

Witness.—I should think so.

Lawyer.—I did not ask you what you thought — answer my question, Sir.

Witness.—What sort of a coat do you mean, Sir?

Lawyer.—I ask you once more if you know a coat when you see it?

Witness.—Yes, Sir.

Lawyer.—Pray how many collars are there to a coat?

Witness.—How many collars are there to a coat, Sir, why every body knows that.

Lawyer.—Well then, if every body knows, you can have no difficulty in telling me — how many collars are there to a coat, I again ask?

Witness.—Why, sure Sir, you know as well as I how many collars there are to a coat.

Lawyer.—Perhaps I do, but still I wish you to tell me; come,

Sir, I'll ask you another question, and perhaps we shall come round at last. How many tailors do you reckon there are to a man?

Witness.—One tailor to a coat, Sir.

Lawyer.—One what?

Witness.—Collar to a coat.

Lawyer.—(repeating) one collar to a coat.

Witness.—Yes, Sir.

Lawyer.—I thought we should come to the point in time; now, if there is only one collar to a coat, do you consider that a coat is complete without a collar?

Witness.—No, Sir.

The cross-examination was pursued much in this way for some time, when the case for the plaintiff being ended, the Lawyer,²⁴ who had cross-examined the witness, rose and addressed the Jury on behalf of the defendant, commenting very happily on the admission of the plaintiff's witness, that a coat had but one collar, and that it was not complete without it. — The Gentleman neither wore a gown or wig. After he had ended, the young Barrister¹⁵ immediately opposite to him, addressed the Court in support of the plaintiff's claim. He had a good clear voice and a wonderful degree of self-possession, and his consumptive and delicate appearance would scarcely have warranted the expectation that his physical powers were equal to the deep sonorous tones which proceeded from him, or to the exertion which he displayed. The points upon which he chiefly laid stress were, that, although a coat might not be complete without a collar, it did not require a velvet collar, that the velvet collar was an extra, for which, it having been for the defendant's own pleasure and fancy, he was as much bound to pay as in a case where a contract might be made to complete a house or other work, and if the party afterwards chose to make alterations or additions not included in the contract, they were at his own cost and expence — that is £5 15s. had been the price named by Fitwell for the coat, to which Testy had agreed, and that he afterwards said, "let me have a velvet collar." He went on farther to argue, that it was by no means incontrovertible that coats might not have more than one collar — that he had seen coats with seven or eight collars, and had found the comfort of them when travelling in cold weather. Here he was interrupted by the opposite Lawyer, who said "capcs — not collars," — that even one collar was not necessary to complete a coat, for it was within the daily observation of every one that there were some coats of that peculiar make as to shew no collar, unless the straight neck-piece might be called a collar, and which might with equal propriety be termed a cape, as the other pieces

of cloth, the mention of which had drawn upon him the interruption of the learned Counsel. Under these circumstances he confidently trusted to receive a verdict for the plaintiff.

The Judge¹³ then recapitulated the evidence in a husky tone of voice, frequently altogether inaudible, making constant breaks, or hesitations, and taking large quantities of snuff as he proceeded. He doubted very much upon which side the evidence preponderated — it was entirely a question of fact rather than law. He explained, however, what the law was with respect to contracts, and left the case wholly in the hands of the Assessors, who presently returned a verdict for the defendant. During my attention to the arguments and decision of this cause, I discovered how extremely difficult the construction of this building had rendered it to hear what passed — that in fact, at a very short distance from the elevated seat before mentioned, nothing could be distinctly made out, when the voice of the speaker was not raised, and when perfect silence was not maintained. As I left the Court, I fell into conversation with a Gentleman²⁸ with whom I was slightly acquainted, and who, like myself, had been a bystander, observing to him, that from what I had that morning witnessed, I presumed law was very cheap in this Colony. — "Cheap, Sir," he replied, with the utmost astonishment, "you were never more mistaken in your life — Law, Sir, is not only very scarce here, but it is very dear — there is a certain bastard commodity called law, which is very current, but even this is so much clogged by expenses, that it is perfectly ruinous, and yet the most surprising thing is, almost every person encourages it." "That's very strange, Sir," said I, "the Gentleman who cross-examined the witness seemed clever and ingenious, and I thought the Judge explained the law clearly." "Pretty well as to that," my friend replied, "the defendant's Counsel is about one of the best of them, but many of his geese are swans, and the Judge would do well enough, if he had not so much of the Ex-Chancellor's doubts about him, but you must come and dine with me, and I will then explain the subject more fully to you. You have only to-day heard or seen two or three of our Law-expounders. I will introduce you to the acquaintance of some more of them, and I will also let you into a knowledge of some of the sweets of the profession, and of the terrible consequences which attend such infatuation, as we have this morning witnessed, but which I am sorry to say is very common. The Law Establishment of this Colony is a grievous tax upon the Public, and a dreadful scourge to individuals, but we will talk more about it over a bottle of wine. Mind my dinner hour is five, and I shall expect you."

The information I acquired by my visit will be communicated some other time. In the interim, I subscribe myself, gentle readers, your faithful and obedient,

SIMON STUKELEY.

No. 7. HOBART TOWN, JULY 17, 1829

I scarcely know whether or not I ought to enter into a description, either of my informant as to the several Law Expounders, and other matters connected therewith, which I now propose to submit to my readers, or of his residence; and of the excellent entertainment with which he regaled me, but upon mature consideration, I think he has done the State good service, and that he will, through me, be rather honoured than otherwise by my endeavouring to pourtray him. He²⁸ is of about the middle height, rather close set, about thirty years of age, perhaps a little more, dark eyes and hair, of a swarthy complexion, wears large whiskers in the cut of 1825 or 6, and is unmarried; generally dresses without much regard to appearance, oft wearing a coat of a muddy-coloured green, the flaps of which are unusually full, and the waist longer than Mr. Fitwell would have tolerated. He resides in a house built on the ground floor only, and somewhat in the shape of the letter L.

As I was walking leisurely to his residence, a little before the appointed dinner hour, who should I see, coming slowly along just at the crossing by the Church, but my clerical friend of the old school, mounted on a small cream-coloured pony! Looking at me very pointedly, as if full of meaning, I thought some words escaped him, which I did not distinctly hear, and will not therefore venture to repeat, but whatever they were, those which followed were less equivocal. "So you must be bobbing and bobbing with Bob at the Cottage, must ye?" Is that your modern fox-hunting, to turn out a "kindred soul," a "choice spirit," to be game for a pack of puppies? With your yeoix, and your yeoix, and your "collateral security?" I thought the good old Gentleman rather scolded me in laughter than in anger, and therefore merely replied to him, by enquiring if the pony he was riding, was part of his hunting stud, adding, "he is of a very convenient size, for if you happen to come to a gate or fence beyond his leaping powers, you would have little trouble in dismounting and in carrying him across on your shoulders." At these words, my friend

raised himself in his stirrups, and making a caracole towards me, I felt my safety would best be consulted by flight, and bidding him adieu with my hand, it was not long ere I reached the Gentleman's²⁸ house at which I was to dine.

Our meeting was strictly tête a tête, and during the repast, which was excellent of the sort, and the zest of which was heightened by a variety of superior wines, a general conversation only took place. When the cloth was removed, and the dessert put upon the table, drawing our chairs to the fire, he filled his glass, and passing the bottle to me, said "Come, Sir, one toast—à l'occasion—the glorious uncertainty of the Law." He then proceeded, "I have promised, you know, to explain some particulars respecting law proceedings in this Colony, and to make you as wise as myself upon the characters and pretensions of its limbs or pillars. Now you will scarcely believe it, but so the case is, that a Law process is saddled with heavier charges here, than in England, and what is worse, a system is tolerated by which, supposing a Bill of Exchange should be unpaid, bearing one doubtful and two or three good names, the latter are instantly pounced upon by the Lawyers equally with the other, and it is not unusual to see two or three Law suits upon one and the same transaction, by which means the original debt is sometimes tripled before it is discharged." "What can be the use or object of this," I enquired. "Just as it was with Pharoah's lean kine," was the reply, "many of the Lawyers have arrived here, lean as the leanest of these, but have now swallowed up the fat kine. The present state of the Civil Law is a great and crying evil, it operates upon the Colony as a pair of tight shoes would upon a man, who is undertaking a long pedestrian journey." "Upon whom does the fault rest, Sir?" "That is really a difficult question; I rather think, however that in the first instance, the cause arose in a clumsiness of legislation, and in the next, in a lamentable ignorance on certain established principles of political economy, or the wealth of nations."—"In general, these evils work their own cure, and it is to be hoped it will be the case in this instance, but I am anxious to hear your description of the limbs or pillars of the law, as you call them." Here a smile played across the lips of my companion, as he replied. "Limbs, sure enough, Sir, very little of the tree itself—nevertheless, for the sake of order and regularity in what I have to say, we will suppose this room the Court, and pray attend to my divisions and sub-divisions of the subject. Now, Sir, I will presume an imaginary bar just along from the door to the window, and, like separating the trumps from the other cards in a hand at whist, I will place some of my characters within, and

some without this bar. As to the withins, they are less numerous than the others, and we will take them first. I shall again class the whole, under those who possess both law and jaw — those who possess law but no jaw — those who are endowed with jaw without law, and lastly, those who neither possess one or the other." "You are taking a luminous view, I almost fear I shall scarcely be able to follow you." "No fear, Sir, no fear; I shall have to lump three or four together, by and bye; but to simplify the affair, suppose we agree upon some standard, by a comparison with whom, the relative merits of our limbs may be ascertained." "The idea is excellent — what think ye of Brougham or Scarlett?" "Brougham or Scarlett!!! do you say? No, no, we must not look higher than Alley or Adolphus, and Harmer or Humphries, at the very utmost." "Well, suppose we take Alley and Humphries, for I presume there will be two grades necessary." "Let it be so — now for the withins. One of them is a Gentleman¹⁵ by birth and education, but sadly wants experience and discretion. He is too much the advocate against unfortunates who come under his hands — he prejudices them as it were, and shews the anxiety more of a cat to destroy a mouse, than of a Barrister of the most refined and humane country upon the face of the earth, to do justice to the Crown, by whom he is paid, but nothing further. He has been taught in a good school, but has yet to study the most difficult of all lessons, the knowledge of himself; his ignorance upon which point, oft leads him into instances of self-sufficiency, dimming the lustre of the talents, with which he is unquestionably endowed. In point of law and jaw they are much on a par with him, a tolerable share of each. Putting him in the scale with Alley, he will require a little finger perhaps of Humphries, to produce a balance. He is of tolerable promise altogether, and would be more so, if he knew better how to control his temper upon certain occasions." "Why, Sir, I have understood, that the Gentleman to whom you allude is a very religious character, a very humane man, and can say the Bible by heart." "Here, Sir; here, Sir; take a glass of wine — there's oft great cry and little wool — I seek to interfere with no man's privacy; — bring out the next, as they say at Tattersall's, and let's have a look at his paces.^{84a}

He, too, is a Gentleman born and bred,

And law, some little, floats within his head.

Excuse the rhyme, Sir. This person is designed by nature to act a distinguished part; but he has long been at warfare with himself. It is a pity, for the goodness of his heart, the excellence of his disposition, and the pains which have been bestowed upon

him in his youth, would have warranted the expectation of a happier fate than has hitherto attended him. He is of a sociable friendly disposition, and the anecdote which I am going to relate will serve as an illustration. Calling upon him one day at his Chambers, I found him sitting in an elbow-chair by the fire, close to a table, on which stood some wine and two glasses; an empty chair being on the other side of the table. I observed, that although he was alone, each glass was filled; presuming, therefore, that some friend was absent for the moment, I hesitated to take the vacant seat which he requested me. "I never like taking wine alone, Sir," he said, "and I always therefore picture in my mind's eye my friend Sir John Topewell is with me, when I have no other company, and when it comes to his turn to fill his glass, I am his proxy — come, Sir John," playfully addressing the empty chair, "here's your good health. Now you know, as Sir John cannot return thanks himself, I do so for him, and thus we cozily discuss our bottle." "An admirable plan indeed — necessity is the mother of invention." "Yes, Sir, *necessitas non habet legem, dum vivimus, vivamus,*" say I; come, Sir, now you shall be Sir John's proxy, and "Richard's himself again." In conversation he is lively and agreeable; as for his legal pretensions, law but no jaw must be allotted to him, and in relative merit with the grand standard, the beam stands nearly equal." "You have drawn a portrait, Sir, to trace a likeness to the original of which, may I fear, puzzle me. Are there any more "withins?" "Oh yes, Sir, more fish in the net. We have another²⁹ of the same order in point of birth and breeding, but his age and experience, added to the two others, would barely make one of our venerable English law dignitaries. Like a young colt, he is full of play and anticks, but equal in cunning to another animal. He wants a little more ballast ere he will be able to trim the vessel which he navigates, with advantage either to himself or others. Common sense, although it ought to be the fundamental principle of all law, is not always attainable by practitioners; and notwithstanding some proclaim themselves as acting under its banners, they are frequently further from the mark than their neighbours." "Your observation, as a general principle, is fraught with propriety; but I do not quite understand how you mean to apply it — are you speaking at, or of, any particular person?" "Both, Sir, both. I mean to say — that the singing a good song, the sharp repartee, the brilliant retort, the dancing a pas seul, or the elegant deportment, will not of themselves, obtain for their possessor, the reputation of being a good lawyer, if there be not common sense at the bottom." "I do not know that I am inclined to dispute that position; but

what do the scales say to the case in point?" "More jaw and less law than some of his competitors — more law than, but as much jaw as, others, and as much assurance as any of them must be awarded as his attributes." "Ahl but how does he tally against Alley or Humphries?" "Not so heavy as the first, but outweighing the other." "Upon the whole, then, what rank does he hold in proportion to the two others whom you have delineated?" "Inferior to both in some points — equal in one or two — superior in none, excepting jaw and assurance."

If I were to attempt to enter into a description of any more of the characters which were brought under review on this occasion, I fear I might incur the charge of being tiresome and prolix. I have no desire to adopt a precedent set by a certain law authority, and to murder my own reputation. I will therefore defer, to another opportunity, a recountment of the particulars of the information which I farther derived on this altogether most agreeable visit, of which I took ample notes. — Courteous reader, I am ever your most obedient servant,

SIMON STUKELEY.

No. 8. HOBART TOWN, JULY 24, 1829

'Tis said, when'er a Lady's in the case,

Other engagements must of course give place.

Had this not been so with me, I had purposed to have continued the account of the limbs or pillars of the law, for which I am indebted to my late informant; but who is there that would not prefer mixing in the charming society of the world's chief ornament, the accomplished female? Or, who having so mingled, would not prefer exercising his pen in describing the beauty of one, the grace of another, the good sense of a third, or the elegance of a fourth, to dwelling upon so dry and musty a subject as lawyers, who are so in name, but nothing else? Who, I say, would be so barbarous — so heathenish? And who will not, therefore, thank me for endeavouring to impart some of that pleasure which I have myself received? If there be any such, let him betake himself in quest of the Aborigines, for he is not fit to dwell among a civilized people.

Enjoying one of the fine mornings, with which we have lately been blessed, in sauntering round the barren hillocks close to the town, but which although barren, are rendered agreeable by

the prospects they command, I was admiring a new-built edifice, in the construction of which, much taste appeared to have been combined with a singular attention to comfort; was debating in my own mind, what order of architecture had been consulted, doubting whether or not the low projecting roof did not subtract from its claim to entire chasteness, but notwithstanding was, upon the whole, lost in admiration and wonder, that so great an advancement in the arts as it displayed, was to be found in so young a Colony, when a Gentleman³⁰ of my acquaintance advanced towards me, accompanied by a Lady, with whom he was walking arm in arm. He is of tall commanding stature, and proportionably broad withal — wore a blue frock coat, buttoned *a la militaire* close to the throat; a round plain hat, a black stock, the buttons on his clothes denoting in some way or another he was in His Majesty's service. The Lady³¹ was younger than himself, had dark eyes, and was of a brunette complexion, rather thin and tall, and dressed in a promenade dishabille, in which ease and comfort, rather than appearance, had been consulted. Meeting each other, and after an exchange of bows, "What a splendid dwelling that will be," said I, pointing to the house I had been admiring, "when completed, and the shrubs and trees around it have attained their full growth. Do you know to whom it belongs?" The Gentleman's countenance, although plain, is generally rather agreeable than otherwise. If there be an occasional sternness about it, the amiableness of his heart overcomes this to a nice observer, and to me, who knew him slightly in Europe, his many estimable qualities were sufficiently familiar. Upon this instance however, it was lighted up in an unusually animated manner, as he replied — "I'll beg to introduce ye to the owner of the house and to my ain gude wife baith in the same person," turning immediately to his Lady companion, and adding, "my love, this is an acquaintance of Auld Lang Syne." Paying and receiving the usual civilities which attend first introductions, a general conversation ensued, in which I found sufficient cause to congratulate my friend upon his happy choice. "Are you going to Mrs. Doubtmuch's³² to-morrow evening?" the Lady enquired. "No, madam, I have not the honor of her acquaintance, I am but newly arrived in the Colony, and I did not even know that my friend Mr. Sterling resided there." "I am quite sure she will be glad to see you, if you will allow us to procure you a card — you know single Gentlemen are never in the way, and that one or two, more or less, are of no consequence." "I certainly cannot decline so flattering a proffer, and shall be proud to be ranked in Mrs. Doubtmuch's list, for I have heard her most

highly spoken of, as a Lady of great merit and attainments." "She is all that, and more; and I will undertake to introduce you to her."

A few hours after this unexpected interview with an old acquaintance, and the formation of a new one of much agreeable promise, I received in an envelope, a card which bestowed on me the privilege of having my name sounded, with all its native beauty, by the rude mouth of the footman in waiting at Mrs. Doubtmuch's drawing-room door the following evening. Those who have been accustomed to figure in the gay world at home, know all the delights of a party which is crowded to suffocation. I remember walking in Hyde Park two or three years ago, and meeting some of my Lady friends, who looked as if they had been in a vapour bath, was accosted by "Were you at Lady Squeezem's cram last night — 'twas so delightfully full — never could enter the drawing-room door — delightfully pleasant evening — did'nt know a soul in the place — only think how charming." — Never having mixed in the *beau monde* of this town, I fancied to myself that Mrs. Doubtmuch's party might be something like Lady Squeezem's, and I determined to go early, in order that I might at least have a chance of seeing all the fashionables as their names were announced.

Arriving at the large commodious looking stuccoed building, wherein Mrs. Doubtmuch³² resided, I was ushered into a square room of tolerable dimensions, in the ornaments and furniture of which, were sufficient instances of good taste and elegance, to denote that a Lady presided in the house, rather than as forming the exterior which might be thought suitable to a drawing-room. I shall say nothing, or at least very little of any of the Gentlemen who were present, reserving them for other and more fitting occasions. Upon the announcement of my name, I looked about me to catch the eye of the Lady to whom I was to make my bow, and presently observed one whom it was not possible to mistake for any other than the mistress of the ceremonies. She appeared (but perhaps it is wrong to touch so hallowed a subject as a Lady's age) to be rather on the shady side of forty, was tall and sufficiently *en bon point*, of rather a flushed complexion, darkish expressive eyes, her countenance altogether beaming with much beneficence — perfectly at ease in her deportment, returning, or rather anticipating my bow, with a peculiarly graceful and elegant curtesy. She wore a Tyrian blue gauze dress, made very fashionably, and her head was ornamented by a pretty and very becoming *capote*, made of silk with corresponding et ceteras. Among other persons in the room, were a tall Gentle-

man,³³ and a Lady³⁴ whom I took to be his wife, and who appeared quite at home. What there was about this Gentleman, that excited the laughing propensity of the rest of the company, I could not discover; but something there was, for he scarcely uttered a word without its being followed by a general titter. The Lady was tall, and would be usually considered handsome; but I should rather call her showy — her manners were those of good society, and she appeared sprightly and affable. Standing near the Gentleman I heard him say, "Few people can boast of equal success with myself in acquiring a knowledge of the valuable properties of the Rainbow." "La! Major, you do make one laugh so; but they say you are a privileged man," came from a short fair Lady,³⁶ rather lovely than elegant in her person, who was hanging upon the arm of a singularly dandified young man,³⁵ apparently younger than herself, although she did not seem more than two or three and twenty. Still there was a certain something which to a man of my experience, explained that she had already blessed some happy man, and was herself most happy. Great attention had been bestowed on her toilette, which she had left habited in a satin dress, the body made low, and the sleeves short and very full. Before the Major (for so he was called) could take any notice of her address to him, she continued "Pray have you had any success yet in acquiring a knowledge of who this Hermit is who takes such liberties with all the people?" "No indeed hav'nt I, and to tell you the truth, I have no desire to have his acquaintance. I rather think I should be the sufferer by coming in contact with him — he tells very home truths." "Yes indeed, I'm sure he's taken much greater latitude in speaking of my husband, than I would have dared use myself," said the Lady of the house.³² "I'd give any thing to know who he is," "and so would I, too, my dear," replied a tall thin Gentleman,³³ holding a handsome snuff box in his hand, "for I might then have my doubts removed as to the best way of managing you Ladies, which with all my experience I confess I have not yet acquired." "There's one good thing at all events," said a Lady,³⁸ rather above the middle height — fair and with much *naivete* in her manner, her accent just enough of the Emerald Isle to be interesting, and who upon entering the room had been attended by a remarkably thread paper looking sort of a Gentleman,³⁷ "that we Ladies are exempted from the abominable remarks of this Hermit, I was frightened out of my very existence when he talked of the Ladies at the Governor's party, and I was quite rejoiced to find he had left us alone." "I cannot think that nature's best handy work, fair lovely woman, could suffer by

his notice," said a Military Officer,³⁹ "I must do him the justice to say that he is very good humoured in his criticisms." — "Ay, but not the less severe," replied a Gentleman¹⁴ whom I had before met, and with whose unusual display of shirt frill I had been struck, "there's a good deal more wind than sun about him" — "and more biting frost than either," said the delicate looking Gentleman,¹⁵ who had formerly raised a laugh at the expense of the A. B. Oxonian.

Just at this moment, the party which was already numerous, was increased by some new arrivals. Turning my head towards the door-way, my eyes caught those of a Lady,⁴⁰ riveted as it were upon my countenance, with a very scrutinizing glance. She was not very young, and had the look of single blessedness — dark eyes and hair, a brunette of not the brightest sort imaginable — her features plain but rather marked, and in stature somewhat above rather than under the true female standard. As her eyes met mine, she withdrew them; but presently I observed that I was again exposed to her steady gaze. Rather surprised at being so honored, I began to tax my memory whether or not I might have seen her in England, or elsewhere; but failing to recollect her features, I enquired of a Gentleman of my acquaintance who she was. "Oh," said he, "you are undergoing the stare, are you? That Lady is a Miss Lookclose, and always looks before she leaps; in other words, she has so much the quality of acquiring a knowledge of people's characters, by studying physiognomy, that she has never yet found a person good enough for her, and thus is still single." She was dressed primly rather than fashionably, wearing white figured lace over a satin slip, something the same as I recollect in England three or four years ago; her hair being in loose curls in front, with the forehead but little exposed. But the two greatest beauties of the room were among the last arrivals. One of them was young,⁴¹ accompanying a Lady of mature age,⁴² wearing spectacles with tortoise-shell mountings. Her clear complexion, set off by dark eyes, a roman nose, but the rest of the face rather of the Grecian style of beauty, corresponded equally with the colour and mode of wearing her hair, as with the grace and elegant simplicity of her dress. The other Lady⁴³ was also very young, had dark eyes and hair, remarkably regular handsome features, and bearing all the ease and dignity of good birth and education. She was leaning on the arm of a Military Field Officer,⁴⁴ apparently many years her senior; but his countenance was expressive of contentment and good humour, and his attentions to the Lady were marked by true gentlemanly propriety.

I am now warned by my own sense of propriety to take my leave of this subject, else my readers will think I want schooling myself, instead of schooling others, and yet it is almost as difficult to put down one's pen, as it is to controul one's tongue, when woman, charming woman, is the theme —

"Fair lovely woman — good and affable,
More clear of hue and far more beautiful
Than precious sardonyx, or purple rocks
Of amethysts, or glittering hyacinth."

If it were not for this, I might find much more to say, as although the party did not resemble Lady Squeezem's cram, in point of numbers, it was large and well selected, containing a fair proportion of the useful and ornamental members of community — of talkers and listeners, of those who amused and those who were amused — of all that is charming, young, and gay; and of that which is sensible, mature, and grave. But all this and much more I must defer to perhaps some other occasion, remaining, unchangeably, my readers' most obedient servant,

SIMON STUKELEY.

No. 9. HOBART TOWN, JULY 31, 1829

Having occasion one day last week to make a trifling purchase, I entered a shop in Elizabeth-street, and, having obtained what I required, was about to leave it, when my notice was attracted by the manner in which another customer was being served at the same moment. He had asked for a pound of sugar, which was weighed, and then deliberately turned out upon the counter, the purchaser instantly proceeding to fill his pockets with it, just as it had left the scales. "Do not you provide a wrapper for what you sell?" I enquired. The shopkeeper, a spare thin man,⁴⁵ of a very vinegar aspect, looking like a "Praise-God barebones," who had been taking phisic, stroked his chin, and with a demure expression, under which much was conveyed, replied, "Our profits won't allow it." "Why, the article I have bought is at least three times what its price would be in the dearest shop in London. What can constitute this immense difference?" "Our profits won't allow paper," was the only reply I could again receive. Presently a fat middle-aged female in great dishabille, approached the shop from a neighbouring public-house, and entering with a semivole, and, throwing some money on the

counter, said, in a tone and style which could only have been acquired by a long acquaintance with Billingsgate, "Give me some tea and sugar." "What have you to put them in, my good woman?" "None of your good woman for me, d— your eyes," at the same moment stooping to draw off a dirty stocking from a dirtier foot, "here's a leg'll bear looking at — and here's something'll hold the tea and sugar," handing over the stocking, into which the sugar was first placed, and then tying it in the middle with the woman's garter, so as to form a division for the sugar, she received her change and left the shop. My attention to this scene had caused me to remain on the steps of the doorway; and just as I was thinking of returning to my lodgings, the sleek portly Gentleman,¹ whom I met the first day of my landing, and who introduced me to the Commercial Rooms, came towards me, upon leaving an adjacent stuccoed building, apparently in a high state of perspiration, and shewing doubt and anxiety in his looks. "Can you tell me the difference, Sir, between an offence and a misdemeanour? I have been puzzling myself how to decide a case which has been brought before me, and Burns does not clearly explain whether it is an offence or a misdemeanour." "All misdemeanours are offences, but all offences are not misdemeanours, Sir; but perhaps if you will acquaint me with the particulars, I may be able to expound the difference more clearly." The Gentleman hereupon assumed a wonderful self-complacency, and, putting himself into an attitude of importance, replied, "Why you must know, Sir, that since I have had the honor to belong to the Bench, I have been unremitting in studying Burns, and I begin to understand a little of what they call criminal proceedings, which are as I take it, derived from a latin word *crimens*, a crime, which I remember to have seen in the vocabulary." Here he was, or appeared to be, at least three inches taller than before, continuing his speech however — "But two days ago, Sir, a man came and said he had a case of crim. con. to bring before me, and I told him to stay for a day or two, as I thought in the meantime, I might find out what it meant, but Burns does not give the necessary information, and two or three of my brother Magistrates, whom I have consulted, are as much in the dark as myself. What I want to know, Sir, is whether I am to commit the parties to Gaol for an offence, or for a misdemeanour, if I think the case sufficiently made out." "I am very little of a Lawyer, Sir, but I may save you some trouble by telling you that crim. con. or criminal conversation, although a crime of the highest magnitude, according to the Divine Law, is not considered so by our human code, and cognizance of it does not come within

the province of a Magistrate. The only remedy the parties have is by a civil process. It is an anomaly in the law, but so it is — that a man who steals another's sheep, loses his life as the forfeit; but he who steals another's wife, commits a moral offence only, not a misdemeanour which is punishable by law. You could not have chosen a more apt illustration of your enquiry. Crim. con. is a great offence, but no misdemeanour — sheep-stealing is both an offence and a misdemeanour."

During the progress of this conversation, our party became a trio, having been joined by another Gentleman,² whom I had before seen. "Eh, Sir, eh, Sir, good morning, Sir? Well, Sir, what news from Government-house, Sir? — been there lately, Sir?" "No, Sir, my respects having been paid to His Excellency, I have no further occasion at present to trouble him." Next directing his speech to my portly companion, "you should do as I used, Sir, in all difficult Magistracy cases — decide first, and try afterwards." "Why that is scarcely consistent with your patriotic principles; is it Sir? A true Patriot will ever seek to preserve the laws of his country inviolate, and will neither lend himself to the oppression of the people by their Rulers, nor to the factious demagogue, who would seek to lessen the authority of the Rulers by the undue influence of the people. Are you on the Bench now, Sir?" "No, Sir — no. It broke down under me some years ago, and has never since been repaired; but that will be one of the first acts which I mean to introduce into the House of Assembly." "What House of Assembly is that, Sir?" "What, Sir? what, Sir? Hav'nt you heard of our Great Association? I have written to tell them that the first order they must execute, is to procure for us a House of Assembly." "I thought, Sir, that the objects of the Association were purely mercantile, I did not know that it was intended they were to be State Cobblers." "State Cobblers! what do you mean, Sir? What do you mean? Do you know, Sir, who are the Members? That a friend of mine is one of them, and do you think, Sir, that between us two and JOSEPH HUME, we can't do any thing we please? I tell you, Sir, we shall have a House of Assembly, and I am already preparing for it by practising talking." "Whose style of eloquence do you most admire, Sir?" "Whose style, Sir? Few equal to my own — certainly none can improve it, unless it be that young man, who spoke so strongly in Court about the Attorney-General. He bids fair to be first rate, Sir, and I mean to have him in the House of Assembly, to lead against the Crown Lawyers." "Indeed, Sir! I do not know him. What Acts do you think the situation of the Colony most immediately requires, when the House of Assembly shall be con-

vened?" "What Acts, Sir? I'll shew you a list of them.

1.—An Act to annul all former Laws and Acts, and to introduce a new order of things, so that we may start clear, and mould the leaven as we like. "That'll be a most important measure, Sir — nothing like a clear stage, and plenty of elbow-room."

2.—An Act to consolidate all offices — to make the Governor his own Secretary — the Sheriff his own Hangman — the Judge his own Crier — the Treasurer his own Collector — and the Magistrates their own Flagellators. "It will be quite impossible to carry this point, Sir. The essence of all Government and discipline, is gradation." "No such thing, Sir — no such thing. I dare say the drones we have now won't like it, but I have every thing provided. I have had a young man in training, Sir, the last twelve-months, who will make an excellent Governor — I've already taught him to insult somebody, and he's uncommonly docile. I've brought him to be as tractable as a young puppy; and as for his fitness for being Secretary, he's the very thing itself — he'd put an end to all correspondence — for nobody can read what he writes, nor would they understand it, if it were deciphered. — I think I shall be Treasurer myself — perhaps I may promote the young Orator to be Judge, as he uses his voice so well, and my friend here at my elbow, will obtain a fine appetite by exercising his right arm an hour or two every morning at the triangles." "I've no desire to take office," he replied; "nor can I say that I wish to see any material change in our present system; but I think an Act might be introduced which would benefit the agricultural interest." "Legislation upon commercial and agricultural questions, I observed, requires a profundity of research, an acquaintance with the state of other countries, which few possess. What particular point would your proposal embrace?" "It would be an Act to compel all householders and heads of families to have a hot luncheon every day, between breakfast and dinner, at the rate of two pounds of meat per head, so as to encourage the consumption, and raise the price of live stock." "I am afraid, Sir, you have overlooked difficulties and objections to which your plan is open. It is rather invading nature's prerogative to attempt to controul the belly." "Why not legislate as well in eating as drinking, Sir? I am sure there are Acts and Laws enough upon the latter subject, and I cannot see wherein lies the difference." "The discussion would perhaps be tiresome, Sir," I replied, "but I do not go along with you in the analogy, although at the first blush your position is striking."

Here the other Speaker, who had evidently been exceedingly impatient during this digression, interrupted with "the commer-

cial interest, Sir, is, and always shall be under my particular charge, and I have an Act all cut and dried upon the subject," taking at the same moment a long written paper from his pocket. "An Act to render it felony without benefit of Clergy, to buy, sell, or contract for any imported commodities, or to import any commodity into the Island of Van Diemen's Land and its Dependencies, without having previously obtained a License under the hand and seal of the framer of this Act, countersigned by the Governor for the time-being."

"How do you mean benefit of Clergy, Sir? That absurdity has been removed from our Statute book by the enlightened mind of Mr. PEEL." "We don't understand Mr. PEEL's Acts here, for the Judge's doubts have raised fifty per cent. since their existence has been made known to him; and the Attorney-General will find that the sun will not dry up the ink, nor the wind blow away the writings by which the occurrences of his administration will be recorded." At this moment the arrival of two or three more Gentlemen put an end to our conversation. Making my bow, therefore, as I now do to you, my readers, (who by the bye I understand are very numerous) I took my leave until some other occasion, remaining your devoted servant,

SIMON STUKELEY.

No. 10. HOBART TOWN, AUGUST 7, 1829

"Are we never to have a continuation of the account of our Law Expounders given by the Gentleman who entertains well, and lives in the house shaped like the letter L?" methinks I hear from some of my readers. Have patience, my friends, and you shall know every thing in time; but so long as I have the happiness to move occasionally in the fashionable world, composed as it is, of beauty and the graces, with all their charming laughter-loving faces, I shall perhaps, let the memoranda which I took of the conversation between that Gentleman and myself, remain where they now are, upon my closet shelf, not feeling the least apprehension that the subject will spoil by keeping; but rather on the contrary, hoping, as some men hope against reason, when they bottle bad wine, that time, the grand regulator of all things, may work a miracle, and render of some value that, which is now next to useless — may enable me to soften the asperity of some of my informant's expressions. In other words, I am fain to hope (I

do not say expect) that a short delay may assist me to acquire such other information, as may somewhat reduce the number of that portion of the withouts, who are, to use the words of my friend, "little better than live lumber — possessing neither law, jaw, or any thing else excepting assurance," and to place them one degree higher in the scale.

But were it otherwise, I have other matter at present, for I have been a guest at two weddings; and I do not know that I can render my unmarried readers a more acceptable service, than by describing the sweetly mingled hopes and fears which sat upon the brows of the lovely brides, or the fresh alacrity of the new-trimmed bridegrooms as they attended them at the Altar, in order that they may know, when their turns come, how they should comport themselves upon so interesting an occasion.

Returning one evening to my lodgings from a ramble, in the course of which I had met the A B Oxonian, walking in company with a grave looking personage,⁴⁸ dressed in a suit of rusty black, with long gaiters and breeches, rather a broad-brimmed hat, and his whole appearance being a sort of shabby genteel, not unlike that of the French Emigrants in the small country towns of England, during the late war, I had two notes put into my hand by the servant, one of which "requested the honor of my company" to attend a wedding, and afterwards partake of a *dejeuner à la fourchette*," and the other was from a Gentleman, "Re Self and another," and went on to explain, that on such a day at such a time and place, a long and attentive courtship was to be terminated by "vows made in the sight of Heaven to be on Earth performed;" inviting me to be one of the witnesses of their approaching happiness, and to take a seat at the marriage feast, or dinner. — Could any man withstand such temptations? But unfortunately it so happened, that both ceremonies were fixed for one and the self-same day. This however, did not deter me from accepting each invitation, purposing to fill up the space between the two entertainments, by a walk through some of the beautiful scenery by which the town is surrounded, enjoying the fine clear air of this agreeable season of an agreeable climate, in order to procure a second appetite.

I do not know whether I was most struck with the remarkable precision with which one of the brides was dressed — every plait and fold in its exact place — every pin just where it should be, so as to keep all the corners and rumples in proper order, or the trepidation and alarm which were depicted on her countenance. She⁴⁷ had passed the May-day of youth, attaining that period of life when discretion is at its maturity — when the idle nonsense

which is sometimes breathed into the female ear, can be weighed in the balance, ere it be allowed a place in the heart; but on reaching this enviable point, she had acquired that peculiar style of speaking, acting, looking, and dressing, to which younger votaries in the world of fashion cannot aspire. In her dress there was somewhat of a deviation from the established rules of bridal garments, the emblematical white having been exchanged for the party-coloured vest. When the eventful moment arrived in which she was called upon to declare herself for better or worse, the property of another, the interesting anxiety which crept over her mind was portrayed by her countenance, somewhat reminding me of the exhibitions of alarm, which I have in former days witnessed in certain of the domestic feathered creation, when a hawk has been hovering in the air, ready as it were to pounce upon it; and when she came to the important words, "I will," her apprehensions seemed tenfold increased. The other bride⁴⁸ had also arrived at that stage of our earthly sojourn, when all the vows and protestations of deceitful man are not received as Gospel. She was dressed in what is called a *Corsage à l'Espagnol*, rather high and straight across the bust, made apparently in the newest *mode*, and looking as if of recent importation. She sufficiently exhibited "the sweet roses of crimson modesty," without shewing so much apprehension as her sister bride; and went through the important ceremony with great self-possession and composure. As for the bridegrooms, the one⁴⁹ who was united to the first Lady seemed well matched in point of age and rank of life, as indeed, did the other Gentleman⁵⁰ to the chosen one of his affections — altogether forming two very suitable marriages.

After leaving the Church, we repaired to the house of the Gentleman who had invited us to the *dejeuner à la fourchette*, where a sumptuous repast indeed awaited us. Such a profusion of the good things of this life, has seldom come under my observation; not merely tea, toast, and muffins, but a cold collation, including the choicest productions of the farm-yard, as well as spoils of the sportsman. Collared things of all descriptions, rusks buttered and covered with anchovies, shell fish, pies of various sorts, and a long list of jellies, trifles, blanc-manges, custards, dried fruit, &c. &c., the whole crowned by a magnificent cake, upon which the loves of Pyramus and Thisbe were emblematically recorded.

Among the assembled visitors, many of whom I had never before seen, one was a Gentleman⁵¹ of fair complexion, good stature, middle age, very slightly marked by the small pox, wearing his hair, which was of a light colour, flat and straight at the

sides, but pushed up in front in the shape of a cone. — His manners and style of address were remarkably mild and complacent — very attentive to the wants of those around him, particularly to the Ladies of the party. There was a certain something in the expression of his face, whenever he happened to eye the bride, which reminded me of a shopkeeper whom I once saw in England, when unpacking a bale of very splendid French goods. He belonged to the Society of Friends, and as one thing after another was turned out upon his counter, rubbing his hands, he said in a tone of self-congratulation, "Thou'lt be the means perhaps of bringing me many a good pound." Just as he looked upon that occasion, did this Gentleman shape the expression of his features as he regarded the newly-made bride; but what could be passing in his mind, I do not pretend to know.

Next to him sat a short stout personage,⁵² reminding me in point of figure, of Sir Walter Scott's description of Rashleigh Osbaldestone, but unlike in features, inasmuch as this Gentleman had thick lips, and his eyes wanted that acuteness, for which the character delineated by Sir Walter is distinguished.

I was rather amused to find by a conversation which was passing between these two, and another person taller than either of them, that I, although incog. was the subject of their remarks. The last named⁵³ was of rough unaccommodating manners, a round face, rather small eyes, and bore evident marks that he was a dear lover of the bottle. Self — dear, darling self seemed the main-spring of his thoughts, words, and actions. He filled his plate plentifully with all the good things by which he was surrounded, eating voraciously, and suiting this action to abundant libations of the Champagne and other choice wines and liquors by which the table was covered. He was in the act of cutting up a cold chicken, as some person observed, "I am completely at a loss to know who he can be," when the other replied with a tremendous oath, "If I had the handling of the brute, I'd just serve him as I am now doing this fowl." The mild fair complexioned Gentleman⁵⁴ here smiled, and said, "I rather think in the cutting up line you are scarcely his match. He uses a two-edged knife, and sometimes cuts close. You would do better trying your prowess with him by swimming in brandy, and letting us see who'd drown first." "Ye ken vara little about it, I tak upon mysel' to say that he's na mair nor less than a Mr. Stoobs." "D—n him, whoever he is," said the tall Bon Vivant, and by whose accent I now learnt that he was from North of the Tweed, "I fear him not — there is not sic a word spoke of in Scotland, as this term of fear," as Shakspeare says. Shortly after this, my

attention was drawn to the bridegroom, who was engaged to all appearance, in dilating upon his happiness, to a tall, ruddy complexioned man, of considerable bulk, and who seemed quite at ease both with himself and the world. "I cannot think," said the newly-made Benedick, "how any man can remain a Bachelor. — Only imagine the difference between a dear creature like my wife, and one of those left-handed *liaisons*, in which twenty others may have an equal interest with one's-self. I cannot believe it possible that any man should remain unmarried, if he only considers a little." "Yes, by St. Dafit, a man is a fool who does not marry; and when he is married, he is a greater rogue if he doesn't use his wife well."

In the midst of our good cheer and hilarity, I saw a gig drive up to the door, and presently it struck me, that a certain impatience was manifested in our host's features, as if he would be more honored and better pleased by our absence than presence. This seemed understood by most of the company, and one by one they took their leave; although two or three, particularly the tall Scot,⁵⁵ a middle sized man⁵⁴ of very dark, almost a creole complexion, and another or so, seemed to think that

Parting would be "such sweet sorrow,"

That they could stay and drink, "till it be morrow."

Not so with me however. I made my bow and proceeded on my walk, and an hour or two afterward had the pleasure of meeting the happy couple on the north road in a gig, a mile or two from town.

Towards dinner time, I repaired to the other house of mirth and feasting, but cannot do justice either to describing the few select friends who were there assembled, or to the excellent entertainment which was presented to them, unless I defer the particulars to some other occasion. I therefore remain for the present, my readers, most obedient,

SIMON STUKELEY.

No. 11. HOBART TOWN, AUGUST 14, 1829

A few days ago my notice was attracted by seeing a Gentleman⁵⁵ of middle stature, and rather stout, perhaps forty or five and forty years of age, stop almost every well-dressed person whom he met, and accost him in a very earnest and emphatic manner. Just as I approached him, he said to another Gentle-

man who was preceding me by a few steps "don't believe a word of it, Sir — not a word of truth in it — it's an infamous falsehood." Stopping to exchange a few civilities with the person whom he was addressing, I was imperceptibly drawn into a share of the conversation, and heard him continue "I have been to his Excellency about it, and have a great mind to go and horsewhip that little rascal of a printer" — then turning towards me "don't believe a word of it, Sir," again met my ears. I observed to him that I did not know to what he alluded, but received no answer; and it was not till he put into my hand a small ivory tablet and pencil, that I comprehended the cause of his not replying to me, although if I had attended to his manner of speaking, I need not have been at a loss to have discovered it. I therefore wrote the question which I had before put verbally — he immediately took out of his pocket, a newspaper, and gravely pointing to one of my own Essays, again said "Don't believe a word of it Sir — I am not the author — 'tis all an infamous falsehood, and I have been and explained it all to the Governor." I could scarcely forbear smiling to hear him thus utter truisms which I could so well verify; but willing to enjoy the joke, I wrote the enquiry "And what does His Excellency say?" I formerly studied Lavater a little, and have some skill in deciphering by the countenance, what is passing in the mind. I could see by this question that it had operated as a spark in a well-appointed tinder box, towards striking a light, and had created an amazing degree of self-consequence and imaginary importance. "Oh, Sir!" he replied, "the Governor received me with great politeness, and paid me the utmost attention; telling me, that he never suspected, for a moment that I *could* do such a thing; but he said to me, it's not of the least consequence, Sir, I assure you not the least in the world, smiling very good humouredly as he spoke; so that I hope I have removed all unfavourable impression in that quarter." "You were quite right, Sir," I next wrote upon his tablet, "always court the powers that be, there's never any knowing to what fertile *plains* they may prove an *avenue*." Hereupon, he smiled unutterably, and replied "Oh, Sir! I see you are a Wag, but don't touch me upon pastoral pursuits too closely — I can assure you, Gentlemen, the same as I said to the Governor, that 'tis all an infamous fabrication." "Don't be alarmed" interposed the other Gentleman, "no man who was ever in your company would charge you with being a Wit — much less a satirist — any thing but that, my friend." "Well! do you know, Sir," he replied, "that I really believe the Governor thought the same, by his manner to me." "I do not doubt it, Sir," I made him understand, "His Excellency possesses

too much penetration to need being set right upon that subject." While we were thus conversing, another Gentleman² joined us. I had previously seen him on more than one occasion; and now, as at other times, he addressed his hearers in rather an abrupt manner:—"I am piqued, Sir, and will be piqued, Sir, and mean to be piqued Sir — 'tis a most unwarrantable liberty, Sir, with a man of my bearing, Sir, and I was never so piqued in all my life, Sir." Here the Gentleman⁵⁶ who had hitherto spoken but little, interposed. "I really think you are wrong my good friend, thus unnecessarily to take up a glove which you happen to see lying in the street, and because it chances to fit your hand, forthwith to presume that it was thrown there as a challenge for you; why, possibly it might fit a dozen others equally well as yourself, and we shall by and bye have you all by the ears together, fighting in order to settle to whom the gage belongs — tut, tut, Sir, believe me, such conduct is ill-becoming the occasion — reserve your anger till it can be properly bestowed; remember how does a mastiff treat a snarling cur, when the latter barks at him, and do the same yourself in this case." The idea seemed to tickle the other's fancy; for he began to laugh, and continued increasing, until the tears absolutely ran down his cheeks — when he said "I wish I could, Sir — I wish I could; but I'll take your advice, Sir, and will laugh louder than the best of them, at the fellow's audacity." "You cannot more entirely defeat your enemies' malice or add to your friends' satisfaction, than by such a course, Sir." With these words we bade one another good morning, and each pursued his several way.

When I left home, my object was to take a walk to the Government Farm at New-town, respecting which I had heard a good deal since my residence in this country. I was anxious to see what system of operations it had been possible to introduce, so as to overcome the decided objections which must strike every impartial person, as belonging to the whole principle of such establishments. The profit is wholly on one side — in other words, it sticks so closely to the pockets of those who receive Government salaries, that no other person can receive any advantage whatever from it. As to the Public, by whom all the charge is paid, and for whose benefit, such concerns are nominally carried on, it resembles a wealthy farmer, who has a large heap of corn in his granary, from whence daily supplies are drawn for use or consumption; the heap being constantly replenished by fresh quantities — unknown to the owner, however, the weevil is making its silent ravages at the bottom of the heap; and thus for every bushel which he adds to his store, and thinks he will have so

much for his uses, he in fact receives but three pecks. Just so, are such undertakings as Government farming. A good season or a bad season, good land or bad land, good servants or bad servants, industry or idleness, makes no difference to the hand that pays for all. — Whether the heaps be added to, or diminished, matters not to any of the workmen or labourers, or to the owner — all supplies are still furnished, all wages still paid, the whole resembling the Wiltshire sign of the "Five Alls." The Governor says, I order all; the Government cattle consume all — the overseer looks after all, the servants pocket all, and the poor Public, with a doleful face, cries out — and I pay for all.

It is an incontrovertible fact, that unless the expenses of any Establishment, are *bonâ fide* borne by itself, it is carried on disadvantageously for the owner, who in this case is the Public. To return however from this digression, after leaving the *partie quarrée* of which I had formed one, I proceeded on my walk towards the farm, and upon reaching it, was civilly received by a person, apparently the Superintendent; but he had not much the appearance of a farmer, being more like an English Exciseman, who had lost an eye in a scuffle with smugglers, and by whom I was shewn over the several enclosures and buildings. If I had previously entertained an unfavourable idea of the general principle of public farming, I did not see one single reason for altering my opinion on this occasion. Poor, miserable, shallow, cold land, has been manured and cultivated, apparently with much perseverance; but, can an Ethiop be washed white? Had one-half the expense and labour which have been bestowed upon this spot, been applied upon a soil capable of making a return, or had one-fourth of it been at the command of the careful industrious Settler, every ton of hay or green forage which this farm can produce, would cost about one-third of its present invisible expense — but although invisible — not the less certain. I really must say, that I am rather surprised such a moth upon the Public Treasury as public farming should be permitted to exist — it should be crushed as a vile and noxious reptile.

The extreme fineness of the day, induced me to extend my stroll towards the river, on my way homewards, pursuing the path, along the banks of which, I came to the large Government Garden, and the foundation of the new residence for the Governor, by which this place is distinguished; and mentally lamented, that either so much had been done, or that so much had been left undone, scarcely knowing which; but whilst amusing myself with such meditations, two or three persons of my acquaintance came towards me, and *volens volens* insisted upon my agreeing

to join them and a few others that ex in the town, to eat "anchovy toast rattle of their tongues completely reflections which the scene I had been but I was so much pleased with the framed in my own mind another occasion; when, should any thing perhaps make a note of it, for the Punctual to the hour which had toast and Burgundy party, I repaired at the corner of two streets, where lady,^{es} serving as a counterpoise to welcomed me, as well as many others.

We passed the evening much as is some talkers, some listeners; some b. uttering rude jests and then laugh wise, and laughing too, without k again, enquiring of their next neighbour was about; when, at rather a late hour early one, being past the time "whit tread the earth," an incident occurred merriment. Among the company "braw bonnie Scot,"^{es} in the very affable, and endowed with a full other was his junior, but altogether *sui generis*; a compound of pride, aff in an exterior — "neat trimly dressed show'd like a stubble land at harvest to shew off his figure, by wearing beautifully close, as Mr. Fitwell will have taken such trouble, had he formed self which others very freely expressed to be the true Apollo Belvidere himself; not tall enough for a life guard that something, which nothing can some misunderstanding arose, about as the wine had oozed in, the wit had and what could be expected where, was no wit at the outset? What first "an ye repeat that experiment I shal fingers in contact with your nose" ere the neatly trimmed gentleman "braw bonnie Scot" was in earnest. ever chanced in their peregrinations

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to join them and a few others that evening, at a celebrated Tavern in the town, to eat "anchovy toast and drink Burgundy." The rattle of their tongues completely drove from my head all the reflections which the scene I had been contemplating engendered; but I was so much pleased with the beauty of the spot, that I framed in my own mind another walk there, upon some future occasion; when, should any thing particular occur to me, I may perhaps make a note of it, for the edification of my readers.

Punctual to the hour which had been named for the anchovy toast and Burgundy party, I repaired to a large roomy building, at the corner of two streets, where the simpering of the landlady,⁵⁸ serving as a counterpoise to the scowl of the landlord,⁵⁷ welcomed me, as well as many others, with apparent attention. We passed the evening much as is usual upon such occasions — some talkers, some listeners; some boisterous, others placid; some uttering rude jests and then laughing at them; others looking wise, and laughing too, without knowing at what; and others again, enquiring of their next neighbour what all the laughing was about; when, at rather a late hour, or more properly at an early one, being past the time "when witches dance, and fairies tread the earth," an incident occurred giving a new turn to our merriment. Among the company were two, one of whom, a "braw bonnie Scot,"⁵⁹ in the very prime of life, sprightly, gay, affable, and endowed with a full portion of *bonhommie*; the other was his junior, but altogether a non-descript — a thing *sui generis*; a compound of pride, affectation, and conceit, clothed in an exterior — "neat trimly drest, and his chin new-reaped, show'd like a stubble land at harvest home." He took great pains to shew off his figure, by wearing clothes made to fit tight — beautifully close, as Mr. Fitwell would say — not that he need have taken such trouble, had he formed the same opinion of himself which others very freely expressed of him; he was too slim to be the true Apollo Belvidere which he evidently fancies himself; not tall enough for a life guardsman, and his face wants that something, which nothing can supply. Between these two, some misunderstanding arose, about a trifle; but in proportion as the wine had oozed in, the wit had oozed out with many of us, and what could be expected where, as in one of the pair, there was no wit at the outset? What first met my ears were the words "an ye repeat that experiment I shall just make free to bring my fingers in contact with your nose" — a threat scarcely uttered, ere the neatly trimmed gentleman found to his cost, that the "braw bonnie Scot" was in earnest. If any of my readers have ever chanced in their peregrinations to see a cur tail-piped, they

may picture to themselves, by bringing the poor animal's appearance to their mind's eye, what was the cut and figure of the wight who was thus handled. He looked upon the company with a beseeching sigh, as much as to say, pity my indignity and assist me to avenge it; but compassion, he found none; he then endeavoured to turn the whole into jest; saying to the Scotsman, with a forced smile, "It is now my turn to pull your nose, and then you know, we shall be quits." "Just as ye like" was the reply, "but an ye do, you'll just tak the consequences." Nothing daunted, he proceeded to try this mode of retaliation; but was met by such a broad-side of Mendozas, followed by the application of the foot like a battering ram, bombarding the seat of honor, that a breach was speedily made, which in Europe, would have been thought capable of being repaired only by "pistol charged with mortal lead." — Here, however, the march of "virtue and innocence," has so far overcome the human passions, as to have produced a different result; for collecting together in the best manner he was able, some of the tattered trophies which might else have graced the brow of his opponent, he bade the company adieu, saying "I'll make you repent this, Sir — I have the law in my own hands, and you shall feel its effects too, Sir." A violent laugh followed this threat, and was succeeded by "I do not know what law you may have in your hands, but we all know you have precious little in your head." Soon after, we were warned by the cock-crowing, which we heard all around us, that it was time for good sober citizens to retire to their pillows. I therefore said farewell to my companions, as I now do to you, most courteous readers, and am your obedient

SIMON STUKELEY.

No. 12. HOBART TOWN, AUGUST 21, 1829

I have received the following Letter. To Mr. SIMON STUKELEY: — Sir, Yours without date, came duly to hand on the 1st instant, and note the Contents. Beg leave to acquaint you in reply that you have taken a very great liberty with me, and which I can by no means think of allowing. Have also observed some very improper freedoms with some of my friends to which I have called their attention.

Beg leave further to acquaint you that if this practice is continued, I shall write about it to the Home Government; it being

of no use to complain to this. I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,

MERCATOR.

Good gentle MERCATOR, why art thou so wrathful? How have I unintentionally offended thee? Let me only explain myself to thee in half a dozen words, and I will hold any wager, that be thou even more choleric than thy letter represents, thy vinegar will be turned into milk, and thy angry words into those clothed in the most honied form of language. — I am, as I have before said, a lone and simple man, known to few, and still fewer knowing me. I walk here, and I go there, I enquire no names — I note no deformity or imperfection of nature, but only such peculiarities as have been acquired, and such as are very capable of being remedied. If, therefore, some of the pictures I have drawn from the observations thus made, chance upon being hung up for the public gaze to be thought good likenesses, and, if the likenesses be not so handsome or so flattering as the originals considered was their due, am I, the poor painter, to blame? Or does not the fault rather lie with those who in this manner are informed wherein they may profitably apply my wholesome instructions? If the originals cannot endure the sight of their own portraits, how, I will ask them, are the Public to endure the originals. A very simple way of meeting the question is obvious, and I will recommend it to MERCATOR, and any others who may think themselves aggrieved by me. If I do not draw their characters faithfully, my representations are no likenesses, and, therefore, unworthy notice. — If I do delineate them in their true colors, and the picture be not pleasing, let them correct what is amiss in the originals, and I will hereafter do them justice; but, for once and all, I say to MERCATOR, and in so doing, I mean to express the same thing to others, that with a true feeling for their good, and to give them a just claim to the amiable characters whereto they, perhaps, already think themselves entitled, I shall act the part of the skilful physician; and when I find that one dose has failed, of its intended effect, I shall repeat it, accompanied by the lancet and blister, until the disease be cured.

Why does not MERCATOR follow the example which has been represented to me, as having been set by one of the Quorum; at whom I accidentally glanced lately, having in my mind's-eye, when I first saw him, one of the characters of a great modern writer, as his prototype, in point of shape and figure. Laughing heartily, he⁵² congratulated himself that my shafts were so pointless, in regard to anything which required correction, "I care vara little what he says of me, so that he kens nothing to my disadvantage either in my public or private pursuits — let him sift me upon

these as he likes; the more both I and others are so watched over, the better for all." This was at once magnanimous and manly — well deserving MERCATOR'S attention, as a rule for his own conduct.

Ohe jam sâtis! methinks I hear, and will, therefore, dismiss the subject, trusting I shall have no occasion to recur to it; for I am strictly in earnest, when I say, that the more kicking I perceive, the more lashing I shall inflict.

Being busily employed one morning last week, in arranging and preparing for publication, the notes I had taken illustrative of the pretensions of the "Withouts," a knock at the door was presently followed by the entrance into my room of a man^{so} dressed in a sort of half-jockey style, who made many bows and apologies, for what he called his intrusion. He was of middle stature, of a round and not unpleasing turn of features, rather swarthy, and of tolerable address, but was a perfect stranger to me. "I beg your pardon, Sir, for taking the liberty of waiting upon you," he said to me, "but I understand you are in want of a horse, and I have two or three on sale, which I can most highly recommend." I told him in reply, that he had been misinformed, as I had no intention to be encumbered with a care of this sort, until the season should be sufficiently advanced, to allow me to proceed into the interior, according to the promise which I had made, with the Gentleman who had spoke of the roads and bridges, as I have before mentioned. "I am very sorry for that, Sir," he answered, "I am in the hands of the Lawyers; by whom I have already been nearly ruined, and, if I cannot sell one of my horses, so as to raise a certain sum by Saturday, I shall have to go to gaol, leaving my wife and young family unprotected." I take no delight in hearing tales of distress, in whatever shape they come. The expression of this man's countenance, rather awakened a curiosity to learn a little of his history — and, upon putting a few questions to him, I found that he had arrived in the Colony five or six years ago, as an Emigrant, and had commenced the business of a Storekeeper — that in an evil hour, requiring pecuniary assistance upon some occasion, he had recourse to one of the "Withouts" who dealt in that line, to the tune of "never exceed twenty per cent.," and by whom the needed help was bestowed, upon the joint security of a Mortgage and Warrant of Attorney. — I was sceptical upon this latter point, thinking he was mistaken in telling me they were both for the same transaction; but he was positive, and in the end convinced me he spoke the truth. He farther told me, that the Lawyer's fangs having been once fixed on his property, never left hold

of it, until by foreclosure, writs of *fi* of twenty per cent. upon twenty *fi* damnables which followed in the Land closely of all his possessions, as ev whose wool was "Leonesas Quality", with all sorts of difficulties, and ha when accident having again placed same "Without," he was pursuing hi The account thus given of this lim in its main features, with what had my general informant, I felt dispos and, accordingly taking a memor man's name and debt, I promised to try if I could make any terms for hi interview with this Dispenser of Lav rigorous shape? After waiting a few during which, I could not help obs covered with writs of *capias*, summ in awful number, I was told that come, and was forthwith ushered in was a scene which struck me forcib stood on one side, covered partly partly with bundles of papers, dock red inkle, and partly with various a the centre of the room, was placed a piled all sorts of papers; some rela chant's invoices, bills of lading, &c interest at twenty per cent., for any way; there being also, several books shop keeper. In the corners, by the cases, such as are used for packing from England.

When I entered, the man of law, the man of compounds, was standing to receive me; and immediately retu saluted him. He was dressed *a la dish* a grey beaver dressing-gown, slippers half-dirty, night-shirt; his neck-cloth appear to have shaved that morning, was nothing prepossessing — rather u otherwise, his bulk corresponding th cunning look about the eye, which create repulsion on the part of stran ity. Still there was a constrained poli

these as he likes; the more both I and others are so watched over, the better for all." This was at once magnanimous and manly — well deserving MERCATOR'S attention, as a rule for his own conduct.

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of it, until by foreclosure, writs of *fieri facias*, compound interest of twenty per cent. upon twenty per cent., and all the other damnables which followed in the Lawyer's train, he was shorn as closely of all his possessions, as ever was a six month's lamb, whose wool was "Leonesas Quality" — that he had since struggled with all sorts of difficulties, and had nearly surmounted them, when accident having again placed him in the hands of this same "Without," he was pursuing him with unrelenting severity. The account thus given of this limb of the Law, having tallied in its main features, with what had been previously told me by my general informant, I felt disposed to judge of him myself; and, accordingly taking a memorandum of the unfortunate man's name and debt, I promised to call upon the Lawyer, and try if I could make any terms for him. How shall I describe my interview with this Dispenser of Law's rigours, under their most rigorous shape? After waiting a few minutes in the Clerk's office, during which, I could not help observing, that the tables were covered with writs of *capias*, summonses, *Fi : fa's*, and *Ca : sa's*, in awful number, I was told that my turn of admission was come, and was forthwith ushered into an adjoining room. Here was a scene which struck me forcibly — a handsome side-board stood on one side, covered partly with glasses, decanters, &c., partly with bundles of papers, docketed and tied together with red inkle, and partly with various articles of merchandize. — In the centre of the room, was placed a large table, on which were piled all sorts of papers; some relating to law, others to merchant's invoices, bills of lading, &c., others to calculations of interest at twenty per cent., for any given sum in the readiest way; there being also, several books resembling those kept by a shop keeper. In the corners, by the fire-place, were large deal cases, such as are used for packing light valuable importations from England.

When I entered, the man of law,⁶¹ or rather, as it struck me, the man of compounds, was standing by the table, as if waiting to receive me; and immediately returned the bow with which I saluted him. He was dressed *a la dishabille*; inasmuch as he wore a grey beaver dressing-gown, slippers down at heel — a yellowish, half-dirty, night-shirt; his neck-cloth tied loosely, and he did not appear to have shaved that morning. In person and stature, there was nothing prepossessing — rather under the middle-height than otherwise, his bulk corresponding therewithal; he had a shrewd cunning look about the eye, which had rather a tendency to create repulsion on the part of strangers, than to invite familiarity. Still there was a constrained politeness in his manner, a ser-

vility in his mode of replying to me, which argued that he could be all things to all men; and warned me, that I was not to be misled by superficial speciousness. One thing struck me as very remarkable, in his countenance; all the lines of which were uncommonly sharp and picked; — that, whenever he attempted to smile, or to utter words which might lead to the suspicion that his heart sympathized for a moment, with other's sorrows, two sorts of furrows were exhibited, one on each side of the mouth; reminding me to the very life, of the two supporters of the Arbuthnot Arms. Such nearly was the person to whom I now introduced myself. After I had expressed all I had to say, my object having been to try to gain time for the man, but, if I failed, to settle the debt in the best way I was able, by the purchase of one of his horses, the Lawyer replied to me, "I can do nothing for him, Sir; he must go to gaol, or pay the money; I only know my duty to my client;" "Surely, Sir, your client cannot suffer by allowing the poor fellow a little more time for payment of the debt — you would never think of separating a man from his wife and children, by so cruel a process as imprisonment, when no possible good can arise from it." "I know nothing of wives and children, Sir — my duty to my client is all I have to think about. People have no business to have wives and children, if they cannot pay their debts. I have but one rule, Sir — I always say in reply to the question, what is to be done with so and so, Let him go to gaol, and I say so now."

Finding that the iron features I had been contemplating, were but the index of the heart, that like bits of ore upon the surface, they did but disclose the nature of the mine underneath, I determined to waste no more time in talking, but requested to have the particulars of the man's debt, intending to agree with him the price of one of his horses, and thus enable him to discharge it. It was with astonishment I discovered that, although the sum originally due, was under fifteen pounds, it had now been swollen, by law expences, to £29 17s. 8d.!!!

After leaving the house, and meditating upon what I had that morning witnessed, reflecting that in every instance which had come under my own observation, my informant as to the "Withouts," with all his severity, appeared scarcely to have been severe enough, I determined that to introduce more than one at a time to my readers, would argue upon my part, want of proper consideration for the varied classes into whose hands I am informed my Essays weekly pass. They would be surfeited, with the highly seasoned dish I should be obliged to cook for them. I think, therefore, upon mature consideration, that I shall continue the plan

adopted last week, and at present; and shew one of them up at a time, now and then, when the plain roast-beef and plum-pudding nature of some of the remarks, which passing occurrences require at my hands, will be a little relieved by game, as the second course. I am, friend MERCATOR, and all other of my Patrons, with much sincerity, your obedient servant,

SIMON STUKELEY.

No. 13. HOBART TOWN, AUGUST 28, 1829

If my Correspondents continue to ply me with so many letters as I have received in the course of the last fortnight, I shall have to advertise for a Secretary to enable me to reply to them. I must, therefore, for once and always acquaint the persons who so honor me, that it is only special occasions whereon I can notice their communications.

Among the heaps of epistles which now lie upon my table are the two following, both of which claim a few words from me; one, because as the writer says, I have done him great injustice, and the other, because it comes from a Lady.

SIR, — Observing that in your late notice of the "Withouts," you have thought proper to pass over in silence the result of the information I gave you, when you partook of my hospitality, respecting their relative attributes in the Law and Jaw way, and also according to the general standard, I write to say you do me great injustice, in trying to palm upon the public, opinions as your own, for which you know you are indebted to me, and in withholding the valuable information I also gave you.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

Corner-house.

INFORMANT.

In reply to this, I candidly acknowledge my fault, and stand corrected; but, in extenuation, my Correspondent will, I am sure, recollect and admit with regard to him, *sui generis*, that he told me, it would require six such to move the scale even when weighed against the little finger either of Alley or Humphries.—that Law there was none — Jaw, much such as that used of old by Sampson, and therefore it was in tender compassion only that I passed him *sub silentio* — not wishing to rub the youth too closely; but far from desiring to rob my informant of any of the merit which belonged to his discernment. As for him, whom he designated "iron-hearted," his Law was decided to be super-

ficial; his relative importance compared with the standard, as a donkey is to a race horse, but as for his jaw, it was prodigious!

My other Letter is as follows:—

DEAR MR. HERMIT,

I expect a few friends to take tea with me next Monday, and to talk of my neighbours; for *entre nous*, this is the most delightful thing in life. Do come in your charming incog, so as to draw the portraits of the company — for you cannot think how much I want two or three of my acquaintances quizzed in your delightful way; for they dress so smart, and are besides so provoking, there is no other way I know to punish them. By the bye, when you speak of myself, pray dip your pen in what you call honey, and keep your vinegar for somebody else. You cannot think how I long to see what you will say of my friends. Pray therefore come on Monday, and believe, I am, your obedient servant,

AMELIA TRUEFRIEND.⁶²

My fair Correspondent must pardon me if I make my reply to her letter, the channel of communicating to herself, and many others, who have similarly invited me, and would fain bribe my good word, that I neither lend myself or my incog to any such purposes as her note expresses. It is always with reluctance when I make my pen the possible organ of pain to any of my readers; but sometimes, a regard to truth leaves me no alternative. The case would be very different, were I to travel out of my way, seeking occasions to excite unpleasant feelings — and however much some of my remarks may lead people to suspect me to be a crabbed, ill-tempered old Gentleman, suffering under gout, bile, and other equally powerful incentives of spleen, I can assure them, that I am one of the most amiable, good-humoured men living — and that I would rather write fifty lines of praise, particularly when nature's best handy-work, is the theme, than one of censure.

Feeling disposed the other day, to make a trial of the merits of my newly-purchased bit of blood, I mounted him, and directed his steps towards the village of New-town, the anglicised appearance of which, I had much admired, when viewed from a distance in my walk from the Government farm towards the river. Just as I had passed a short distance beyond a house of entertainment, ornamented by a splendid representation of the Dallas Arms, and presenting an outward appearance, well calculated to invite the way-worn traveller, and to beguile him of his weariness, I heard the sound of a horse's hoofs behind me, coming at a pace which appeared as if three legs were all that were left to do the work of four. — Being presently overtaken, the rider⁶³ drew up as he

came alongside of me, and I immediately recognized an acquaintance, by whom I was saluted with "*Bon jour Monsieur*, which way are you bound?" Returning his civility, and replying to his enquiry, we jogged on together in friendly chit chat. I had never before seen him on horseback, but had frequently noticed his extraordinary height and carriage as a pedestrian, and now, mounted on a hack whose ribs and prominent pin bones denoted but too plainly, that corn and he were acquaintances of ancient date, almost forgotten by each other, by virtue of long absence, he appeared like a moving tower; his two legs swinging backwards and forwards, resembling the pendulum of a clock at rapid motion. Our conversation speedily turned upon the medical profession, my companion observing, "Have you seen our new Dandy Doctor⁶⁴ go this way?" "I do not know to whom you particularly refer," I replied, "but I can answer your question generally, as no person has passed me." "'Tis lucky for the people that this is a fine climate, he observed — for whether we speak of the *ars medica aut chirurgica*, 'tis in a lamentable state for the Public. You would be surprised, did you know as much as I do, of the ignorance and unskilfulness of most of our practitioners — indeed, I may say all, as not one of them is fit to hold my stirrup leather." "You quite astonish me; I always considered from what I had heard, that the profession was most respectably supported here. I only know one of them — a Gentleman I lately met at a wedding, but I was not then aware he was a Doctor — but having since been rather unwell, he was recommended to me by a friend, and I must say I like him very much — he was exceedingly attentive, and I thought him very clever." "Ha! ha! ha! so you have been in Doctor Gallipot's⁶⁵ hands, have you? Ha! ha! ha! — ha! ha! ha! — *Oh tempora, oh mores* — why, Sir, you may think yourself lucky you are now here — he knows just as much of physic, as my horse does of oats; and that I am sure, poor fellow, is little enough, but my time is so occupied, I can scarcely allow either him or myself to eat or drink." "Well, Sir," I replied, "you will sooner be able to retire with a fortune — nothing like working hard in the morning of one's life — making hay when the sun shines." "I am of the same opinion, and look forward to enjoying an *otium cum dignitate*, at no distant day." We now reached a pretty looking house, standing a hundred yards or so to the left of the road, within an enclosure, into which my companion turned, requesting me to follow him, under the promise that he would not be detained more than a minute or two. Giving our horses to the charge of a servant, we entered the house, and were shewn into a room, wherein were sitting

rather a delicate looking young woman and a child, with two or three other persons. My companion having made enquiry about the state of some inmate, who was an invalid, left the apartment attended by the female, and in a minute or two the door was opened by a thin middle aged man, who entered, bringing two glasses of spirits and water — one of which he placed before me. The man began talking, by saying "the Doctor's a wonderful man, Sir — he knows a matter of thirteen languages, and 'twould most make your hair stand on end, if you were to hear him as I have, when he's a little gone in the wind, as the saying is. Lord, Sir, he raps out foreign lingo so, just for all the world like a Frenchman." "How do you know what the Doctor's is like, when gone in the wind, as you call it?" I enquired. "Oh, Sir, he and a friend of his, are pretty nearly the best customers some in our line have, and they both talk in the same way like, and I've heard said, they are the two best scholars in these parts — half the custom of both, comes because people think one good turn deserves another." Just as mine host finished thus speaking, my companion re-entered the room, and systematically as it were, emptying one of the glasses, invited me to do the same, but which I declined, it being too early in the day for my general custom to partake of such refreshment. I found an able and willing proxy, however, in the person of the landlord.

At this moment, a messenger from town came express, requiring the instant attendance of the Doctor, upon some case of emergency; and bidding one another farewell, I rode on towards the village. At the corner of the road turning to the right, I met a Gentleman⁶⁰ in a dark green gig, drawn by a grey horse. Being slightly acquainted, we each pulled up to exchange a few words of conversation. He had a fidgetty sort of manner when addressing me, accompanying his words by contortions of some of the muscles of the face, to which, additional force was given, by motions of such other parts of the body, as could be spared from the management of his carriage. "Eh, em" — speaking very slowly, "I began to think you were going to neglect calling upon me — I've been expecting you some time — but — eh," nodding his head at the same moment, and giving a twist with his eyes, "*my* house is always in order — no fear of *my* getting a touch of the—" here he frisked his whip, looked at me very significantly, and added—"you understand me, eh!" "I could never be so neglectful as to fail in proper respect to such a Gentleman as yourself," I replied, "I understood you were at present particularly engaged on public business, and have not therefore wished to obtrude — I have also been told that a visit from me, would be more likely to be agree-

able at a certain tribunal of no small import to the Colony, than upon any other occasion." "Eh!—em—*always* glad to see Mr. Stukeley — but between ourselves, I rather think that when I sit for my portrait, that *is* the place to produce a picture which will bear the public gaze — you understand me — don't you?" "Perfectly, and I can only say in the words of a late Civic Authority, a speedy sitting and soon." With mutual adieus we now parted. Within half a furlong of the spot I fell in with another acquaintance — a Gentleman²⁴ whose energy and activity of mind, had created cause for admiration in several instances wherein I had noticed his proceedings. He was on horseback, riding in an easy negligent manner, wearing as usual, his hat a little inclined on one side — the head being inclined a little farther still, At present, as at all other times, when I have seen him, his features bore unequivocal marks of good humour and contentment, and he addressed me, "Well, Simon, which way are you travelling?" In reply to the explanation I gave him, and which included terms expressing how much I admired the beauty of the neighbouring scenery, he said with a pleasant smile, "If you want to see a pretty place, take a ride to-morrow and pay me a visit — I shall be at home the whole day, and shall be very glad to see you." I promised to accept the invitation, and did not fail in punctuality; but I cannot give the particulars in the short space which is now left, according to the rule I have prescribed to myself, from a due regard to my friends, the Public, and must therefore defer them till this day week; being always, my readers, your obedient servant,

SIMON STUKELEY.

No. 14. HOBART TOWN, SEPTEMBER 4, 1829

The morning of my visit to the gentleman who had invited me to spend the day with him, was particularly mild and pleasant; the soft balmy air corresponding with what I remember to have experienced in the South of France, towards the end of the month of March; being rendered still more fragrant by some of the early blowing shrubs and flowers, which distinguish this beautiful climate. On my way, I stopped for a short time to admire a very beautiful garden and shrubbery, attached to a remarkably genteel sort of *cottage ornée*, situated at a corner of the road, commanding an almost immediate access to the river; the

grounds and general exterior, being kept with much studied neatness. A clear and beautiful stream ran through the shrubbery, which was chiefly formed of native productions; and, being benefitted by good soil and cultivation, had attained a height and luxuriance greatly adding to their natural beauty. The house itself was elegantly constructed, reminding me of some of the villas for which the neighbourhood of Herne Hill and Dulwich, or Clapham, is so much admired by strangers; and altogether I must say, I by no means expected to see so finished a residence, in so young a Colony. Passing this spot, my road turned to the right, and after pursuing it, perhaps a mile or more, I came rather suddenly to the sight of a building, upon a gentle elevation, bearing the marks, of being inhabited by a Gentleman. Before I had time to reach the door-way, I was met by my friend²⁴ wearing his hat upon the incline *as usual*, habited in a dress suited to the country; and who immediately saluted me, "I see you are a punctual man, Simon." "I cannot plead any reasonable excuse for being otherwise," I replied; "for I have nothing else to do but to keep my engagements." "Well, walk in, I am very glad to see you," leading me forwards as he spoke, towards the entrance of the house; when he introduced me to a tall elderly Gentleman,²⁷ very thin and erect, and clad, as if either the warmth, or the hardihood of his constitution, bade defiance to all exterior cold. He had a beneficent expressive countenance, keen sagacious eyes, under long shaggy eye-brows, and was extremely lively in his manners, exhibiting in them, as well as in his gait and action, all the fire and energy of a much younger man.

"This is Mr. Stukeley, Sir," said my conductor to the elderly Gentleman. "Not the Mr. Simon Stukeley I hope, who draws people's portraits," said the other, making a bow, and offering me his hand very affably at the same moment. "He is rather a dangerous acquaintance I think, for the Gentlemen of your profession, if he treats you all with as little ceremony as one or two whom he has lately visited."

"No fear Sir," said I, "I hope I have discrimination enough, neither to praise or censure, undeservedly; and while that is the case, there is nothing to apprehend." "That's all very well, Simon," said the youngest of the two, "but by George, you hit some of us very hard; what has a brother chip of mine done, to draw from you such a philippic as you gave him t'other day -- egad! I almost think you were too hard upon him." "I don't know much about that," I replied; "others tell me differently; and I happened to be in company a day or two ago, where no person knew me, and the picture I had drawn, being the subject

of conversation, I heard one of them knew this Hermit; I could tell him would beat that Horse-dealer's story impossible to please every body." "I reply, "but you must now excuse me wards, perhaps, you'll like to walk rather retired, leaving the elderly Gentleman *à-tête*. I soon found I had not had I been ever so much inclined to transition from one subject to another of words, that even my unavailing monosyllables to certain questions, reduced, scarcely allowing me time effect of sound. The subject of our every topic that was introduced, serpanion was both well read, and I "Have you seen the Lieutenant General?" "Only once since I had the honor difficult task, to reconcile so many stantly before him; but I think myself admirably. — He has always apper person I think, can doubt his talentself is very well; not much fault to find the influence of others who have in For my own part, I have very little always felt a degree of personal regret could wish many things different, I able qualities which he possesses. — good advice." "And has he taken a quarter to be agreeable, perhaps; but well; and if I, with one or two others been rather hardly dealt with, I find I do not think certain things would he had been under his own guidance perhaps, 'tis all as well."

Here a close to the conversation the other Gentleman, who, seeing I was talking, said in his good-humored you'll not allow Mr. Stukeley to say you ready for a walk?" Gladly accept my hat, and we all three sallied forward ceded many steps from the house,

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of conversation, I heard one of the party say—"I only wish I knew this Hermit; I could tell him a pretty tale or two, what would beat that Horse-dealer's story hollow."—You see it is impossible to please every body." "That's true enough," was the reply, "but you must now excuse me for a few minutes; and afterwards, perhaps, you'll like to walk round the grounds:" so saying, he retired, leaving the elderly Gentleman and myself to constitute a *tête-à-tête*. I soon found I had not only no occasion to talk, but had I been ever so much inclined to be loquacious, no opportunity was likely to be afforded me. So rapid indeed, was the transition from one subject to another, so constant the utterance of words, that even my unavoidable share, such as a reply in monosyllables to certain questions, could with difficulty be introduced, scarcely allowing me time to give a Yes or No, its full effect of sound. The subject of our conversation was varied; but every topic that was introduced, served to exhibit that my companion was both well read, and naturally acute and sensible. "Have you seen the Lieutenant Governor lately?" he enquired. "Only once since I had the honor dining with him:—His is a difficult task, to reconcile so many jarring interests as are constantly before him; but I think upon the whole, he acquits himself admirably. — He has always appeared to me, to be an upright conscientious man; and of a very amiable disposition; and no person I think, can doubt his talents." "No! the Governor himself is very well; not much fault to find with him; but he is under the influence of others who have neither his heart nor his head. For my own part, I have very little reason to like him, but I have always felt a degree of personal regard for him, and though I could wish many things different, I am not blind to many estimable qualities which he possesses. — I have often given him very good advice." "And has he taken it?" "It came from the wrong quarter to be agreeable, perhaps; but I have always wished him well; and if I, with one or two others whom I could name, have been rather hardly dealt with, I for my part, heartily forgive it. I do not think certain things would have been as they were, if he had been under his own guidance, but it's all past now, and perhaps, 'tis all as well."

Here a close to the conversation was put by the re-entrance of the other Gentleman, who, seeing how earnestly my companion was talking, said in his good-humoured style, "by George, Sir, you'll not allow Mr. Stukeley to say a word. Come, Simon, are you ready for a walk?" Gladly accepting the proposal, I took up my hat, and we all three sallied forth together. I had not proceeded many steps from the house, ere I had abundant cause to

admire the exquisite scenery of the spot, and the judicious choice which had fixed upon it, as a Gentleman's residence. The beautiful turns and windings of the river, flanked by small mounds rising from its banks, formed an appearance resembling the alternate mountain and lake views which are so attractive to the Cambrian or Scottish traveller; I could have almost fancied myself in the vicinity of Loch Tay, the general beauty of the landscape being greatly improved by the towering height of Mount Wellington in the rear, raising its snowy head among the clouds; and on the right by other mountains of various elevations, forming stepping stones as it were, to their more exalted neighbour, and every here and there, creating by their jagged surfaces, fanciful resemblances to ruinous castles, or other edifices. The home landscape was one of fields and buildings in the true English style; and the spot whereon we stood had been converted into a meadow of English grasses, which my host informed me well repaid cultivation in this country, when judiciously attended to. Both my companions suffered me to enjoy the prospect, for some little time without interruption; when the youngest addressed me, "Well, how do you like the place?" "I have seen nothing like it since I landed here," I replied. "The situation is romantic and delightful in the extreme." "You should come and pay me a visit," said the other Gentleman, "I think you would adjudge the palm of beautiful scenery to my place." "How you talk, Sir," replied the other, "the two places will not bear a comparison." We now advanced towards the river, following its margin a considerable distance, until we came to a fence, which I was informed terminated the property; and from thence crossing some enclosures in a direct line, we again shortly reached the house, where, after a short interval, an excellent family dinner was welcomed by all, with a hearty appetite.

The character of the owner of this charming spot, had already been brought under my notice in various lights; but now, a new one was made known to me, in no way less attractive than any thing I had before witnessed. I had seen him advocating the cause of unfortunate criminals in the Court-house, using his impassioned eloquence with a fervour, to be produced only by an amiable heart; endeavouring to remove the prejudicial effect which had been produced upon those, in whose hands, were the life and liberty of a fellow creature, by the novel acrimony with which his offence had been submitted to their notice. It is true, he could not plead for them, but his ingenuity so framed his questions in cross-examinations, as to allow him opportunities of introducing many short and pithy expressions; and his mode

of reply to the hasty, and sometimes rude interruption he met with, shewed the immense advantage a man has in arguments, when under a perfect self-command. At other times, I had seen him upon the Wharf, assuming all the cares and bustle of a merchant, urging this man to load that boat, another to unload his cart, putting his shoulder to the wheel, in his own words, with "by George, my boys, she must and shall be off this day week." Once I remember to have met him some miles from town, when he told me he was just returning from brushing up his agents, farther informing me, that he had establishments for the reception of Colonial produce, in exchange for necessary supplies, in three different parts of the Island; and that he made nothing of riding sixty or seventy miles a day, to see what they were about. To-day he appeared in the character of the affectionate father of a young family—the almost enthusiastic country Gentleman; and the attentive host. In style of conversation, whenever the garrulity of our elder, and take him altogether, very entertaining companion, allowed him a chance of saying any thing, he was quiet, placid and easy—embellishing his observations by a certain playfulness, and avoiding subjects wherein himself or his pursuits were concerned. I could gather, however, that between himself and the Government, there was no good understanding; and although little was said, that little seemed to convey that he had been very hardly dealt with. He enquired if I had ever seen his book; of which, upon my replying in the negative, he promised to send me a copy; adding, "unless you absolutely saw it, I am sure you would never believe such things could be—yet I own I do not know why the persecution I then experienced, should have since been continued on many little trifles, but never mind Simon! They cannot deprive me of some things, and I don't envy any of them."

After a few hours agreeably passed in this manner, receiving an additional zest by a hearty welcome and some choice London particular, I took my leave, and mounting my recently purchased nag, was soon at the door of my lodgings. I cannot do better than sum up in the words of my Informant, the professional character of the Gentleman I had thus visited.—"With regard to Law, I believe he is as good as, if not the best, this Colony possesses—he has an ample share of jaw—both law and jaw being nearly equal. He shines particularly in cross-examining witnesses, in which he is much aided by a retentive memory; but take him as a whole, he is fully on a par with either of the two selected as a standard—requiring, perhaps, a little of one of them to give a turn to the scale."

The drawbacks to his character — (and who has them not?) are a too eager desire for gains; an inordinate attachment to lucre, having sometimes led him into a course of practice, which the more rigid of his profession have not approved. Regarding him at all points, however, he may well be called the Prince of the "Withouts," and if there were none worse than him, certain galled jades would not have winced as they have done. — Courteous readers adieu, for the present, Yours,

SIMON STUKELEY.

No. 15. HOBART TOWN, SEPTEMBER 11, 1829

There is not perhaps a greater pleasure than an epistolatory communication between distant friends, and next perhaps to that, in intellectual enjoyment, is the dissemination of useful and entertaining information by means of the noble art of printing. Both these gratifications have lately fallen to my lot, and out of them, as we frequently find through life, have sprung incidents which may perhaps in some measure tend to amuse my readers.

Passing by the Post Office a day or two after one of the recent arrivals from England, my eyes caught the words of my own name, "two letters," written among many others, forming a long list stuck upon the post of the little gate, communicating between the street and the outward court of that building, and forthwith knocking at the door, I enquired for the treasure, so valuable to all of us, when coming from dear and estimable friends. The door was opened by a young man⁶⁹ of sullen and reserved appearance, who knitted his brows as if displeased at the interruption I had occasioned him; and scarcely condescending to look at me, opened a small drawer, turned over several letters, and selecting my two, handed them to me, saying "four shillings." Upon payment of this sum, I withdrew to read the contents of my prize, for so I deemed it, well-knowing by the hand-writing from whom they came. Among other information, one of the letters acquainted me, that a box was on board the vessel, bearing my address, and filled with the newest and best publications of the great metropolis of the world.

As I was unacquainted with what routine would be necessary as the means of becoming possessed of this package, I directed my steps towards the Custom-house, and was so fortunate as to meet a friend at the door, through whose assistance all my diffi-

culties were at once removed. He⁷⁰ was in the meridian of his days, of average stature and bulk — fair complexion, but pale — very little hair, being almost bald to the crown — wore spectacles, as if near sighted, and had a habit of accompanying his words by something between a smile and a grin, having a troop of hel hel he's! not the full hearty ha! ha! ha's! ready to turn out at a moment's warning, at whatever was said by others. Between this Gentleman and myself, there had been a how d'ye do acquaintance, since I met him one morning at Government-house, where we were both kicking our heels, waiting for admittance in our several turns; and as he was a sociable conversible sort of a companion, and I have since been told, saying nothing about the properties of the serpent, that he was harmless as the dove, and that withal, he was a scholar and a Gentleman, I felt inclined to be upon good terms with him, and was therefore glad of the present opportunity of improving our acquaintance. No sooner had I explained my present embarrassment, than he said, with much good nature, "I'll put you in the way of doing all that is necessary — I have the same thing to go through nearly every month — step with me into this room." Following him to the end of a short narrow passage, we entered a small apartment to the left, across which, leaving an inconsiderable space for the Public, ran a narrow counter, and behind it were two or three individuals seemingly intent upon business, one of whom appeared to be a man of superior authority, judging by his appearance, and the respect paid him by the rest. Immediately upon our entrance, he approached the partition, and addressed my companion with great civility and attention; treating me also with the politeness due to a stranger. He⁷¹ was young, and possessed pleasant features, as well as expression of countenance; and his dress, without reaching the point known by men milliners as minimy pinimy, was exceedingly neat and precise. While we were all conversing together, a heavy sound of footsteps along the passage, was almost the immediate precursor of the entrance of a stall stout personage,²¹ whom I once before met at a public office, and the nature of whose birth and breeding had created in my mind some perplexing doubts. Shaking by the hand in a very hearty manner the Gentleman⁷⁰ who was with me, he said to him, "Faith! by my soul, 'tis a long while since I've seen you." "I do not think I have had that pleasure," he replied, "since the intelligence has been received which dubs you Honorable. We have always known you were honorable by every other claim — allow me to congratulate you upon your accumulated honors." Here the honourable Gentleman (for finding his pretensions

were so high, no doubts upon other points could of course longer exist) twinkled his eyes in a very peculiar manner, and replied, "Faith and by Jasus, my good friend! I think you know me well enough to know that I would just rather have an odd twenty pound note than have any thing to do with your 'honourables' as you call it. There's somebody — some player-man I think — says, 'Rude am I in my speech, and little blest with the set phrase of words,' but twenty or thirty per cent. upon a twenty pound note is like the little child of its parents — it will soon grow and get bigger — and in no time almost is equal to its father. Give me what I understand, and faith! they may act the 'honourables' as will, for me. 'Tis n't a money getting phrase."

Here the conversation terminated, other persons entering the office just as he had finished speaking, and making our *congés* in a becoming manner, my friend and I left the office, and walked towards the Wharf; purposing to send on board the ship, for the package. As we proceeded along, my companion said to me, "Do you know, Sir, what books you have?" "No, I do not, indeed" I replied; "but as you have been so kind as to render me your assistance, if you have the least curiosity, or, if it will afford you the slightest amusement, you have my authority to have the first rummage over the box — and are welcome to the use of any, to which you may take a fancy." "You are very good" he answered, "I could not think of that; but if you will come and take tea with me this evening, I will manage to have the box at my house, and we can look over the contents together!" This arrangement being acceded to, we bade one another a temporary adieu, and each went his several way.

When I again joined my friend at his own house in the evening, I had the pleasure of being introduced to his lady,⁷² and a whole tribe of little ones, forming, when drawn up in a row, which was done at the word of command with all a parent's fondness, a number of steps at equal distances, resembling a flight of stairs.

It has been well said, that no place so clearly develops a man's character, as his own fire-side; for there are too many who hang up their good humour with their hats upon the pegs in the hall, reserving all their ill temper for their wives and children. Not so, however, with my worthy host, who shines I think, more to advantage in a domestic capacity, than in any other I have noticed. In addition to his own family, there was a young Gentleman⁷³ present, rather under the military standard in point of height, square frame, dark hair, and of a sombre expression of countenance. — His eyes, which were dark and small, were deep

sunk in his forehead; possessing keenness and penetration. He appeared to have come of a tolerable pedigree, judging by his general manner and behaviour; but had some odd tricks or habits with various parts of his body, particularly an automaton sort of movement of the arm, and a constant turn of the head, like a Mandarin. It was not difficult to perceive that he had adopted the wise rule of forming a good opinion of himself, so that he might be sure somebody thought well of him, fearing, perhaps justly, that few others might arrive at the same conclusion. After the tea service was removed, the anxiously looked-for box was introduced, and taking off the lid, book after book was passed through the hands of each — "Oh dear me!" exclaimed the stranger Gentleman, "what a beautiful edition of Zimmerman!" retiring to a chair as he spoke, and contemplating the book he still held, as if enraptured with the very idea of solitude. After a short lapse thus passed on his part, during which we continued ransacking the contents of the package, he suddenly observed, "Have you chanced to meet with any work upon phrenology? If you should do so, pray favour me with a sight of it." "I do not think it very likely we shall be able to gratify you," I replied, "for my bookseller knows pretty well my taste, and that I attach no importance to the subject. I never yet could arrive at the conclusion, that a knowledge of its mysteries would recompense the time and application necessary for its study, to say nothing of the expense of buying such books." "You quite astonish me," he replied, "I consider it a sublime branch of the metaphysics, I should never be tired of it." "And I, on my part," I answered, "attach very little importance to ontological discussions of any sort. I prefer solid useful information to arguments which, after all, end in nothing. — My orders to Cadell were, to supply me with all the best periodicals, new editions of established authors, and other works of sterling merit, but none upon abstruse subjects." "By the bye" he replied, "speaking of periodicals, what think you of the public press of this Colony? — I presume you have read the Essays called the Hermit?" "I believe I have seen most of them," I answered. Here our host took up the subject by saying "they are written in a very peculiar vein — the author draws portraits with some effect, but like most caricaturists is apt to dwell on and sometimes enlarge any little peculiarity in his sitting subject; there is one thing, however, they cannot last long." "I do not see any symptoms of flagging," observed the other Gentleman, "there are many characters I hope yet to see touched off, and amongst others you (addressing particularly my friend as he spoke) would, I think, form an entertaining subject for a paper."

"And why not all three of us, if it come to that?" replied the other; — "but I still say, the Hermit cannot last long, for I speak from experience when I assert it to be a style of writing, which cannot be supported; I have tried it myself, and have found it break down under me; already I apprehend the Hermit is very little read." "You are quite mistaken there," said our companion, "I can answer differently to that." "Well, but at all events," replied our host, "you must admit that my Hermitage was much more attractive and more admired than the Hermit — did you see my Hermitage, Sir?" addressing himself particularly to me; upon my replying in the negative, he said "I will shew it to you," and whilst he was absent from the room for a minute or two for the purpose of fetching it, the other Gentleman took out his pencil, and handed me the two following lines—

"Its learning and its classic lore
Make it a most confounded bore."

Perhaps the impression thus created in its disfavour, operated against my comprehending all its latent beauties, as it was presently read aloud to us, with all the tone of fondness, a father would adopt, when speaking of a favourite child. As in duty and politeness bound, however, I expressed myself in terms of admiration of the performance; but our companion, perhaps more at home than myself, and consequently privileged to say what he liked, remarked "I tell you what, Sir; I only hope the Hermit will keep clear of the Hermitage; for if it were to have the same effect upon him, as it always has upon me, it would infallibly drive him to sleep, which I by no means wish to be the case." I thought there was a degree of chagrin across the mild and placid features of our excellent friend, as these words were uttered, and I presently endeavoured to turn the conversation, which was effected with little difficulty, and the evening glided pleasantly away, enlivened by rational converse, and a due share of the good things of this life, until it was time to wish one another good night, when the other visitor and myself proceeded homewards together. I cannot say, I altogether felt much inclination to cultivate the addition thus made to my circle of acquaintance. There was something of pedantry about him which I dislike; a sort of authoritative tone often acquired by persons who hold some petty trust or place, giving them much more importance in their own eyes, than in the estimation of their neighbours; he was besides, evidently upon uncommonly good terms with himself and with his figure and appearance. The

opinion so formed was rather confirmed than otherwise, at a second interview I had with him an evening or two afterwards. — It was at a card party, where he was undergoing a good deal of playful banter about something which I did not well understand, but the words "Youthful indiscretion" which fell from him in reply, served to increase the laughter previously excited at his expense, and to add to the confusion which was already manifest in his countenance. I could enlarge on the subject, but must now say farewell.

SIMON STUKELEY.

No. 16. HOBART TOWN, SEPTEMBER 18, 1829

I little expected, when my Utopian schemes, of virtue and innocence, peace and tranquillity, led me to visit these distant shores, that among the new characters wherein I should have to figure as part of my sublunary career, it would be reserved for me to become one of the *dramatis personæ* of a new and entertaining farce; but so the fates have willed it, and of what use, contending with the weird sisters?

As I was quietly seated by my fire-side one evening, about a week or ten days ago, my servant announced that a person wished to see me; and ere I could signify whether or not I was engaged, the stranger⁶ followed him into the room, and I discovered that he was one of the three whom I had seen at the Police-office, upon the occasion of losing my watch; but I noticed that the gold-headed cane was laid aside — in other respects, his neat and prim appearance was the same. Addressing me with the familiarity and *nonchalance* of an old acquaintance, but not without civility, he said that his business was to summon me to attend on board a newly arrived ship, the following morning as a Juror, upon a Coroner's Inquest; and having further intimated that my obedience was indispensable, he made his bow and withdrew.

A little before the appointed hour, the next day, I repaired to the Wharf, and upon the landing place at its extremity, nearest the water, I saw three or four Gentlemen standing, as if waiting for a boat, amongst whom I recognized several acquaintance. Presently, our group received an addition, by being joined by my hospitable friend,²³ who gave me the valuable information respecting the limbs of the law, some of which is already before my readers. As soon as he came near us, he accosted me with

much familiarity, "What! do you make one in this humbug affair? but I say, let's have no more telling tales out of school — 'twas hardly fair of you to quiz my muddy colored green so — Egad! I did not know you were such a dangerous person; but I expect there will be a fine field for you to-day, as I understand old Thing-um-tight will be here directly. What fun we shall have, if he should happen to be in one of his grotesque humours!" Before I could reply to him, "Boat a hoy!" having for some time been sounded and resounded, at length one approached from the vessel, and we all proceeded towards her. There were already assembled on the deck several other Jurors, and I recognized the recently made Benedick,⁴⁹ who honored me by an invitation to breakfast, and whose joy now seemed to have lost some of its wire edge, and to have sobered down into staid tranquillity. My kind and good friend,⁷⁰ who is Commander-in-Chief of the hel hel he's, and hal hal ha's, was also there — the braw bonnie Scot who gives practical illustrations of the newest and most improved methods of pulling noses — the tall robust Gentleman,⁷⁴ who swore by St. Taffit, that it was a t——d wicked thing to use a wife badly? and who now was congratulated by some of his companions, that his sleek skin, and well filled vest, bore ample testimony that "Seventy pounds of flesh" may soon be recovered, if the thing be well managed. He was talking of the bad treatment often experienced by passengers on board ship, and said to me, "Only to think, Sir, apsolutely to lose seventy pounts of flesh between here and Englant — by Cot it is infamous! and then to have my pocket pick't by the Lawyers because I cried out." "If your flesh had been valued, and you had been paid for it, according to the rate of poor Antonio's in the Merchant of Venice," I replied, "you would have made a good thing of it; but I suppose, although it was long going! going! going! you did not discover your loss till it was really gone." Here the Gentleman²⁸ who had given me the characters of the Lawyers, and whom I shall hereafter whenever speaking of him, designate as my "Informant," observed, "I dare say he understands more about going! going! gone! if the truth be known, than who Antonio was. — Shylock and he are better acquainted by far I take it." What followed did not take my attention, as I was occupied in scanning the countenances of the remaining Jurors; having had little or no previous acquaintance with most of them; — and whilst so occupied, a cry of "here he comes!" "there he is, getting into the boat," attracted my attention towards the shore, and I observed a gig push off, in the stern of which sat a Gentleman, accompanied by two attendants. — As he neared the side of the vessel, I recognized an old acquaintance,⁶⁶

and upon his mounting the deck, he was saluted by all of us, with every possible respect. He was of diminutive stature and shape; somewhat advanced in years; plain features, bearing no particular expression of sagacity, but what nature had denied him in this respect was in a measure atoned for by art; — as he contrived every now then, so to alter his physiognomy, by contracting or lengthening the muscles of the face, that he put me in mind more than once of Grimaldi, creating a half belief in my mind, that at some time or other he must have studied the elegant art of pulling faces under that celebrated master. Taking out his snuff-box, as he returned our courtesies, and holding it at the extremity of his left arm, at its full distance from his body, as he rapped the lid with his right fingers, he said, looking first at one and then at another, holding all the time the pinch of snuff between his fore finger and thumb — "Eh — em — are *we* — ready to proceed to business?" Without waiting for a reply, he drew in his chin upon his breast, first gave a frown, then a stare around him, and bringing the snuff near his nostrils, and keeping it there for a second or two, like regaling an Epicure at the top of a London kitchen staircase, previous to the more substantial enjoyments of the dinner, he lodged the whole of the pinch in its intended repository, with as much apparent zest, as I have before now seen an oyster woman exhibit, as she tossed off a noggin of Hodges' true blue. So intent was he upon the passing scene, that he appeared not to hear, or at all events to regard, the sort of stifled murmur which followed in the train of the half uttered "been ready and waiting long enough! Shame to keep Gentlemen dancing attendance upon an old — ——" what was the next word I did not catch, for all moving towards the cuddy at the same moment, a bustle was created, which drowned the speakers' voices.

Our business was commenced by the Coroner's, as he said, "briefly" explaining the occasion of our meeting; but if brevity and he had ever known one another, they seemed to have parted company on this occasion; his style and manner being prolix in the extreme; and more than once I thought of home and my night-cap. One Juror twiddled with his two thumbs; another yawned; a third took snuff, and tickled his nostrils with the feather of a quill to produce sneezing; and one, more audacious than the rest, took a book from his pocket and began reading. This was too much to be endured. Starting bolt upright in his chair, and throwing a look at the delinquent, charged with terror and authority, he rapped his knuckles upon the table, and exclaimed, "put away that book this minute, Sir." "It is only a treatise upon physic," was the reply, "I was referring to it, think-

ing it might assist our deliberations." The Coroner looked aghast at this justification of the offence, and rising from his seat, throwing out his right arm, and moving his hand up and down, pointing at the same time with his fore finger, "I insist upon being attended to, Sir, shut up that book this minute, and attend to the business before the Court. It is a Court, although a low Court, and I will have proper respect paid it." It so happened that my "informant" and I sat next each other; he seemed prone to mischief, ever upon the look out for keeping the ball alive, when once in the air, and ready to join in any thing likely to create fun. He now put in his word; "I think 'tis quite immaterial, whether the book be about law or physic—they are both much alike." "What do you mean by that, Sir?" said the Coroner. With all the ease and impudence imaginable, he replied, "they both purge and blister—one acts upon the body, and the other upon the pocket, but their effect is the same, as they each reduce a man to nothing, cleaning him of all his substance." As he finished speaking, he had recourse to a snuff-box, and having previously noticed the extraordinary attitudes which accompanied the passage of a pinch, between the box and our President's nose, rather humourously imitated his movements, giving them additional effect by the turn of the eye, as he glanced round the table. The good man's patience, if he had any at first, was now exhausted. "'Tis you that brew all the mischief, Sir," he exclaimed—"I am aware of you, Sir, before to-day, and your propensity to quizzing might be much better applied than as you sometimes indulge it." My "informant"²⁸ now whispered to me, "that's a slap at both of us—he's thinking of the house like the letter L, but if that's his tack, I'll give him enough before we've done."

We now proceeded, at a funeral pace it's true, in the investigation as to the cause of the man's death, which had been the object of our meeting; and, upon its being stated by one of the witnesses, that he had taken an emetic, a short, fat, nattily dressed Juror,²⁵ a stranger to me, and bearing evident signs that he was one of those who prefer swallowing to disgorging, wisely enquired, "whether he had used calomel or laudanum for the emetic;" but he was unable, I believe, to obtain a satisfactory answer.

The day had now so far advanced, that it was proposed to adjourn, which was agreed to after a short discussion, enlivened, as usual, by many ehl—em's, twists of the face, and wriggles of the body, and it was fixed that our next meeting should be at a tavern on the wharf. Here, a spare, thin, meagre looking sort of

a body,⁷⁶ who was one of our number, said, loud enough to be heard by the Coroner, "I shan't come any more." "How dare you use such language, Sir?" was immediately answered. "Sir, I'll have you, and all present to know, that I'll not be trifled with." The young man seemed to take this reply in dudgeon, but made no answer, and slinked off, as if glad to be released from apprehension of any more scolding.

It is out of my power to relate at full length all the incidents attending this five days' comedy; but one or two more I cannot refrain from describing. The principal actors were unquestionably my "informant" and the Coroner; but some of the subordinates amused me, particularly a rather tall, thin, fresh-coloured person,⁷⁷ evidently from the Land of Cakes, who listened to all that was said by the Coroner, as if he had been catching manna; treating him with obsequiousness, which might have induced the belief of his having ere now taken lessons of some of the "Wha wants me?" of the good City of Edinburgh. One day's occurrences afforded a treat, by the mode of interrogation and reply adopted by the Coroner and one of the witnesses; but as it served only to exhibit the inimitable attitudes of the one, and the effrontery, the true sailor's rude indifference of the other, it is scarcely deserving to be repeated. I can say for myself, and I believe for all the others, that the proceedings were exceedingly tiresome; rendered still more so, by the hemming and hawing which accompanied every question; but, Englishmen like, we saw very little reason for fasting upon our work, and on the last day, foreseeing that we were likely to be late ere we should be released, we one and all "struck work," until we had some refreshments. "Very well, Gentlemen, as you like," said the Coroner, "I'll stick by ye," rapping the lid of his snuff-box, and preparing a pinch for its journey to the nose, as he spoke. Whilst the beefsteaks, which were consequently ordered, were in preparation, two or three Malays were introduced with their interpreter, in order to be examined, but very little was elicited from them, and my green-coated "informant," who had evidently a touch of the uneasy, and who already smacked his lips at the idea of a well covered table, exclaimed "its nothing but d—d nonsense, examining these blackees." An altercation immediately ensued between him and the Coroner; but he met him by puns and ridicule, rather than by replying in the angry tone by which he was addressed, saying "if the fellows had been *oyster-men*, there would be some sense in having them here, as I am devilish hungry, but these *Musselmen* are quite useless." "Pray, Sir," said the Coroner, "keep your jokes to yourself—I am much annoyed

by such conduct. People have quite enough of you and your *wit* in *another* character." Here I received a gentle tread on the toes from my neighbour, as much as to say "do you hear that?" But at this moment the waiter announced that dinner was ready, and was laid in another room. The Coroner, who wanted us to wait till the examination of the witness who was before him should be completed, found his authority set at nought after this grateful intelligence reached us, and all rising together, we prepared to adjourn. In reply to some remark by the Coroner, my "informant" answered, "a beefsteak is best hot." Here a smile, as if to announce something very witty, played round the Coroner's mouth, but it subsided into a grin, as he replied, "I've often suffered from a *mistake*, and won't therefore now run that chance, so I'll take your recommendation as to the *beefsteak*."

Our conversation was light, varied, and cheerful, during our repast; but I must have done, otherwise it may perhaps be said, that evil communications have corrupted good manners. The result of our labours is elsewhere made known; I have only therefore to add, that I am, ever, my reader's most obedient.

SIMON STUKELEY.

No. 17. HOBART TOWN, SEPTEMBER 25, 1829

Among the several institutions established in this beautiful and rapidly advancing Colony, which at once bespeak a sound knowledge of the best principles of Government, and a paternal interest for the prosperity of the inhabitants, none has pleased me so much, nor has so exalted its rulers in my estimation, as the schools for the care and education of orphan children. — Were I inclined to moralize, how many deductions would present themselves, from even a partial consideration of this important subject; but the benefits arising to the community, from the instruction of youth, from checking the evil propensities of our nature, and substituting in their places, the seeds of virtue and of true christianity, have been well known from the earliest ages. They have been thought worthy the special injunction of Holy Writ; they have found a place in the breasts of the wise and good of all countries, but in no spot, perhaps, throughout the world, are they more deservedly called into action, than in a Colony, which serves as a cloacina to the Mother Country, and many of whose inhabitants are, consequently, the very last persons to whom the

charge of youth ought to be entrusted. But all such institutions, good in themselves, become more or less useful, according to the management which obtains with respect to them, and according to the character of the individuals who are selected for this interesting trust; — and here again, in Van Diemen's Land, there is, I apprehend, or rather alas! there has been, abundant cause to admire and approve the choice which has been made. I use the past tense, not with any view of disparaging those who still perform the duties relating to such establishments, but as referring to a sad event of recent occurrence, which gave rise to a scene of deep interest, and of which I have been an intimate spectator.

Accident, some little time ago, brought me acquainted with a very worthy couple, with whose story were connected many affecting incidents. The Gentleman,⁷⁸ bred and educated in the bosom of Mother Church, anxious to disseminate the doctrines upon its truths and precepts, had accepted a situation at a pestilential settlement on the coast of Africa, regardless of all personal considerations, and mindful only of the warfare, wherein he was enlisted. — His wife,⁷⁹ a delicate and accomplished lady, accompanied him, sharing all his fatigues and difficulties, and exposed to the influence of perhaps the most unhealthy climate in the world. The rest is soon told — shattered in constitution, and suffering in health, the Gentleman's appointment, and his career of usefulness, were changed for this distant Island, the salubrity of the air here, being probably considered the best mode of repairing the effects of their former residence. But scarcely were they inducted in the joint charge of the School for Female Orphans, ere a slow, but insidious disease began to shew itself, creating bodily pain of the most excruciating nature; baffling the utmost efforts of human skill, and at length terminating in a release from all mortal cares and anxieties. It was the funeral of this patient, this excellent person, which occasioned the reflections giving rise to my present remarks; and although the subject is somewhat different to that which I now and then bring before my readers, methinks that the object I have in view by my essays, is quite as likely to be attained by holding up departed virtue and innocence to imitation, as by exposing living follies as a warning or beacon to others how they may avoid them.

After the solemn minute bell had been some time tolling, the mournful procession left the late abode of peace and sincere conjugal affection, where the deceased had breathed her last, and entering the body of the Church, the last sad rites were administered in a slow impressive manner, well befitting the occasion.

The greatest sufferer by far, exhibited on his countenance, that calm resignation which can only arise from a mind well at peace with itself, and when those beautiful words "I am the resurrection," &c. were uttered by the officiating Clergyman, an expression of hope and consolation usurped for a moment the place of the solemn melancholy which sat upon his brow, and he seemed to feel "we shall yet be united." When the sorrowing group turned their steps towards that "bourne whence no traveller returns," and where the remains of all that was lately good, amiable, and accomplished, were about to be removed for ever from mortal sight, the scene became interesting and affecting in the extreme. A number of little Orphan Boys, about sixty or more, varying in ages from perhaps two or three to twelve or fourteen years old, formed the van of the procession, all dressed alike in a dark cloth suit, straw hats with crape bands; next to them came about fifty Orphan Girls, walking like the others, two and two, and habited in neat stuff frocks, white aprons, and straw bonnets with crape. The pall was borne by Clergymen, and at the head of the body of real, sincere mourners who followed, was the Lieutenant Governor himself, clad in his military undress, with the usual crape symbols, thus shewing the high sense he entertained of the merits of the deceased, by assisting the unfortunate husband through this, his hour of severe affliction; the rest of the party was composed of a long train, comprehending the foremost in rank, talent, and influence of the Colony. It was, indeed, a funeral of the heart, not the idle pageantry which too often attends such scenes, but the mourning of the spirit which we are led to believe is ever acceptable; and, if human sympathy and condolence be capable of mitigating sorrow, surely that of him who had thus been separated from all that was dear to him, must ere now have been somewhat diminished. Among the parts of the service not the least interesting, the full solemn notes of the organ yielding their touching melody as the instrument was played with exquisite taste and feeling, in accompanying an anthem adapted for the occasion, which was sung by the children, particularly impressed me; and I could not help feeling how much had been done in the short space of five and twenty years, towards adapting a wild and savage waste into a fit abode for an Englishman. The Arts and Sciences have indeed gone hand-in-hand here with religion, and have created a striking example of what may be accomplished, where zeal, energy, and talent direct the helm.

Gentle reader! whilst upon a subject so connected with the rising generation, my memory carries me back to an occurrence

of the early part of this month, which, as it afforded me a real treat, I had treasured up amongst my memoranda, until an occasion of a sombre nature might require the relief of something of a lighter character; just as the performance of a tragedy at the public theatres, is sometimes followed by a cheering after-piece.

I have already expressed myself an admirer of the female character, when it shines in its native lustre, free from acquired specks and blemishes; and report had been so loud in trumpeting the fame of a lady, who was said to be devoting elegant accomplishments, solid, valuable acquirements, and the example of an amiable character, to the delightful task of "teaching young ideas how to shoot," that I had long sought an opportunity of judging for myself; for I am an old fashioned sort of a fellow, who, like most other bachelors, prefer having an opinion of my own where ladies are concerned, to implicitly adopting that of others. Long therefore had I sought, but sought in vain, the much desired opportunity of seeing how far my own taste coincided with general report, and "Heaven now granted what" was long "denied." As I was walking along the principal street of this well laid out town, one afternoon about a fortnight or three weeks ago, a lady of my acquaintance whom I met, happened to observe, that she was on the road to the very house, where the object of my curiosity resided. "I wish you could take me in your pocket," I replied, "I have a great fancy to see that lady, and really think I shall now quarter myself upon you, for the sake of obtaining an introduction." "I shall be very happy to introduce you," she answered, "but we must make terms first; you know you are an abominable quiz, and I do not want to see all the idle nonsense that may pass, form a butt for your satire." "Unless the lady whose acquaintance I seek be much belied," I rejoined, "there is little fear of her suffering by any of my observations; but here we are at her door." As these words were spoken, we approached a lofty stone building, situated on what is now rendered a gentle declivity (thanks to a judicious employment of much compulsory labour); and entering the house through a well proportioned hall, ascended the stair-case, and were ushered into a very handsomely furnished drawing-room. The party appeared to be *en famille*, consisting of the lady⁸⁰ of the house, another lady⁸¹ fully arrived at years of discretion, of sober, staid appearance and manners; a very elegant interesting young lady,⁸² just entering the critical age, most anxious to a mother, most important to herself, when an extra sentinel requires to be placed at every avenue leading to the heart, and a Gentleman,⁸³ scarcely,

perhaps, numbering thirty summers. The first glance at the principal member of this *partie quarrée* served to assure me, that although, sometimes, busy rumour travels with her hundred tongues, she had not in this case, departed from strict, impartial justice. Indeed, I doubt not many other persons, as well as myself, have observed, it is seldom that good qualities are exaggerated in the telling; it is chiefly to scandal, that the attribute of magnifying belongs. If I had had no other criterion than this Lady's appearance, whereon to form a judgment, upon the most hal-
 lowed of all subjects where a female is concerned, I should have arrived at a conclusion, very irreconcilable with some words she used, when introducing me to the youngest of the group; as she mentioned that she was her daughter; otherwise I had fancied, what indeed I am now, almost fain to half-believe is the case, that they were sisters! Bachelors are of all others the worst possible hands at describing a Lady's dress, and general exterior; and I am, perhaps, worse even than many of my brethren in this particular; but I always know when I am pleased, and endeavour to express myself accordingly. The Lady whom I now visited, was rather above the middle height; of a graceful figure, and regular features, to which a charm was bestowed by great sweetness of expression. Her manners were lively and attractive; an agreeable vivacity of disposition, being tempered and regulated by a regard to the rules of finished good breeding. She was in mourning — her clothes made fashionably and well; setting off to advantage, a shape to which nature had been sufficiently bountiful. Such nearly was the Mistress of the ceremonies presiding over the little drawing room party, which afforded one of the most agreeable evenings I have spent since I became an inhabitant of this Colony. It was easy to perceive from her style of conversation, that she was well informed upon the various subjects forming our topics; in all of which, she maintained her part with equal good sense as playfulness. As the hours glided rapidly along, music was introduced, and several duets were tastefully sung by the youngest Lady and Gentleman; afterwards, although not much in my way, an exhibition of some of the school performances was brought forward, and drew from my companion, "Dear me, how pretty;" "well! this is really quite wonderful" — but the extraordinary epithets of praise I heard bestowed upon one particular article, and the expression "only eight years old, you say — I never knew any thing *half* so astonishing," uttered in a tone of wonderment, led me to look at it with some attention, and although I do not pretend to be a competent judge of such subjects, I must needs say, that a piece of needle work by a child, the daughter, as I was

told, of a jolly retired sea Captain⁸⁴ on the other side of the Island, who has latterly as much signalized himself by his exertions in ploughing the land, as formerly marked his career in ploughing the ocean, was of a nature to be highly interesting to her relatives, as shewing talents likely to be the promise of much good fruit hereafter. But our pleasures, as well as our pains, are seldom long-lived, and soon terminate. Although I staid as late as good manners would allow, the hour of departure at length arrived, and I took my leave, fully impressed with a high opinion of the treasure possessed by the inhabitants of this Island, with regard to so important, so deeply interesting a subject as female education. I cannot indeed sufficiently express the satisfaction I have derived from witnessing the progress made in this, and in religion, the two points of paramount consideration to all heads of families; and as I am aware that the readers of my essays are not confined to this Island, I have pleasure in considering that in my own "peculiar vein" I may impart information which cannot but serve the Colony at large. Let not my readers, therefore, shake their heads and look angry, throwing the paper aside, and saying, "What a dull Hermit this week." Things, as well as persons, equally come within my province, and will now and then form materials for my periodical appearance.

SIMON STUKELEY.

No. 18. HOBART TOWN, OCTOBER 2, 1829

I have already said, that the more I find certain persons kick and flounder under the gentle admonitions, which my regard for a good state of society leads me to offer them, the more should I repeat the castigation; and I now intend to make good my word, for I have been sorry to observe, that, instead of producing the benefit I intended, some have been indulging in instances of ill-temper upon the occasion of my friendly strictures, shewing far otherwise than either an amiable, or a becoming disposition.

Some three weeks or a month ago, having called on Sir John Topewell's friend,^{84(a)} the "Within," upon professional business, I found him as usual, surrounded by papers, deeds and musty parchments, an awful accumulation of arrears, arising, as he told me, from a long visit Sir John had lately been paying him; but I had scarcely made known my errand, scarcely had drawn forth the well understood "Don't say a word — I know all about it,"

conveyed with that peculiar twinkle of the eye which at once belied the assertion, when a rap at the door announced a visitor, and we were forthwith joined by the tall son of Esculapius,⁶⁸ whom I one morning met on the road to New-town.

He is always a pleasant, cheerful companion, an excellent mimic, and, bating one or two little drawbacks, a man formed to be a general favourite; but like most of us, his good qualities are sometimes so veiled by certain propensities, that so far as I can understand, his real professional skill, and his natural friendly disposition, are not, in the eyes of some, considered sufficient counterpoises to the inclination for good fellowship and the exhilarating glass, which must of necessity be gratified, even at the expense now and then of a descent in the scale of moral society. In very truth, I believe I was now in company with much that was well-born, well-bred, well-educated, well-disposed, clever and accomplished on both sides; but if one was the particular friend, so I apprehend, the other was the first cousin of that renowned three-bottle Knight Sir John, and each is, I am told, a worthy disciple of so celebrated a master.

It is not, however, either of these two Gentlemen, to whom the philippick contained in my first few lines is directed, for I have reason to believe that they are both upon very good terms with me. Indeed, it has been whispered in my ear, that there is a certain likeness to myself in each of them, which has caused many people who know no better to consider them my near relations; no less than twin brothers, in the opinion of some, who do not scruple to assert that Dromio of Syracuse, and Dromio of Ephesus, are one and the same person.

After the common how d'ye do's — "pray be seated," "take one glass of wine," &c. had mutually passed, the medical Gentleman observed to the other, "I want you to accompany me to pay some money to a Lawyer — are you at leisure?" "Quite at your service," was the reply, then turning to me, "You were just talking of the Gentleman we are going to call upon — suppose you come with us." "If it will be no intrusion," I replied. "I should like nothing better; I saw that person once, and although I cannot say I was much captivated, I would fain renew our acquaintance, to try if he recollects me." "There's no doubt of that, so long as you have any money in your pocket," said the Doctor; "he has a wonderful scent where cash is concerned, and will lick your hand like a spaniel, whilst it remains filled with the needful; but woe betide you, if chance place you in his way afterwards."

We now took our hats and proceeded to the residence of this man of law, and knocking at the door, it was presently opened

by a stout thick-set young man,⁶⁸ with a pen behind his ear, wearing a round jacket, partaking somewhat of the appearance of a sort of half junior clerk, and half foot boy, whose time is divided between copying deeds, cleaning the master's shoes, carrying the mistress's prayer book and umbrella to church, at a humble distance in the rear of the family group, and doing certain little nameless offices for the children. "Is Mr. Cockatrice⁶¹ at home?" was the enquiry made by Sir John Topewell's friend. "Yes, Sir, please to walk in." Accordingly we all entered together, and found the Lawyer sitting at his table, every thing in the room wearing much the same *mêlé* character as when I last saw it. No sooner had we passed the threshold, than Mr. Cockatrice started from his chair, as if he had been electrified — a spit-fire Grimalkin, when, with upraised back, and distended brush, she shews her high displeasure, if her territories are invaded by a luckless wanderer of the canine race, is nothing in point of rage and fury, compared with what was exhibited upon the brow of this "stern dispenser of Laws rigours under their most rigorous shape." I began to doubt whether there were not a mine of gunpowder as well as iron in his composition; and immediately conceiving that he recognized me as his wholesome Schoolmaster, and that I might dread his vengeance for having given him my friendly admonitions, I prudently entrenched myself behind my two friends, resolving, that if an inkstand was meant to be hurled at my head, as did not seem improbable, I would have it at second best at all events. But I miscalculated my man, little anticipating the scene which was to follow.

"I have called," said the Doctor,⁶³ "to settle the amount for which you have applied to me; but under the circumstances already explained to you, I hope you will not press for costs." During the time occupied by this Speaker, the Lawyer had evidently a severe touch of the uneasy — he sidled and fidgetted, casting every now and then a most shivering look at our little group, but particularly rivetted upon the Doctor; — he drew back, grasping the back of a chair, upon which he was leaning; and at length, as if he had mastered some violent internal emotion, he cried out, in a voice half choked with rage and anger, "how dare you put your foot within my doors, Sir? You are the Hermit — you are, Sir" — and then altering his tone, and so shaping the expression of his features as to clothe them with a sardonic grin, he added, "I suppose you are come to see what newly imported packages I have in my room, and to criticize my bundles of papers;" when immediately again changing the turn of his countenance, and vainly endeavouring to look amiable, he

continued, "do you see any iron in my face, Sir? — pray look at it and tell me." Nothing could exceed the evident appearance of surprize manifested by both my companions at this extraordinary attack. For my own part, although I could with difficulty repress a strong inclination to laughter, I contrived, by placing myself in the rear, by biting my lips, and contracting my breath, to pass without observation; and I awaited with much curiosity what was to follow.

So soon as the Doctor had recovered the momentary confusion into which he had been thrown, he calmly and gravely replied "you are quite mistaken, Sir — I am not the Hermit." This only added fuel to the already furiously raging flame — "I know better, Sir — I have it upon incontrovertible evidence — you *are* the Hermit and are here to insult me, and I order you to leave the house directly." My medical companion is not, I am told, always blessed with an unruffled temperament, but he received these broadsides with much composure. Still, I perceived by a transient glance at his face, that the quivering lip, and the overcast brow indicated orders to have passed from the heart to prepare for action, although the Ensign of Amity was yet flying. "Upon the honor of a Gentleman, Sir, I repeat that I am not the Hermit, nor do I know anything of it, or of its Author." "You a Gentleman!" replied the other with a forced laugh — "I tell you, what you say is false — you are no Gentleman, Sir, but I tell you to your teeth, that you are the author of the calumnies against my character contained in the Hermit, and once more I order you to leave my house." I could see by the expression of the Doctor's countenance, that there was a contention within his breast, whether he should give vent to a natural tendency to ire, or treat the Lawyer with the contempt he merited. Presently he replied, "whether I am the Hermit or not, he has produced one good effect at all events, by teaching your wife to allow you a clean shirt more frequently. I see *she* has taken a hint if *you* cannot, and that your half dirty yellow night shirt has given place to one a little more consistent with good manners. — You may exhibit the Arbuthnot Arms as you like (observing that at this moment the two deep furrows appeared in all their native hideousness) — I care not for you, nor for any thing that your iron heart can produce — People shouldn't have wives and children if they can't pay their debts, you know — you understand me, don't you? — There! take your money, and I'll wash my hands in future of such company as yours, or any that could be found in your house. I tell you that it is well for you, I am not the Hermit; for if I had been, I would have produced a list of your acts of iron-heartedness as long as my arm;

the mildest of which would have been ten times as biting as the poor horse dealer's story. — Egad! man, that's nothing to what I could have told him. Good bye, Arbuthnot Arms! Good morning to you! Mind the wives and children! Good bye — good bye."

We did not stay to hear any more, but left the house, conversing as we went through the street, upon what had occurred; all agreeing that the moderate blister which had been applied, could not have produced such an effect as we had witnessed, if it had not been put upon a raw place, and it was the Doctor's opinion, that the application should be repeated the first convenient opportunity.

As we proceeded along, we met another limb of the law,²⁵ a redoubtable "Without" of the "*sui generis*" race, whom we found by his conversation, to be smarting under the dose I lately administered, although I had his good very much at heart at the time. He indulged in invective — talked very big — swore what he would and would not do — exhibiting a good deal of that silly vapouring, for which pert braggarts, idle coxcombs, and empty-headed drivellers are ever distinguished. Youth, inexperience, and natural incapacity may excuse much, but not every thing, — not impertinence, for instance; and I, therefore, give this individual timely warning, and bid him beware how he continue to give his tongue, the only weapon which he dares use, the same licence as formerly! otherwise, I will tie him up to the halberd, and so scourge and lacerate, as to drive him from the untenable ground he has taken, and make him glad to fly for refuge behind a man-milliner's counter; that being the sphere, for which dame Nature evidently designed him. Let him, therefore, take heed in time, for neither he, nor any other person shall with impunity, take liberties with

SIMON STUKELEY.

No. 19. HOBART TOWN, OCTOBER 9, 1829

When my evil genius some three weeks ago, appeared in the shape of a spic and span personage,⁶ who sometimes walks with a gold-headed cane, and enforced by compulsion, my attendance to form one at a certain caricature exhibition, pretending to be a Court, I was in hopes that the patience and good temper I showed upon that occasion, would have stood in my favour, and saved me from sharing any more such scenes, calculated as this

was, to excite little else than contempt and derision. In sober truth, the Minister of the day has often much to answer for to the inhabitants of distant Colonies, for saddling upon them a whole tribe of sons, brothers, and cousins of the Ne'er-do-well family, merely because some distant relative has a strong borough influence, or some other equally insufficient cause; thus making a place for the person, instead of suiting the person to the place. I remember when I was first entering life, hearing an anecdote of a Gentleman, who made interest with the then Secretary for the Colonies, to bestow upon his cousin some post or office, alleging as a particular reason for pressing the subject, that he was really a character better out of England than in it. The Secretary, wishing to oblige his friend, he being a man of great influence and connexions, replied that there was a certain place in one of the West India Islands then vacant, quite at his disposal, but added, "as you seem to intimate, however, that his removal from home would be a *convenience*, wait a little, there will be two or three good offices presently to give away at Botany Bay, and he shall have his choice — any thing is good enough for there, you know." I do not mean to insinuate that a similar order of things now exists, for I believe the Colonies to have deservedly risen in the estimation of our home Rulers, and that they have now a sufficient regard for their prosperity, to be careful in the men selected to fill vacant places; but who can be surprised that trees of deep root, and long ago planted, should cast a wide shadow from their branches? Or who can expect, that all at once, evils of other days can be remedied?

Some month or six weeks ago, I promised a certain tall slender personage,⁸⁶ who, having hitherto found Dame Fortune unpropitious, was now inclined to try another tack, and endeavour to gain her favour by dealing in single noggins, instead of wholesale draughts as heretofore, that I would become surety for his good and orderly behaviour, his keeping his lamps well trimmed, and his oil burning, his walking with the fear of the laws before his eyes during the next twelve months of his earthly pilgrimage, provided Justice Shallow's colleagues should be pleased to allow him permission, in due form prescribed, to exercise the high and enviable distinction he coveted. Punctual to my word, as all men of honor should be, I attended at a certain stone building on the day and hour appointed, and presently found myself in a crowd of publicans and sinners, many a goodly score, all appearing to be drawn to the same spot upon a similar errand. The poisoned, heated state of the atmosphere of the place where we were assembled, reminding me of the air breathed in a low confined

part of a manufacturing town, where column after column of thick black smoke rises from many a furnace, ascending to the very skies, and infecting all around it, made me hope that I should not long be detained; but my hopes were fallacious, and my patience was once more doomed to be severely tried. I attempted more than once, by shifting my quarters, to get rid of the terrible blasts every where exhaled, but all was useless. I had reason to believe that not only Sir John Topewell himself must be present, but all his cousins to the thirty-fifth degree; and I found that no alternative but patience, or the abandonment of my engagement, remained for me. In this dilemma, of course I chose the former.

After waiting five hours beyond the time fixed by the Justices, one or two scouts, who had been upon the look out, came running to us, exclaiming, "here comes the Magistrate at last, and all the rest of 'em," and in the course of a few minutes four or five Gentlemen approached us. It is not my business to describe the party who took their seats upon the Bench. I may, perhaps, pay my respects to them hereafter; at present I merely refer to whichever of them happened to take part in the business of the day, or rather afternoon.

Those of my readers who have ever seen a duck waddling and sidling through a farm-yard, first looking on one side and then another, casting up its eyes, all the time making a discordant noise, as if to testify its importance, can picture to themselves the gait, attitudes, and expression of one⁸⁶ of these Gentlemen, as he made his way through the assembled multitude, to take his seat, on the bench, at the upper end of the room, wherein the business of the day was to be transacted.

After waiting a few minutes, part of the assemblage below were summoned into the presence of the Justices, and I perceived preparations were making for addressing them; for it was evident that a certain routine of forms and ceremonies was to be gone through, ere the speech could be commenced. An inimitable glance of the eye around the auditors, the elevation of the right hand, with its extended fore finger, the three taps upon the lid of the snuff box, and then reclining the chin upon the bosom, as if the head, in moving from side to side, required some change of muscles for its ease or comfort, were the immediate precursors of "eh — em — I have to apologise a little for keeping so many respectable persons waiting," (here there was a grin, as much as to say 'fudge'), "but the Magistrates have been occupied with many and weighty matters, and the delay has been unavoidable. I am truly sorry, Gentlemen; but the public interests, you know,

must be attended to. I have sent for you first, who are now present, because I am happy to say that during the past year no complaints against any of you have reached me, and I hope we shall meet one another on equal good terms this day twelve-month. I hope what I now say will be a stimulus to you, and induce you all to keep your lamps clean and well trimmed." All this was spoken in a very tolerable manner, free from much grimace; but, as if to indulge a natural disposition, he now changed the position of his features, and resting his eye upon a certain very short fat personage,⁸⁷ of smooth face and skin, whose corpulency gave to his shape the appearance of a tun standing bottom upwards upon two sticks, with a small round ball at the other extremity, fixed upon another stick, he said, with a tone and gesture all his own, "is that my friend, — —, I see before me?" "Yes, Sir," replied the other, "I hope I see your Honor well." "Eh — em! well, really I scarcely knew you, if I hadn't heard you speak I should have thought you had been some lady in the family way." The look by which this witticism was accompanied was perfectly understood as meant to call for a laugh, and it was too much the interest of all present to flatter the good man's vanity by humouring his taste, to render it doubtful that he had anticipated wrongly, on calculating upon a forced troop of ha! ha! ha's!

These worthies being now dismissed, the remainder of the party were ushered into the room, and the business of the day continued. After the Clerk had gone through some usual preliminaries, the customary tokens of a coming speech excited the curiosity of the auditors, and presently the same Gentleman, who had addressed the others, resumed what to him seemed a very pleasing duty. But instead of a general discourse, he spoke to many individuals in succession, giving each some wholesome admonitions, and, in almost every case, indulging an apparent taste for low wit, sometimes falsely called humour; equally out of place, as unworthy the dignity of the occasion. Among those whom he so singled out, were two, who appeared partners. One⁸⁸ had a singular scowl upon his brow, indicative of a sullen, ill-tempered, unaccommodating disposition, and giving any other than a wise appearance to his countenance; the other had a sharp pertness about him, a darkness of aspect, more resembling the shades of night than the light of day, and not shewing to a physiognomist, any sign whereby it could be supposed that he possessed many counteracting properties. The Justice gave them some pretty strong intimations about using caution as to receiving stolen goods. Next came a half-dandy sort of a personage,⁸⁹

very neat and precise, rather thin, middle aged, and bearing about him a good deal of consequence, but still with civility and an apparent inclination to please. I can bear testimony to the well regulated and comfortable state of this person's establishment, having been his inmate for some time after my arrival in the country. The caution he received, had reference to some fray which had taken place in his house. After he was dismissed, a little cowed as it were, by his scolding, two or three more received lectures according to their delinquencies, and presently a consequential man,⁹⁰ dressed in a long frock coat, of a sanctified amen-squeak cut and expression of face, came forward to answer to his name, and had rather a severe trimming "Eh! I have something to say to you, Sir; you are a gambler, and gambling won't do, it leads to ruin, and will ensure yours. I know you before to-day, you know — I dare say you understand me, don't you?" Seeing the man appear to be thrown aback by this salutation, he continued with a grin and a pinch of snuff in due form, "crying amen is not enough of itself, you know — the Vicar wants a little more of Moses than that — eh — do you understand me — do you know any body who wrote a letter on your behalf to a certain great man, saying, "indulgence is wanted by the bearer; I can only say it was never granted to a bigger — and — and upon those qualifications he is well deserving of it?" Take care you deserve the indulgence you have since had — there, go away, and mind I hear of no more gambling; keep your lamps clean and good liquors in your house — remember, good wine needs no bush."

But before him, there had been a remarkably demure puritan looking old man,⁹¹ who had been tolerably drilled. If I had been called upon to say who and what he was, I should have judged him to be a Missionary out of employment, or one of the half-guinea Parsons of the English metropolis, who derive their precarious subsistence by casually assisting better paid and less zealous divines. He looked the picture of half-starved morality, and I was therefore much surprised to hear him addressed nearly as follows: — "What can I say to you, Sir — eh — you understand me — I am ashamed of you, that's what I am — you are no better than you should be — you encourage females to visit your house, and young ones too, and for no good purposes. You're not old enough to be my father 'tis true, but you are old enough to know that you are a very wicked old man — your house is infamous, I know all about you, Sir, and if you continue such practices, you shall never have another license — there, bye, bye, for the present and mind I hear no more of you." The next in order was a short fat man,⁹²

of middle age, who was told that unless he reformed his conduct, and that of his inmates, he would come to ruin. The Magistrate added, "I would always rather make peace than breed disturbance, but mind what I tell you, Sir, you only hold your license by the skin of your teeth."

There was rather a good looking dark young man,⁹³ who received a little wholesome advice. "Ah! I see you, Sir, — you are upon the brink of a ditch, Sir, and into it you will go, if you don't leave alone the naughty Jewesses. Think of Solomon of old, and tremble — you understand me, I dare say. Those honest good inhabitants of a certain temple in this town, gave me a very good character of you — you should tread in their steps — they are very worthy religious people — you know what I mean — you will come to destruction if you don't abandon your naughty courses — yes, you will."

It is altogether out of my power to dilate upon all the other occurrences of the day; a large portly man,⁹⁴ partaking of the appearance of a rough rider in a dragoon regiment, growled and looked as angry as a bear when deprived of his prey, upon being desired by the Magistrates to change the sign of his house, but he was well spoken of as a publican. Another, a tall stout John Bull looking chap,⁹⁵ upon being reprimanded for the late hours kept at his premises, looked at the Magistrates with a sort of easy indifference, peculiar to persons of low origin who have acquired much wealth, jingling at the moment a quantity of silver, with which his pocket was half-filled, as much as to say, "you may talk — but I can buy up the whole of you."

Before conclusion, a Magistrate put on one of his gravest faces, and adapting himself for a speech, repeated his warnings and caution as to the future behaviour of all present. "I am sadly over burthened with work," he observed, "and eh — em, nothing — nothing but my zeal for the public should make me continue so many laborious employments — I feel it my duty to forego all personal considerations where the public are concerned — I love the public as my children, and" — here some wag exclaimed, "he means he likes Quarter-day and an order on the Treasury" — "silence there," in the Stentorian lungs of the Crier — "and I labour for it incessantly; but be assured I will not sit here to grant licenses to people who don't know how to conduct themselves, by all that's sacred I won't. I have had a deal of trouble, and though I am aware that my doing so would put every thing wrong, as (here there was a stroke of the chin, a pinch of snuff, and a half-grin, half-smile), I fancy I could not very easily be replaced. I'll throw up my Commission, rather than continue as I

have done — there — I hope you'll mind what I say, I'll throw up my Commission, I say, and where will the Colony be then?"

The meeting now broke up, and I returned home, as much tired I dare say as my readers are by this time of my narrative.

SIMON STUKELEY.

No. 20. HOBART TOWN, OCTOBER 16, 1829

It is not long since, that I took occasion to express myself favourably of the Rulers of this Island, in respect to the establishment of Orphan Schools, making, at the same time, a few general observations upon the great benefits arising to the community from disseminating knowledge by means of the education of youth. When I so conveyed my sentiments, a little publication, in the shape of an Almanack, edited as I am told by a Gentleman⁷⁰ of great literary pretensions, had not come into my hands; and I was, therefore, somewhat surprised, upon since taking it up, to learn from it, that the Orphan Schools, important as they are, sink into insignificance in comparison with another Institution, under the imposing title of the King's Grammar School, at New Norfolk; conducted according to the same authority, upon a scale and principle, well calculated to attain the most important results, and to affix a lasting honour upon the brow of its founders and promoters.

I had heard New Norfolk much praised as a beautiful spot; and two such objects, as to indulge a taste for rural scenery, and to enjoy the high intellectual treat of becoming acquainted with the internal economy of so noble an Establishment being, in my estimation, a sufficient inducement for a day's excursion, one morning last week, I mounted my bit of blood, and rode to that romantic settlement. Excepting an occasional canter round the suburbs, I had scarcely ever passed the precincts of Hobart Town, and was not prepared to see so fine, and well made a road, as I was now travelling. On the right, I had every here and there, a peep at the Derwent, as it was gently pursuing its silent way, through fine wood scenery and lofty cliffs — again emerging into wide open sheets without a ripple, resembling a fresh-water lake, until its serpentine mazes were lost in the distance, excepting now and then, the ascent of a hill, and turn of the road, again opened it to my view among the woodlands, sparkling from the sun's rays, with indescribable lustre, much as a brilliant diamond

may be seen to most advantage, when placed upon a rich brocade, or dark Genoa velvet. To the left, were hills rising upon hills, thickly clothed with timber; but they wanted that diversified — that charmingly variegated appearance, so attractive a part of an European landscape; all the foliage being nearly of one sombre green, unrelieved by the light shades of the beech, chestnut, or maple; rather on the contrary, partaking of the colour of the elm or oak, although the thick branches and short trunks of those valuable trees, bear no resemblance to the long straight barrels, and thin slender arms of the indigenous forest productions of this Colony. What afforded me much pleasure was, the astonishing perfection to which cultivation has been brought, all along the wide, handsome, gravelly bottomed road I was pursuing, there being a succession of farms and houses, bearing evident marks of creditable industry, and hard earned opulence; but nothing of this sort astonished me so much, as a plot of ground, probably four hundred acres, a little to the right, nearly opposite the fifteenth mile stone.

By skilful and judicious draining and embankment, and so calculating the levels, as to have completely mastered their courses, this large space, evidently once, nothing more than a morass, abounding with bulrushes, has now been subdued, and converted into a rich meadow, capable of bidding defiance to drought, and certain of ensuring a most profitable return to its spirited owner, in almost any season.

The course of my journey, continued through much the same sort of scenery, passing some extensive lime-kilns, well situated for the command of water carriage — a purling stream of clear water which disembogues itself into the Derwent, and numerous farms and cottages, the whole way being upon a gentle ascent, until twenty miles were accomplished; when, all at once, a noble and extensive prospect awaited me. The Derwent, making a sudden turn, was seen in two directions, watering a rich and fertile tract, its banks exhibiting neat cottages and enclosures, and in the distance, an establishment of Flour Mills, which I afterwards learnt had been erected by a worthy and thriving countryman,⁹⁶ and are in constant work; and, at a mile further, I entered New Norfolk, or, as I was informed to speak more correctly, Elizabeth Town. I have not space at present, to describe the neat brick Church, and adjoining School House, or the Governor's elegant Cottage residence, with its tastefully laid out shrubberies, immediately fronting the traveller's entrance to the town, or the many other buildings which I noticed with admiration, as I jogged on towards a large two-story brick house of entertainment, where,

alighting at the door, the attendance I instantly received, might readily have led me to fancy myself at a first-rate English Country Inn. The Landlady,⁹⁷ a civil, obliging dame, a dear lover of cleanliness, and evidently bustling and notable, paid me the usual compliments with respect, and I presently felt completely at home. Making some enquiry as to certain edifices, one of which she told me was the residence of the Magistrate of the district, another of the Doctor, and another of the Clergyman. I enquired "but where is the School?" "Just by the Church, Sir," she replied. "We are well off here for Schools, and one thing or another of that sort; — there's a capital School for young Ladies, and there's a great many respectable people all round the neighbourhood. — I suppose you know our Parson?"⁹⁸ "No, indeed I do not," I answered; "I am almost a stranger in the Colony, and was never at New Norfolk before." "Is it possible?" she said, with an air of astonishment, as if surprized that a person could remain four and twenty hours upon *Terra Firma*, without proceeding to the charming spot she had selected for her abode. "Is it possible, Sir?" — Why then, perhaps, you don't know the Doctor?⁹⁹ neither; — there an't their fellows in the Colony — everybody likes 'em; but there's the Doctor coming, Sir. — He's a very conversible Gentleman, and I dare say, will be able to get you a sight of the Government Garden." As she finished speaking, a Gentleman of middle stature and rather slight make, mild, pleasant deportment, and apparently scarcely thirty, approached, and seeing that I was a stranger, dropped all the formality of large Towns, and made me a passing bow. — Seizing the opportunity afforded, when I returned his civility, I addressed him. "This is a charming spot, Sir; I had heard much of it, but am nevertheless agreeably surprized." "It is pleasantly situated," he replied, "and commands many advantages. It is the key of a rich country, opening a water communication between several fine farms, which supply Hobart Town with grain and other farm produce. — It, besides, enjoys a never-failing supply of good water, and we have a very tolerable little circle of society; altogether, it certainly is, as you observe, a charming spot." "But you have not yet named what I consider gives the place a stronger claim to notice than any thing else;" I replied, "I have rode from Hobart Town almost expressly to see the King's Grammar School; — whereabouts is it? The Landlady said somewhere near the Church." As the words "King's Grammar School" met his ears, I fancied I saw a smile, with a shrug of the left shoulder; but ere he spoke, these signs had disappeared, and he gravely answered, "Alas, Sir! we have nothing of the sort here. — Something like it, was once talked

about, but it was still-born, as we should say, it died, ere it drew breath." "Why, Sir," I answered, "what can this mean?" pointing to the manner the School was mentioned in the Almanack. "It does not say that such a thing is *to be*; but speaks in the plain intelligible present tense, *is*. — Were there no Scholars, when it opened?" "There would be no lack of them," he replied, "but I see a friend coming, who will perhaps be able to reply to your enquiry, better than myself — all I know is, no King's Grammar School exists in Van Diemen's Land; but if it did, there would be no want of Scholars. I believe I speak within compass when I say, that every respectable inhabitant of the Colony, would support it."

We were now joined by a stout, middle aged Gentleman,⁹⁸ dressed without much regard to appearance, in a suit of russet black; he was of florid complexion, evidently endowed with a full portion of *bon hommie*, and his sleek skin, and twinkling eye, at once bespoke a cheerful disposition, and a friendly heart. "Explain to this Gentleman, something about the Grammar School," said my companion, as he shook him by the hand, with great familiarity. "I suppose *you* can tell better than any body else, why it is not in being, according to the advertisements which appeared about it?"

"I'faith," he replied, "that's rather a poser, and if you please, I'll be for moving the previous question, as is done elsewhere, when certain great people are unable to reply, as they would wish."

The subject not being pursued, we entered into an agreeable and general conversation, and as I thought it not only due to myself, but to two Gentlemen, who, although I was unknown to them, had been so very polite and attentive, that they should not be ignorant of my name or calling, I contrived to introduce the necessary information, and had no sooner done so, than the Clergyman exclaimed, "why, I know the name well; you were surely at ——— University, and must be acquainted with one of my dearest friends; his family lives close to yours, in Yorkshire, and I've often heard him speak of you. Doctor, I'll have no denial, you shall both come and dine with me, and I'll pick up another, and form a cozy toe-to-toe afternoon. No use saying a word," seeing the other Gentleman attempting to speak, "an't I your lamp and your guide? I'll go and call upon ———, and don't be later than four." We then separated, and I filled up the space between the present hour and that named by our hospitable friend, by strolling around the infant town; and at the dinner table found the addition made to our party, consisted of a tall,

thin, high-cheeked Scotsman,¹⁰⁰ who talked in the true Aberdeen accent, and entertained us with some anecdotes illustrative of the pertinacity wherewith his countrymen adhered to the unfortunate *Charlie*, even when deprived of his last *hope*.

Much of our conversation, to say nothing of the Scotsman and myself, was such as might have been expected from the education and attainments of my two acquaintances of the forenoon. They were both graduates at different Colleges, and do not appear to have spent their time in vain. It was manifestly part of the Clergyman's creed, that the innocent pleasures of life, are perfectly reconcileable with the profession of religion. It precisely agrees with my own sentiments, and I was delighted to hear them so well expressed, and to witness their practical illustration, so completely as at present, and I am willing to hope, that when our little *partie quarrée* broke up, full of the "feast of reason and the flow of soul," the pleasure I had derived had been a little reciprocated.

Still, the satisfaction arising from my journey was incomplete, in consequence of my disappointment in one of its leading objects. I attach infinite importance to education, and willingly hope that the mind which conceived the grand project of the King's Grammar School, will not be deterred by any difficulties, but that "perseverance" will be its motto, and governing principle, until all obstacles shall have sunk under its influence.

SIMON STUKELEY.

No. 21. HOBART TOWN, OCTOBER 23, 1829

Notwithstanding my disappointment at New Norfolk, with respect to the King's Grammar School, I saw and learnt enough, during the few days I remained in that delightful neighbourhood, to put me in a very good humour with the system of Government, which had produced so happy a state of affairs, as I every where witnessed; and instead of returning to Hobart Town, I determined to pursue my excursion, and see a little more of the interior of the Colony.

Will it be believed by my readers in England, (for I presume I shall have such), that it has been possible to introduce a system of Police, so complete, as to curb the unruly spirits sent here from time to time for their offences; so perfect in all its links and bearings, that a traveller is much more safe, equally in crossing

the loneliest wilds, as the most frequented spots, than in any country in Europe; or, that the industrious cottager, equally as the opulent settler, may retire to his pillow for the night without regarding door or window fastenings, with ten times more security than perhaps in any other portion of the globe? — And how has this been produced? — How have the many bold and hardened perpetrators of crime, forming, as they do, so material a part of the population, been so tamed and humbled — so led and governed, apparently by a mere thread? The answer is plain; first, by a judicious division of the Island, into certain districts, placing each, under one responsible Magistrate, who, being liberally paid, becomes a servant of the Public, and is accountable for the peace and tranquillity of the country under his jurisdiction; and, secondly, by applying one of the strongest principles of human nature, as a powerful engine in the hands of these Magistrates, much as so mighty a body as a large vessel, is turned and directed at pleasure, by the mere operation of the rudder. "*Patria cara, carior libertas,*" is well known to the Authorities, to be so strongly implanted by nature in the human mind, that to obtain this liberty, men will almost war with their second nature, and leave off crime; — thus, by making it one person's business to do that well, which, when every one's affair was oft done carelessly, the Magistracy is in a most effective, as well as highly honorable state; and by holding out, and strictly acting up to, the system of indulgence, proportionate to services, the prisoner population, at the very idea of whom, people in England might be, and doubtless are deterred from emigration, fearing violence, both to their persons and property, carries within itself, not only the rudder, capable of directing it at will, but forming the very means of checking and controlling the evil propensities of other classes. For this, and much more information of a similar nature, all tending to induce a strong feeling of self-gratulation, that I had made choice of so well-governed a land for my residence, I was partly indebted to events, arising out of the little dinner party I described, when I last appeared before the Public.

The following morning, as I was strolling up and down in front of the inn, where I had taken up my night's quarters, I met my new medical acquaintance, and was invited to accompany him to a small Court-house, where some Magisterial business was in progress, and afterwards, to take a ride à few miles in the neighbourhood, returning to his house to dinner. Upon entering the Court-room, I recognized a Gentleman³⁷ whom I had met at Mrs. Doubtmuch's, with two tall, rather thin ladies; but, compared with either of whom, the Gentleman himself was thinness

personified. When I then saw that group, there was so much wit, beauty, and elegance otherwise around me, that with the exception of an observation or two, made by one of his companions, with peculiar *naïveté*; I did not regard the party with any great attention. To day, he was in quite another character, as he presided over a Bench of Magistrates, among whom my companion took his place, and also the tall Scotsman I had dined with at the Clergyman's, and who were assembled to hear and determine a few uninteresting cases. There was great mildness and urbanity shewn by the Gentleman in the chair, and he evinced a quickness of perception which rather surprised, and at the same time, pleased me; for, to own the truth, his half-military costume, long brass spurs, and altogether what I thought rather an affectation of singularity, under an exterior, far from imposing, had impressed me with an idea I was afterwards happy to relinquish, and am glad to be able to do him the justice to say, that he exhibited a well-informed and acute mind, as various questions came before him. After the business of the Court was over, our horses were ordered, and the Doctor and I proceeded on our ride.

Our road lay through a rich and fertile district, watered by the Derwent on the right, and flanked on the left by mountain and forest scenery. Tillage seemed to be the pursuit of all the occupiers of the small farms near which I passed, and, contrasted with the wide open plains, affording pasture to numerous flocks and herds, farther up on the other side of the river, gave a beautiful variety to the landscape, and strongly impressed me with the opulence of the neighbourhood. Still, I regretted, every here and there, to observe a system of farming, slovenly and disgraceful in the extreme. In more than one instance, I noticed last year's stubble now only in course of being ploughed; and upon enquiry was told, that wheat, as had been already the case for five successive years upon the same ground, was again to be sown; it thus appearing the hard destiny of this land of fertility, that the laziness and obstinacy of man, are raised up to counteract the beneficence of nature. Upon my remarking something of this sort to my companion, he replied, it was an evil, incident to all young Colonies, but was annually becoming lessened, adding, "in proportion as the inveterate rum-drinkers of long standing die off, and are succeeded by a race trained to industrious habits — first by necessity, in order to procure a maintenance, and afterwards, by the force of example, will this Colony experience many great improvements, and among others, in its system of agriculture." While thus pursuing our way in conversation, we came near a handsome two-story brick dwelling, surrounded by offices, and

enclosures in cultivation, although I cannot say under such tillage as would be tolerated in England, by the name of farming. Standing near a gate, about half-way along a very curious, oddly shaped fence, we observed a tall, thin, raw-boned Gentleman,³³ of hard features, but not unpleasant expression — on the contrary, when he spoke, he had an indescribable way of moving his eyes and shaping his mouth, which reminded me of Liston in some of his characters, and produced, too, almost the same effect as this inimitable actor, for although I do not recollect that he said one thing, particularly calculated to act upon our risible faculties, we were kept in a kind of titter, the whole time we were in conversation. He was dressed in a short frock coat, with a large fur collar, pantaloons, and hessian boots, and was accompanied by a boy, apparently his son, perhaps ten or twelve years old, wearing a cap with a plaid border, and carrying in his hand, a long riding whip. It occurred to me, that I had seen him before somewhere, but I *doubt much* where it was; nor, although I have since tried to recollect, have I had more *success* than on that day. Taking leave of this Gentleman, we crossed a small stream of clear water, watering the adjacent farms, and flowing towards the Derwent. Immediately across this rivulet, my companion turned up towards a house, standing in the midst of various yards and buildings, the land all around, being in a rich flourishing condition; the whole reminding me of the appearance of some of the small lairdships of the "Land of Cakes." The owner of the manse, a *bien* Scot of middle age and stature, and possessing a peculiarly keen, dark eye, received us with civility, pressing us to dine with him; but, "ye'll stay and partake of what's ganging forward at dinner time," although urged in the most hospitable manner, could not influence us to break other engagements, and accordingly we shortly re-mounted and proceeded onwards.

The principal object of my companion was to make a professional visit to a disconsolate widow, living a few miles distant, whose spirits, sinking under her heavy calamity, had produced symptoms requiring advice. We had not proceeded far before we were overtaken by our tall Scots friend¹⁰⁰ at a hand gallop, just as a neat dwelling upon our right appeared in view. "Ah! ma gude frien's, but ye are in the vara luck of it, for a jug of whiskey toddy — eh, Doctor, come alang with an auld neebour, and by Charlie, I hope ye ken me weel enough to believe ye'll be vara welcome." We had great difficulty in excusing ourselves, but in truth, what with one delay and another, admiring the scenery, and talking upon different subjects, the day was fast wearing away, and much yet remained to be done.

We journeyed on, through a continuous tract of country, similar in its face and appearance, to that which had already marked the course of the Derwent, till, a little further, the river, which had made several meanders in various parts of its progress from New Norfolk, all at once, formed a most beautiful bend or curve, giving to the land upon its banks, the appearance of a picturesque Island, and we presently came in sight of a property, which, for style and elegance, much surpassed any thing of the sort I had before seen.

Entering what might be called a small park, from the nature and extent of the enclosure, studded here and there with ornamental trees, having on one side, the magnificent Derwent, on another, a much smaller, but yet beautiful stream, falling into the other, towards the conflux of these two rivers, was a really handsome, well finished gentleman's residence, standing surrounded by orchards, shrubberies, fields, and gardens, fenced in by hawthorn and other English shrubs and trees. Approaching the house, our horses were held by a servant in waiting, and we were shewn into a badly furnished, uncomfortable looking apartment, where we were received by a female in deep mourning,¹⁰⁴ and a short, brawny, thick-set, broad-shouldered man, perhaps thirty, or five and thirty years old, also dressed in mourning, but wearing leather gaiters, and drab inexpressibles — reminding me, by his cut and figure, of a sort of Under-bailiff or Land Steward, to a Gentleman of Fortune. The female was short, and rather stout, not less than forty; nothing about her manners, which would lead one to suspect that her early life had been spent where such things as looking, speaking, or acting the woman of quality, were taught; but rather, if I must speak the truth, there was a something in her air, gait, gestures, aye, and in the very expression of her countenance, calculated to impress the idea, that she had rather grown to, than sprang from, so fine a place as I was now visiting. While the Doctor was engaged in conversation with her, upon subjects more interesting to themselves than us, every now and then, such sentences reaching my ear, as, "dreadfully low spirits," "place so lonely," "can't sleep at nights," "I am sure, poor dear man, I shall never be happy again — first love, you know Doctor, is never forgotten," I was endeavouring to draw my bumpkin companion to say something, but it was all to no purpose. I did not seem one of his sort, and he stood, gaping at me, like a great Suffolk calf. I was quite glad, therefore, when we left the house, and returned to New Norfolk, to a late dinner, rendered the more agreeable by the presence of my friend's wife, who struck me, as being an unaffected, amiable young lady, well

suitied to her husband — she indeed, seemed to be, what Shakspeare describes, his "goods, his chattels, his house, his household stuff, his field, his barn, his every thing," nor did there appear any want of reciprocity in kind feeling, on her part.

It was in the course of this day, that my information was derived, whence sprung the few observations with which I introduced my subject.

I know not whether it may be interesting to my readers, but it pleaseth myself, to render the justice which is no more than due to the Supreme Authorities presiding over this Colony, where their claims are so strong as in the instance I have referred to; and, as it is chiefly to please myself, that I write, so, courteous reader, you must even be satisfied to take me as you find me, and not attempt to scold, if I am not always scolding others. However, I have one or two rods yet in pickle, of which more hereafter, perhaps you may have one of them next week. — Interim, and always, I still subscribe myself, their faithful servant,

SIMON STUKELEY.

No. 22. HOBART TOWN, OCTOBER 30, 1829

From New Norfolk, I bent my course through a peculiarly rich and park-like tract of country, on the other side of the Derwent, to the Lower and Upper Clyde; proceeding from Bothwell to the high North road and following it, as far as Jericho; leaving which, I directed my steps through Bagdad and Brighton, to Richmond; thence, to Sorell town, returning across two wide ferries to the seat of Government.

During my ride, I paid many visits, took sundry notes, and made several observations upon the characters with whom I became acquainted. All these will be digested and arranged in proper form, for the perusal of my readers, in the course of future weeks. At present, the events of one of the days, since I resumed possession of my snug and retired lodgings in this embryo grand metropolis of the Southern Hemisphere, as some say it is hereafter destined to become, may perhaps afford as much entertainment to others, as they did to myself.

It was a beautiful, clear morning — the mist that at early dawn, had been overhanging the summit of Mount Wellington, had gradually disappeared, exhibiting its rough and towering majesty in all its splendour, and I was doubting in my mind,

whether I should ride, walk, go upon the water, or lounge upon my sofa, read a novel, and sip lemonade, when a friend called, saying he must have my company to pay a visit or two, where he had particular reasons for not wishing to go alone.

I am always at command, when works of good fellowship, or charity, are in hand. Asking therefore no questions, I prepared to do as I was requested.

We walked on together, along one of the principal streets of the town, until a certain stone building,¹⁰⁵ already the scene of two or three occurrences, familiar to my readers, met my eye — and turning towards it, we passed by the usual entrance, and ascending a lofty, ill-arranged, badly constructed flight of steps, found ourselves in a tolerable sized apartment, directly communicating by a door way with another; but of rather smaller dimensions. Upon entering this inner-room, a thin, darkish complexioned Gentleman¹⁰⁶ in the prime of life, wearing his hair in a stiff, bristly fashion, leaving his forehead bare, and rising from it, somewhat like a square tuft, and not impressing a stranger by the expression of the face, or shape of the head, that nature, in filling its storehouses, had bestowed more than an average share of her good gifts, returned our salutations, in rather a formal, awkward manner, somewhat different to that ease and refinement, peculiar to the manners of good birth and breeding. "I have brought a friend," said my companion, "to take a ticket in your raffle — shew him the prospectus, that's a good fellow." Addressing a short thin young man¹⁰⁷ who was in the outer room, the Gentleman desired him to let me see the scheme, adding "But are there any shares left?" "Oh yes, Sir" replied the other, "plenty." He then gave me the paper, setting forth the particulars, whereon, at the head of the list was written as follows:—

"It's a very fine thing, to call father-in-law,²

One who holds dollar bags, under his paw;

But a much finer thing, to have one, for a wife,

Who hates and abominates discord and strife —

Yet, in some way or other, I scarcely know how,

A few Chinese bawbles have kicked up a row.

With six hundred a year, 'tis a shame to record it,

But 'tis settled on all hands, we cannot afford it.

Thus, in order to guide my dear wife with a snaffle,

I've resolved to dispose of the whole by a raffle."

"With so good an object in view, Sir" I observed, "every person must be glad of an opportunity of enrolling his name — is it very costly?" "Oh no, Sir," he replied, "it's only ten pounds in all, there are twenty tickets of ten shillings each." I then turned

towards the young man at the table, to give him my name, and chuse the lucky number. With a familiarity and freedom, more such as might have been expected from a pell mell acquaintance at an Epsom race, than in a grave office, stuffed with parchments and papers, he immediately said to me "What are the odds, Sir, I don't name the winner?" "I do not understand the chances," I answered, scarcely bending my eyes towards him. "I have already two or three bets" he replied, "but shouldn't mind making a hedge — give me fair odds, I'll name who throws highest." I was a little annoyed, and looking at the speaker with increased attention, recognized in his features, a young man, who rode a losing race one day, a few weeks ago, upon the sands near the town; but the difference of dress, between a smart jockey suit, and the plain costume of an office drudge, would effectually have concealed him from my recollection, had not the inward leaven, the working of the spirit, operated to disclose the latent principles of the mind. Nothing farther now remaining to be done, we took up our hats and proceeded onwards.

We next made a morning call upon a Lady¹⁰⁸ who resides in a pretty looking house, standing within a small enclosure, neatly turfed and planted, close along the side, next adjoining the street, there being a row of native shrubs and plants; and the access, through a gravelly road or walk, communicating with the main street by a neat wicket. We found her at home, busily employed upon domestic duties; inasmuch, as a fine chubby boy, apparently between two and three years old, occupied her unceasing notice, to prevent him from any mischievous tricks. Another equally fine boy, but a year or eighteen months younger, was crawling about the carpet; the Lady herself, being engaged at needle work. A pianoforte stood open, and there were several books in the room, affording a tolerable earnest, of the sort of conversation likely to await us. Her appearance was greatly prepossessing; — a brunette, with regularly formed features, dark expressive eyes, and of an agreeable figure. Here, we chatted away half or three quarters of an hour, having the pleasure more than once, to hear myself mentioned, and to receive a greater share of commendation than censure, although she said, "he is sometimes very severe" adding, "I was quite delighted, that all he could find fault with, in my husband, was, that he carried such an immense snuff-box, — I have often scolded him for it myself; but he does not mind what I say: I rather think, however, he stands in some little awe of Mr. STUKELEY."

Proceeding from this mansion, seemingly of peace and harmony, we bent our course towards the wharf, and about half way,

stopped for a minute or two, looking at the commencement of a new brick building, at one end of the Governor's house, destined, as we were told, to be a Council Chamber. The Government in this instance, cannot surely be charged with an improvident expenditure; for they have adopted Mrs. GLASS's celebrated recipe, about boiling a turbot — 'first catch the fish, and then dress it' — so in the present case, not only have they waited till the Council was named, but even afterwards, like the man who built a house, and then discovered, it had neither door nor chimney, the Council has been long appointed, the acts to be first submitted to it, are all said to be ready and waiting, when, lo and behold, it is all at once found out, there is no Council Chamber! I delight in recording my approbation of public measures, whenever it is possible; and, having a little tory blood in my veins, would willingly stretch a point, to pass, *sub silentio*, what, if noticed at all, must be censured; but conscience, though thus obsequious in matters of politics, protests against such a line of conduct in this instance; and, as the experience I have derived from my daily intercourse with society, has convinced me of the necessity of certain legislative enactments being passed without delay, I own that I cannot reconcile to myself, the beginning to build, at so late a period, as at all consistent with the generally sound measures of the enlightened individual, who now governs this Colony.

While thus employed, an acquaintance,² whom I have oft met, turned the corner by the Guard-house, mounted on a diminutive pony. I thought there was less animation in his eye than I had once observed; and that an hasty impetuosity, which at first, almost made me startle, had sobered down into a look of moody, disappointed ambition. — "Eh, Sir! what d'ye think of this new waste of the public money? — Shall write home about it by the next ship. — I can't see, Sir, why the Council should'nt sit in the Governor's dining parlour, it's quite large enough, Sir." "Perhaps they may, Sir," I replied, "upon proper occasions; but I do not agree with you, that a dining room, is a suitable place, wherein the representatives of the people should hold their deliberative assemblies." I spoke these words with an emphasis, which did not escape him; but ere I would give him time to reply, I continued, "You speak of the size of the room, Sir; were you ever in it?" "No Sir, no Sir, nor don't intend it." "By-the-bye," said my companion, addressing the equestrian; "I wonder you don't enlist Simon Stukeley to reform some of the abuses, of which you complain so constantly; his "peculiar vein" might save you a great deal of trouble. — Of course, you patronize the re-publication of

his Essays?" "What Sir, what Sir! do you think I am mad? No, Sir, I have had quite enough of Mr. Simon Stukeley and his Essays already, without paying any more for their re-publication, — I wish he had staid where he was, — he's too knowing for me, by half, Sir, what! pay twenty shillings for my own picture! No, Sir, one shilling was quite enough, indeed too much, if I pay any more, 'twill be to raise a subscription to send him out of the country." As he said these words, he turned from us, and we renewed our walk.

We now turned into another street, and went into a shop, to make a trifling purchase; and were presently attended to by the tradesman himself,¹⁰⁹ who did his best to welcome us, by a sort of cringing civility, peculiar to a certain class of persons, who take the upper place in the Synagogue, and are for ever exclaiming in public "Lord be merciful to me a Sinner." He was short and stout, of fair complexion, and wore a flaxen wig, whose straight yellow locks, combed along his forehead, looked as if the Barber, when giving it the last finish on the block, ere it was transplanted to the head, had placed a basin over it, and used his scissars to clip the extremities, exactly as the brim covered them. His clothes consisted of a snuff-coloured coat and vest, with breeches to match, partaking a little of the Quaker cut — a little of the old school puritan's, and a little of that sly humility, that affects singularity, under the garb of simplicity. In his mode of serving us, there was nothing to complain of; indeed, the assistance he received from a sharp active lad, dressed in a suit of grey, left him little to do, but to talk; and in this, he was quite at home.

I was particularly struck with his prying inquisitiveness; it would have almost seemed that he was a caterer for a club of gossips, from the nature of his incessant conversation, and, as a matter of course with such characters, he knew every person's business better than his own.

Particularly addressing me, he enquired, "Been long in the Colony, Sir?" and almost in the same breath, "ever been to New Norfolk?" Having replied to both these questions, he continued with great volubility, "very strange, Sir, but do you know, that long as I have been here, I was never at New Norfolk before t'other day; and who do you suppose was my companion up there? Why, Sir, I was there along with the Hermit." "That is strange, indeed," I replied, "then of course, you can solve the mystery, and let us know who, and what he is like." Oh, yes, Sir, but I don't know that I am quite at liberty," he answered with a significant grin, "but he was capital company, and gave a pretty account of our journey, though after all, he praises the place

more than I should, as 't isn't so much to my mind as a muddy sort of soil, for regular crops. I shall take him some day to what I call a fine spot, and see what he says to that." Our purchases had been completed, a minute or two, but to indulge the good man's taste for gossip, we lingered at the shop door, listening to his rapid change of subjects, upon many of which, he exposed equal ignorance, as when telling us, who was his New Norfolk companion, until tired of his garrulity, we proceeded onwards, paying several visits; more than one, yielding materials for my note book. There, however, for the present, they must remain.

SIMON STUKELEY.

No. 23. HOBART TOWN, NOVEMBER 6, 1829

When I left New Norfolk on my intended excursion in the interior, I crossed the river by means of a ferry, about a hundred yards wide; and, landing upon the opposite shore, mounted my horse to proceed onwards. In the boat was a pleasant looking countryman,¹¹⁰ of the better sort of farmer, dressed in a light colored single-breasted coatee, white duck trowsers, and striped waistcoat — appearing in age, to be between thirty and forty, and of unreserved, sociable manners. Finding by his conversation, that he was a traveller on the same road as myself, I proposed to become his companion; hoping that, independently of the pleasure of thus whiling away the time, the information he would impart, respecting the country through which we were to pass, would add to the interest of the ride. During the first few miles, several small farms attracted my notice; some of which were well cultivated, and appeared fertile. A fine plat of deep rich soil near the river, extending two miles or more, was lying in fallow, ready, as my companion told me, for the culture of potatoes; this species of tillage being remarkably well adapted to the nature of the land in that neighbourhood, where large quantities are usually grown, and easily brought to the water's-edge, for conveyance by boat to Hobart Town. I also learnt that the land, in this immediate district, had been parcelled out and distributed many years ago, in small farms, among a number of persons, who, upon the abandonment by Government of Norfolk Island, had removed hither, receiving grants, free from all restrictions, in compensation for the places they had left; constituting a nest of old settlers, from whom have sprung many of the fine and hardy

race, commonly known by the term, Native Youths. We pulled up near an Inn, for a few minutes, to chat a little, with a remarkably fine venerable-looking old man,¹¹¹ whose expressive features, beautifully formed head and profile, set off by hoary locks, and extreme cleanliness, constituted a model, worthy the hand of the Sculptor. His faculties seemed unimpaired, as he replied to our general questions, with a readiness and vivacity, indicative of the full bodily and mental health he enjoyed; but I was sorry to learn, that by imposing upon his easy nature, and friendly heart, he was become a tool in the hands of some designing people, who were gradually stripping him of his property.

Proceeding onwards, we came to a spot, where the Derwent suddenly burst upon our view with great splendour; and presently our road lay close along-side its banks; having a few neat houses and farms on our right. — Some little way further, we approached a spot, where the hand of man has been brought into active operation, warring against Nature, who had almost destined it to be impassable. A tremendous sort of bank rises almost perpendicularly, two or three hundred feet from the river, occasioning the traveller a kind of sickening apprehension that he may, without much care, be precipitated to the bottom. To remedy this, a road is being cut through the bank, much below the old line, and when completed, will be a grand and striking improvement. Some little distance from hence, we took leave of the river, making a turn to the right, and had a view of some of the country on the other side, familiar to me by my ride the day before — still pursuing our way through a rich and greatly diversified tract, which was gradually assuming a more expanded and park-like appearance, every mile we travelled. Immediately in front and far-outstretched on either side, were rich and fertile plains; two remarkably, and prettily rounded hills, being upon our remote right; the extreme left, bounded by a range of distant mountains.

For sheep pasturage, these plains, and some we afterwards travelled over, cannot be excelled; but it really grieved me to witness the shameful supineness and ignorance of the owners of the flocks, every where grazing around us; little or no attention appearing to be paid to classification, to separation of the lambs from their dams, or to indiscriminate intercourse. While we were in this vicinity, we were overtaken by a bustling, and somewhat plebian-looking man¹¹² on horse-back, resembling in his appearance, a north country gauger. He was of middle age and stature; no person could ever offer him so high an insult, as to mistake him for a Gentleman, although the easy look of self-complacency he carried about him, plainly enough bespoke that he was what

is understood by the term, "well to do in the world." Accosting us as he came up, with "Good morning to you, Sir; are you lately from Hobart Town?" he no sooner received a reply, than he continued, "what news is there stirring? Any ships from England?" These questions being also answered, he went on, "Did you hear how trade was going on? Any fresh importations of tea from China; wine from the Cape; rum from England; or sugar from the Mauritius? — I rather fancy some of the speculations won't turn out quite so well as was expected; but he was always an obstinate old fellow;⁵⁶ thought no person knew any thing but himself — he has had a few sour grapes for his palate lately, I'm thinking, and 'twas time his blood was cooled a little; for, even now, the marks of his intemperate passion a'n't obliterated. — Well, well! he may chafe, and call names; I always say, let him laugh who wins." I was induced to observe our new companion a little more closely, as he spoke these last words, and noticed, that just below one of his eyes, the remains of a bruise were apparent; that sort of yellow and green streaks, which now and then are a consequence of pugnacious combats between two school-boys; and there was a covert slyness about the eye itself, as it returned my momentary gaze by a significant twinkle, as much as to say, "a bird in the hand, is worth two in the bush" — a sentiment, the more likely to have been passing in his mind, inasmuch as we were now within view of a good, substantial-looking house, built of free stone; towards which he turned, as he wished us good morning, adding, with a laugh, "I think of the two, I have the best end of the staff!" Just as he left us, the prospect assumed a new and highly interesting appearance; the left commanding the sight of the Derwent, as it bounded by its windings, a sort of Peninsula; the land on its bank, being picturesque, and well-cultivated, interspersed, here and there, by farm and other buildings, and immediately upon the neck, formed by the river, stood a respectable family residence.

The country every where around, continued of a fine description for another mile or two; when my companion,¹¹⁰ who, in the course of our ride, had displayed a fair share of good sound sense, and information, intimated that he must shortly bid me adieu, unless I could be persuaded to accompany him to a neighbouring house of entertainment, where he told me, that he expected a friend would be waiting for him; with whom he had to transact some business; and that he should there be at home. I found in him, one topic of conversation, I was not prepared to expect. Speaking of the few birds there are in this Colony, which possess any melody in their notes, I discovered that by the word music, I

had touched a chord, from which indeed, sweet sounds vibrated; and, as the theme was continued, he seemed equally at home, in descanting upon the magnificence of Handel, the grandeur of Haydn, the lively vivacity of Rossini, the overwhelming force of Beethoven, the sweetness of Mozart, or the plaintive melody of Bishop, as he was upon the style and execution of the celebrated Masters, who now delight the British Public by their several performances; or, to bring him more within his sphere in this Island, as, upon the best mode of clearing land, avoiding smut in wheat, or breeding sheep, so as to combine a fine fleece, with a weighty carcase. His manner of urging his invitation, had so much of the true English hospitality about it, that I felt it an act of duty, particularly as it coincided with my inclination not to wither in the bud, so beautiful a plant, now that it was transplanted here, from the Mother Country — fearing that the chilling hand of refusal might destroy it, ere it had well taken root. I therefore resigned myself to my fate, and followed him to the door of a building, or rather the shell of a building, several workmen being yet employed towards adapting it to its character, evidently of modern date. The Landlord,¹¹³ a middle-sized man, perhaps between thirty and forty, met us at the door, as we alighted, and I instantly perceived by his very bow, that he was young in his calling. Having intimated to my companion, that a person was waiting for him, and that the dinner he had ordered, would be ready in half an hour, I left the two friends together for that time, and entered into conversation with mine host and his wife, upon various subjects connected with the neighbourhood; and I learnt, that they had formerly suffered much, and been driven from their farm, by Bushrangers; but had now returned to it, without the fear of a recurrence of such a misfortune. Whilst so engaged, a young chubby-looking man,¹¹⁴ well mounted, rode up to the door, and alighting, I recognised in him, a billiard-table acquaintance, whom I met at Hobart Town, during the winter, and also at one or two other places, best known to ourselves. He is rather under the middle stature, quite raw and inexperienced in the ways of life, although I rather think he fancies himself fully a match for the knowing ones. — He wore a kind of riding jacket, and trowsers with boots; and, if he were to laugh less loudly at his own wit, and to remember how beautifully modesty of speech and manner becomes a youth of his age, he might pass muster for a Gentleman, in the absence of a better. It is a bad plan, however, at times to be too fastidious; and, learning from him, that he resided in the neighbourhood, that his abode lay on my direct road, and that a bed and hearty welcome should be

my reception, if I would accompany him thereto, I agreed to the proposal, and we presently parted, he, to pursue his journey, engaging to call for me in three hours, and I to join the dinner table.

Our third companion¹¹⁵ proved a tall, tolerably proportioned middle aged man, of rather rough manners and appearance. He amused me a good deal, by the *naïvété* of some of his expressions, although couched in a broad provincial dialect, which, if not really *Zummersetshire*, is, I am sure, not far removed from it. Among other miseries of life, that he described as having escaped by coming to this Colony, he congratulated himself that he had “done” the Parson of his tithe pig, entertaining us with the many pranks he and his mother’s cherry-cheeked dairy-maid used to pay the collector, when, in making his rounds, even the sacred privacy of the hens’ nests was invaded. “A pretty job I should make of it now,” he added, “if I had these gentry to settle with every year.” “Why yes,” replied the other, “you must have a tolerable number of breeding animals; but, somehow or other, your establishment is not quite right in that way yet — ’tisn’t quite complete — I don’t know how it is, but sometimes people get beat at trifles, though they manage great things very well. — I take it you find it a deal more easy to coin silver and gold, than to polish *steel* to some people’s minds, eh neighbour!” The joke, whatever it was, conveyed by these words, did not seem very agreeable; for the other replied, apparently half-displeased, “the kettle has no business to upbraid the pot, with its black sides — the steel may be polished enough yet, for aught you know; or, perhaps, we may find, that gold may give a polish, although steel cannot take one.” I now comprehended enough of the subject of this conversation, to throw in a word or two, and perhaps, somewhat roguishly, took up my pencil and wrote the following:—

“Yet, spite of what dame Nature has denied,
 Fortune adopts him, with her fondest pride;
 And while he has two thousand pounds a-year,
 From many a Miss’s mother you will hear —
 ‘His face is not the finest, I’ll agree,
 And seldom, a more bashful man you’ll see;
 His shoulders, certainly, are rather high,
 But, then, he has a most expressive eye!
 Nor be your heart, by outward charms inclined,
 But seek the higher beauties of the mind.’”

We spent an hour or two in general chit-chat, and I almost regretted my engagement to proceed onwards in the evening, as both my companions made me a tender of their good offices,

towards introducing me to a family in the neighbourhood; from their report of whom, I was led to expect that I might have passed an agreeable and sociable evening. I was therefore reluctantly compelled to decline their kindness, although, wisely providing for the possibility of again travelling the same road on some future occasion, I thankfully accepted so much of the proposal, as related to the introductory part of the business; and then proceeded on my ride, accompanied by my friend of the billiard table. I must defer, however, any further account of my journey till another week.

SIMON STUKELEY.

No. 24. HOBART TOWN, NOVEMBER 13, 1829

The country in the immediate vicinity of the spot, where I met my young Billiard-table acquaintance, is Park-like and picturesque, apparently well calculated, either for pasture or tillage.

Previously to commencing the ride with him, to his residence, I had accompanied my other two friends to a large, handsome looking house, standing upon an eminence, about two miles distant from the Inn, and near which, I observed some arable land, wearing an appearance of more care and diligence, than have struck me as generally obtaining in the agricultural labours of the inhabitants of this Colony; the result of which, as usual in such cases, is that it bears its own reward in the clean and healthy state of the growing crop. — I was informed, that upon this eminence, and other places, within a short distance, several very curious and beautiful petrifications of the different woods of the Colony have long been found, preserving all the veins and tints of their original substance, giving it a resemblance to the most showy and finely variegated marble.

I am not a naturalist, else, the extraordinary fact of meeting in such complete petrification substances, at an elevation from the sea, of a thousand or fifteen hundred feet, in a dry soil, far distant from the apparent influence of any water, would create cause of wonder that might perhaps, lead me to dilate upon the subject, with the hope of exciting some person, better skilled in such matters than myself, to offer an explanation of the causes which have led to so remarkable an effect, and perhaps even now, the hint so thrown out, may conduce to this object. Upon reaching the house, I was introduced by my companions to a

Lady¹¹⁶ of handsome, well formed features, dark, expressive eyes, conveying the impression of great sagacity, who received me with ease and politeness, added to that sort of hearty welcome, which bespoke the sociable footing whereon my two friends stood with her. I much regretted it was not in my power to accept an invitation she gave me for the rest of the day; but promised to renew my visit at some other time, when she permitted me to understand, I might hope to see other parts of her family, who were now either from home, or rambling about the grounds.

Bidding her adieu, I rode to keep my appointment, ready to proceed to my destination for the evening. After proceeding about six miles, through a fine sheep country, we arrived at a small town, or township, I am told, more properly speaking, situated on a stream, which afterwards falls into the Derwent, affording in its way, a plentiful supply of water for the farms and houses along its banks, and also for turning a flour mill, erected near the town.

Just as we approached this place, we observed a crowd of country people standing together, close to an enclosure, which I presently discovered to be the Pound, and imprisoned within it, were several head of cattle. The Pound-keeper,¹¹⁷ a darkish, down-cast looking man, rather thin and of middle age, dressed with a sort of nattiness, somewhat unusual in the country, and wearing white cord breeches and gaiters, was proceeding to hold an auction, to defray the expenses that had been incurred. Among the bye-standers, were one or two, seemingly the owners of the cattle, who were not sparing in abusive language, for what they termed "rank robbery," "downright imposition," &c. and I cannot help saying that, if what they represented, in answer to a few enquiries I made, be correct, there is no part of our Colonial regulations, so much requiring the interference of the Legislature, as those relating to impounding.

I have collected many anecdotes, connected with this subject, in the course of my little excursion, disclosing acts of apparent injustice and oppression, which I am sure, the present Head of the Government is the very last man breathing, to tolerate, if they were to come before him; and at a proper season, I shall recur to the subject, if I see occasion.

From the commencement to the termination of our ride, I was unable to take any particular notice of the country, as I had enough to do to keep pace with my comrade, who constantly urged his horse forwards at great speed, seemingly altogether indifferent to every thing around him; and proceeding in this manner, shortly after we passed the township close to the stream

I had before noticed, we arrived at a very pretty *Cottage ornée*, standing within a flower garden, at this season wearing its brightest livery, and approached by means of a neat wicket. Alighting at the gate, I followed my companion to the door, and entering the house, was shewn into a parlour, where two ladies^{118, 119} were sitting, and two fine children.

One of the ladies appeared rather older than the other, but neither of them had passed the very morning of life. She had a mild, pleasant countenance, agreeable figure and genteel deportment, but I observed with sorrow, that nature had not bestowed her good gifts unmingled by drawbacks; for, in proportion as the beauties of the mind were disclosed by the expression of her features, was my regret in discovering, that she possessed an infirmity, depriving her of the pleasure of hearing what was passing, so as to be able to join in conversation, in the manner for which she otherwise appeared well calculated. The other lady was dark, and of a foreign style of features, by some much admired, and thought interesting; although I do not quite know that I am of this number, being rather prejudiced in favor of what may be called, the indigenous beauty of my native country.

My companion had not mentioned whether he was about to introduce me to his father, mother, brother, sister, friend, or wife: he had merely said, "I live in such and such a place, and shall be glad to see you." I therefore felt the awkwardness of my situation, when, upon his entering the room in a rude boisterous manner, he bade me be seated, without saying one word by way of introducing me to the ladies, and his mode of treating them afterwards equally perplexed me, particularly the darkest of the two, it being too unceremonious for a dependent, too free for a brother, too indifferent for a lover, and he was too young to allow me to think him a husband, — too old for a son — altogether puzzling me exceedingly. Adapting myself however, as well as I was able, to my company, I joined in conversation, as subjects arose, trusting to the chapter of accidents for the issue. After a short while, the Lady said, "We have nothing but disappointments, for to-morrow, — I cannot think what's come to all the Ladies in the neighbourhood, for every one of them has sent excuses — we shan't have a Lady here." "The women may all be ——— for me," the young man replied — "who the h—ll cares whether they come or stay away? I have brought one friend here, at all events, who will stay — and he is worth a dozen petticoats at a party — d—— 'em they're only in the way." The Lady here addressed me, "We have a little *fête*, preparing for to-morrow — I hope you will be of the party?" Bowing assent, I replied, "I will with pleasure,

but my friend here, has not allowed me the opportunity of knowing to whom I may express my acknowledgments. Come, Sir," addressing him, "Pray act the master of ceremonies, between myself and these Ladies." So appealed to, he did the needful, by which I just learnt enough, to be still more puzzled; for my own notions of the situation, he told me he filled in the household, were so at variance with his manners and general deportment, I could not understand it; and I thought, although perhaps it was my mistake, that the significant glances which passed between the Lady and the young man, seemed to imply that, they saw and comprehended what was passing in my mind.

We passed an evening, not altogether so agreeably as I had hoped, when I first entered the room — the loud ha! ha! ha's of the Gentleman, interspersed with numerous oaths, and an evident taste for the bottle, sadly interfering with my precise notions of what is due to Lady's society, and, (must I tell the truth?), there being nothing whatever, about the principal speaker of the two females, to atone for the want of decorum he exhibited. The other Lady appeared of a very different sort, and perhaps, her blushes were spared upon one or two occasions, by her want of hearing.

Early next morning, a ride was proposed; and, mounting our horses, we proceeded a considerable distance, making two or three calls — among others, upon a Gentleman¹²⁰ of bulky make and shape, a dear lover of his grog, if there be any truth in signs, and whom we met just in front of his residence, walking with a fair complexioned Lady,¹²¹ with flaxen ringlets, and possessing a full share of the *en bon point*, whom I at first presumed was his daughter, but upon entering into conversation, my ears detected that the Lady was a gem from the Emerald Isle, while the Gentleman struck me as an East Mercian; and presently there were so many "my loves" and "my dears" added to other unequivocal tokens, that the truth flashed on my mind, and I judged rightly enough, they were a new married couple. Upon following them into the parlour, I saw a pretty, recently finished picture, hanging over the chimney-place, the subject taken from the Merry Wives of Windsor, portraying the humourous Knight making love, and under it was written —

"It is better to be an old man's darling,

Than with a young man, to be ever snarling."

After taking leave of this couple, we returned homewards, just in time for dinner, and to prepare for the evening's entertainment. I was informed, the original plan comprehended a dance among other amusements; but owing to the unfortunate and unaccount-

able whim of the Ladies who had been invited, not one appeared to grace by her charms, the sombre medley of a parcel of beings, in broad cloth, and when the latest possible hour arrived, ere all hopes of this sort were relinquished, the miserable substitute of a bowl of punch, and cheroots, with its concomitants of toasts, sentiments and songs, was resorted to, in order to supply the place of the absent votaries of Terpsichore, whom I had hoped to see —

“In the smooth dance to move with graceful mien,
Easy with care, and sprightly, though serene.”

All the party were strangers to me, nor did I notice any of them particularly, excepting a military officer,¹²² a gentlemanly young man, who said he was quartered in the neighbourhood, and who described to me what an excellent *fry*, a small fish caught in the Derwent makes, and a tall, well-favored youth, whose chin is just shewing the dawn of manhood, and who conducted himself with modest, unobtruding propriety, marking him as a young Gentleman of promise:—

“*Ingenui vultus puer ingenui-que pudoris.*”

The young man¹²³ who acted as *Major domo*, did not rise in my estimation, by his behaviour during the course of the evening. His manner of addressing the Lady of the house was rudely familiar, to use the mildest term, and such as a regard for herself, should cause her to disallow.

It may be said, it is a sorry return for people's hospitality, to hold them up to censure; but my object is, as I have before said, to encourage virtue, to restrain and correct, what is otherwise, and as I never go any where uninvited, let those who have a hole in their coats, which they wish to conceal, have a care how they ask me to become their guests.

The morning succeeding the *fête*, as it was called, I proceeded on my journey, and passing through a rich tract of country well watered, and parcelled into various farms, entered the town called Bothwell, of which more hereafter.

SIMON STUKELEY.

No. 25. HOBART TOWN, NOVEMBER 20, 1829

During the course of my recent country excursion, I was tempted to become the purchaser of an Estate, on the other side of the Derwent; and certain legal forms, having consequently become necessary, it was matter of consideration with me, which, of the

various limbs of the law, who have taken up their abode in the Colony, I should consult. I was accordingly led to refer to the notes, taken from my Informant's communications, in order to form such an opinion of their respective merits, as might decide me.

One or two of the list, have already passed in review before my readers, but several yet remain unnoticed; and perhaps, I cannot do better at present, than place on record, the information that had been imparted to me on the subject.

Indeed, when it is borne in mind, what a bane to the well-doing of Society, is an unskilful practitioner in either of the learned professions, what incalculable mischief to families yet unborn, is oftentimes produced, by the ignorance and presumption of persons, calling themselves Lawyers, it can excite no wonder that, upon so important an occasion as an exchange of money for dirty acres, I should be anxious to have full conviction, not only that there was a right to sell the property, but that, it should be so conveyed, as to baffle the legal quirks and ingenuity of some future Gilbert Glossin; a family, proved by direful experience, to be extremely numerous, and endowed with a most accommodating conscience. — I therefore opened my memorandum book, with a full determination to weigh each impartially; and I do not know that, in stating the result, I can improve upon giving, almost *verbatim*, the words of my informant.

No. 1.⁶⁸ — Upright and honest, and above doing a dirty action; not deeply skilled in law, and consequently, leaves much to subordinates; certain of whom, although sharp and clever, are not sometimes, if there be truth in common report, more nice than wise, when their own interest or pleasure can be forwarded; the latter, too often consisting in any thing that will procure a liberal allowance of *aqua vite*. At a former period, this Gentleman had the best practice in the Colony; but one cause or other, has assisted others to supplant him; and although, still universally respected and esteemed, as a man of honor and integrity, yet, these properties, not being all required by him, who resorts to a Lawyer, he has been thrown into the shade by some, of a higher professional, although less exalted, moral rank, and who are reaping the harvest, of which he sowed the grain.

2.¹²⁴ — Ignorance and presumption, mingled with rude, vulgar manners, not softened by education, or even tolerable acquirements. For some years, a borrowed lustre was bestowed, by being attached to the train of a brightly shining comet; and a certain imaginary importance was also derived, by having been taught to say “Bow, wow,” at the word of command of one, who can

write A. B. even if this be nearly the length of his tether. Nevertheless, like a true bairn of the "Land o' Cakes," he so made hay, whilst the sun shone, was so old, in saving knowledge, however young he might be, in all other information, that he has contrived to accumulate a tolerable heap of this world's goods, having at the same time, preserved an unblemished reputation for integrity. He has Abernethy's manners, without his brains, and should recollect, it is only the possession of rare qualities that can ever atone for the absence of that *suaviter in modo*, which is the true characteristic of a Gentleman.

3.¹²⁵—Is altogether a different character. His attainments, although perhaps, not of themselves, sufficient to place him in a conspicuous rank in the orb of law practitioners, receive a reflected importance, by being seen in the mirror, held up by another individual. He possesses considerable industry, application, and the methodical exactness of a man of business. To his friends and retainers, he can assume a courteous, or even, polite manner; but, in arguing or discussing with strangers, he has a disagreeable snarl, that derogates from the favourable impression, he might otherwise create. This is the more striking, inasmuch as the borrowed light in which he shines, is remarkably clear and lucid, seldom disturbed by clouds, or lowering darkness, and it might have been supposed that, so ill-favored a weed as discourtesy, would ere now, have been withered by its influence. Still "his bark is waur than his bite." Besides, he is not rapacious, nor, is there any iron in his composition; and take him altogether, I determined that I might probably go further and fare worse, than by enrolling my name, as one of his clients.

I shall only at present bring forward one other, leaving those that remain, for a future occasion.

4.²⁵—Again differs from all the preceding ones. He has qualities that are exclusively his own, in respect to being a sociable, entertaining companion, full of anecdote, glee, and humour.

Place him on an elbow chair, by a chimney corner, with its arms well filled by the rotundity of his person, his clothes, put on with a sort of *degagé* air, his tasty watch appendages, hanging around his neck, and just enough visible, to be contrasted with the diamond brooch, stuck in the shirt bosom, with great exactness, and he is as much calculated to excite mirth, as, when he is seen Jehu-like, driving all before him, his head projecting forwards beyond his body, and his two arms elevated, and stretched out, saying, as plainly as they can speak, "'ware elbows." To notice him in either of these situations, the spectator would scarcely be prepared to expect to find him a limb of the law,

indifferently learned, upon all common questions; and withal, sufficiently honest and courteous.

He is however, too fond of scum and refuse; — in ascending the ladder, he forgets that, although the steps of thorough, downright respectability, may be more tardy, they are in the end, more sure; and that, all the art and ability of the most accomplished Chymist, cannot divest pitch, of its natural adhesive qualities; nor, can an honest Lawyer bestow upon an unworthy cause, a good reputation. He may be pure himself, but when he comes in contact with impurity, the misfortune is that, the latter bestows, not receives, its amalgamating qualities. There is more brass than iron, in this Gentleman's composition, and he partly atones by diligence, for the absence of other essentials, towards forming a complete man of business.

Having upon the whole determined that No. 3.¹²⁵ should be my *Homme d'Affaires*, in completing the necessary arrangements for my purchase, I went to his office, one morning last week, and having sent in my name, and requested an interview, was presently ushered into his room. There was nothing remarkable in his appearance, of a nature, either to excite a favourable, or an unfavourable impression. His sharp features, sallow complexion, and bony form, well enough corresponded with his dress, and general expression, and excepting the habit he has acquired, of constantly pulling his finger-joints, so as to occasion a cracking noise, I have no particular fault to notice in his deportment. While we were in conversation, upon the subject of my visit, the door was opened, and a Gentleman¹⁵ entered, with whom I was previously acquainted, having met him at Mrs. Doubtmuch's, and at one or two other parties. His manner was now, as it always is, mild and gentlemanly — the soft tones of his voice, well according with his delicate appearance and figure; and there was a playfulness, in his cast of features, rarely met with, in "the gravity of one, skilled in his country's laws." He seemed to be quite at home with the other Gentleman; so much so indeed, that his entrance did not even interrupt our discussions; and so soon as they were ended, he addressed him, with a very pleasant smile, "Do you know who has done you the honor of becoming your client? I only hope for your sake, that you and he are upon good terms with each other — my friend here, if I mistake not, says with Burns, sometimes—

"A chiel's amang ye, takin' notes,

And faith he'll prent it."

"Isn't it so?" turning towards me as he spoke. "This Gentle-

man has entrusted me with the completion of a purchase, he is desirous of making," gravely replied the Lawyer, and then, relaxing his features into half a smile, continued — "I believe I have no cause at present to fear any results from the honor of his acquaintance." As he uttered these words, he gave his finger joints another pull, which occasioned a significant glance between the other Gentleman and myself, serving in my idea, at least, to record a note, hereafter to be printed. After some little further discussion upon various subjects, the Gentleman who last entered, turned to me, and said "Which way are you going next?" "No where, in particular," I replied; "but am quite at your service, if you have any thing to propose." "Why," he answered, "I have to call upon a Gentleman, upon some business, that will not detain me more than five minutes — afterwards, suppose we stroll and hear the band for an hour." — Readily acceding, we went together, to an unfinished freestone building, I have already often visited, and upon my companion's enquiring for some particular person, was told by the man in waiting, that he was just gone to a neighbouring brick edifice, of fearful front and entrance, whither, we followed him. I saw one or two curious characters, during the few minutes I was detained, whilst my friend was engaged on his business; — particularly, a real original,¹²⁶ who appeared to be the Cerberus of the frightful dens, I saw around me; but I cannot do justice to him, in the short space now remaining, and shall defer any further notice of the acquaintance so formed, until another occasion.

The party who had preceded us to this abode of wretchedness, and whom we followed there, proved an old friend of mine, being the Gentleman⁶⁶ who had presided on one or two occasions, where I was present, particularly at a late Coroner's Inquest; but now, for some reason or other, he seemed desirous of shunning me, and was evidently acting under a restraint, in the two points of second nature, distorting the face, and taking snuff with an air altogether his own, during the whole time I was near him.

Passing afterwards through a yard, we left the place by a different door to that by which we had entered, and were presently within the reach of sweet sounds of martial music, and in the midst of all the grace, beauty, and elegance of this rapidly rising town.

Upon several occasions, I had previously noticed with some surprise, a certain style of dress, adopted by some of the striplings, who, more fortunately for themselves than the Public, have been invested with a petty, subordinate post under Government, and consequently think fit to display their imaginary consequence, by

assuming a garb, similar to that worn by some of the Royal household in England. Fine feathers make fine birds, it is true; but beautiful plumage cannot compensate for more solid and valuable qualities, that are denied; and, if one or two of the vain-glorious, consequential youth, who strut about in a coat, cut *a la Militaire*, with the G. R. buttons, and all the other essentials, towards converting them into silly exquisites, could only know one half the sneers and ridicule that are cast upon them by all sober minded, steady citizens, unless they be absolutely eaten up by vanity, they would forthwith doff their nonsensical vestments, and appear in the more seeming attire of office-drudges. I do not object to such a distinguishing outward appearance, as is becoming rank, and real importance; — it is the absurdity of aping such characters, that I reprobate — the folly of seeing persons, who may happen to enjoy the privilege of superintending a parcel of unfortunates, doomed to labour in irons, whilst they break stones for the high roads, or some, who are sufficiently exalted to be allowed to use the pen, instead of the measuring chain, in another branch of the public service, with one or two other classes I could mention,¹²⁷ that have induced these observations; and, as I chanced to see several such empty-headed gentry, among the group, collected by the attraction of the Band, my inclination to notice whatever is ridiculous, with a view to work its cure, would not allow this opportunity to escape me, of recording my own, and many other persons' opinions. I continued promenading for some time, near this spot, chatting with various friends and acquaintances, and was introduced to several new faces — among whom, were a few, who had intended, upon leaving their native land, to have pitched their tents at the new, and as it was once, by some, absurdly considered, rival settlement of Swan River.

The observations made by these persons, upon every thing they had seen and learnt of this Colony, since their arrival, was of a nature, to be gratifying to those, whose wise and sound measures have so greatly tended to bring it to its present state. It is from such, that opinions of our progress as an English Settlement, are entitled to consideration — and, as my own daily experience serves to impress me more highly, with the value of its resources, and capabilities, and its peculiar adaptation to the British Emigrant, no matter what may be his calling, I shall persevere steadily, in the good work I have undertaken; shall hold up folly to ridicule, and virtue, as an ensample without fear, favour or affection, happy indeed, if able to co-operate in a slight degree, with some, more learned, wise, and able than myself,

towards reforming the inhabitants, and otherwise promoting the well-doing of a place, to which nature has indeed, been eminently bountiful.

SIMON STUKELEY.

No. 26. HOBART TOWN, NOVEMBER 27, 1829

Those of my readers who are unacquainted with the interior of this Colony, may perhaps expect when they hear of the towns of Bothwell, Richmond, Jericho, and others, that these names represent places of much greater importance than is really the case. They may bring to their recollection, possibly, some of the county towns in good Old England, where the neat church spire, the convenient market-house, the well-kept inn, and the handsomely furnished shop, at once bespeak the wealth and respectability of the inhabitants, and the busy throng of passing travellers and strangers. If they do so, however, they will be disappointed with my account of Bothwell; which, according to the three stages of all worldly concerns — past, present, and future — has to look forward for whatever rank or importance may have been allowed to it in the book of fate. The town, as it now stands, has a pretty and convenient site, upon the banks of the Clyde, in a rich and fertile district, well adapted to pasturage — its extensive plains being intersected by various streamlets that find a vent in the more important river, and are bounded at a remote distance, by a range of thickly-wooded hills. Arriving in the neighbourhood of this spot, a few straggling cottages, and here and there a better sort of house, intimated my journey was nearly finished; and, riding on, until I approached a substantial edifice of recent construction, where entertainment for man and horse was said to be provided, I drew up at the door, and presently a rough-looking *Sans Culotte*, with a shock head of sandy coloured hair, staring eyes, his complexion bearing full evidence of the power of the Sun in creating freckles, came out and laid hold of the bridle, whilst I alighted. Upon entering the inn, a thin, middle-aged man¹²⁸ made his obeisance to me, and commencing conversation, I presently discovered him to be the landlord; but, although I have had some little experience in portraying characters, I own myself beat upon this occasion; for, though he was civil and obliging, and readily replied to my questions, he was just one of that class, a man may meet twenty times in a week, and fail to recollect him the next day.

Whilst I was standing at the door-way, chatting with him and his spouse, a bustling stirring dame, upon the localities best worthy attention, a Military Officer¹²⁹ in an undress uniform passed the house, walking arm-in-arm with a young and interesting looking lady, rather tall and thin. The Officer was perhaps about thirty, of very gentlemanly appearance, and not unpleasing countenance. "There goes a prime fellow," said a jolly looking countryman, who was seated upon an old cask, just by the door, smoking his pipe and sipping his grog, "there goes a prime fellow, who knows how to deal with them there obstropolous chaps as we sometimes get for assigned servants — we shall find the miss of him when we lose him — Lord, how he do stick to business, and how he do clear the police-office of a morning." "He certainly is an excellent officer, and an active Magistrate," replied a bye-stander, "and we shall be fortunate in the district if the next be as good; but he has his faults as well as others, and sometimes treats folks very cavalierly. That oftentimes is the worst failing of Military Magistrates; they are apt to forget the difference between those who ar'n't soldiers, and those who are, and expect as much from one as the other." "What I likes 'em for is," said the countryman, "they be so used to hear talk about and see the poor fellows as gets the four or five hundred lashes, they don't think nothing of giving a man five and twenty — so I always knows how to manage my servants, for if they don't please me, or if they be saucy to my wife when she's got a drop or so, I have only to take 'em to the office, and it don't seem nothing to give them a couple of dozen or so, 'tis only a taste like, compared with what the soldiers get, when they misbehaves." The dialogue was continued some little time longer, but my attention was drawn from it, by noticing a thin middle aged man¹³⁰ of respectable appearance and pleasing address, rather sharp features, and wearing a dark frock coat of unusual length, who advanced towards our little group, and returned the salutations made him, in an affable good humoured manner. It was not long ere I found that he was a person to whom a friend had given me a letter of introduction, and making myself known to him, we left the party, and withdrew, proceeding towards his own residence. Neatness and hospitality preside within the walls of his dwelling, under their fairest shape. His wife received me with the hearty welcome of the country, joined to the good breeding of the town — no ostentatious show — no affectation of splendid wealth — but cleanliness almost to a fault, and real substantial homely comforts, evinced plainly enough the good management that reigned within the household. In personal appearance, the lady had much

to recommend her, but her features, which are regular and well formed, sink into inferiority if compared with the expression of the countenance, when arrayed in what Burns calls its "witching grace," and which it seldom failed to wear.

After sitting down to a plain but excellent meal, a couple of neighbours called in upon my friend, and as the evening advanced, a rubber of whist having been proposed, we cut in, and I found myself the partner of one of the late arrivals. In former days I have prided myself upon my knowledge in the nice points of this fine game; almost fancying that I was qualified to edit a new edition of Hoyle, even improving upon Bob Short, Matthews, and the other masters who have written upon the subject; but my conceit was completely taken out of me upon this occasion, for, when once or twice relying upon my skill, and my partner's acquiescence in suffering me to play my own game, I ventured upon rather a delicate *finesse*, with the view of winning the odd trick, I found myself out-generalled, and was caught in my own snares.

Among the rarities in the eating way, peculiar to this neighbourhood, and of which I now partook, are remarkably fine eels, equal in size or richness to those of the far-famed Isle of Ely, or Salisbury, and which, drest with a degree of science, worthy of Dr. Kitchener, afforded a delicious treat; so much so indeed, that had I not kept King Henry's fate before my eyes, like him, I might have been tempted beyond prudence. The next morning my friend and I walked together round the little township, looking at the barracks, school-house, and one or two other buildings; and afterwards I intended to proceed and pay a morning visit to a Gentleman with whom I had a slight acquaintance, and whom I had met lately in Hobart Town, in company with my friend Mr. Sterling, when he made me promise to include his house in my proposed country excursion. In the course of our ramble, we met the Military Officer I had seen the preceding day, walking with a smart looking, stout, fresh-coloured Gentleman,¹⁸¹ with sandy hair, reminding me, by his appearance, of one of those active bustling characters that are to be seen in crowds upon the London Exchange, every afternoon at five o'clock, wedged together in deep converse upon the price of stocks, the state of the weather, and the last news from the Continent. Almost immediately afterwards, we saw at a little distance on horseback, the Gentleman¹⁸² upon whom I intended to call, and who deserves to be introduced to my readers' acquaintance ere I proceed further.

In years perhaps he may be as near fifty as forty, has evidently

seen much of the world — being equally at home in conversing upon our immense Indian possessions, as of his native heaths and mountains, or of the more fertile plains of England; is a Gentleman by birth and education, and the patron of talent and respectability of conduct, whether *Tros Tyriusve* be the exhibitor.

Since his sojourn in this country, he has exchanged his sword for the ploughshare, and resembling some of the patriarchs of old, counts his flocks and his herds by the thousands, appearing altogether devoted to pastoral pursuits. — Yet there was a something incomplete in his happiness until within a year or two, when approaching the most dangerous of all ages for a bachelor, too old to flirt with the young ladies, and too young to be altogether placed on the shelf, he wisely adopted the most discreet alternative that remained, and having heard much of the joys of wedded life, enrolled his name as a votary of Hymen, just as the autumn of his days began to shew its tints upon his forehead.

Such was the Gentleman upon whom I had proposed to call, but was prevented doing so by having seen him in the township; but presently again meeting him alone, he urged me, with so much earnest hospitality, to dine with him, that I readily consented, farther agreeing that he should be my guide to his residence. This was the first time I had witnessed a specimen of a country establishment of magnitude, since my abode in this Colony, and was not prepared by any thing I had heard, for the display of rural wealth which my visit presented.

Around the principal dwelling or manse, was a range of buildings adapted for almost every agricultural purpose that can be named; the house itself appeared convenient and well furnished, and, as I am a great admirer of the female character, when it shines with its native lustre, untarnished by evil associations, I was much pleased upon entering the drawing-room to be introduced to a young, unaffected and agreeable lady,¹⁸³ who did the honors of the house with grace and easiness, rather than the polish, alone to be acquired by an extensive commixture with the world of fashion.

There were also assembled the Military Officer I had before seen, the florid, stout Gentleman with whom he had been walking, and one or two others, evidently by their dialect "fra north o' the Tweed," particularly one,¹⁸⁴ who seemed a liberal minded, well informed man, dressed in black, and whose expressions upon various subjects that arose as topics of conversation, did honor to his apparent calling. Every thing at this hospitable board was excellent of its kind — the mutton, the poultry, the bread, the butter, and the cheese, all the produce of the farm, were the

sweeter and better on account of their origin, and as the expression of a hearty welcome illumined the brow both of my friend and his wife, whilst they attended to their various guests, apparently fancying that the human stomach was never to be satisfied, I could not help drawing a comparison, in my own mind, between the heartlessness of the civic banquets, prepared at an enormous expense to gorge the pampered appetites of overfed Aldermen, of which we sometimes read accounts in the newspapers, and such a table as was now before me.

Good eating requires good drinking, says an old proverb, and so it seemed to be considered by one or two present, particularly the florid Gentleman; but all, knew too well what is due to the lady of the house, to transgress the bounds set down by strict propriety, and after a few hours spent in agreeable rational converse, giving a zest to the succession of rarities both in the eating and drinking way, that was laid before us, we took advantage of the moon's light, as it spread its influence upon the surrounding landscape, its pale rays being gently reflected by the stream that watered the meadows, close to the township, when ordering our horses, the guests left the house, each pursuing the way to his own abode.

A day or two afterwards, I proceeded on my journey, nothing particular having occurred in the meanwhile, and riding some miles through a very diversified country, which will afford materials for a future description, found myself close to a brick two-story house of large dimensions, standing a little off the road, and turning towards it, and alighting, soon ascertained to my great satisfaction that I was in capital quarters. My good and zealous landlady, however, deserves more notice than such as I can give her at present. More therefore of her and other matters anon.

SIMON STUKELEY.

No. 27. HOBART TOWN, DECEMBER 4, 1829

There is not a more interesting, a more edifying sight than such as is afforded by a clear and serene Sunday, in a christian country. The cessation of labour the day affords, the recreation to the health and spirits of those, doomed to work out their existence by the sweat of their brow, the relaxation of the mind to others, who pass their lives in more still and sedentary occupations, are effects

sufficiently discernible in the smiling faces of the neatly dressed groups, which are every where seen in the streets, either going to, or returning from places of public worship; or, as the afternoon advances, enjoying by quiet and rational exercise that pure air, which is denied them the other six days of the week. Were a proof wanting, that this beautiful world is not the production of mere chance, that it has been shaped and fashioned by infinite wisdom, and is governed by infinite goodness, the institution of the Sabbath, would be alone sufficient, in the estimation of any thinking, sober-minded person. Happily, however, we live in a country, where such proofs are not required, where arguments are unnecessary, to induce belief at least, in an over-ruling Providence, however remote, this sometimes may be, from the practice that is adopted, and where all, in one way or another, mark the Sunday by a something, that is different from all the other days of the week.

It was on one of these occasions, shortly after a day's adventures, recently described, that strolling along the water's edge between the Town and the Battery, at an hour when the labours of the different Gospel Ministers were for a while suspended, I saw a figure walking a little in advance of me, whose thick and shapeless bulk, as it moved slowly forwards, appeared in a measure to be familiar.

The person was dressed in a handsome suit of black, neatly brushed, and looking as if, like its master, it only saw the light upon special occasions; his hat was in keeping with his coat—all the fur laid one way, as smooth and glossy as a piece of silk. Rather under the middle height than otherwise, his back and shoulders were nearly square, and his gait, which was slow and measured, well corresponded with the rest of his exterior. Presently overtaking him, and turning my head to catch a glance at his countenance, the quick eye seated under its long shaggy brow that met my momentary gaze, served as the recognition of the trusty Cerberus,¹²⁶ with whom I had exchanged a few words, when waiting for the friend whom I accompanied within walls, which few would make their habitation unless by compulsion. Accosting him with "a fine afternoon, Sir," "Yes—it is," he replied, "but 'tisn't often the weather makes much difference to me—I have a queer set of customers to deal with, and am forced to be like a cat on the watch at all hours of the night." "Your's must be, a very hard life of it," I observed; "do you manage to keep your health pretty good, under so much confinement?" "Middling—pretty middling, I might say, but I assure you, if I was not up at all hours of the night, prowling about, when some

of 'em think I am asleep, all the birds would be flown when morning comes, and some day or other we should hear that half the town was robbed or murdered, if 'twasn't for me." "Have you no assistants?" I enquired. "Not one as I can trust," he answered, "Why, Sir — sometimes I go in amongst 'em, and one may hear 'em say such things, as would make many men tremble for their lives — but there, I don't mind 'em, and that they know pretty well." "I should like very much to see the interior of your castle, if I might be permitted — you will say perhaps 'tis a curious taste, but I believe man may receive instruction from whatever scene can be presented to him, and I have no doubt, I may learn something from your internal regulations." "I think Cicero has the same opinion," was the reply. "I have not the precise words, but I know he says something about that." — I was rather surprised to find in the guardian of rogues and vagabonds, a reference to this elegant classic author, in support of the opinion I had advanced, and said "Are you an admirer of Cicero?" "Him and Demosthenes, is my great favourites," he answered, "though I han't no great time for them, but all the eloquence of both, wouldn't do no good towards reforming the rumbusticle gentlemen I have to deal with; but as you was talking about coming to see them, I am never away, excepting for a minute or two like this, and I'll shew you enough, I'll be bound to last you some time, and so you can come when you will."

We continued to chat upon various subjects, my companion displaying great originality of idea in some of his expressions, and when we parted, I promised to make an early call at his strong hold.

The next day, it so happened that, like many other people of consequence, my coffers being at a low ebb, I required such assistance as Bankers afford; and called therefore at one of the establishments of that nature, when, exhibiting a Bill of Exchange, in the same manner as is usual in England, I requested the person at the desk to discount it. He¹³⁵ was a short bustling man of business, dressed in black, wearing a white neck-cloth, much larger than the usual mode; had a very peculiar way of placing his head when intent on business, accompanied by a screwing or twinkling of the eye — and seemed shrewd and clever. Taking my bill in his hand, he looked at it attentively, turned to the endorsements over and over again, and said "This is a very good bill, Sir, I have no doubt, and if you will leave it, and call again in two or three days, I shall be able to let you know, whether it can be done for you." "Two or three days, Sir!" said I, "pray may I ask why that delay is necessary, in answering so

simple a question, as whether or not a good bill is to be discounted?" The Banker smiled in a manner that amused me, and said "We have fixed days, Sir — they are twice a week, and we never discount but upon those occasions." "Why, I thought this was a private establishment," I replied, "I was not aware that forms and ceremonies, allowable enough where the management is under several Gentlemen who have other business to attend to, were introduced into a private Bank. — Surely, that is rather a refinement of minuteness." I might have said more, and expressed my opinion of its being an unnecessary assumption of importance, but it would have been rude, and besides I do not know that I have a right to find fault with the plan any individual may chuse to lay down for the government of his own affairs, although the habit I have, of saying what I think, had nearly got the better of the restraint that good manners would impose. However, I did not pursue the conversation, but suffered it to take another turn. The Banker was extremely talkative, and in the course of various subjects that he discussed, I discovered a keen, penetrating insight into many of the principles that actuate the human race, and an apparent strong attachment to the paths of morality and religion. I do not quite know that I go the length he does, in his opinions upon that branch of political economy, which refers to the consideration of money as a commodity and subject, like all other marketable articles, to the fluctuations consequent upon the relative proportions of demand and supply. Much may be said for, as well as against, the arguments he advanced, and without conceding the full question, I think there can be little hesitation in assenting to the position that, had the Usury Laws obtained in this Colony, its progress would not have been nearly so forward, as it now is.

I had not proceeded many steps, after leaving the Bank, before I met a Gentleman,⁵⁰ whom I have only once or twice seen, since an interesting occasion, of perhaps four months syne, which made him for the time-being, the happiest of men. I say 'the time-being;' for which of my readers cannot bring to his recollection, some one particular moment, when he himself would not have exchanged his feelings, or condition, for that of any other human being on the face of the habitable globe? And yet, has he not found that his joys were transient, and that it was only for the 'time-being' he could be called happy? Judging, however, by this Gentleman's countenance at present, it would appear that his blissful hours were not yet over; for he appeared remarkably cheerful, and, shaking me warmly by the hand, insisted upon my promising to take tea with him the same evening.

The party whom I met at his house, consisted of a stout elderly Lady,¹³⁶ who seemed well skilled in the noble science of gastronomy — dilated with evident knowledge, worthy Professor Ude, or the renowned Mrs. Glasse, upon the relative merits of sweet cakes and comfits, in comparison with the more solid, substantial garniture of the butchers' shambles — and who, in addition to this high acquirement, seemed thoroughly versed in much other matter, well befitting the clever and accomplished housewife. And here, before I proceed further, let me do justice to the value of this knowledge, in preference to the useless, unmeaning accomplishments which are too often the sole end and object of much of a modern fine Lady's education. Our good grand-mothers were not above superintending every part of their domestic affairs, from the garret to the kitchen — nay, even the cellar was under their guardianship when they made their daily or almost hourly rounds with the large bunch of keys as an appendage to the waist girdle, unlocking one cupboard, locking another, chiding one damsel for romping with the men servants, showing her fellow, how to darn stockings neatly, scolding a third for wasting the cheese-parings, and performing all the other routine of a good domestic ruler. And it may be well asked, whether or not, so far as the husbands, sons, or brothers were concerned, the real, substantial comforts, always at command, the delicious pasty, the strong October, and now and then, the fine, clear home-made wine, or thimble full of double distilled cordial, were not much more than an equivalent, for the *do. ri. mi.* of the Italian school — the Spanish fandango, or the foreign waltz, or years spent in endeavouring to force nature, in the acquisition of accomplishments, where the highest point at last attainable, is much below mediocrity. I therefore readily say with the good Lady, the recollection of whose conversation, as we sat quietly chatting together on a corner of the sofa, is the immediate cause of this digression, and who had been ably and scientifically lauding the genius of cookery, "*Esto perpetua.*" Besides this Lady, there were one or two younger ones — and being young, of course pretty and interesting. There was also a young man¹³⁷ of light coloured hair and complexion, rather formed to be stout hereafter, than to be so classed at present, very talkative, and speaking with rapidity, and evincing a smattering upon various branches of mechanism, and the arts and sciences. He was particularly at home upon the perfection, to which lithography has been recently brought, and was hazarding opinions upon the effects it was likely to produce upon the system of copper-plate engraving, and wood impressions. His manners were far from those of high life, but were unobtrusive,

and not unbecoming his station, appearing also well enough suited to one or two others of the party, with whom he seemed intimate, particularly a red haired youth,¹³⁸ of about two or three and twenty, who said little and did less, and one, whose sex extenuates much, when an amiable temper and obliging disposition supply the place of other absent qualities.

We passed a lively and agreeable evening, varied by cards and other amusements, such as characterise the social meetings of the middle classes. The master of the house,⁵⁰ proved himself a punster, on one or two occasions; but, if punning ever belong to the family of wits, of which I am very doubtful, it must be admitted that it is very distantly related — and I will not therefore so badly requite his hospitality, as to perpetuate by relating them — attempts that are more honored by oblivion, than in any other way. His Lady has completely adapted herself to her new sphere of life, and well seconded his endeavours, to add to the hilarity of the guests, by many little nameless attentions.

I do not know that a better opportunity than the present may offer, for recording the character of this Gentleman,⁵⁰ as given me by my "Informant," upon a certain memorable occasion.

He is endowed with acuteness, and a tolerable knowledge of the principles of common law — is obliging, and good tempered, but suffers these advantages, which of themselves would be amply sufficient to obtain for him a good and respectable practice, to be obscured by a neglect of the interests that are entrusted to him — arising from a dilatory, procrastinating habit — there are besides, some who say that — but hold "*de absentibus, nil nisi bonum.*"

I returned to my lodgings, well pleased with my evening's entertainment, and the next day paid my visit to trusty Cerberus, of which, more hereafter.

SIMON STUKELEY:

No. 28. HOBART TOWN, DECEMBER 11, 1829

When a fortnight ago I mentioned, that upon finishing my ride from Bothwell to the next stage of my country excursion, I found a comfortable resting place, at a large and commodious brick residence, standing a little off the road, I added that justice to the excellent entertainment the good Landlady's management afforded, demanded a rather more diffuse notice at my hands, than the opportunity I then had at my disposal; and I now

propose to redeem my pledge, and to give a few particulars of the hostess herself, and of the manner in which I spent two or three days at her truly comfortable home.

I have often wished I had a painter's, instead of an author's hand, when attempting to describe the fair sex; because, the former has much greater power than the latter, in softening down and mellowing certain little points, upon which there is a natural susceptibility in the female breast; and yet, at the same time, not departing from the strict resemblance, which ought to be the aim both of him who writes, and of him who paints. If, for instance, a painter find it necessary for the completion of a portrait, that so essential a point as age, be not disregarded, as must I presume, be generally conceded, he can convert a wrinkle into an expressive smile, can efface the crow's-foot, by a mere touch of his brush, can substitute for the grizzly lock, the elegant curl, copied from Truefitts best style, thus fining down and polishing the shady-side of forty, into the full bloom of womanhood, at its very zenith of attractions; or even, if he be compelled in accordance with strict truth, to make it appear a little in the wane, he has only to sober down his coloring, but may still preserve fidelity to the original. Accordingly, he is rewarded by having it every where in his ears, that he has been completely successful — not at all flattering, it is true, but a most excellent likeness. And what, under similar circumstances, is the very utmost in the power of the unfortunate author? To be able to select the prettiest set phrase he can remember, about "matured experience," "noontide discretion," "meridian of her days," varying from such as these to the shady or sunny side of forty, as the pivot may happen to turn, but still leaving much to the reader's imagination, which the good dame herself, has been contemplating for many years with pride and satisfaction, and would willingly have seen exhibited to the world, in all the glowing colors of eighteen, forgetting too often that, during the intervening period, the devouring, unsparing hand of time, has been making ravages that are concealed only amongst all the world, from her own observation. The good, notable, clever and obliging mistress of the house,¹³⁹ the subject of this day's notice, is precisely a case in point to support my position. If I were to use the pencil in drawing her picture, I might possibly do much towards gaining her favourable suffrages, which is not in my power, wielding as I do the pen; but, as I really feel much to be her due, I will say that, although she is not all she has been, she has still not yet so far o'erstepped the meridian of her days, as to have lost the possession of much, for which doubtless, she has heretofore been

greatly admired. Nothing can exceed the cleanliness and regularity of her household, every part being strictly in character with a good English Country Inn.

I had not been her inmate many hours, ere I discovered that the good dame, who appeared to be a widow, held in a measure her own destinies in her hand, and that, the important monosyllable, *yes* or *no*, would alone suffice to be the arbiter of some other's happiness, who might supply the good man's place, whose loss her weeds showed that she was lamenting. But although clad in the solemn semblance of woe, time, the grand mollifier of all human afflictions, seems already, if a judgment may be formed by the sly curl, which every here and there is now allowed to peep through the restraints that have long been imposed upon its freedom, would seem to betray that it has not failed in this instance, in imparting its usual balm, and that hope need not be banished from the breast of her humble servants.

If I am not mistaken, a darkish complexioned, middle aged man,¹⁴⁰ of spare habit and long visage, for one appeared to regard her, as the goddess of his idolatry. He seemed, so far as I could gather, from a casual conversation or two I held with him, to be a prudent careful personage, and well at home upon all subjects connected with agricultural occupations; but, if I have any skill in love matters, he is not destined to be the happy man. There were, now and then I admit, interchange shots of Cupid's artillery, which seemed to indicate a mutual good understanding; but, as truth is my guide, I must needs say that a certain very gentlemanly man, evidently a native of the Emerald Isle,¹⁴¹ appeared to me a much greater favourite than the farmer. A bystander, it is said, can generally see most of the game; at least so it is considered, and according to this rule, I should say that the latter will do well to relinquish a pursuit, which may perhaps only draw his attention from other and more successful exertions.

Whilst sojourning at this place, I made a morning ride or two in the neighbourhood, particularly one, to see a number of fine horses standing at a Gentleman's Stables, awaiting an approaching sale by auction, which has attracted great and general notice. On my way thither, just before I crossed a stream, which waters a particularly rich flat, surrounded on all sides in the distance by romantic and thinly wooded hill scenery, I saw a person¹⁴² approaching on horseback, in rapid chase of some wild cattle — riding as if the Devil was behind him, and hallooing lustily, after two or three rough, half greyhound looking dogs, that kept close to the animals he was pursuing, holding them at bay, by everlastingly heading and barking at them. The horseman was

dressed in a true rustic garb, and covered with dust and dirt, the effects of his hard-riding; and nothing could exceed my astonishment, when brushing close past me, I recognized no less a personage, than the industrious, praiseworthy individual, to whom the Public are under an everlasting debt of gratitude, for laying the foundation of the press of this Colony, and for his subsequent efforts towards raising it to its present highly respectable footing, to say nothing of the benefit he has conferred upon mankind by the publication of my "peculiar" essays. Little indeed did I expect to find a mighty Nimrod, in my indefatigable friend, the "second Franklin;" but I must confess, I have seldom seen a more evident show of enjoyment, even at a fox chase, than now illumined his brow.

Proceeding onward I approached a good family house standing a short distance from the road, at the door of which stood conversing with a stranger, as unassuming, mild, and gentlemanlike a young man,¹⁴³ as I have seen since I became an inhabitant of the Colony. He may perhaps be four and five and twenty, rather dark complexioned, expressive eyes, and regular well formed features. Added to this, his manners were easy, and strictly becoming his station. His companion¹⁴⁴ was a thick-set, red-haired person wearing spectacles; evidently, by the accent which caught my ears as I came near of him, of Scotch origin; and I almost startled, upon discovering that my own incognito self was the subject of discussion, in a manner that might have created a suspicion that my secret was betrayed. The young Gentleman observed, loud enough for me to hear him, "In some respects the Hermit is well enough, but do you not agree with me that he is too personal?" "Not a whit — not a whit," was the reply, "how the de'il can you ca' him personal, when he only speaks in sic a way that you can just comprehend as it were, by surmeeses or suspicion, wha he means, but vara likely he did na mean the same person himsel. Na, na, I think he's done much gude — he's a mighty schulemaster wha uses the birch a leetle freely, I am free to admit; but shew me an instance, an ye can, whare it has na been deserved." "Perhaps I speak rather feelingly," replied the other, "but I must say I wish he had spared one or two whom I could name. You know one cannot help having one's feelings excited sometimes for others, although for my own part, I have no personal ill will towards the Hermit, and perhaps he may, as you say, do some good occasionally" "Weel, weel," said the Scotchman, "we are na likely to agree, sa we'll na pursue the subject, but come, and let's have a look at the fine horses you have for sale."

I had stood a little aloof during this dialogue, and, now making my compliments to the pair, we all went towards the stables together to inspect the stud, and afterwards returning to the house, were regaled with an excellent luncheon, rendered particularly agreeable by the frank, hearty welcome and hospitable treatment of the young Gentleman, who did the honors of the table in a very creditable, obliging manner. Taking leave and returning to my Inn, just as its brick side-wall met my eye, at a turn of the road, through the trees, I came near an enclosure, within which stood a small neat building, set apart, apparently, for the service of the Almighty, and every here and there a small mound of earth, somewhat raised above the usual level, bore testimony to the sacred nature of the ground, denoting, plainly enough, that here, man and his kindred earth were re-united. At this moment a slow procession of some half-dozen persons was entering the burial-ground, following a coffin borne upon men's shoulders, probably containing some husband, wife, or friend, whose loss was never to be replaced, and advancing towards a grave which was open, fearfully yawning to receive its due. During this while I was surprised to see no Clergyman, nor Officiating Minister at his usual place, leading the troop of mourners; but was infinitely more so, when, a few minutes afterwards, upon reaching the spot, I observed the coffin lowered into our mother earth, with as little ceremony as though it had contained the dead body of one of the brute creation. Strange as this seemed, in a Colony where I have had so much occasion to admire the great attention on the part of its Rulers,⁴⁴ to all matters connected with religious instruction, and a regard to sacred ordinances, I do not know that I should have thus noticed it, had I not been informed the same evening, when speaking of it to one or two Gentlemen whom I saw, that the fault does not rest with the Government; for that, a liberal provision is made for the discharge of all duties of this description; and which ought to give the inhabitants of the neighbourhood the command of all that the Church has provided, both for its fixed as well as incidental occasions. If this be so, probably the notice thus taken of it may prevent a recurrence of a similar neglect in future, and it is with this view that I have now mentioned it, as it is strictly within the province I have assumed, that the neglect of duties on the part of Public Officers, should not pass unheeded.

SIMON STUKELEY.

No. 29. HOBART TOWN, DECEMBER 18, 1829

Those, who are only acquainted with Van Diemen's Land, by having resided at either of its two principal towns, have little idea of its real pretensions to be considered, a rich or valuable country. They should witness, as I have lately done, its fertile and extensive plains, its clear streams watering rich vallies, which yield the most luxuriant pasturage, its hills affording shelter to its numerous flocks and herds, equally from the summer sun, as the winter's rain, and still more, its careful and industrious settlers. Under the busy hand of the builder, the fencer, and the farmer, the face of nature has wholly become changed. Neat dwellings, well laid-out enclosures, and excellent tillage occupy what, a dozen years ago, was a continuous range of wild country, over which a human foot had scarcely ever trod. Thousands and tens of thousands of sheep, browse over land, which, only yesterday as it were, was the exclusive common right of kangaroo and other native animals. In a word, a traveller must visit the interior, in order to acquire such a knowledge, as may make him acquainted with the sinews of the Colony, as a place of rising importance, or with its claims to the praise for beautiful scenery that has been freely bestowed upon it. In no part that I have visited, with the exception perhaps, of the immediate neighbourhood of the banks of the Derwent, commencing at New Norfolk, have I seen a tract with which I have been better satisfied, than the district next adjoining the comfortable house of entertainment, described when I last appeared before the public. If fertility of soil, a plentiful supply of water, and a happy mixture of hill and dale, are sufficient to constitute an eligible spot, the country through which I journeyed, when I took leave of my notable hostess, to proceed towards Jericho, must stand high in estimation. I had not rode more than a mile or two, when I was overtaken by a horseman,¹⁴⁵ mounted on a hack of no very promising appearance, and which, judging by its weary step, and the frequent use of the spur, seemed to have travelled quite as far as was agreeable. The rider wore a loose shooting jacket, but in every other respect, he struck me as a sort of what are called in England, Gentleman farmers, was stout, of a fair complexion, and pleasant, but very solid expression of countenance, and his manner of returning the passing civility I offered, as he came alongside me, was good natured and courteous. "This is a fine country, Sir" I said to him, as we continued to jog on together, "I have been making a short tour, chiefly for the purpose of learning by ocular demonstration, many things, upon

which it is otherwise difficult to procure accurate information. It strikes me as particularly well adapted for sheep, but the management usually adopted with respect to that useful animal, is perfectly abominable — it is really disgraceful." "There are very few who attend to them as they ought," he replied, with a peculiarity of accent, which, if my ears do not deceive me, denotes the land of his nativity to have been a western county, not remarkable for the purity of its pronunciation. "It is a very great pity," I continued, "for if people knew their own interest they would rather do a little well, than much badly. What, for instance, can be more absurd, than the plan some people adopt, of rather estimating their riches by the quantity than the quality of their flocks? One hundred well bred sheep are more profitable than a thousand of the generality we meet with." I found by the nature of my companion's replies, that upon the topic of farming he was completely at home, and we became upon such good terms with each other, that after riding a mile or two, beguiling the way by conversation, he observed, "As you say you are not hurried in your journey, if you will accompany me to a farm I have, close by, I will shew you that all sheep farmers are not as slovenly as you were talking about, but there are too many who are, that's certain." I accepted the invitation, and presently turning off, to the left, we rode on a short distance, until we approached a homestead, where accommodations for farm purposes of every description were erected. The hearty welcome, visible in the manner of the servants, who, one by one, greeted the arrival of their master, was as strong a proof as could be given, corroborative of the favourable impression his previous deportment had made, and convinced me that he must be a good master. Having alighted, he led the way towards the house, where I was introduced to another Gentleman in a friendly manner, who immediately ordered refreshments, and after partaking of which, we sallied forth to ramble over the farm.

It happened to be sheep-shearing, and I was much pleased to witness the capital order in which every thing was conducted. The animals had been all cleanly washed; the fleeces, as they were taken from them, were rolled up closely, and placed in heaps with evident marks of classification; the wool, which was superior to any thing I had seen, bearing ample testimony to great attention to blood, on the part of the owner. One of the shearers, a clumsy awkward fellow, exercised his calling in a manner that drew from the master one or two severe reprehensions, although conveyed in a mild tone, and at length tired of finding fault, he took the shears from his hands, and casting one

of the sheep, sheared it in an expeditious and workmanlike manner, that would have even done honor to Holkham. I cannot describe all the excellent management visible throughout every part of the extensive property I was now shown. Suffice it to say, it was of the highest order; and that, when I took my leave, meaning to ride on to Jericho, for my night's quarters, I left the place and the people, favourably impressed by both, and and feeling that I had now seen an instance in which the true interests of the Colonists, as wool-growers, or sheep-farmers, were thoroughly understood and acted upon.

Nothing particular occurred worth describing between this spot and a small bridge a few miles distant, having crossed which, I approached a comfortable looking house, where I had been assured of finding good accommodation. It is, I believe, the part of all travellers of experience, wisely to ingratiate themselves with the mistress, rather than the master of the house, if they have a mind to enjoy the nicest tit-bits at the dinner table, to occupy the best aired bed, or to obtain the other comforts of a well kept inn in the highest degree. It required very little discernment to perceive that in this instance, the shrewd, active, and obliging landlady,¹⁴⁶ who ruled ascendant over the household, was precisely the very character formed for the sphere she was filling; and that, under the quick dark eye that illumined features, not of themselves perhaps, possessing any remarkable attractions, there lay concealed a something capable of being favourably excited by corresponding civility, but holding rude intruders in awe. I continued at this place the whole day, spending part of it in rambling around the neighbourhood; and in the course of one of my walks I fell in with a gentlemanly man,¹⁴⁷ of pleasing address and exterior, dark complexion, middle age, and rather thin, who addressed me in a frank and open manner, in replying to some enquiries I made respecting the place, treating me with well bred affability. I thought there was a certain vein of caustic humour in some of his remarks, which reminded me of something I have seen in print, but where or when, I do not immediately recollect. He seemed well informed, and spoke favourably of the Colony, but towards the present local Government appeared to be far from well affected, judging by an observation he made, when a servant advanced towards us, bringing the newspapers which had just been left by the postman. Apologising for a momentary interruption in our conversation, as he glanced his eye over one of the pages, he said, "I must just see what Simon has to say this week. How much better I should like him, if he did not praise the Governor, as he sometimes does. I heartily wish he would use

Henry Savery a merchant of Bristol was
about the year 1825 transported for forgery and
was a common prisoner when in jail in 1829. In
the same jail in Hobart Town was Thomas Wells
incarcerated for common debt. Savery wrote all
the Hermit and Wells copied for the printer. At
that time of the author's knew that a prisoner
wrote for the press the penitential was transportation
to the penal settlement of Macquarie Harbour -
Hence arose the mystery about the authorship of the
Hermit. I believe all the parties mentioned except
myself are in spirit Land - but obtaining his ticket
of leave Savery became a great Acquaintance
and failed - He again committed forgery and
was sent to the penal settlement of Port Arthur
where he destroyed his life by cutting his own
throat - He was the author of *Quinto Quinto*
Derivation of which he is the hero - The
handwritten finished the work and was at

Annotation by Henry Melville in the British Museum copy of *The Hermit in Van Diemen's Land* (and overleaf).

Cf. pp.28,36.

his peculiar style to lash the Government, instead of private individuals; they richly deserve it." "It appears to me, from what I have seen of his writings, that he is very impartial," I replied. "Impartial! do you say? No, no, he cries up the Governor too much for that." "You would not have him scold when it is not deserved," I answered, "merely because the Government are concerned, would you?" "According to my opinion," he replied, "every thing they do, deserves lashing, and though I am certainly an admirer of Simon Stukeley, I should admire him much more, were he to change his tone, and flog the Government severely." It was not likely, from his tone and manner, that either of us would make a convert of the other; accordingly the subject dropped, and I presently gave him an opportunity of ascertaining whether or not the budget of the week might be more to his taste, by making my bow and returning to the inn.

The next morning I rode to the adjoining township, a distance of ten or a dozen miles, just in time to be present at a meeting of two or three Magistrates, who were assembled in a small building, for the purpose of determining some cases that were brought before them. The principal personage on the occasion was a stout middle-aged Gentleman,¹⁴⁸ of plain features and manners, but evidently, from the tone he gave to several discussions that arose, a man of sense and experience.

In the nature of the business that occupied his attention in one or two instances, I found cause to admire the soundness of the policy which gave rise to the institution of these District Courts, for preserving the laws and regulations of the Colony in their full vigour, and I considered his decisions as a happy mixture of justice with mercy. I gathered from the tenor of certain of his remarks, that unlike the Gentleman with whom I had recently been conversing, he is a strenuous supporter of the present Government. In this respect I avow myself his zealous coadjutor; for, with every wish to maintain a proper curb upon the encroachments of power, I never yet could see the wisdom or propriety of seeking to lessen the dignity or respectability of those, by whom we are governed; nor could I ever entertain any other feeling than contempt for the factious spirits who prostitute talents and acquirements in abusing the powers that be, merely for the sake of gratifying the corrupt taste of certain readers, or gaining an unstable popularity.

The township was the extreme point of my excursion. I spent a few hours in surveying all that struck me as worth noticing, and returned in the evening to my quarters of the preceding night, where I again found every thing as clean and comfortable as in

The Town the editor, printer & proprietor
 of the Colonial Times Newspaper Free
 writing page 141 is that of Sydney Bond
 Town where the undersigned bought the
 Colonial Times & printing establishment in
 1829,

Henry Melville
 Nov. 1869.

any inn I ever remember to have visited in any part of England; nor could I help drawing reflections upon the many indications I had seen, (not excepting the capital houses of entertainment all along the road), tending to prove the rapid progress this Colony is making towards a firm and solid prosperity — a progress it never could have attained, if its helm had not been guided by a wise and skilful pilot.

SIMON STUKELEY.

No. 30. HOBART TOWN, DECEMBER 25, 1829

Soon after my arrival in the Colony, I became acquainted, as I have already mentioned, with some of the Members of what was then pretended to be called, a Chamber of Commerce, and among others, with a certain very talkative, self-sufficient, ever grumbling old Gentleman,² who has laboured hard to persuade me, in several conversations I have had with him, that until he have more influence than at present, in affairs of state, things would never go on well. It so happened a short time after we became acquainted, that meeting him one day in the street, he accosted me "Fine doings, Sir, fine doings, but the Bank will be heard, Sir — it's not to be run down, Sir, by a parcel of Government Officers, who have clubbed together their salaries, taken from the pockets of the people, and think to have all the cream — leaving us nothing but skim milk. No, no, Sir. If the Government doesn't take our part, Sir, I shall write home about it by next ship." "I do not quite understand you, Sir," I replied, "what may it be, to which you allude?" "Not understand me, do you say! Eh — Sir! — why, I think I speak plain English, Sir — they want to give the other Bank all the pickings of Treasury Bills and specie, through the Public Offices, and I, for one, won't allow it; but, by the bye, Sir, why don't you take a share in the Bank? — it pays good interest; will give you a preference when you want any thing done — and I'll always take care that you shan't be disappointed." More with the view of getting rid of his importunate volubility, than any other object, I assented to his proposal, and authorizing him to put my name down as a shareholder, promising also, to call and do what more was necessary at some other time, wished him good morning, and walked on. The occurrence had been almost forgotten by me, until about three weeks ago, when one morning, as I was sitting, amusing myself with one of

Colburn's last new novels, who should I see advancing towards my lodgings, but my acquaintance, the old Gentleman, and three or four others — some of whom were well known to me, particularly a little undersized man,⁶⁸ of very repelling features, who thinks I speak more true than agreeable — a short stout Gentleman,⁵² who improves upon acquaintance, being a person of sense and discernment, and a merry waggish young man, who passes for a wit, has things said for him, to which he knows he has no claim, even sometimes is thought to be myself, and would fain make people believe he is a radical reformer, although he well knows himself, and has oft admitted it to me, in our private cozy chit chat meetings, when over a bottle of excellent wine, we have been discussing whether such and such things were "within" or "without" *bomos mores*, that he sees the error of his ways and repents — he has moreover said more than once, "there's some fun in finding fault with the Government, and running the rig upon the great folks, but devilish little, in being the cat's-paw of a set of selfish malcontents, or the jackall of a toothless old lion — and if I only knew how to back out, and make my recantation, without crying *peccavi*, with too doleful a tone, egad, I'd hoist my real colours in a jiffy." It is in some measure, in performance of a promise I gave him, to endeavour to assist his laudable efforts, and to act as his pioneer, in clearing the way for him, that I have said thus much at present, and he has only to adopt for his motto *præsto et persto*, and his road to reform is open and easy.

I was rather at a loss to conceive what could have occasioned me the honor of so many visitors, when the knock at the door was promptly followed by the entrance of the whole party. The elderly Gentleman² is said never to be happy, unless he is talking, and did not upon this occasion long remain silent. "We want your vote and interest at the Bank, Sir — likely to have a parcel of meddling people pushing themselves forward for Directors, who will upset every thing — sure to be ruined, Sir, if they are admitted — we shall be nothing but a prop for tea speculations, if we don't rally and keep them out, Sir — next Monday is the day, be sure to be there, Sir, and I'll let you know who to vote for." I did not altogether relish this assumed controul over my movements, and could not help feeling, that it afforded a fine illustration of the narrow-minded and selfish principles of those pretended patriots, who run about finding fault with every thing, and uplift their voices at the corners of the streets, crying, the day of ruin is at hand, ever seeking to lower others, only that they themselves may be exalted; but I said nothing in reply,

farther than that I would attend on the day named, if other engagements did not prevent me. The little ill-favored Gentleman⁶⁸ then said, in a snuffling voice, "I presume of course, the Gentleman wishes to exclude all who may not be agreeable to the President." "I really know nothing of any of the parties at present," I replied, "and can only repeat that I will attend at the Bank on Monday, if nothing prevent me."

When the important day arrived, I kept my conditional engagement, and proceeding to the Bank, presently found myself in a good sized room, where was already collected a considerable assembly. As might have been expected, the party who had called upon me, formed a prominent part of the meeting, and near them, at the upper end of the room, were a few others, who appeared to take an active interest in what was going forward. Among these latter, was a grave, middle aged Gentleman, who appeared an invalid — the Magistrate who could not find in Burns, a satisfactory explanation of the difference between an offence and misdemeanour, and a tall ruddy-complexioned person,¹⁴⁹ heavy in purse as in person, if report speaks true; and a little on the left, stood another group, with few of whom I had any previous acquaintance. — One, was a pleasing looking, modest young man,¹⁵⁰ of retired manners, who seemed to be acting under the influence of others upon the occasion, and whose diffidence and blushes bespoke that in doing so, he rather conformed to their wishes, than acted upon the impulse of his own feelings. I was told that he is a promising man of business, active, clear-headed, obliging, and strictly honorable; and moreover, that he was of a disposition containing qualities, which in the words of Addison —

"Shun the day, and lie concealed

In the smooth seasons and the calms of life."

In other words that he requires to be drawn out. Close to him, stood a short, very smartly dressed person,¹⁵¹ of middle age, rather inclined to bulk than the contrary, and upon whose countenance were imprinted certain signs, said to be unequivocal proofs, not only of the knowledge, but also of the practice of what is good. In speaking, he had a very peculiar hem and ha, as a sort of intermediate pause between his words — which were besides uttered in a very measured, precise tone — quite of a character with his appearance.

Between the two parties, were several others, who seemed anxious as to the result of the approaching bustle; but more so, as regarded their friends than themselves, judging by the nature of the observations some of them made.

The issue is already before the Public. Suffice it for me to say, that never were longer faces exhibited by the Underwriters at Lloyds, upon the opening of Out-port Letters, after a tremendous storm, than were shown by some of the party who had called upon me, the moment that the result of the ballot was made known. The elderly Gentleman,² mild, placid, and amiable, as he is well known to be, teeming too, as his breast ever is, with the milk of human kindness, looked sour, moody, and discontented — and I overheard him say, "tis scandalous, Sir! talk of Directors, Sir — talk of Directors — it's nothing but a Tea Committee, Sir, and as for my part, I'll resign." Even the short, stout Gentleman,⁵² whose equanimity is seldom disturbed, or temper ruffled, seemed a little discomposed by the announcement of the Members, and observed "it's yara unexpected;" but another⁶³ of the group appeared less pleased, if possible, than either of the others, as chagrin and disappointment sat in full sovereignty upon his brow, bestowing upon his features, even a larger share of repulsiveness than had been fixed on them by nature. Much discontent was openly expressed by others in the room, who did not hesitate to say that the election was good for nothing; that it was invalid — and that there must be another; but, in the midst of the squabbling and discussions that arose, I withdrew, leaving the disputants to settle it among themselves, in the best manner they were able.

As I walked through the street, I met two or three young men^{35 & Co} dressed in the very extreme of puppyism, who stalked along, looking at their own dear persons with an air of wonderful self-consequence as they proceeded, and laying under contribution, so far as their own opinions went, the admiration of all bye-standers. Poor infatuated creatures! they had better have remained at home, tied to their nurses' apron-strings, or led about by some master like any other of the monkey tribe, than have transplanted themselves hither, under the idea of astonishing the weak nerves of our sober-minded Settlers. We want no such unprofitable idlers in this Colony, as these silly, consequential beings, who measure their importance by the quantity of broad cloth in their trowsers — by the width of their coat collars — by the position of the curl on the side of the head — by the strut and air of their walk — or by their fal lal la way of replying to the most common question. Let them at once pack up their dressing cases, and their band boxes, putting themselves inside one of the latter, if they please, as the fittest place for them, and let them betake themselves somewhere else, where their pretensions, if they have any well grounded ones, can be better appreciated

than in Van Diemen's Land. So far from obtaining their evident object, they only draw upon themselves contempt and derision; and, could they but know the jokes and jeers that are made at their expense, in nearly all societies, they would hide their diminished heads in some of the ample folds of their garments. Hotspur had not a more sovereign contempt for the exquisites of his day, such as Shakespeare describes a fop —

“Perfumed like a milliner;

And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held

A pouncet box, which, ever and anon,

He gave his nose, and took't away again” —

than the inhabitants of this truly English Colony have for foreign airs and fashions, engrafted upon the barren stocks that have been recently transplanted from the Mother Country — and, if they will take counsel of one of some experience in the world, they will not remain in a place where nothing but disappointment and vexation await them.

And now, my friends and readers, I am going to say a few words to you, upon quite another subject. It was entirely my own pleasure that led me, a few months ago, to appear before the world as an author. Your kindness, your partiality to my “peculiar vein,” and your warm encouragement shewn in numberless instances, induced me to continue my weekly essays much longer than I originally contemplated, and much longer than I should have done under any other circumstances than those which have really occurred. In the course of my travels, I have, as you all know, paid many visits — mixed in many societies — made numerous observations — and related a great variety of occurrences. Walking as I have done, unknown, both in the parlour and the hall — the public street and the private path — I have acquired, I believe, a tolerably correct knowledge, not only of men and things, but of what is said and thought of myself; and if I candidly acknowledge that there are some who say I have been too severe, and have trodden ground where I had no business — where I have been an impudent trespasser — I can assert fearlessly, and without the danger of encountering a contradiction, that by far a majority of the Public consider I have done the State some service; and that the tendency of my writing has been both good and useful. If I have, in a single instance, inflicted pain where it was undeserved, I can truly and honestly say, that no person can more regret it than myself, and I assure all who may consider me to have done so, that in no one case have I been governed by a personal motive — I have neither commended private friends nor censured enemies, (for, unhappily we all have

such), merely because they stood towards me in those relations — I will say more; I have acted the true part of a friend; and have told many of those with whom I mix on intimate terms, home truths, when I have portrayed their characters, which otherwise perhaps they never might have heard. One great inducement to continue my weekly appearance before you so long, has been the desire expressed to me, both through and by my publisher, on behalf of many persons, that my Essays might be extended, sufficiently to allow their re-publication in another shape; and at the time this was communicated to me, as might have been inferred from this advertisement, of more than two months standing, he added, that by the end of the year there would be enough to form a volume, but not sooner. This period is now arrived; and with it I take my leave for the present of that Public by whom I have, indeed, been flattered and encouraged. It is well said,

“Yet there's a period to all our actions,

Nothing is everlasting in this world.”

And such for a time must the case be, so far as regards my connexion with the Van Diemen's Land Press. I say for a time, for it is more than probable, that in a few months I may resume my pen, since, independently of many notes and observations which I have collected, ready to be put into shape for my kind and partial readers, had time and occasion permitted, I have been strongly solicited to visit the other side of the Island, and which I hope yet to do in the course of my travels. I am therefore likely to have abundant *materiel* for hereafter. At present, however, I am about to take my departure for the sister Colony, where not only some pressing engagements require my presence, but where, I am told, an ample field awaits me, and whither I should have proceeded many weeks ago, had I not been not prevented by the reasons already adduced.

Reader! what more can I say? Leave taking is at the best but a species of self torture, and why should I distress either you or myself unnecessarily? Believe me, I retain a grateful sense of your very flattering patronage, and I will only add, that if I have been the means of pleasure to any of you, it is a feeling that has been fully reciprocated by your part of our mutual connexion.

SIMON STUKELEY.

Historical Note

The first settlement in Van Diemen's Land, as Tasmania was called until 1855-56, was at Risdon Cove on the river Derwent in September 1803. Its leader, Lieutenant John Bowen, acted under the orders of P. G. King, Governor of New South Wales. A few weeks later David Collins planted a tiny colony in Port Phillip Bay but finding the spot unsuitable he transferred to the Derwent in February 1804, took over from Bowen, and established Hobart Town, the official name until 1881, on its present site. In November 1804 King sent William Paterson to settle at Port Dalrymple, i.e. the Esk-Tamar estuary. Paterson first selected York Cove, near the later George Town, but soon transferred to Launceston. The two colonies remained independent until 1812, Hobart Town thereafter being the capital.

Succeeding Paterson (who left Van Diemen's Land, December 1808) and Collins (who died at Hobart Town, March 1810) were three Military Commandants who acted as Administrators: Lieutenant E. Lord, R.M., Captain J. Murray, 73rd Regiment, and Major A. Geils, 73rd Regiment. On 4 February 1813 Thomas Davey took office as Lieutenant Governor. He was succeeded by William Sorell, 9 April 1817 to 14 May 1824, George Arthur, 14 May 1824 to 29 October 1836, Lieutenant-Colonel K. Snodgrass (Acting), 1 November 1836 to 5 January 1837, John Franklin, 6 January 1837 to 21 August 1843, and J. E. Eardley-Wilmot, 21 August 1843 to 13 October 1846.

Lachlan Macquarie, Governor of New South Wales, visited Van Diemen's Land in 1811 and laid out Hobart Town's plan, but generally growth was very slow to the 1820's. Then Earl Bathurst, Secretary of State for the Colonies, decided that New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land needed more vigorous development, and for some two decades the latter island boomed remarkably. The present work depicts the colony in this halcyon period. A few settlers occupied the island's richest land, running between the central-north and central-east coasts, worked it with convict labour, sold its wool and other produce profitably, and formed a close-knit society. Arthur's government evoked some discontent but was extraordinarily efficient. In 1825 the colony

became virtually independent of New South Wales. At that time the population was about 15,000 and it increased by some 10,000 in the next five years. Hobart Town probably retained about 25 per cent of the total throughout and was the significant urban centre. This rapid relative increase infused vigour throughout the colony's life: political, economic, and cultural.

The Key to Persons

In the copy of *The Hermit* in the Mitchell Library numbers have been inserted in the margin, and refer to people in the sketches. A key, apparently contemporary, written by some unknown person, has been preserved, and is reproduced below. These marginal numerals appear in the present reprint as index or superscript numerals.

The Notes that follow the Key contain information about those persons whom Dr. Roe has been able to identify.

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|----------------------|
| 1. Cap Wilson | 28 Hewitt |
| 2. A. F. Kemp | 29 Mr Lyons |
| 3. W. Bedford | 30 Mr Moodie |
| 4. Beultz | 31 Mrs do. |
| 5. Stoddart | 32. Mrs Pedder |
| 6. Dr Bromley | 33 Mr Oakes |
| 7. Mr Boyd | 34 Mrs do |
| 8. Col Arthur | 35 Mr Alfred Stephen |
| 9. Parramore | 36 Mrs Do |
| 10. Knopwood | 37 Mr Dumaresque |
| 11. Dr Ross | 38 Mrs Do |
| 12. Joseph Hone | 39. Major Douglas |
| 13. Judge Pedder | 40. Miss Burnett |
| 14. Sergt Jones | 41. Mr Do. |
| 15. Alfred Stephen
(Atty Genl) | 42. Mrs Do. |
| 16 Emmett | 43. Miss Suttor |
| 17 Christmas | 44. Col Logan |
| 18. Thomas (Young) | 45. Henry Hopkins |
| 19. G. Smile | 46. Father Connelly |
| 20. J Thomas | 47. Miss Williamson |
| 21. O'Farrell | 48. Miss Wood |
| 22 Evans (?) | 49. Capt Bumter (?) |
| 23 Geo Cartwright
(Solicitor) | 50. Hugh Ross |
| 24 J Gellibrand | 51. Dr Westbrook |
| 25 Rowlands | 52. C McLachlan |
| 26 Lightfoot | 53. |
| 27 | 54 Cap Beachcroft |
| | 55 J Grant |
| | 56. A. Fenn Kemp |

57	Mr Wise	100.	G. Thomson
58	Mrs Do	101	
59		102	
60	Risely	103	
61	G. Butler (Solicitor)	104	Mr Humphry
62.	Dr Crowther	105	Dr Crowther
63.	Do.	106	Sorell
64.	D Lloyd	108	G. Cartwright
65	Dr Westbrook	109	Mather
66.	Joseph Hone	110	
67	Gellibrand	111	A Hans
68.		112	R Barker
69.	Milne	113	S Haywood
70.	Dr. Ross	114	G Steele
71.	Thomas	115	M Steele
72	Mrs. Ross & Family	116	Mrs Wells
73		117	W Roadknight
74	Richard Lewis	118	Mrs Bromly
75.	J. Wood	119	Miss Do.
76.	P Dudgeon	120	Mr Torlesse
77	Stoddart	121	Mrs Do
78	Rev Mr Norman	122	Lieut Fry
79	Mrs Do.	123	G Steele
80	Mrs Midwood	124	G Cartwright
81.	Miss Sharland	125	Robt Pitcairn (Solicitor)
82.	Miss Midwood	126	Rowland
83.	Mr Sharland	127	
84.	Mrs Welsh	128	
85.	Harris	129	Lieut Williams
86.	Mason	130.	Mr Axford
87.	Bowden	131.	Sandy Reed
88.	Messrs. Wise & Day	132.	Cap Wood
89.		133.	Mrs Wood
90.	D Birch	134	W. Russel
91.		135	James Dunn (Banker)
92		136	Mrs Wood
93.	Walford	137	J Wood
94.	Martin	138	
95.	G Lowe	139	Mrs Ransom
96	Terry	140	
97	Mrs Bridger	141	Mr Steiglitz
98	Mr. Robinson		
99.	Dr Officer		

142	Bent	146	P. Harrissen
143	Franks	147	Gregson
144		148	Thos Anstey
145	Bisdee		

Note: The numbers 149, 150, 151 are in the margin of the Mitchell copy of *The Hermit*, but do not appear in the Key.

Alphabetical Index of Persons

(Names in square brackets are the Editor's corrections of the Key.)

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Mason	86	Steiglitz (Mr.)	141
Mather	109	Stephen (Alfred - Atty. Genl.)	15
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Midwood (Mrs.)	80	[George Milner]	35
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Moodie (Mrs.)	31	Suttor (Miss)	43
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Norman (Rev. Mr.)	78	Thomas	71
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1. Cap Wilson	20. J. Thomas
2. A. F. Kemp	21. O'Farrell
3. W. Bedford	22. Wans(?)
4. Seultz	23. Geo. Carwright (Solicitor)
5. Stoddart	24. J. Yellibrand
6. S ^r Bromley ^{ew}	25. Rowlands
7. M ^r Boyd	26. Lightfoot
8. Col Arthur	27.
9. Parramore	28. Hewitt
10. Knopwood	29. M ^r Lyons
11. S ^r Ross	30. M ^r Moodie
12. Joseph Stone	31. M ^r do.
13. Judge Pedder	32. M ^r Pedder
14. Serg ^t Jones	33. M ^r Oakes
15. Alfred Stephen	34. M ^r do (Parramore Atty Genl)
16. Emmett	35. M ^r Alfred Stephen
17. Christmas	36. M ^r do
18. Thomas Young	37. M ^r Cummings
19. G. Smith	38. M ^r do

Facsimile of two pages of the Key to the Persons.
(By permission of the Mitchell Library.)

39. Major Douglas	57. M ^r Wise
40. Miss Burnett	58. M ^r do
41. M ^r do.	59.
42. M ^r do.	60. Risely
43. Miss Sutor	61. B. Byles (Solicitor)
44. Col Logan	62. S ^r Cranther
45. Henry Hopkins	63. do.
46. Father Connelly	64. D. Lloyd
47. Miss Williamson	65. S ^r Westbrooke
48. Miss Wood	66. Joseph Howe
49. Capt Bunter	67. Gellibrand
50. Hugh Ross	68.
51. S ^r Westbrooke	69. Milne
52. G. MacLachlan	70. S ^r Ross
53.	71. Thomas
54. Capt Beachcroft	72. M ^r Ross & Family
55. J. Grant	73.
56. A. Lewis Kemp	74. Richard Lewis

Notes on the Persons

1. WILSON, Cap. Thus in the Key to the Mitchell copy. The man referred to is probably BELL, John, certainly not Captain Wilson. Captain Bell, with his wife and three children, arrived per the *Triton* on 1.8.1827. In the same year he received a grant of two hundred acres in the Lennox district. In 1829 he was appointed a J.P. and also became a director of the Van Diemen's Land Bank. Bell's first wife died on 25.3.1831; on 29.6.1832 he married Louisa, daughter of George Meredith of Cambria. A son of this marriage, George Meredith Bell, was among those enrolled the first day that the Hutchins School opened in Hobart Town. John Bell died at "Bellevue", New Town, on 12.12.1841. (p. 49.)

2. KEMP; Anthony Fenn. Born at Aldgate in 1773, he made the army his career, but before joining travelled in America and then in France, where he found himself at the outbreak of the Revolution. On 24.7.1793 Kemp was appointed an ensign in the New South Wales Corps. From 1796 to 1797 he served on Norfolk Island; then in 1804 became senior military officer at Port Dalrymple, the sub-colony established by William Paterson. Kemp took some part in the rebellion against Governor Bligh (1808). He went to England with his regiment in 1810, sold his commission in 1811, then decided to return to Van Diemen's Land. He arrived at Hobart Town per the *Dowson* in January 1816, and became a prominent merchant-settler. Kemp was originally granted seven hundred acres in the Green Ponds (Kempton) area on 1.1.1817; by 1829 he had two thousand acres. He built "Mount Vernon", helped pioneer the wool industry, and bred cattle and horses. Kemp was also president of the Van Diemen's Land Bank. In May 1817 he was made a J.P. but in the following May was suspended for incivility by Lieutenant-Governor William Sorell. He took a prominent part in the criticism of Lieutenant-Governor George Arthur, and throughout Arthur's period of office (1824-36) was a member of the radical faction which pressed for the establishment of an elected Legislative Council, freedom of the press, and the English jury system. Kemp was never nominated to the Legislative Council which (1826-50) advised the Lieutenant-Governor; nor did he stand for the semi-elected Council convened between 1851 and 1856. However, after 1837 Kemp served again as J.P. He died on 28.10.1868. (p. 49.)

3. BEDFORD, William. Bedford was appointed successor to Rev. Robert Knopwood on 7.9.1822 and arrived in the colony per the *Caledonia* on 31.1.1823. He had been a lay assistant to prison clergy in England and

took his gaol duties very seriously. In addition, he earnestly attempted to raise the moral tone of the community, an activity which aroused public ire on several occasions. Bedford refused to marry people he suspected of being married already, and insisted on censoring epitaphs. He was accused of extravagance (it was alleged he drew an income of £1,000 per annum), and became involved in a land scandal. After a settler had held a grant for many years the government suddenly resumed the land in 1831 and Bedford got possession of it. Although unpopular in certain unofficial quarters Bedford worked harmoniously with the administration and was for some years a member of both government Councils. He died on 2.12.1852. (p. 50.)

4. BEULTZ or SEULTZ. Thus in the Key to the Mitchell copy. The Crowther copy correctly gives HOLLAND, John James. Holland was convicted of highway robbery at the Surrey Assizes on 29.3.1821, and transported for life. His gaol report stated "Bad character" but his hulk report "orderly". He arrived in the colony aboard the transport *Malabar*. In October 1821 Holland was appointed clerk in the police office; on 2.11.1826 he was charged with omitting to record several fines, with neglect of duty, and with disobedience, but was only reprimanded. This would seem to indicate an acute shortage of men suitable for government employ. That the pressures of colonial society did not induce stability in Holland's character is borne out in an incident reported in the *Hobart Town Gazette* of 25.3.1826. Ostensibly because of the folly of his wife, Holland absconded with the son of a Mr. Smith, and in the *Caledonia* sailed to Western Port. After this episode he sank into anonymity. A Free Pardon was granted to him on 1.1.1836. (p. 52.)

5. STODDART. Thus in the Key to the Mitchell copy. The man referred to is HUMPHREY, Adolarius William Henry. Humphrey was appointed mineralogist of New South Wales in 1803, accompanying the pioneering party under David Collins to Port Phillip and Van Diemen's Land (1803-4). He resigned his official position in 1812, and, in 1815, applied as a J.P. for the then non-existent post of Stipendiary Magistrate at Hobart Town. He was appointed Superintendent of Police for Hobart Town and districts on 24.1.1818. Humphrey was one of five members of the first Executive Council and one of the half dozen nominees who sat on the first Legislative Council. Governor Macquarie thought Humphrey naturally indolent and of a poor constitution, but Sorell found him useful and zealous. Humphrey retired on a £400 per annum pension in August 1828 and died on 11.5.1829. (p. 53.)

6. BROMLEY, Edward Foord. Bromley visited Sydney as surgeon-superintendent of the transport *Ocean* in 1816, and applied unsuccessfully for appointment as surgeon at Port Dalrymple. He visited Sydney again in 1817, this time on the convict ship *Almorah*, applied once more for a government appointment, but was again unsuccessful. Then in November 1818 Bathurst made him naval officer at Hobart Town

and he arrived there per the *Mary* on 4.3.1820. In April 1820 he was appointed Treasurer of the Police Fund. By November 1820 Bromley had, besides a town residence, two farms, each of a hundred acres. He became President of the Van Diemen's Land Bank when it was established in 1824. In November 1824 Bromley was tried for embezzlement of Police funds amounting to several thousand pounds. At the trial it became apparent that there was virtually no check on either the Police Fund or the monies of the Naval Office; nor were receipts of the two bodies ever examined or audited. Bromley was dismissed in 1825; in 1829 the government took action to recover the missing sums; in 1837 it closed the matter. Bromley visited England at least once after 1829, and returned to Hobart Town from Sydney per the *Syren* on 13.2.1835, but later disappeared, leaving his family destitute. He died probably before 1842. (p. 53.)

7. BOYD, Ambrose. Boyd, a nephew of A. W. H. Humphrey, probably arrived in the colony on 19.8.1822 per the *William Shand*. He was chief clerk in the Police office from February 1823. On 30.2.1827 Boyd's salary was stopped because he owed the Treasury £70 sterling: cash for beer and spirit licences he had appropriated for personal use. In 1835 he was again discovered indulging in malpractices, this time receiving without authority £5 18s. 6d. due to the Crown. His intention did not seem to be embezzlement, so Boyd did not suffer prosecution but was allowed to resign on 16.2.1835. At the end of January 1836 Boyd was appointed Superintendent of Convict Writers at a much reduced salary; this office he held until it was abolished on 31.12.1843, then receiving a pension of £75 per annum until his death on 27.2.1847. (p. 53.)

8. ARTHUR, George. The son of a Plymouth gentleman, Arthur was born on 21.6.1784. He joined the army in 1804. From 1814-22 Arthur was Lieutenant-Governor of British Honduras; in 1823 he received appointment to Van Diemen's Land, then important as an experiment in penal colonization. He arrived in Hobart Town on 12.5.1824 aboard the *Adrian*. Arthur returned to England in 1837, served as Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada between 1837 and 1842, then as Governor of Bombay from 1842-46. He died on 19.9.1854. Arthur received a baronetcy in 1841. He was an extremely able, if not always locally popular, administrator who probably would have become Governor-General of India had his health been preserved. (p. 54.)

9. PARRAMORE, William Thomas. Parramore arrived with his parents per the *Woodlark* on 8.7.1823. His father, George, was a free settler of means who received a land grant of one thousand acres at Ross on 25.10.1824. William received a similar grant, "Anglewood", at Richmond. He was admitted to practice as a solicitor and Proctor in the Supreme Court on 18.6.1824. On 2.5.1825 he became Clerk of the Peace and Registrar of the Court of Requests. For a period from 26.3.1827 he was Private Secretary to the Lieutenant-Governor. On 11.4.1829 he

was appointed acting clerk of the Councils, and on 6.4.1832 Police Magistrate for Richmond. After resigning his civil positions in 1834, Parramore became land agent for Colonel Arthur. He died on 31.7.1854. (p. 56.)

10. KNOPWOOD, Robert. Knopwood came of a well-to-do Norfolk family. He inherited a fortune and as a young man became a member of the gambling set associated with the Prince Regent, soon squandering his patrimony. He then secured an appointment as naval chaplain and accompanied Collins on his expedition. Besides being chaplain to the colony Knopwood was made a Magistrate on 17.3.1805. On 7.9.1822 Knopwood's resignation, on the ground of failing eyesight, was accepted. He received a pension of £100 per annum till his death on 18.9.1838. (p. 57.)

11. ROSS, James. Ross, the third son of a Scottish advocate, graduated as a Doctor of Laws from Aberdeen university, then accepted a position as superintendent of a plantation on Grenada, but soon returned to England and became a schoolmaster. In 1822 he decided to emigrate to Van Diemen's Land and arrived per the *Regalia* on 30.12.1822. He received a land grant of one thousand acres on the Shannon river near Bothwell. He suffered serious stock losses and so removed to Hobart. At the Lieutenant-Governor's request Ross became editor of the official *Gazette* set up in opposition to Andrew Bent's paper of the same name, which Arthur considered libellous. The first issue of the new paper was published on 25.6.1825. When the *Hobart Town Gazette* became purely official Ross established the *Hobart Town Courier* (first issued on 20.10.1827). He was editor of this paper until January 1837. Ross also published the *Hobart Town Almanack* from 1829 to 1837. He was, as well as the author of a grammar text book and an essay on prison discipline, editor of the short-lived *Hobart Town Chronicle* (February-July 1833), and of the *Van Diemen's Land Monthly Magazine* (September-December 1835). Ross and R. L. Murray (editor of the *Colonial Times*) were rivals for many years. Notwithstanding his first experience as a pastoralist, Ross retained rural interests. He died on his Richmond property on 1.8.1838. (p. 57.)

12. HONE, Joseph. Thus in the Key to the Mitchell copy but can only be PEDDER, John Lewes. Pedder was appointed Chief Justice of Van Diemen's Land in 1823 and arrived in Hobart per the *Hibernia* on 15.3.1824. He brought the charter of both Civil and Criminal jurisdiction with him. The first court session began on 24.5.1824. Pedder had a close relationship with the administrators, particularly Lieutenant-Governor Arthur, and was a member of both government Councils. Pedder was knighted in 1838. He retired on 4.5.1854 and left the colony on 1.2.1856 per the *Wellington*. He died at Brighton, England, in 1859. (p. 57.) For identity of No. 12 on p. 60, see No. 41.

13. PEDDER, Judge. Correct but for p. 57, where the subject is an unidentified non-legal man, younger than Pedder. It is certainly not Joseph Hone (No. 66). For note on Pedder, see No. 12. (p. 67.)

14. JONES, Sergt. Thus in the Key to the Mitchell copy. In the Crowther Key it is rightly given as MONTAGU, John. Montagu, a nephew by marriage of Lieutenant-Governor Arthur, arrived in his uncle's retinue in 1824. He was private secretary to the Lieutenant-Governor (1824-29), acting Colonial Secretary (1832-34), and Colonial Secretary (1835-42). After Franklin arrived, Montagu allegedly began to encroach on the Lieutenant-Governor's prerogative. Finally he was suspended from office on 1.2.1842, but in the same year became Colonial Secretary to the Cape Colony, which office he held till his death on 4.11.1853. Montagu was most influential in South African politics. (p. 57.)

15. STEPHEN, Alfred. Stephen arrived with his wife on 24.1.1825 per the *Cumberland*. On 22.7.1825 he was appointed Solicitor General and Crown Solicitor. In September 1825 he played a part in the suspension of the Attorney General (J. T. Gellibrand). His second marriage, on 21.7.1838, was to Eleanor, only daughter of William Bedford. In 1839 he was appointed to the Sydney Bench. Stephen became Chief Justice of New South Wales in 1845, received a Knighthood in 1846, and died on 15.10.1894. (p. 58.)

16. EMMETT, Henry James, Snr. Emmett arrived per the *Regalia* on 4.12.1819. In January 1821 he was appointed clerk to the bench of Magistrates in Hobart, and on 5.12.1822 became Inspector of Distilleries. He edited the *Hobart Town Gazette* (1823-24). He was a member of the committee for the formation of the Van Diemen's Land Bank, and on 26.12.1824 was one of the signatories to a petition for separation from New South Wales. From 1825 he was chief clerk in the Colonial Secretary's Office. In 1827 he made an unflattering estimate of Savery. Although he was known to be dishonest and was cautioned more than once, Emmett was not suspended from office until 1833. Hotel licensees paid their fees to Emmett and he kept £350 for his own use. To a committee of enquiry he stated that his salary was insufficient to bring up a family of nine, so he had to sell milk and resort to other shifts to make ends meet. Emmett died at New Town on 28.12.1848. (P. 60.)

17. CHRISTMAS, William. Christmas, an employee of the banking firm of Hoare, was convicted of embezzlement of £1,000 on 15.9.1825, and sentenced to transportation to Van Diemen's Land. His gaol report cited him as a well-behaved, gentleman-like person whose previous character was very good; his hulk report was "orderly". He arrived per the convict ship *Woodman* on 29.4.1826, and worked as a clerk in the Colonial Secretary's Department (Lands Office) from May 1826 to June 1830. In the latter year Christmas was discovered to have copied

petitions and other documents for individuals and collected the fees for himself. Several petitions did not bear the initials of the officer-in-charge. In the Ogilvie case, for example, it was found that Christmas had kept back the original memorandum and cut Mrs. Ogilvie's name out of it. In the enquiry into public service practice which followed the affair of the Colonial Treasurer's Chest, it transpired that Christmas not only had access to everything in the Lands Office but took public papers to his lodgings. Early in 1830 Lieutenant-Governor Arthur had been much pressed by certain settlers with business interests either to forward a petition in favour of Christmas to the Secretary of State for the Colonies, or to grant him a Free Pardon. Arthur refused to accede to either request, but a petition was submitted through another channel. It was unsuccessful. On 4.6.1830 Christmas was sent to Maria Island. On his way thither he tried to escape, but failed. The convict settlement was officially closed on 30.9.1830; Christmas was left behind, probably accidentally. On 9.1.1833, at great risk and in an unseaworthy boat, he crossed to the mainland to procure supplies. He then faded into anonymity. The government put Maria Island up for lease in 1832, but some eighteen months passed before George Meredith took it over. When he visited the island he spoke with a caretaker who may well have been Christmas. (p. 60.)

18. THOMAS, Jocelyn Bartholomew. Thomas arrived with his father per the *William Shand* on 4.2.1824. On 13.1.1830 he was appointed assistant Treasurer and Sub-Collector of Customs at Launceston. Throughout 1831 he was still assistant Treasurer but not Sub-Collector. He resigned from public office in 1832, but from 26.7.1832 was gazetted as a J.P. for the Evandale district. Thomas died on 21.12.1861. (p.61.)

19. SMILE (G.). Thus in the Key to the Mitchell copy. The man referred to is SMITH, Thomas. Smith arrived per the *Heroine* on 10.9.1822, with a letter of recommendation for himself and his brother George. On 24.5.1826 he was appointed chief clerk to the Colonial Treasurer, and on 19.6.1827 he discovered the robbery of the Treasurer's Chest. In 1832 he is no longer listed as a public servant and probably died in October 1841 because on 22 October the effects of a Mr. Smith were sold without reserve to pay his debts of some £500. (p. 61.)

20. THOMAS, Jocelyn Henry Connor, father of Jocelyn Bartholomew Thomas (see No. 18). Thomas arrived per the *William Shand* on 4.2.1824 and received a land grant in the Emu Plains district. From 27.10.1824 he acted as Colonial Treasurer, and on 26.11.1825 the appointment was confirmed. On the same date he was made a member of the Executive Council. Arthur thought of Thomas as a not very efficient officer, and in August 1828 censured him for carelessness re H. J. Emmett's defalcation. Then in 1832 a scandal broke. On 29.9.1832 an audit of the Colonial Treasurer's Chest showed everything to be correct. However, the Auditor had not looked at the monies of either

the Customs or Inland Revenue departments on that date. When Thomas absconded on 26.10.1832 it was discovered he had embezzled some £10,627. Thomas and the Collector of Customs (Rolla O'Ferrall) had acted in collusion for some time, each lending the other cash when the Auditor checked their respective chests. Thomas was apprehended after a few weeks and dismissed from office. He died on 7.4.1862. (p. 61.)

21. O'FARRELL. Thus misspelled in the Key. Should read O'FERRALL, Rolla. O'Ferrall arrived in the colony on 7.2.1826 per the *Toward Castle*. Appointed Collector of Customs on 3.11.1827, he was dismissed from office in November 1833 (see No. 20). In 1828 he was granted two thousand acres and chose a site at Port Davey in December 1829. (p. 62.)

22. EVANS (?). Unidentified. (p. 62.)

23. CARTWRIGHT, George Walter. Cartwright arrived per the *Caroline* on 2.12.1820. From 24.3.1821 he acted as Notary Public. In 1822 he was granted a farm on the Coal river. On 16.8.1823 he was solicitor to the Van Diemen's Land Bank and Treasurer and Solicitor to the Van Diemen's Land Company (a large-scale pastoral concern). By the 1840's he was in financial difficulties and his estate was assigned to his creditors in January 1842. Cartwright died on 16.7.1866. (p. 63.)

24. GELLIBRAND, Joseph Tice. In 1823 Gellibrand was appointed Attorney General of Van Diemen's Land and arrived at Hobart Town on 15.3.1824 per the *Hibernia*. On 8.2.1826 Gellibrand was removed from office for unprofessional conduct. He had, as a barrister, drawn the pleas for a plaintiff in a case, then afterwards, as Attorney General, acted against him. On 27.10.1827 he was admitted to practice in the Supreme Court although Arthur thought him mercenary and intriguing. In May 1830 he defended Bent in the libel case over the *Hermit* sketches, and in June 1833 he acted for Gordon against Savery in the case over the review in the *Tasmanian*. Gellibrand was killed by aborigines in the vicinity of Port Fairy, in the Port Phillip district, in 1836. (p. 63.)

25. ROWLANDS, Thomas Wood. Rowlands arrived per the *Tiger* on 13.4.1827. On 20.4.1827 he was in private practice as a solicitor in Hobart Town; on 1.5.1827 he was admitted to practice in the Supreme Court. Rowlands died on 15.9.1847. (p. 64.)

26. LIGHTFOOT, Theophilus. Arrived per the *Harvey* on 10.7.1827, and established a tailoring business in Hobart Town. He applied for a grant of land on which he planned later to retire, but was informed he could have a location only when prepared actually to settle. This decision was endorsed by the Lieutenant-Governor on 28.11.1828. Evidently Lightfoot did not consider himself able to retire until 1841;

in July of that year he purchased land in the New Norfolk district, but sold it in December 1846 and returned to the capital. (p. 64.)

27. Is most probably HARRISON, John. Harrison was sentenced for life early in 1813, came to N.S.W. aboard the *General Hewitt*, then on to Van Diemen's Land per the *Kangaroo* later in the same year. His record shows he received many subsequent convictions: for neglect of duty, insolence, stealing, false pretences, etc. On 27 March 1828 Harrison was tried in the Supreme Court on a charge of obtaining goods, worth over £20, on false pretences, from Messrs. Chapman, Lightfoot, Cook and Stokell. He pleaded guilty, was sentenced on 7 May to fourteen years' transportation, and on 28 June 1828 was sent to Macquarie Harbour. (p. 65.)

28. HEWITT, Thomas. Arrived per the *Boddington* on 14.3.1828. He emigrated to found the firm of Hewitt, Gore, and Co. In 1828 he was elected to a directorship of the Van Diemen's Land Bank because he was a prosperous merchant with whaling interests. He died on 11.5.1859. (p. 67.)

29. LYONS, Charles Bethell. Lyons, of a wealthy West Indian family, arrived per the *Fairfield* on 25.6.1826. In 1827 he was made Clerk of the Peace and Registrar of the Court of Requests, and was admitted to practice as a barrister, attorney, proctor, and solicitor to the Supreme Court. In January 1832 he was imprisoned for debt and on 28.3.1832 suspended from office. On 10.2.1839 Lyons was appointed first Registrar of Births, Deaths, and Marriages, but in July 1840 he left the colony for New South Wales where he set up a private legal practice in Parramatta. (p. 71.)

30. MOODIE, Afleck. Moodie arrived in the colony per the *Medway* on 17.3.1821, and took up appointment as Deputy Commissary General. After seventeen years' service in Van Diemen's Land he died on 10.1.1839, leaving his family almost destitute. (p. 73.)

31. MOODIE, Anne (née BANNISTER). Second wife of Afleck Moodie, being married on 18.9.1828, at St. David's Cathedral, Hobart Town. She was sister of Saxe Bannister, ex-Attorney General of New South Wales. After the death of her husband she returned to England. (p. 73.)

32. PEDDER, Maria (née EVERETT). Mrs. Pedder accompanied her husband to the colony in 1824. She died on 23.10.1855. (p. 73.)

33. OAKES. Major Oakes (ex-Indian Army) arrived with his wife and child per the *Heroine* on 16.4.1824. He took up land in the New Norfolk district. In 1829 Oakes was reported to have recovered a large amount of property, worth some several thousand pounds, while on a

visit to India, but this turned out to be simply a pension of £200 per annum. Oakes died in New South Wales in 1841. (p. 75.)

34. OAKES, Harriet. Mrs. Oakes arrived with her husband in 1824 and died at her residence, "The Falls", New Norfolk, on 20.11.1847. (p. 75.)

35. STEPHEN, Alfred, according to the Key, but most probably his younger brother George Milner Stephen, sixth son of John Stephen. He came to Australia with his father and was appointed Clerk of the Supreme Court at Hobart Town at the age of eighteen. At this time Stephen led a rather dissolute life. He later went to South Australia as Advocate General, and when twenty-six years old acted as Governor of the colony during the absence in England of Sir John Hindmarsh, whose daughter he later married. Stephen's subsequent career was varied. He became secretary to the government of Heligoland; was called to the English Bar; studied miniature painting and nearly became a professional artist. In the 1840's he refused the Colonial Secretaryship of New Zealand and returned to Adelaide to settle and practise his profession. Removing to Melbourne after the gold discoveries, he was prominent both at the Bar and in cultural and scientific societies. From the late 1870's Stephen practised as a faith healer. He died in 1894. (p. 75.)

36. According to the Key, STEPHEN, Virginia (née CONSETT). First wife of Alfred Stephen she arrived with her husband in 1825. Mrs. Stephen, the daughter of Matthew Consett, a London merchant, married on 22.6.1824. She died at the birth of her ninth child on 23.1.1837. Alfred Stephen's second marriage, to Eleanor, only daughter of William Bedford, took place on 21.7.1838. It is most unlikely that No. 36 is Mrs. Alfred Stephen, as she was older than the Hermit suggests. The companion of 35 would seem to have been a young lady of easy virtue. (p. 75.)

37. DUMARESQUE, Mr. Thus misspelled in the Key to the Mitchell copy. DUMARESQUE, Edward. Captain Dumaresq, an officer in the Bombay Native Light Infantry and brother-in-law of Governor Darling, arrived in the Derwent aboard the *Perseverance* en route for New South Wales, on 9.4.1824. On 16.12.1825 he was appointed acting Surveyor General, but this was not ratified by the Secretary of State for the Colonies. In the late twenties Dumaresq held several official appointments, being at various times Acting Collector of Internal Revenue, a member of the Land Board, Police Magistrate for Hobart Town, and Police Magistrate for New Norfolk. In March 1826 Dumaresq, Peter Murdoch, and Roderic O'Connor were appointed Land Commissioners for the colony. Dumaresq, Surveyor General and chief Commissioner, stayed mostly in Hobart Town but the others were in the field. On 2.2.1840 Dumaresq was appointed a contract surveyor. He died on 23.4.1906 in his one hundred and fifth year. (p. 75.)

38. DUMARESQUE, Mrs. Thus misspelled in the Key to the Mitchell copy. DUMARESQ, Frances Blanche (née LEGGE). Mrs. Dumaresq, the sister of R. V. Legge of "Cullenswood", married at St. David's Cathedral on 7.11.1827. She was the first wife of Edward Dumaresq. She died in England on 15.7.1855. (p. 75.)

39. DOUGLAS, Sholto. Major Douglas arrived per the *Dragon* on 9.12.1828. On 21.5.1830 he was given charge of measures for the suppression of hostilities by the natives. He was, in the early thirties, Chairman of the Quarter Sessions for Oatlands and Campbell Town, and a J.P. The former position he resigned on 16.7.1831, the latter on 31.8.1835. Douglas died on the Isle of Man on 11.5.1839. (p. 76.)

40. BURNETT, Miss. A daughter of John Burnett (see No. 41), but not the eldest, Mary Jane, who married Edward Chapman, Esq., of Woodford, Essex, at St. David's Cathedral, Hobart Town, on 7.12.1826. The Key may be wrong in naming No. 40 a Miss Burnett, who, with a father not yet fifty, could hardly have been so aged as the Hermit implies. (p. 76.)

41. BURNETT, John. So named in the Key! Burnett was appointed to the newly created office of Colonial Secretary to Van Diemen's Land in April 1826. He arrived on 22.11.1826 per the *Woodman*, and took office on 1.12.1826. In 1827 he was granted two thousand five hundred and sixty acres on the South Esk river. Burnett held office until August 1834 when he was suspended for a breach of the land regulations (he sold a free grant to Roderic O'Connor), but was allowed to resign. The case dragged on for several years and Burnett was finally exonerated in 1838. He was reinstated in the Public Service in 1842, when he became sheriff of the colony. This post he held from 6.2.1843 to 31.12.1855 when he retired because of his age (seventy-five years). Burnett died on 10.7.1860. Obviously Burnett was not the young beauty of the text. She probably was another of his daughters. See also No. 12. (p. 76.)

42. BURNETT, Penelope Isabella (née BROWNE-HAYES). Mrs. Burnett was the daughter of Sir Henry Browne-Hayes of "Vaucluse", Sydney. The mother of eleven children, she died in Hobart Town on 16.3.1850. (p. 76.)

43. SUTTOR, Miss. In the Crowther copy is DOUGLAS. No relevant person of either name can be traced. (p. 76.)

44. LOGAN, Joseph. Lieutenant-Colonel Logan was Commanding Officer of the Sixty-third Regiment, which was stationed in Hobart Town from 1829 to 1833. In that period he was a member of both the Executive Council and the Assignment Board. He left for India at the end of December 1833 or in January 1834. (p. 76.)

45. HOPKINS, Henry. Hopkins arrived per the *Heroine* on 10.9.1822. A fellmonger by trade, he was for a short time in partnership with Robert Mather, in a drapery business. Hopkins prospered as a shop-keeper and owned several city properties as well as a farm in the Glenorchy district. Hopkins gave much energy and money to the Congregational cause. Appointed to the Legislative Council in 1845, he never took his seat. Hopkins died in 1870. (p. 77.)

46. CONNELLY, Father. Thus misspelled in the Key to the Mitchell copy. CONOLLY, Philip. Conolly, first Roman Catholic Chaplain in Van Diemen's Land, arrived per the *Prince Leopold* on 14.4.1821, from Port Jackson. His career and personality were both highly troubled. In 1936 Lieutenant-Governor Arthur intervened in a dispute between Conolly and Bishop J. B. Polding (over church property held by the former) to prevent Conolly taking an action against his bishop for defamation. Connolly died in August 1839. (p. 82.)

47. WILLIAMSON, Sarah. Miss Williamson, the sister of Joseph Williamson, arrived with her brother per the *Britomarch* on 4.2.1826. He set up business as a merchant, and at his death in 1826 she claimed his property, which included the "British Hotel". On 23.7.1829 she married Captain William Bunster. (p. 82.)

48. WOOD, Miss. Miss Wood, daughter of the late James Boteler Wood, married, on 23.7.1829, Hugh Ross. (p. 83.)

49. BUMTER (?), Captain. Thus misspelled in the Key to the Mitchell copy. BUNSTER, William. Bunster arrived per the *Spring* on 1.6.1816 and opened a business in Hobart. His first petition for a land grant on 30.9.1816 was refused but he petitioned again and received five hundred acres on 17.11.1819. After the death of his first wife he married, on 14.5.1836, Anna Maria Williams, the niece of Anthony Williams, merchant. Bunster died on 19.2.1854. (p. 83.)

50. ROSS, Hugh. Ross arrived per the *Regalia* on 30.12.1822. On 8.2.1823 he was admitted to practice in the Criminal Court, and on 12.4.1823 was admitted as Attorney of the Lieutenant-Governor's Court. He went into partnership with George Cartwright on 5.7.1823. In 1824 Ross received a grant of one thousand acres in the Bothwell district. From 17.1.1832 Ross acted as Solicitor General while Stephen was on leave. In 1837 he was appointed Crown Solicitor and Clerk of the Peace. After stealing £2,021 7s. 4d. of public money Ross absconded from the colony per the *Paul Pry* on 14.1.1841. He escaped to Batavia but was finally arrested and brought to Hobart Town for trial in February 1842. He was acquitted 8.3.1842. In 1843 Ross left Van Diemen's Land to settle in New Zealand. (p. 83.)

51. WESTBROOK, James Henry. Dr. Westbrook arrived per the

Saracen on 21.4.1820. He emigrated because he suffered badly from asthma. He was granted five hundred acres the year he arrived, but sold it to purchase another farm. On 12.4.1838 he applied for an additional grant but this was refused. On 3.6.1820 Westbrook was appointed second assistant colonial surgeon. He died in Sydney on 10.10.1839. (p. 83.)

52. McLACHLAN, Charles. McLachlan arrived per the *Triton* on 4.10.1825 as agent for the Australian Company. He brought an order for a land grant and capital, in goods and cash, of several thousand pounds. By 1831 he had three thousand four hundred and fifty acres of land in the Salt Pan Plains area. In 1829 he was trustee for the estate of John Lord, a committee member of the Agricultural and Commercial Association, an agent for W. A. Bethune, a shipping agent, and a director of the Van Diemen's Land Bank. He became managing director in 1832, and in the same year was appointed a member of the Legislative Council. He died on 16.4.1855. (p. 84.)

53. Unidentified.

54. BEACHCROFT, Samuel. Beachcroft was an officer in the Fourteenth Foot Regiment, but there is no evidence to indicate that he was in the colony in the late twenties. He got the rank of Lieutenant in November 1811, and was placed on half-pay in April 1818. Shipping lists indicate that a Captain Beachcroft visited the colony twice; first per the *Glenberrie* on 1.2.1843, and the second time per the *Wellington* on 20.10.1849. (p. 85.)

55. GRANT, James, Snr. Grant arrived with his wife and child per the *Heroine* on 15.4.1824. He received a two thousand acre grant located on Break-o-day plains fronting the south Esk river. On 15.8.1827 Grant applied for the fifteen hundred acres adjoining his own which had been allocated to his brother John who had, however, died in Sydney on 11.12.1825 before the title was given him. Grant's request was refused as a right but given as a favour because of his ample means. From 1824 Grant had a business partnership with W. A. Bethune but this was dissolved on 20.12.1826. Grant died in Launceston in 1870. (p. 85.)

56. See No. 2.

57. WISE, George. Wise, one of a family with hotel, farming, and transport interests, arrived with his wife per the *William Shand* on 19.8.1822, accompanied by his brother John and his wife. There is much confusion between the brothers in the records. On 10.3.1826 one of them was appointed overseer of the hospital and Mrs. Wise became matron. Probably John received a small grant of land in the Cambridge district on 24.3.1827. In the late twenties George was Principal Sheriff's officer. He owned a thousand-acre property near Richmond, and from 1827 was proprietor of the "Ship Inn", Hobart Town, first in partnership

with Charles Day (see No. 88), later alone. In the thirties he ran a coach service to New Norfolk and owned the "Fox Inn", Glenorchy. However, by 2.9.1842, he was declared insolvent. He died, aged seventy-one, on 10.2.1864. (p. 89.)

58. WISE, Mrs. Mrs. Wise, wife of George Wise, arrived per the *William Shand* on 19.8.1822 with her husband and his brother John. See Nos. 57 and 88. (p. 89.)

59. Unidentified.

60. RISELY, John. Risely came to the colony per the *Prince Leopold* on 3.4.1819. In 1822 he went into partnership with the prominent pastoralist Edward Lord and had meat contracts with the government. He owned the farm "Kimbolton Park" on the Ouse river. Risely died on 3.11.1849. (p. 92.)

61. BUTLER, Gamaliel. Butler had married a Miss Sarah Paine, and it was through this connexion that he came to Van Diemen's Land. His brother-in-law Edward Paine, a merchant, had emigrated and formed a partnership with J. P. Deane. Paine was drowned in the Derwent, so Butler, a lawyer, came to look after Paine's affairs. Mrs. Butler decided she could not let Butler travel alone, so relatives took in her numerous family and she accompanied her husband. They arrived per the *Prince Regent* on 2.7.1824. Butler had not intended to settle, but he prospered so exceedingly that he decided to stay in Hobart Town. From 26.8.1824, when admitted to the Supreme Court, Butler practised his profession, besides having considerable interests in the land. In May 1830 he sued Bent for libel contained in the *Hermit* sketches. On 6.10.1840 he purchased "Stowell", Hampton Road, from John Montagu for £6,000, and died there on 1.2.1852. (p. 93.)

62. CROWTHER, Sarah (née PEARSON). Mrs. Crowther, the daughter of George Pearson, mayor of Macclesfield, Cheshire, accompanied her husband and two children, William Lodewyk, and Elizabeth, to the colony per the *Cumberland*. They arrived 24.1.1825. Mrs. Crowther died in Hobart Town on 1.7.1863. (p. 96.)

63. CROWTHER, William. Dr. Crowther arrived per the *Cumberland*, of which vessel he was ship's surgeon, on 24.1.1825. He set up in practice in Hobart Town. A humanitarian, he charged fees on a sliding scale so patients paid according to their means; a scientist, he made studies of Tasmanian aborigines; an agriculturalist, he introduced grey rabbits into the island. In November 1828 Crowther attended Henry Savery after the latter attempted suicide by cutting his throat. Crowther died in Hobart Town on 25.12.1839. (p. 96.)

64. LLOYD, D. There is no mention in the records of a Dr. Lloyd. It may have been Sharland, but was most probably James BRYANT, a

Fellow of the Medical Society of London, who was appointed to the Convict Department as Assistant Surgeon on 1.4.1829, and resigned on 10.10.1832. (p. 97.)

65. See No. 51.

66. HONE, Joseph. Hone arrived per the *Prince Regent* on 2.7.1824, bringing with him the commission to act as Master of the Supreme Court of Van Diemen's Land and Keeper of Records. For a short period from 7.2.1826 he was acting Attorney-General. In 1831 Hone became Coroner for Oatlands and Campbell Town; in 1836 he was appointed Commissioner of the Land Titles Board; subsequently he sat on the Bench. In a society where drunkenness prevailed Hone waged continual warfare against insobriety, thus becoming a butt for public ridicule. He died on 22.9.1861. (p. 98.)

67. GELLIBRAND, William. William Gellibrand, father of Joseph Tice Gellibrand (see No. 24), was the son of Reverend Joseph Gellibrand and Elizabeth Tice. A settler of means, he arrived in Van Diemen's Land on 15.3.1824 per the *Hibernia*. He died, aged seventy-five years, on 27.9.1840. (p. 100.)

68. There is no marginal numeral in the Mitchell Library copy between 67 and 69. However, a marginal 68 appears much later, but the man referred to cannot be identified. (p. 177.)

69. MILNE, George. Milne was born in Aberdeen in 1798 and arrived in Van Diemen's Land per the *Lord Melville* on 18.12.1818 in the company of his sister and brother-in-law John Henry Cawthorn. In 1825 Milne was granted four hundred acres at Macquarie Plains and worked as a clerk in the Post Office for some years in the twenties and thirties. He died on 6.3.1861. (p. 104.)

70. See No. 11.

71. See No. 18.

72. ROSS, Sarah or Susannah (née SMITH). Wife of Dr. James Ross. They had thirteen children: Clara, b. 11.5.1820; Eulalia Hayes b. 14.4.1821; Eugene Alexander b. 1.5.1822; James Grant b. 1823; Catherine Balmanno b. 12.11.1824; Susan b. 26.7.1826; Emma Bertha b. 20.10.1827; Alfred b. 1829; Frederick b. 21.1.1830; Letitia b. 25.1.1832; Lavinia b. 15.10.1833; Francis b. 1834; Irvine b. 1836. Mrs. Ross's second marriage was to Robert Stewart, barrister-at-law, who took part in several duels. She died on 12.5.1871 in her seventy-fifth year. (p. 106.)

73. Unidentified.

74. LEWIS, Richard. Lewis arrived at Sydney per the *Frances and Eliza* on 8.8.1815. On 28.12.1816 he was appointed government auctioneer. In the early twenties he formed business partnerships first with J. E. Cox and then J. T. Collicott. He was appointed secretary and cashier of the Van Diemen's Land Bank in December 1823. Lewis prospered, and bought considerable amounts of land in the Pittwater and Eaglehawk Neck areas. When he closed his retail business on 25.12.1850 he was a merchant of considerable wealth. Lewis died on 11.11.1867. (p. 110.)

75. WOOD, James, Jr. Wood arrived with his wife per the *Vitalia* on 13.6.1829. He practised as a law and general agent, and later published the well-known *Wood's Almanacks*. Wood died on 26.4.1854. (p. 112.)

76. DUDGEON, Peter. Dudgeon arrived per the *Andromeda* on 11.9.1825. On 30.5.1827 he married, at St. David's, Mary, daughter of David Lord, a wealthy merchant-landowner of convict antecedents. In 1828 Dudgeon had interests in a considerable acreage of land, and opened a brewery in Collins Street, Hobart Town. He died on 19.6.1852. (p. 113.)

77. STODDART. Thus in the Key to the Mitchell copy. STODART, Robert. Stodart arrived with his family per the *Minerva* on 28.9.1822. During his life he was licensee of several hotels in Hobart Town and in the country; in 1833 he ran a coach between Green Ponds and Hobart Town. Stodart died at Bagdad on 30.4.1848. (p. 113.)

78. NORMAN, James. The Reverend James Norman arrived with his wife and family per the *Governor Arthur* on 7.7.1827. He had been a missionary in Sierra Leone, but for health reasons had to give up that work. Norman was in charge first of the Female Orphanage and then from 1832 to 1865 of Sorell parish. His first wife died in 1829, and he married on 21.5.1833 Elizabeth, daughter of William Pike of Jericho. Norman died on 2.8.1868. (p. 115.)

79. NORMAN, Judith. Mrs. Norman, first wife of the Reverend James Norman, accompanied her husband to the colony. Although in delicate health she was matron of the Female Orphanage until her death on 8.9.1829. (p. 115.)

80. MIDWOOD, Eliza Anne (née WADE). Mrs. Midwood, member of an eminent English family, was the wife of Thomas Haig Midwood. Sole proprietor of the Sorell Distillery at Cascades, he died in September 1823. Mrs. Midwood, who arrived per the *Macclesfield* on 8.9.1822, was thus left responsible for six children. She opened a school for girls in 1825; in 1826 she went into partnership with Anne Jane Sharland. Mrs. Midwood died on 18.7.1860. (p. 117.)

81. SHARLAND, Anne Jane. Miss Sharland arrived in the colony per

the *Elizabeth* on 21.4.1825. Until her marriage to William Barnes, a prosperous Launceston brewer, on 21.7.1830, she ran a school with Mrs. Midwood. Her first husband died in 1848, and she later married Captain Edwin Whiting of Kelso. (p. 117.)

82. Probably MIDWOOD, Helena Maria. Miss Midwood, the elder daughter of Mrs. Midwood, married A. F. Kemp's son George Anthony on 19.5.1832; Eliza Emilie, the younger Midwood girl, married John Sutherland, Deputy Assistant Commissary General, on 19.6.1847. (p. 117.)

83. SHARLAND. Either John Frederic[k] or William Stanley. Both accompanied their father John, a farmer who hoped to improve his material condition by emigrating to the colony. They arrived per the *Elizabeth* at Hobart Town on 12.7.1823. John Frederic went back to England to complete his studies, then returned to Van Diemen's Land per the *Eliza* on 9.4.1828. A landowner in the Hamilton district, he also practised medicine and was appointed District Surgeon on 11.8.1845. Sharland died at Hamilton on 10.1.1870. William Stanley soon after his arrival was appointed assistant surveyor, and remained in the Survey Department until 1839 although somewhat dissatisfied with conditions. He claimed that he was denied promotion in spite of his important explorations. In 1840 he became a contract surveyor. On 25.4.1849 Sharland was nominated to the Legislative Council and in October 1857 elected M.L.C. He retired from politics in 1872 and died at New Norfolk in November 1877. (p. 117.)

84. WELSH, John. Welsh, born John Williams, changed his name by royal authority. He was a merchant captain who took part in a survey of the New South Wales coast in H.M.S. *Porpoise* (1803-4). Welsh arrived in the colony as captain of the *Thalia* on 3.4.1822, and in 1823 went into partnership, as a trader, with Henry Heylin. On 16.2.1826 Welsh was appointed Superintendent of Government vessels on the Derwent; in 1829 he became Harbour Master and Superintendent of the Colonial Marine at Launceston. He died there on 6.6.1832. (p. 119.)

84 (a). HARRIS. Not in the Key to the Mitchell copy but in that to the Crowther copy is Mr. Harris. It cannot be anyone named Harris but is probably SARELL, Howel David. Sarell arrived per the *William Shand* on 1.7.1825 and later in the same month was admitted to practice in the Supreme Court. He died at Hobart Town in June 1835 in a house adjoining a respectable inn. (p. 70.)

85. HARRIS, William. There is evidence from the mid-fifties that a Mr. Harris was a clerk in Gamaliel Butler's office for some years in the twenties and thirties, but the only Harris in contemporary records must have arrived during the twenties and set up as a brass and iron founder in Macquarie Street. He had a farm on the Clarence Plains in 1824,

and in 1839 had the title deed to 640 acres in the Kingborough district. (p. 121.)

86. MASON, Horatio William. Mason arrived per the *Saracen* on 25.4.1820. In 1821 he was a member of the Agricultural Association. At the end of December 1821 Mason returned to England but came back to the colony per the *Brixton* on 21.1.1823. He was a wine and spirit merchant and licensee of several hotels in Hobart and New Norfolk. He died on 22.11.1847. (p. 124.)

87. BOWDEN, Joseph. Arrived per the *Adrian* on 7.5.1824. In August of the same year he was granted a town allotment and built the "Lamb Inn" in Brisbane Street. In 1827 he was given the title deed to one thousand two hundred and eighty acres in York parish; on 25.2.1840 he offered "Ashburton", a two hundred and seventy-two acre property eight miles from Hobart, for sale. On 24.7.1849 Bowden was declared insolvent. (p. 126.)

88. Messrs. WISE & DAY. For George Wise, see No. 57. Charles Day was in partnership with Wise at the "Ship Inn" from 1827 to 1834. He then took over the "Black Snake Inn" at Black Snake, near Granton. In the early forties Day lived at Hamilton. (p. 126.)

89. HODGSON, Edmund Wilson. Hodgson arrived per the *Castle Forbes* on 1.3.1822. On 29.3.1823 he married the widow of T. W. Birch, a general importer. In the twenties he owned several hotels and was proprietor of the Cascade Tannery. He also had a land grant at Lovely Banks. Despite, or perhaps because of, his multifarious interests, Hodgson was declared insolvent in 1840. He participated in the California gold rush, leaving the colony per the *William Melville* on 3.7.1849. In later life Hodgson became an ardent free trader and teetotaler. He died on 20.8.1884 when over ninety years of age. (p. 51.)

90. BIRCH, D. Thus in the Key to the Mitchell copy, but the Christian name is William. William Birch was the son of Thomas William who came to the colony in 1808 as medical attendant on the whaler *Duboc*. He did not practise medicine in the colony but engaged in mercantile ventures, chiefly timber and whaling, and became a pastoralist and property owner of substance. Thomas William died in Hobart Town on 1.12.1821. His son William, one of a large family, was born in the colony between 1811 and 1819, and died prior to 1855, probably in 1848 or 1849. He was a merchant and hotel-keeper. (p. 127.)

91. Unidentified.

92. Unidentified.

93. WALFORD, Bernard, Jnr. Walford, Snr., a convict, arrived in the

colony from Norfolk Island per the *Lady Nelson* late in 1807 or early in 1808. He was accompanied by his wife and five children of whom Bernard, Jr., was the oldest son. Bernard, Sr., a leader in the Jewish community, followed commercial and agricultural pursuits: he owned a bakery and public houses, had whaling interests, and held land in several parts of southern Tasmania. Bernard, Jr., licensee of the "King George" hotel from 1830 to 1836, was declared insolvent in 1836, and died in 1846. (p. 128.)

94. MARTIN, John, Snr. Martin arrived as a settler per the *Andromeda* on 7.5.1823. He was licensee of hotels in Hobart and New Norfolk. (p. 128.)

95. LOWE, George. Lowe probably arrived with his wife and child per the *Doncastër* 6.5.1826. He was licensee of the King's Head, New Norfolk, from 1827, and in 1831 got a new licence for another public house in the same town. Lowe also ran a coach service between New Norfolk and Hobart Town and must have prospered because on 14.3.1829 he bought valuable premises at the corner of Collins and Argyle Streets, for £1,500. (p. 128.)

96. TERRY, John. Terry and his family were allowed a passage from Port Jackson to Hobart Town per the *Prince Leopold* on 21.10.1819 by order of Governor Macquarie. They arrived in the colony on 5.12.1819 and Terry was granted land in the New Norfolk district. He erected the first mill in the area, farmed his land well, and soon prospered. He died at New Norfolk on 8.7.1844. (p. 130.)

97. BRIDGER, Ann. Mrs. Bridger and her son arrived per the *Thalia* from the Cape of Good Hope on 4.5.1823. She became proprietor of the "Halfway House", Black Snake, on 11.10.1823. In April 1825 the "Bush Inn", New Norfolk, was completed for her. Besides owning the hotel Mrs. Bridger operated the New Norfolk punt and had considerable farming interests. She died on 10.4.1857. (p. 131.)

98. ROBINSON, Hugh R. In June 1824 Robinson was appointed to a chaplaincy in Van Diemen's Land and arrived per the *Cumberland* on 24.6.1825. He took charge of St. Matthew's, New Norfolk, as its first incumbent. In 1829 Robinson opened a small "Grammar school" (twelve scholars was the maximum number enrolled). Robinson died on 27.2.1832, leaving a widow and two small children. His family returned to England per the *Anriga* on 15.4.1832. (p. 131.)

99. OFFICER, Robert. Officer arrived per the *Castle Forbes*, as surgeon, on 1.3.1822. From 1823 to 1839 he was resident in the New Norfolk district as Assistant Surgeon. On the death of Dr. James Scott (21.7.1837), Officer became Colonial Surgeon. He was appointed Commissioner in Lunacy on 11.11.1856, and became a M.H.A. in the same year. From

1861 to 1877 Officer was Speaker of the House of Assembly. He received a knighthood in 1869, retired from politics in 1877, and died on 8.7.1879. (p. 131.)

100. THOMSON, George. Thomson arrived with his wife and family per the *Medway* on 13.3.1821. He received land in the New Norfolk district. An active worker for the Presbyterian cause all his life, he died at "Charlies Hope", New Norfolk, on 19.7.1833. (p. 133.)

101. There is no marginal numeral in the Mitchell Library copy between 100 and 104.

102. See No. 101.

103. See No. 101.

104. HUMPHRY, Mrs. Thus in the Key to the Mitchell copy. HUMPHREY, Harriet (née SUTTON). Harriet Sutton, the daughter of a Sydney storekeeper, came to Van Diemen's Land circa 1811. She was living with A. W. H. Humphrey in December of that year, for he was ordered to send her back to her father: instead, he married her. Mrs. Humphrey made a second marriage to John Kerr, perhaps the person mentioned in the text, at New Norfolk on 24.2.1831. (p. 137.)

105. Cannot refer to Dr. Crowther or any building connected with him. The building mentioned is the Supreme Court of which William Sorell was Registrar. (p. 139.)

106. SORELL, William. Sorell, born in 1800, the eldest of six children of Lieutenant-Governor Sorell and his wife Louisa (daughter of Lieutenant-General Cox, a descendant of James II and Arabella Churchill), arrived per the *Sir Godfrey Webster* on 27.12.1823. Sorell was Registrar of the Supreme Court from 1824 until his death. He married Elizabeth, daughter of A. F. Kemp, at St. David's Cathedral on 24.9.1825. The marriage was not successful, and while on a tour of Europe Mrs. Sorell abandoned her daughters and ran off with a lover in Belgium. The children were brought home to their father. Sorell died on 17.11.1860. (p. 139.)

107. ABBOTT, Charles. Left blank in the Key to the Mitchell copy. Abbott arrived in the colony on 26.2.1821 per the *Jessie*. He was immediately appointed clerk to the Judge Advocate, a position that he held for two years. He then applied for the position of Deputy Provost Marshal and Post Master at Launceston and remained in office eighteen months. From 1826 to 1829 he was clerk to William Sorell; from 1829 he was Bonding Warehouse Keeper. In February 1841 Abbott was gazetted as Summoning Officer to the Court of Requests and Crier of

the Court of Quarter Sessions *vice* Peet. Abbott died on 24.5.1851. (p. 139.)

108. CARTWRIGHT, G. Thus in the Key to the Mitchell copy. CARTWRIGHT, Sarah Ann (née ALVIREZ). The daughter of Mrs. David McKay of Hobart Town, she married George Walter Cartwright on 12.6.1826. The children mentioned in the text are John Walter, b. 10.12.1827, and William Henry, b. 16.9.1828. Mrs. Cartwright died on 6.5.1896. (p. 140.)

109. MATHER, Robert. Mather arrived per the *Heroine* on 10.9.1822. For a short time he was in partnership with Henry Hopkins, and then managed a drapery business of his own. His shop was destroyed by fire a few days before Christmas 1826. Mather received an eight hundred acre grant on 24.3.1827; when declared insolvent in 1836 he owned a three thousand acre property in the Muddy Plains area. On 3.3.1837 Mather resumed business, in partnership with his sons, at 60 Liverpool Street. When he arrived in the colony Mather was a leading Wesleyan, but in 1830 he joined the Society of Friends and thenceforward was one of the communion's most prominent members. He died at Liverpool Street on 26.3.1855. (p. 142.)

110. Unidentified.

111. HANDS, Abraham. Hands came to New South Wales as a free person (he must therefore have been a soldier) aboard the *Scarborough* under Captain Wilson, in the second fleet. He went to Norfolk Island as a first class settler and was Constable there for many years. Hands arrived in Van Diemen's Land per the *City of Edinburgh* in 1808 and took up land in the New Norfolk district. In the early twenties he had a total of one hundred and thirty-eight acres. (p. 144.)

112. BARKER, Richard. Barker probably arrived per the *Adamente* on 20.9.1816, accompanied by his wife and numerous children. On 3.10.1818 he received a land grant of one thousand acres on the Macquarie Plains. From 1820 to 1829 Barker was in partnership with A. F. Kemp. He died at his property, "Rosegarland", on 10.9.1857. (p. 144.)

113. HAYWOOD, Samuel. Haywood arrived 27.11.1820 per the *Skelton*; he received a grant on the Macquarie Plains. In 1828-29 he built the "Woolpack Inn", Macquarie Plains, a notorious haunt of bushrangers. He died on 3.11.1834. (p. 146.)

114. STEELE, George. Steele was a native of New South Wales and a man of bad character. He married the daughter of Edward Foord Bromley. He had a one thousand two hundred and eighty acre grant at Cross Marsh but spent most of his time, when out of gaol, on the property of his mother-in-law, who was frequently in trouble with the

authorities over the use of assigned servants. She was refused permission to have assignees while Steele continued on her farm. Steele was finally transported for-life to New South Wales in 1835. (p. 146.)

115. STEELE, M. Thus in the Key to the Mitchell copy. STEEL, Michael. Steel arrived per the *Mariner*, accompanied by Miss Steel and two servants, on 26.9.1823. He received a two thousand acre grant in the Macquarie Plains district. On 1.6.1832 he petitioned against the collection of Quit Rents. Michael Steel, Mrs. Steel and two Misses Steel left the colony for England per the *Derwentwater* on 11.2.1854. (p. 147.)

116. WELLS, Charlotte. Mrs. Wells was the wife of Thomas Wells (a relative of Samuel Marsden), who was tried at the London gaol delivery on 3.4.1816 and sentenced to fourteen years' transportation, probably for embezzlement. Wells arrived in Sydney on 10.3.1817 and with sixty-three fellow-convicts was immediately transhipped to Van Diemen's Land per the *Elizabeth Henrietta*. He received a conditional pardon on 14.12.1818. For a number of years Wells was Sorell's clerk; in the Arthur period he practised as an accountant first in Hobart Town, then Launceston. He owned "Allanvale" in the Macquarie District. Wells was thought by some to be the author of *The Hermit in Van Diemen's Land* as well as of *Michael Howe, the last and worst of the Bush Rangers of Van Diemen's Land*, published by Andrew Best in 1818. Mrs. Wells arrived in the colony per the *Cochin* on 8.4.1817. She took over her husband's business interests when he died in June 1833. In 1842 she and her daughter ran a junior school, both day and boarding, at New Norfolk. (p. 149.)

117. ROADKNIGHT, William. The Roadknight family arrived per the *Skelton* on 27.11.1820. William, who had capital of £1,730, received a thousand acre grant in the New Norfolk district. This he managed well and his affairs prospered, but despite this auspicious beginning the colony proved an unfortunate place for Roadknight. On 2.9.1822 he saw three assigned servants of a Mr. Neill, resident of Macquarie Plains, fishing opposite his house. They seemed to him evasive and insolent when he asked them their business, so he shot at them and hit one, Thomas Thorpe by name, wounding him in the leg. Both Roadknight and one of his assigned servants, George Jones, who had also discharged a gun, were brought before the criminal court and on 13.2.1823 sentenced to seven years' transportation. A strong recommendation for remission of the sentence because of the nature of the case was ignored, and Roadknight was sent to Macquarie Harbour. On 22.12.1823 the Commandant of the convict settlement, Lieutenant Cuthbertson, lost his life; Roadknight, who made the trip in an open boat in tempestuous weather, brought the news to Hobart. He was allowed subsequently to rejoin his destitute family, only to find his farm gone to ruin, so he was forced to sell it to pay debts. In June 1826 Roadknight

asked for a remission of his sentence and a pardon was granted him. In 1831 he petitioned for a grant of land, saying that his first had been lost through misfortune, but although his request was supported by Dr. Officer and Josiah Spode, the Principal Superintendent of Convicts and a Police Magistrate, it was refused. From 1827 Roadknight had been poundkeeper and constable for Hamilton besides running a mill. He left Van Diemen's Land for Port Phillip before 1840. (p. 149.)

118. BROMLY, Mrs. Thus in the key to the Mitchell copy. BROMLEY, Sarah (née GREENOW). Miss Sarah Greenow was the second wife of Edward Foord Bromley (married 25.11.1820). After Bromley was dismissed from office his family resided at "Mountford Cottage" on the lower Clyde River, where they remained after his disappearance. (p. 150.)

119. BROMLY, Miss. Thus in the Key to the Mitchell copy. BROMLEY, Eliza Foord Henrietta. Miss Bromley, the daughter of Edward Foord Bromley, arrived per the *Minstrel* on 17.12.1821. She married George Steele, a ne'er-do-well farmer, and died at Hobart Town on 4.12.1874. She had spent fifty consecutive years in the capital. (p. 150.)

120. TORLESSE, Henry Bowden. Lieutenant Torlesse, R.N., received authority for a land grant from the Admiralty and the Colonial Office in December 1827, emigrated to the colony, and arrived per the *Wanstead* on 20.5.1828. He took up land in the Hamilton district. In 1828 Torlesse was made a J.P. and on 14.4.1841 was appointed Police Magistrate, Deputy Chairman of the Court of Quarter Sessions, and Commissioner of the Court of Requests for Campbell Town. He died on 23.10.1843. (p. 151.)

121. TORLESSE, Frances (née HAWTHORN). Mrs. Torlesse probably arrived in the colony per the *Lucy Ann* on 22.5.1827. The niece of J. H. Cramer of Kinsale, Ireland, she married at New Norfolk on 28.6.1829. Mrs. Torlesse predeceased her husband by two months, dying on 20.8.1843. (p. 151.)

122. FRY, Richard. Fry, an officer in the Sixty-Third Foot, was in charge of the New Norfolk contingent in the late twenties. He became a Lieutenant in June 1812, a Captain in June 1830, and retired on full pay, under Royal Warrant, in October 1840. He died 1869 or 1870. (p. 152.)

123. See No. 114.

124. See No. 23.

125. PITCAIRN, Robert. Pitcairn arrived per the *Portland* on 10.9.1824. The brother of Thomas Pitcairn, who settled at Mills Plains on the Nile river, Robert Pitcairn practised as a barrister although he also

had a grant on the Nile river. Pitcairn built and from 1834 to 1835 occupied the house now known as "Runnymede", New Town. He is best remembered for participation in the anti-transportation movement. He died on 28.1.1861. (p. 154.)

126. ROWLAND. So named in the Key to the Mitchell copy. The man referred to is BISDEE, John, who arrived per the *Westmorland* on 3.5.1821 and was granted land on the Clyde river. Bisdee was gaol keeper at Hobart Town from 11.5.1822 to 4.10.1833. In 1834 he imported the first fallow deer into the island; they were placed on his property "Hutton Park" near Spring Hill. Bisdee died in 1862. (p. 156.)

127. Unidentified.

128. Left blank in the Key to the Mitchell copy. VINCENT, John. Vincent arrived in the colony per the *Elizabeth*, 17.7.1823, and settled in the Bothwell district. He was a hotel keeper of substance, and in 1828 built Bothwell's first inn, "Norwood Inn". In 1837 he opened Callington Mill at Oatlands. He died before 1860. (p. 158.)

129. WILLIAMS, William. Lieutenant Williams, an officer in the Fortieth Foot Regiment, was stationed at Bothwell as Assistant Police Magistrate in 1826. During the year he captured the notorious bush-ranger Bryant. In 1828 Williams was appointed J.P. for the territory. On 16.4.1829 he married Jane, daughter of Alexander Reid of "Ratho". She is remembered as a lively and intelligent correspondent (Clyde Company Papers). On 19.1.1830 Williams left the colony with his regiment per the *Guildford* for India. He was killed at Bombay on 23.11.1834. Mrs. Williams returned to Van Diemen's Land in 1835 and died on 1.4.1897. (p. 159.)

130. AXFORD, Thomas. Axford, accompanied by his wife and family, arrived per the *Christiana* on 22.11.1822. Mrs. Axford, née Martha Slade, was the daughter of a prosperous Berkshire farmer whose land had been held in an unbroken family line for 400 years. Axford received a grant on the Clyde river, owned a mill on the upper Clyde, and rented a thousand acres near the source of the Shannon river. On 26.5.1855 the body of Axford, who had been robbed and murdered by the bush-ranger Rocky Whelan, was found a fortnight after his disappearance. (p. 159.)

131. REED, Sandy. Thus in the Key to the Mitchell copy. REID, Alexander. Reid arrived in the colony per the *Castle Forbes* on 1.3.1822 accompanied by his wife and family. He received a primary grant of one thousand four hundred acres at Bothwell. In the year of his arrival Reid was appointed a J.P. He died on his estate "Ratho" on 23.5.1858. (p. 160.)

132. WOOD, Patrick. Captain Wood, who retired from the East India service in 1814, went to America and engaged in commerce there for a few years, then arrived in Van Diemen's Land per the *Castle Forbes* on 1.3.1822. He received a grant, "Dennistoun", near the Clyde, which was enlarged by further grants in 1824 and 1825. Besides this land he rented one thousand two hundred acres at Abyssinia in 1828. Wood died on 29.4.1846. (p. 160.)

133. WOOD, Jane (née PATTERSON). Jane Patterson, accompanying her parents, emigrated on the same ship as her future husband. The second daughter of Myles Patterson, she married Captain Patrick Wood on 1.10.1828. Mrs. Wood died on 9.11.1837, aged thirty-three, leaving eight children. (p. 161.)

134. RUSSEL, W. Thus in the Key to the Mitchell copy. RUSSELL, Philip. Russell arrived in Van Diemen's Land per the *Castle Forbes* on 1.3.1822 and received a land grant on the Clyde. By 1834 he was considered to be a wealthy man, as he had some four thousand acres of land under sheep which yielded between £300 and £900 per annum. Russell later settled in the Geelong district of Port Phillip and died there on 5.7.1844. (p. 161.)

135. DUNN, James. Thus in the Key to the Mitchell copy. DUNN, John. Arrived per the *Heroine* on 10.9.1822. Dunn owned a farm in the Esk river district but his chief interest was banking. He and seventy-two other settlers formed the Van Diemen's Land Bank, between them subscribing 200 shares each worth 200 Spanish dollars. The Van Diemen's Land Bank could borrow or lend up to the limit of its subscribed capital, but could not trade or be an agent for trade. Dunn also had an interest in the Derwent Bank until May 1829, when he sold his shares. He was manager of the Commercial Bank from 1829 to 1844, and was one of the wealthiest men in the colony. Three of his daughters married sons of Lieutenant-Governor Eardley-Wilmot. Dunn died on 20.1.1861. (p. 164.)

136. WOOD, Anna Maria. Mrs. Wood, the widow of James Boteler Wood, and mother-in-law of Hugh Ross, died on 18.11.1839. (p. 166.)

137. See No. 75.

138. Unidentified.

139. RANSOM, Catherine Christiana. Real name McNALLY. She was the *de facto* wife of Thomas Ransom, who came to Sydney under a life sentence in 1791. He was transferred to Norfolk Island, and appointed master boat-builder in 1799, a position that he held until the settlement was abandoned in 1814. Ransom decided to settle on the Derwent, so was appointed master boat-builder in Hobart Town; his health forced

a retirement in 1817. Ransom then built the "Joiner's Arms" in Murray Street and was licensee until 3.6.1825, when his licence was revoked because he was not married to Catherine McNally. On 1.9.1817 Ransom had been granted four hundred acres of land at Green Ponds, so when he lost his licence in Hobart Town he built the "Royal Oak" at Green Ponds. Besides the inn, Ransom ran cattle and sheep. In 1827 he applied for and was granted another six hundred acres. Ransom, who died on 6.2.1829, left all his property to Catherine McNally and her son Thomas (later known as Ransom), who was probably Ransom's natural son. About a year after Ransom's death Catherine McNally married, on 22.1.1830, Frederick Lewis von Stieglitz, a man fourteen years her junior. She died on 17.8.1857 aged sixty-eight years. (p. 168.)

140. Unidentified.

141. VON STIEGLITZ, Frederick Lewis. Von Stieglitz arrived in the colony with his brothers Francis Walter and John, per the *Lion* on 7.8.1829. For several years after his marriage to Catherine McNally he managed the "Royal Oak", then moved to his estate "Killymoon" near Fingal, where he built an imposing mansion. For a time von Stieglitz was a member of the Legislative Council. In 1858 he sold his Tasmanian properties to his step-son Thomas (McNally) Ransom, and returned to Ireland where he re-assumed the title Baron von Stieglitz. His second marriage, in 1859, was to a Miss Blacker of Carrick-Blacker, County Armagh, but he died without issue on 14.5.1866. (p. 169.)

142. BENT, Andrew. Bent was tried at Middlesex in 1810, convicted of burglary, and sentenced to transportation for life. He was brought to Sydney per the *Guildford*, arriving there early in 1812, and in February came to Hobart Town per the *Ruby*. Bent was appointed Government Printer in the same year. He established the *Hobart Town Gazette* on 1.6.1816, and was its owner until 1825. He was dismissed from office as Government Printer on 16.6.1825; from 19.8.1825 his paper became the *Colonial Times and Tasmanian Advertiser*. Bent also published the *Colonial Advocate and Tasmanian Monthly Review* (March-October 1828); the *Colonist* (1832-33); *Bent's News and Tasmanian Threepenny Register* (1836-38). Bent also printed Henry Savery's *The Hermit in Van Diemen's Land*, first as a series of weekly letters in the *Colonial Times* (1829), then in book form. Always a staunch supporter of the freedom of the press, Bent was involved in a number of libel actions. The most important of these concerned Lieutenant-Governor Arthur. After two trials in July and August 1825, Bent, summonsed on 29.3.1826 to appear for judgement, was sentenced to three months' imprisonment, and fined £200. Tried on other counts in April, he came up for sentence, and on 22 May was fined another £100 and sentenced to three months' imprisonment from the date of expiry of his present term. Bent's interests were not entirely urban, for he owned a thousand acre property ("Bentfield", formerly "Woodlands") in the Cross Marsh

area which he sold to Joseph Hone in 1831. Early in 1839 Bent went to New South Wales and died in the Sydney Benevolent Asylum on 26.8.1851. (p. 169.)

143. FRANKS, either Charles, or Edward, Jnr., or John. Edward Franks, Snr., with his three sons and two daughters, arrived per the *Surry* on 20.8.1820. The men all took up grants in the Green Ponds area. Edward, Snr., died on 5.10.1820; Charles was murdered by Port Phillip natives in 1836; Edward died in 1877; and John in 1850. (p. 170.)

144. Unidentified.

145. BISDEE, Edward. Bisdee arrived per the *Hope* on 29.4.1827 and received a grant, "Frog Moore" later "Kewstoke", in the Eastern Marshes. Edward was the brother of John Bisdee (see No. 126). A J.P. and Member of the Legislative Council, Edward Bisdee died on 2.4.1870. (p. 172.)

146. HARRISSEN, P. Thus in the Key to the Mitchell copy. HARRISON, Mary Lloyd (née OWEN). Mrs. Harrisson was the wife of Peter Harrisson who arrived per the *Macclesfield* on 8.9.1822 and received a grant (increased to two thousand seven hundred acres in 1834) on the York Plains. From 1824 to 1826 he was in partnership with Francis Desailly. In 1824 they owned the "York Inn", Jericho, and from 1825 to 1829 Harrisson owned the "New Inn", Jericho. On 3.11.1827 Harrisson married Mary Lloyd Owen at Jericho and they had a family of six. Mrs. Harrisson died on 23.9.1860; her husband survived her by nine years, dying on 20.7.1869. (p. 174.)

147. GREGSON, Thomas George. Gregson arrived per the *Emerald* on 13.3.1821. He became a prominent pastoralist, owning "Restsdown" at Risdon and "Northumbria" at Jericho. In 1825 he was gazetted J.P. and Magistrate for the colony, although he opposed the Lieutenant-Governor on most public issues. These positions he held until 1836 when he was removed from office and fined for a libel against J. T. Gellibrand; however, Gregson was appointed to the Legislative Council in the forties. Before responsible government Gregson strongly supported the introduction of representative institutions; a staunch anti-transportationist, he became leader of the "patriotic six" who refused to pass Lieutenant-Governor Eardley-Wilmot's appropriation bill of 1845-46. Elected to the first House of Assembly under responsible government, Gregson was premier and colonial secretary for a short period in 1857, and remained in parliament until his death. Gregson, an intolerant man of violent convictions, was involved in several libel actions and an assault case: against Roderic O'Connor in 1832, J. T. Gellibrand in 1836, John Dobson in 1844, and W. V. Smith in 1858. In 1848 O'Connor refused to sit in the Legislative Council with him. Gregson died on 4.1.1874. (p. 174.)

148. ANSTEY, Edward Thomas. Anstey arrived per the *Berwick* on 21.6.1823 and was granted two thousand five hundred and sixty acres, "Anstey Park", in the Bath-Jericho district. He built "Anstey Barton" in 1829. A landowner of considerable means, he rented an additional three thousand acres in the Richmond area in 1828, and in the same year purchased three hundred and eighty acres on the western Boundary river at Jordan. Anstey was appointed a J.P. in 1824; in 1826 he was nominated to the Legislative Council; and in 1827 was appointed Police Magistrate for Oatlands and Commissioner for the Court of Requests for the Bath district. He died on 23.3.1851. (p. 175.)

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John West's *The History of Tasmania* (Launceston, 1852) remains the outstanding general survey. A more recent monograph of value is R. M. Hartwell, *The Economic Development of Van Diemen's Land 1820-1850* (Melbourne, 1954). A contemporary view of rural life, which complements the present study, appears in A. McKay (ed.), *Journals of the Land Commissioners for Van Diemen's Land 1826-1828* (Hobart, 1962).

The great authoritative bibliography is J. A. Ferguson: *Bibliography of Australia* (5v. to date, Sydney, 1941-63).

Contemporary sources are the English newspapers: *The Times* (London), the *Bristol Gazette and Public Advertiser*; and the Tasmanian newspapers and periodicals: the *Hobart Town Gazette*, the *Colonial Times*, the *Tasmanian*, the *Hobart Town Courier*, the *Van Diemen's Land Almanack*, the *Colonist*, the *Tasmanian and Austral-Asiatic Review*. Some correspondence concerning Savery is reprinted in the *Historical Records of Australia* (series iii, vols. v and vi).

The relevant historical documents of the period come from the normal sources: *The Tasmanian Papers* (and *The Arthur Papers*) held in the Mitchell Library, Sydney; *Great Britain and Ireland* (Home Office, Colonial Office, and Admiralty Papers, Public Record Office, London); some Savery letters (Dr. C. Craig, Launceston; Dr. W. E. L. H. Crowther, Hobart; the Calder papers, State Library of Victoria). The State Library of Tasmania has a card index of the Savery references that are held in its Archives. Mr. F. L. Hill of Paignton, Devon, holds the John Savery manuscript transmitted to Mary Wise Savery Hawkins.