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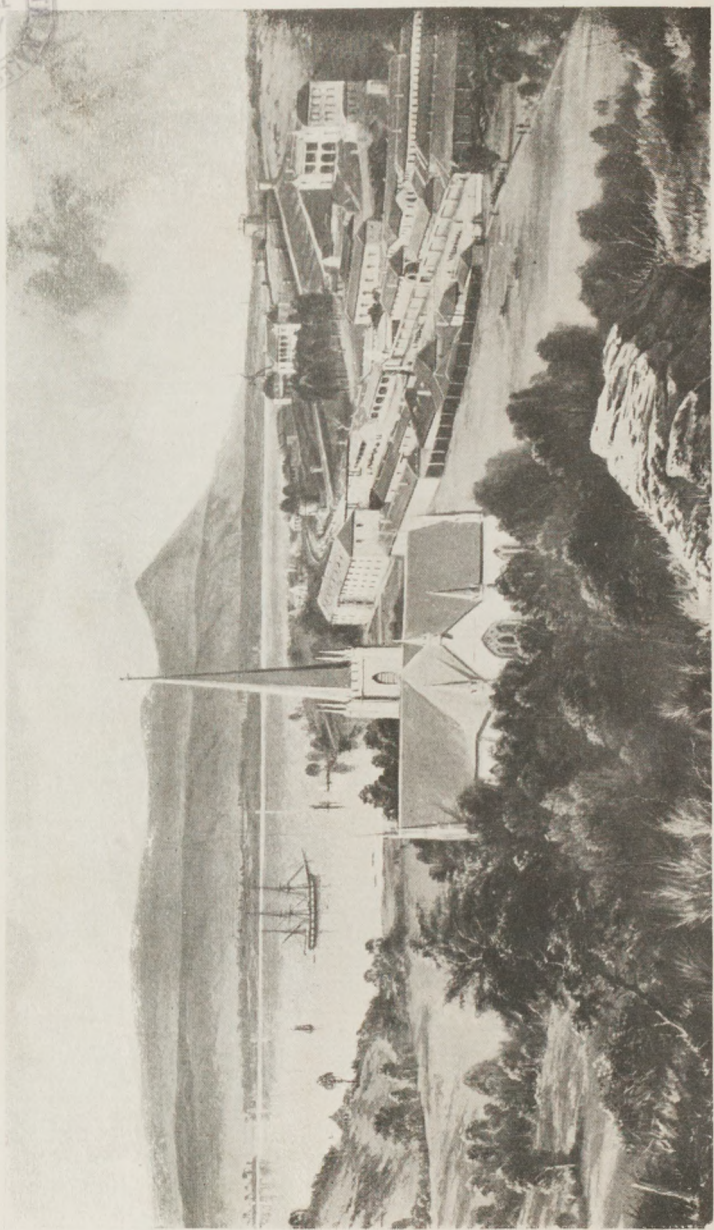
PUBLISHED BY

J.W. BEATTIE,

HOBART.



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PORT ARTHUR IN 1842.

J. W. Beattie, Hobart.

AN EXCURSION



PORT ARTHUR

IN 1842.

By DAVID BURN.

TASMANIA :

"Examiner" and "Weekly Courier" Offices,
Launceston.



ILLUSTRATIONS.



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- II.—PENITENTIARY AND PRISON BUILDINGS.
- III.—MODEL PRISON.
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FOREWORD.



THE HISTORY of the convict days of Tasmania will always have its focus on Tasman Peninsula, because the peninsula in general, and Port Arthur (its chief settlement) in particular, contained the principal machinery of the whole convict coercive system.

The convict system, as a system, may be said to have commenced in Tasmania with the administration of Colonel George Arthur in 1824. Previous to his advent there was, practically, no system at all, but his wonderful administrative capacity, indomitable will and iron hand, rapidly changed the position of things, and the huge prison "Van Diemen's Land" (for it was really a penal colony, and Colonel Arthur regarded it as essentially a prison) soon assumed somewhat of the routine and character of a vast penitentiary.

For a long time after the settlement of the colony, convicts committing fresh crimes received additional punishment by being sent to chain gangs working on the roads of the colony, or else were transported to either Port Jackson, or Newcastle, where harsher measures for their control were in operation, there being no isolated secondary punishment, or penal station then in the colony for their reception.

Colonel Sorell, Tasmania's third Governor, realising the necessity for such an establishment, supplied the want by creating the Macquarie Harbour station, on the wild western coast of the island, an establishment which rapidly became notorious for its severity of punishment, and was a veritable "hell upon earth," until its abandonment. The inaccessibility of Macquarie Harbour induced Colonel Arthur to break it up, and he decided that Tasman Peninsula should be the future ultra penal station of Van Diemen's Land, and as soon as suitable buildings were erected at Port Arthur, the "old hands" at Macquarie Harbour were transferred to the new station.

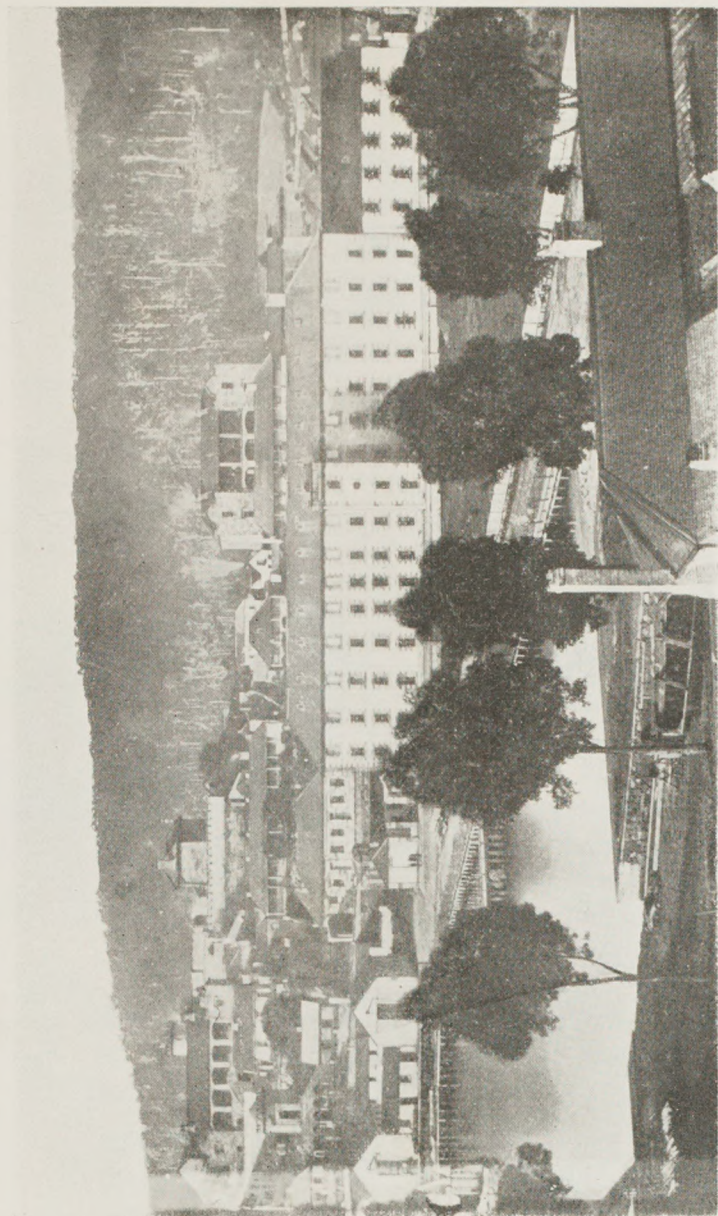
Port Arthur was "born" in September, 1830, and during the long period of 47 years it passed through all the phases of a human existence—had its childhood, its manhood, and its old age, and it died and was buried in 1877. The wrecks of its great prisons are, to-day, just like the ruinous tombstones of a neglected old graveyard, giving evidence of the magnitude of its past, and creating a longing desire in the minds of the curious to know something of its wonderful history.

The following account of Port Arthur and its dependencies on Tasman Peninsula, is from the pen of an old colonist of brilliant attainments—David Barn, Esq., of Rotherwood, Ouse, and gives a capital, general idea of the convict establishment at the time when it was rapidly assuming vast dimensions, teeming with life and energy, under the administration of the greatest of its Commandants, Captain Charles O'Hara Booth, of the 21st Fusiliers.

To the majority the past of Port Arthur is as a closed book, and, indeed, no complete history of the place has been, or ever can be written. Fragmentary sketches there have been, scattered here and there, which, if collected, would undoubtedly form interesting reading, but a reliable history, founded on official records, can never be compiled, because the records have all been destroyed, and no one now lives who is in a position to fill the gaps which these missing records have left.

Mr. Burn's account is the most reliable and best of the published descriptions of Port Arthur, and I have pleasure in placing it before the public in a readable form, with illustrations added, all of which have been obtained from strictly reliable sources.

J. W. BEATTIE.



PENITENTIARY AND PRISON BUILDINGS.

J. W. Beattie, Hobart.

AN EXCURSION TO



PORT ARTHUR

IN 1842.

By
DAVID BURN



PORT ARTHUR, the once penal settlement of Tasmania, has furnished a thousand texts for a thousand fallacious, if not perverted commentaries. It was a place the economy of which was little understood even in this colony, and of course utterly un-

known to the British public. As a faithful description may lead to good purpose, I herewith supply a narrative which I trust may be found as interesting as it is authentic.

The principle upon which the administration of His Excellency Sir John Franklin was based being to afford

every facility of investigation and of information, there existed no difficulty in procuring from the Colonial Secretary the requisite visiting permission, together with an order for a passage in one of the colonial Government vessels, the only vessels trading to the port. Thus furnished, on the evening of Thursday, January 6, 1842, I embarked in the schooner *Eliza*, Captain Hurburgh, a beautiful craft about 150 tons, built at Port Arthur in 1835, and named after the wife of the late Lieutenant-Governor. It was designed partly as a yacht for Sir George Arthur, and partly as a cruiser to be employed in chase of any runaways who might carry off any colonial shipping. We had several passengers; amongst the number the Rev. Mr. Simpson, of the Wesleyan Mission; John Kerr, Esq., Messrs. Agnew, Holman, and Major Robertson, with a party of the 96th Regiment, and a batch of convicts for disposal at different stations.

We weighed anchor and made sail with a gentle land breeze about 4 o'clock of the following morning, the barque *Lord Goderich*, which had landed her convicts, standing down the river in company. It was one of those delicious mornings which inspire the heart and enchant the senses. The numerous diversified bights and bays of the glorious Derwent glanced sweet and softly to the early sun; the country showing fresh and verdant after the recent rains. About 8 a.m. a moderate sea breeze sprang up. This obliged us to work to windward to enable us to round the Iron Pot and Betsy's Island, a task we completed in a couple of

hours ; after which the lively Eliza was permitted to run before a steady increasing breeze, which tempered the otherwise sultry heat of noon.

The Scenery of Frederick Henry Bay.

Point after point opened to our view in swift and pleasing succession. The water was of mirror-like smoothness, the bright sands of many a fair shore glittered gaily, the air seemed charged with odours, and all nature breathed harmony and joy ; in a word, it was one of those fascinating moments when mere animal existence is a bliss of transcendant enjoyment. The breeze continued to freshen, and we sped along the shores of Frederick Henry Bay with a flowing sheet. The characteristics of Frederick Henry Bay bear a somewhat close affinity to the imposing scenery which greets the visitor of the far-famed Loch Linne. In the Scottish waters the deep inland projections are termed lochs, while the like sea-arms of Tasmania are designated bays. Both are beautiful ; each has its points of resemblance to the other ; the southern mountains, however, unlike the time-worn, weather-beaten cliffs of poetic Morven, rise and fall in graceful undulations, and are divested of the savage precipitous grandeur of the Scottish hills. They are, moreover, clothed with living wood, and illuminated by a sun that rarely chases the cold grey mist from the frowning peaks of the north.

We skirted Slopen Island, had a distant glimpse of Pittwater and the Carlton, and shortly after noon

entered the magnificent lake-like sea called by Captain Flinders Norfolk Bay. The prospect on every side was superb—the view ahead terminating in a glorious salt-water vista, its apex formed by one of those graceful sugar-loaf hills so common to Tasmania. We were the centre of a moving panorama of beauty, bight after bight, channel after channel, glen after glen, presented themselves in endless tortuous variety; each new feature basking in all the ethereal loveliness of a spotless empyrean, seemed more attractive than the preceding; for in a picture of harmonious grouping, that which is seen last is ever apt to be the most esteemed. Of the present it may be truly said there are few scenes to surpass it; hill, dale, wood, water, blent in one enchanting whole. Every eye beamed with pleasure; every imagination revelled in the ravishing prospect.

We called to land convicts at several probation stations on Tasman Peninsula, but as these were subsequently visited I shall pass them over for the present, simply remarking that our coasting trip made it night ere we let go the anchor off Woody Island, near the top of Norfolk Bay. The sunset was in keeping with the beauty of the day, being one of radiant glory, unsurpassed by any I ever witnessed within the tropics.

The following morning broke forth in heavenly sweetness. The *Eliza* floated gracefully on the bright quiescent waters, and the beauteous landscape, sunk in calm repose, conveyed anything but an idea of being the receptacle of Britain's off-scourings. Guilt and its attendant punishment seemed at utter variance with

scenes and climes sufficient of themselves to excite gratitude and joy. Lovely land, and still more lovely water! What might you not now be—what must you not inscrutably become when the felon race, the only blot on your fair face, shall be merged in the active, industrious moral peasantry! And yet, humiliating as is the spectacle of man's degradation, it is still one cheering feature of the picture that it leads, in a great measure, to the ultimate compulsory regeneration.

The Convict Railway.

At 9 o'clock we bade adieu to the staunch and fleet Eliza, landing on the railway jetty at the head of Norfolk Bay. This rail, or rather tramway, is formed from the hardwood of the country, and passes over a space of five miles, thereby affording a rapid and easy means of transit between the heads of Norfolk and Long Bays, the latter which leads to Port Arthur. This tramway, the projection of Captain Booth, has proved to be a work of the utmost utility, shortening the distance between Hobart Town and Port Arthur, and ensuring a rapid and certain communication at times when the long sea passage might be impracticable. Like many men of superior intellect, it was the fortune of Captain Booth to encounter the sneers of the common herd, who, in their narrow-mindedness, predicted naught but failure in his enterprise. Nothing daunted, and possessing the confidence of the Governor, Captain Booth toiled on till they that came to jeer

went back to admire. The tramway, unlike our English railways, follows the natural levels of the ground, the ascent of a hill being compensated in its opposite descent.

No horse, no ox, no locomotive traverses its course; the waggons are propelled by convicts, three men being generally allotted to do the work of each waggon, which is capable of conveying half a ton of goods at each transit. Upon emergency the same gang have made their three journeys and back, thirty miles a day, conveying thus half a ton per man either way. It jars harshly against the feelings to behold man, as it were, lowered to the standard of the brute, to mark the unhappy, guilty creatures toiling and struggling along, their muscular powers exerted to the utmost, and the perspiration bursting profusely from every pore. It is a harrowing picture; and yet a little calm reflection will show that it is rendered more peculiarly so by place and circumstance. Let us but tax our memory, and we shall find hundreds of free British labourers whose drudgery is fully equal to that on this tramway. This tends in some degree to dissipate the revolting idea which, nevertheless, still usurps possession of the imagination, and shocks the heart. And yet the tramway is a step of the probationer's advancement, Captain Booth arguing justly that the convict who cannot resist the greater facility which it affords of pilfering or absconding, is unfit to be trusted in the less restricted parts of the Island.

Port Arthur.

By noon Major Robertson, Holman, and myself had traversed the tramway on foot—no passenger-vehicles were to be had at the moment, owing to the few in use being engaged to convey Captain Sullivan, of H.M. sloop *Favourite*, and a party to the coal mines. Transferring the soldiers and their baggage to a launch, we embarked in a fine four-oared whaleboat, and after a short pull Port Arthur opened its capacious basin to our astonished and delighted gaze. "What! this the pandemonium—this the repository of the worst of guilt!" was the natural exclamation bursting from our lips. Whatever the core, the outside is a goodly and enchanting one.

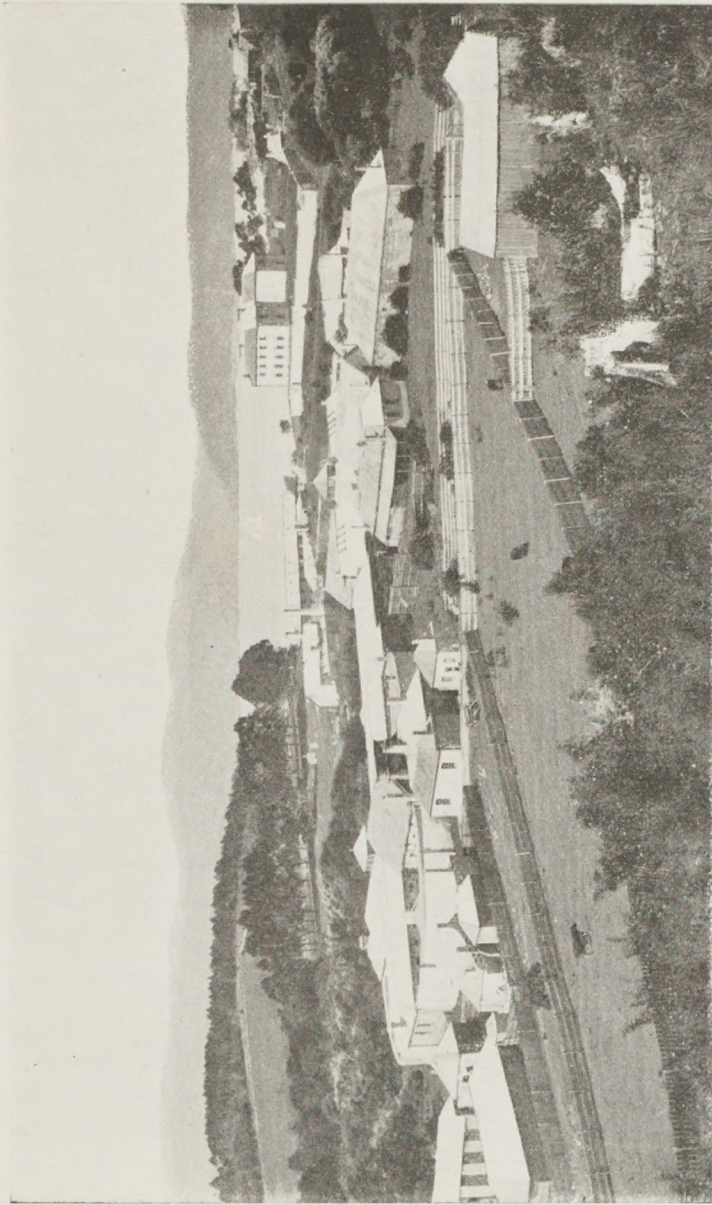
What lovely bays! What noble basins! What splendid anchorage! An anchorage not wholly unconscious of freightage nor the ample means of equipment, for on its dark-green waters floated the *Lady Franklin*, a strong, staunch, wholesome-looking barque (just launched), of 270 tons burthen, and a few yards off H.M. 18-gun sloop *Favourite* was stripping, preparatory to undergoing a thorough refit. We landed at the Commissariat Pier, where we were met by Mr. Cart, the Superintendent of Convicts, through whose kindness we were quickly enabled to present our credentials to the Commandant. Captain Booth welcomed us with the greatest urbanity, presenting us to his accomplished partner, and courteously inviting us to take up our quarters with him—an invitation we gladly accepted, Port Arthur being yet un-

conscious of an hotel, lodging-house, or any place of entertainment; in fact, every residence is a Government one.

Sunday at Port Arthur—The Church.

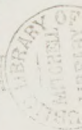
Next day being Sunday, we proceeded after breakfast to see the convicts mustered prior to their being marched to church. They were drawn up in three lines, each gang forming a separate division—the overseers (convicts) taking their stations in the rear. It was hideous to remark the countenances of the men, to which their yellow raiment (or half black, half yellow), with P.A., and their respective numbers stamped in various parts, imparted a sinister and most revolting expression. Scarcely one open set of features was to be found. To read their eyes, it seemed as though they were speculating the chance of gain or advantage to be hoped from us. Crime and its consequences were fearfully depicted in their visages; and we turned from the disagreeable caricature of humanity with as much disgust as pity and regret. Muster over, the men were marched with the utmost silence to church, whither we shortly followed, a military guard with loaded arms being so stationed as to command the entire building.

This necessary arrangement in a great degree destroyed the solemnity of worship. The crew of H.M.S. *Favourite* were present; their frank, manly, jovial countenances offering a striking contrast to the lowering aspects of the miserable yellow jackets. Service was performed by our fellow-traveller, the Rev.



MODEL PRISON.

J. W. Beattie, Hobart.



Mr. Simpson, and the occasion being in aid of the Sunday School, the worthy pastor took the opportunity of remarking that as cash was a scarce commodity on the settlement, the IOU of any individual disposed to contribute would be gladly received—an observation which received a general grin, since, however beneficial it might prove to the cause, the expression seemed more fit for the gaming-table than the pulpit. The language, however, was soon forgotten in the motive.

The church at Port Arthur is a beautiful, spacious, hewn-stone edifice, cruciform in shape, with pinnacled tower and gables. Internally it is simply but neatly fitted, affording accommodation for upwards of 2,000 sitters. There is no organ; but a choir has been selected from among the convicts, who chant the psalms with considerable effect. As yet no clergyman of the Established Church has been resident, the religious duties having hitherto been undertaken by those zealous and indefatigable Christians, the Wesleyans. Mr. Manton is the present respected pastor, a gentleman who has devoted himself, not only to call the sinners of Port Arthur to repentance, but who has erstwhile laboured earnestly in the same good cause at the now abandoned settlement of Macquarie Harbour.

Convict Life and Treatment.

After service we accompanied the Commandant to the cook-house, where the respective rations were about to be issued. The manner in which this is

arranged is admirable. The messes, varying from 12 to 26 men, are berthed in chambers of the penitentiary, affording accommodation for their respective numbers. Each of these messes select, in daily rotation, two delegates, who receive the victuals, and afterwards apportion each man his share. That this may be fairly done, the mess, drawn up in double lines before the table, surveys the **partition**. They then sit down and consume all the food that is set before them, it being one of the imperative regulations that nothing shall be laid by, a measure to ensure the impossibility of husbanding, and thereby obtaining a provision in case of absconding. So rigidly is this necessary precaution enforced that eating out of season becomes a punishable offence, and no food (fish or kangaroo, for example), caught in the bush is on any pretext permitted to be consumed there. The meal afforded the convict is not only ample but nutritious, consisting of excellent soup, good wheaten bread (I tasted both), and beef, mutton, or pork—such a meal, indeed, as would rejoice the heart and gladden the eyes of many an honest, hard-working, hungry, Briton. Breakfast and supper of bread and a pint of skilly. The clothing of the convicts is of woollen cloth, dyed yellow, or partly black, partly yellow. They are furnished with two complete suits, shirts, and boots a year. Their quarters are clean, well ventilated, and frequently white-washed. They have a sufficiency of bedding, which during the day is folded up, each man sleeping in a separate berth. In the first ward we entered, Jones, the Chartist watchmaker, was acting overseer to the mess,

which comprised some refractory lads. He said grace for them before meat. He appeared to be circumspect and orderly, although upon his first arrival he wore the aspect of a sottish, dissipated mechanic, and was disposed to talk rather freely and unwarrantably. A hint, however, sufficed. He has learned his place, and seems to be in full health and vigour. When not employed in trifling repairs in his own trade, he works in the tailor's shop. Williams is likewise at Port Arthur. In the first instance, having assumed a specious character, and being in some degree conversant with mining, he was sent to the coal mines. There he inveigled some of his companions, built a boat, and effected a temporary escape; being re-captured, he was sent to Port Arthur, where he at present works in one of the chain gangs. I did not see Williams, who is represented as a bad, designing man. Some of his associates in flight were a short while at large. During that period they committed a murder, for which they were executed, a penalty they ought never, perhaps, have incurred, but for the temptation of Williams. From the penitentiary barracks we proceeded to the silent cells, the rations of whose inmates are only bread and water. In one we found a juvenile murderer, of whom more anon. In another was a man confined for habitual absconding. A short period only had elapsed since he had been rescued from death by exhaustion. He was discovered at the last extremity, conveyed to the hospital, recovered with difficulty, and no sooner recovered than he again attempted a similar rash and fruitless hazard.

The Hospital.

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, the once celebrated Bristol sugar baker, a man upon whose birth fortune smiled propitiously, whose family and kindred moved in the very first circles, and who himself occupied no inconsiderable place in his fellow citizens' esteem. The forgery (in 1825) and the miraculous escape from execution of this unhappy man cannot have escaped the public mind. Acting under the advice of several magistrates at Bristol, Savary pleaded guilty to the offence, refusing, although earnestly counselled by the Judge (Gifford) to amend his plea. He was in consequence sentenced to death, and his crime occurring so recently after Fauntleroy's, his execution was deemed equally certain. The punishment, however, was commuted to transportation for life; and Savary shortly afterwards arrived in this colony, where he was employed as a writer in one of the public departments. Having left a wife in England who was tenderly attached to him, she speedily followed her husband, but the ship (the *Jessie Lawson*) in which she had taken her passage was wrecked on the Hoe at Plymouth. The passengers, nevertheless, escaped, and Mrs Savary, nothing daunted, embarked in another vessel. She escaped shipwreck in her second conveyance; but, unless report be false, made a shipwreck of her husband's peace of mind. The domestic affliction here alluded to is painfully

narrated in a tale called "Quintus Servington," a work published by Savary in Hobart Town in 1830, and which appears to be an authentic memoir so far of his ill-starred career. Goaded to frenzy, the miserable Savary attempted his life by drawing a razor across his throat. The wound, however, was not mortal, and he was discovered in time to save his life. Shortly after his wife and child returned to England; and Savary subsequently obtaining a ticket-of-leave, engaged in farming—became bankrupt—again had recourse to forgery—was again convicted, and 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. (Savary died shortly after, on February 5, 1842.)

It has been said by the slanderers of the colony that vice makes converts. I would that 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 siren's blandishments. Knowing, as I 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.

Point Puer.

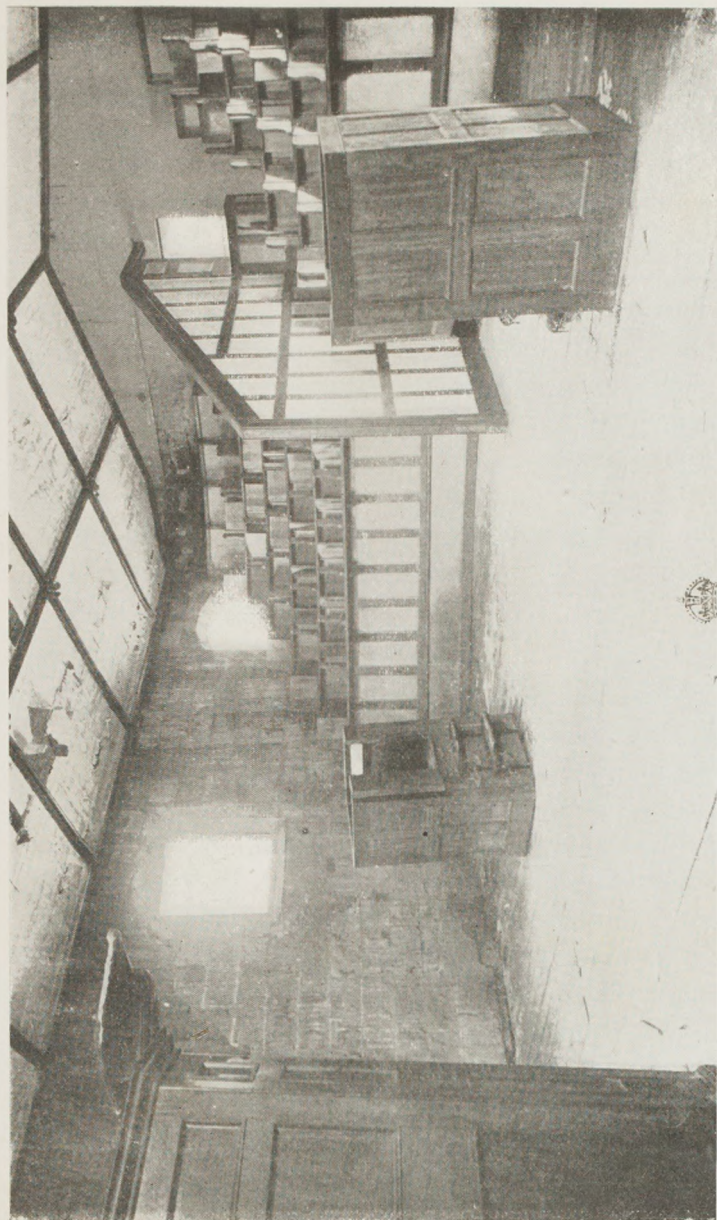
Embarking in a splendid six-oared whaleboat we crossed the bay to Point Puer, the boy thief's establish-

ment. They were busily occupied in learning and repeating the catechism. At the penitentiary of Point Puer we encountered Queen Caroline's celebrated witness, Lieutenant Flynn, of the Navy, a miscreant who was convicted in 1839, at the Old Bailey, of forging poor widows' pension tickets. For this fellow Queen Caroline obtained the third-class order of St. Ferdinand, and since his arrival here letters have been actually addressed to Sir John Flynn. Lights are kept burning throughout the night in the penitentiary barracks, the inmates of which are never for a moment sure when or by whom they may be visited. We accompanied the Commandant in one of his tours of inspection, visiting several of the wards at 10 p.m. In one the odour of tobacco smoke was discerned, and as the possession of tobacco is an offence against the regulations, notice was given that the entire ward would be placed in charge until the smoker was known. When we came away they had not discovered the offender, and in consequence every man was made to sleep in a silent apartment. In passing along the road on the settlement after dark, every sentry challenges, and without the countersign even the Commandant would be peremptorily detained. Every soldier invariably bears loaded arms; the penitentiary yards are commanded in various places. They are repeatedly visited, and such is the severity of discipline, such the rigidity of scrutiny, aye, and such the felons mutual distrust, that anything like concerted revolt is as hopeless as impracticable. We slept in perfect tranquility in a house unconscious of window shutters—guiltless of window fastenings.

The Point Puer Workshops.

Having witnessed the devotional exercises of Point Puer, we next morning paid a visit to the various workshops. In this admirable establishment between 600 and 700 boys are taught the means of obtaining an honest livelihood. When first received they are instructed in the use of the spade, the hoe, and the grubbing axe. They clear, break up, fence, and cultivate their own land, the product being principally confined to potatoes, cabbages, turnips, and other vegetables. After a term of good conduct the option of trade is conceded as a boon, five or six kinds of handicraft being submitted for election. At the head of each department the necessary instructions are to be found; and as means and opportunities admit, these are chosen from among persons arriving free in the colony. The juvenile sawyers first attracted our notice; of these there are from 15 to 20 pairs. At present they work in open pits, but sheds are in progress to shelter them from the weather. These lads not only cut sufficient timber for their own buildings, but furnish considerable supplies to the other work. The boat-builders' department, in which is Kirby, the poisoner of his master at Lincoln, now a young man of exemplary conduct, comes next under review. There a beautiful whaleboat of Huon pine, the timbers of light (a resemblance of rose) wood, was rapidly attaining completion. At the cooperage, tubs, buckets, mess kids, and ship buoys were in progress of manufacture. About 50 tailors actively cut out and make up clothing, while there are 75 shoe-

makers equally assiduous in their vocation. Every scrap of old iron is turned to account in the blacksmith's shop, where the boys were converting fragments of hoops into nails, rivets, and the like. At the carpenter's shop they were framing doors and window sashes, and preparing boards. The bookbinders were in full employ, having several of Mr. Manton's volumes in hand. The turners alone were inactive. I must here remark that any of the boy or adult mechanics or labourers performing work for any of the civil or military officers, a record of the amount of such service is kept and charged against the employer. Some £500 a year thereby finds its way into the military chest. The stonemasons were next visited. They have a great variety of material prepared and preparing for the purpose of erecting a large and substantial barrack, together with an extensive range of improved workshops. At the bakery a large supply of goodly provender, the production of sundry juveniles, met our eyes, whilst the savoury steams of the cook-house induced us to take a peep at the excellent fare, the boys being allowed an equal ration with the adult. Before dinner the boys are taught a habit of cleanliness by being obliged to wash. A short space is also allotted to play, and every afternoon half of the youngsters attend school. Although the origin of this establishment be founded in guilt, it is one of deep interest, for, from the very core of crime, there springs the cherished hope of fairer, happier days. Infamy may be lost in industry, sin give place to grace, and transportation itself may, through



CHAPEL, MODEL PRISON.



J. W. Beattie, Hobart.

the blessing of God, be the balsam of the reckless. Such consummation is within the power of all. Many, no doubt, have, and will again clutch the offered gift; and I earnestly hope, as I sincerely believe, that many will bless the hour they saw Point Puer, which, under Providence, may prove the salvation (body and soul) of hundreds. Several instructed there are already earning comfortable livelihoods in various parts of the colony, and numbers have feelingly acknowledged to Captain Booth the blessings they thence derived. How many of England's poor but virtuous children would be overjoyed with the full provisions, excellent lodging, and comfortable clothing—not to say a word of the beneficial instruction—of Point Puer!

The Isle of the Dead.

On our return to the settlement we landed at a small island named, from its funeral purposes, "Isle des Morts," or Dead Men's Isle. Within its sea-girt shores, almost its first occupant, lies Dennis Collins, the sailor who threw a stone at King William the Fourth on one of the English racecourses. Here likewise repose the ashes of May, the burker of the Italian boy. Here, moreover, are monuments to several free persons who have died during service at Port Arthur, or perished in its vicinity; of the latter are three seamen wrecked in the schooner *Echo*, two seamen of Government vessels, and several soldiers of the 21st, 51st, and 63rd Regiments. Over the remains of Robert Young, a soldier of the 51st, accidentally drowned, his sorrow

ing comrades have reared the recording stone, on which a poetic private has written the following:—

His melancholy fate doth plainly prove
 The frail uncertainty of human life ;
 Oh, may his soul attain that blest abode,
 Which knows no human misery or strife.

Michael Gibbons, a private of the 21st, who lost his wife shortly after child-birth, and who was left with two infant children, in his own verse thus weeps his sad bereavements:—

When worth and truth like her descend to dust,
 Grief is adept, and sorrow is more just ;
 Such cause has he to weep who pious pays
 The last sad tribute of his love and praise.
 Trust he shall meet her on that happy shore,
 Where pain and sickness there shall be no more.

Dead Men's Isle is a picturesquely sorrowful spot—so soothing in its melancholy, so placid in its solitude that a friend of mine, the late Dr. Macbraire, when medical officer at the settlement, under the impression of approaching doom, requested that he might be laid within its leafy shores. Macbraire, however, was destined to mingle his dust with that of Albion, where, my wanderings o'er, I yet look forward to deposit my own.

It is not alone in funeral verse that Port Arthur has been sung, Mr. Ellerman, first lieutenant of H.M.S. Favourite, having struck the chord in glowing measure.

Port Arthur Sunday School Anniversary.

Port Arthur is a place of wonders. Where naught but sin and crime are assumed to exist, the seeds of religion and virtue have been carefully planted, and the blossoms of goodness are seen to germinate. Even the yellow jacket may cover many a repentant and returning heart. As a kind of guiding star, a spiritual oasis in this moral desert, a Sabbath school has been instituted for the children of the officers, soldiers, overseers, and others. This day, the 10th of January, the anniversary meeting and examination were held. The muster was a goodly one, comprising 34 boys and girls of various ages. A number of excellent instructive books were provided as prizes for the most exemplary attendants, the most diligent and proficient scholars. In each branch a hot competition ensued, and in many instances so earnest was the struggle that Captain Booth, the patron of the institution, felt some difficulty in awarding the palm. The examination over, the children proceeded to a marquee formed by the Favourite's sails and flags, and tastefully adorned with a profusion of native wreaths and garlands. In this marquee they enjoyed a fete al fresco, tea, coffee, cake, raspberries, gooseberries, currants, and other fruits being abundantly supplied. It was an era in their lives, an event of pleasing contemplation to the spectators. The children satisfied, a like refreshment was next provided for their delighted parents, and after some very apposite observations from the patron, the Rev. Messrs. Manton and Simpson, as also Major Robertson (elected a mem-

ber of the committee), the state of the funds were declared. From this it appeared that a balance of £1 10s. remained in hand from last year's account; that £8 10s. had been collected the preceding day; that the tea tickets (1s. each) and one or two contributions amounted to £3 or £3 10s.; and that, therefore, there were between £13 and £14 available for the purchase of next year's prizes. To the honour of Port Arthur's contributions it should be mentioned that only a few weeks had elapsed since they had subscribed above £16 in aid of the Wesleyan Missionary Fund.

A Youthful Murderer.

On Tuesday we visited the several artificers' shops, which are a mere adult duplicate of Point Puer. At the ironsmiths we witnessed the operation of file-cutting. From the factories we walked to the scene of a recent atrocious, motiveless murder. It is about three-quarters of a mile from the settlement, in a lonely, gloomy dell—some of the neighbouring trees are still splashed with the victim's blood. From the depositions it appears that the murderer, Belfield, a lad of 18, and Boardman, a lad of 17, were at work in the vicinity. Belfield complained of thirst, and Boardman went some short distance to show the other a creek where he might slake it. Both were seen to leave the gang, but Belfield alone returned; and, when questioned by the overseer of his comrade, he declared he had "bolted," pointing in the opposite direction of the path they had pursued. Boardman was accordingly reported as an absconder. A couple of days

elapsed, when a man cutting brooms thought he heard groans, which as he approached grew more distinct, until, at the foot of a gigantic gum tree, clotted with gore and fly-blown, he beheld the hapless sufferer. Shouting for aid and hastening to the creek, he washed the vermin from the mouth of the mangled creature, who was so disfigured as to be unknown by his comrade--the person who sought to relieve him. "Don't you know me, Tom? I am Sydney." Assistance having arrived he was forthwith conveyed to the hospital. He sufficiently recovered to identify his assassin. It appears that they had no sooner reached the creek than Boardman was assaulted by Belfield, who dealt him some severe blows on the head; the stick breaking, Belfield seized a heavier one, and belaboured the poor fellow until he became insensible. Not satisfied, the young monster "jobbed" a haftless knife between the spinal process of the neck, and then fled to concoct the story of absconding. Boardman lingered until January 2, and Belfield is now in Hobart Town Gaol. When we saw him in the cell at Port Arthur, he looked a poor, simple, well-featured boy, with a countenance anything but ferocious. He did not attempt to deny his guilt to Mr. Manton, but wept bitterly. He assigned no reason for the bloody deed, and as no probable cause can be traced it is one of utter mystery.

Dockyard and Government Gardens.

At the dock-yard we found most of the people busily prepared to heave down H.M.S. Favourite in

order to thoroughly refit her—another launch for the Lady Franklin, a lighter, and an exquisitely proportioned 18-ton gun-boat, calculated to carry a long 32-pounder, were in a very forward state, and the timber of a 100-ton cutter in process of conversion. We visited the Favourite, a cruiser of 430 tons and 18 guns, with a crew of jolly lads that my quondam acquaintances, Monarch and Vernon, would have leapt sky high at. From the Favourite we made a trip to the Government grounds, in local parlance styled the garden. Several men were employed building a rick of well-made hay. This domain is an enchanting spot, of which the pencil, not the pen, can convey adequate conception; wood, water, earth, sky, all contrive to gladden the eye and charm the sense. Here at some future (perchance not very distant) day, when penitentiary and penal settlements have ceased to exist, here in one of the most beautiful bays, with a shore of the purest sand, and waters of pellucid hue, here the Tasmanian steamers will flock with their joyous freightage of watering-place visitors, whilst the present settlement, an easy distance off, will eventually resolve itself into one of the finest and most important naval arsenals—a Plymouth of the South. The security and amplitude of the haven, the facility of equipment, and the superabundance of choice building materials, all conducing to the certainty of such result. On our return we boarded the Lady Franklin, fitting with the utmost despatch as a troop and store ship. The brig Tamar shortly afterwards came to anchor, and in the course of the evening the beautiful Eliza, so that

Port Arthur boasted a larger fleet than I have sometimes, not many years back, seen in Hobart Town.

Flinders Bay Probation Station.

The following morning (Wednesday, the 12th) we accompanied the Commandant on a visit to the Probation Station at Flinders Bay, one of the numerous indentations of Norfolk Bay. Our course was by the tramway, and a part of the route by which we first reached Port Arthur. Flinders Bay is a new and very primitive station, under the superintendence of Mr. Smith. There are 200 convicts under his charge, and a sergeant and 12 privates of the 99th Regiment. They are as yet domiciled in bark huts; but slab ones are preparing, as also cottages for the superintendent; Mr. Kilgour, the surgeon; Mr. Dove, the catechist, and several assistants. It may save repetition if I here remark that a "complete" probation station is governed by a superintendent, three assistant superintendents, a competent number of overseers (all freemen), a surgeon, a catechist, and a military detachment; in addition, a visiting magistrate is placed in such a part of the country that two or more stations may come within his inspection. The men are employed in the erection of all the requisite buildings, forming roads and bridges, grubbing, fencing, and cultivating land, which in an improved condition, will, it is presumed, at some future day, be sold for the public behoof. As their probationary terms expire, the convicts are removed to Slop Island, a station whence they are subsequently otherwise disposed

of. Flinders Bay party is yet in the earliest of these stages, being employed in felling, burning off, and clearing land, and providing themselves with the necessary quarters. It is a magnificent looking location, with an ample supply (even at this dry season) of water.

The land seems poor and exceedingly stony, but after the soil I have seen reclaimed and made productive it would be extremely rash to pronounce Flinders impracticable. Its position is one of very great advantage.

Eagle Hawk Neck.

Having made the tour of inspection, we set sail for Eagle Hawk Neck—a hummocky, sandy isthmus, situated at the extreme of a deep bight. This isthmus is about a quarter of a mile in length, and 300 yards in breadth. Sentries are posted night and day, and a yet more infallible security, a chain of 13 ferocious dogs is placed at intervals across its breadth, these dogs receiving a regular ration from the commissariat. At night a row of lamps in the same direction as the dogs is lit up, a measure which precludes the possibility of escape. This singular formation is thus the secure key of Tasman Peninsula, and what is very remarkable, there is a like key (East Bay Neck) to Forrestier Peninsula. The first is a subaltern's guard; the latter is only now being made a post. These singular formations lead one to the almost natural conclusion that Tasman and Forrestier Peninsulas were designed for the purpose to which they have been applied.



EAGLE HAWK NECK.

J. W. Beattie, Hobart.



The convicts know the hopelessness of escape; that the least appearance of smoke would betray their whereabouts, because its existence would be communicated from every signal-hill; that they could not possibly ford the cordon on either isthmus; and, therefore, that being without food, fire, or water, they had but one of two alternatives—a lingering death, or inevitable surrender. Under such considerations it must be self-evident that no place could be better chosen than Tasman and Forrestier Peninsulas. The former comprises an area of 45,000 acres, the latter of 15,000, nearly one-half whereof is available, and much of it very excellent land—land that the probation parties must ere long turn to good account—land which, whenever the peninsulas become free settlements, will be the object of earnest competition, intersected, as it will be, by capital roads, and accessible on so many points to water carriage.

The Commandant nearly loses his Life.

It was on Forrestier Peninsula that Captain Booth, some three years ago, had nearly perished. In the anxious desire to make himself personally conversant with certain localities, he became entangled in an almost impervious scrub until at length extrication was beyond his power. The hammer of one pistol broke in the attempt to strike a light; the other was so saturated that it refused to give fire. Quite overpowered, he laid himself down and slept. He awoke chilly and torpid, again to sink in a state of exhaustion. In this horrifying state did this excellent officer witness the fall of four succes-

sive nights—the dawn of five succeeding days, without drink, without food, without hope. His toes had begun to mortify (the flesh sloughed away), and a lingering and agonising death seemed at hand. Suddenly the woods echoed to the bugles of his anxious comrades, but their commander was too far gone to utter a response. It seemed a mockery—an offer of life, but beyond his power of reach. His two faithful kangaroo dogs clung to their master's side. He saw them lick the hoar from the frozen leaves, a hint whereby he profited, and felt in some degree revived. God at length was gracious; the numerous parties in quest of the missing commandant drew near. The dogs sprang to greet them; and, after a hundred hours of famine and horror, Captain Booth was snatched from death, but with an enfeebled frame and impaired constitution.

Natural Wonders of Eagle Hawk Neck.

Ensign Wilson, of the 96th Regiment, the officer in command at Eagle Hawk Neck—a merry, good natured, generous young man—was on the look out, and entertained us most hospitably at his quarters. The further shore of the Isthmus is washed by the mighty Pacific, which throws its billows into the beautiful sandy cove called Pirate's Bay. In this bay portions of the cliff's base assume the complexion of natural works, as remarkable as Staffa or the Giant's Causeway. This consists in layers of rock in square, long, oblong, lozenge, triangular, and other shapes, all jointed with the most beautiful and perfectly regularity—some bound, as it

were, with an iron band, some perfectly smooth on the surface, some ridged and fluted, some rounded in the centre, with a fine cut-down border. Altogether it is a formation as beautiful as it is singular; and although dissimilar, yet, in default of a more appropriate definition, has been styled the Tesselated Pavement. Some of the officers of the *Erebus* and *Terror* removed a portion, which may probably find its way to the United Service Institution. In future times this pavement will become as much the object of Tasmanian, as Staffa and the Causeway are of Scotch and Irish pride; and it is paying Pirate's Bay no small compliment when I pronounce its cliffs and promontories to be fully equal to the bold and varied scenery of the Antrim coast.

The Frenchmen and the Railway.

On our return to the settlement, we had no idea of the speed of the tramway. There is a shoot of a mile and a half near the head of Long Bay, which is traversed at the rate of 40 miles an hour. It requires some little nerve at first to keep one's composure; because, once in motion, there are no stoppages, and the least obstruction would, as Jonathan says, "Send carriages and their contents to immortal smash." The officers of the French frigate *Artemise* were in ecstasies with this descent, which, on a larger scale, reminded them of the *Montagnes Russes* of Paris: down they went, halloing, shouting, screaming, like madmen.

Some Details of the System at Port Arthur.

The night of Wednesday was a turbulent one, blowing half a gale; but the morning sun that was to light us on our homeward path broke bright and genial. However disagreeable to its constrained visitors, we found Port Arthur a place of beauty, kindness, courtesy, and goodwill; a place where we enjoyed all the comforts and many of the luxuries of life; and these imparted with cordial welcome devoid of affectation.

To take a summary of our five days' residence—a space sufficiently long to see and form a correct opinion of everything,—we arrived at the conclusion that the main purposes of its creation were wrought out with consummate skill and great humanity. The discipline is, of necessity, rigidly severe; not a fault—no, not the most trivial is overlooked; the most anxious, the most searching enquiry ever precedes punishment, and the offender is made to feel that its infliction proceeds from no arbitrary capricious tyranny, but is the inevitable and well-known reward of his own malpractices. The convicts are distributed as much as possible in various classified gangs. Upon their arrival they are closely searched, being prohibited from having money, tobacco, or any document. The standing regulations of the settlement are then read, and an earnest caution to act in conformity given. They are next taken to the hospital, where each undergoes an individual examination by the medical officer. Labour proportionate to their strength is then assigned, the physically incapacitated being employed in stone-breaking. Men are removed from the

more laborious gangs according as their behaviour is good, or their sentences expire. All new comers sleep in silent apartments (a sore punishment) for periods commensurate with the nature of their offence, such periods increasing in a twofold degree to those who have previously been at the settlement. The carrying gang is deemed the most severe. This gang, sometimes 60 or 70 in number, transport on their shoulders immense spars (the masts and yards of a 300-ton ship, for example) from the forest to the dockyards. The inequality of pressure will at once be obvious; some men during the different stages of transit sometimes sustaining a couple of hundredweight, sometimes less than 40lb. The dockyard gang is scarcely less laborious than the carrying, the men being frequently immersed in water to the neck while securing naval timber to the launches for the purpose of transport to the arsenal. It must be borne in mind that no beasts of burden are permitted either at Port Arthur or the probation stations, and that, consequently, all the drudgery of labour is borne by the convicts. The chain gangs are employed in carting stone, firewood, or drawing water for general use. The most habitual absconders, like the French felons of the Bague, are not only put in irons, but fastened to a chain, where they are made to break stones under the eye of every passer-by; a punishment the most intolerably galling. Every week there is a muster for medical inspection. They strip to the waist, because a man's face may greatly belie his bodily energies. If an individual by flaccidity of muscle or

other unequivocal token gives evidence of being overtaken he is either removed to lighter labour or received into the hospital, as the urgency of the case may demand.

Exclusive of the gangs already enumerated, there are sawyers, splitters, quarrymen, masons, grubbers, gardeners, watermen, tramway men, and all the different artisans. Half an hour before evening muster a ball is suspended at one of the yard-arms of the semaphore as a signal to those that work in the bush to make their way to headquarters, any absentee being returned as absconded.

The Port Arthur Telegraph.

A telescope and a semaphore are excellent tell-tales, and the telegraphic code of Captain Booth has been brought to a very high pitch of perfection. By it very long messages are conveyed to and from Hobart Town and Port Arthur in an incredibly short space. An answer to one sent by ourselves, and responded to in a short space, may suffice, the distance being 50 miles either way. It was this—"The Commandant is informed there have been no arrivals from England;" also, "That Mr. Waterhouse is much the same as he was." These semaphores are all worked by convicts, constantly liable to removal. Were they as they should be, given as a reward with a small salary to discharged soldiers, they might be made more efficient, and, if extended throughout the colony, should give the death blow to every species of absconding.

The Pottery.

There is a factory, hitherto overlooked, where bricks, tiles, gutter tiles, flower pots, and other similar articles are manufactured. From the excellence of the clay, the commodities are of the most superior quality, so much so that the use of a pug-mill and a careful selection of material might prove the means of creating a pottery of infinite value, whence a ware little inferior to Wedgwood might be produced. As it is, Port Arthur brick kilns not only supply all the wants of the settlement and Point Puer, but exports largely to Hobart Town, both for Government appropriation as well as for general sale; in fact, the excess of production (in numerous articles) available for exportation leaves a large balance to the credit of the penal settlement.

Some Historical Notes.

Port Arthur was at one time the receptacle of educated convicts, who upon their arrival in the colony were wont to be ordered thither. The protection system has now put an end to that, and it is only used as a place of secondary punishment for re-convicted offenders, and boys direct from England, who, as far as practicable, are taught reformation through the iron hand of coercion. Port Arthur was founded by Colonel Arthur as an experimental station in 1830. Dr. Russell, assistant surgeon of the 63rd Regiment, was sent down in the double capacity of medical officer and Commandant, with 16 or 17 convicts at his disposal. The present site was at once fixed upon, and the infant scion increased

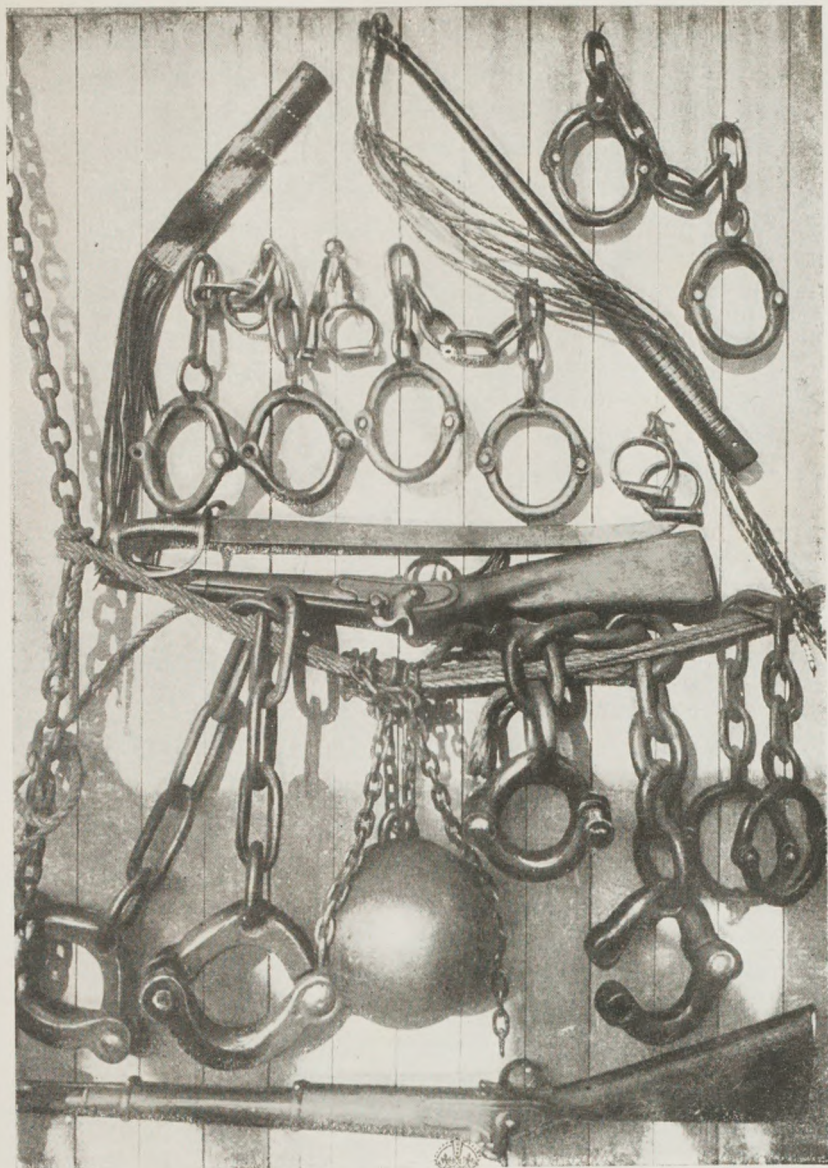
under the several rules of Captain Mahon, Major Briggs, and Captain Gibbons, of the 63rd Regiment. It was on St. Patrick's Day, 1833, that the present active, intelligent, and enterprising Commandant assumed the reins of office, which, during his nine years' career he has wielded with skill and integrity of purpose that cannot sufficiently be commended. Much as the colony itself is the wonder of strangers, as much is Port Arthur the source of wonder to the comparatively few colonists who have visited its shores.

The Military Barracks

I have already spoken of its elegant church, but I have made no mention of its strikingly picturesque military barracks, which are constructed of the finest hewn stone, and are capable of containing 100 men. The front entrance is through a handsome castellated, or rather battlemented round tower, which commands the settlement. From this we pass through a tolerably spacious parade ground leading to an elevated esplanade, conducting in turn to a verandah opening to the different barrack-rooms. There is a large yard in the rear with a like round tower nearly finished, the bottom of which is to constitute a magazine, the roof serving the purpose of a watch post. In a line with the barracks, and upon a precisely similar plan, a new hospital is about to be erected.

The Commandant's Energy and Forethought.

The bay at the head of which the church stands is, like Sullivan Cove, very shallow. This Captain Booth



RELICS OF CONVICT DISCIPLINE.

J. W. Beattie, Hobart.





is filling in; and upon the recovered territory a new and extensive penitentiary will forthwith be constructed. All the streets and buildings are laid out with the strictest care. The future is not overlooked in the present—every edifice is convertible, and whenever Port Arthur becomes, which it one day must, a flourishing, free arsenal, the zeal and judgment of Captain Booth will be fully apparent and duly appreciated. Port Arthur has never failed to strike every stranger; even I, somewhat familiar with the railway pace of penal colonies, felt impressed with unmingled surprise. Substantial stone buildings, tasteful cottages, extensive factories, luxuriant gardens; all the means and appliances of civilised and social life. And yet this enchanting spot, this beautiful creation, like “a goodly apple rotten at the core,” is but the guarded receptacle of Britain’s refuse, and of the civil and military establishments requisite for the working of their purgation.

Cascade Probation Station.

Bidding adieu to Port Arthur we again crossed the tramway, again embarked at the head of Norfolk Bay, arriving after a short and pleasant sail at Cascade. This is an incipient probation station, commenced about six or seven weeks since under the auspices of a couple of constables and 25 (who have recently been augmented to 50) men. The same system is applicable to every station, with the exception that some are begun with only a few hands; but whenever they attain their full complement they are to be worked in the manner already shown. Cascade is a charming locality, embraces a very

considerable area of the richest soil, abounds with the finest timber, and is admirably watered. The gang is at present occupied clearing roads, preparing for the erection of a pier, and in the construction of the necessary buildings for reception of a large accession of strength.

Impression Bay Station.

From Cascade we coasted to Impression Bay, some five miles distant. This is a beautiful, more advanced, and fuller manned (100 in the gang) station. Three months have sufficed to clear and cultivate a large space of ground, to erect a variety of buildings, to establish a road of some extent, and nearly to complete a jetty. Mr. Armstrong, the superintendent, seemed to be an active officer. His men work well; and in another 12 months Impression Bay will have become a place of some importance. At this place Frost, the Chartist, is at work, and having promised an acquaintance of mine and his, a man of fortune in England, who at one time had unhappily imbibed Chartist ideas, that I would if possible see Frost, I availed myself of the present opportunity to have an interview. The only indulgence he at present enjoys is that of being permitted to sleep alone; he labours in common with the gang. He has been six or seven weeks at Impression Bay, having been removed from Brown's River for insolence to the superintendent, the only instance of his having demeaned himself with impropriety. There have been many falsehoods in the English papers with respect to Frost. For example, when first landed, he was sent to Port Arthur, and there

employed without pay as a writer, a mere copier in the Commandant's office. This simple fact was tortured into an alleged Government appointment of profit and consideration, upon which fruitful theme various newspapers of the day took care to ring the changes. Knowing from long colonial experience that such a thing could not be, I published the matter as it actually stood. As a further instance of the "undoubted authority of the Press, three days have barely elapsed since I read a paragraph in a London weekly, copied from a Glasgow paper, in which the journalist declares, upon the authority of a nameless person who "reports" having seen the man in Van Diemen's Land, that Frost was engaged with Williams in the latter's attempt to escape. Pure fiction, every line, Frost being then at Port Arthur, and Williams at the coal mines, more than 20 well-guarded miles apart.

Escapes.

The attempts to escape by boats, canoes, and catamarans are frequent; indeed, Captain Booth showed us a variety of such contrivances. Upon one occasion his own crew made off with his boat. "Who'll volunteer in chase?" was the word in the penitentiary at Port Arthur. In an instant an able crew was at the captain's command, and a second boat in earnest pursuit. The men made their oars spring again, and if the first boat had not had too great a start, she could not have failed to capture. She was re-taken shortly after, and the fugitives transferred to their abandoned quarters. Upon another occasion a singular device was had recourse to.

This was a sort of packing-case, about 8ft. or 9ft. in length, 2½ft. broad, and 9in. deep. It was closed and caulked both above and below, consequently rendered air-tight. A couple of light spars were lashed across either end, and at their extremities pieces of wood like enlarged bricks were secured. Every precaution had been taken to guard the two fugitives against the possibility of upsetting. Unhappily, however, there was no like longitudinal preventive, and the washing ashore of two corpses, together with the crazy fabric, gave too clear an indication of the manner in which way they had met their doom. We also saw several coracles, the framework of wattle boughs, the covering (to serve for planking) of cotton shirts. To what desperate expedients will not men resort for liberty!

Saltwater Creek Agricultural Station.

From Impression Bay we proceeded to Saltwater Creek, about five miles off. This is a remarkably fine locality, with extensive penitentiaries accommodating about 400 convicts, with barracks for a sergeant and 13 soldiers of the 96th Regiment. It is a perfect station, comprising all the requisite officers, and has been established upwards of ten months. Roads have been formed, piers constructed, land broken up and cleared; upwards of 50 acres being luxuriantly cropped with cabbages, potatoes, turnips, etc. The soil is extremely fertile, and of considerable extent; and as spade is the only husbandry employed, the land is certain to be well worked and pulverised. Many who are friendly to the introduction of convicts inveigh loudly against the probation system. It requires a fair trial.

The probation gangs are opening up many invaluable locations, and creating settlements of infinite importance. Until they are placed upon it, Tasman Peninsula was either unknown, despised, or deemed too densely wooded for any individual to venture upon. There are now four flourishing stations thereon; roads are forming to connect them with each other; piers are constructing for the shipment of produce; and large openings are making in the forests, so that, discontinue the system a couple of years hence, and even then Tasmania will have gained a vast accession of richly productive agricultural territory. Frost's son-in-law, Geach, is at Saltwater Creek. He was ill in the hospital in the hands of my clever friend, Dr. Agnew, but, entertaining no desire, I did not visit him.

The Coal Mines Station

Our Thursday's tour ended at the coal mines—a station semi-probationary, semi-penal. It contains an extensive stone penitentiary, to which large additions are about to be made; a military barracks for 30 men, officers' quarters, commissariat store, and sundry other stone edifices. The scenery around is superb. We landed at seven o'clock in the evening, dined, and took up our quarters with Lieutenant Barclay, of the 96th. Next morning I descended the main shaft along with Captain Booth. It is 52 yards deep. The winch was manned by convicts under punishment; one stroke of the knife might sunder the rope, and then—however it has never been tried, deeds of ferocity being very



infrequent. A gang on the surface worked the main pump, and another below plied a horizontal or slightly-inclined draw-pump, which threw the water into the chief well. The seam has been excavated 110 yards from the shaft, having also several chambers diverging right and left; the height of the bore is 4ft. The quality of the coal partakes much more of anthracite than of bitumen; it flies a good deal, but produces intense heat. The mines are esteemed the most irksome punishment the convict encounters, because he is not a practised miner, and because he labours night and day, eight hours on a spell. Continued stooping and close atmosphere caused our party to be bedewed with perspiration. I cannot, therefore, wonder at the abhorrence of the compulsory miner in loathing what I conceive to be a dreadful vocation, a vocation, I should think, that those who had once been forced to would in future, when relieved, most earnestly avoid. After breakfast we walked across the tongue of Slopem Main, and shaking my kind host, Captain Booth, cordially by the hand, embarked for Ralph Bay Neck, in his boat. After four hours' dead pull to windward, against a strong breeze and heavy sea, we landed on the further shore of Frederick Henry Bay. From this a walk of seven miles through Rokeby and Clarence Plains conducted us to Kangaroo Point. Here we again took boat, and, in another half hour trod the shores of Sullivan Cove, where I shall for the present call halt, hoping that the reader may have derived pleasure, if not profit, from my excursion to Port Arthur.

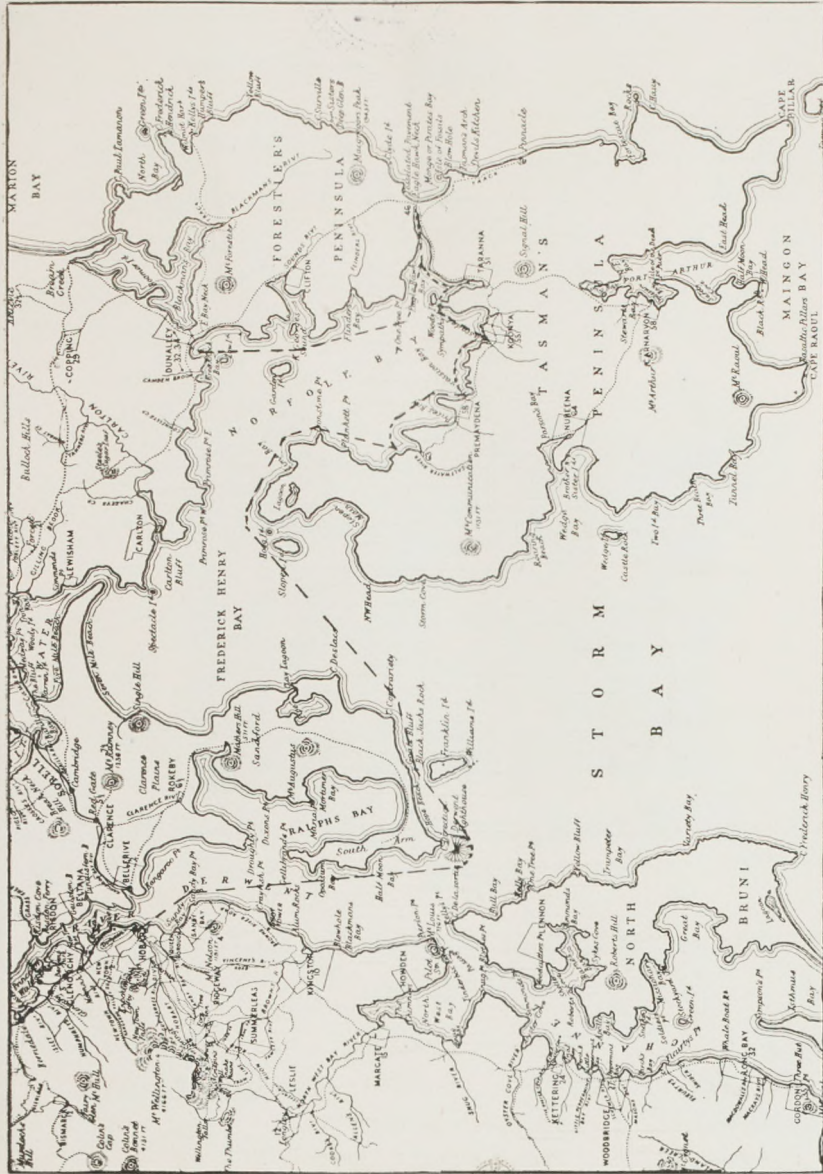


CHART OF TASMAN PENINSULA (THE DOTTED LINES SHOW STEAMER ROUTE FROM HOBART).

J. W. Eantle, Hobart.



UNDER VICE-REGAL

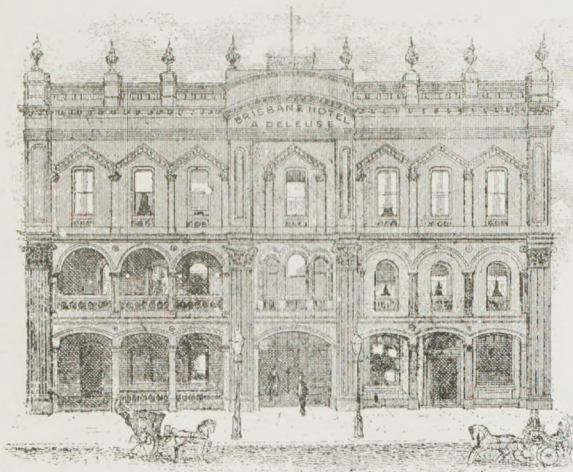


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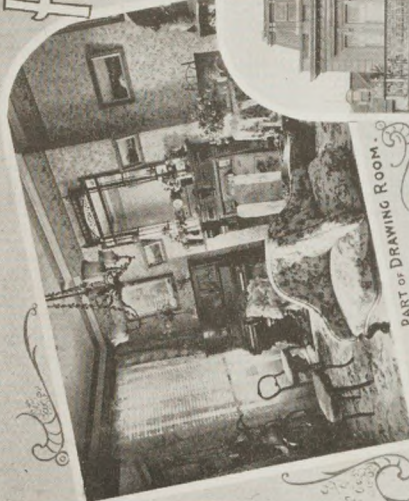
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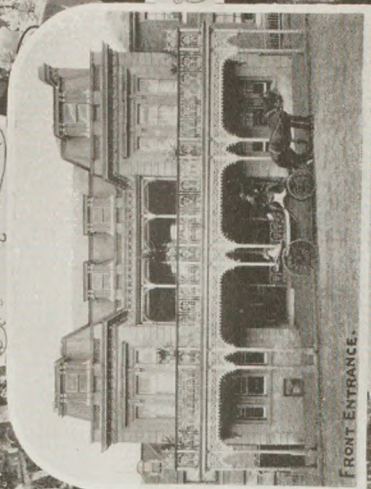
HEATHORN'S HOTEL



PART OF DRAWING ROOM.



PART OF DINING ROOM.

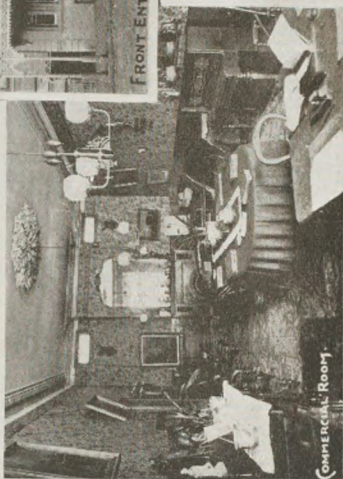


FRONT ENTRANCE.

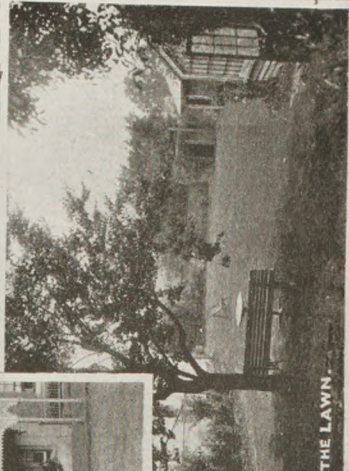
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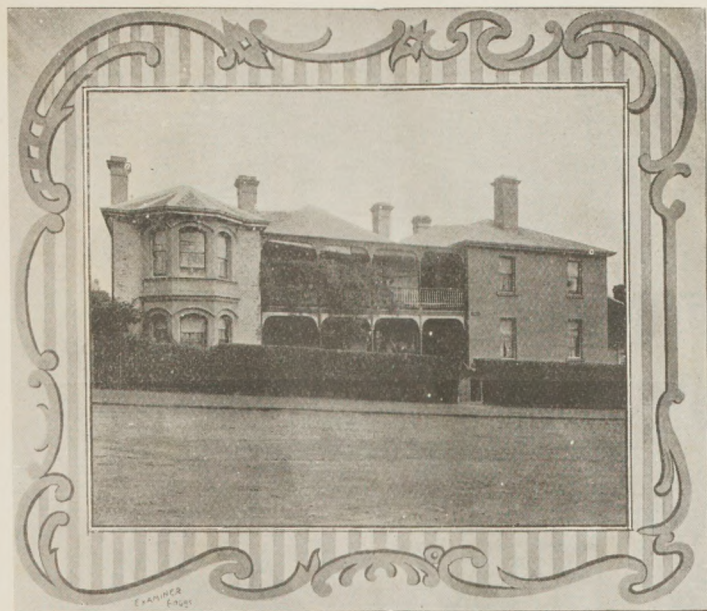
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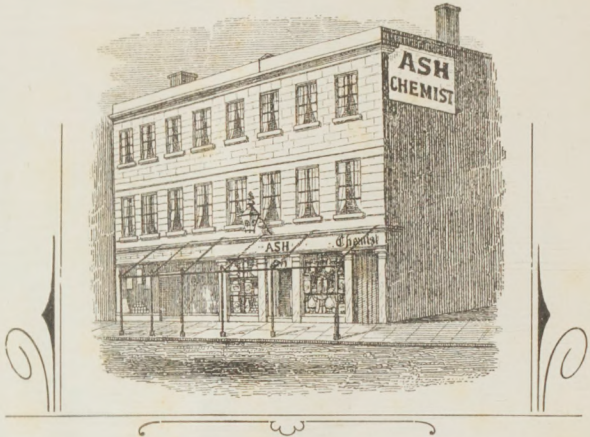


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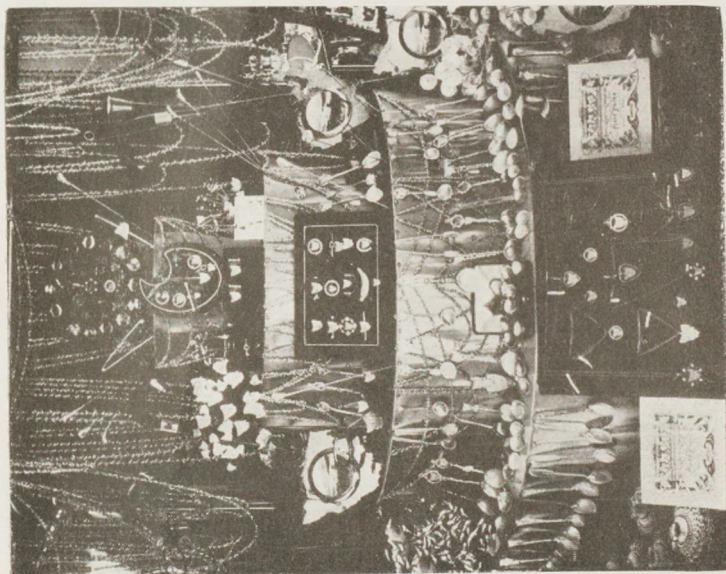
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