David Scott Mitchell.

NOTORIOUS

BUSHRANGERS

OF TASMANIA.

BY CABBY. (W. B. DEAN.)

J. BRICKHILL LITHO. LAUNCESTON.

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INTRODUCTION.

This work is not intended as a sort of Newgate calendar—it is a record of deeds of villainy, of injustice, corruption, and immorality, and the brutality of the officials in charge, which, to some extent was the main cause of bushranging, though it must be admitted that there were many desperados sent to the colony. To make it intelligible to my readers, I will give a running description of the early days.

The British Government took possession in August, 1803. Three days after the landing at Risdon by Lieut. Bowden, a cold and brutal act was committed by the officer who was left in charge of the encampment. The aborigines were seen approaching the encampment, carrying wattle boughs in blossom, and reciting a melancholy chant; the men were in the front, the children in the centre, and the women in the rear. When the officer in charge (Lieut. Moore) ordered his troops to fire on them, the result of that fire was the death of five or six, and the wounding of several others. It was a monstrous act, showing that the reign of terror and brutality had commenced on the gem of the Southern Ocean. The subordinates were supposed to partake of the license of their superior. One commandant (Colonel Geills) fixed a spiked collar on the neck of a free woman; he also flogged a female in the streets of Hobart Town; tied up free men on the spot for placarding a grievance when there was no press available for the purpose. According to the *Derwent Star*, February 6th, 1820, a free man formerly belonging to Port Dalrymple was brought before the bench, and found guilty of stealing a watch from George Guest, jun. He was sentenced to five years

imprisonment, and to receive five hundred lashes. Punishment was not always unmerited, but the magistrates were capricious. One magistrate had a carter tied to a wheel of his wagon, and sentenced him to receive three hundred lashes for cruelty to his bullocks ; and Dr. Montgarret ordered a blacksmith to be flogged for presenting his bill for payment.

I think I have recited sufficient cases to show the moral state of the colony at this very early period. It is no pleasing task to review the crimes of the dead, or to rebuke the improprieties of the leaders of a people ; but it is truly sad to notice the disgraceful immoralities of the officers in charge of the new settlement. Their unholy practices excited the ribald jests of the most degraded. The absurd and criminal negligence of the British Government, in not providing some approximate equalization of the sexes, was one cause of this laxity of morals. An illustration of the times is given by Mr John Pascoe Fawkner.* That gentleman, when a boy at Hobart Town, saw the whole colony drunk for several weeks, from the Governor downwards. The Colonel had proclaimed a fortnight's holiday on account of the men's good behaviour during the time of the famine, and revelry reigned for six weeks. A number of violent deaths was the consequence of this shameless dissipation.

Although there was a chaplain on the settlement, yet his social qualities were more in harmony with convivial mirth than the routine of pious duties. The amount and character of religious instruction communicated to the prisoners even in more recent times is well

* Mr Fawkner had every reason to have a lively recollection of those times. When a youth of eighteen years, he was working as a sawyer on the banks of the Derwent ; he agreed to saw some planking for five convicts, for a boat which they were building to enable them to escape from the colony. One of five betrayed his mates, and Mr Fawkner, the other four were severely punished and sent to the road parties, and Fawkner was sentenced to receive one hundred lashes ; but the most brutal part of the sentence was that it was to be inflicted in front of his parent's residence, in Macquarie-street, Hobart Town. And the betrayer was made a constable.

described by a condemned man to a Judge :—"What is done, your Honor, to make us better ? Once a week we are drawn up in a square opposite the military barracks, and all the military are drawn up in front of us with loaded muskets and fixed bayonets, and a young officer then comes forward to the fence and reads part of the prayers, and that takes may be about a quarter-of-an-hour, and that is all the religion we see."

Before free emigration set in the system of government was sufficiently simple, and the authority of the chief officer unrestrained except by the veto of the Governor-General at Sydney. In 1823 we find a colonial enactment authorising the Governor or Acting-Governor to proclaim or enforce any law which he may deem necessary to check or prevent rebellion, though every member of his Executive Council dissent from such procedure. Any port could be closed against merchant trading vessels at the will of the chief ruler. And yet for many years the internal government of the country was puerile and contemptible. No efficient staff of constabulary existed before the days of Colonel Arthur. Governors Collins and Davey were injudicious in their acts, and inconsistent in their discipline. The accumulation of disorders, and the consequences of lengthened misrule, nearly overwhelmed the more prudent and energetic Colonel Sorell, and formed for a series of years a most perplexing difficulty to the mind of Governor Arthur.

Governor Arthur was an able administrator. He was a strict and severe disciplinarian, and he knew not mercy. During his long administration there is not one instance where he forgave an offender. On his first arrival he gagged the press, bringing action against Bent, and causing him to be fined and imprisoned ; in fact he ruined him and also Mr Melville, editor of the *Colonial Times*. I quote one instance of his arbitrary nature :—Two unfortunate aboriginals, 'Jack' and 'Dick' were executed—this being the second execution of aboriginals —and to complete the farce the sacrament was administered to them. The elder, named Dick, who had never, since his confinement, been able to walk, suffering

under a loathsome cutaneous disease, which almost covered his body, screamed out most bitterly, apparently fully sensible of hisimpending fate, and would not climb the ladder to the platform, and was carried up by the executioner. Being placed on the platform he would not stand up, and was seated upon a stool, which dropped with him when the awful moment arrived, which plunged him into eternity. His partner in crime, an interesting youth, seemed quite unmoved at this awful situation, until just before the execution The poor lad then became sensible of his destiny, and prayed most fervently for the forgiveness of his sins. If example had been required, how much more advisable would it have been to have commenced by the trial and execution of some of the wholesale murderers of the aborigines—the first perpetrators of crime; but not one single individual was ever brought to a court of justice for offences committed against these harmless creatures. An aboriginal named "Eumarrah" was taken prisoner. Mr. Gilbert Robertson recommended the Governor to show some marks of respect to Eumarrah with a view to conciliate him, and make use of him in bringing in other tribes. His Excellency replied, "I would not attempt to conciliate that man."

Mr Robertson—"What will you do with him?"

Governor—"If you can find evidence to prove all those outrages you speak of, I would have him tried, and executed if he is found guilty."

Mr Robertson—"Consider, Sir, that this man was defending his country against cruel intruders. He is now a prisoner of war, and your Excellency, by executing him, would be guilty of a worse murder than ever he committed."

Here the Chief Justice looked up, and said sharply—"Mr Robertson, do you consider that those men who were tried and executed here were murdered?"

Mr Robertson—"I do, indeed, your Honor."

Here the members of the Council looked at one another, and the Governor said—"Mr Robertson, you may withdraw, but do not leave the House."

Mr Robertson then retired, and Eumarrah was ushered in.

After some time Mr Robertson was re-called.

The Governor said—"The Council has resolved not to try your friend Eumarrah, and you can take him with you, under your own immediate protection, with power to confine him in gaol for safe keeping."

Eumarrah afterwards went out with Mr Robertson as a guide, and proved alike faithful and useful.

"Eumarrah" is not a native name, but was borrowed by the chief from Mr Hugh Murray, of the Macquarie, and pronounced as above.

The Governor was rather injudicious in selecting his subordinates, choosing men from the military to act as Police Magistrates, and some of these men possessed a kind of fiendish disposition, and delighted in torturing Two of the most prominent of these arbitrary men ordered 3,200 lashes to be administered one morning at Sergeant Carroll's paddock at Cocked Hat. The result of that brutal exhibition roused the vigorous pen of the kind hearted Theodore Bartley, who addressed the liberal membhers of the House of Commons, which was in some measure the means of recalling Governor Arthur and stopping the brutal system of flogging men to make them good.

The powerful Governor Macquarie, in 1814, had to compromise with the numerous bushrangers. He proclaimed amnesty for past offences : this extraordinary document was legally drawn up by the Judge-Advocate of the colony. The home authorities were, doubtless, to be blamed for the want of necessary appliances for the enforcement of prison discipline. No adequate buildings were erected for the accommodation of the men, and no suitable employment was provided to fill up their time. It was during that first reign of terror that bushrangers flourished, and "the most horrid murders were of common occurrence." One serious impediment to the operations of justice was the practice of sending all persons guilty of serious offences for trial to Sydney. It is true that there was a Judge-Advocate, who was, by the

way, a military officer, but such gentlemen were not held responsible for the punishment of capital crimes. In Sorell's reign a Judge-Advocate's court was established for civil cases under £50, and no appeal to that decision was permitted. To show the fitness of the individual for the office, we read that once, when told about a certain course being the legal one, the judge exclaimed, "I am no lawyer, and won't be troubled with law." It was, therefore, essential that matters affecting life or death should be brought before a true functionary. But the expense, the delay, the difficulty in bringing offenders to justice were such that nine times out of ten the law, or the insufficiency of evidence, allowed the guilty to escape, and in many cases the innocent to suffer.

As free settlers arrived in the colony, and men emerging from bondage were settled upon their grants of land, means were afforded the Government of relieving themselves of the support and trouble of many convicts, by the practice of the Assignment System, which was first introduced into New South Wales by Governor King, in 1804. Persons were allowed to hire men and women from Government for a certain amount of clothing and rations, the same being of the most limited extent ; and on no account were they to receive any money. Disobedience of orders, or any misconduct, subjected the person to be punished at the accusation of the employer. It was no uncommon thing for the masters to arrange with the magistrate the amount and description of chastisement. Letters have been despatched by the hands of the unsuspecting victim, requesting that the bearer have 50 lashes, etc. Friends of the officials received every convenience, and those who were obnoxious could not obtain redress for their disorderly servants, or were needlessly and tyrannically deprived of their labours. There was one clause in the convict regulations which often operated prejudicially to the master as well as to the servant. No assigned servant was supposed to be unable to perform any labour he was placed to do, and the master was not allowed to return any man into Government and say that he did not suit him. He was compelled

to bring a charge against him. Then the question was put– "Do you request this man to return to your service." He could then say yes or no : if the latter, he could get an order to replace the man. This was often the fruitful source of many acts of injustice, and made many masters harsh and brutal. Much, very much, depended upon the treatment individuals received in service. A high spirited man, perhaps of education and former respectable connections, would not brook the coarse and brutal behaviour of an ignorant employer.* This was the fruitful source of bushranging.

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*Mr Fenton in his history gives two instances which show the result of ignorant and unprincipled employers. (Many more could be mentioned) :—A young man who was respectably connected, but who had committed a robbery, was transported, and was assigned to an employer whom he served in the capacity of cook. The lady of the house where this man was employed observed that he smiled at some orders she had given him. His fate was sealed. The master took him to the police office, charged him with insolent behaviour, and stood by while he received fifty lashes. The convict returned home, and was put to hard work. "I shall have you flogged three times a week' said the master, "until your bones are bare and your spirit is broken, and then I shall put you in chains for the rest of your life." He kept his promise as far as lay in his power. The convict was mercilessly flogged with increased stripes on each occasion on frivolous and false charges, until he did commit the offence of insolence and abusive language, when he was sentenced to a chain gang. This man possessed a power of endurance under trouble which many lacked. He was next assigned to a kind master, gained a good character, and afterwards became a respected member of the community. Another master had a man who offended him. He was sent with a letter to the police magistrate stating the offence ; the letter was all the evidence required by convict law. He received thirty-six lashes, and was sent home with lacerated back. This settler had a quantity of posts and rails split for fencing. Timber was plentiful, and posts were heavy in those days. Next morning the man was ordered to bore forty posts with a common augur—eight holes in each—preparatory to morticing for a four rail fence. "That will keep your back raw," said the master. The poor fellow failed to perform the whole of his task. On the following day he wasagain taken before the magistrate—on this occasion the master accompanying him. He was charged with the non-performance of his work, and received an increased number of lashes, the master standing by and urging the flagellator to use extra force. The man was driven to the chain gangs

The amiable Mrs Meredith adds her testimony:—"Bad masters, and severe, dishonest magistrates, have devoted more men to live as bushrangers, and to die on the scaffold, than any inherent depravity of their victims."

In 1804 there were in the island 400 convicts to 80 free people; in 1825 there were 6,800 bond to 6,800 free; in 1835, 13,000 to 10,000; in 1838, 22,000 to 17,000. At the beginning of 1833 there were 11,062 male prisoners to 1,644 female In that year arrived 2,643 males and 150 females; in 1827, 841 males and 222 females; in 1825, 687 males and 188 females. In October, 1832, out of 11,000 prisoners, there were 6,400 in private, and 1,645 in public services; 1,160 had tickets of leave, 543 were in chain gangs, 182 at Macquarie Harbour, and 240 at Port Arthur.

The country suffered materially by the Government not being able to employ free men as constables. Convict constables may be supposed to have exerted themselves with diligence to obtain indulgences; but their deficiency of moral principle induced such recklessness of oath-taking as to peril the liberty and life of any man. As an illustration of the evil we give the following story:—A man was hung for sheep-stealing, on a charge supported only by two convict constables. One of these worthies was the sole survivor of a notorious band of bushrangers, his comrades being all executed, chiefly through his traitorous information. The other one had been heard to say that he would hang twenty men to save his punishment in the chain gang, or anything like it. Further on there will be a complete history of the pernicious influence and power of convict constables.

The foregoing description of the state of society in Van Diemen's Land, during the early period of its existence, will serve as an introduction to the "Lives of Notorious Bushrangers." The gratification of revenegful passions and acquisitive impulses, as well as the natural

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by continued oppression, and it is not at all unlikely that he was one of the many victims who, goaded on by persecution, ended their career on the gallows.

aspiration after freedom, though in the midst of danger and wretchedness, were the prompting motives of escape from restraint, and flight to the hills and woods. Taking them as a class, they were not more repulsive than others; indeed, they often exhibited a fearlessness, generosity, and courtesy as to justify the author in saying that bushrangers were not unfrequently the best conducted men. When we remember that they were expatriated for their violence and guilt, and were surrounded in the felon isle with the most debasing and brutalising associations, we are the more disposed to admire their forbearance when they roved as armed outlaws in the bush. While eschewing the mawkish sentimentality that would make a hero of a vulgar footpad, and adorn the every day meanness or atrocities of his career with the charm of a romantic picture, we cannot be insensible to traits of manly intrepidity, courageous endurance, of great physical suffering, self-restraint in the hour of triumph, and propriety of demeanour to defenceless women. In these exhibitions of character they are seen sometimes to decided advantage beside the vaunted brigands of the Pyrenees and Appenines, round whose high peaked hats the pathetic novelist and enchanted poet have thrown so glorious a halo.

BUSHRANGER.

This denomination was given to the band of desperate runaway convicts who, in the early days of the colony, and for a considerable period infested the various settlements of the island so far back as the month of February, in the year 1808, only five years after the first establishment. The daring outrages of these lawless bandits had spread a universal terror among the settlers. One of the most notorious leaders was Mark Lemon. Lemon's Lagoon and Lemon's Springs, which lie half way between Jericho and Oatlands, bear his name to this day

In the autumn of 1815, Michael Mansfield, a prisoner holding a ticket of leave, and residing near the Black Brush, went forth one afternoon to look for some cattle of his own, and some he had in charge belonging to others. These were grazing at a distance from his hut, and he proceeded briskly onward, following a cattle track through a dense forest, which he knew led to where the herd was pasturing. Suddenly his progress was arrested by two savage-looking fellows, one emerging from either side of the path. They were dressed in kangaroo skins, mocassins of the same on their feet, and knapsacks on their backs ; each carried a musket, and one had a brace of pistols stuck in his girdle. Mansfield immediately recognized one as Lemon, the robber and bushranger. Mike, however, being a true son of Hibernia, and an old man-of-war's man, was a stranger to fear, and resolved to make the best of a bad bargain. Lemon asked who and what he was, to which Mike answered truly, and in his native naivete. The bushrangers then cast off their knapsacks (which seemed well filled), and commanded Mansfield to carry them, warning him at the same time

that if he attempted to escape they would shoot him on the spot. Poor Mansfield jogged on under his weary load, venturing now and then a few remarks on the *treatment* poor prisoners met with in this cursed country; and "troth and sure" he was but a poor prisoner himself, and never hurt nor meddled with no one, far less a bushranger; and he was after hoping they were not going to illuse him or take him away from his poor dumb *bastes*; for sure they'd all be astray, master would have him *catted*, and poor Mick would be a ruined man for ever and a day. At this pathetic appeal the bushrangers seemed to soften, and after consulting together they proposed, on certain conditions, to allow him to depart. They stipulated that he should meet them on an appointed day at a particular spot, and bring them flour, tea, sugar, and spirits, if he could procure any; they would be on the lookout, and his signal to them was to be the smoke of a fire which he was to light.

Mike promised to comply, and was allowed to go his way without further molestation. On the day appointed, he selected one of his men on whom he could depend, and taking his musket and dogs, gave out he was going to shoot kangaroo. When he had gone a short distance he asked Phelim "Would he like to see ould Dublin?" "By the Piper of Leinster! that I would, master," was the reply. "And won't I, sure," said Phelim, "only make me certain of setting my feet in ould Dublin agin, and I'll stand by you, master of mine, until every bone in this skin is bate to shivereens." "Well, I intend to take Lemon, and if you'll stand by me, we'll both of us just get pardoned, and you'll be sent to ould Ireland again as free as the babe just born." "Then I am the boy that will lend you a hand." Mansfield handed Phelim a trooper's pistol, and desired him to conceal it; and setting briskly forward, consulted how they should accomplish their enterprise. A good deal of rain had fallen, and it was nearly dark when they reached the place of rendezvous.

Phelim, with the aid of his tinder-box, proceeded to kindle a fire, and Mike, with flour he had provided for the

purpose, daubed his own and his man's clothes to make it appear they had been carrying a load. When the fire began to burn they cast themselves on the ground, pretending to be very much exhausted, anxiously waiting the arrival of the bushrangers In about half-an-hour they made their appearance, both well armed. Mike spun a long yarn about losing his way, being overcome with fatigue and obliged to leave the prog about four miles off, in the hollow of a burned tree, declaring he was unable to retrace his steps that night, but if the bushrangers would give him rest and food, he would go with them early in the morning, and bring them all he had promised ; as he concluded he produced a bottle of spirits, of which they all partook, and agreed to adjourn to the bushranger's hut, about two miles off. The hut was constructed of turf, low and uncomfortable in the extreme, covered with sheets of bark stripped from the large forest trees. The fireplace also of turf, lined with stones at the bottom, was at one end of the hut, and within it a huge fire soon laid Some excellent beef was broiled, which Mike strongly suspected to be part of his own kine. They had neither bread nor potatoes to eat with their meat, but the two bushrangers, long accustomed to suchfare, made a hasty meal. The others swallowed a few morsels, and after finishing the bottle of spirits they all laid down on kangaroo skins spread on the floor ; first Lemon, then Mansfield, then the other bushranger, last Phelim.

Mike and Phelim snored away, but slept none. In the morning Mansfield began to toss and tumble about, to try if Lemon would easily awake, but finding that both the bushrangers slept soundly, he cautiously withdrew the pistol from Lemon's belt, rose warily, gave one pistol to Phelim (who was still on the floor), and concealed the other. He then went to a corner where the muskets stood, took all but his own, and put them in a pool of water before the hut ; returning, he examined the flint and priming of his own piece. Finding all right he gave the bushranger a push with his foot, calling out at the same time, "Lemon, you are my prisoner." Lemon felt on one side and then on the other for his pistols Finding

them gone he started to his feet, and drawing a long knife was about to make a lunge, when Mansfield pulled the trigger. The ball went through the robber's head and he fell a lifeless corpse.

The report of Mansfield's musket awoke the other outlaw, who seeing his companion's corpse, dropped on his knees and implored mercy. Mansfield only said, "Now my tight fellow, be after taking that there knife, cut your master's head off, put it into that bag (pointing to it), throw it over your shoulder, and trudge along with us." The man shuddered at the command, and it required threats, and promises of intercession with the Governor to prevail on him to do the deed. "By St. Patrick!" ejaculated Phelim, "its a clane job, anyhow, barrin' the bloody head. Not a minnit ago it was the shy of a copper whose throats were cut. Be off on yer ten toes, ye thaef of the world, and bless the saints ye don't carry yer own ugly mug in the bag with yer masters."

They had thirty-six miles to walk, and it was night when they reached Hobart Town. Mansfield. however, went directly to Government House, and was most graciously received. The news spread quickly, and all considered Mike and Phelim deserved public rewards. The Governor accordingly gave each a free pardon, and to Mike a grant of land on the Derwent, and to Phelim a free passage to "Ould Ireland." The prisoner's life was spared, but he was banished to a penal settlement.

The following extracts are from the Sydney *Gazette* of the year 1817. That journal of the 25th of January of the above year contains the following notices:—

"The accounts of robberies by the banditti or bushrangers on Van Die' Land present a melancholy picture of the distresses to which the most respectable classes of the inhabitants are constantly exposed, from the daring acts of those infamous marauders, who are divided into small parties, and are designated by the name of the principal ruffian at their head, of whom one Michael Howe appears to be the most alert in depredation. The accounts received by the Kangaroo, which commence from the beginning of November (1816), state that on the 7th of

that month the house and premises of Mr. David Rose, at Port Dalrymple, were attacked and plundered of considerable property by Peter Sefton and his gang. Here they met with a Tartar. The old soldier would not submit being robbed without an effort to save his property. In the severe encounter he was struck with a butcher's cleaver, which stripped the whole of the flesh from the right side of the face. Suffering fromthe loss of blood he was overcome. To the credit of his assigned servant (who was faithful to his master) he bound up the wound and brought him into Launceston for medical treatment. The delinquents were pursued by the commandant, at the head of a strong detachment of the 46th regiment, but which returned, after a hunt of five days through the woods, without being able to discover the villains, among whom is stated to have been a free man, named Dennis M'Caig, who went from hence to Port Dalyrmple in the Brothers On the night of 17th Novem'er the premises of Mr. Thomas Hayes, at Bagdad, were attacked, at a time when Mr Stocker and his wife, and Mr. Andrew Whitehead (the former being on their route from Hobart Town to Port Dalyrmple, with a cart containing a large and valuable property), had unfortunately put up at the house for the night. Michael Howe was the chief of this banditti, which consisted of eight others. The property of which they plundered Mr. and Mrs. Stocker on this occasion, among which were two kegs of spirits, was of the value of upwards of three hundred pounds. The contents of one of the kegs, which contained eleven gallons, a member of the gang wantonly wasted, by firing a pistol ball through its head. They set their watches by Mr. Whitehead's, which they afterwards returned; but took away Mr. Stocker's with their other plunder. Mr Wade, chief constable of Hobart Town, had stopped the others at Mr. Hayes', but hearing a noise, which he considered to denote the approach of bushrangers, he prudently attended to the admonition and escaped their fury, which it was concluded would have fallen heavily on him, as they are at variance with all conditions of life that are inimical to their crimes. On the morning of the 2nd inst, Mr. W. Maum, of Hobart

Town, sustainedthe loss of three stacks of wheat by fire, at his farm at Clarence Plains, owing to an act of an incendiary. On the 14th November a large body, consisting of fourteen men and two women, were unwelcomely fallen in with by a single man on horsebackat Scantling's Plains. Of these Howe and Geary were the most conspicuous. They compelled him to bear testimony to the swearing in of their whole party to abide by some resolutions dictated in a written paper, which one of them finished writing in the traveller's presence. After a detention of about three-quarters of an hour, he was suffered to proceed, under strong injunctions to declare what he had been an eye witness of, and to desire Mr. Humphrey, the magistrate, and Mr. Wade, the chief constable, to take care of themselves, as they were lent on taking their lives, as well as to prevent them from growing grain, or keeping goods of any kind. And, by the information of a person upon oath, it appears they had about the same period forced away two Government servants from their ha itations, to a distant place on which the crimes of these wretches have stamped the appellation of 'Murderer's Plains,' but by them facetiously cal ed 'the tallow-chandlers shop,' where they kept them to work three days in rendering down beef fat. How they afterwards appropriate so great a quantity of rendered fat and suet is truly a question worthy of being demanded; but it is far more likely that it was taken off their hands by persons in and near the settlements, who are leagued with them in the way of bartering one commodity for another, than that the bushrangers should have either kept it for their own use, or have bestowed so much trouble on the preparation of an article which would so soon spoil in their hands. The cattle that were in this instance so devoted were the property of Messrs. Stones and Tray, who declare that out of 300 head 140 have lately disappeared." The outrages above enumerated, it has been seen, were all perpetrated within the short space of a few days; and these settlements continued to be the scene of similar enormities until the July following, an interval of nearly eight months.

Fortunately, at length, the cause of public justice triumphed. The measures which led to their discomfiture and apprehension are detailed in the following extracts from the Sydney *Gazette*, dated October 4th, 1817 :— "A meeting of public officers and principal inhabitants and settlers was convened at Hobart Town by sanction of His Honor Lieut. Gov. Sorell, the successor of Colonel Davey, on the 5th July, for the purpose of considering the most effectual measures of suppressing the banditti ; when the utmost alacrity manifested itself to support the views of Government in promoting that desirable object, and a liberal subscription was immediately entered into for that purpose."

The following proclamation was immediately afterwards issued by the Lieutenant-Governor :—"Whereas the armed banditti who have for a considerable time infested the interior of this island, did on the 10th ultimo, make an attack upon the store at George Town, which, being left unprotected, they plundered, taking away two boats, which they afterwards cast ashore at the entrance of Port Dalyrmple ; and, whereas, the principal leader in the outrages which have been committed by this band of robbers is Peter Geary, a deserter from His Majesty's 73rd regiment, charged also with mnrder and various other offences ; and, whereas, the undermentioned offenders have been concerned with the said Peter Geary in most of these enormities. The following rewards will be paid to any person or persons who shall apprehend these offenders, or any of them :—For Peter Geary, one hundred guineas ; for Peter Septon, John Jones, and Richard Collier, eighty guineas each ; and for Thomas Coine and Brune (a Frenchman), fifty guineas each. And, whereas George Watts, a prisoner, who absented himself from the Coal River previously to the expiration of his sentence, and who stands charged with various robberies and crimes, is now at large : it is hereby declared that a reward of eighty guineas will be paid to any person or persons who shall apprehend the said George Watts. And all magistrates and commanders of military stations and

parties, and all constables and others of His Majesty's subjects are enjoined to use their utmost efforts to apprehend the criminals above named."

The gang of bushrangers appeared in the vicinity of Black Brush on Saturday, and were tracked on the following morning by Sergeant M'Carthy, of the 46th, who, with his party, came up. The bushrangers ran out of the house into the woods, and being eleven in number, and well covered by timber and ground, the eight soldiers could not close with them. After a good deal of firing Geary, the leader, was wounded, and fell; two others were also wounded. The knapsacks of the whole, and their dogs, were taken. Geary died the same night, and his body was brought into town on Tuesday, as were the two wounded men. The remaining eight bushrangers were seen in the neighbourhood of the Coal River on the following day. Dennis Currie and Matthew Riegan, two of the original bushrangers, surrendered on the Monday following; and in the beginning of August Jones, a principal of the banditti, was shot in the neighbourhood of Swan Port, on the eastern shore. For some days they had not been heard of, but, by the extraordinary exertions of Sergeant M'Carthy and party, they were tracked and overtaken at the above place. On the Sunday evening after the above affair, some of the villains effected a robbery at Clarence Plains, but became so excessively intemperate, from intoxication, as to quarrel among themselves, the consequence of which was that another of the gang, of the name of Rollards, having been most severely bruised and beaten by his associates, fell into the hands or a settler, and was by him taken a prisoner into Hobart Town. White and Johnson, two others of the gang, were apprehended by Sergeant M'Carthy's party on Thursday, 14th August, they having been conducted to their haunts by a native woman, distinguished by the name of Black Mary, and another female.

After the above successes in reducing the number of these persons, it appears that several of the old bushrangers were still out on the 16th of August. These were

Septon, Collier, Coine, and Brune, together with Watts, who had before delivered himself up, and after remaining some weeks in Hobart Town took again to the woods, from a dread, as was imagined, of ultimately being called to answer for his former offences. At this period also there were two absentees from George Town, Port Dalrymple, a number of the working hands having gone from that settlement shortly before, all of whom, with the exception of these two, had returned to their duty. By the 6th of September, in consequence of the prompt and efficacious arrangements which had been made, nearly the whole of the absentees, of whatever description, had either surrendered or been apprehended.

The desperado Howe was the only one about whom any serious apprehensions were entertained. This Michael Howe was born at Pontefract, in Yorkshire, in the year 1787, and was apprenticed to the owners of a merchant vessel at Hull. His indentures, however, were soon spurned by Howe, who ran away and entered on board a man-of-war, but remained in that station only till he had an opportunity of escaping from it. In 1811, when he was about twenty-four years old, he was tried at York for a high-way robbery, and sentenced to seven years transportation. In the following year this pest of the colony arrived at Van Diemen's Land, and was assigned to Mr Ingle, merchant and stockholder. Here he showed as little symptom of submissiveness as before. Though a convict he would be no man's slave, "for," said he, "I have served the King." Separated from his mates, but accompanied by the faithful Black Mary, Howe was hotly pursued. The soldiers were gaining upon them, as the strength of the native girl diminished. From caprice, vexation or fear, the bushranger turned upon his lagging fellow-fugitive, raised his musket, fired, and severely wounded her ; she was immediately seized. Howe, casting aside his gun, and flinging off his knapsack, rushed into the scrub and was quickly out of sight.

The ransacking of that knapsack revealed the superstition of the owner. It contained a primitive-looking book

of kangaroo skin, upon which were recorded in letters of blood, his most important dreams, which strongly evinced the wretched state of his mind, and a considerable portion of superstition. He frequently dreamt of being murdered by natives, sometimes of seeing his old confederates in crime, sometimes of being nearly taken by a soldier, and in one instance the feelings of human nature operated in this horribly callous breast, and he dreamt of his sister. The book also contained lists of such seeds he wished to procure of vegetables, fruits, and even flowers, for he contemplated a season of repose, and had indulged visions of some fairy spot, in whose safe seclusion he might enjoy his plunder, and pass his days in the culture of a garden, the adornment of a home.

Black Mary was highly incensed at the treatment she had experienced from her paramour, whom she had loved so well and served so long. The instinctive feeling of the savage arose within her breast—she would be revenged. Healed of her wounds, she led the blood-hounds from haunt to haunt, from the cave in the mountains to the hollow tree of the lonely gully. As a scout, her natural subtlety, her experience with the banditti, and er lust for vengeance made her a most formidable foe. ho pertinacious was the persecution, so determined the Sursuit, so successful the harassment, that the chased pon was compelled to come to terms. Powerful in the lirowess of his arm and the terror of his name, he proposed p conditional surrender. He wrote the articles of this remarkable document, and sent them by one upon whom he could confide. The letter was addressed to the "Governor of the Town," and subscribed by himself as "Governor of the Rangers."

Strange to say, the "Governor of the Town" entertained the proposals, and actually sent Captain Nairne officially to treat with a proscribed bushranger. This might have been believed of some well organised Black Band and a feeble Italian state ; but future historians would be sceptical of the story of a British officer of rank, controlling a whole colony, holding such a conference with

a single ruffian. Well might Mr West exclaim, "Society must have been on the verge of dissolution, when letters and messages passed between the Government and an outlaw."

An assurance of his safety being guaranteed, Howe relied upon safe conduct, and repaired to the rendezvous. The preliminaries being settled, he walked to town. There he was nominally in confinement while giving information that should lead to the capture of the others. But the intelligence was not satisfactory, the gang increased in force, and Howe was mistrustful and forest sick. He heard, too, of repeated conflicts between the soldiers and his men, and he could not bear the inactivity of his life, and the shame of his submisson. Permitted, under plea of ill health, to wander under surveillance of a constable, he was not slow in placing himself once more at the head of a party. A conspiracy brought the gun stock over the head of one, and a knife across the throat of another. One hundred guineas reward were now offered for Howe, one hundred for Watts (his lieutenant), and eighty and fifty for seven or eight of the club.

One after the other was captured, till only Howe, Watts, and Browne remained. Browne surrendered, and Watts plotted against his leader to save his own life. Leaguing himself with Drewe, a stock-keeper, the artful traitor prepared his plans. Returning after a brief absence Howe suspected his fidelity. Before coming to an explanation, they agreed each to knock out the priming of his gun. Drewe, most probably an old confederate, advanced with Watts, and a reconciliation took place. A fire was lighted at which their meal was to be prepared. While Michael stooped down to apply the bush bellows, his mate leaped upon him, and with the other's help secured his hands. They took from him his pistols and knife, and told him to prepare for the gallows. In marching order they advanced towards town ; Watts first with a gun, the bound victim in the centre, and the stock-keeper behind. Watching his opportunity, Howe gave the Samson snap to his cords, drew forth a concealed dirk,

stabbed Watts in the back, seized the falling man's gun, and shot Drewe in the head ; but while preparing another and finishing charge the wounded man managed to escape, and after great difficulty reached Hobart Town with the news. He was sent to Sydney out of the way of vengeance, and shortly died of his wounds.

Again at large, with an additional hundred upon his head, and no confidence in comrades, Michael henceforth led a solitary life, worried and chased as a wild beast. Clad in raw kangaroo skins, and with a long, shaggy, black beard, badgered on all sides, he chose a retreat among the mountain fastnesses of the Upper Shannon, a dreary solitude of cloud-land, the rocky home of hermit eagles. On this elevated plateau—contiguous to the almost bottomless lakes, from whose crater in ancient days torrents of liquid fire poured forth upon the plains of Tasmania, or rose uplifted in basaltic masses like frowning Wellington ; within sight of lofty hills of snow, having the Peak of Teneriffe to the south, Frenchman's Cap and Byron to the West, Miller's Bluff to the east, and the serrated crest of the Western Tier to the north ; entrenched in dense woods, with surrounding forests of dead poles, through whose leafless passages the wind harshly whistled in a storm. Thus situated, amidst some of the sublimest scenes of nature, away from suffering and degraded humanity, the lonely bushranger was confronted with his God and his own conscience. Yet it is possible for one to dwell near the glittering Needles of the Alps, and have no appreciation of majestic beauty ; to witness the rushing waters of Niagara, and hear no voice of Deity in their roar ; to bask in the sunlit loveliness of rosy Cashmere, and bend the knee to the blood-spattered image of the Thug. When busy memory, in the repose of evening twilight, or midst the wild mountain dance of tempest fires, would revert to deeds of horror, or call up the softer shades of guiltless childhood, did no sigh expand that powerful chest, or tear bedew that passion-furrowed countenance?

Dr. Ross, more than twenty years ago, wrote his reflections upon a visit to that locality :—"With remorse of the most horrible robberies and murders upon his conscience, he was here left to himself to contrast the native innocence and serenity of God's works with his own wicked heart, added to the hourly dread of apprehension. The tumultuous laugh, the heated exhilaration of companions in sin to drown reflections, were wanting to him. The silent language of nature must have incessantly read him a lesson that would harrow up the soul."

But his days were numbered. He had constructed a hut in a secluded little mountain valley. The floor was neatly laid with bark, a huge honeysuckle sheltered it in the rear, and a sweet stream trickled below the grassy slope in front. A visitor in 1823 compared the place to the Valley of Rasselas, and was charmed with its scenery. He found the hut tenanted by the wife of one of Mr. Lord's stockmen. Interrogating her as to the loneliness of the situation, he received for reply these words of mystic import—"Nothing troubles me except when I awake at night, and *my cow* comes to haunt me." The traveller wondered at her fears about the ghost of her cow. But the poor woman meant the spirit of Michael Howe, or Mike Howe as he was popularly called ; deeming the "H" superfluous she pronounced the name of this terror of settlers as *My Cow.*

Worrall was one of the lucky captors. He was then a transported mutineer, and Warburton was a companion of the kangaroo hunter and stolen goods receiver. The conflict here narrated took place on October 21st, 1818. "I was now," said Worrall, "determined to make a push for the capture of this villain, Mike Howe, for which I was promised a passage to England in the next ship that sailed, and the amount of the reward laid upon his head. I found out a man of the name of Warburton, who was in the habit of hunting kangaroos for their skins, and who had frequently met Howe during his excursions, and sometimes furnished him with ammunition. He gave me such an account of Howe's habits that I felt con-

vinced we could take him with a little assistance. I, therefore, spoke to a man named Pugh, belonging to the 48th Regiment, one who I knew was a most cool and resolute fellow. He immediately entered into my views, and having applied to Major Bell, his commanding officer, he was recommended by him to the Governor, by whom I was permitted to act, and allowed to join us; so he and I went directly to Warburton, who heartily entered into the scheme, and all things were arranged for putting it into execution. The plan was thus:—Pugh and I were to remain in Warburton's hut, while Warburton himself was to fall into Howe's way. The hut was on the River Shannon standing so completely by itself, and so out of the track of anybody who might be feared by Howe, that there was every probability of accomplishing our wishes, and "scotch the snake" as they say, if not kill it. Pugh and I accordingly proceeded to the appointed hut. We arrived there before daybreak, and having made a hearty breakfast Warburton set out to seek for Howe. He took no arms with him, in order to still more effectually carry his point, but Pugh and I were provided with muskets and pistols. The sun had been just an hour up, when we saw Warburton and Howe upon the top of a hill coming towards the hut. We expected they would be with us in a quarter-of-an-hour, and so we sat down upon the trunk of a tree inside the hut calmly waiting their arrival. An hour passed, but they did not come, so I crept to the door cautiously and peeped out. There I saw them, standing within a hundred yards of us, in earnest conversation. As I learned afterwards the delay arose from Howe's suspecting all was not right. I drew back from the door to my station, and in about ten minutes after this we plainly heard footsteps and the voice of Warburton. Another moment, and Howe slowly entered the hut—his gun presented and cocked. The instant he espied us he cried out, "Is that your game?" and immediately fired, but Pugh's activity prevented the shot from taking effect, for he knocked the gun aside. Howe ran off like a wolf. I fired, but missed. I im-

mediately flung away the gun and ran after Howe ; Pugh also pursued ; Warburton was a considerable distance away. I ran very fast ; so did Howe, and if he had not fallen down an unexpected bank I should not have been fleet enough for him. This fall, however, brought me up with him. He was on his legs and preparing to climb a broken bank, which would have given him a free run into the wood, when I presented my pistol at him, and desired him to stand ; he drew forth another, but did not level it at me. We were then about fifteen yards from each other. He stared at me with astonishment, and to tell the truth, I was a little astonished at him, for he was covered with patches of kangaroo skins, and wore a black beard—a haversack and powder-horn slung across his shoulders. I wore my beard also, as I do now, and a curious pair we looked. After a moment's pause he cried out, " Black beard against grey beard for a million !" and fired. I slapped at him and, I believe, hit him, for he staggered, but rallied again, and was clearing the bank between him and me when Pugh ran up, and with the butt-end of his firelock knocked him down, jumped after him, and battered his brains out, just as he was opening a clasp knife to defend himself. Thus was finished Michael Howe.*

The site where this conflict took place was granted to Mrs. Paterson and family, and when visited by the writer in the year '30, was a flourishing farm.

* A portion of his dream was actually realized, as his capture was mainly due to Pugh, the soldier.

BRADY AND HIS COMRADES IN CRIME.

Macquarie Harbour was established as a place of secondary punishment in December, 1823, the first Commandant being Lieut. Cuthbertson. His discipline was severe, but of brief duration. A small vessel which was built at the harbour was in danger, and the Commandant ordered his boat out to its relief. This he effected, but on his return the boat was upset. One of the crew tried to save the Commandant; finding his strength unequal he said to the man "Save yourself; never mind me," and he was drowned after being at the station a little over two years. On the death of the Commandant the Chief Authority devolved on a Non-commissioned Officer. The prisoners were disposed to question his right to obedience, and the result was his government was more severe and strict, and he flogged with double frequency. According to official documents from the year 1822 to the latter end of 1823, out of 182 prisoners 169 were sentenced, and 7000 lashes were administered; that is to say, all were punished except thirteen, and each received an average of 400 lashes. Such severity was unknown elsewhere. The first persons who attempted to abscond were John Green and Joseph Sanders, and they were never heard of again. A few days after six others followed, and they encountered a similar fate. They were pursued by two soldiers and three prisoners, who took with them a fortnight's provisions and hunting dogs. Rain continued for seven weeks after their departure, and it was presumed they perished from exhaustion. Another party formed a catamaran, but it parted and they were rescued five days after from their perilous position by some soldiers. Eight others left in the early part of 1824, of whom Pearce was one. Early in the year 1824 Lieut. Wright arrived and

took charge of the settlement, but the evil which was fostered by former severities caused insubordination to break out, and several absconded. Three prisoners seized a soldier's boat, provisions, and arms ; they proceeded about 12 miles when they made the boat fast to the stump of a tree and wrote on the stern with chalk, "To be sold." This party was never heard of. Five days after, Brady and six accomplices made an attempt to seize Commandant Wright's barge when he and Dr John Spence were fishing. The Commandant expecting their intentions vigorously pulled off from the shore, leaving the doctor behind This gentleman they threatened to flog, and had prepared an instrument of punishment when Brady interposed, and thus began his fatal career by an act of gratitude. He had experienced some kindness from the doctor when a patient. Another medical gentleman who was afterwards taken a prisoner by Brady and his gang, was also treated with great respect though robbed of his money. From June 10th, 1824, to July 10th, 1825, 102 prisoners absconded, and more or less perished in the bush. After Brady's ineffectual attempt to seize the barge, M'Cabe at night swam off and took a boat belonging to the soldiers, which was moored off the shore. The surprise is that no effort was made to secure these prisoners knowing they had absconded from the settlement.

On the 9th June Brady was pursued by Lucas, the pilot, and soldiers without success, and they were next heard of at the residence of Mr Mason on the Derwent (not Mr. Thos. Mason) ; they beat him with great violence and robbed him. The next day they robbed a servant of Lieut. Gunn of fire-arms, but Lieut. Gunn then pursued them and captured five. At their trial they tried to extenuate their crimes by the hardships they had suffered, but in vain, and those unfortunate men suffered at the same time as Alex. Pearce, who was one of the second party that absconded from Macquarie Harbour in 1822. The details of his career were the most revolting ever experienced by a human being. But as I am treating

upon Brady I must forego a description of this horrible career.

I must first, however, dwell a little upon assignment and conviction. Transportation at a distance seemed a trifling penalty, but when viewed near it was found to be inhuman. The servant was assigned to a master without his consent; his employment was alien to his habits; he laboured without wages; he was met with suspicion, and was ruled with insult or contempt. The servant became sullen, the master vindictive, and slight offences were visited with severe punishment of excessive cruelty. The offences were often but ebullition of wounded feelings and tokens of utter wretchedness. The victims were uncompensated, and a great majority unreformed, and thus employers preferred new hands to those passing through such severe suffering. Such as rose in society were seldom respectable; they neither regretted their crime nor offered atonement. But if the prisoner was injured the colonist was no less so. Social virtues were discouraged, and all classes were contentious and overbearing. The police were for ever prying into the business of life.

When the then state of society is taken into consideration Matthew Brady must be judged with clemency, though he committed crimes, and was a desperado, but if the first step had been turned into a different channel, his career would have been different. He was a man of intelligence and of good address; he was quite young when transported, only 22 years old. He was a gentleman's servant, and his offence was trivial; if it had been committed in the present day he would probably have received one month's imprisonment, for it was merely losing or purloining a portion of his employer's wardrobe. Brady was of middle height, and had remarkable blue eyes, which were very expressive, and he was capable of enduring great physical exertion. His companion, J. M'Cabe, 22 years old, was a boatman; was tried in Dublin in June, 1817, and was sentenced for seven years. He was of a sullen disposition, and his sentence was for

a drunken brawl, in which a man was killed. He was re-sentenced in Sydney to this colony, and arrived in the Woodlark in the latter end of 1823, and escaped from Macquarie Harbour in 1824. The day he absconded he would have been free by servitude had he conducted himself properly.

From July, 1824, to December of the same year, through the indefatigable exertions of Lieutenant W. Gunn, forty-three bushrangers and absconders were apprehended and eighteen suffered capital punishment, but Brady and his associates seemed to elude and defy all Mr. Gunn's diligence to capture them. Brady would be heard of on the Clyde at Mr. Clarke's, and in a few days he would appear at Pittwater (Mr. Meredith's), and then again on the main road near Ross. On the 1st January, 1825, he issued a sort of proclamation from his mountain home, which ran as follows:—"Given under my hand, 1825. I do hereby declare I will cause to be punished all settlers who do not treat their consigned servants with consideration, and who do not provide them with common necessaries. Given under my hand, at my mountain home, this day, January 1st, 1825." This was written in a fairly good hand, and copies were posted in several public places at Jericho, Sorell, Bothwell, and other places. On January 20th Brady put his threat in force, for he appeared at Captain Allison's residence, Sandy Bay, and having secured all the assigned servants, compelling one of them to do it, the band then approached the dwelling, when they met the captain, who offered a stern resistance. Mrs. Allison interceded, but it was of no avail. A servant (a free-man, who came out with the captain), of the name of Fletcher, rushed in from the garden but was immediately knocked down and severely beaten. A Government woman, named Hannah Bell, interceded for him, saying, "Come men, don't kill him quite out."

Two soldiers belonging to the 40th Regiment, named Foster and Wilson, having received information that Brady and his companions were on Mount Wellington,

went in pursuit. When half-way up the mountain they were challenged by Brady, and commanded to stand. About 20 yards to the left was stationed M'Cabe, who immediately fired and shot Foster dead. Wilson made an effort to pursue them, but lost his way in the mountain, but the following morning succeeded reaching where the Orphan School now stands. Foster's body was found next day, and a coroner's inquest was held, and a verdict of wilful murder returned against M'Cabe and Brady. I might mention that this year bushranging was raging, there being several parties under the leadership of Pollock, Godliman, H. M'Connell, Shepherd, Everett, Broadland, Pawley, and others.

On February 4th Brady appeared at Mr. J. Weeding's, at Jericho, where there were Mr. Weeding, his brother, two men servants, and one Launceston constable, who was passing the night there. The bushrangers carried away considerable booty, including firearms. The report says that Mr. Weeding, the servants, and constable were so frightened that they did not venture outside the door until six o'clock next morning. When this visit became known the magistrate, Mr. Anstey, with soldiers and constables, went in pursuit, and travelled to Michael Howe's Marsh, which is about six miles from Jericho ; but the bushrangers were away, though they destroyed their camp. The bushrangers were joined at this time by a man named John Plum, whose career was of short duration. He was stockkeeper to a. Mr. Franks. Brady after leaving his camp proceeded towards the Table Mountains, when the party overtook five men in the employment of Captain P. Wood and Mr. Lord, three on horseback and two wellarmed ; but wherever Brady and his party went they seemed to be submitted to without the slightest resistance. They then went to Mr. Kemp's hut, near Wood's Lake, taking a quantity of stores. Depredations continued to be committed upon Mr. Stanfield, Mr. Heywood, and others

On March 13th, 1825, W. Allen, of the 3rd Regiment, in company with Dutton and Kennard, were scouring the woods in various directions, and had reached the Shannon, and at 11 a.m., two miles this side of Joe Johnson's hut, they fell in with three armed men. They were seen at about forty yards distance, when they were challenged and asked who they were, when Constable Dutton said they were police officers, and demanded the strangers should lay down their arms. The others answered by saying, "We think you are bushrangers, so lay down your arms." Both parties retreated behind trees, and commenced firing. Dutton, who had recognised Plum, said, "Come over, Plum; you are a very foolish man, and assist us in capturing the others, and I am sure you will get your release." But Dutton was unheeded, and Plum continued firing. Both parties kept it up until five o'clock without intermission, and then Dutton shifted his position slightly and shot Plum, who immediately fell. The other two then retreated, leaving behind them several firearms and their knapsacks, in which several plundered things were found. Plum was shot in the chin, the bullet passing through his throat. The constables were forced to camp on the spot, doing their best for the wounded man, tying the wound up with a yellow silk handkerchief marked "Clarke" Constable Dutton said, "It would have been better to have listened to me, Jack, and come over." The poor fellow answered, "I wish I had; but all this happens because I was a good man. I washed a shirt for Brady, after which he and M'Cabe came backwards and forwards with provisions for me. I had been six or seven weeks without meat, and very often without flour I, and my fellow servant Wade, had none but what we conveyed from the Green-water Holes upon our backs. Our masters kept us for a long time without any meat, and then sent us pigs in such a poor condition we could not eat them. Mr. John Franks said we must feed the pigs on kangaroo or go without. Our hut was in Michael Howe's Marsh, 26 miles from Green-water Holes, and all that way were we obliged, by our master,

to carry on our backs what was given us ; so that after Brady had frequently pressed me to join him, when his visits to our hut were discovered I consented, because I thought at any rate I should be called as bad as him."

Mr. Anstey, to some extent, confirmed the above statement, saying that Plum had applied to him for a pass to go to Mr. Franks' station, and the men had then been without rations for several weeks. He told Plum to tell his employers that if he heard of the like again he would take his assigned servants from him, but Plum never delivered the message, knowing how fruitless it would be. Of course Mr. Franks denied the accusation, and long letters upon the subject appeared in the *Hobart Gazette*. Plum was tried, and suffered the extreme penalty of the law.

In the eyes of the prisoners and assigned servants Brady was looked upon as a kind of Robin Hood, who plundered the rich for the benefit of the poor. It was invariably his custom to supply the outside station stock-keepers with tobacco, tea, sugar, and, in some cases, grog ; and from persons whom he robbed he distributed tobacco amongst their assigned servants, and in two instances he gave large sums of money to them, which was invariably returned to their masters. Such liberality acted as a preventive against the police getting any information, and was also the means of Brady gaining a knowledge of the movements of the constables and military. There were at this time four parties out in search of Brady under the respective leaderships of Messrs. Humphries, Gunn, Anstey, and Kimberley. Up to this period only £10, as a reward for the apprehension of any of the band, had been offered, but a strong representation was made to Governor Arthur, which was the means of the following proclamation being issued :—

"Government House,
"April 14th, 1825.

"It has occasioned the Lieutenant-Governor much concern that the continued outrages of the two prisoners, M'Cabe and Brady, have led to the death of another settler. His Honor has directed that a reward of £25 shall be given for the apprehension

of either of these men ; and that any prisoner giving such information as may directly lead to their apprehension shall receive a ticket of leave, and that any prisoner apprehending and securing either of them, in addition to the above reward, shall receive a conditional pardon. The magistrates are very pressingly desired to circulate this order and to direct the constables to visit all huts of stock-keepers, shepherds, and others, in their respective districts, notifying the rewards offered, and cautioning such persons against receiving, harbouring, or supporting these men, who are charged with the commission of murder. Fifty acres of land, free from restrictions, will be given to the Chief Constable in whose district either M'Cabe or Brady is taken, provided it shall be certified by the magistrate of the district that he has zealously exerted himself in the promulgation of this order, and to the adoption of measures for giving it effect.

"The magistrates will see the importance of conveying timely information of the movements of M'Cabe and Brady ; and they will consider themselves fully authorised to incur any responsible expense in so doing. By command of his Honor, the Lieutenant-Governor. JOHN MONTAGU, Secretary."

About three days after this notice, Brady answered it by posting on the door of the Royal Oak Inn, at Cross-marsh, the following :—

"Mountain Home,
"April 20th, 1825.

"It has caused Matthew Brady much concern that such a person known as Sir George Arthur is at large. Twenty gallons of rum will be given to any person that will deliver his person unto me. I also caution John Priest that I will hang him for his ill-treatment of Mrs. Blackwell at New Town.—M. BRADY."

On the 24th May, Brady's gang robbed Mr Barr's house, on the Clyde, of everything valuable it contained. On June 3rd 700 sheep, belonging to Messrs. Sherwin and Cawthorne, were stolen, and 200 of them were found with their throats cut and set fire to. This malicious act was laid at the door of Brady, but he repudiated it, saying he would give the 200 sovereigns which he took from a gentleman on the Port Dalrymple road to any person who would furnish information for the detection of the persons who killed the sheep. On June 17th Mr. Stocker and Mr. Whitfield were returning from Ross Bridge to Hobart Town, and when within a mile of Cross-

marsh a cart was seen standing in the road. Two men jumped from it, compelling Messrs. Stocker and Whitfield to dismount, and walk into the bush, where they found a Mr. Bryant, with one of his servants, lying on the ground bound. When their money, gold watch, and other valuables were taken from them, Mr. Bryant and his servant were allowed to depart, having been detained from eight o'clock in the morning until five in the evening. From Mr. Bryant they took £11. A few minutes afterwards Mr. Stocker and Mr. Whitfield were also allowed to depart, but the bushrangers detained their horses, with a promise that they would send them on to Mr. Whitfield by his servant, whom they detained.

On July 1st, at Mr. Minnett's, a new settler at Pitt Water, the gang, whose party now appeared to comprise eight men, robbed him of plate and jewelry to the value of £500. On July 15th, at Crossmarsh, they stopped a Mr. Hooper, a new arrival, and they compelled him to go with them to Mr. Kemp's hut, telling him to knock at the door, by which they gained admittance. There were nine Government men, beside a free overseer, and a free man, and a carpenter in the hut. The gang took away eight pounds of tobacco, tea, sugar and Mr. G. Kemp's gun. Two days after this they were at Mr. Bisdee's, between Jericho and Crossmarsh, which they also plundered. On July 22nd they appeared at Mr. Haywood's, at Macquarie Plains, where they secured five men in the hut and then entered the dwelling house. Mr. Haywood was writing, and on his rising and attempting to take a gun which was near him one of the gang fired, but fortunately missed, and a struggle ensued and they bound him in a chair, plundering the house of everything valuable, and taking two Government men with them to carry the swag. On August 5th they stopped Mr. C. Thompson and Mr J. Wresnell, taking them into the bush, and robbed them of money and such articles of wearing apparel as they required. M'Cabe changed hats with Mr. Thompson. The bushrangers appeared in high spirits, talked of their farm in the mountains, and said

they would decorate their hut with a pair of pistols which they took from Mr. T. They also seemed to know all that was going on. Two days after they stopped a Mr. Blair and a Mr. Russell who were going to Captain P. Wood's residence, and robbed them of their money and watches. On August 12th Mr. G. C. Clarke, of Waterloo Mills, was stopped near Jericho, and of course he was relieved of all he possessed. A few days after they stopped a Mr. Cleve, near Ross Bridge, and compelled him to drink a pint of raw rum, which almost suffocated him, taking from him £100. A Mrs. Kennedy, and her companion, a Mr. Dillon, were robbed near Ross Bridge while proceeding on their way to Port Dalrymple of all their wearing apparel and £10 in notes by the bushranger Priest. The victims were shortly afterwards met by Brady, when the poor woman told him their troubles, and Brady pursued Priest and fired at him when escaping into the bush. On October 7th Brady and his party visited Mr. Dry's huts on the Western Mountains, but a party of soldiers came up at the time, when a kind of duel took place, the bushrangers retreating, leaving behind them a quantity of plate supposed to have been stolen from Mr. Butcher and Mr. Minnett, and a bag of sovereigns containing between £300 and £400. Four days afterwards the gang were at Mr. Meredith's residence at Oyster Bay, robbing that gentleman of hams, flour, spirits, tobacco, ball cartridge and gunpowder. There were three whale boats on the beach, and one of Mr. Meredith's men scuttled them, but there was one not much injured which the bushrangers compelled the carpenter to repair, taking him with them, saying if the boat leaked they would throw him into the sea. On October 25th they appeared at Mr Stanfield's, sen., at Green Point, Austin's Ferry. There was no one at home but Mrs. Stanfield and a female servant. Mr. Stanfield and his son returned shortly, and offering resistance both were wounded, one in the arm the other in the side, but not dangerously. The bushrangers remained in the house regaling themselves until 11 o'clock at night, taking £35

in cash, a quantity of flour, tea, sugar, two casks of meat, and wearing apparel, removing their booty in a boat belonging to Mr. Stanfield, which was afterwards found scuttled. A few days afterwards they appeared at a Mr. Farquharson's. There was a young lady staying at this gentleman's residence, and when M'Cabe was searching one of the rooms he attempted to take liberties with her; when Brady hearing her cries rushed to her assistance, fired at M'Cabe, and shot him through the hand. He then severely beat M'Cabe, taking away his arms, and turning him away from the gang, and threatening him if he ever crossed his path he was a dead man. M'Cabe next appeared at a hut where a man named Macguire lived in rather destitute condition On November 5th he stopped a servant of Mr. Russell, near Mr. Scott's hut on the Clyde, making him a prisoner; but the man extricated himself, and darting into the bush was able to give the alarm to a party of soldiers under the command of Mr. Kimberley, who immediately went in pursuit and overtook M'Cabe. A Mr. Russell, who had also joined in the hue and cry, was the first to come up to him, and M'Cabe fired but missed. Mr. R.'s servant instantly rushed upon M'Cabe and threw him, and ten days afterwards this unfortunate man ended his career upon the scaffold.

Through the information received from M'Cabe that Brady was the leader of the most desperate gang in the Island, consisting of Bird, Dunn, Murphy, Lamb, Cornelius, Welsh, and Vine, and from further information received, Lieut. William Gunn with ten soldiers and two stock-keepers belonging to Mr. E. Lord, traversed Bashan Plains, which are on the western bank of the River Ouse, and extend for 15 miles to Lake Echo, a large sheet of water about 20 miles in circumference. In this lake are two or three small islands. It received its name from a remarkable echo which is heard when a gun is fired at a particular spot near the northern end, resembling three continuous peals of thunder. Stopping at Mr. Ransom's stock runs on the Shannon, they received information

that Brady and his party had crossed the country towards Oatlands, having stuck up Mr. Harrison's inn at Jericho. Lieutenant Gunn pursued with all diligence, and crossed the country to Pittwater, arriving at the Sorell township on December 2nd. Brady's party appeared the same day at Mr. R. Bethune's residence at 8 p.m. They made Mr. Bethune prisoner, also his overseer and servants. The bushrangers stayed there that night and the next day, in the evening of which Mr. W. Bethune and Mr. Bunster arrived on horseback. The weather was extremely wet, and on arriving at the door a man presented himself, who called out as if to a servant "Take Mr. Bethune's horse." This man turned out to be Brady. The gentlemen were, however, treated with the utmost civility; dinner was provided for them, and every attention paid them.

About ten o'clock at night Brady announced to them his intention of proceeding to liberate the prisoners in the gaol at Sorell Town, and accordingly tying the two Messrs. Bethune together, and all the other captives, 18 in number, two-by-two, they were forced to accompany the bushrangers to that town, where they arrived just as Lieut. Gunn's party of soldiers were cleaning their firelocks, having been out the whole day in pursuit of the very men who now taking them by surprise, seized all their arms, and locked them into a cell of the gaol. At this moment Mr. Laing, the gaoler, escaped from his residence immediately adjoining, and ran to Lieut. Gunn, who was staying at Dr. Garrett's, to communicate the intelligence. Lieut. Gunn immediately took up his double-barrelled gun, and was proceeding towards the gaol, when he was met by two of the banditti; he raised his gun, but Murphy (who was a native of Norfolk Island, and 20 years of age, and considered a dead shot) addressing Brady, said—"Shall I pot him?" Brady answered, "No! he has shown plenty of pluck; wing him." Mr. Gunn immediately received in his right arm the contents of Murphy's gun, which tore it to pieces above the elbow. Several shots were at this moment fired, one of which grazed Dr. Garrett, and another

slightly wounded Mr. Gunn in the breast. Mr Glover had a little before gone to the gaol, armed with a double-barrelled gun, and was captured, his gun taken from him and broken to pieces, and himself confined with the other gentlemen who had fallen into the bushrangers' hands. The prisoners in the gaol did not quit it, but remained quietly. On the bushrangers departing they put up a stick with a great coat and hat upon it to imitate a sentinel, at the gaol door, in order to gain as much time as possible. They were perfectly open and unreserved in their communications. In answer to enquiries from Mr. Bethune as to how they crossed the river, they stated they had a boat of their own with six oars, with which they could cross at any time. They stated they had a farm in the mountains, where they had quantities of sheep, cattle, and horses, to which they could retreat when necessary. No possible blame can attach to the military, who had just arrived after a fatiguing day, in very rainy weather, and who were in the act of cleaning their arms when the banditti captured them.

The inhabitants of the colony highly appreciated the indefatigable exertions of Lieut. Gunn, and in ten days the sum of three hundred guineas was raised to buy him a piece of plate or whatever he liked. Mr. Gunn had been a little over two years in the colony, and twenty months of that he had spent in the bush The Colonial Government appreciated his services by giving him a pension of £70 per year and also a civil appointment, and he was for many years chief police magistrate in Launceston. He was a man of amiable disposition, and a fond and indulgent parent. He was a patron of horticultural and agricultural societies, being a great lover of flowers. He had a strict sense of right and justice, and two instances of this came under the writer's notice. One was during the time the 96th Regiment was quartered in Launceston. A portion of the troops were given to rioting, ill-using elderly people, smashing windows, etc., but one night they met a Tartar, and two of the soldiers

got a severe thrashing. The man who gave the chastisement was summoned to the police court, before Mr. Gunn. The soldiers appeared with their heads bandaged up, and Adjutant Rooney conducted their case. Mr. Gunn, in his peculiar manner, lectured the defendant, saying he must protect the military as well as the civilians, and fined him £5 and costs, but during the day the defendant received a cheque from Mr. Gunn for the amount. The other was a person who was anxious to get a passage in the s.s Shamrock to Melbourne, and in those days it was necessary to give 24 hours' notice before anyone could leave the colony. On applying to Mr. J. Thomson for his passage he was told he must get two persons to prove he was a fit and proper person to leave the colony, and he answered there was only one man in Launceston who knew him, and that was Mr. Gunn. Mr. Thompson drove with him to Mr. Gunn's residence, and he was immediately recognised by Mr. Gunn (it was a peculiar feature of Mr. Gunn that whosoever had once passed under his notice he immediately recognised him again, and also remembered his name, which was extraordinary, as several thousand passed through his hands), who at once gave him his clearance. The man was so grateful to Mr. Gunn for his kindness that he drew from his finger a ring worth 100 guineas, and offered it to Mr. Gunn, who refused it, saying he had only done his duty. He was a most charitable man, and in no case have I known him to refuse giving in cases of distress or trouble ; in fact his heart was as large as his person, and his height was 6ft. 4in.

I am indebted for the description of the state of Hobart, when the news of the Sorell outrage reached there, to a deceased relation. He says :—"I was staying at George Hopwood's hotel, the Green Gate, Collins-street, on Sunday, December 4th, 1825, talking to Mr. Ballantyne, close to Government House, when an unusual occurrence took place, three men galloping up the street. That part of Hobart was like a Quaker street, or a Presbyterian Sabbath in Scotland, very quiet. The

sound of the horses' hoofs directed our attention to three men who galloped up to the lodge ; the subaltern jumped from his horse, was saluted by the guard, and passed in. It was quite evident something unusual had occurred, as the Governor's orderlies were rapidly moving about in all directions. Shortly afterwards Mr. Humphries, superintendent of police, and Major R. Turton appeared at Government House, but rumor had travelled almost as fast as the horsemen. The report was that Brady had captured the town of Sorell, had shot Mr. Gunn and Dr. Garrett, and hung the gaoler ; had released the prisoners in the gaol, and the road party at Pittwater ; had taken with him all assigned servants *en route*, and was in full march on Hobart Town. The excitement can be better imagined than described. On Monday morning a *Government Gazette* was issued, reporting the correct state of affairs. An Executive Council was held that day, and it was decided to strengthen the various outside military stations and establish additional ones."

There was also a call on the inhabitants to assist the Government, which was loyally responded to, and a large number of special constables—from leading merchants to humble labourers —were sworn in to relieve the military. Fifty new constables were enrolled, and alterations were made in the various district constables. Mr. T. Capurn replaced Mr. R. Pitt, at Hobart Town ; and Mr. T. Monds replaced Mr R. G. Lawson, at Port Dalrymple. Two other important appointments were made—that of Mr. Anthony Cotterell to Ben Lomond district, and Mr. H. Bonney to Westbury, this being the first time that Westbury was occupied, having previously been open bush. The settlers were also called on to assist, and heartily responded, several gentlemen taking to the bush with their servants, in pursuit of the bushrangers. Two of the most prominent were Messrs. Thomas and Joseph Archer, who, with their armed servants, were successful in capturing several desperadoes.

The military stations were as follow :—Brighton, Lieut. R. Travers, 10 men ; Oatlands, Lieut. M. Vicary,

37 men ; Eastern Marshes, Ensign Lockyer, 14 men ; Ross, Lieut. R. Fry, Ensign D. M. C. Stubbeman, 45 men ; Auburn, Capt. Hughes, 30 men ; St. Paul's Plains, Lieut. T. Shadforth, 31 men ; Launceston, Col. Balfour, Captain V. Donaldson, 49 men ; George Town, Captain J. D'Arcy, 21 men ; Westbury, Lieut. H. Dexter, 29 men ; New Norfolk, one sergeant, 14 men ; Clyde, Lieut. W. Williams, 76 men ; Pittwater, Lieut. J. B Oliver, 41 men. Besides these outposts there were squads of soldiers of from three to four with an officer of peace, whose instructions were to scour the country in all directions and challenge every person they met. With all this precaution and diligence, Brady and his gang eluded the soldiers. It was soon evident he had slipped his friends and had found fresh fields.

On 5th January, 1826, Henry Bonney made a capture of a bushranger and kangaroo-hunter named Pawley, who stated to Lieut. Dexter that he was in communication the previous day with Brady and his party. He offered his services to go in search of Brady and gang, and the offer being accepted he started with two soldiers and a constable, Shingleton. He escorted them to his bark hut on the Liffey in the immediate neighbourhood of where the township of Bracknell now stands, about five miles from the Western Tiers. He said that Brady required from him some kangaroo dogs which he had promised to obtain. He was to leave a note for Brady in a hollow tree at the end of a small plain where he had met Brady (these notes were scratched on a cutting-grass leaf with a penknife or some other sharp instrument). The note was left as directed, but meanwhile Brady appeared. He advanced to the bark hut to obtain the dog as promised. Not suspecting treachery he, accompanied by Cornelius, armed only with pistols, entered the hut ; the soldiers and constables being hidden by some sheets of bark placed upright against the wall were not visible. While in that position conversation was carried on between Brady and Pawley, the latter observing that

there was neither God nor devil. At a given signal the soldiers and constables rushed from their hiding-place, and fired at the bushrangers. Brady was shot in the thick part of the thigh, and Cornelius knocked down with the butt end of a musket. Though Brady was wounded a most desperate encounter took place, three men rushing on him ; he was at last secured and bound. One soldier and Shingleton took Cornelius to Westbury, leaving one soldier and his betrayer in charge of Brady. While in the hut the soldiers attended to Brady's wounds as best they could, and intended to bring a conveyance, in which he was to be taken to Westbury. While he was lying on the bed he complained of being cold, and asked if they would throw a kangaroo-skin rug which was lying in the hut over him. This was done, and he, under cover of the rug, disentangled his arms and asked for water. The guard laid aside his gun and went to procure the water; Brady immediately sprang up and seized his firelock, and became master of the position. Turning on his betrayer, the man who, a few minutes before declared there was neither God nor devil, fell on his knees and prayed that his life might be spared. Brady said, "It does not answer my purpose to discharge this gun now, but if I am pursued by you and the soldier, the contents of this gun you shall receive, and beware—the next time we meet I will carry out the just punishment you deserve." I may add that two months later this unfortunate man fell into Brady's hands, and was shot by him. Brady tore down a sheet of bark from the back of the hut and took to the bush once more, being pursued by the soldier. Having a commanding position Brady turned round and said to the soldier—"Have a care, my man ; advance not another step or you are a dead man." The soldier hesitated, and Brady plunging into the bush was lost to sight.

Brady's prompt and resolute action in escaping when captured near Bracknell put his opponents to the non-plus. Although the day was far spent, the soldier

and Brady's betrayer decided to proceed to Westbury, and though the journey was through a dense forest of fourteen miles they succeeded in reaching the camp before the constable and soldier arrived with their prisoner. There was much disappointment when the facts became known, and the next morning Lieut. Dexter decided upon starting three parties in search, one led by himself, another by the Sergeant and Constable Shillington, the third by District Constable Bonney. Cornelius was forwarded to Launceston under escort lashed to a horse. On the despatches arriving in Launceston, Colonel Balfour forwarded a strong detachment of police and military.

Bonney's party travelled as far as the Lake district, and he there discovered a marshy plain of from 7000 to 8000 acres. This plain is about three miles south of the Great Lake, and Bonney named the place St. Patrick's, after Corporal Patrick Sheehan, who accompanied him. They here discovered a hut, which at a distance resembled a gigantic fallen tree. In the centre was a door, and from each end the whole plain could be surveyed and a surprise prevented. As the hut presented no appearance of being recently occupied they came to the conclusion that it was one of the retreats of Michael Howe, being about thirty miles from the towship of Bothwell.

The Government then descended to a degrading and mean position. They induced prisoners of long sentence to unite with the bushrangers to betray them, and arranged that men in irons should join the bushrangers, and give intelligence to the police. Some of the men selected and thus set free began business on their own account, and some were lost and perished in the bush ; others, who joined the gang and were suspected, were "tried by court-martial" and shot by the bushrangers.

Mr. West, in his "History of Tasmania," says that the bushrangers compelled a man to drink a quantity of laudanum, but I believe this to be an error. Brady

was in the habit of compelling parties to drink a large quantity of raw spirits, so that they would become stupefied, and unable to give any information of his party's movements. There is one peculiar circumstance connected with one of these men. He was compelled to drink a large quantity of liquor, and the bushrangers then left him, but his stomach rejected the drug, and after a sound sleep he recovered. He again met Brady and his gang, and two pistols were discharged at him. He fell, and was left for dead, but the wound was not mortal, and reviving, he determined to give himself up. He was, however, again unfortunate, for he met Brady and his companions once more, who again fired, but the bullet, instead of entering the skull, glanced round it. He fell senseless to the ground, and was thrown into a dry creek. He, however, recovered, and long survived these adventures. This fact was also corroborated by Brady when examined by the gentlemen from whom I got the account, and, strange as it may appear, it is perfectly correct.

A proclamation was issued, offering a reward of £300 for the capture of Brady, and a grant of 300 acres and £150 for any of the party, with a free pardon for any prisoner, with a passage to England. Five hundred copies of this proclamation were distributed throughout the colony, and Governor Arthur removed his quarters to Jericho, so as to be more in the centre of operations, and while there he heard of a black who had been brought up by Mrs. Birch, and had shown much dexterity in discovering stray cattle, and had rescued several persons who were lost in the bush. The Governor sent for this aboriginal, and the following dialogue took place—"Good morning, Mata Guberna." Governor—"Good morning, Tom. I want you to go with a party of soldiers and capture Brady and his gang." Tom looked surprised, and shook his head. "Mata Brady good to blackfellow—give him bacca; kind to blackfellow's gin, kind to picaninny; give sugar picaninny. That no do at all." Governor—"I

will pay you well." To n—"You, Mata Guberna, send your soldiers, constables ; they get shot, plenty more ; Tom he get shot, that —— foolishness." This aboriginal was afterwards employed in trapping and capturing his own countrymen.

It is well-known that Brady was on very friendly terms with the aborigines. Some writers state that the natives were unable to appreciate kindness, but there are several intances on record to the contrary. Whenever the women took to a European their affections were strong and lasting. The most extraordinary circumstance was how Brady made his retreat after being wounded with a pistol ball in his thigh. It has never been explained. Some think he fell in with his gang, but if that had been the case they would certainy have returned and murdered the soldier and Rawley. I have had long conversations with the late Mr. H. Bonney on this subject, and he was fully under the impression that Brady was met by a party of natives, who were very strong in that locality, and was carried by them to his mountain fastness. Mr. Bonney found when pursuing any bushrangers that the natives invariably deceived him. That fastness was afterwards known as "Brady's Look-out." It is nearly 5000 feet above the level of the sea, is 700 feet higher than the Great Lake, and can be plainly seen by the westward traveller as he proceeds on his way to Deloraine. It was probably through the natives that his gang was communicated with. One feature in reference to Brady was, he would never allow the natives or their women to be ill-used by his gang. It was never ascertained how the ball was extracted from his thigh.

The gang appeared on January 20, 1826, at Mr. Gatenby's, whom they robbed and cruelly ill-used. The next day they appeared at Epping Forest, at a settler's named Diprose. Here they met a most practical women, who gave them a severe scolding and rounding ; but it had very little effect on the gang, as they carried away a heavy booty. Anyone who can

remember the late Mrs. Diprose will know she was just the woman to do it. They were on February 6 between the punt and Mr. Gibson's stock-yard, but did no harm. They sent a message to Sergeant Massey that they would hang him, and burn his wheat at Ben Lomond. They very nearly, on February 20, fell into the hands of Messrs. Archer and the military. The bushrangers were misdirected either accidentally or intentionally by Mr. Kenton, the puntman. (The *Colonial Times* of that date reports it as Mr. Kenton, but " West's History " says a Mr. Preston ; I presume the *Colonial Times* is most likely to be correct.) The gang stopped one of Mr. Archer's grooms, who was in the habit of riding over to meet the mailman to get his master's letters, and also those for the benefit of the neighbours, and from him they gathered information different from what they received from the puntman. Believing that Mr. Kenton purposely misled them they returned and shot him at his own door. Brady said when in gaol, had they acted upon the information of the puntman they would have fallen into the hands of Messrs. Archer and the military, which was the reason they shot him. I might mention that this was the first time Brady had been seen since being wounded, and he and Dunn were on horseback.

The following letters were sent by Brady :—

No. 1.—" Captain Brady presents his respectful compliments to Lieutenant Gunn, the officer commanding his Majesty s troops at Sorell, and will most assuredly do himself the great pleasure of personally expressing his gratitude and regard for him during the course of the evening."

No. 2.—Is a slip of paper with " For Lingan " written on one side. I think it perhaps more interesting to my readers to give an exact copy :—" Go in a Direction from the new Plains to you Come to a Creek, Crose the Creek And Go on for the white mash (Marsh) to you come to a large Suggar lofe. Go up it to you Come Neer to the top, look in a ling (fallen) Tree, and There you will find Some of your Guns. a little from there you will find a riffle and a Dubble Barl Gun. I cant say anything more conserning Them.— Yours Truly, M. BRADY."

No. 3.—"I have Sent Directions to you Befor. Go from the New Plains in a Direction for the White Mash To you Come to a Creek Crose The Creek and look for a large Suggar Lofe Go neer the Top of it And look under a ling Tree and there you will find the Guns and Close to these You will find a riffle and also a Duble Barl Gun.—MATHEW BRADY."

The following morning they called at the Widow Von Bibra's, stating they were constables and had been marching all night, and would trouble her for some refreshments. This lady was the wife of Lieut. Von Bibra, of George the Third's German Legion. He arrived in the colony with eight children, and shortly after one more was added to the number. He came in the ship Morley, and brought a letter of strong recommendation written by her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, and also one from his Majesty's General Consul at Hamburg, C. Mellish, Esq. He received a liberal grant of land, and was made chief district constable of that district. He made great improvements on his land in the shape of building and clearing; and was esteemed for his courtesy and frankness by all who knew him, but was accidentally drowned in the Macquarie River; and owing to the deep sympathy entertained for his widow and children, a substantial collection was made.

During the repast the conversation naturally turned upon Brady and his doings, and the widow said that she hoped Brady would not trouble her, as she had had enough trouble lately, having lost her husband and also a large number of cattle which had strayed away and could not be found. Brady told her there was no need for alarm; that the bushrangers would not hurt her. Her eldest son, a lad of some 14 summers, got his father's sword, and said he "would show Brady what the Vons were made of if he came here." I knew this stripling well, and few men could handle his "bunch of fives" so well as Charlie Von Bibra.

In the evening a party of real soldiers and policemen arrived at Mrs. Von Bibra's, and she could hardly credit that her morning visitors were Brady and party,

as he was so courteous and respectful. During the time the servants were preparing the breakfast, Brady took her youngest child on his knee, and sang a simple ditty, and on leaving he thanked her, regretting they had made a mistake, as they thought it was Mr. Corney's, and said he would see that Brady gave her no annoyance. She thought there was a nervous excitement about them, as two kept watch while the others had their meal.

The military and police were again at fault, for while they were scouring the Macquarie, Epping Forest, and the Lake River districts, Brady had crossed the country. Having travelled almost from the west to the east in a bird line, this trip shows what an expert bushman Brady was, as he appeared on the second morning on Mr. Den's farm, Swanport. They took Mr. Den with them, and kept him prisoner several days and nights, though it is but justice to them to say that they treated him with civility. In the course of conversation Brady said he was well furnished with Hobart Town newspapers. They were next seen at Bagdad, committing robberies and plundering wherever they went. To the astonishment of the authorities, Brady next appeared on the Tamar, and the first day of their arrival he went up a high hill (that hill is a little south of Mr. Rosevear's) to look for the brig Glory, belonging to Messrs. Griffiths, but did not return until the morning of the third day. One of the party guarded by the bushrangers escaped, named Guilders, and carried information to Colonel Balfour. Godwin, who was on sentry, was brought to court-martial by Brady for allowing the man to escape, and was shot and thrown into the Tamar. Brady, who seemed to have a fascination for writing, forwarded a communication to Colonel Balfour, stating that he would shortly visit Launceston, take Jefferies out of gaol, torture him, and then shoot him. (Jefferies had lately been captured by Rucheridge and party, and was known as the "child murderer and man eater.")

When the bushrangers were going down the Tamar they captured Captain White, of the Duke of York, in his boat, and Captain Smith, late of the Brutus, who was with him, and who being well dressed, and wearing a cap with a gold band, was mistaken for Colonel Balfour. They knocked Captain Smith down, but discovered their error, and then apologised. They made Captain White go upon his knees for some offence he had committed, and were going to shoot him, but Captain Smith interposed, representing what misery it would inflict on his wife and children. During the night Captains Smith and White were allowed to depart and gave necessary information, and Colonel Balfour forwarded a strong party of military in charge of John Thomas, the pilot. After the execution of Godwin, Brady's party entered a fine boat they had stolen, and sailed three times round the Glory. A discussion then followed as to the propriety of an immediate capture. Brady was in favor of the scheme, but he said to the others—"Decide among yourselves —let not my voice avail you anything." Some argued that, being so near Launceston, they were liable to pursuit and capture, without chance of doubling their foes in the intricacy of the bush. The wind was foul, and so the chances of clearance were diminished. They ultimately decided upon a forest campaign, and landed again.

The gang then came up to the vicinity of Launceston, and at 10 o'clock one night visited Mr. Dry's Elphin Farm, and while some patrolled the premises and guarded their prisoners, others were busy making a useful collection in the house

The following account of the sticking up of the Elphin Farm is given by the Rev. W. Dry, who was present :—

"My father, hearing a gun discharged at the back of the house, went out to see what it meant, not suspecting bushrangers, when he was immediately seized by armed men from each side of the back porch, one of

whom, annoyed at resistance, gave him a bayonet thrust, but the weapon getting entangled in his neck-tie, the man gave him a blow on the head with it, and when he was taken back into the house the blood was seen running over his face. The wound was dressed by his son-in-law, Dr. Landale, Brady assisting and expressing his sorrow for what was done, and threatened summary punishment on any man who offered further violence.

"There was not a large party of friends collected, the only visitors being Dr. Landale and his wife. The family consisted of my father and mother, myself, then a boy nearly eight years old, and my younger sister, too young a child to retain any distinct memory of what took place. My brother and my other sisters were from home at school.

"The story of Brady requesting one of the ladies to seat herself at the piano, and singing to the music, is probably founded on the fact that, while the bush-rangers were surrounding the house, my sister, Mrs. Landale, was playing on that instrument the ominous air, 'The Campbells are Coming.'

"The servant alluded to having been thrust into a room and the door locked, escaped by a second door, eluded Brady's sentry within a few yards of him, and made straight for Mr. Mulgrave's, the P.M., who despatched a message to the barracks, and at once armed himself and hurried to Elphin accompanied by one soldier, one constable, and, I think, the messenger. In the meantime, Brady having been signalled by one of his sentries that men were on the move towards the house, collected his men with a whistle, gave the order, 'Now my lads, we must go,' and retired to an out-house, whence they intended to give the soldiers a warm reception. Mr. Mulgrave rushed into the house at the front, double-barrelled gun in hand, enquiring in excited tones, 'Where are the scoundrels?' and was answered by a volley from the outhouse, one bullet taking a piece out of the soldier's coat, one leaving a

round hole in an upper window, and several leaving their track along the shingles of the porch, where it could be seen for many years. Brady and his men then removed to a field bounded by the Patterson's Plains and Elphin road. Then arrived Dr. Priest, who would not dismount, but insisted on reconnoitring, and rode round the field where the bushrangers were. As he passed they fired a volley, nine bullets hitting the horse, and two piercing his knee. I saw the dead horse riddled with bullets. The doctor was taken, not to Launceston, but to Elphin, where he was well-known, and where he died after a fortnight's suffering. When he at length consented to have the limb amputated, his medical brethren agreed that it was too late to perform the operation. Dr. Priest's white trousers accounted for the line in which the bullets took effect.

"A good deal of plunder was collected, and bound in bundles, and a horse and cart was got in readiness for carrying it away, but, thanks to Mr. Mulgrave's prompt action, these bundles were left behind, and so was the horse and cart.

"Colonel Balfour was riding past some men whom he mistook for his own. Hearing the click of firelocks he called out, 'My men, what are you doing? I'm the colonel,' and was replied to by shots, which blew off his cap and pierced it. Some ten soldiers were sent to Elphin under a lieutenant, but did not arrive till the bushrangers had disappeared. The officer said that he had made a detour with a view of cutting off their retreat. He had to endure much "chaff" on this account, but I presume he did what he judged to be the right thing.

"Brady, when captured, was wearing Colonel Balfour's cap. He was brought along the Elphin road well guarded, and on horseback, his leg being wounded. My father met him, and had a conversation with him, and took me with him. I observed that the prisoner spoke calmly, and occasionally smiled and joked. He was certainly a different man from the run of bush-

rangers, and, perhaps, had he lived under milder laws in the first instance, would have exhibited a very different course of life."

The following morning, after the visit of Brady and his associates to Elphin Farm, Colonel Balfour, with a strong detachment of military and police scoured the country in all directions without success. On the 5th April, 1826, Brady appeared at Mr. Abraham Walker's place, Vermont, at Bishopsbourne, setting fire to his stock-yard, outbuildings, and wheat stack. They then passed on to Commissary Walker's place, Rhodes, near Longford, destroying property there, and moving rapidly on to Formosa, on Brumby's Creek, the property of Mr. R. Lawrence, where they set fire to the woolshed, destroying three years' clip of wool. Subsequently, while Brady was in the Launceston gaol, he was visited by Mr. Lawrence, who asked him why he was guilty of such malicious acts which did him no good. His object was, Brady said, to draw the attention of the military more to the centre of the Island, as Colonel Balfour was so vigorous in his pursuits that he was sure, sooner or later, he (Brady) would be either captured or shot down, and also the party. They made up their minds to return to Launceston, seize a vessel, and escape from the colony.

How their gang became dispersed.—The late Thos. Johnson's statement. He says :—"I was stock-riding at this time for the late Mr. David Gibson, senr. (at Snake Banks), in company with Bill ——— in search of young cattle which had gone astray. When near the locality where Major M'Leod was erecting a flour mill—we were on the south side of the South Esk —we heard some heavy firing. We made our horses fast and crept through the scrub and ti-tree to the margin of the river, where we were able to see there were about 30 military and police pursuing the bush-rangers. The bushrangers seemed divided into three parties, five going up the hill straight, three bearing towards the right, and two keeping on the track along-

side of the river. It seemed a kind of running fighting, the bushrangers stopping at every advantage and firing. The bulk of the military appeared to follow the two men, who stood about 100 yards away from the mill, and discharged both barrels of their guns. They afterwards took to the river. The soldiers made a run and fired at the men in the water, and continued firing as they swam across the river. There was a very strong fresh in the river at the time, and the current set towards where we were lying. The men got out of the water within a few yards of us, one assisting the other. We then saw that one was Brady, as he wore the colonel's cap, and he was wounded. He was leaning upon the shoulder of the other man, who was Dunne. Our moving through the scrub attracted their attention, and they hailed us, demanding to know who we were. We informed them we were Mr. Gibson's stockriders. Dunne asked us to assist him to remove Brady, but we objected, telling them that they well knew any man, whether free or convict, if known to assist them would be flogged and sent to Macquarie Harbour. Brady spoke to us, and offered handsome presents. He offered me a gold watch, and appealed to my sympathies, and my companion, Bill, sympathised strongly, and said he would run the risk and lend his horse. Dunne asked us if we knew any of his countrymen in that locality. We told him there was an old Irish shepherd living with Mr. Nolan, and he desired us to convey them to his hut, which we did, Brady riding my horse and Bill scouting ahead. Brady was wounded in two places in the knee and ankle, the latter being the most severe." (This statement I have never published or spoken of, but as both parties are now dead I feel at liberty to give it publicity. I might mention that Bill reared a family most respectably, and one of his sons occupies a public and prominent position in our community. I suppress the name.)

On Saturday night, the 6th April, five men being starved out approached Roger Taylor's Wheat-sheaf

Inn at the Springs, near the Cocked Hat. These men were immediately arrested, there being a dozen muskets levelled at them. They were Brown, Code, M'Andrew, Legan, and Watson, On the following Sunday night two more were arrested at Mary Townsend's Bird-in-Hand Inn, Long Meadow (now King's Meadow). Their names were Sullivan and Fagan. The three men who were seen travelling to the right made their appearance at what is now called Breadalbane, knocking at the old public house called the Opossum. They demanded food and drink here, but imbibed a little too freely, and on Sunday morning, staggering to what was known at that period as the Cherry Tree Avenue, they laid down and fell asleep. A settler in the immediate neighbourhood named Duggan discovered them, and immediately rode into Launceston and gave information. Colonel Balfour and his officers being absent three gentlemen formed parties, namely—Messrs John Sinclair, T. B. Bartley, and Lieut. Kenworthy—and went out to Breadalbane, each taking separate routes. Sinclair's party came upon the sleeping men, and being six strong, three of the party crept softly up and then fired, while the other three poured in a second volley on the unfortunate bush-rangers. One of the men was Murphy, who spoke, saying, "Mother, mother, pray for me." Sinclair was in the act of placing his pistol to the youth's head, when one of the party said, "Spare him the few moments he has to live, so he can make his peace with his God." That man still lives. Murphy only lived a few seconds. The other men were riddled with bullets, and after the inquest held at the Opossum Inn, were buried close by. I might mention that the Governor rewarded the act of shooting sleeping men, by a presentation to Mr. Sinclair of a fine tract of land now known as Clairville, the property of Mrs. R. Cameron.

I omitted to mention how the boy Murphy came to join Brady's gang. At that period there was a small

settler and kangaroo-hunter named Clarke, residing at Peter's Pass, which was at that time an outlying locality. Murphy was staying there, and he recognised Brady as an old acquaintance, when he lived at Mr. Ransom's hotel, some twenty miles below. Gently calling his name at the fence a conference ensued. The boy told Brady it was well he had come no further, for that in the neighbouring hut there were several soldiers who had come in search of them. "But never mind," said he, "we'll best 'em. Wait a bit—they are tired and hungry ; I am getting their supper, so when they are feeding you rush them." "But the guns !" exclaimed the leader. "Oh ! they are all right, in the corner of the hut," replied the young fellow. "All you have to do is to come softly along when they are at supper, lay hold of the pieces, and then the work is done." It was dusk when the traitorous cook carried in the chops and tea. As soon as the military were busy in the first onslaught upon the dish, a rustling was heard at the door. They turned their heads, and the next moment every man was covered with a loaded musket. Resistance was vain. The men were tied, the house was robbed, and the bushrangers departed. Brady offered the lad a handsome present—the only favour he sought was admission into the gang. Murphy was not twenty years old when he met his death, the other two men were Bird and Lamb.

BRADY'S SURRENDER.

I forgot to mention how Brady's party, prior to its dispersion, was surprised during the erection of the Perth mill for Major M'Leod. A Mr. Ferguson, millwright, was employed in erecting the mill, and he lodged with Mr. Edward Dryden at the Plough Inn, Perth. When coming to his work on the Friday morning in descending the hill he noticed a man carrying a firelock pacing up and down. He, there-

fore, came to the conclusion that he was one of the bushrangers, and he immediately returned and gave information to the authorities, who raised all their force and volunteers, to the number of 30 men. The bushrangers had been drinking and carousing during the night, and were having their breakfast when they were surrounded, with the result already mentioned.

We now return to the fortunes of Brady and Dunne. The young stockdriver, Bill, after a considerable time, discovered "Old Mick," the shepherd, and told him his errand, but the old man said he would have nothing to do with the murdering scoundrels. He, however, followed Bill to where Brady and Dunne had sought shelter in the scrub, and addressed the bushrangers in the Irish tongue, which Dunne understood, being a native of Ireland. Dunne then turned to the two stockdrivers saying they were very much obliged to them for their assistance, and hoped they would not communicate to anyone that they had any intercourse with them The stockdrivers gave the desired promise, which was faithfully kept, for they well knew Macquarie Harbour awaited them if they committed themselves. Nor need my readers be surprised at the favourable opinion cherished for the wounded bushranger by his fellow felons. The bushranger was generally looked upon as a kind of martyr to convictism ; it was he who experienced the shame, the lash, the brutal taunt, from which they had suffered; it was he who rose against the prison despot and dreaded the consequence of the criminal law ; it was he who was the bold Robin Hood in the songs of the hut, and it was he who was now the unfortunate victim of legal oppression and military chase. Without denying the atrocities of his career, they would discover many extenuations for his crimes. His reckless daring would be their admiration, and the jovial freedom of his manner, the frank generosity, his jests and his sayings, were treasured up and roused and stirred up their sympathy. Even persons in better positions than these

men strongly sympathised with Brady. Governor Arthur being well aware what a talisman Brady's name was amongst the prison class was extremely anxious to secure the man to whom all fingers pointed as the right person to send in pursuit. That was John Batman, who was born in New South Wales, and came to this colony when quite a youth. He was a man of remarkably fine physique, standing over 6ft. in height, and capable of enduring any amount of bodily fatigue. He had often travelled between 70 and 80 miles a day through the bush, carrying a heavy knapsack, had captured several bushrangers, and had pursued the blacks when they had been guilty of depradations, gone into the midst of them and captured the desperadoes ; and he afterwards became the renowned founder of Port Philip colony. In reply to Arthur's solicitations he declined all military and police assistance. In the second week in April, in the year 1826, he left his Ben Lomond farm, in company with his black boy Joe, and explored the gullies of the Western Tiers, the supposed retreat of Brady.

Rising abruptly from the plain, the greenstone Dry's Bluff towers 4000 feet, and is the first of a series of elevations in one of the roughest districts in the world for a hundred miles. The hills are covered with enormous gum and stringy bark forests, and very unlike the open land of Victoria ; the ground is hidden by thickets of the prickly ti-tree, the mimosa, the rigid hakea, the sweet-scented musk, etc. The valleys are shaded with the pyramidal botanical beauty, the sassafras, the leafless she-oak, the cherry-tree, and the graceful acacia. The mountain sides are adorned with the rice-like flowers of the richea, or the more gorgeous and princely scarlet of the waratah. Occasionally the traveller thrusts aside the heartless scrub, and looks down upon a scene of such loveliness and sheltered beauty that he would fain believe he had been rubbing the magic lamp of Alladin There, free from tangled brush, a long narrow vale, watered by a sparkling

spring brook is studded with graceful fern trees, and looks like a vast enchanted temple, with festooned columns. Then, again, the adventurous rambler, after scrambling over basaltic boulders, along the ravine of a mountain torrent, reaches the summit of a huge precipice, over which the mad torrent leaps two hundred feet into the dark and boiling basin below. There, too, among these glooomy ranges, are limestone caves of wondrous extent and magnificence, with lofty halls and stalactite ornaments ; a fitting home for outlaws. It was amidst such scenes Batman sought for Brady. One day he spied a man limping along through the bush, with the aid of a cut sapling. He was evidently in great pain and bore a dejected careworn aspect. His restless and penetrating eye suddenly lighted upon his pursuer. In a moment all anguish was forgotten, as in a loud and decided tone the word "stand" was uttered, the faltering step was firm, and the old lion spirit was aroused. The gun was at his shoulder and his finger on the trigger. Before he could fire, however, he called out, "Are you a soldier officer?" Mr. Batman's frock coat and foraging cap gave him a military appearance, and Brady had an inextinguishable hatred to the red-coated enemy of bushrangers. "I'm no soldier, Brady," was the reply, "I am John Batman ; surrender for there is no chance for you." The bushranger thought for a while and then said, "You are right, Batman, my time is come. I will yield to you because you are a brave man. To no other man would I have surrendered." Mr. West in his "History of Tasmania" says Brady was run down by the military ; how he could commit such an error I am at a loss to know, as at the period of his writing there were many of both Batman's and Brady's contemporaries alive. Mr. Batman sent his boy Joe to the nearest cattle station requesting the loan of horses, which was immediately complied with. Brady was conducted to the Launceston Gaol by Anthony Cottrell, C.D. The news spread and a kind of triumphal procession was formed. Most

of the people pitied Brady's misfortunes while they rejoiced in his capture. For twenty-two months he had lived in the bush, and only one of his numerous companions now remained at large. When being removed from Launceston Gaol to be tried in Hobart Town in the brig "Prince Leopold" Brady saw in the hold of the vessel that wretch Jefferies. He turned to Mr. Theodore Bartley, who was Sheriff at the time, saying, "Spare me this great humiliation, for I, even Brady, cannot go to the gallows with that wretch, for if you put me down that hold I will certainly kill him." Mr. Bartley with his usual goodness of heart fully sympathised with Brady, and ordered him a bulk head to be built in the fore part of the ship. On arrival at Hobart Town, Brady was placed on his trial and he pleaded guilty to all his indictments. The court was crowded with sympathising ladies who wept at his recitals of his sufferings, and palliated the enormities of his crimes. His chivalrous behaviour to females won their esteem; gentleness to the weak, and the brilliant feats of his career, had excited their imagination with pleasure. He was pronounced guilty of being at large with arms. This was death by the law, but so strong an interest was produced by his story, that a reprieve would have doubtless followed conviction. But he was also proved guilty of murder. The only murder he actually did commit was the shooting of Pauley, his betrayer. It was Dunne who shot the puntman, Kenton, against the remonstrance of Brady. Petition followed petition for his deliverance from the halter. Settlers told of his forbearance, and ladies of his kindness. His cell was besieged with visitors, and his table was loaded with presents. Baskets of fruit, bouquets of flowers, and dishes of confectionery prepared by his fair admirers, were tendered in abundance to the gaoler for his distinguished captive. The last moment came. The dramatic scene was maintained to its close. Pinioned he stood on the scaffold before a dense crowd of spectators, who cheered him for his

courage or grieved bitterly for his fate. He bid a familiar adieu to the gentlemen about him, and he died more like a patient martyr than a felon murderer.

I could give many instances of Brady's generosity (if I can use such a term) for if ever solicited for any articles his companions had packed up he invariably returned them He never plundered but left that to his companions. There is one incident I must record. There was an old lady named C—— residing in the neighbourhood of Bothwell, and was known to possess a large bag of dollars, as she was afraid to trust a bank with her deposits. Brady on one or two occasions had visited her, trying to spring her plant, and ultimately the treachery of one of her servants betrayed her mistress's secret. Brady came a third time, and the good lady assailed him in the passage, giving him plenty of abuse for annoying her so often. "And sure," she said, "you wouldn't be after injuring your own countrywoman." (Herein she made a mistake, for Brady was no Irishman.) "Countrywoman or no countrywoman," said Brady, "just come off that little trap-door." The lady from the Green Isle of Beauty had artfully covered the entrance to her treasure chamber with her voluminous garments, but Brady soon unearthed the treasure. Brady was sent to Macquarie Harbour when he was living with Mr. Ransom, at the Royal Oak, at the Cross Marsh, for interfering with some constables when apprehending an absconder. He being an exceedingly powerful man knocked one of the constables down with his fist. Mrs. Ransom spoke of him with much esteem, and said he was a quiet, sober, industrious servant, and always anxious to please. His countenance was open, good tempered, but determined ; he was tall, robust, and handsome ; he was capable of the most withering sneer, or the most winning smile, and was formed by nature for the control of man and the conquest of women.

It now only remains to record the closing career of the last member of the once dreaded band, Dunne

whom we have lost sight of since he was succoured by Mr. David Gibson's shepherd at Snake Banks.

All that was diabolical, atrocious, hideous, and malignant in this Irish fiend soon developed itself when he lost the controlling and commanding authority of the master mind of Brady. The first robbery he committed after leaving Brady was from an old couple named Drummond, who kept the White Horse public-house, near Avoca. After cruelly ill-using them, he tied them and their man-servant, and then attempted to set fire to the premises. Fortunately for them there was a rescuer near at hand in Jno. Batman, who with his blacks was scouring the country in search of some aborigines who had been guilty of depredations. Dunne's career for some months was of the same dastardly character, robbing isolated persons, accompanied with violence, so much so that it roused the indignation of the bushmen and stock riders. Many narrow escapes from the rifle did Dunne experience, and feeling that his life hung upon a straw, he made for the interior and took up his quarters with the aborigines.

There dwelt a tribe in the heart of the island, sheltered by the Frenchman's Cap, near Lakes Crescent and Sorell. The valleys were watered by the rivers Shannon and Ouse, and their hunting grounds were extensive. Its ravines and dells were as they were left by the Almighty. Here dwelt the primitive man, and they were known to the whites as "The Big Tribe," on account of their stature, the males being mostly above 6ft. Among this tribe entered the white savage. His amorous disposition sought the favours of a good-looking gin, but all his advances were rejected by the black man's wife. He soon found means to remove the obstacle ; that means was the musket, for he shot her husband. The poor woman wept bitterly at the death of him whom she only knew, and refused to go away from the mutilated body. Dunne cut off his victim's head, drilled a hole through the nape of the neck, and suspended it by a cord round the neck of the

outraged wife. Then, drawing his knife, he drove her onward to his bush retreat, or more properly speaking to the den of a tiger. That woman, after making her escape from his clutches (her name was Walloa), became the "Joan of Arc" of her people, leading her warriors on to war. By her appeals and her courageous conduct in the field that peaceful tribe became the terror of that neighborhood and its surroundings. Even Mr. G. A. Robinson had a narrow escape of his life. For five days this woman pursued him, showing that she made war against the white race. Mr. Duterreau, an artist, residing in Hobart at this period, has left a portrait of her brother Manalogana, and anyone viewing that portrait would be struck with the manly proportions—but as I am not writing the life of the aborigines, I must refer my readers who wish for a more explicit account to "Bonwick's History of the Lost Race." Dunne, being pursued by both white and black, was rarely seen in the haunts of white men, but being driven from his ambush by hunger, he appeared on the Macquarie Plains, near the present township of Hamilton. He was closely pursued by civilians and constables, and attempted to conceal himself in a hay rick, but was discovered and taken to Hobart Town, where he was tried and found guilty. He appeared on the scaffold in a singular costume—a long white muslin robe, with a huge black cross marked thereon, before and behind ; his cap was of a similar character, and he walked with a rosary in his hand. The assumption of a devotional demeanour, the theatrical striking of his breast in mock humility, and his well-intoned ejaculations of "Lord deliver us," greatly moved the ignorant crowd of fellow felons before him. It is difficult to understand the morbid taste of some people. About one hundred of his co-religionists followed him to the grave, having previously presented him with an elegant cedar coffin.

Dunne was a native of County Clare and was what would now be termed a kind of huckster, attend-

ing fairs and dealing in cattle. He was of a gigantic size and enormous strength, and had the neck of a bullock. Mr. Dogherty, the "Jack Ketch" of the island, said it was the largest neck he had ever encircled with hemp. He had hardly arrived in the colony before he was sentenced to Notman's chain gang, and here he met his co-equal in strength and ferocity in the shape of Mr. Notman.

HENRY HUNT.

On account of his good conduct during the voyage, he was assigned to John Helder Wedge, of the survey party. His character stood so high that his master treated him with the utmost confidence. With a smiling face and quiet manner, there was nothing to indicate the blackguard, or predicate the bushranger. According to the testimony of his overseer, Connell, he was "the whitest man on the farm." Due for the indulgence of his ticket-of-leave, there was every incentive to good behaviour and expectation of honesty. But it is not very easy to overcome evil habits. Petty thievish propensities were his besetment. At different times, on surveying expeditions, some articles were sure to be lost. Persons at whose stations Mr. Wedge was surveying, occasionally complained of the departure of certain property. A basket of linen disappeared from one place, and a gun from another. The men's hut was searched, but in vain. A half-caste girl one day came into the kitchen for some grease. Being asked why she wanted it, she replied that it was for Holland's gun. Suspicion was aroused, as it was known that the man had no gun previously. The weapon was seized,

and proved to be the stolen one. Holland ultimately confessed he had bought it of Hunt. Both were tried in Launceston, and Hunt was sentenced to fourteen years' imprisonment. He was forwarded to Notman's road party, which was working on the road at Cocked Hat. It was not long before he made his escape to the bush. He determined to go the whole hog and become a bushranger. There was nothing daring or dashing in his character as an outlaw. It was his habit to rob out-of way places, such as stock-keepers huts and isolated homesteads.

In June, 1836, he approached the dwelling of a small settler on the Nile named James Kerr. It was at the close of the day, and Kerr was returning from his work. Kerr recognised him, and at once grappled with him. They rolled over and over in the mud, when the wife come to the rescue, but unable to distinguish her husband she called out, " which is you Jim." Satisfied with the identity she raised a musket with which she was armed, and brought down the butt end of it so heavily on the skull of the bushranger as to shiver the stock of the gun, and fracture the bushranger's skull. Kerr received £300 for the capture. Hunt was borne to the hospital at Launceston gaol, where he lived long enough to confess to the murder of Captain Ser eantson, on the 10th November, 1835. He said the captain recognised him when on the road to Campbell Town, and called out for him to surrender. Hunt told the captain to retire, and threatened him instant death if he did not leave, and on that gentleman advancing to ride the bushranger down, Hunt fired, and the brave old soldier fell dead. Captain Serjeantson served with Wellington in Portugal as an ensign in the 40th. He passed through all the engagements in the Peninsular war. He was at Waterloo in Picton's division, where he was wounded. It does seem a melancholy event that the brave old soldier should fall at the hands of a felon and miscreant like Hunt. The Imperial Government granted a full pension to Mrs. Serjeantson during

her lifetime. She arrived with her husband on the 3rd September, 1833, from the Cape of Good Hope.

CONVICT CONSTABLES.

The following is taken from the *Colonial Times* of December 22nd, 1835, to show the villainy practised by felon constabulary :—

"CONFESSION OF REARDON.—Wednesday morning, December 2nd, Constable Drinkwater (a convict constable) came to me, Daniel Reardon (also a convict constable), as I was standing at the police office door. He asked me if I would go with him. I said 'Where?' He answered, "To bring Lanky Taylor down on a charge of murder." I asked him what murder he had committed. He told me for shooting Captain Serjeantson, and added 'We shall get our free pardons for it.' I told him I was ordered to go to Ross by Mr. Gray. He said, 'I can get you off going there.' Accordingly he went to Mr. Gray and asked him if I (Reardon) could go with him, which Mr. Gray consented to. Drinkwater afterwards came to me, and said he had a scheme in his head by which we should get our liberty. I said 'What is that?' He said he would tell me as he went along the road, as he should have a better opportunity for talking. As we were going towards Mr. Willis' he said, 'Dan, if you will stick up for me, I will do the same for you, and we shall be sure to get our pardon.' He said, 'I was the first person that discovered a shot in Captain Serjeantson ; I lifted up the corner of his waistcoat and picked a piece of flesh off and squeezed it between my fingers, and a shot came from it. I was up at Mr. Willis' house this morning. I was talking to young Mr. Willis in his bedroom. I told him I was the first person who discovered a shot in Captain Serjeantson. Mr. Willis said that the shot found in him should be saved, and now our main point is, after we take Lanky Taylor in charge and bring him

to Campbell Town, I will get some small shot which will correspond with the shot that I have taken out of Captain Serjeantson. I know the sized shot I want, as I took particular notice of what I had taken out of the body.' I (Reardon) made answer, 'Let us see Lanky Taylor first, then we shall see what we can do.' Before we reached Lanky Taylor's hut he was in charge of two constables, Duxberry and Edmonds. He (Drinkwater) stepped on one side and said he had the main point—the shot was the main point, and using a vulgar oath, said he would stick to him. We then went to Lanky Taylor's hut, which was locked, and therefore did not go in ; we went into another hut (Inness'), about forty yards distant, and had a drink of water, and from there we returned to Campbell Town. All the way we went along, Drinkwater was very pressing in getting me (Reardon) to back his evidence ; but, of course, I made no promise, feeling at the same time much hurt at his supposing for a moment that I should be guilty of such fiendish intentions. After arriving in Campbell Town, Drinkwater said, 'Are you willing to back my evidence ? If we get some small shot and swear we found it in Lanky Taylor's hut, it is sure to hang him, and we shall get our liberty.' I (Reardon) told him it was a foolish thing altogether, as any person could see we had never been in the hut. He remarked it was no d——d odds, as Mr. Whitefoord would take his word for anything he said.' With that he wanted me to go into the constable's hut and get a shot belt which was hanging on a nail ; there was some small shot in it, which would answer our purpose. I told him I did not like it, as there were so many constables in the hut ; he then went himself, and when I found he could not be persuaded off, I went and told Mr. Hughes, the gaoler of this place, the whole circumstances, as the chief constable was away from home. Mr. Hughes immediately recommended me to keep in with him, as that would be the most likely way of finding out his real intentions, so as they might be

brought to a bearing. A few minutes afterwards I saw Drinkwater return from the constables hut ; he told me he could not get the shot belt without being seen, at the same time giving me a shilling to go to Mr. Emmett's store, to get two pounds of the smallest shot he had. I accordingly went ; while I was there he stood on the outside of the shop, and before I came out he had gone away with Mr. Emmett's female servant. I then went and took the shot to Mr. Hughes, and told him these are the shot I have just bought, and at the same time gave him a part of them ; the remainder I gave to Drinkwater, which he said were very much like the shot he had picked out of the body. Opposite the Caledonian Inn I assisted in putting the shot into a small bag. He said, 'D——n my eyes if we have not got our liberty now ; he can't get over us if you stick up for me.' With that he said 'Come along with me to Mr. Whitefoord, the Police Magistrate.' I did so. He sent the cook into Mr. Whitefoord to say Constable Drinkwater and Reardon wished to speak to him. Mr. Whitefoord came out. Drinkwater told him 'We had been after Lanky Taylor, and as two constables had previously taken him in charge, we did not think it necessary for us to come with him, so we thought it advisable to search his hut, and in searching his hut myself and Reardon found this bag of shot planted on the top of the wall plate, which corresponds with the shot I found in Captain Serjeantson's body.' He also said Lanky Taylor (the man's name was John Taylor) was sure to deny the shot, and of course it will tend to confirm the suspicion."

I give another instance of the rascality and risky conduct of convict constables :—"It became known that a disagreement or quarrel had taken place between Mr. W. Bryant and Governor Arthur and his satellites. Three convict constables, Gough and two others, concocted a most villainous scheme to swear away the life of Mr. R. Bryant, nephew of Mr. W. Bryant, who was a settler on the north side of the Island. These three

worthies, in passing his establishment, saw he had recently killed a beast. At night they stole the skin of the beast he had killed and replaced it with another hide. Although it was shown at the trial that the hide produced belonged to a heifer, and the beef that was seized was that of a steer, it went for nothing, he was found guilty and sentenced to death. A most influential and almost universal petition was presented to Governor Arthur, praying for his liberty and life, and the sentence of death was commuted to transportation for life. On the arrival of Sir John Franklin a further petition was got up and presented, giving the full particulars of the case. Franklin gave him a free pardon. But what was the result? The young man's life had been blasted by the perjury of convict constables, and those trebly-dyed felons were allowed to go unscathed.

BEAVEN, BRITTON, JEFKINS, AND BROWN.

Beaven was a native of New South Wales. His parents were industrious, small settlers residing on The Hunter, where he was apprehended and transported for life for horse-stealing, and sent to Van Diemen's Land. He absconded when working in what they called the Cataract Hill gang, quarrying the stones that built the wall around the Launceston gaol, and it was whilst so engaged that he made the acquaintance of Britton.

Britton was transported for life, with his companion Smith, for attempting to run a cargo of contraband goods at Lewes, in Sussex. During the affray with the coast guards at their capture one of the revenue officers got knocked overboard into the sea, and would have been drowned if it had not been for Britton, who, at the risk of his own life, saved the officer. For that act he got the sentence of death reprieved to penal servitude for life. I might mention that Smith, his companion, joined

the police, and was the man who was shot by Jefkins. Britton's first assignment was to Mr. Walker, of Vron (now Bishopsbourne), whom he threatened to shoot. His next assignment was to Mr. W. Barnes, brewer, Launceston. Britton was employed in bringing water from the Cataract, there being no water laid on at that time. After being at the brewery for a short time he was transferred to the farm at Trevallyn, occupied by Mr. Barnes. He was employed as a dairyman, but having no knowledge of cows gave great dissatisfaction to Mrs. Barnes. It was from here that he absconded. Beaven, after absconding, doubtless hid in the bush near Barnes', awaiting Britton, who, having escaped, joined Beaven, and they took to the bush.

Mr. Bartlett and his man at the Supply Mill were murdered by them. When Mr. Cathcart discovered the murdered men, he pulled across the river to Mr. Neale's farm. At that time there was a Mr. W. Wilson staying at the house ; he was a clerk in the Commissariat department, and Mr. Neale was the Government storekeeper at George Town, but occasionally resided at his farm at Mount Direction. Mr. Wilson and two assigned servants proffered to go to the mill and bring Mrs. Bartlett and her adopted child, named Brown, away, while Mr. Cathcart reported the matter to the police. Mrs. Bartlett's face was dreadfully bruised and battered, through a blow from the butt of a musket, but she survived. In re-crossing the river they saw a big mastiff dog, and one of the men recognising it as Beaven's, the animal was shot by Mr. Wilson. For that act Beaven swore he would have Wilson's life, and he had the audacity to post his threat in public places. Britton being a most expert swimmer, one of the means of misleading the police was for him to swim across the river and unmoor boats, and bring his companions across, and replace the boats in the same position again. The police would then hear of a robbery on one side of the river one day, and another on the other side the next ; they being completely mystified.

Beaven and his party then crossed the Tamar, and were for days watching Mount Direction. The Government cutter, Harriett, in which Mr. Wilson was in the habit of going from George Town to Launceston to receive the pay for the officials and military, was then making its usual trip, and it was known to the gang that he would have a large sum of money in his possession. Either way Mr. Wilson and party were in the habit of calling at Mr. Neale's farm, but for some reason on this occasion Mr. Wilson left the cutter and walked back to Mr. Neale's farm, recollecting that he had left some papers there. He left his gun in charge of the overseer, Osbourne, with strict injunctions for him to be careful and take care of it, as it was a valuable double-barrelled gun, and the gift of an esteemed friend. The bushrangers, who either watched or had communication with some parties, followed Mr. Wilson to George Town, where they robbed Mr. Thomas' public house, tying up the inmates. They then proceeded to the female factory, which took its name, factory, from the women at that period making coarse cloth and serge for the prisoners. There was no female house of correction in Launceston at that time, it being built in the year 1835. Here they shot the gatekeeper, who was an aged man, being over 60 years old, and had lost one eye in the service of his country. The most peculiar thing was that the ball, which killed him, entered his other eye. From here they took a woman ; and hearing that the Harriett had sailed that morning, they made their way back to Mr Neale's farm, fully expecting Mr. Wilson to be there. Osbourne intending to go to Launceston by the Harriett, had tied up his best clothes ; he went to look if the Harriett was coming through the reach, and in turning round to enter the house again he found himself in front of three gun barrels. The bushrangers demanded to know where Wilson was. Osbourne denied all knowledge of Mr. Wilson, and said he had not been there for days ; but in searching the house, between the blankets was found this identical double-barrelled gun. This so exasperated

Beaven that he gave the overseer ten minutes in which to say his prayers and make his peace with his Maker. They kept the unfortunate man two hours on his knees, while they had breakfast and regaled themselves. Osbourne, however, being a very considerate overseer with the Government men, they begged him off, the woman, who was in their company, also interceding. The bushrangers, therefore, took Osbourne's clothes and dressed the woman (Martha Slater) in them; they fitted her admirably, he being rather a small man. Osbourne was then liberated.

Their depredations on both sides of the Tamar were of frequent occurrence, so much so that the following notice appeared in the *Government Gazette*, May, 1832 :—

"Two hundred and fifty pounds reward and five hundred acres of land for the apprehension of Beaven, dead or alive. Two hundred pounds and five hundred acres of land for Britton. One hundred and fifty pounds and two hundred and fifty acres of land for Jefkins, or to any prisoner of the Crown free pardon, his passage paid to England, and two hundred pounds."

The result of that notice caused a prisoner named Chas Hall, who was in the chain gang at Constitutional Hill, to volunteer his services to secure or kill the gang, which was accepted. He joined the bushrangers on the 15th October, 1832. They then contemplated robbing Marr's public-house on the top of the Sandhill, and Britton and one of his mates went to reconnoitre, leaving Beaven and Hall on the road to watch the Westbury road. Standing close together Hall placed his piece close to Beaven's head and fired. The gun was placed in such a manner, and being so close to Beaven that Hall nearly blew the back part of his skull off, and Beaven in falling fell on his gun. The wadding from Hall's gun set fire to Beaven's clothes, which burnt a large hole in the stock of the gun. That gun was Mr. Wilson's, and is still in the possession of his son at Circular Head.

Beaven was a tall, powerful man, upwards of six feet, from 23 to 24 years old when shot.

One of the attempted robberies by Beaven on the Tamar was that of Danbury Park, then occupied by Mr. Jonathan Griffiths. He was on that occasion assisted by Chas. Williams. The pair smeared themselves over with black mud from the river, and thus disguised attacked the house, which was defended, with much courage, by a Mrs. Jane Hooper, from upstairs. Beaven was shot in the leg. *Mrs. Hooper afterwards recognised Williams in Launceston, and he was apprehended, convicted, and hanged for his share in the transaction.

A story is told of a very smart and intelligent member of the force, an ex-Bow-street runner, named Inksman, who was stationed at Launceston. Mr. I. boasted he could smell a thief a mile off, and would rather open the colonist's eyes. One day in taking a ride to Franklin Village he was met by Beaven, who commanded him to stand and deliver ; he took the poor man's boots, watch, and money, and then asked who he was. "Oh ! I'm Captain Thomas, manager of the Cressy Company," said Inksman. "Well, in that case" said Beaven, "You have plenty more horses, so I'll trouble you for this one," and our poor friend had to foot it bootless back to town.

BRITTON, JEFKINS, AND BROWN.

If ever there was railway speed put into a pair of human legs it was done by Chas. Hall on the evening of October 15th, 1832. He entered the watchhouse exhausted, to communicate the fact to the Chief District Constable, Mr. P. W. Walsh. I give the initials of the C.D.C., as the Port Officer and Harbour Master at that period was Mr. John Welsh. This gentleman was a shipmate and companion of Lieut. Flinders in the man-of-war Bridgewater (the particulars of shipwreck of that vessel will not require a recital from me.) The C.D.C. proceeded at once to the Sandhill with a staff of constables, and removed the body of Beaven to Marr's public

* Mrs. Jane Hooper was drowned in River Tamar, April, 1834.

house, and to make that act of Hall legal an inquest was held before Mr. W. Lyttleton, when seven true men were sworn in as jurymen, and returned a verdict of justifiable homicide. The fact being known that Beaven was shot did not require the use of any telephone to circulate the news. It reached Trevallyn that night, when G. Kyle, district constable, and a staff of constables, arrived there. The next morning the assigned servant, Brown, was not to be found. Hall having given information to the police that Brown was the party who supplied the bushrangers with information and material. Brown evidently joined Britton and Jefkins. The unfortunate woman that Beaven took from the factory at George Town was discovered in one of the ravines on Barnes' back run. Hall being acquainted with their haunts it became necessary for them to find fresh fields. Hall was a man of wiry, and exceedingly active frame ; he had a quick and nervous kind of movement, with a restless, suspicious sort of eye. He seemed always to be on the watch, expecting an attack. He was about 5ft. 9½in. high, and was all muscle and sinew, never putting on any flesh. He received the reward promised by Government for the death of Beaven, and also an appointment as messenger or porter in the sheriff's office, which position he occupied to the year 1853, when he left the colony, taking with him a substantial draft. The gang were not heard of for several weeks, and it was generally believed they had succeeded in escaping from the colony. Their first appearance after the death of Beaven was on April 18th, 1833, according to the police report, when they were at Lucas' public-house at the Cocked Hat, on the main road, where they drank liquor but paid for it with money they took from a sheriff's officer named Harris, having wounded him with a bayonet. It is my intention to cull the police report, as there is an impression that the bushrangers robbed Mr. Lamont, but there is no record of such having taken place :—"May 16th, 1833—Britton, Jefkins, and Brown visited some sawyers' huts at the back

of Kerry Lodge; they merely stayed and had something to eat, but did not rob them. October 3rd—They robbed Mr. Thorn, on the Tamar, of £40 and wearing apparel, taking with them tea, flour, and sugar." On the following Friday they robbed Mr. Waddingham's public-house, which was situated a mile from the late Mr. Pitcher's, taking nearly every movable article and upwards of £40 in money.

The following comment appeared in the *Launceston Advertiser*, of October 10th, 1833:—"When—when will schemes be devised to catch hold of Britton and his comrades? It is perfectly disreputable that this notorious fellow should have so long evaded the grasp of justice. If the means used to arrest him have hitherto been insufficient, they should be increased, and increased till they become sufficient; never mind that he is but one man, send five hundred after him if four hundred and ninety-nine cannot secure him."

The police reports continue:—"On October 18th, they visited the residence of Lieutenant Vaughan, tied the men servants up in the hut, and went to the front of the house, thrusting two guns through the window where the family were sitting at tea; they demanded admittance which demand was complied with to save bloodshed. They were supplied with a meal; they searched the house and discovered some valuable moveables, including watches and jewelry, taking with them also a large portion of provisions. They offered no insults towards the females of the house. On the 24th they robbed the residence of Mr. Thomas Henty, of Landfall, the residence being left in charge of an old and trusty servant recently arrived from England. They gained admittance by asking the way to Lieutenant Friend's, who resided where Mrs. Grubb now lives; the old man answering the door, they forced their passage into the house. They regaled themselves with some of Mr. Henty's wine, taking away two guns and ammunition, and £5 in money belonging to the old servant. On November 28th the public-house of Mr. Waddingham was again visited by

them about 7 o'clock in the evening. They secured the inmates and rifled the place. They remained until 11 o'clock, carrying away half a chest of tea, some sugar, rum, and brandy, and a few pounds in cash. Britton told Mr. W. that they would not have visited him a second time had he not made so much of it in the newspapers. Immediately on leaving Mr. W.'s house a report of a gun was heard, when one of the party returned and informed Mr. W. that he had shot a constable named Lawrence, and desired that he, Mr. W., should report their visit to Mr. Lyttleton in the morning, and to say that Jefkins had done it, as he was the person who fired the shot. The constable was returning from the westward in company with another man, and finding themselves benighted, were making their way to Waddingham's public-house. Approaching it they met the three bushrangers, two of them carrying goods and Jefkins preceding them. Jefkins immediateiy advanced towards them, and recognising Lawrence, called on him to give up his musket, and kneel and say his prayers, as he had very few moments to live. In spite of all the poor fellow's entreaties the villain placed a pistol to his head and fired. The ball, fortunately, did not take a fatal direction, It entered on one side of the face, just above the upper lip, passed through the nose and along the jaw-bone, and lodged under the ear. The ball was extracted by Dr. Garrett, and the constable ultimately recovered."

Great complaints were made by the various stockholders in the Westbury district of the depredations supposed to have been committed by Britton, and another daring outrage was committed on December 15th, at George Town, when these bushrangers knocked at the door of Mr. Thomas' public house, the George Inn, and represented themselves as constables in search of themselves. Mr. Thomas had no suspicion, as they had forage caps and knapsacks on their backs, and Brown was the spokesman. However, they soon revealed their true characters, and bound the hands of Mr. Thomas, his

man servant, and also the woman servant, they then ordered supper, and had several pots of beer. On searching the house they found £14 in a drawer, £6 of which they returned to Mrs. Thomas on her solicitation, also Mr. T.'s watch and sextant, on his saying that he would be going to sea again. They took with them six bottles of rum, 40lbs. of sugar, and a telescope. They behaved with forbearance and civility, but told Mr. Thomas if he made much of it they would again visit him. They carried away about two hundredweight of goods.

On January 1st, 1834, they visited the house of Mr. Coulson, on the River Tamar. They gained admittance by calling Mr. C. and demanding refreshments. Ignorant of the nature of their visit and character, he opened his bedroom window, and they said if they were not admitted immediately, they would murder him and burn his house down. Mr. C. thought it best to acquiese. They then plundered him of several valuable articles. Mr. C. reasoned with the desperadoes, and begged of them to give up their unlawful practices. They replied that they had stepped too deep into the matter. They compelled Mr. C. to drink with them, and shaking hands they returned him his watch and other valuable articles, which he set great store by, and saying when parting that they would never trouble him again, as they intended leaving the country at the first opportunity. On January 20th, 1834, they were again at George Town, robbing the private residence of Mr. Neale of a considerable amount of property. On January 23rd they visited the hut of an industrious man named Thomas Phillips, who was employed by Mr. Theodore Bartley. They made the man give them tea, bread and butter, which they partook of freely, and carried with them one pound of tea, six of sugar, 20 of flour, a pair of duelling pistols, and a single-barrel gun.

On January 30th, 1834, the following notice appeared in the *Government Gazette*:—

"Two hundred pounds for the capture of Britton, two hundred for Jefkins, and one hundred for Brown, and, if by a

prisoner of the Crown, a free pardon in addition, and thirty pounds to carry him home if he wished."

On February 27th, a further notice appeared in the *Gazette* as follows :—

"One thousand acres of land will be given for the capture of Britton and his accomplices, in addition to the rewards already offered."

On March 6th these bushrangers were at Mr. Field's run on the Liffey. There were about ten men in the hut, which they secured by sending one out at a time and tying them. They then satisfied their appetite, and remained until 12 o'clock at night. Britton told the overseer he would not have visited them had not the overseer, Stevens, made so much about their previous visit. They took Stevens' watch ; Brown taking also a hat from Mr. Stevens, and Jefkins a pair of boots from one of the men, giving in return a pair worn out. They also took a quantity of beef. On June 11th they visited Mr. Beckford at Pleasant Hills, on the Tamar. They used no violence, but took tea, sugar, and flour, and left about 2 o'clock in the morning. On July 17th it was currently reported in Launceston that the bushrangers had made their escape in a cutter called the Fox, from Sandy Bay, Hobart. True, the Fox had been seized and taken away, but not by Britton and party, for they again made their appearance on September 3rd, at Mr. M'Gowan's residence, Distillery, Killifaddy, where they tied up all the inmates except Mr. and Mrs. M'Gowan. After regaling themselves and rifling the house of property of considerable value, they left about 11 o'clock. A few days after a boat was taken from Mr. Wilmore, who lived on the west bank of the Tamar. It was evident the gang had been sorely pressed by the police and military, as the boat was discovered by Mr. Coulson hauled up in a small creek ; some bedding, two guns, and some provisions had been left in the boat by Britton and his party.

On October 9th, Britton and his party made their appearance at Mr. Leache's farm at West Tamar, and

made a considerable stay at one of the huts, partaking of a hearty meal, after which they leisurely walked away. On this day a very heavy snowstorm fell in Launceston and its neighbourhood, and in some places to the west it was three to four feet deep. On October 16th they visited Mr. Thom, on the Tamar, about six p.m., and stayed until midnight, taking jewelry, etc., of considerable value, and also stores. On November 27th they were at Mr. Manley's, on Patterson's Plains road ; they took property of considerable value, also wearing apparel, and one cwt. flour.

I might mention that Chief District Constable Cottrell during the years 1833 and 1834, was exceedingly active, having arrested Buchanan and party. These were the men who robbed Archdeacon Browne, of Bifrons, also Dr. De Dassel, who resided in George-street, Launceston, where Mr. Walter Westbrook now lives. At the latter end of 1834 he arrested Radcliffe and party in the immediate neighbourhood of Corra Linn, after robbing Mr. Rose.

BRITTON AND PARTY AND THE GEORGETOWN POLICE.

Respecting the engagement between the bushrangers and the police at Georgetown, I will give, as far as I am able, the words of worthy pilot Cordell :—" It was New Year's morning, 1835, a little after 4 a.m ; there was a slight haze on the river, but the sun soon rose in all its brilliancy and dispelled the mist, and the ocean shone like a mirror ; there was not a ripple on the water, and all was calm and serene in the softness of the early year. The air was sweet with the aroma of heather and wild flowers, the sky shedding a balmy repose ; such a morning as is only to be found in Tasmania. There was something so delicious about it that my thoughts were softened and charmed as I raised my glass and scanned the horizon. On the western

beach there stood a solitary figure of a man who seemed to be contemplating the delights of this peaceful morning. In a few minutes he was joined by two other men, when they all three stood and seemed to be watching or looking for some craft to be coming down the river. After standing for some fifteen minutes, or so, they retired into the scrub, and I put it down in my mind that they were some excursionists or hunting party. At 10 a.m., being in company with my brother pilot, Ward, the same three figures were on the beach, still standing and gazing, when I thought they seemed to have fowling pieces in their hands, by the way they handled them. I handed my glass to Ward, and he also came to the conclusion that they were muskets. We discussed the matter over, and decided that they were either constables or bushrangers, and as Ward was going to George Town we should report the matter to the police."

The following is the statement of Constable William Creig :—" From the information we received from Pilot Cordell, myself, Berbrage, and Smith, and Chief District Constable Freestone proceeded to Kelso Bay, calling in at Manifold's, to enquire if they had seen any bushrangers or hunting party, but we received no information, so we proceeded to the western beach, where we found the remains of a fire, and evidently a party had camped two or three days. We proceeded on, and in crossing Badger Head we fell in with Manifold's shepherd, Tom Cox. He reported that at midday he had seen three men with heavy knapsacks and with firearms, crossing the Badger. Mr. Freestone thought it was as well for us to camp where we were and start at early morn if we could pick up their tracks, which we did. On the beach I found the footprints of the three men. I returned to the camp and reported that I thought they could not be far away from us. As soon as we finished our breakfast we divided our party into two—Smith and I taking the beach—Mr. Freestone and Berbrage going inland. Proceeding along the beach we found the footprints turned a little in towards the boobyallas. We were just on the

point of entering when we were challenged by Britton, who stepped out about 60 yards from us, saying to Smith (who was a shipmate of Britton), 'You ——— dog, it is you and me for it,' and commenced firing. It was a kind of duel. We had fired several rounds when we were joined by Freestone and Berbrage, when Britton seemed to drop on one leg, or kneel, as though to protect himself with a small shrub. Smith proposed to advance, but Mr. Freestone objected, as he thought it was an unnecessary exposure of his life. In passing through the scrub Mr. Freestone knocked the flint out of his fowling-piece, and Berbrage had fallen coming through the scrub, and had either sprained or broken his wrist, and Mr. Freestone thought it better to get a reinforcement and pursue them the next day. The following constables were told off early next morning for that duty :—James Smith, James Buckley, John Harris, Frederick Carmen, Henry Chalker, William Bermingham, Richard Berbrage, and Thomas Walker."

The sworn evidence of Thomas Rodgers, before P. A. Mulgrave, Esq., coroner, on February 5th, 1835 :— Thomas Rodgers, being sworn, said :—"Brown and Jefkins came to the hut at Port Sorell, where I was employed as lime-burner, on Sunday, February 1st, in a very bad state as to clothing. They had no shoes, but had pieces of blanket and leather tied about their feet. Brown had a grey jacket drawn on instead of trousers, and Jefkins had blankets sewn up around him. They had each a ragged shirt, and no other clothing. They appeared weak and scarcely able to stand. They were both armed with double-barrel guns. They tied me with another man. An old man who was in the hut they did not tie. They ordered him to get them something to eat. They said they had had nothing to eat for five days but a parrot and a cockatoo, and were three days without water. They remained all night, and kept us tied. One kept watch while the other slept. They ate a great deal during the night ; their stomachs would not retain the food ; they were so weak that they frequently

went out to vomit. Next morning they got up before daybreak, and ordered the old man to bake a damper. They told us they were going to the bark chopper's hut, about a mile from our hut. They marched us up to the place where the barkers lived. Brown went up, Jefkins followed. Brown asked the man at the hut where his comrades were, and as we were turning round we saw three constables coming over the hill at a short distance. Brown ran towards them, immediately levelled his piece, and fired. I saw a man fall. He then fired the other barrel. Directly afterwards I saw a gun fired by one of the constables, and Brown fell. Jefkins ran up, and said 'Get up, you cowardly ——, and come on.' Brown said he could not. Jefkins rested his gun against a tree and fired. He cried to the party to 'Come on, there is enough of you to eat me.' He presented his gun and fired a second time. I saw him soon after fall. After hearing a gun fired from the constables, I did not hear anything pass between the constables and Brown. Before the firing I heard something said by the constables when Jefkins was behind the tree, but I did not know what it was. After the firing I went up to the constables and found the one who was shot, named Smith, still living, but he died soon afterwards. Jefkins died after the constable; they were both shot through the head. Brown was wounded in the body, and his left arm crushed with a shot. I called out to the constables when Jefkins fell that there were no more bushrangers. I knew two of the constables; there were nine altogether in the party; six came up after the skirmish. Brown and Jefkins took clothes from us on Sunday; they did not say anything but took the clothes from a box in the hut."

The next witness examined was a comrade of Rodgers, living in the same hut, but his evidence was only confirmatory of that of the preceding witness.

William Seccombe, colonial surgeon, proved that they came to their death by gun wounds.

The jury returned a verdict of murder against Brown and Jefkins, and justifiable homicide in the case of their

death. This affray took place where the township of Moriarity is laid out. The two dead bodies and Brown were then brought to George Town.

Brown's dying statement, taken before Dr. Smith, Freestone, the district constable, and Mr. W. Wilson, who was then acting in the capacity of schoolmaster at George Town, was as follows :—"In crossing the harbour of Port Sorell we constructed a catamaran, two weeks since. We lost our knapsacks, firearms, and provisions. Britton became very ill in consequence of a wound he received in the first affray with the constables. The fever seemed to settle in his leg, which swelled to an immense size. He was unable to walk ; we removed him to the bush, and he begged of us to go in search of some food, which was the cause of us leaving him. Our intention in going to Port Sorell was to seize a small craft called the William and Anne, which was employed in conveying lime from Port Sorell to George Town, and not wishing to attract the attention of the bark-strippers and lime-burners was the reason of our attempting to cross at the head of Port Sorell. We were towing the catamaran when she sank with all our clothes and food, and it was with great difficulty we saved our guns and a little powder, which was done by Jefkins diving. I do not believe Britton can be alive from the low state we left him in."

The following advertisement appeared in the *Cornwall Chronicle*, of February 5th, 1835 :—

"The funeral of the deceased constable, Thomas Smith, who fell at the capture of the bushrangers, Jefkins and Brown, taking place this day, at two o'clock p.m.; such of the inhabitants of the town as feel desirous of marking their regret for the death of an active and zealous member of the police, in so meritorious a service, are requested to give their attendance. The funeral will start from the watchhouse. J. FAIRWEATHER, Commandant."

This was responded to by all the principal inhabitants. The police magistrate, Colonel Anderson, the commandant, and Rev. Dr. Brown, preceded the hearse, which was followed by the civil and military officers and

all the principal inhabitants of the town, the whole of the police force and military garrison. The editor of the *Chronicle* winds up his article with these comments—"The attention paid by our townspeople in the exercise of these last sad duties is commendable." Dr. Smith, who organised a party to go in search of Britton, reported that the track of a naked foot had been traced down the eastern bank of the river Mersey, the left foot having the appearance of being bandaged up in some covering, the right foot being perfect.

The following is an extract from the *Launceston Advertiser*, of February 26th, 1835 :—

"We have, with much regret, to report the suicide of a constable named Shaw, which occurred last Sunday afternoon. Deceased was a very active constable, and had been long employed in the bush in quest of the bushrangers. After the capture of Jefkins snd Brown, at which he was not present, he was sent after Britton, and coming into town on Saturday when the rewards which Government had given to the captors were first made known in the *Gazette*, he took it so much to heart at not sharing in them that he shot himself in the stomach and died instantly. Shaw was a prisoner, and had ever displayed great zeal for the capture of the bushrangers under the influence of the handsome rewards and the pardons held out by Government."

It was generally believed that the bones of Britton were discovered on the Leven beach, but I am fully under the impression that that cannot be, considering the weak and exhausted state of the man when left by Brown. Some years after a pannikin was found in a small clear spot surrounded by boobyallas, now known as the Pardoe beach, just such a place as his companions would have left him in. He would have had three rivers to cross, and some 20 miles to travel to get to the Leven, and from the account given by Brown, erysipelas had evidently set in the leg, and I believe that the unfortunate man must have perished soon after he was left.

JEFFRIES THE MONSTER.

This inhuman wretch was a sailor, and was notorious for his vile blackguardism. He was committed to prison at Edinburgh, but received a commutation of his sentence by proffering his service as "Jack Ketch." The first man on whom he made his experimental trial was Johnson, a kind of Dick Turpin of the north. The rope broke, and Johnson coming to consciousness, cooly asked for a drink of water, saying, "Surely, as I have been hung I will not be hung again." The mob of modern Athens rushed the gaol and carried the victim away, but the police succeeded in arresting the highwayman, and gave him another interview with Jeffries and the rope. Not long after this the hangman appeared in Van Diemen's Land, where he proffered his services as a flogger and hangman. His services were accepted, and he was forwarded to Launceston, where he was quartered at the watch-house, which stood where St. Andrew's Church now stands. At that period there was a poor eccentric character in Launceston known as "Cranky Cooper." One day he was taken to the watch-house for being drunk, and Jeffries, to gratify his fiendish disposition, wrapped the poor fellows feet and legs in rags soaked in fat, and then placed the insensible man in some hot ashes, until his toes were consumed. The discovery of this barbarous act caused his retreat to the bush, and he became a terror to the settlers in the north. His atrocities were fearfully horrible. He confessed to five murders, and acknowledged he had no object, either fear, revenge, or avarice, to prompt the horrible deeds. One of his victims was his companion, whom he slew and then devoured. The crime he suffered for was the murder of an infant. He came upon a lonely hut in the bush when the husband was absent. He outraged the

wife and the child cried. He told the woman to follow him, her tears being of no avail with so hardened a being. With her infant at her breast she followed him with faltering steps, and in an agony of grief. Jeffries told her to move quicker or he would throttle her. She thought to appease him by stating she was a young mother, and pleaded her weak state and the weight of the child. The demon turned round with an awful curse, snatched the baby from her breast, and dashed its brains out against a tree. To the credit of the town of Launceston be it said, when this monstrous act was made known, there was almost a universal exodus to go in search of the desperado.

The Government offered to prisoners of the Crown freedom and a reward for his capture. One of the search parties consisted of Puckridge, Pyles, and Stephens. I will give it as nearly as possible in the words of that good old man, Puckridge—"We had been out three weeks, walking through scrub, over mountain and dale, when we came to a small patch of open land one Sunday morning. Just as the sun rose at the extreme end I saw a curling smoke rising out of the scrub. I said to my mates 'you may depend upon it that is Jeffries' fire, stay where you are and I will work my way snake-like on my stomach to the fire.' When I arrived there I saw my gentlemen on his knees blowing the embers. I made a spring and seized him (I was not stout then as now). Here my tactics as a member of ex-P.R. was of valuable service to me. I gave what is called a cross-buttock—I threw him, sitting on his chest—I called for my mates. He made desperate struggles to get his knife, but we bound him with ropes and brought him to town. He was obliged to be guarded by soldiers when a young woman amongst the crowd caught sight of those hated features, but too well-known, she uttered a yelling scream, 'My child, my child,' and sprang upon the man, and would have torn him to pieces, if it had not been for the soldiers. She was the mother of the murdered infant."

I cannot close this account without paying a just tribute to the old man Puckridge He lived for many years in Charles-street, where Mr. Stearnes' premises now are, following his business as watchmaker, highly respected by his neighbours. One of his peculiar features and traits of kindness was to purchase a certain amount of lolly-pops or sweets on the Saturday, doing them up in small parcels, and distributing them to the children that arrived early at Sunday school No old hand who became sick or met with an accident but were relieved by Puckridge and nursed. He gave his two mates the credit of the capture, as they were lifers.

WARD, NEWMAN, BUCHAN, AND DAWSON.

These men absconded from Mr. Notman's road party, under circumstances well-known to the community. That circumstance was the brutal exhibition of flogging, which took place at the Cocked Hat, when 3,300 lashes were administered one morning by the order of Stewart and Kenworthy.

On December 20th, 1833 a robbery was committed upon a small storekeeper at the corner of Frankland-street and Wellington Road. It took place at 6 o' clock in the evening, being bold and daring. They took away goods to the amount of £10. They tied the storekeeper and his wife, also a customer that came in ; they did no bodily injury.

The same evening, about 9 o'clock, the premises of the Rev. Dr. Browne were visited by armed bushrangers. Dr. Browne was sitting with Mrs. Browne, who had been confined only a few hours before, when a gentle tap was heard at the front door of the house, which was immedi-

ately opened by a younger brother of the doctor. The man presented firearms to his breast, and he was subsequently marched into a room and tied. Dr. B. hearing his name mentioned by a strange voice, and supposing he was required, left the bedside of Mrs. Browne, intending to proceed to the hall, but was met in the doorway by two men who presented their muskets, and required him to stand. The doctor, with great presence of mind, informed them of the illness of Mrs. B., and begged them to be quiet in their plundering. This they promised, and during the whole time of their stay conducted themselves with much greater propriety than we should have given the villians credit for. They were so quiet, indeed, that a lady, sister of Mrs. Browne, who had retired to rest, unwell, was not aware of the robbery until next morning, though the robbers, accompanied by Dr. Browne passed and re-passed her chamber door. Indeed, to prevent unnecessary noise they walked tip-toe. They obliged the doctor to go through the house with them ; and, upon his assurance that he would open all the places they wished to search with keys, did not attempt to break a lock, and in many instances took his word as to the absence of valuables, of which alone they seemed desirous to possess themselves, refusing tea, sugar, flour, and the like, and removing only two bottles of wine and one of spirits, though they had access to a great quantity of both. They expressed themselves much disappointed in the amount of moveable property found in the house, and frequently apologised for having come so soon after Mrs. Browne's confinement, and assured the doctor had they known they would have deferred their visit until a future evening. The amount of property taken amounted to about the value of £4, besides which twenty or thirty shillings in money were taken off.

The Rev. Dr. Browne took the opportunity of reasoning with them on the dangerous course they were pursuing, and advised them to leave their illegal practices, assuring them of his willingness to assist them in so desirable a reformation. To this end the rev.

gentleman advised them)they having expressed a desire to come in from the bush—but doubted the success of an application to the local government for forgiveness on giving themselves up), to communicate with the Lieutenant-Governor by letter, and offered to become the medium of such communication if they would put confidence in him, which was necessary. They promised to deliver such a letter at his house within a certa in time; but this never came to the doctor's hand, and he naturally enough concluded they had determined not to place confidence in him.

It appears, however, they did write, and that Buchan was the bearer of their communication to town. This man entered Launceston unarmed, with the intention of leaving the letter at the premises of Dr. B., as agreed; but on passing up Brisbane-street, seeing a party of constables before him, he left the letter near the Assistant-Treasurer's, and returned to his comrades.

By appointment made in that letter they waited for Dr. B. several nights; the letter having never been seen by the rev. gentlemen the men were disappointed. Another letter was forwarded, but never reached Dr. Browne, and for two hours, on an appointed night, these men waited at the foot of the new bridge over the North Esk, and were again disappointed.

January 19th, 1834, six men, well armed, visited the house of Dr. de Dassel (where Mr. W. H. Westbrook now resides), and after ransacking throughout, carried off property to the amount of about £300. Their conduct to the inmates was brutal in the extreme. One of the villians twice attempted to discharge a pistol at the doctor, and another threatened to strangle his lady, placing a handkerchief round her neck for that purpose, during an hysterical fit into which she had fallen. In proceeding up the hill, after leaving the house, they were seen by a constable who lived a short distance from the doctor, who recognised them, and sent a woman to the police office for assistance. He fellowed them and entered into conversation, hoping thereby to detain them,

but they soon ordered him to desist, threatening his life if he refused to comply. Several parties were soon in pursuit, but they did not succeed in gaining any traces of them. There is little doubt they deposited their booty with some persons in the town, who were in the habit of harbouring them.

Two of the same party, the next morning called at the "Rob Roy" public-house, at the Springs, kept by a man named Gurney. They represented themselves as settlers from Ben Lomond, ordered breakfast, of which they partook ; on leaving said they would return in the evening on their way home. Accordingly they returned, and ordered beds. During the evening a knock at the door was answered by the landlord, when two men from without presented firearms, and ordered him to stand. On looking round he found one of the strangers who were with him in the morning standing behind him with a pistol presented at his (Guerney's) head. The four men, supposed to be Ward, Newman, Lindsay, and Buchan, then proceeded to tie the inmates of the house ; and, after remaining about two hours, decamped, taking with them tea, sugar, tobacco, flour, bread, and some money, amounting to £27. The robbery was soon after they left reported to District-constable Murray, who went in pursuit of the thieves, but without success.

The depredators W. Ward, S. Newman, John Buchan, and Thomas Dawson were captured on Wednesday, June 29th, 1834, at the "Wool Pack," kept by Mr. John Connell, at Jacob's Sugar Loaf, near the township of Auburn. After the robbery at Dr. de Dassel's, they found the parties who went in pursuit from the town so close upon them that they resolved to go further into the interior, and by a circuitous route gained the Wool Pack Inn on the afternoon of January 22nd. They there represented themselves to be a party of constables from Hobart Town, having taken the precaution to conceal a great part of their arms before arriving at the house, and obtained refreshments accordingly. During the evening, an old man, employed

by Connell as a labourer, during conversation, made some enquiries respecting the Chief Constable of Hobart Town, whom he knew, and found they knew nothing about him. This roused his suspicions, and Connell gave notice to Dixon, a constable in the neighbourhood, who, with a small party of volunteers, rushed upon them in the room. A desperate struggle ensued, but they were captured and conveyed to the Police Magistrate at Campbell Town.

When the party first absconded they made for the East Coast, and the privations they underwent in passing through the unlocated country was immense. They had two kangaroo dogs when they left, but for three weeks saw not a single head of game of any description. The poor dogs they managed to keep alive for a time by feeding them upon the skins of which their knapsacks were made, but were at last under the necessity of killing them to appease the cravings of their own hunger, and upon these animals they lived some days. The last three days before reaching the coast they lived upon one pint of roasted corn, the remainder of the provision they took with them on setting out. They were no better off on reaching the sea shore ; not a shell fish of any description was to be found, and they must have perished but for meeting a party of sealers, who gave them a meal, and took them round in their boats to near the Heads, at George Town.

From this they commenced their depredations, successfully robbing Mr. Thomas, at George Town, Mr. Weavers, a shopkeeper at entrance of Launceston, from the Hobart Town road, Dr. Browne, Mr. Britton Jones, of Franklin Village, and Dr. de Dassell, besides various huts.

On March 10th the last awful sentence was executed upon these men, at the gaol in Launceston. Buchan received a respite on Sunday night in consequence of the warrant sent over on Thursday, being in the name of James Buchanan Buchan, his name being John Buchanan Buchan.

Owing to the drop giving way they were not executed until an hour later, which time they spent in devotion. Newman knelt in front of the scaffold and offered up as fervent and heart-breaking a prayer as could ever have been uttered.

JEFFS AND CONWAY.

It is extremely painful and sad to trace the career of these two misguided youths. Conway was in his 23rd year, and Jeffs in his 21st, when they were executed. Conway's father was a master-tailor in the city of Westminster ; his son was taught the same trade, but he was in the habit of attending dancing saloons and low concert rooms, where he fell into evil ways.

Jeffs case is more melancholy still. His father was a Baptist pastor in Sutton, Berkshire, and his mother was granddaughter of Carey, the first missionary to India. (The perusal of Carey's life and labours will well repay any reader.) Jeffs was sent to the Grammar School of Reading, from which he absconded and obtained employment as groom or stable-boy at a roadside Inn in the suburbs of London, on the north side. There he acquired the habit of drinking and gambling, which eventually led him to be sent to this colony. They both absconded from a road party, and committed several minor depredations prior to shooting William Ward, the District-constable of Avoca.

On the 2nd May they appeared at Clifton Lodge, the residence of Mr. Gilligan. (I might mention that Mr. G. was a passenger on board the Porpoise, from Norfolk Island, when the vessel struck upon a rock in Whirlpool Reach, which incident gave the rock that name.) Mr. Ward, District-constable, was taking tea with the old couple. The version given by Sarah Versoll is as follows :—" I heard a knock at the kitchen door ; upon opening it Jeffs presented a gun at me, asking how many there were in the kitchen, I told him only me and my fellow servant. Conway at the same moment marched

four men into the kitchen with their hands bound. I told Jeffs my master, mistress, and a gentleman were at tea. He ordered me to proceed to the parlor. On entering Jeffs presented his piece, and said he would shoot the first that attempted to move. Mr. Ward immediately rose, being nearest to the door, and grappled with Jeffs. They struggled with one another from the parlor to the kitchen. My master went to Ward's assistance, but I prevented him, as the old gentleman was aged and infirm I heard a shot fired, and I went into the kitchen immediately.

Conway was standing beside the bench; he lifted up Ward and knocked the fire off his coat, but made no remark. My master came running into the kitchen, going to Ward's assistance, when Conway bid him stand back, or he would shoot him. I heard Mr. Gillighan say it was a great pity, as Ward had a large family. Jeffs was very angry; he stamped his foot and said if he had £1000 he would sooner give it than the sad event should have happened." This evidence is confirmed by other witnesses.

John Phillips said:—"When Jeffs and Ward were struggling on the floor Jeffs called out to Ward to loose his hold of him and let him go, when Conway stepped forward and shot the latter Before firing he called out to Jeffs, 'Where are you?' but no reply was given. Upon hearing the report Mrs. Gillighan came into the kitchen in great agitation, and exclaimed, 'Oh! my God; what a family the poor man has left behind him.' Jeffs seemed very angry; said he would not have had it happen for any consideration, and said to Conway, 'There was no occasion to have fired, as I could have secured him.'"

Two days afterwards they robbed Mr. Massey's, compelling the housekeeper to go through the house with them whilst they plundered.

There is rather an amusing circumstance connected with this robbery. The old gentlemen hearing of the bushrangers, and having £30 in notes on his person, thought he would place them inside some newspapers on

the sideboard, and taking a seat while awaiting their interview. As the bushrangers were departing Conway said "We may as well take those newspapers, it will be something for us to read," and so the old gentleman lost his £30.

They robbed the premises of Mr. Holdman, at Plaxton, on the 6th, and Mr. Williams, at Lagoon Farm, on the 17th May. On leaving Mr. Williams' farm, Jeffs met with an accident, when climbing over a log fence with his heavy knapsack he slipped and fell; his pistol went off, discharging the slug shot in the fleshy part of the thigh. Conway carried him to a retired part of one of Mr. Youl's sheep runs, where they found shelter in an old hut.

Conway was in the habit of going into Campbell-town to get lint and medicine for his companion, and formed an acquaintance with a Mrs. S. She betrayed him to Connelly, a District-constable. Conway was tracked to the hut by Connelly and a party of police. The police surrounded the hut, calling to Jeffs and Conway to surrender.

Jeffs laid down his piece, but immediately resumed it again; but seeing themselves covered by six rifles, Conway said to Jeffs, "I will not leave you, but share your fate," and then surrendered.*

The sympathy of Launceston was greatly moved on account of these two young men. The late Rev. Henry Dowling was assiduous in his attention to them during their confinement, and was present at their execution. In fact the two young men went to the gallows singing a hymn—

> "Jesus, the Lamb of God, hath bled;
> He bore our sins upon the tree;
> Beneath our curse he hath bowed his head;
> It is finished. He hath died for me."

The *Launceston Examiner*, on July 15th, contained a leading article on the subject, and on the following

* The hutkeeper and another free man were found in the hut, and were arrested for harbouring them.

Sunday, after their execution, the Rev. Mr. Dowling preached a most impressive sermon, which sermon I have to the present day a strong recollection of, as it made a deep impression upon me. I might mention that Jeffs' mother died before hearing the fatal termination of her son.

A subscription was opened for the benefit of Mrs. Ward and her seven children, and £800 were raised, five hundred of which I am pleased to say was raised on the northern side of the island, which was invested in trust for the benefit of herself and children, and the Government subsidized it by a pension of £30 per annum.

CASH, KAVANAGH, AND JONES.

From the years '36 to '43 there were several parties apprehended for being in the bush under arms ; many were executed, others were sent to Norfolk Island, among whom was William Westwood, afterwards known as Jacky Jacky. He was eventually executed for murders committed at Norfolk Island. The men who caused the greatest excitement, and gave most trouble to the officials were Martin Cash, Kavanagh, and Jones. To give the details of their depredations would make the narrative too long.

These men escaped from Port Arthur in December, '42, and it was accomplished with great difficulty. They arrived on the main land with hardly any clothing, being tired and weary they halted to have a rest, food being out of the question. The sun was high on the horizon before they awoke. The question was debated by the trio what was to be done. Jones suggested they should take up arms and stand no repairs, to which the others consented. At Sorell Creek they robbed a farm house, and replenished their clothing. I will pass on to their attack upon the Woolpack Inn.

The Woolpack is in the Hamilton district, about ten miles from New Norfolk. Being aware that soldiers were

stationed at the Woolpack Inn did not deter them from paying it a visit.

The following I quote from the book upon the life of Cash, which was partly confirmed in the report of the Hobart Town *Advertiser* at that period :—

"Having perfect confidence in each other, we did not dread an encounter with an equal number of the police or military. About 8 o'clock at night we divested ourselves of all unnecessary encumbrances, planting our swags about a quarter of a mile from the scene of our intended action. We bailed up those in the house, Mrs. Stoddart and her two sons, who were grown-up young men, together with three others who happened to be drinking there at the time ; Mrs. Stoddart, like all women, evincing the utmost alarm. I assured her that any person not offering resistance would be perfectly safe. One of her sons here sarcastically exclaimed, 'Oh mother, never mind, it will be all right by and by.' Thinking this observation conveyed a double meaning, which to his mother implied that this party of five constables whom they knew were stationed outside would be shortly upon us, I felt rather piqued, and asked him sharply if he were master of the premises. He replied in a very conciliatory tone that his father was absent. Jones by this time had possession of the bar, but there was little danger of him abusing his prerogative, as he was strictly temperate. Kavanagh was standing at the bush road door leading into the bar, while I took up a position which enabled me to keep an eye upon my prisoners, and see what was going on outside. Observing a sinister smile upon the face of Mr. Stoddart, junr., the idea at once flashed upon me that the constables were not far off. I next enquired of Mrs. Stoddart if the hut, which I saw about fifty yards in front of the premises, belonged to her, or who resided there. She hesitatingly replied that 'she had no men there,' on which I directed Jones and Kavanagh to go over at once and secure any person they might find in the hut. I had no sooner given the order when I perceived some people moving up to the

house, and, calling upon my mates to prepare, I immediately advanced to the front, where I was challenged and told to stand I obeyed the order until I could discern the person who gave it, and who still continued to advance, accompanied by four or five others, when pointing my gun I fired in self-defence, and a moment after one of the party lay stretched on the ground. At this time, I was between two fires, as my mates, who had happened to be about six paces in the rear, had discharged their pieces, the constables in front keeping up a rambling discharge Whilst re-loading I addressed a few words to my mates, but received no answer. I concluded they had returned to the house, and moving up to the verandah found they were not inside. The smoke having cleared away, the thought occurred to me they might be either dead or disabled. Hastily retracing my steps to the scene of action, I could not find the slightest trace of them I returned to the house, appropriated a keg containing about three gallons of brandy, and returned to the spot where we had planted our knapsacks. Before reaching this, I heard a noise as of some person whispering, and immediately challenged, was answered directly by my mates, but as prudence is the better part of valor, I ordered them up one at a time. After each drinking a glass of brandy, we held a council of war as to our next campaign. We judged it advisable to get clear of the locality with the utmost dispatch, as we were not sure if we had killed or wounded any of the constables. Kavanagh took charge of the provender, and we retraced our steps in the direction of Dromedary. On travelling all night we were joined the next morning by a shepherd, who was perfectly acquainted with the particulars of our last engagement, and while taking some refreshment he informed us that the constable who headed the party had been wounded by the first shot, and was now lying in a very precarious state ; and also that another of them received a ball in the fleshy part of the thigh, but none were killed, a circumstance which gave us great relief. He drank freely

of the brandy, and being certain he would not be able to give information respecting us for the next few hours, we left him alone in his glory. Pursuing our journey for the next three days we arrived at Mr. Cawthorn's, at the foot of the Dromedary, and finding that our larder required replenishing, we resolved to apply to that gentleman for assistance. We saw a party of seven or eight constables making their exit from the premises: whether they saw us or not I cannot attempt to say, but as they still continued their journey we did not interfere with them. In any case they were no more than one hundred yards from the premises when we took possession. Kavanagh and Jones entered the house, while I took up a position at the door, in order to watch proceedings. They had little difficulty in securing the inmates. We gave them as little trouble as possible, merely taking what was absolutely necessary for present contingencies, at the same time observing that we were resolved on leading a free and easy life as a recompense for the restraints the law has hitherto imposed upon us, and notwithstanding the cruelties which had been practised on us while at Port Arthur, our actions would be always guided by reason and discretion, wishing it to be clearly understood that we never waged war with the defenceless, although at all times ready to fight for our liberty. We resolved to give the district of Hamilton an opportunity of contributing to our support, and upon arriving at Dunrobin we resolved upon attacking the residence of Mr. Charles Kerr.

"After visiting Mr. Kimberley we made our way to a hut occupied by an old acquaintance of mine, Samuel Smith, with the object of having some refreshments. Before entering the hut, we left our knapsacks outside, near the door. We found him in company with two others. Wishing to give him a glass of liquor I took a bottle from the knapsack and returned to the hut, where at this time Kavanagh and Jones were engaged in discussing some pancakes which had been in course of preparation previous to our entering. My mates here reminded me I was losing time, and while in the act of

pouring some liquor from the bottle I heard a voice outside the door exclaim, "Surround the hut; we have them, here's their swag." This happened to be a party of seven soldiers, and three constables, who were sent in pursuit of us. Finding there was no time for deliberation, I laid hold of my gun, and, opening the door, discharged both barrels to right and left, at same time exclaiming, 'Come on my hearties, you have got it.' On hearing the exclamation Jones blew out the light, and I returned to the door and reloaded my piece. During this time I heard nothing from my mates, but on capping my gun again Jones enquired what was to be done. I merely replied 'We would have to shoot two or three of them,' and stepping outside I loudly enquired if they were all dead, at the same time reminding them of the large reward they would get for apprehending us, if they could only muster up courage to do so. I found that they had taken our knapsacks, and requesting them again to show themselves, observed that they were a cowardly set of rascals. Jones again enquired what we had best do. I here called out at the top of my voice that if they did not return and share the brandy with my mates and me, I should report them to John Price, adding they were a shabby set of scoundrels to plunder us while we were at tea. Our company now advanced about fifty yards in front of the hut, not, as yet, seeing anything of our assailants; but on hearing them at the door of the hut calling upon me to surrender, Smith loudly answered we had left the premises, adding they were quite aware of the fact. On hearing this we commanded Smith to leave the hut. I exclaimed, 'Here is a light,' at the same time giving them a volley, which was instantly returned. I felt something strike my ear, and put up my hand to find if I were wounded, but it was merely the concussion of the ball, as it grazed my head so close that I could feel its touch. The party now called upon us to stand, but this order was unnecessary, as we were standing and reloading our pieces. One of our adversaries now called out, 'Where are you?' upon which we

told them they were taking the wrong direction, at the same time giving them another volley, which they soon after returned. We invited our assailants to come away from the hut and fight like men, our object being to save Smith and his mates, whom we imagined might be hurt by some of our bullets; but my fears were without foundation, as I afterwards learnt they esconced themselves behind some wool mattrasses, which they had in the hut. We now heard another party coming from an opposite direction, one of whom (on hearing the firing which had been kept up during the whole time) exclaimed, 'Come on cowards,' but on our side giving them a volley, they all rushed into the cabin. I again challenged the party to come out and take us; they then fired a volley from the rear of the hut, but on receiving our fire in return they retreated and joined the party within. Finding we could not induce them to leave the fortress, we bade them good night, telling them our ammunition was nearly expended. I subsequently heard that the party which attacked us that night numbered fifteen, including volunteers, who, on their return from the scene of the conflict, called at Mr. Harrison's, who was a Justice of the Peace and resided within a mile of Smith's place. This gentleman, on hearing the firing, imagined the party were shooting us down while in the hut; seeing them return without bringing us dead or alive, he called them a cowardly set of rascals, ordering them immediately to leave the premises, remarking that they should be ashamed to confess that fifteen, all well-armed, were not able to capture three careworn bush-rangers!

The above was corroborated by Samuel Smith, in a letter published in the *Review*, June 30th, 1843:—

"Leaving a shepherd's hut belonging to Mr. Clark, of Ellenthrope Hall, we travelled over a piece of land that baffles description, being a complete mass of lime-stone rock, and so uneven that it required great circumspection in crossing it. Here, my poor friend Kavanagh met with a serious accident, which brought his career in

the bush to a close, and also deprived us of his company and assistance. It appears that in getting over the rocks he had a fall, and his piece, by concussion against the rocks, exploded, the ball entering his arm at the elbow, and running along the bone went out at the wrist, rendering the limb perfectly useless during the rest of his days. I suggested a plan for obtaining a doctor, but Kavanagh would not hear of it, having resolved to give himself up to Mr. Clark, at Cluny. We used every argument and entreaty in trying to alter his determination, but finding it useless, accompanied him the next morning within a short distance of Cluny, where we parted. Jones, while on the road to Mr. Clark's, privately hinted the necessity of shooting Kavanagh, being under the impression he might reveal our haunts. I rebuked him for making such a heartless proposition, observing that had I been in Kavanagh's situation, he would treat me in like manner, regretting very much to hear him suggest anything so unmanly. For the first time I became disgusted with my calling, being of opinion, after what had lately transpired that there could be no confidence or friendship between men in our position. But the die was cast, and I was obliged to follow it up to the end."

Kavanagh was conveyed to Hobart Town Gaol Hospital, and when his fractured bone was healed he stood his trial for stopping the Hobart Town and Launceston coach, and robbing Mrs. Cox, Mrs. Taylor (now Mrs. McKenzie), Mr. Jacobs, and Hewitt, the coachman. He was found guilty, and received a sentence of transportation for life to Norfolk Island. He was one that was subsequently connected with Westwood's outbreak (but some parties say he was not present during the outrage) and was found guilty and executed with thirteen others.

To make it clear to my readers it will be necessary to introduce them to Mrs. Cash. According to Cash's statement her name was Clifford, and her father was an officer in the 16th Lancers, stationed in India. She had been sent to England to be educated. On her return to

India she was introduced to Mr. Clifford, who was cornet in the same regiment, and afterwards married him. He, Clifford, did not like the climate or the army, and sold out. He came home to his native place, Wexford, in Ireland. Living at a high rate, and forming extravagant habits, he very soon dissipated his means, and had to fly to his friends for assistance. They advised him to come out to the colonies, and furnished him with some means, and a letter of introduction to the Governor of Sydney. On his arrival there he got an appointment upcountry, His intemperate habits increased, and he lost his appointment and became an idle loafer. It was here Mrs. Clifford formed the acquaintance of Cash. He rendered her some personal service (at this time he had become free). Cash said she proffered to join him and share his fate through thick and thin. At this time Cash was a good-looking man, well proportioned, six feet and half-inch in height, with plenty of pluck, and a daring rider. They had lived two years together, and Cash says happily loving one another. At that period he went to a neighbour to assist in branding some cattle, and it turned out that they did not belong to this neighbour. As it was likely to get them into trouble they decided to leave the colony, and they came to Van Diemen's Land. They settled at Campbell Town, and, unfortunately they made acquaintance with some persons of not very good repute. The house where they lodged was in the occupation of parties named Smith, and here they were suspected of a robbery of a watch, which watch was found in Cash's apartment. He, and the other parties were arrested and tried at the Quarter Sessions in Launceston, before Mr. Peter Mulgrave. Though Cash protested his innocence it was no avail, he was sentenced to seven years' imprisonment. He was sent to join the road party at Constitution Hill, from which he absconded. He was captured and sent to Port Arthur for two years, after which he made his escape and became a bush-ranger. Mrs. Cash was arrested for having property in her possession belonging to Mrs. Shone.

The two following letters were written by Cash and party :—

MR. SHONE.

Sir,—In consequence of my observing in the public journals that Mrs. Cash is in custody, charged with having property in her possession belonging to you, I hereby caution you not to prosecute her ; if you do, we will visit you, and burn you and all that belongs to you.

CASH.
KAVANAGH.
JONES.

The other was addressed to the Lieutenant-governor, Sir John Franklin :—

Messrs. Cash and Co. beg to notify to His Excellency, Sir John Franklin, and his satellites, that if a very respectable person, named Mrs. Cash, is not released forthwith, and properly remunerated, we will, in the first instance, visit Government House, and, beginning with Sir John, administer a wholesome lesson in the shape of a sound flogging ; after which we will pay the same currency to all his followers.

Given under our hands, this day, at the residence of Mr Charles Kerr, at Dunrobin.

CASH.
KAVANAGH.
JONES.

His Excellency the Governor.

Mrs. Cash was remanded several times at the Police Office, but was ultimately discharged upon her own recognisance to appear when called upon, as John Price, the Police Magistrate suggested to the Crown officers that her freedom would be the means of capturing Cash.* The house that Cash and party used to frequent was situated at Cobb's Hill, on the Jordan side, and the woman who was employed by them to go to Hobart Town to make purchases and gain information, on one occasion informed Cash that Mrs. Cash was cohabiting with a man named Pratt. This so fired his indignation that he resolved to go and shoot Pratt, and bring the woman to his hiding place. This led to Cash's capture.

The following is an extract from Murray's *Review*, September 1st, '43, giving particulars of the capture :—†

* Two policemen, named R. Agar and Thomas Thomas were told off to shepherd Mrs. Cash.

† At this time the constables were allowed to wear such clothes as they liked, so they were dressed in plain clothes.

About half-past 8 o'clock Agar and Thomas were accosted by two men, one tall and stout, dressed in sailor's clothes, the other of low stature. The latter man enquired of the constables as to the whereabouts of the house, and a little man went in that direction, whilst the tall man walked on the footpath at a slow pace. This was in Harrington-street, about a hundred yards from the watchhouse. The circumstance excited the constables' suspicions, and they walked quietly after the tall man, who increased his speed on hearing footsteps in his rear, and turned the corner into Murray-street, still increasing his speed. Agar and Thomas still dogged him, when the man suddenly turned round and discharged a large pistol which he pulled from his belt. Thomas instantly returned the fire, but neither shot took effect. This occurred nearly opposite to the residence of the Rev. Mr. Miller, and at a short distance above the Birmingham Arms, and close by the door of Mr. Charles Cunliffe, house carpenter. On the first discharge of pistols Cunliffe rushed from his dwelling and saw a man running, whom he pursued, the two constables also running and shouting "Stop thief." Cash, for such the man pursued proved to be, drew a second pistol from his belt and presented it at Cunliffe, who, having no firearms, drew back for the instant. Cash, a noted fast runner, turned the corner into Brisbane-street, followed by Cunliffe and the constables, others joining in the hue and cry as the chase proceeded. In this way they ran down Brisbane-street, and on passing Roxborough House, near the crossing to Elizabeth-street, the pursuers were joined by Mr. Alfred Oldfield, a tutor at Mr. Canaway's Grammar School, in Murray-street, but residing with his brother, who kept an academy at Roxborough House. Cash gained ground on his pursuers, and crossing Elizabeth-street, kept the route down Brisbane-street, evidently making for the Government paddock, had he reached which he might have had a chance of escape, but he was not so doomed. After crossing Argyle-street, he turned to the left, mistaking, as it is conjectured, the entrance to

the rear of private premises for a back street, which might give him a nearer cut to the paddock. He speedily discovered his mistake and turned back. By this time Cunliffe still first in the chase, was within eight or ten yards of him, and Oldfield and M'Donald close up with Cunliffe. Continuing his flight, Cash passed the York Tavern, and about this time the hue and cry brought Mrs. Smith, the landlady of the Old Commodore Inn, into the street. In the bar was Constable Winstanley, who had but a few hours before arrived from Ross, where he had been in pursuit of Cash and his mates for the last eight or ten days. Hearing the shout of "Stop thief," Winstanley came to the door just in time to seize Cash, who instantly fired a pistol, and the ball entering the constable's body, he fell, exclaiming "I'm a dead man." This was the work of an instant, but it enabled Cunliffe to come up, who immediately grappled with Cash, and threw him down. While struggling on the ground John M'Donald (a tailor) rendered effective assistance to Cunliffe, while Mr. Oldfield held his legs to prevent him from injuring Cunliffe and M'Donald by kicking. M'Donald, on observing that Cash had grasped another pistol and was preparing to discharge it, temporarily let go his hold, when Mr. Oldfield abandoned the legs of Cash in order to catch hold of his hands. The pistol, at this time, was discharged, the ball wounding Cunliffe slightly in the hand, and as Mr. Oldfield was leaning over Cash, it struck the left side of his nose, entering the right cheek, and lodging under the right eye. The two constables, Agar and Thomas, who first gave the alarm, now came up, and by their assistance, and with the aid of others around (of whom we may mention Mr. Thomas Moss), Cash, after a most determined resistance, was secured. The constables cowardly kicked him about the head; he was beaten to such an extent he could not be recognised when taken before Mr. Gunn. On his person was found £47, two watches, and a pair of pocket pistols."

On September 15th, Cash was arraigned before the court and indicted for the wilful murder of Peter Winstanley, before His Honor Justice Montague. The information was long and elaborate, and to that information he pleaded in a firm voice, "Not Guilty." Mr. M'Dougall rose and said he would defend the prisoner. During the evidence of Constable Agar, Cash was seen to laugh most contemptuously. His counsel, Mr. M'Dougall raised a series of objections, and quoted several legal points, and pleaded jurisdiction. He was found guilty and sentenced to death.

At that period a series of able, logical, and philosophical articles appeared in Murray's *Review*, eminating from Robert Lathrop Murray, with reference to the jurisdiction, and through this powerful and unanswerable appeal to the cause of mercy and justice, the case was submitted to the English judges, and through them Her Majesty granted Cash a respite. He was banished to Norfolk Island for life. He, with difficulty, escaped the tyrannical and brutal disposition of John Price.

When the establishment of Norfolk Island was broken up, he received an appointment upon his return to Van Diemen's Land, to take charge of Government gardens. Some months previous to this he was married to a respectable woman.

To use Cash's own words, "While here my wife brought me a son, who is now growing into a young man, and who, I earnestly trust, may be more fortunate in his way through life than his father." Cash resigned his situation and went to New Zealand, where he remained four years, after which he returned to Tasmania, and, having saved a little money purchased a farm at Glenorchy, where he passed the remainder of his days in calm and tranquil enjoyment of rural retirement.

Jones' career was of short duration after the capture of Cash. He was joined by two absconders named Moore and Platt. They committed various depradations. The principal one was at Mr. Campbell's, Broadmarsh,

where they behaved in an atrocious manner to a poor old woman named Harriet Devereaux She was acting in the capacity of housekeeper to Mrs. Campbell, and was supposed to have money. They were arrested through the instrumentality of Mrs B——, who used to harbour the former trio. Mrs. B——, at the time of the capture, was in their company, dressed in a blue serge skirt and black hat, but left the hut some short time before the attack was made, and on her return the hut was immediately surrounded by the police, headed by Mr. William Morton, of Westbury, who set it on fire, at the same time calling upon Jones and his party to surrender. Moore, one of the gang, crept out side the hut on his hands and knees, but was shot by one of the constables. Jones came out next, and received a heavy charge of shot in the face, which deprived him of sight, but they did not fire at Platt as they considered him harmless. They were conveyed to Richmond, where Moore deposed before Major Schaw, that they had been harboured by Mrs. B——, at the Dromedary. The police were at once despatched to Cobb's Hill, where they found watches and other property concealed in the thatch of the house. B——was at once apprehended, but he and his wife were subsequently released. A man named Alder, who occupied the hut where Jones and his mates were captured, was sentenced to fourteen years', transportation, but he was also set at liberty soon afterwards. It was supposed that Jones was totally blind when executed, but such was not the case, as the sight of one of his eyes was partially restored.

JACKY JACKY AND OTHERS.

In the years '44 and '45 there was a large influx of criminals. At the various probation stations and road parties there were congregated as many as 400 prisoners at each of the various stations. The result was, a number of men took the bush, there being as many as twenty

distinct parties roaming the country and plundering the settlers, many of whom were soon captured. The parties of most notoriety were, Jacky Jacky's (William Westwood) and Daniel Priest's. The fatal termination of Westwood I have previously mentioned. He was the leader of the outbreak at Norfolk Island, and committed several murders. Priest and party were longer in the field. July 16th, 1844, Priest and party arrived at Mr. John Connell's, at Jacob's Sugar Loaf. Having secured Mr. Connell and the servants, Smith went upstairs to Mrs. Connell; she opened the door to admit him; he entered, and she immediately fastened the hasp and ran downstairs. The man who was standing guard over them was a little nonplussed; she availed herself of his momentary confusion and grasped him round his body, and called upon the men to assist her, which was promptly done. Smith escaped out of the window; he then fired into the room, and made off. Priest, being outside, followed. Fortunately the shot took no effect. This was the second time Mrs. Connell was the means of capturing bushrangers.

The following month, two armed bushrangers (one being the man Smith who escaped from Mrs Connell's) visited Mr. Joseph Johnson, near Green Ponds. They bailed up the inmates, and also Mr G. Beaumont, who happened to be on a visit, and placed them in the kitchen. They plundered from Mr Johnson nearly £100 in cash, and 18s from Beaumont, with his double-barrelled gun, and a rifle belonging to the house; they also stole a quantity of tea, pork, linen, etc., pressing into their service, to carry the "swag," Mr John's shepherd, who returned in about twenty minutes. To enumerate the numerous places where they committed depredations would only weary my readers.

The latter part of July, 1845, Priest and party attempted to commit a robbery in the neighbourhood of Cressy. They were met by a party of constables. In running away, Priest was shot in the sole of the foot, the ball smashing the bones, and he was arrested. On the

9th October, at the Supreme Court, Priest was charged with robbing Mr. G. Lucas, on the 25th June, being at the time armed with a gun. He pleaded guilty. His Honor, the Judge, reminded him that it was a capital offence he was charged with.

The Rev. Chas. Price, feeling deeply interested in the unfortunate culprit, got up a petition, it was signed by every minister of various denominations. Mr. Theodore Bartley, with his humane and large heartedness, actively interested himself in their behalf, taking the petition into the country and obtained the signatures of influential settlers. The prayer of the petition was gracefully granted and the man was reprieved.

DALTON AND KELLY.

From the years '45 to '53 very little bushranging was heard of, only minor affairs. The peaceful slumbers of the colonists were disturbed by Dalton and Kelly. Dalton was an old offender, who had been arrested for bushranging in the year '40, and was transported for life to Norfolk Island. And when that Ocean Bastille was broken up he was forwarded to Port Arthur. A short time afterwards he was allowed to go to Hobart Town, where he committed some misdemeanor, and was sent to the Jerusalem road party. Here he induced Kelly, who was a short sentenced Irish probationist, to take to the bush. They committed various depredations prior to visiting Mr. Lord, Bona Vista. The Avoca constables were informed of them being there, and on Dalton seeing Buckmaster leading his force up, he immediately raised his piece and said, "There is that old dog Buckmaster that beat me in Avoca watchhouse." He then fired and shot the man dead; using the other barrel of his piece he fired at another constable, and wounded him in his leg. From the district constable the bushrangers took a gold watch and over £20 in money. There were at Mr. Lord's at the same time several young ladies, who were

all summoned together. The house was ransacked, and the robbers took possession of between £100 and £200 in money, several watches, and articles of jewellery. They then ordered Mr Frank Lord to provide for them two of the best horses in the stable, and mounting these they proceeded to the Inn kept by Mr. Duxberry, at Stony Creek, where they bailed up about twelve men, including two unarmed constables. They compelled Mr. Duxberry to hand over £50, a gold watch and chain, and other valuable articles.

After leaving Duxberry's they met a Mr. Sykes, a person from Melbourne, and made him deliver up £78, giving him six shillings to carry him on his journey. They told Mr. Sykes that their names were Dalton and Kelly, and that they meant to leave the colony. Mr. Sykes recognised Dalton.

On the evening of Thursday, the bushrangers visited Vaucluse, the residence of Mr R. Bayles, during the absence of Mr. and Mrs. Bayles, and carried off some articles of value. They said they intended to visit other settlers on the Esk. Five days after they appeared on the banks of the Mersey.

Jack Stafford's statement, taken by Thomas Hainsworth :—"I was at work for Zeph. Williams, at Tarleton, when Dalton stuck me up. I was frying some meat for supper, and old George Atkinson, and young George, and Davie Tweedle were in the hut with me when someone called out, "Come outside or I'll blow your head off." The answer I made is not fit to print. The man outside again called, "Come out or I'll blow your head off." I then looked round and saw a double-barrelled gun aimed at me and resting on the window sill. Dalton was aiming, and I saw he had pistols in his belt. When I said I would have my supper first, he told me to come out and he would give me a supper. I then put on my clothes and we all came out together. Dalton brought us down to old Johnson's, at Johnson's hut. Kelly was acting guard over a lot they had bailed up. Among them was Cranky Kelly, David Cocker, Jack Johnson. Some-

how the old schoolmaster had given Kelly the slip, and had gone away to Port Sorell to inform the police. Dalton tore up silk handkerchiefs to bind our hands. They now took us to Zeph Williams' stores, but Zeph was not at home. Higgins was there, and they made him throw his money out on to the ground. They then picked out me (Jack Stafford), Jim Schofield, Jim Flynn, and Bill Wood, and he took old Geo. Atkinson, who was in the police, to pilot us to old Tommy Drews, at the Don, but they stuck up Kelsey on the way. Dalton called Drew out, but he wanted to know who was at the door. Dalton said, "George Atkinson." Drew said, "Go to the back-door George, I want to speak to you there." But when Dalton jobbed his gun through the window and told him who he was, Drew said he would have let him in if he had known him. Dalton then demanded Drew's money, but he said he had none about him, as he had just sent all away to Launceston. Dalton then said he wanted Drew's boat, but Drew replied he had better go on to the Forth, where he would get a good whale boat, as his would not go ten miles out to sea. We then made for the Forth, and found John Williams in his craft riding in the river. (But I forgot to tell you Drew had a gun loaded and cocked behind the door when Dalton got in, and this Dalton took and smasked the stock from the barrel, and he also took a pistol from off the mantel-shelf.) There was a boat near the jetty, and we were made go into this, and Dalton made a target of us ; and then hailed Williams and told him to come on shore. Williams said he would not, and Tom Clarkson, D. Constable could be seen on Williams' craft dodging round the mast and trying to aim at Dalton. He could not spot him, however, without shooting some of us. When Williams would not come ashore Dalton threatened to burn down his house. Williams said, "Don't burn the house ; there's the boat and the oars and some kegs ; take them, but spare the house, as I have a large family of little children." Meantime Dalton had taken us out of the boat and put us alongside Mrs. Williams, at the

garden fence, and there made a target of the lot of us. Kelly had nothing to say, all he did was to obey Dalton. They then picked out me, Jim Flynn, Bill Wood, and Jim Schofield, and we rowed to Penquin Island, off the Leven. We landed here and made a sail out of two sheets, which had been taken from a bed at Williams'. We started about six o'clock in the evening from the island, and next morning we sighted land, which Dalton said was Port Phillip. I said it was the same land we left the night before, and we had a bit of a surge, because Dalton did not like to be contradicted. It was the same place, however, and we landed and stayed ashore all day. In the afternoon we saw Tom Clarkson making his way towards Emu Bay. Dalton gave chase, but could not catch him ; however, he gave him a fright. He (Clarkson) threw away his swag and planted under a log. We started that evening for Melbourne, and at about three o'clock next day we saw land, but I cannot tell where. It was ninety miles from Port Phillip. This would be the 20th January, 1853. We were stuck up on the 17th. We landed near Kilcunda Cattle Station. We left the boat there. Dalton and Kelly left us and started for Melbourne, and we bid them good-bye for ever—at least I hope so Seven miles from Kilcunda we pulled up at a station and were told that two men said we were coming, and if they put us up for the night they would be liable to be fined £50 for each man sheltered. Then the Victorian police arrested us as part of a gang of bushrangers. We had been lying in some reeds all night near some inlet. We would have crossed the inlet, but the boat was on the other side and the man away. During the night someone made off with the boat, and when we turned out of the reeds in the morning, two mounted police came upon us. They were mixing us up with sticking-up job, when the overseer of a station near said we could not be connected with the robbers, for he had seen me away from the job ; he knew me by my limp he said—I had a bad knee. They then took us to the station, fed us, and gave us a gun a-piece, and told us

if we met either Dalton or Kelly to shoot them. In this way we were taken to Melbourne ; about five miles from Melbourne we cried out for food. The police sent Jim Flynn to a pub, for tucker, but he could not get any. He, however, brought us a glass of brandy each, and when taking back the tray and glasses he bolted. He never was caught again as far as I know. From Melbourne they sent us to Launceston, and there we were kept on a charge of helping Dalton and Kelly to escape. Old Wingy (Lieutenant Gunn, P.M.) would have it we could have taken them if we had tried, and kept putting off our trial for six months. At last we were turned up and told we must appear again at the Queen's pleasure. Well, so far, she has never wanted me yet."

On the 4th February, between 11 and 12 p.m., Dalton entered a coffee shop in Bourke-street, Melbourne, in company with a man who had engaged to put him on board the Northumberland, at daylight the next morning, from Sandridge, for which he was to pay £4. Dalton asked the proprietors of the shop if they could change him some Van Diemen's Land notes for gold, as he was about to embark for England.

They could not do it, but a gentleman named Brice, formerly a cadet in the police force, suspecting all was not right, said that he could, as he was a gold broker, if Dalton would only accompany him to his office. To this Dalton consented, and placed three £20 and one £10 notes, of the Launceston Bank, in his hand. The night was extremely dark ; the stranger led the way, Dalton and the boatman following close behind. After proceeding some little way they turned into the yard of the police court. Their guide then showed them the door of his alleged office, which was no other than the clerk's room of the Swanston-street watchhouse. Once in, Mr. Brice stated that he had brought these men on suspicion of having come by the notes wrongfully. Dalton made no observation beyond affirming that they were his, and making some remarks relative to his being brought there on so paltry an accusation.

The watchhouse-keeper, finding that Mr. Brice had no charge to prefer against him, returned the notes to Dalton, who was about to leave the office, when Detectives Williams, Murray, and Eason pounced upon him, and fixed him in a corner. Dalton endeavoured to draw a pistol from his belt, but was prevented, and overpowered. Finding himself mastered, he said, "You have got the reward of £100; my name is Dalton." He then said that if he had only seen the bars of the station-house window as he was entering he would have sent a ball through his conductor. He was then handcuffed and searched.

The articles found were as follows:—Two large horse-pistols and one small one, all heavily loaded; two gold watches and guards, one of which was a lady's watch of most chaste workmanship, and to one of the guards a gold locket was attached; a silver watch and guard, two gold chains of a massive description, three gold rings, a nugget of gold, eighty-nine sovereigns, and two half-sovereigns, three £20 notes and one £10 note, of the Commercial Bank of Van Diemen's Land; 15s. in silver, two leather bags, a purse with clasp, a steel stock buckle, a specimen, a gold pencil case with yellow topaz at top, a ring in a case set with diamonds, pearls, and torquoises; a gold seal with profile engraved thereon, a short gold chain with seal and key attached, in the shape of a dog's head; and two locks of hair, evidently to use as mustachois

Dalton was brought before Dr. Greeves, J.P., at the district court, charged with the murder of Joseph Buckmaster, in Van Dieman's Land. The officer examined the prisoner and found him to correspond with the description given in the warrant. One of the leather bags was identified by a Mr. Sykes, who was robbed by Dalton and Kelly, in Van Diemen's Land. He was ordered to be forwarded to Van Diemen's Land for examination. Dalton intended to work his passage to England by the Northumberland, and in two or three more hours, would have been on board. On the 5th

instant, Andrew Kelly, the companion of Dalton, was apprehended by Chief Constable Pierce, and Constable Price. Notwithstanding Dalton's assertion to the contrary, Mr. Pierce received private information that Kelly was still in Melbourne, and might be found lurking about the wharves, as he was endeavoring to procure an engagement on board some homeward bound vessel, in which he could work his passage to England. Accordingly a sharp look out was kept for him. At length, a person answering his description was seen walking with another man along the bank of the river. The police officers, upon coming up to the parties, formally arrested them, on the pretence that they were runaway sailors. Kelly was marched to one of the lock-ups, where he was charged with wilful murder of Buckmaster, a constable in Van Diemen's Land. This he denied in the strongest terms, declaring that he had never seen Van Diemen's Land, having just come from Adelaide. Mr. Sykes, the party who was robbed by Dalton and Kelly, had an interview with him, which Kelly did not, by any means, relish, though he persisted in protestations of innocence. Mr Sykes at once identified him. Kelly was also identified by one of the boatmen who was pressed by these men into their service, to bring them over to Victoria.

On April 7th, '53, the prisoners were arraigned at the Supreme Court, before Mr. Justice Horne, for wilful murder of Buckmaster, at Avoca. There is no occasion to go through the evidence produced; they were both found guilty. The judge asked, before sentence was passed, if they had anything to say I was present at this solemn occasion, and I was much surprised at the firm and manly expression of Dalton. He said he had nothing to say on behalf of himself, merely that it was oppression and injustice that drove him to violence. He wished to draw His Honor's attention to this fact, that Kelly was subservient to his will, it was he who persuaded him to abscond, saying he would give him freedom, it was he who shot Buckmaster, it was he who wounded Collins, the constable. If His Honor would read his notes

he would see that the evidence of the various witnesses proved it was Dalton who demanded the money or property, and that it was he who was the principle in all the various robberies. He would ask His Honor to have a merciful consideration on his unfortunate companion, to consider his youth, and the evil consequences of associating with older offenders, and not classifying prisoners. He could assure His Honor that Kelly was perfectly ignorant of the law of being found under arms in Van Diemen's Land. Such an address forcibly struck me at the time, that Dalton was not all bad, and had circumstances arisen in his unfortunate career, his life may have been a different one.

THE ESCAPE OF THE IRISH EXILES.

JOHN MITCHEL.

A very different class of prisoners were seen in Van Diemen's Land in 1850-51, when the Irish Patriots, John Mitchel, Smith O'Brien, Meagher, McManus, Martin, and O'Doherty—the principals of the Young Ireland Rebellion of '48—were landed. Almost universal sympathy was expressed for the exiles, and that sympathy alone aided Mitchel, McManus, and O'Meagher in making their escape from the Island.

Mitchell was not a bushranger, nor a dangerous colonist, but one who lived solely for the cause of his birthplace—Ireland, and his antagonism to English rule caused his treatment as a convict. He was a journalist in Dublin, and his paper was used as a vehicle for seditious writings, which caused his arrest, and on the 23rd May, 1848, a jury found him guilty of treason-felony, and he was sentenced to 14 years transportation. He was removed from Dublin to Spike Island, in Cork Harbor, on the 27th May, and thence to Bermuda, which was reached on the 20th June. There he was held a close prisoner at the hulks for ten months, and his health giving way he petitioned to be removed from the Island. The opportunity occurred on April 22nd, 1849, when he sailed in the convict ship Neptune, bound for Cape of Good Hope with over 400 convicts on board. The Neptune had a protracted voyage, and was forced to put into Pernambuco, in Brazil, South America, for provisions, and it was

not until the 14th September that the ship dropped anchor in St. Simon's Bay. There an unexpected difficulty had to be faced by the authorites. The residents of the colony in general and Cape Town in particular objected strongly to receive convicts in their colony, and to that effect petitioned the Governor, who refused to allow the convicts to land pending a reply to dispatches sent to London. To make the demonstration more effective the colonists formed an Anti-Convict Association, and boycotted the convict ship, the men-of-war in the harbor, and eventually the Government officials, and refused to supply them with provisions. For four months the Neptune was at anchor in St. Simon's Bay, and during that period business in Simonstown was at a standstill, the military having to resort to force to obtain the necessaries of life.

The long-looked-for dispatches at length arrived, and on the 19th February, 1850, the Neptune sailed for Van Diemen's Land, there to deposit its living freight. Hobart Town was reached on the 7th April, and on the 12th of the same month John Mitchel left the ship, after having walked its decks for over eleven months. He gave his parole of honor, and was allowed to reside at Bothwell as a ticket-of-leave man. He was joined by his wife and family in August of the following year, and he lived comfortably at Nant Cottage, Bothwell, where he occupied a farm of 200 acres. Mitchel, at that period, was a stature of average height, of 5ft. 9in. or 10in., showing good muscular development, though evidently suffering from long confinement, and appeared in a delicate state of health. The chin was square, and the mouth showing much detemination and resolution. Physiognimists would perhaps say approaching obstinancy. The grey eye was piercing, and at once seeming to say, who are you ? and what are you ?

The real excitement connected with his sojourn in the colony commenced two years later, when he resigned his parole and effected his escape, and from the first evidence to that end we take up his Journal :—

13th January, 1853.—A new personage has appeared amongst us—dropped from the sky, or from New York. When I arrived in Hobart Town, two or three days ago, I went first, of course, to St. Mary's Hospital, where I found St. Kevin in his laboratory. He opened his eyes wide when he saw me, drew me into his private room, and bid me guess *who* had come to Van Diemen's Land. Guessing was out of the question, so I waited his revelation. "Pat Smyth!"

"Transported?" "No, my boy: commissioned by the Irish Directory in New York to procure the escape of one or more of us, O'Brien especially,—and with abundant means to secure a ship for San Francisco, and to provide for rescuing us, if necessary, out of the hands of the police magistrate, after withdrawing the parole in due form. He travels this day by the day coach from Launceston, and is to meet O'Brien and me this evening at Bridgewater (ten miles off), instead of coming into Hobart Town direct You will go with me. O'Brien is to ride from New Norfolk, and we can consult on the affair. There cannot be a doubt of success," added St. Kevin, "for at least one of us."

I shook my head at first, which the saint was going to resent as a personal insult. So we agreed to say nothing about it till we should meet our friends in the evening. Smyth's mission certainly looks serious; for he is a cool-headed rebel, by no means likely to come so far without a plan, or to play at any child's game.

St. Kevin borrowed a horse from a priest. I rode my own; and at the hour appointed we met O'Brien, almost at the door of the hotel, mounted on old Squirrel. The coach had not yet arrived. Seven o'clock came, and no coach, though it was fully due. Eight o'clock, half-past eight, and still no coach. All this time we spent sauntering in the garden, talking of the matter in hand. The difficulty, and almost impossibility of the whole four of us availing ourselves of the chance, occurs at once. O'Brien is clearly of opinion that the only mode of discharging ourselves of our parole will be to withdraw it

formally, each in the police office of his own allotted district, giving the authorities full opportunity to take him into custody if they are able (if not able, it will be their misfortune)—that this must be done within proper business hours, from ten till three—that any previous bribery will be quite legitimate—even to buying the police magistrates, if there be money enough—that any force or violence (O'Brien says, short of killing) will then be allowable if the rascals attempt to secure us within their offices,—but that, in any event, we are bound to present ourselves in proper person, and make the magistrate clearly understand (within his own office, and with his constables about him) that our parole is at an end, that our ticket-of-leave is resigned, and that we are going away.

That we should all four do this simultaneously, in our respective police offices, appears, on full consideration, impossible: and O'Brien insists that *I* shall take this turn. I propose another plan, by which we should get ourselves placed under arrest in one spot, and in circumstances that would make a rescue easy; but O'Brien and O'Doherty hold to the mode of procedure I have already described.

Some mischance had delayed the coach, and the hour came when O'Brien and St. Kevin must return to their respective "registered lodgings." They left me, and I engaged a bed at the hotel for the night. Half an-hour after they had gone the coach drove up; it was dark; I stood in the hall, which was brightly lighted by a lamp. All the passengers left the coach, and walked into the hotel. Amongst others a young man stepped down from the coach, and entered. He looked me full in the face, and I him. It was Smyth: but neither of us, after four years, knew the other. I listened, as he went to the office and engaged a bed; yet I did not know his voice. He came out to get his portmanteau, and we passed each other again in the hall—"It must be Smyth," I said; "nobody else would be stopping here, within ten miles of Hobart Town." So I followed him out, and went

round after him to the outer side of the coach, where all was dark. "Is your name Smyth?" He turned upon me suddenly; clearly he thought it was detective—thought that he had been traced all the way to the very spot where he was to meet us—that he was a prisoner, and all was over. I hastened to undeceive him, for he looked strongly tempted to shoot me and bolt. "All right, Smyth; silence; follow me into the parlour." So I strolled carelessly in. Presently he joined me, and the coach drove off. We spent the evening together in a private room; and each had much to ask; but we deferred speaking particularly of his plans till we should meet the rest.

The next evening at O'Brien's lodging in New Norfolk, Smyth explained his instructions—to secure the escape of O'Brien and of me, or either of us, if both could not go—Smyth himself being ready and willing to take the principal share in all the risk of rescuing us by force, if force were needed. O'Brien's "sentence" being for life, we both earnestly pressed on him that he should first avail himself of Smyth's services. He entered fully into his reasons for declining—he had already had his chance, had made the attempt to escape from Maria Island—it had failed, and the expenses incurred thereby had been defrayed by public money. *This*, he said, is *your* chance. Besides, you have stronger motives to betake yourself to America than I have; and you will be more at home there. It may be, he continued, that the British Government may find it, some time or other, their best policy to set me free, without making submission to them; in that case I return to Ireland; if I break away against their will Ireland is barred against me for ever.

O'Brien, as his friends know, is immovable; therefore, we soon desisted from the vain attempt to shake his resolution; and I then declared I would make the attempt, in the way he prescribed.

Yesterday Smyth and I set out for Bothwell, I on horseback, he in a sort of public conveyance; for there is a rough road up the valley of the Derwent as far as

Hamilton, where the Clyde falls into it. Hamilton is a pretty straggling village, with a good hotel, a police office, and jail of course, a church, a public pound, and about thirty grog-shops. Hence to Bothwell, the way lies through mere forest and wild hills. A saddle-horse was not to be had, so Smyth was obliged to hire a small spring-cart, with a man to drive it, and I rode alongside. A pleasant journey of twenty miles through summer woods, and here we are at Nant Cottage.

As we passed through the township of Bothwell I turned aside from our direct course to ask for letters at the post office. Smyth, having discharged his conveyance, came with me on foot. "Where is this formidable police office?" he said. "Come and see; it is in the same building as the post office." As we approached he narrowly reconnoitered the premises; and while I asked for letters at the window, he walked coolly into the police office, and into the magistrate's room, surveyed that gentleman a moment and his police clerk sitting at his desk—then crossed the hall, strolled into the chief-constable's office; made reconnaissance of its exact situation, of the muskets ranged in their rack, of the handcuffs and other instruments of convict coercion hanging on the wall—then came out; observed the watch-house opposite; the constables lazily walking about (one of them civilly holding my horse); the police-barrack on a little hill facing us, and the other features in the scene of future operations.

"I think," he said, "three or four men, or at most half-a-dozen, with Colt's revolvers, might sack the township, and carry off the police magistrate. A great man is Mr. Colt—one of the greatest minds in our country."

The cottage is in a stir to-day. Smyth had been intimately acquainted with us in Dublin, and also with *John Knox. Since then he had been roving over Ireland, trying, like the rest, to kindle an insurrection that would not burn—then escaping by a Galway emigrant ship, in

* John Martin.

the guise of a friese-coated peasant, to America,—making off life by precarious methods in New York—editing a newspaper in Pittsburg,—agitating, in the New York *Sun*, the Nicaragua railroad question, and striving to rile up the American mind against England thereupon ; in short, discharging like Rielly, all the duties and functions of a true rebel and refugee. He is also, from of old, a close friend of Meagher, and gives us a pleasant account of all the actings and sayings of that ex-prisoner, formerly of the Dog's Head, Lake Sorel, but now of the Metropolitan Hotel, Broadway ; how the *gobemouches* worried him ; how the old confederates shed tears of joy over him ; how the priests scowled upon him : how the ladies smiled upon him ; all which one can very well imagine.

Smyth is to stay with us two or three days, then proceed to other parts of the island, to consult our friends and make needful arrangements.

Already I begin to snuff the air of the upper world, and to see daylight through the opening gates of *Hades*.

Bothwell, January 16th, 1853.—Smyth (or, as we prefer to call him, *Nicaragua*, from his Central American labours) has gone to Melbourne to negotiate about a ship, Hobart Town being considered more dangerous, as well as offering fewer facilities. I brought him up by Lake Sorel, thence down the mountains to the great northern road. We expect to hear how the mission speeds there within a month or six weeks.

John Knox agrees to avail himself of this chance also, seeing that he and I both live in the same district, and have one common police office to deal with.

If the thing succeed, I must leave my family at Nant Cottage, to follow under Nicaragua's escort as best they may, to San Francisco. Yet my wife does not shrink from all this risk and inconvenience She sees all the terrible evils and disadvantages of rearing up a family in such a country as this, and under such circumstances as ours ; and instead of dissuading, urges me strongly on the enterprise. Of course we say nothing about our intention to any of our acquaintances here, as success must

depend entirely upon utter secrecy, until the moment of making our formal communication to the authorities.

Feb. 12th.—No intelligence yet from Melbourne. A good horse being essential to our business, in addition to our present stock, I have been on the look-out for one. Mr. Davis, even the police magistrate himself, had one of the best in this district—a white horse, half Arab, full of game, and of great endurance. I knew Mr. Davis had offered him for sale; and the idea pleased me, of buying my enemy's horse to ride off upon; which would have the double advantage of strengthening me, and of weakening the enemy. Accordingly I secured the horse. Mr. Davis, on delivering him, very conscientiously thought it his duty to give me a warning. "I must tell you, Mr. Mitchel," he said, "that if you attempt to put this horse in harness he will smash everything—he never was in harness but once, and it would be dangerous to try it again." I said I was aware of that peculiarity in the horse. "It is right," he continued, "to mention the fact to you, as I do not know *the precise work* you want him to do." "Merely to carry me on his back wherever I want to go—some time or other probably on a long journey." "Well," said Mr. Davis, "I know you ride a good deal, and you may depend upon Donald for that." So I have my new horse out at Nant, and intend to give him regular work and feed him well, that he may be ready when called upon for his long journey.

March 18th.—At length a letter from the indefatigable Nicaragua. He says "he has made up his party for the diggings, and that all goes well with him"—by which I understand that he has succeeded in procuring a ship. Farther he says, "that he is to meet the rest of his party of diggers at the Bendigo Creek" (which is at present the favourite gold region) "three days hence;" which is nothing more or less than a notice that he will meet John Knox and me at Lake Sorel on the day specified.

25th.—We rode up to the lakes on the appointed day, met Nicaragua, accompanied by John Connell, of the excellent family of the Sugar Loaf. All is right. The

brigantine Waterlily, owned by John Macnamara, of Sydney, is to come into Hobart Town, clear thence for New Zealand, then coast round to Spring Bay, on the eastern side of the island, about seventy miles from Bothwell, and lie there for two days, under pretence of taking in timber. At Spring Bay there is, of course, a police station; but it never has more than three or four constables, and we are to count on disposing of them by bribery or otherwise. Mr. Macnamara, the owner, comes himself with the ship, and will go round in her to Spring Bay to see us safely off. Nicaragua takes Fleur-de-lis, and rides down to Hobart Town to-morrow.

April 9th.—All is ready. The Waterlily sails from Hobart Town to-morrow, and will be in Spring Bay on Sunday night, at anchor, with Mr. Macnamara's flag (a red cross with the letter M in one corner). Knox and I, who are entirely passive, and do what Smyth bid us, are to present ourselves on Monday, in the police office, withdraw our parole, and offer ourselves to be taken into custody. Nicaragua brings with him five friends, all armed, as good lookers-on. If we escape the clutches of the Bothwell police we are to ride straight to Spring Bay, a relay of horses being provided for us at half the distance, arrive there during the night, and be ready to embark at dawn. Then, up anchor. and away for the Golden Gate. If the police boat at Spring Bay attempt to board the captain engages to run her down, or sink her if needful.

Monday Evening, Bothwell,—At Bothwell still. Our plot blown to the moon! Yesterday we were informed through a friendly resident at Bothwell, that Nicaragua's whole plan has been intimately known to the Governor for a fortnight—that the ship we were to embark in was known—the place where we were to embark—the signal we were to use—the friends who were to accompany us, —that the Waterlily was purposely allowed to clear out at Hobart Town without examination, *for New Zealand;* and finally, that a reinforcement of constables had been sent up from Hobart Town to Bothwell, together with two additional chiefs of police, to be in readiness for any

move on our part. This morning I discovered that two armed costables had kept watch all night on the hill behind the cottage.

Council of war at Nant to day. We had not, of course, calculated on having to deal with more than the ordinary force of constabulary stationed in Bothwell district; the attempt had always been regarded as contingent on our intention remaining a profound secret till the last moment. And certainly the police magistrate having charge of the district, and having at his command a force purporting to be sufficient for all police purposes in that district, for the coercion, if needful, of all the prisoners in it,—had no right to such odds against us. If we should go in, and attempt to do our business in the mode intended, there would be, in the first place, a conflict in Bothwell Street; and if we succeed at Bothwell, against all odds, there would, doubtless, be another force at Spring Bay, where the vessel itself might be already in the hands of the police.

If we thought proper, indeed, to dispense with the formal business before the magistrate, there was nothing to prevent our riding away from Nant this day (or any other day), notwithstanding the vigilance of the constable patrol; and the government, in that case, would certainly never hear of us again; for, with good horses, and all the population at our side, we might remain a year in the island in their despite, until another ship could take us up at the same point. But neither Martin nor I admitted this idea for one moment.

Council of war, therefore, decided that the enterprise could not be attempted this day, or by the help of the Waterlily. Our friends dispersed; O'K—— northward, R—— and C—— south. Smyth and Connell have started for Spring Bay to send the ship off, and all is over for the present.

But Nicaragua and I are determined to have another trial for it.

April 12th.—Note from John Connell. Nicaragua has been arrested. He found a large force of constables,

waiting for him at Spring Bay ; they surrounded the hotel the moment he had dismounted, and took him into custody as John Mitchel. Connell had parted from him before reaching Spring Bay, and had, fortunately, carried off his papers. In vain Nicaragua protested he was not John Mitchel : he was thrust into the watch-house, and kept there all night. From the windows he saw the little Waterlily in the bay with the signal at her mast-head ; she was waiting for us still. He was thence carried in custody, through the forest, to Hobart Town, and lodged in the police offices on his journey. The chief constable of Richmond knew me by sight ; he volunteered his evidence that they had the wrong man ; but the magistrate of Richmond would not hear his testimony, would not interfere in any manner with the execution of the warrant, and so, poor Nicaragua was passed on. One night he travelled all night, in an open spring waggon, and the weather is becoming very cold ; so that by the time he arrived in Hobart Town, as well as from excitement and disappointment as from hardship, he was in a high fever. After being kept some hours in custody at Hobart Town, he was discharged without a word of apology or explanation, save that it was all a mistake. He now lies extremely ill in the house of a worthy friend of ours.

13th—Hobart Town.—I rode down, yesterday, to see how it fared with Nicaragua ; found him ill enough, but convalescent. I went straight to the police office ; saw the gentlemen who officiates as police clerk ; told him I understood there was a *warrant* against me—if so, here I was ; that I understood a gentlemen had been arrested in my name ; that I wanted to know who had issued this warrant, and for what reason ; that I requested him to go and inform the police magistrate I was here. He said it was all a mistake, and treated it as a good joke. However, I told him I could not see the jocoseness of it—and neither could Mr. Smyth—that I conceived the arrest of Mr. Smyth *for me*, at Spring Bay, was not only an outrage upon him, but upon me still more ; that they were all aware I had promised not to leave the island without

first giving the proper authorities the opportunity of arresting me; but this proceeding assumed that I was making my escape clandestinely, and therefore disgracefully. Mr. Midwood said, if I would be good enough to sit down he would go and tell the police magistrate I was here, and what I had said. In a few minutes he came back, accompanied by two other well-dressed men, whom he introduced to me by names which I forget. I asked who they were—"Chief Constables of Hobart Town."—"And you have come to take a look at me?" Chief Constables bowed.

I came back to Nicaragua's bedside almost exasperated. He agrees with me, that the setting a watch upon my house, and the issuing of a warrant to apprehend me in the act of "absconding," are most insulting proceedings, especially as the rascals must know that neither these precautions, nor any other precautions could have retained me on the island for the last three years, nor for one week if I had thought fit to abscond. He also is grievously outraged on his own account; and we have therefore resolved, so soon as he is sufficiently recovered, that we two alone shall pay out formal visit to Mr. Davis's office (with revolvers in our pockets)—and, if necessary, take our chance of a ship afterwards.

June 6th.—Nearly two months have gone by since the arrest of Nicaragua. He recovered his health and strength slowly. He is at present with us in Nant Cottage, and the day after to morrow we shall probably proceed to business. A ship bound for Sydney is to sail that night from Hobart Town; and if we can reach Hobart Town after dark, the agents of the ship, who are friendly to me, will place me on board at the mouth of the river, after all clearances by police and custom house authorities. Nicaragua has been judiciously bribing so far as was prudent; but with all he can do in this way the odds against us will be heavy at all times in the police office. John Knox has decided on keeping out of the affair this time; because if we miss the vessel at Hobart Town, we might hen have to spend several weeks on the island, and be

subjected to much hardship (for it is now the depth of winter), and assume various disguises—for which he is not adapted.

8th.—The town is full of police to-day; we put the business off till to-morrow. In the meantime I send James down to Hobart Town to ask the agents if they could delay the ship for a few hours longer. Whatever be the answer, however, we mean to see the affair out to-morrow. By the prudent employment of some money, Nicaragua has made sure that there will not be more than the ordinary guard of constables present. We would bribe them all if we dared trust the rascals. As matters stand we are certain to meet not only the police magistrate himself, but also the police clerk, a respectable man, not purchasable by money, and at least two constables, neither of whom has been bribed, and both of whom will probably, under the eye of the magistrate, attempt to do their "duty."

12th.—In Westbury District, full seventy miles from Bothwell. On the 9th, as we had resolved before, Nicaragua and I mounted at Nant Cottage—he on Donald, I on Fleur-de-lis. The eldest of the boys walked through the fields into Bothwell, that he might be ready at the police office door to hold our horses. Before we had ridden a quarter of a mile from the house we met James (boy number two), coming at a gallop from Hobart Town. He handed me a note from the shipping agent. Ship gone; it was impossible to detain her any longer without exciting suspicion; and the shipping agent conjured me to give the thing up or defer it.

As we now stood, therefore, their was no arrangement for escaping out of the island at all; and if we got clear out of the police office it was a matter of indifference to me whether I should ride north, south, or east. Westward lay impassable wilderness.

We overtook Mr. Russell, of Dennistoun, on our way into Bothwell. He asked me, with some interest, what prices I had got for certain grass-fed wethers, which I had sold a few days before; also whether I meant to put

any of my land in crop for the ensuing season ; to all of which I replied with much agricultural sagacity and pastoral experience. All the while I saw John Knox and the boy number one hurrying along near the river bank, that they might be in the township as soon as I.

At the entrance of the village Mr. Russell parted company with us, and called at a house. Nicaragua and I rode leisurely down the main street. At the police-barrack, on the little hill, we saw eight or nine constables, all armed, and undergoing a sort of drill. At the police office door there was, as usual, a constable on guard. Mr. Barr, a worthy Scotch gentleman, and magistrate of the district, was standing within a few yards of the gate.

We dismounted. I walked in first, through the little gate leading into the court, through the door, which opened into a hall or passage, and thence into the court-room, where I found his worship sitting as usual. Near him sat Mr. Robinson, the police clerk. "Mr Davis," I said, "here is a copy of a note which I have just despatched to the Governor ; I have thought it necessary to give you a copy." The note was as follows :—

"Bothwell, 8th June, 1853.

"To the Lieut.-Gov., &c.—

"Sir,—I hereby resign the 'ticket-of-leave,' and withdraw my parole.

"I shall forthwith present myself before the police magistrate of Bothwell, at his office, and show him a copy of this note, and offer myself to be taken into custody.

"Your obedient servant,

JOHN MITCHEL."

Mr. Davis took the note ; it was open. "Do you wish me," he said, "to read it?" "Certainly, it was for that I brought it." He glanced over the note, and then looked at me. That instant Nicaragua came in and planted himself at my side. His worship and his clerk both seemed somewhat discomposed at this ; for they knew the "Correspondent of the *New York Tribune*" very well, as also his errand from New York. I have no doubt that Mr Davis thought I had a crowd outside. There is no other way of accounting for his irresolution.

Then I said, "You see the purport of that note, sir; it is short and plain. It resigns the thing called 'ticket-of-leave,' and revokes my promise, which bound me so long as I held that thing."

Still he made no move, and gave no order. So I repeated my explanation: "You observe, sir, that my parole is at an end from this moment; and I came here to be taken into custody pursuant to that note." All this while there was a constable in the adjoining room, besides the police clerk, and the guard at the door; yet still his worship made no move. "Now, good morning, sir," I said, putting on my hat. The hand of Nicaragua was playing with the handle of the revolver in his coat. I had a ponderous riding-whip in my hand, besides pistols in my breast pocket. The moment I said "Good morning" Mr. Davis shouted, "No—no! stay here! Rainsford! Constables!" The police clerk sat at his desk looking into vacancy. We walked out together through the hall; the constable in the district constable's office, who generally acts as his clerk, now ran out, and on being desired to stop us, followed us through the court, and out into the street, but without coming very near. At the little gate leading out into the street we expected to find the man on guard on the alert between us and our horses. But this poor constable, though he heard the magistrate's orders, and the commotion, did not move. He was holding two horses, one with each hand, and looked on in amazement, while we passed him and jumped into our saddles.

We concluded that we had done enough, and that there was no reason to wait any longer; therefore

> We gave the bridle-rein a shake,
> Said adieu for evermore, my dear,
> And adieu for evermore!

Mr. Davis and two contables rushing against one another—grinning residents of Bothwell on the pathway, who knew the meaning of the performance in a moment, and who, being commanded to stop us in the Queen's name, aggravated the grin into a laugh; some small boys

at a corner, staring at our horses as they galloped by, and offering "three to one on the white un;"—this is my last impression of Bothwell on the banks of the Tasmanian Clyde.

We crossed the river just below the town, and held on at full speed for a mile to the south-westward; then, finding ourselves fairly in the forest, we pulled up, exchanged horses and coats, and parted. Nicaragua, on Fleur-de-lis, rode due north for Nant Cottage, intending to call there a moment, and then go to Oatlands, to take the coach for Launceston. I rode on about half-a-mile farther into the woods, and found, according to appointment, my good friend, J—— H——, son of a worthy English settler of those parts, an experienced bushman, who knows every nook in the island, and "every bosky bourne from side to side," and who had undertaken to guide me by the shortest and obscurest paths to any point I desired. Brief was our consultation; the Hobart Town ship having sailed, all parts of the island were alike to me, and in all I was sure to find friends. We determined to strike northwards, and over the mountains to this district of Westbury, which is chiefly inhabited by Irish immigrants, and where we should be within a day's ride of Bass's Straits. Where we stood then we were a hundred and thirty miles from the sea in that direction; but our horses were fresh. H—— laughed at the idea of pursuit; and I, with the load of that foul ticket-of-leave fairly shaken off, and my engagement discharged, felt my pulse begin to beat with something like life. To be sure I must yet be some weeks in the country before Nicaragua could get a ship, and bring it round for me. Nicaragua himself might be arrested; and, at any rate, he does not yet know what direction I have taken. Also the government would be sure to send special dispatches all round the coast, to put their police on the alert, to guard every landing place, and watch every boat; yet I was quite secure. Having once shaken the Bothwell dust off my feet, and resolved not to be re-taken alive, I felt myself already a free man.

It was almost mid-winter. The weather was bright and clear; no snow on the ground, but keen frosts at night; on the whole favourable for hard riding. H—— immediately took me out of all ordinary tracks, and we plunged into the wilderness of rocky wooded hills westward of Bothwell to the Shannon river—crossed this track after reconnoitering the road a moment, and then pierced once more into still wilder and more desolate hills. For about two miles we rode along the ridge that bounds the Shannon valley, and, for the last time, I saw the gleam and heard the dashing of that bright river; then turned north-east, continually ascending in the direction of Lake Sorel. High among the mountains we had to plunge for three miles through the dreary "Soldier's Marsh" (so named from two soldiers killed there of old by bushrangers). The marsh was frozen over, so that our horses' feet did not always break the ice, but occasionally slipped over it, —a progress both perilous and slow; and after thirty-five miles travelling we found the night darkening around us, and Lake Sorel not yet gained. At last we heard the barking of the stock-keeper's dogs at "Kemp's Hut,"—avoided it by keeping to the left; and held on our way for six miles further along the shore of the Lake.

It was as dark as Erebus; and we had still to go through the most difficult part of the journey to the lake-river, where we proposed to spend the night at the hut of Mr. Russell's shepherd. There was a high, steep, and rocky mountain to descend, where even in daylight the track is not easy to find; and H—— thought it prudent to call at a hut on the shore, to procure a guide. There were three men in the hut, the first human beings we had seen since leaving Bothwell. They told H—— it would be dangerous to attempt the descent on so dark a night; and with the customary shepherd hospitality of these Arcadian swains, invited us to share their fire and opossum rugs. But we were too near Bothwell yet for this. So we got one of them out to show us the best way to the "saddle"—that is, the watershed between Lake Sorel and the lake-river, from whence we thought we could make our own way.

The guide lost himself, and of course lost us. Told us that, after all, we had better come back, and that, at any rate, he would go back himself. We thanked and paid him for his services, and then tried to feel our way over the edge of the mountain. We found ourselves evidently descending, yet certainly off the track, and on very rough ground, where to dismount and lead the horses was an absolute necessity. Presently we came amongst precipices and fields of loose rock,-a mere wilderness of shattered stone, but still thickly wooded ; for this gum-tree seems to live by breathing through its leaves instead of drawing nourishment from the soil. The horses began to stumble against us in the darkness, striking us now with their forefeet, and again knocking us down with their heads. It was midnight; the frost was intense ; we had no overcoats or other muffling ; neither ourselves nor our horses had eaten anything since breakfast ; there was no herbage, and the horses were starving ; no water near us, and we were devoured by thirst. Yet we heard far below us, through the still night, the rush of the lake-river, and now and then the barking of old Job's dogs.

Neither backwards or forwards could we move one yard ; and there, within three miles of our proposed shelter for the night, we were forced tomake our dismal bivouac. We lighted a fire with some dead branches (for no true bushman goes without matches) ; tied our poor horses to a honeysuckle tree ; looked to our pistols ; picked the least polygonal stones to sit down upon ; lighted our pipes, and prepared to spend eight hours as jovially as possible. Soon sleep overtook us, from utter exhaustion, and we would lie a few moments on the sharp stones by the fire until awakened by the scorching of our knees, while our spinal marrow was frozen into a solid icicle. Then we would turn our backs to the fire and sleep again ; but in five minutes our knees and toes were frozen, our moustaches stiff with ice, our spinal marrow dissolving away in the heat. Then up again—another smoke, another talk.

The dawn reddened at last, and the mountains beyond

Arthur's lakes to the west glowed purple. We expected to find the horses stiffened and half dead, for they were both accustomed to be stabled and bedded at night; and this was the most savage night I had ever experienced in the country. But well-bred Van Diemen's Land horses have great life and unconquerable pluck; they were fresh as the dawn. We soon found the track, and in half an hour rode up to old Job's door. It happens that Job's house was the first place Meagher had stopped at for rest and refreshment, a year and a-half ago, on his ride from Lake Sorel; and the moment Job saw me, he knew what business was in hand. He received us joyfully, bade his wife prepare breakfast, and we went with him into the stable, to get our horses fed. Then breakfast before a roaring fire. Meagher, it seems, had shaved off his moustache here for the better disguise; so, after breakfast, Job presented me with a razor, looking glass, basin, and soap, wherewith I made a complete transfiguration of myself. I wrote a short note to my wife, to tell her which way I had taken, and without the least hesitation entrusted it to Job Sims, who was to go over to Bothwell the next day with some cattle for Mr. Russell, and who undertook to deliver the note personally at Nant. This man is an Englishman, and has been an old prisoner; yet I know he would not sell that note to the enemy for a thousand pounds. Mounted after three quarters of an hour's delay: and Job rode with us two miles, to show us the ford of the Lake River. After that H—— and I held on over a rough mountain, but with a pretty well defined track. We intended to make first for the house of a Mr. Grover,* whose son, a well-affected Tasmanian native, was known to be ready to aid me in any such affair. Neither of us had ever seen this young Grover: his father is a magistrate of the colony; but we had no hesitation about going straight up to the house.

As we slowly descended the narrow track, at a sudden turn among the trees, we encountered two gentlemen,

* Grover is not the gentleman's real name.

riding up the mountain. We exchanged salutations and passed, when H—— said to me, "I never saw Charles Grover, but I am almost sure the elder of those two is he." The "natives" of this island generally know one another by some sort of freemasonry—a circumstance which I had not at that moment taken time to investigate and trace philosophically. "We must not let him pass," said H——. "Then *coo-ee* to him." H—— sung out the *coo-ee* loud and clear; and in a minute the two gentlemen were seen riding back to meet us. "You are Mr. Charles Grover," said H——. "Yes." "This is Mr. Mitchel." He asked two or three eager questions; found out in a moment how the case stood; asked if our horses were fresh, and where we intended to stop that night. The horses were tired; we were making for Mr. Wood's † place in Westbury. Our new friend instantly turned with me; gave up the business, whatever it was, that urged him to his journey; told H—— he might go back to Bothwell, and leave me with *him*; made his companion give up his horse to me, and mount Donald, with directions to take him to his (Grover's) father's house, to be cared for after the journey; and then started off with me, to bring me by the most secret road to Mr. Wood's. "I am glad I met you," he said, "because it will save you the necessity of calling at my father's house; the governor, you know, is a masistrate; and it is as well not to run risks."

Most gratefully and affectionately I parted from H——, who turned intending to go back for that night to Job's; and next day by a circuitous route, to Bothwell. For me, I committed myself, without a moment's thought to the care of my new acquaintance. We rode on merrily, got out of the montain region, and skirted along the base of the great "Western Tier," at its northern side. Before dusk we rode into the yard of a large and handsome house, where a tall gentleman came to meet us. It was Mr. Wood, "Here is our friend," said Grover (I had never

† Wood is also a fictitious name.

seen Wood before), "Mr. Mitchel." Ah!" he said, quietly, "I have been expecting you here these two months." Last night I spent with this gentleman and his amiable family. But as there is a police station within a hundred yards of his gate, and as the police of Westbury were certain to be on the watch all over the district, from this day, or to-morrow, it was thought best to remove me this morning to the farm-house of a fine young Irishman, named B——, six miles from Mr. Wood's, and here I am this day, awaiting news of the movements of Nicargua and Sir William Denison.

June 13th.—Mr. B. and his wife are very kind to me; keep me in great privacy; seem almost proud to have the charge of so illustrious a patriot (as myself); and assure me I am safe enough here, for a month to come. However, I do not go out, even into the woods, except at night, and never without loaded arms. No news yet of Nicaragua.

16th.—News at last of Nicaragua. On the day he and I parted in the woods near Bothwell, he arrived safely at Oatlands, but was hotly pursued; left Fleur-de-lis, a well-known mare of mine, in the stable of the inn, reeking with sweat; made urgent inquiries whether he could bave a horse to travel *eastward* to Spring Bay;—then, at night, left the hotel, through the garden; climbed over several walls at the back of the houses; came round to the road outside the village; waited for the coach, and travelled *northward* to Launceston, where he is now, duly shaved and disguised.

At Bothwell there was violent excitement. Seven mounted police were instantly despatched thence, to scour the country on all sides, in pursuit. They traced Nicaragua to Oatlands; found my Fleur-de-lis in the stable; learned that the gentleman had asked for a horse to carry him to Spring Bay; and, accordingly, all that region is diligently scoured, and vedettes, on the promontories on the coast, are exchanging anxious signals.

I find also, that Mr. Davis, at Bothwell, charged one of the constables, who was present (an Englshman), with

failing in his duty, by not securing me when ordered; and further, charged him with having been bribed. He therefore dismissed him, whereupon the man got drunk on the spot, and spent the evening invoking three cheers for me. It is not true that this poor fellow was bribed, but I wish he had been; for it is now clear that he was open to a bribe, wanted a bribe, and deserved a bribe.

The Westbury police are patrolling night and day for my sake; but this is no more than the constables of all other districts are doing. Evidently all trace of me is lost, and the Government folk have no reason for supposing me to be in this district rather than any other. At any rate, in any case, whatever may befal me, I feel myself absolutely out of the enemy's power. The end of the enterprise *now* must be America or a grave.

Westbury, V. D. L., June 20th, 1853.—I have been now a week at Burke's farmhouse, and in the closest privacy. Even the few friends in this district, who know of my whereabouts, do not dare to come to the house in daylight; but the staunch O'K——, on whose own house a strict watch is kept by the police, contrived last night to evade their vigilance, leaving home in the afternoon, riding first in some other direction, and then making a circuit, so as to come down upon Burke's after midnight. With him came a Launceston friend, who had brought me a note from Nicaragua Smith. Nicaragua is now in Hobart Town, and has not been molested, although it is well-known that he was with me at the Bothwell police office; but as no violence was actually done, nor even arms exhibited, there is nothing to endanger him However, all his movements also are under strict surveilliance.

He assures me, in his note, that the enemy have not the slightest suspicion of my having come to this part of the island; and the impression is general that I am already at sea. Bets are pending in Hobart as to the direction I took—as to my having sailed, or not—and if so, by what ship. In the meantlme he is negotiating about a brigantine, the "Don Juan," one of Mr. Macnamara's ships. She is to sail shortly from Hobart Town,

bound for Melbourne; and he hopes to arrange it so that she will call on the north side of the island, in some lonely bay, to take me up—I to make my way to the rendezvous as best I may.

22nd.—Special messenger from Nicaragua. The "Don Juan" is to call at Emu Bay five days from hence; the distance is about eighty miles from my retreat; but there are four rivers to cross, no road, no bridges. And now fate has apparently declared against me, for within the last two days Emu Bay has become totally inaccessible by land. The winter floods have begun. It has rained furiously in the mountains; and the Forth, Mersey, and Don, all fordable in the summer, are rushing down now, in raging torrents that would sweep us into the sea if we were mounted on elephants. Then, if we go down to the sea-shore, and attempt to pass westward by crossing the mouths of the rivers in boats, a difficulty arises—there are generally no boats to be found there, except the police boats; and every river mouth is watched by constables, who have all received a special warning to be on the look out for a man thirty-five years of age or so, with dark hair, stature five feet ten inches, etc., etc.

What is to be done? The "Don Juan" will certainly call in at Emu Bay, and wait there two days. My Launceston friend advises a plan. He has hurried off to Launceston to employ the captain of a small coasting smack as a messenger to Emu Bay, with directions for the "Don Juan" to come eastward again, if the weather permit, and to lie off and on at a solitary beach, between West-head and Badger-head, a little to the west of the Tamar mouth. To that place I can go without crossing any river except the Meander. The plan does not look feasible, because the weather has grown wild, and the "Don Juan," if she can even leave Emu Bay, and coast eastward, may find it impossible to lie to off that dangerous coast. It is determined, however, that I am to try the chance.

The country between this place and Port Sorel is wild, marshy, rocky, and desolate—all the better for our pur-

pose, if we can only cross the Westbury road, and get through the settled country south of the Meander, without exciting suspicion. Our course is to be due north—the distance nearly seventy miles. We are to set forth about ten o'clock at night, and if possible, to reach the sea next day.

Latest accounts from Bothwell tell me that all is well at Nant Cottage; all our good neighbours of Bothwell are delighted at my escape (which *they* think is an accomplished fact already), and kindly attentive to my family. My wife, however, knows that I am still on the island, and every morning expects to hear either of embarkation, capture, or death. If I should even have the good fortune to get on board the "Don Juan," my adventures will have only begun; for she goes to Melbourne. At Melbourne their is doubtless a warrant against me, long since in the hands of the police, with description of eyes, hair, and stature; and since the discovery of gold mines there, careful note is taken by the authorities of every passenger and every sailor coming from Van Diemen's Land. Many captures are made every week. To get into Melbourne, and to get out of it again, will be about equally perilous; but the "work of the hour" is to get out of Van Diemen's Land.

24th.—We start to-night. It is gloomy winter weather; the country having been first thoroughly drenched is now frozen; but the moon is out and on duty. I am to have a considerable cavalcade and body-guard: the two Burkes, Mr. Wood and his brother, O'K——, O'Mara, brother-in-law to my host, and Foley, a powerful Tipperary man, somewhere between six and seven feet high. If we meet a patrol of constables either on the journey or at the coast, the meeting will not serve the cause of "law and order."

I had written two letters, one to my wife at Bothwell, one to my mother at New York—a kind of provisional adieu, indeed—for I scarcely hope to meet with this "Don Juan;" and, failing her, I shall have to disperse my party, and retire from the coast again with all speed

and secrecy. Mr. Wood in that case proposes to send me to a very remote "station" of his among the mountains of the North-west, to spend the winter there, and let all thought of pursuit die out. Meanwhile, my kind hostess, Mrs. Burke, is busied in preparations for our departure, and in providing what is needful for our journey. Amongst other things, the good creature gets some lead and casts bullets. Her husband comes with us, as well as his brother; and their father lends me a good horse.

26th.—Port Sorel, Bass's Straits.—We are here, but the "Don Juan" is *not*. The night before last, as had been arranged, about ten o'clock, after taking farewell of Mrs. Burke and her little boy (whose principal nurse I have been for a fortnight), I rode away accompanied by the two Burkes, O'K——, O'Mara, and Foley. We were to meet the Woods on the Westbury-road at a given point. It was cold but clear, and the moon shone brightly on the hoar frost. Having been joined by the Woods, we rode nearly due north, and sometimes after midnight descended through some dark and winding gullies to the valley of the Meander. Just on the farther bank, and in a very solitary place, stood the house of our friend O'K——. He is a respectable farmer, an intelligent, well-informed man, who emigrated hither after Lord Hawarden's great extirmination of tenantry in Tipperary. O'K—— was one of the tenants turned out upon that occasion; and saw his house pulled down, while all the neighbours in the adjoining townlands were warned not to shelter him or any member of his family. Some natural tears he shed, and uttered some natural imprecations; but shot neither landlord, nor agent, nor sheriff's officer—which would have been natural too. With the help of some good friends he found means to imigrate hither, and has a good farm—far from Lord Harwarden—but still hates with a holy hatred (as in reason he ought) the British aristocracy and British government. Of course he takes an interest in Irish rebels, and was Meagher's faithful companion and guide in his last

Tasmanian excursion. The river was high and rapid, the banks were steep and rough, but O'K—— knew the ground and led the way; the flood dashed up to our horses' shoulders, but in a few minutes we had scaled the opposite bank and galloped up to O'K——'s door.

Here we halted to sup and feed our horses. The family were asleep, but ere long a roaring fire blazed, beef stakes hissed, and at the head of his rough but kindly board O'K—— welcomed me (he hoped for the last time) to the hospitalities of the Tasmanian bush.

One of the peculiarities of the Westbury district is that you find Irish families, and whole Irish neighbourhoods, associating together and seldom meeting foreigners: for even the assigned convict servants whom these people select are all Irish. Thus they preserve, even in the second generation, Irish ways and strong Irish accent; and but a few weeks have gone by since, in this very house, on the death of O'K——'s old mother, a regular wake was held, and experienced crones raised a true *caoine* over the corpse, startling the cockatoos with their wild and unwonted *ululu*.

The two Woods are native Tasmanians, of English stock, and do not fully understand the Tipperary enthusiasm and Munster demonstativeness of O'K—— and his wife. They are men of very large property, bold horsemen, indefatigable bushmen, and seem to have come into our present enterprise as much for the sake of the excitement as for a sincere regard for Irish rebels. They sat smoking and looking on in silence, while O'K—— narrated the black story of the clearing of his village in Tipperary.

At last it was time to mount once more. The moon had gone down and the night was dark. Seven miles further on we found ourselves near a hut, which Mr. Wood recognised as the stock-hut of his nephew, young Lily. He said the owner was in it, and insisted that we should all dismount, knock him up, and demand some tea. I objected, supposing that there might be other strangers in the house, and it was not expedient (seeing I was

almost certain we should miss the "Don Juan") that my journey in this direction should come to be known. In vain I objected. Wood only laughed, and said it was all right, and thundered with his hunting-whip on the hut-door. After some grumbling on the inside, the door was cautiously opened by a man with a gun. Four men were within, including Lily, the proprietor,who had come that way to give directions to his stock-keepers. He quickly tumbled out of his opossum-rug, recognised my friends, but did not know me, and invited us all to partake the usual bush-fare.

Though displeased at the delay and risk of blabbing, I went in; and we remained an hour; so that dawn was breaking before we resumed our journey. Young Lilly was informed, before I left, of the nature of the excursion, and undertook to keep his shepherds, and also a strange shepherd who was there, closely employed about the place for some days, lest they should spread abroad the intelligence that such a party of horsemen had been riding coastward upon such a night.

When the morning reddened in the sky, we found ourselves in as wild and impervious a country as I have yet seen in Van Diemen's Land—no mountains, but countless hills, divided almost uniformly by dangerous marshes, rocks, dead trees, deep 'creeks' with rotten banks; such, without intermission for forty miles, was the scene of our tedious travel. The only comfort was, that no constable would venture into those wildernesses in winter.

Once O'K——, who was mounted on a powerful black mare, sunk unexpectedly deep into a morass, covered with treacherous herbage. He flung himself off the saddle; and, by dint of some desperate plunges, the mare was extricated. We came into a narrow gorge, very rocky and entangled with almost impassable "scrub." Down the gorge flowed, or rather oozed, through the slimy soil and prostrate decayed trees, a kind of creek, which we must cross; but never in all my bush-riding had I seen so hideous and perilous-looking a task for a horseman. Last winter, the floods had been peculiarly heavy hereabouts;

and the channel had been much deepened and widened. Immense dead trees lay along and athwart it in all directions; the banks were high and composed of soft red soil; and in the bottom, wherever the bottom could be seen, there seemed to be nothing but unfathomable red mud. We struggled a full hour along the bank, looking for a point where it was possible to cross; and every moment going farther out of our way, as was too apparent by the sun.

O'Mara, who was mounted on a fine young bay horse, once dashed at the creek, shouting, follow me! He went down the slope safely; and in a moment we saw the noble horse springing up against the opposite bank, O'Mara leaning over his neck and urging him with spur and voice. He gave two or three tremendous bounds, but the soft earth always gave way under his feet; and, at length, with his fore-feet pawing wildly in the air, down he went backwards to the bottom; but O'Mara, grasping a branch of a dead tree, swung himself from the saddle, and thus saved himself from interment in red slime under his horse. We spent an hour in extricating the poor animal, which, by dint of main force, we accomplished; but it was too clear that was not a place for crossing.

Over the creek, however, we made our way, and late last evening, came out from the hills upon the broad tide-water of the Tamar, near a small settlement called York. Avoiding the houses, which might have contained disaffected persons,—to wit, constables,—we proceeded about a couple of miles into the woods beyond, but were still five miles from the sea-coast of Badger-head.

Darkness came on; and the country before us was almost impassable even in daylight; so we bivouacked in the wood. Fortunately it was a grassy place, and the horses could pick up something to eat. We lighted a good fire, roasted upon forked sticks certain pieces of mutton we had carried with us from O'K——'s, finished the supply of brandy, and having duly smoked our pipes, fixed saddles under our heads for pillows, and slept.

At daybreak this morning we were astir; for we all

thought it quite possible that the "Don Juan," if her captain had received the message recalling him, might have been off the designated beach yesterday evening; and if so, the wind of last night, blowing in towards the shore, would have obliged her to work as far to seaward as possible; otherwise, the rocks of Badger-head would be fringed with her shivered ribs this morning. It was calm and mild weather as we started from our lair; and, after four miles' difficult journeying, through marshes, we heard the roar of the sea, and saw Badger-head towering to our left. Still, the water was invisible, for the shore was bordered by a line of high sand-hills, clothed with honey-suckle trees and *boobyalla*. We scaled the sand-hills; and there was the blessed sea;—but as far as the eye could sweep it, not a sail!

We gazed blankly into one another's faces. Determined, however, to wait there all day, and look out for a sail. The coast here makes a fine sweeping curve between the two rocky promontories; and there is a broad smooth beach of sand.

A vessel suddenly hove in sight, round the point of Badger-head. A brigantine! She was four miles off, and we had no doubt, from her apparent tonnage and rig, that she was the "Don Juan." She stood out to sea, and seemed to be coming out the Tamar mouth, where she had probably taken shelter last night.

Now we eagerly watched her movements, expecting every instant that she would tack. From the distance, we were unable to see whether she had Macnamara's signal-flag at her mast head; but we gathered some dried branches, and set fire to them, and to the long grass that covered a sand-hill. Soon a pillar of smoke rose into the air that might have been visible thirty miles. The insensible brigantine made no sign, nor swerved from her steady course, steering direct for Melbourne. In an hour she was out of sight, and we took counsel what we should do next. There we could stay no longer, if only for want of food; and it was necessary that the party should seperate. Mr. Wood renewed his proposal of sending me to his stock-station among the north-western mountains, where

I might stay all winter as a stock-keeper. In the meantime we agreed to ride in the evening to the house of a gentleman named Miller, about nine miles to the west of us, on the shore of Port Sorel inlet; stay with him all night, and consult with him in the morning.

The coast all along is totally uninhabited, and we did not see a human creature all day. Half a mile from Miller's we halted, and Wood rode on to make sure that no strangers were about the place. Miller himself returned with Wood. He had never seen me before, but seemed delighted that we had come to him. He assured us that as he had no servants at that time, and his house was quite off all tracks and roads, I might, if necessary, remain three months there unsuspected. On the other side of Port Sorel inlet, which is not half a mile wide at the mouth, stands a township, with police office, magistrate, and the rest of the apparatus; and Miller says the last stranger who appeared at his house was a constable from Launceston, bearing the despatch a fortnight ago to all the stations along that coast, announcing my departure from Bothwell.

"All special messengers," said he, "bearing despatches from Launceston, must come to me, and request me to put them across the water in my boat, which is the only boat on this side. So, you see, it is all right; you can stay here in perfect safety.

O'K—— declared he could not see how *this* made all right; for, said he, "if our journey in this direction comes to be known, as it must be in a few days, your *next* visitor will be another constable."

"The very thing," said Miller, "that we want. The fellow can't go over without my help; I can make him drunk here, and take the despatch from him, or bribe him to return and say he delivered it; or drown him, if you like, in the passage."

This did not appear a very satisfactory prospect; yet, as we must seperate, and as the "Don Juan" may still appear to-morrow or next day, I have resolved to stay with Mr. Miller, and keep a look-out for her. All my escort are to go to their several homes to-morrow, and

Burke is to communicate with Nicaragua Smyth.

Miller is an Englishman, long resident in London; but, like all other honest people in this country, he cordially abhors Sir William Denison and his government, and will go any length in my service: not, perhaps, that he loves me more, but that he loves Sir William less.

27th.—Before sunrise this morning I went with O'K——, took an excellent telescope of Miller's, and went over the sand-hills to get a view of the sea. Not a sail in sight. Wind steady from the north-west, and likely to remain so. This is a fair wind for the "Don Juan," coming from Emu Bay towards Port Sorel; but I begin now to despair of her.

After breakfast all my friends went off—all promising to return if required. They leave me Burke's horse, the same that I rode from Westbury. They had gone about four hours, and Miller and I were sitting on the sand-hills smoking, when a sail came in sight from the westward; we watched her eagerly, but she turned out to be a barque. Here, then, I remain, within a mile of a police barrack. Miller's land forms a point, which runs out far to meet the opposite shore of the inlet. The point is well wooded, and immediately on the shore the hills of sand are thickly fringed with a dense shrubbery of boobyalla a small, beautiful tree, rising to a height of seven or eight feet, and forming a close screen with its dark green leaves, which greatly resemble the leaves of the arbutus. From behind this shelter I can see the sleepy-looking village, which seems to be peopled mostly by constables, sauntering about with their belts and jingling handcuffs.

July 1st.—Four days at Miller's. No "Don Juan"; no news from Launceston, or from Nicaragua Smyth. Though my host is well-informed and agreeable, I begin to execrate this lurking life. The suspense and terror at Nant Cottage must be grievous. I despise myself as I sit here behind my boobyalla fence, and am very much inclined to cut short the business by some *coup*. Mr. Miller proposes a plan. He says there is a vessel in the

mouth of one of the rivers, fourteen miles west, taking a cargo of sawn timber on board for Melbourne. "She will be cleared," continued Miller, "by our friend over the way, the chief constable. Now, I have a brother in Melbourne, lately arrived from England. I have been expecting him here to visit me, and Mr. Nichols, the police magistrate, and the chief constable, are aware of it. If you choose I will bring you over to the village the day before the ship is to sail; introduce you as my brother to the worthy magistrate; he will ask us to dine; he will give you a certificate. In the evening you and I will go along with the clearing-officer himself, across the country to the river Forth. You will be put on board in due form of law, as Henry Miller, and proceed upon your travels respectably. Does the magistrate, or any of the constables, know your appearance?"

"How can I tell? You know they are always changing the constables from one district to another. However, I think my disguise is complete." Miller ran to his boat, sculled across, and within an hour returned, laughing—"I have told Mr. Nichols that you are here; and I think he will feel that it is only civility to come over and visit you. I also mentioned you to the chief of police, telling him that, although you had been so short a time here, you are tired of the country (which is true), and want to go to Melbourne. I told him you did not much like the idea of travelling back to Launceston, to take passage in one of the steamers, and asked him if there were not a good vessel shortly to sail from some of these rivers. 'There is the "Wave," said he—'the very thing for your brother."

"Well," I asked, "what more." "Why," said Miller, "he is going over to the Forth to-morrow, will go on board the ship, and will bring us back full particulars as to the accommodation, fare, &c. Then you and I are to dine with the police-magistrate on our way; and the clearing officer will have an interview with you in the police office, and will make all smooth for my brother. This thing will do. You must come."

"I agree to everything but the dinner party at the police magistrate's. I will not sit down at any man's table

under a feigned name ; but let us impose on him otherwise, if you like." "You agree, then, to go as my brother?" "Certainly ; I am tired of skulking about ; though your society and conversation, my dear fellow, are ——." "Hurrah!" said Miller, running to tell his wife of our plan. He seems rejoiced beyond measure that he is to have the whole credit of taking me off, when all my Irish friends had failed, and swears he will go with me to Melbourne. To-morrow he goes across to the village again, to learn all the particulars about the cabin of the "Wave," for we must pretend to be very fastidious about our accommodations."

2nd.—To-day he pushed his boat over again. "It is all right," he said, when he returned — "everything arranged. We sail on the 8th. The police magistrate will come over in the meantime to visit you." So the matter stands, then. If I do not hear of some better arrangements made by Nicaragua Smyth, or my friends in Launceston, before the "Wave" lifts anchor, I shall sail as Henry Miller. Miller has two magnificent kangaroo dogs. His son George and I rode out to-day up to Badger-head, taking the dogs with us ; and in the scrubby hollows of the promontory, we raised two kangaroos, but I grieve to say, lost them both. The "scrub" was too close for the dogs to run. We saw, on our return, three superb eagles, poising themselves on moveless wings, high in the air. The lambing season has commenced, and these three murderers have come down from the mountains to keep an eye upon Miller's lambs.

5th July.—About eleven o'clock to-day two horsemen were seen approaching through the trees, from the direction of Badger-head. An unusual sight ; for the last eight days no human being has appeared on this side of Port Sorel, and when it had happened that the foot-prints of one solitary man had been seen on the sand, the very day we came here, the phenomenon kept Miller's family speculating and wondering ever since. So there was commotion in the house, when one of the boys ran in to tell us of the approaching horsemen. Miller locked me up in my own room, having first warned me to look to

my pistols. He walked out to meet the strangers. Presently I heard well-known voices, and came out—the two Burkes have come to bring me to Launceston. My indefatigable friend, Dease, a merchant in that town, has bargained, it seems, with Capt. ——, of the steamer ——, to bring me from Launceston to Melbourne ; and my passage has been secured on board the steamer in the name of Father Macnamara. I must be in Launceston to-morrow evening, go aboard at once, and remain there all night. Next morning the steamer sails. They tell me no time is to be lost, for it begins to be rumored that I am still on the island, and the police have a nose keen in the scent of gain.

Launceston is fifty-five or sixty miles off; and the country is, in this season, altogether execrable. They have only ridden to-day from the Tamar mouth (about fifteen miles), and propose that I start at once, and go so far this evening as to a certain hut they know. To-morrow to Launceston. Farewell, then, my kind English host and hostess, and once more in the saddle. Miller says I had better go by the "Wave," and be his brother Henry.

8th.—On the 6th we slept (the two Burkes and I) at a hut in the woods. On the 7th, a wet and stormy day, we made good our way, though with great labour and fatigue, to Launceston. Went to the house of ——, and got rigged up as a Catholic priest—shaved from the eyes to the throat, dressed in a long black coat, with upright collar, the narrow white band round the neck, and a broad black hat, I waited for Mr. Dease to come, and bring me on board. Dease came, accompanied by Connellan of Hobart Town.

This plot also miscarries ; and they all fear the case is almost desperate. Capt —— says positively that he dare not take me on board at Launceston, nor even any where along the river on his way down, at least until after his ship has been cleared at George Town, forty-five miles below Launceston—says the rigour of searching has been greatly increased since I left Bothwell, and that the police magistrate at George Town has got very special orders ; so that he (the captain) cannot take me, even concealed

in his own cabin—that retreat, which used to be a sanctuary, being now subject to the narrowest scrutiny. In short, he said, I must go down the river in an open boat this night, so as to find myself below George Town, between the very capes of the river's mouth, to-morrow about three o'clock. There he will take me up.

Dease had come to tell me that a boat was ready for me, and that I must start at once. It was a dreadful night, wet and stormy. I had ridden fifty miles, mostly through rain, rivers, and morasses, and was thoroughly tired. I declared I would go on board in the morning openly at the quay, as Father Macnamara and run all the risk; but my friends overruled this, and almost carried me down to the river. It was profoundly dark Two boatmen were waiting for us at the river side. Dease and Connellan came with me. I threw myself along the bottom of the boat, and in ten minutes was fast asleep; and so we started on our nocturnal expedition of about fifty miles.

Launceston, V. D. L., July 9th.—We have come back here. Baffled again.

To resume the story of our almost desperate attempt to get out of the river Tamar in an open boat:—We were rowed nearly all night after leaving Launceston, and a little before dawn arrived at a point of the river (or rather estuary) where it is about two miles in width. On the right bank, just here, lives a worthy colonist named Barrett, to me unknown, but for whom my com anions vouched as well affected. We put the boat ashore, and walking up to the house, in the dark, thundered at the door without ceremony. Barrett came down. We asked him for his boat (a good gig), and people to pull it, intending to leave the little skiff that had brought us down at this place, until my friends should be returning up the river, after depositing me on board the steamer at the river mouth. The boat, the men, everything was at our service. We stayed an hour or two, breakfasted, and then Mr Barrett volunteered to go with us himself, and to see me fairly at sea. There was good daylight when we started, and we had only sixteen or seventeen miles to go to George Town. So we dropped down the river at

our liesure. It is a most winding and dangerous estuary, varying in breadth from a quarter of a mile to three miles, bordered by hills, all covered with unbroken forest, except where a small farm has been cleared here and there.

Before coming quite opposite to George Town Mr. Barrett put me and Connellan ashore for awhile in the woods on the western bank, and went himself over to the village, in order that he might see the chief of police, and give him some account (a false account of course) of his errand down there with his boat. Unless this precaution was taken, he said, the police would assuredly take notice of the strange boat, and send an armed police boat to question us.

We remained an hour in the woods; Barrett was to return to our side at a point two miles lower down the river than the place we landed, to take us up there whenever the steamer should appear. He had scarcely pushed across to George Town before the black funnel and its streamer of smoke came round a wooded promontory within three miles. The usual custom is to delay these steamers about an hour at George Town, while they undergo a thorough and final search, so that we calculated on having abundance of time. The Captain had directed us to be in the middle of the river in the boat, after he should have got rid of the searchers, and he would lie to and take me on board. I had my priestly garments and broad-brimmed hat along with me, so as to enable me to act the character of Father Macnamara with proper dignity and sanctity.

But while Connellan and I were making our way to the point at which Barrett was to take us up again, and just after we had seen the police boat come out to overhaul the ship, we saw, to our utter dismay, that the boat left her again instantly, and she, without stopping, steamed away down towards the Heads. Barrett's boat had not yet left George Town to come over for us; half an hour passed, and the boat did not come. The steamer was now four miles down the river, and there, close by the lighthouse, we saw her stop.

Now, we thought, all was right. Barrett's boat at last approached, pulled with desperate energy by four men. We jumped in, and put off, still keeping our eyes on the steamer, when, at that moment, up went the steam again. The captain evidently had come to the conclusion that something must have happened to prevent me from keeping my appointment; and he had waited full fifteen minutes We were too far off to be visible from the ship, close under the shore as we were; and just as our rowers were stretching to their oars with all their force, the steamer moved slowly off before our eyes, swept round the light-house, and away on her straight course for Melbourne.

The chance was lost. The sun set in a red and angry sky; it was certainly to be a stormy night; and there we were, far from shelter, opposite one of the strongest and most vigilant police stations of the island. Back to Launceston we must absolutely make our way, and that before morning. Moreover, as Mr. Dease, one of our companions, had been left in George Town, Barrett must call for him I objected to go in the boat to George Town, but said I would go on shore again with Connellan, on the west bank, and let Barrett come for me after taking up Dease.

We accordingly went into the woods again, and watched the boat going across. Half an hour at the utmost would suffice to bring her back. Half an hour passed, but no boat came. It was now dark. An hour went by—two hours, still no boat came. We knew that something was wrong, and conjectured that some of the boatmen had got drunk and let out the secret. "In that case," said Connellan, "the first boat that comes over will be a police boat." Another hour elapsed, and we had made up our mind to spend the night in some very secret part of the forest, and walk next day by West Head and Badger Head back to my friend Miller, when we heard in the darkness the sound of oars working in the rowlocks. Presently the prow of a boat ran up against the gravelly beach, but it was impossible to see

anything at one yard's distance. I told Connellan to go down towards the place where he heard the sound, and if all was right to sing out *coo-ee*; but if it was a police boat, then to make no sound but try to rejoin me instantly. In the meantime I put caps on my pistols.

Coo-ee! It was Barrett's boat. The delay was caused only by two of the boatmen getting drunk; but there had been no blabbing so far as Barrett knew. To my surprise I found also Dan Burke, of Westbury, in the boat. He had taken his passage in the steamer, and was to have gone with Father Macnamara to Melbourne. Says that the steamer did not delay an hour, as usual, only because the chief of police at George Town, called the "clearing officer," had happened to be at Launceston, had come down on board the steamer, and had made his researches on his way; so when the police boat came alongside he had nothing to do but drop into it and go ashore. Burke says that the captain had then no pretext for delay—that if he had stopped anywhere nearer to George Town he would be sure to be visited again by the police—that when he did stop, down at the Heads, he had anxiously kept looking out with a glass to see whether our boat appeared, and at last had given us up. The failure, therefore, was not the captain's fault, but is due to the fates and destinies, the Sisters Three, and such branches of learning. Burke himself had left the steamer at the Heads and had come back in the pilot-boat.

We had a weary pull up the river again. The night came down in a horrible storm, and we were twice on reefs. Reached Barrett's about one o'clock, took our Launceston boat and boatmen again; bade adieu to poor Barrett, who is very desponding about my fate—these repeated failures being, as he thinks, a pronouncement of heaven against me—and then we set out for Launceston. I was now fully resolved to stay no longer on the north side of the island, but to make my way to Hobart Town, and put myself in the hands of some shipowner to be smuggled away like contraband goods as he in his wisdom should think best. The storm roared and raged

more furiously every moment. In the windings of the channel we were several times driven ashore, yet, as the wind was with us, we kept the sails set, hoping to get up to the town before morning. The rain came down in torrents, the woods groaned and even shrieked, and through the blackness of the night we could see nothing but the glimmer out of the white foam. When we were yet sixteen miles from Launceston a dreadful squall came down upon us, and before the men could drop the lug-sail we were driven violently ashore. The boatmen declared that they would not go to Launceston till the storm was over We were in a perfectly trackless wood; the earth was soaked, the trees were dripping, but we did not care for that, having been drenched to the marrow of the bones some hours before. Five or six hours we spent in those dismal circumstances, deriving an imperfect consolation from smoking; but so thoroughly exhausted were we that every one of us lay down and slept under the pouring rain.

Embarked again this morning, and of course reached Launceston in broad day. I was put ashore a mile from the town, and was to walk up accompanied by Dan Burke, and proceed openly to the house of Father Butler, behind the Catholic Chapel, where the others were to meet me. There is nothing like coolness. We walked quietly into and through the town; and the man of five feet ten, dark hair and so forth, passed quite unchallenged through the streets—probably because there are so many men whom that description fits. In truth, if my wife had met me in that walk she could not have suspected me. So I reached the worthy priest's house safely.

When Connellan, Dease, and his brother came, they all agreed with me that the north side of the island has grown too hot to hold me. The two Launceston boatmen, who have just brought us up, though my name was never mentioned before them, must at least suspect. Barrett's men knew me well enough. Besides, the long journeys of the Burkes to and fro must have been noticed, and I, therefore, tell my friends that I am resolved to go straight to Hobart Town, and by the public coach. The

distance is 120 miles, the coach-road passes through seven or eight townships, and by a dozen police offices. Yet, still relying on my clerical character, I think this safer than any other mode of travelling.

Connellan has gone to take two places in the night mail for the night after next, one for himself and one for the Rev. Mr. Blake. In the meantime the good Father Butler proposes to conceal me in the belfry of his church. How can I ever acknowledge the great services rendered to me by all these kind people?

12th July—Hobart Town.—The Rev. Mr. Blake has accomplished his perilous journey. The night coach started from Launceston at half-past five P.M., when there is still daylight; and Father Butler would by no means hear of my going to the coach office in the most public part of the town He therefore lent me a horse and rode with me out of town to wait for the coach at Franklin village. As we rode on we approached a turnpike gate. "Here," said Mr. Butler, "you can test your disguise. Clergymen of all denominations are privileged to pass the toll gates free in Van Diemen's Land. If the man has no doubt about your being a priest, he will politely touch his hat to us both. But if he does not believe in your holy orders, it will cost you threepence." I saved the threepence, and my dignified nod was as good as a blessing to the gatekeeper.

When I bade adieu to Father Butler and got into the coach, I found besides Connellen two other passengers inside. One of them, a man whom I had met and talked with at least once before, and who certainly would have known me had I been less effectually disguised. He is T. MacDowell, late Attorney-General for the colony—a dangerous neighbor. Not that I believe it would have been running any risk to confide the matter *to him*, but there was another stranger. Mr. MacDowell tried to draw us into conversation, asked me about "my bishop," but I was shy, unsatisfactory, Jesuitical.

Towards morning we passed the point of the mail road nearest to Bothwell (within sixteen miles), and I gazed wistfully at the gloomy ridge of the Den Hill. Beyond

that hill, embowered among the boscages of Bothwell, lies my little *quasi*-home, which my eyes will never see again, with all its sleeping inmates lulled by the murmuring Clyde.

The coach changed horses at Green Ponds as usual: and everybody at Greenponds knows me by sight. Several men were about the coach; they looked into it and all over it as if expecting to see some traveller. I took no note of all this till Mr. MacDowell said to one of them, "Ah, you are up early." (it was about four o'clock in a winter's morning). "Yes, sir," was the answer, "on special duty." I now looked more sharply at the man: it was the chief constable of Green Ponds with some of his force. If it was for my sake, however they had risen so early it was in vain, for not one of them recognised me. I looked as calm and as mild as if *Deus vobiscum* were on my lips; but I was preparing to open the coach door furthest from the hotel, at a moment's notice, with one hand, and with the other took hold of a pistol in the pocket of my clerical *soutane*. We passed on. It was clear day this morning before we reached Bridgewater, and it would have been madness to proceed with the coach to the door of the Ship Inn at Hobart Town, where there is always a crowd of detectives. So I left the coach and went into the hotel to remain there all day, and take the evening coach into town. Connellan remained in his place, and bade farewell very respectfully to Mr. Blake. He says Mr. MacDowell looked somewhat keenly after me and observed, "Your reverend friend Connellan does not carry any luggage."

I spent the day walking along the Derwent and amongst the woods, dined at the solitary inn, and in the evening took a place outside on the coach which was to reach Hobart Town at eight o'clock. Six miles short of Hobart Town we stopped a moment at a hotel. St. Kevin O'Doherty climbed the coach and sat down directly in front of me, looking straight in my face. He had come out expressly to meet me, he knew I was to be dressed as a priest, yet I was a total stranger to him. Before going down into the centre of the town, I made

the coachman pull up, left the coach and walked through the dark streets (for the city is not lighted) to Connellan's house in Collins-street. I knocked at the door; it was opened by Nicaragua "Is Mr. Connellan at home, sir?" "No, sir; he has gone out to take a drive." "Will he soon return?" Nicaragua all this time was looking at me. curiously and anxiously. Connellan in fact had gone to Bridgewater in a gig for *me*. It was now full time for him to return, and when a stranger came instead poor Nicaragua thought all was over, that I had been taken, and that his visitor was a detective come to search for papers—such an atmosphere of "preternatural suspicion do men breathe in this Tartarean island."

I saw now that my disguise might carry me through a birthday ball at Government House. I walked into the hall, shut the door, went into the parlour where the lights were burning, took off my broad-brimmed hat, looked at Nicaragua and laughed. Then he knew me. It was the first time we had met since we exchanged horses and coats in the wood behind Bothwell, just five weeks ago, and he had since had almost as much travelling and hardship as myself.

He has much to tell me; was up two or three days ago at Nant Cottage. All well there; everyone in Bothwell, and all over the island, laughing at Mr. Davis, the police magistrate. A song is sung now in those parts, celebrating his worship's horse, Donald, that he *lent* his prisoner to escape upon. There are grave suspicions over him; and many still continue to believe that I bought not the horse, but the owner. This makes his worship nearly frantic; and he has since converted his police office into a kind of a fortress, with two armed constables instead of one, always keeping guard at the doors, who have the strictest orders *never to hold any gentleman's horse*. They have really been too careless at these offices, and I take some credit for reforming the discipline of this one. Mr. Davis declares he will exculpate himself before all Europe; he will appeal to the human species. In the meantime he sternly awaits an attack from John Knox.

Nicaragua himself goes everywhere without molestation,

having been a mere spectator in the Bothwell affair, and not an actor; but his motions are watched closely; and on Connellan's coming into the house, it was decided that I could not stay in that house, even for one night, in safety. Nicaragua and I, therefore, left the door at different times, walked different ways, and met at Mr. Manning's door. Mr. Manning is agent in Hobart Town for Macnamara's ships, and I knew him to be well-affected to me, although a frequenter of Government House, and birthday-balls, and the like.

In half-an-hour we had our plan arranged. The "Emma," regular passenger-brig, sails hence for Sydney within a week. Nicaragua sets out to-morrow for Bothwell, to hasten and assist the winding up of all affairs at Nant Cottage, sale of stock, etc., so as to enable my wife and family to sail by the *same vessel*—they to go on board at the wharf, and be regularly "cleared" by the authorities,—I, being contraband, to be taken down the bay by Manning himself, in his own boat; the "Emma" to time her lifting anchor so as to drop down the stream at dusk, I to be put on board in the dark three or four miles below, but to preserve my incognito strictly while on board, even to my own children. There might be some disaffected passenger in the "Emma;" and if any of them should know me and betray my presence in Sydney, I would as certainly be arrested there as in Hobart Town itself. Meantime, Mr. Manning has brought me out to-night to the house of his father, two miles down the Sandy Bay road, in a quiet country place, where I am to remain concealed till the ship sails.

This is a bold move; but, unless some untoward accident occurs it will be successful. Then away for San Francisco.

July 19th—At Sea.—The "Emma," with all sails set, is gliding northwards. Maria Island, O'Brien's old dungeon, is straight opposite, and the long stretching mountainous coast of Van Diemen's Land extending for windward as far as the eye can reach.

Yesterday evening I was placed on board in the bay by moonlight. Capt. Brown received me as a passenger

he had been expecting, merely observing: "You were almost too late, Mr. Wright," then brought me down to the cabin, and introduced Mr. Wright to the passengers, including *Nicaragua*. My wife was sitting on the poop with the children in the moonlight, eagerly watching my embarkation, but did not say a word to me; and Mr. Wright walked about as a stranger. The ship is full of passengers, but not one of them knows me.

July 20th.—This evening we are fast shutting down the coast of Van Dieman's Land below the red horizon, and about to cross the stormy Bass's Straits The last of my island prison visible to me is a broken line of blue peaks over the Bay of Fires. Adieu, then, beauteous island, full of sorrow and gnashing of teeth—island of fragrant forests, and bright rivers, and fair women!—Island of chains and scourges, and blind, brutal rage and passion! Behind those far blue peaks, in many a green valley known to me dwell some of the best and warmest-hearted of all God's creatures; and the cheerful talk of their genial firesides will blend forever in my memory with the eloquent song of the dashing Derwent and deep-eddying Shannon.

Van Dieman's Land is no longer a penal colony. That is to say, the British Government, yielding with a very ill grace to the imperious remonstrances of five potent colonies, has announced that no more prisoners shall be sent thither. In a generation or two, then, the convict taint will be well-nigh worn out of the population; and those most lovely vales will be peopled by beings almost human. May it be so! Tasmania will then be the brightest of the five Australian Stars that have already dawned on their blue Southern banner.

Vanish the peaks of the Bay of Fires; a storm is gathering, and the Straits are going to show us this night the utmost they can do. I go below, and having already formed some casual acquaintance with Nicaragua and other passengers, Mr. Wright sits down to smoke and chat.

July 23rd—Sunrise.—We are off the entrance of Sydney Harbour. Narrow entrance; perpendicular cliffs

on both sides. Lighthouse perched on one of them. After getting through the entrance a spacious bay appears, running into many coves stretching in all directions, in every one of which a fleet might lie at anchor. Low wooded hills all around. The city crowns the head of the bay, and who needs to be informed that there is plenty of shipping.

Here Mr. Wright must run the gauntlet again ; for the "Emma," as usual, is to be searched by police authorities, and they possess undoubtedly a description, (probably a too flattering portrait) of the man of five feet ten, with dark hair. But Captain Brown, who is familiar with the chief officer, takes him at once down to the cabin, produces brandy and water, tells the official person some new anecdote of a jocose description, and so gets rid of him. Then he makes ready his own boat, and tells Mr. Wright he is going to bring him ashore first. Mr. Wright nods a slight farewell to Nicaragua and his other acquaintances among the passengers ; but does not presume to address Mrs. Mitchel (not having been introduced to that lady), and drops into the boat.

Twelve o'clock.—Mr. Wright was conducted by the captain straight to Macnamara's house in the best part of the city. Was kindly received by Mr. James Macnamara (his father is now in Melbourne), is domiciled in the house for the present, and, instead of Wright has become "Warren."

July 25th.—My wife came to Mr. Macnamara's to visit Mr. Warren ; brought me a letter she had received, before leaving Bothwell, from Smith O'Brien, very warmly congratulating her on my escape ; also a letter from John Knox. She had the kindest assistance from our neighbours of Bothwell in all her business arrangements,—selling horses, and sheep, and so forth. Nant Cottage and farm are already occupied by an English gentleman recently arrived from England ; and he took the furniture at a valued price. *Fleur-de-lis*, our old favourite, is sold to a young lady. May her rack long abound with hay, and the oats never fail in her manger. *Tricolor* goes to Connellan ; *Donald* to Dan Burke ; *Dabble*, the boy's

little brown mare, has been sold, and Mr. A. Reid promises to take care of her colt. I was very fond of all the horses, and hope to hear sometimes how it fares with them, as well as with my human friends.

November 29th.—John Mitchel and his wife arrived safely in New York. Was met and welcomed by his brother and Meagher, when he was safely conducted to his mother's residence at Brooklyn.

TERENCE McMANUS.

McManus was sentenced to death for seditious speeches, but was reprieved and transported for life.

When he arrived in the colony he received a ticket-of-leave, and the district to which he was appointed was the town of Launceston ; where he shortly after arrival began business as a merchant and commission agent.

It was necessary in his business transactions that he should visit Hobart Town, and he applied to the authorities for what was termed a pass. This was refused him, but he took French leave, and proceeded to Hobart Town, transacted his business quickly, and returned to Launceston. For this breach of prison discipline he was arraigned before Francis Evans, Esq., J.P., at the Police Court, Launceston, 20th January, 1851 ; reprimanded, and discharged. Mr. F. Evans, being of a kindly disposition, talked to him in a fatherly manner, saying it would be far better at any time, should he desire to cross the country again, to present a petition, when he and his brother magistrates would endorse same, and thus insure the granting of the requisite leave.

The then Governor, or head gaoler of the island, not satisfied with the Launceston magistrate's verdict, had McManus arrested and sent to the settlement at Port Arthur, which settlement was for the reception of prisoners who had been sentenced for the second or third time, and was only second to Macquarie Harbour in the severity of its discipline. He there had to work with

men in chains in a most degraded and severe manner, the most cruel position for a gentleman of his rank to be placed in. He lingered in this hell for a time, when his Launceston friends rallied up, the Messrs. Dease being most prominent in their actions, and they waited upon Mr. Adye Douglas, who was known for his deep sympathy with the accused. By a writ of "Habeas Corpus" he was brought before the Judges of the Supreme Court, and, after full arguments being heard, Mr. McManus was discharged. He quietly returned to Launceston, wounded in spirit, prostrated in body by physical privation and suffering, and he was laid upon a sick bed. By repose and care it was hoped he would be restored; but his sick chamber was invaded by Sir William Denison's satellites. The penal officers of the colony invaded his chamber, without warrant, to seize the unfortunate gentleman, and drag him back to the scene of punishment and degredation. The Government doctor and one of the medical gentlemen of Launceston interposed, and dispatched a certificate to the effect that a removal at that time would endanger his life. Three days respite was thus obtained. On the evening of the third day Mr. W. Gunn, Superintendent of Convicts, received instructions to remove McManus back to Port Arthur. But McManus's friends, during this respite, had made up their minds that they would remove him out of the clutches of Sir William Denison. The barque "Elizabeth Thompson," chartered by Mr. W. B. Dean to proceed with produce to California, was then about leaving Launceston. Overtures were made to secure the passage of the unfortunate gentlemen out of the clutches of tyranny and oppression. It was agreed to take him away, if it was possible, and to place him on board of the vessel outside of the Tamar Heads. That difficulty was overcome in the following manner. Fortunately at this time the barque "Spartan" called at Tamar Heads, waiting orders whether to load at Launceston, or proceed to Melbourne for a cargo. The commander, Payne, an off-hand, dashing fellow, entered heartily into the scheme of aiding the escape of McManus. Fearing that the Doctor might make a visit

at night to the patient, a young man, a resident of Launceston, J. G.——, who resembled McManus in features and stature, volunteered to go to bed in the sick chamber in his place. That evening the Doctor did not make his appearance, a large meeting on the Anti-Transportation Question being held in Launceston, all the residents attending, the Doctor amongst the number. It was arranged McManus should obtain the use of the fast-trotting pony, the property of Mr. Douglas, and Mr. Barrett, of Whirlpool Reach, was to meet him at the bridge, and guide him to his residence, and from thence to place him on board the "Spartan." But the best laid schemes are sometimes frustrated by a simple incident. A faithful guardian in the shape of a Newfoundland dog stood guard over the pony; and when it was attempted to saddle the pony the dog placed his paws on the shoulders of McManus, and entered his protest against the proceeding by uttering his deep-toned "bow-wows." It was in vain to attempt to bribe or coax the faithful guardian by speaking to him the sweetest and softest words with true Irish accent, and McManus was compelled to retreat from the stable. Mr. Douglas being at the public meeting there was nothing to be done but to proceed to his private residence, and obtain the assistance of one of his sons; an hour was thus lost. Mr. Barrett left his station and came into town to ascertain what was the matter.

Being informed that he had gone at the break of day Barrett was on the road, and at thirty miles down found the pony fastened to a sapling; but where was McManus? On reaching his home he discovered the fugitive had not arrived there. Mr. Barrett and a couple of his faithful servants beat the bush, when poor McManus was found about five miles below Whirlpool Reach, in a hollow gum tree, shivering with cold. It was found necessary that he should have rest and refreshment, and in the small hours of the next morning, with muffled oars, a boat put forth and safely conveyed McManus on board the "Spartan."

The officials were quickly on the alert. The semaphore on the Windmill Hill, at Launceston, had been

actively at work (when it was ascertained the bird had flown) telegraphing the news to George Town. The mist on the Tamar had not risen when Captain Friend, who was magistrate and port officer at George Town, with the police officers, boarded the "Spartan," the Captain and crew being at breakfast. No alarm had been given of their arrival, and McManus had barely time to conceal himself behind the cabin door when they entered. Strangely it was, and most fortunately for McManus, they did not look behind the door. Two constables were left on board. Payne served out the grog freely, and when evening arrived the "bobbies" could see double. Dr. Hampton had arrived in Launceston to stimulate the officials to greater exertion. The "Spartan" was again to be searched; but this time there was better provision made for the security of McManus—he was rolled up in the main sheet. The constables never looked upwards.

On Tuesday morning 4th March, 1851, the "Elizabeth Thompson" was taken in tow by the steamer "Gypsy," having on board the District Constable and two subordinates, to see that no person boarded her. She was towed out to sea. The "Spartan" raised her anchor, and proceeded as was supposed on her voyage to Melbourne. It was blowing a strong breeze from the north-west, and, being in light trim, she soon overhauled the "Elizabeth Thompson," and McManus was placed on board of her out in mid-ocean, free from the official tyranny of Sir William Denison.

Unfortunately for Payne, the master of the "Spartan," it came on to blow a gale, and he was driven out of his course, and blown near to the New Zealand coast, and it took considerable time to make the port for which he sailed. Running out of provisions he put into Western Port, and going on shore he shot a bullock. His troubles did not end here, being taken up for cattle stealing. When, however, the owner of the beast heard the particulars of the cause of the proceeding he took no further action. Payne was released. He lost his position as master of the ship, but he shortly afterwards received an appointment in Victoria.

F. O'MEAGHER.

O'Meagher was under the same sentence as McManus and arrived in the colony at the same time.

On 1st May, 1851, he appeared before Mr. T. Mason, at the Police Court, Campbell Town, having received a letter from the Comptroller General of Convicts, Van Diemen's Land, requiring him to renew his parole.

I abridge the conversation which took place between him and the police magistrate :—

Mr. Mason—"The Comptroller General desires me to request you will now have the goodness to write a renewal of your parole, and address the document to him."

Mr. O'Meagher.—"Am I required to give the renewal in writing?"

Mr. Mason.—"Yes, so it has been directed."

Mr. O'Meagher.—"At the time I received the ticket-of-leave the parole was not required in writing, nor do I conceive that it becomes more binding by being placed upon paper. I have no objection, however, to set it down in writing, since you have been instructed to require it."

Mr. O'Meagher was then politely handed a sheet of long blue paper by Mr. Truro, clerk of the court, and he addressed a note to the Comptroller General of Convicts, informing him that he pledged his word of honor not to attempt to escape from the colony so long as he held the ticket-of-leave. Mr. O'Meagher, having completed this note, handed it to Mr. Mason, who read it over, and quietly bowing to Mr. O'Meagher informed him it would do, and that he would forward it to the Comptroller General.

Mr. O'Meagher then said that he wished to take advantage of the opportunity presented to him by the renewal of his engagement, to state distinctly that in giving the parole required of him by the Government, *he bledged his honor to the fulfilment of one condition only, namely, that of not attempting to leave the colony. "To the fulfilment of no other condition whatsoever have I bledged myself, or do I commit my word of honor."*

In the latter end of the year 1851 Mr. George Dease received letters from America from various sympathisers, also from McManus; also enclosed was a letter for O'Meagher, advising him to shake off the dust of Van Diemen's Land from his shoes, and leave the colony. O'Meagher was sick and weary of his hermit life at Lake Sorel, and there was a longing desire once more to be able to mix with his co-equals in the busy hive of the world. The preliminary arrangements were left to Mr. Dease; and the same vessel, with the same captain, was early in 1852 again in the port of Launceston, loading up for San Francisco. The difficulty was, how was it possible to remove O'Meagher from Lake Sorel to Bass's Straits unobserved by the authorities; but the fertile brain of Mr. G. Dease overcame that difficulty. The Messrs. Field were interviewed, and they agreed to provide a guide, with relays of horses, for the purpose of removing the hermit from Lake Sorel to Badger Head.

The following letter was then addressed to Mr. Thomas Mason, police magistrate at Campbell Town :—

"Sir,

My written obligation that I furnished you I now revoke. On and after ——— I shall feel at liberty to dispose of myself as I think proper.

Your obedient servant,
F. O'MEAGHER."

On receipt of this letter the police magistrate, with the district constable and two subordinates, proceeded to Lake Sorel. On their arrival at the residence of Mr. O'Meagher they found four mounted horses, with another horse ready saddled and bridled. The police magistrate was met at the garden gate by O'Meagher, who, raising his hat, said, "I presume, Sir, you have come for me." Before the police magistrate could reply one of the mounted horsemen suddenly wheeled round, the horse letting fly with both heels, dispersed the magistrate and constables. O'Meagher immediately vaulted into the vacant saddle, and, putting spurs to his horse, galloped off, the four horsemen covering his retreat, thus rendering the carbines of the constables of little or no use.

I regret I am not able to give a detailed account of the cross-country ride of seventy miles; but the pilot on the occasion was a stockrider of Mr. Field's, and known under the cognomen of Sydney Bill. With the relay of horses provided they proceeded over hill, over dale, through streams, through bush and scrub, the guide conducting them almost in a bee line to the residence of Mr. George Barker at Port Sorel. There was no hitch. True to the time, at four o'clock in the afternoon, from the summit of the hill behind the house was heard the signal *coo-ee*. In the offing was to be seen the "Elizabeth Thompson," within a mile of the shore, all her sails aback. A peculiar occurrence then took place. There happened a worthy Justice of the Peace to be passing at the time; but Mr. Baker was not at a loss to divert attention from the mounted party, and invited the J.P. into the house to take a glass of grog, to help him on the road home. The visitor enquiring who it was who had *coo-eed* the host replied, "Oh! some confounded stockriders who were always humbugging about this place." Requesting to be excused for a moment, he retired, fastening the door behind him. The five horsemen were soon galloping down the hill, and into Mr. Baker's yard. A boat was laying a short way from the shore. The horsemen quickly dismounted. One of the number rushed through the surf, and leaping into the boat the sturdy arms of the seamen pulled quickly to the ship, and as the hermit gained the deck of the ship three hearty cheers were given by those on shore, which were heartily returned from the crew. The sails were trimmed and the "Elizabeth Thompson" proceeded on her way, bearing Francis O'Meagher, like his compatriot, McManus, to the land of the "Stars and Stripes," the home of the free.

FINIS.

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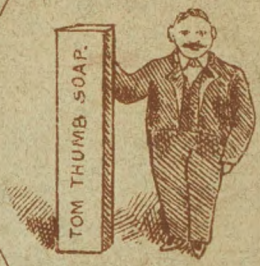

TOM THUMB SOAP.

CHEAPEST & BEST