CHAPTER LXVIII.

FLOTSAM, JETSAM, AND LIGAN.

WHilst fishing in old waters I collected my last cargo of old Port Phillipian miscellanies, some of which were picked up too late to be included in the chapters with which they could have been incorporated, and others so peculiar that they could only be presented to my readers in a casual ward, such as I have constructed for their reception.

The imperfect records of the Collins Convict Settlement at Sorrento in 1803, as contained in the orders issued by the Commandant, and the diary of the Chaplain, the Rev. R. Knopwood, disclose some events curious in themselves as being the first of the kind in Port Phillip. From these I collate a few interesting waifs.

The first free emigrants to Port Phillip are comprised in the following list of persons who, according to Labilliére, "obtained Lord Hobart’s permission to proceed to Port Phillip, 5th April, 1803, viz.:—Mr. Collins, seaman; Edward Newman, ship carpenter; Mr. Hartley, seaman; Edwd. F. Hamilton, John J. Gravie, Mr. Pownall; a female servant; Thos. Collingwood, carpenter; Duke Chatman; John Skilborne, cutler; Anty Fletcher, mason; T. R. Preston, pocketbook-maker." This contingent accompanied the batch of 307 convicts, the prison strength of the Collins Expedition. The wives and children of some of the convicts were also allowed to come out; and in this manner J. P. Fawkner, his sister and mother obtained free passages.

Tuesday, 25th October, was celebrated in honour of the accession to the throne of George III. At 8 a.m. the British flag was hoisted at the camp, at noon the Royal Marines fired three volleys, and at 1 p.m. the "Calcutta" boomed forth with twenty-one guns.

The first collision with the Aborigines is thus detailed as occurring, 23rd October, 1803. It happened with two boats’ crews under Lieutenant Tuckey, engaged on a survey expedition from the northwest point of the Bay: "At 8 they observed three natives approaching them. Mr. Tuckey gave them fish, bread, and many presents; they were much pleased and friendly. At 10 Mr. T. and Mr. Collins went across the bay, and about 5 or 6 miles with a boat’s crew, leaving Mr. Harris and Mr. Gammon and 2 men to take care of the tent, and make observations on shore. The three men, seeing Mr. T. go away in the boat, they likewise went away. Early in the afternoon they returned with a great many of them; and at 2 p.m. they in the boat coming back observed 70 in a party. Mr. Tuckey called to them, at which they hastened to the place where the tent was. On Mr. T. coming up he found Mr. Gammon surrounded; and the chief at that time seized Mr. G., who called out to Mr. T. to fire on them. Mr. Harris was surrounded at the tent; and the blacks were taking what they could from the boat. Mr. T. fired over them; they ran away a small distance, but soon approached again with the king (who wore a very elegant turban-crown), and was always carried upon the shoulders of the men. Whenever he desired them to halt, or to approach, they did it immediately. Mr. T. fired over them a second time, at which they removed to a very small distance. Those about the king, to the number of 50 or 60, were all armed. The blacks finding that none were wounded, and that the number were approaching, and the second in command was going to throw his spear at Mr. Tuckey, gave orders to shoot him, as an example; they
The number of savages were not less than one hundred and fifty. Had not Mr. Tuckey fortunately come up with the boat, no doubt but they would have killed Mr. Gammon and Mr. Harris and the 2 men. We have great reason to think they are cannibals."

The parson seems to have held the Commission of the Peace, for he thus relates of the first Magisterial decision:—"Nov. 2.—At eleven a complaint came before me as a Magistrate that Robert Cannady, servant to Mr. Humphreys, had promised Buckley, the Governor's servant, a waistcoat for a pair of shoes, which he had taken and worn, and would not return the waistcoat; but after hearing them on both sides I had the waistcoat given to Buckley." The complainant here was the same William Buckley who soon afterwards escaped, spent nearly half a tolerably long life with the blacks, and rejoined the whites.

On 10th November this "General Order" was issued:—"The Lieutenant-Governor is concerned to learn that six men have been so blind to their own welfare as to absent themselves from the Settlement, and proceed in the desperate undertaking of travelling round to Port Jackson. If such is actually the motive of their absenting themselves, they must inevitably be lost in the attempt, and nothing more will ever be heard of them; for, independent of the risk they run of being killed by the Natives, it is impossible for them with any quantity of provisions they could carry, to endure the fatigue of penetrating a thousand miles through the woods of this country; for such would be the distance which, by rounding the heads of the different harbours that present themselves in the road they would have to travel. Although caution to them is now useless, yet it may not prove so to those who remain. He therefore takes this occasion of informing them that, while admitting the probability of their succeeding, and reaching Port Jackson alive, they would instantly be apprehended, and sent back to this Settlement by the Governor, here to meet the punishment justly due to their rashness and offence."

The first kangaroo killed by a white man was shot on the 13th November, by Lieutenant Pateshall. This happened on the Sabbath, and the next day there was a grand kangaroo dinner in camp, at which all the officers that could be spared from the "Calcutta" attended. According to the diarist, "It weighed when skinned, the head off, liver, heart, and entrails taken out, 68 lbs.; the skin of a dark-brown colour."

Bird-nesting was a pernicious amusement, and on 30th November a humane prohibition was promulgated against "daily bringing birds' nests into the encampment, containing either eggs or young unfledged birds." The practice was denounced as cruel and destructive, and punishment promised for future similar offences.

A barge's crew of the "Calcutta" the next day killed on the beach a sea-elephant, with skin of a light-brown colour, a head like a bulldog, 12 ft. long, 5 ft. 2 in. round the body, and weighing over 200 lbs.

The first white baby born in Port Phillip was the son of Sergeant Thorne, of the Detachment of Marines forming the escort of the Collins Convict Expedition. At nine a.m. of 25th November, 1803, the Sergeant's wife became the mother of a bouncing boy at Sorrento, the place of the temporary encampment. At noon of the following Christmas Day, and beneath the shade of an umbrageous gum-tree, after Divine service, the little Australian was baptised in the name of William James Hobart Thorne, by the Rev. R. Knopwood, the Chaplain; the Commandant, Lieutenant-Colonel Collins, kindly consenting to stand as the male sponsor. Baby Thorne of course accompanied the Expedition when it moved across the Straits to Van Diemen's Land, and he not only grew up to man's estate, but lived to an advanced age there.
The first nuptial knot was tied at Sorrento, three days after the foregoing birth, viz., 28th November, the contracting parties being Richard Garratt, one of the convicts, and Hannah Harvey, a spinster, permitted to accompany the Expedition from England as a "free settler." She did not retain her freedom long, and it is not known how futurity dealt with the alliance. The first white death was in the case of John Skilhorne, another free settler. He was a cutter by trade.

Mr. Knopwood fell back upon many recreations to while away the dull times, though it cannot be denied that some of his fancies took a practically useful turn. Some poultry had been brought from Home, and the good-natured, fussy old chap took the notion of becoming a fowl-breeder. His diary for 10th December shows this entry:--"I set my white hen on twenty-one eggs this morn, but the experiment was not the success hoped for, as the 'twenty-one eggs' only produced seven young chickings."

"Skinning trees for their hides" preceded the flaying of sheep and cattle as a local industry, as it was resorted to in a small way even before the Batman-Fawkner occupation of Melbourne. The latter event happened during the latter half of 1835, whereas, in the April of that year, bark-stripping was commenced at Western Port, and for the following information on the subject I am indebted to the Captain Fermaner referred to in other chapters. There was in Launceston a mercantile firm, known as Griffiths, Henty, and Connolly, and, fancying from the supposed character of the Australian Continent, that good marketable bark was obtainable on the mainland, they despatched a party of strippers with stores, drays, bullocks, and other accoutrements, in the "Elizabeth," a 151-ton schooner (Hart, master), which was followed by the "Andromache," barque, Captain Jacks, to receive the cargo. Good anchorage was found near Settlement Point; and, having discharged the "Elizabeth," she was sent back to Launceston. Between Griffiths Point (called after the merchant of that name) and the Bass, the men went to work and found bark in abundance. The only annoyance was the Aborigines, who made certain warlike manifestations; but the white fellows were wary, and some musket demonstrations indulged in kept the blacks in awe. One night, however, a determined attack was made. The barque was loaded, and all hands awaited the hourly-expected return of the schooner. About midnight a rush was made and repulsed. The enemy's loss was never ascertained, but one white man, named James McLoughlin, received three spears in one of his arms. The men succeeded in defending themselves for a few hours, when the schooner arrived, and they got safe on board, and sailed away. In 1836 the "Elizabeth" returned with the barque "Norval," which loaded there. Some wild cattle were found, in capital condition, and the beef was declared to be first-rate. The wild herd was supposed to be the progeny of a few horned stock left behind by the Sydney Exploring Expedition in 1826. There were other indications found of the incipient colonization, for there was for a time some intention towards a permanent occupation of the country. About three miles from Settlement Point was discovered a large kiln of bricks; and the only fresh water obtainable at one time was the fluid accumulations in one of the excavations from which the clay for the brick-making was taken. There were also ruins of a brick wall, as if once intended for a barracks, a gaol, or a "tench," as a convict quarter was in the old times called. Portions of land showed traces of former cultivation, and it was in parts partially fenced, the enclosures now crumbling away. There was also an old forgotten burial-ground, with grave marks, and three or four rudely-sculptured, but now almost defaced tombstones. Hunter, subsequently the captain of Fawkner's historical schooner, the "Enterprise," was mate of the "Elizabeth," and Captain Fermaner was one of the crew.

John Pascoe Fawkner (or more correctly, his party) did for the colony what Collap Coll Frewi is said to have done for England in the 6th century—grew the first wheat; whilst Batman (through his party) is credited with having put down the first potatoes. Robert Marr was the first carpenter; Evan Evans made the first pair of boots for Buckley, the "wild white man;" and to Miss Batman's needlecraft is due the first linen shirt put together, for she (one of Batman's seven daughters) fabricated a garment of that
kind—also for Buckley. The first Melbourne residence—a sod hut—was put up by George Evans; and the first shearer of sheep was Kenneth S. Clarke, manager for the Van Diemen's Land Great Lake Company, the operation having been performed 9th October, 1836, at the Saltwater River.

The winter of 1836 was very cold, and the thermometer was known to be as low as 19 degrees in a range of 88 days. For several days in the summer of 1836-7 the thermometer was at 107, and at night it was cold enough for a fire.

Mr. Thomas Napier, of Essendon, who died in 1881, was the first to open a timber trade between Melbourne and Van Diemen's Land. In 1837 he chartered a whaler and brought over a cargo of material for building. He soon passed from building into a cattle station, went on and prospered. Napier Street in Fitzroy is named after him.

One of the oldest Port Phillipian emblems in existence is a waterman’s badge, issued to Captain Joseph Fermaner, the first Pilot and Harbour Master at Port Albert. It is a small brass plate crescent-shaped, and thus inscribed:—“1838. No. 1. Melbourne Licensed Boatman.” It was obtained at the Customs House, cost 5s., and authorized the plying of a boat on the Yarra and the Bay. The first water conveyance of the kind worked by Fermaner was the whaleboat “Nancy,” between Melbourne, Williamstown, and down Hobson’s Bay. The same old tar has mentioned to me the following incidents, well worth preserving, in connection with the times of old:—Originally the shipping used to employ stone ballast, and Fermaner was the first to substitute sand taken at Fisherman’s Bend for the “Regia,” ship, bound for Calcutta. The stone realized 10s. per ton, and the first price paid for sand was 8s. In my chapter on the Yarra,* it was stated that in its native condition the ledge of rocks known as the Yarra Falls contained a fissure large enough to admit the passage of a boat at high water. Captain Fermaner has since assured me that in 1836 he passed through the aperture in a six-ton schooner, named the “Mary Anne,” and proceeded up the Yarra as far as the present Church Street Bridge.

Mr. John Murchison, who died at Kew in 1882, drove the first “tandem” overland from Sydney to Melbourne in 1838. He had attained his 86th year, and was the grandsire of 36 descendants.

The first recorded death from excessive drinking is that of Mrs. Emma Sarah Briars, the wife of a quarryman, who arrived towards the close of 1838. On the 17th January, 1839, Mr. Briars discovered his wife stretched on the floor. Dr. Cussen was sent for, but before he could arrive she expired.

There was no such convenient appliance as a Guardian of Minors, and consequently no person legally authorized to give away in marriage any over-young lady desirous to contract a matrimonial alliance before ceasing to be an “infant.” This want was remedied in January, 1839, by the appointment of the Police Magistrate (Captain Lonsdale) to an office which, one would think, was (though it was not) something like an absolute sinecure.

Presumably on the principle embodied in the adage, poeta nascitur, orator fit, it is that the real poet is a rare animal in a new country; for while orators may be turned out to order by the half-dozen, the true National bard is an organism which Nature is chary of evolving from human kind. The first original colonially manufactured effusion that I can find appears over the pseudonym of “Coloniensis” in the Port Phillip Gazette, 26th January, 1839. It is an ambitious production, with a fitting theme, and though I have never heard the name of the writer, it contains internal evidence of style and treatment to induce me to assign its authorship to George Arden, the Gazette Editor. Its

* Chapter XXXVII, p. 477.
portraiture of the rapid early progress of the infant settlement is reality itself; and its forecast, though extremely hyperbolical, has been verified to a marvellous degree, and would astound the writer, were he now alive. As a literary curiosity here it is:

MELBOURNE.

Melbourne! Unclassic, anti-native name! And yet, as by Magician’s spell up-sprung, These have I chosen, subject fit for song.

No antique relics, pyramids sublime
May be thine to boast. But who thy birth’s
Knows? Whether primal city, embattled
Tower, or imperial throne on which have
Sat tyrant Czars, a long succession, the
Muse informs me not. So say am I, nor
Dost my vision seem o’er past; sufficient
’Tis the present to describe. Then add me
Anaulc Muse, if such exist.

The swarthy Tribe appear’d, remove’d, or with force of arms,
Into the interior driven back;
(For power, the law of right, too oft o’ercomes)
A savage to a civil race gives way.

At first, selected, is large patch of land
Deem’d suitable, and for water standing
Well. A weather-boarded hut is rear’d, or
One of turf; shingled or thatched, not to rain
Or penetrating winds impervious,
Or against the sweeping storm secure.

Is seen terrific; while above is heard
Of thunder loud, peal after peal: Meantime
The lonely hut shakes at its very base,
If base it may be nam’d. The affrighted
Inmates now, their isolated thoughts, in
Turn express and other neighbours wish. They
Wish not long. Man must not dwell alone. So
Hut unites to hut, to acre, acre.

A site thus fixed, a town is plan’d; the streets
At angles right are then divided off,
And Anglicised. The whole a Statesman’s name
They give, and call it Melbourne. It’s fame now
Sounded far; emigration’s tide rolls in,
And population swells. Lot after lot
Is sold. The lonely weather-boarded hut
Is lost. The turf-built house is taken down.
Now brick to turf succeeds, and stone to wood.
Now spacious stores, and dwellings palace-like
On every hand are seen. Enacted now
Are laws and magisterial rod, the
Rights of each protect. Tis thus men form the
Future empire; the central city build.

Melbourne! thy rise an Austral poet sings;
But who thy fall shall see and thus record?
I leave thee now, and distant be the day,
When “Here stood Melbourne,” shall the traveller say.

The first Inspector of Slaughter-houses and cattle for slaughtering purposes, was Mr. William Wright, an early Chief-Constable, who was appointed as such on Ist February, 1839.

In March, 1839, great satisfaction was felt in Melbourne by an announcement to the effect that the Colonial Surgeon “had received a supply of fresh cow-pox matter.”
The Chronicle of Early Melbourne.

The Gazette of the 11th May, 1839, notifies, as a remarkable sign of the times, "that Mr. Thos. Sutherland, builder, married Miss Jones; that fourteen days before the auspicious event he had neither house nor home, and in that time he had erected a substantial building thoroughly complete inside and out, and readily furnished to present to the object of his affection."

The Town of Melbourne was not brought under the operations of the Dog Act until 8th June, 1839.

No person in Geelong could sell spirits or wines, even in quantities not less than two gallons, until June, 1839, when the second clause of the (then) General Licensing Act was extended to that township.

A very singular whale capture was effected off Williamstown on the 25th July, 1839. A squadron of seven spouters put in an appearance, and had quite a lively time of it for an hour or two. Amongst others who beheld the sight was a Mr. Harding, the chief officer of a brig named the "Emma," and a seasoned old whaler. They hastily manned a whale-boat, and not having a harpoon, borrowed a bayonet, which they fastened to a stick, and gave chase. Off Gellibrand Point a fine sperm whale was skillfully harpooned, and hauled ashore. It measured fifty-five feet in length, and was purchased for £80 by Messrs. Campbell and Woolley, an old mercantile firm, and whose Mr. Woolley still lives in Melbourne.

The first case of smuggling adjudicated upon in the colony was at the Police Court on the 17th September, 1839, when one Spottiswood was charged by the Chief-Constable with a breach of the Customs Act, by having smuggled a 100 lb. case of tobacco. He was fined three times the value of the goods (£57).

Mr. Hugh Niven, a settler located a few miles from Geelong, was riding to that township on the 20th September, when his horse stumbled and fell, throwing the rider and rolling over him. He was found in the bush, and removed to McNaughton's inn, where he expired on the 23rd.

Drowning of a Diamond Ring.

Perhaps of all the musty relics jettisoned by Time in the old waters through which I have trawled, there is none of my recovered waifs possessed of a more peculiar interest than the legend here subjoined, and now for the first time worked into a connected narrative. It is a little epic in itself, both romantic and realistic, pointing the moral that in firmness and practical good sense is most likely to be found the efficacy sufficient to avert or mitigate the mortifying troubles of human existence.

In the course of 1839 several English families of position and considerable pecuniary resources arrived in Sydney, intent upon wooing fortune in the wide field of Australian colonization, then attracting much attention in the Mother-country. Attached to one of these migrating households in the capacity of governess, was Miss Theresa M——, a bonny blonde, with gentle Anglo-Saxon blood coursing through her veins, and of personal attractions only equalled by intellectual gifts and educational accomplishments. Born and bred in a London suburb, she contracted an intimacy with a young man in a higher grade of life, and, as usually happens, the attachment soon ripened into an affection which was believed to be mutual. In consequence of the disparity in social relations of their respective families, a marriage in England would entail consequences not to be prudently disregarded by one of the parties, and it was arranged that the lady should precede the gentleman in travelling to Australia, and he was to rejoin her in Melbourne by a certain time. A betrothal was enacted with all the fascinating folly of such ceremonies, and the gentleman's final attestation of the contract was slipping a diamond ring over what is conventionally known as the engagement.
THE CHRONICLES OF EARLY MELBOURNE.

finger; and so they parted. Miss M——, who was not without moderate private means of her own, came on to Melbourne in the beginning of 1839, where she obtained an engagement in the family of one of the settlers located near town, and as this is not a chapter of a novel, it is no part of the writer's business to enter into a detailed description of the longing, pleasant, worrying time she had of it, yearning for the period fixed when a letter would be received from the fiancé intimating when his arrival might be positively looked for. In consequence of the uncertainty of the English mails, this was to be during March; and though a couple of European posts had been received in Melbourne in the time, no message of love for Theresa was amongst them. Coincidently on the 1st April she made her way to the brick cottage in Chancery Lane, the home of Her Majesty's mails at the period, and when Mr. David Kelsh, the grim guardian of the window, in a husky, curt, tone so familiar to him, blurted "Nothing for you Miss," the poor girl fancied that the day was emblematic of her errand, for it was "Fool's Day" in reality for her. For the first time a spasm of doubt—it was but a small one, there was not then room for more, since it would be treason to her love to encourage such an undreamed of idea—thrilled her trusting heart.

"The little rift within the lute,
That by-and-by will make the music mute,
And, ever widening, slowly silence all."

Loving and hoping, crushing distrust when it whispered the possibility of deception, and ever haunted by waking and sleeping dreams, she passed through a harrying ordeal of several weeks, until one day, when calling at the Post Office, she was handed an English newspaper, and opening it, was thunderstruck by reading therein an announcement of the marriage of the recreant on the memory of whose last interview with her she had, so to speak, existed since they parted. The notification was ink-lined to give it significance, and there was little question as to the identity of the transmitter of the terrible news. The spell was immediately broken, the trustful girl was disillusioned. He in whom she had so implicitly trusted, had played her false, and was a traitor to the vows attested by the ring. The shock wrung her heart in every fibre, and was near killing her; but she was not easily conquered, and with an almost superhuman effort she instantaneously resolved that her misplaced devotion should be suppressed, and every vestige of even a memory of her deceiver crushed out of her existence. She proceeded without delay to carry out her intention, and, walking along the river bank towards Richmond, near where the Botanical Garden Bridge now spans the water, she held final commune with herself. The ring sparkled on her now disengaged finger, and every way she moved it some facet of the donor's treachery was reflected therefrom. At length her mind was finally made up; there should be no half measures. Her love should be quenched in oblivion, and no sooner was this resolve fixed than its execution was promptly commenced. Rushing from where she sat, she approached the river brink, looked into its then calm, pellucid waters, and drawing from her finger what she had for months revered as an amulet that would bring her peace and happiness, she gazed wistfully upon the small globe of carbon as it innocently flashed in the sun, and, with an unterrumbing hand, dropped it into the river, where, in all probability, it rests in peace in its liquid sepulchre to this day. Returning to town with a bursting heart, Miss M—— sought the solace of her couch. She had a dreary and harrowing night; but ere her eyes dozed in sleep some pitying muse looked into the chamber, and, inspired by the presence of the mysterious visitor, Miss M——, much to her own astonishment, found a strange solace in versification, and, under an involuntary impulse, produced on paper a poetical effusion in every sense, a maiden essay. Thus disburdened, a feeling of quietude gradually possessed her; she enjoyed a dreamless tranquil sleep, and awoke with a conviction that her blighted attachment was as dead and buried, and as irrecoverable as the drowned ring. In the course of the day she forwarded the elegy so unaccountably written to the Editor of the Port Phillip Gazette, requesting its publication, and accordingly on the 22nd May, the following was presented to the reading public of Melbourne:—
THE RING.

Let Yarra deep entomb my cherished ring—
'Twas given in colder climes to mem'ry dear—
And let its sombre waters o'er it fling,
A gloomy pall upon its darken'd bier.

For why retain a pledge of vows misplaced,
Which, broken like a mirror only shows
The image which its spotless surface graced,
In fragments fragile, which no spell can close?

Then let the Yarra, with its gentle sway,
Assist me to obliterate the past;
And let its sweet mimosa banks allay
The turid thoughts, with which my soul's o'ercast.

But why should absence deeply steep the past
In sleep, as cold as death, should only give?
And why should ties, ('twas said, must ever last)—
Break—and then leave the severed far, to live?

Then Yarra, keep, my faithless token-ring
Enshrin'd for ever 'neath thy placid wave;
It told of joys borne on Hope's buoyant wing,
Embellish it—let it find in thee its grave.

THERESA.

The lady did not tarry long in Melbourne, and returning to Sydney, in the course of two or three years, she became acquainted with the captain of a "merchantman" trading between the Port and Liverpool. The skipper, who was of Dutch descent, fell in love with her, and offering his hand in marriage, she took it and threw away the green willow. She sped back to Europe with her sailor husband, and after a few successful voyages he joined a commercial house in Belgium, where he not only prospered, but acquired much wealth. Not longer than a dozen years ago it was known in Melbourne that he was residing in the vicinity of Brussels, the father of a numerous family. His wife was then a proud and portly matron, the once luxuriant auburn hair considerably lessened in its dimensions, and more of a silver than a golden hue, and the face, though lacking its pristine lustre, preserving relics of the brilliant beauty once enthroned there. But no one could tell if she ever looked back to that long ago day when the Yarra Yarra swallowed her discarded diamond ring.

In November, 1839, the following notification appeared in the newspaper advertisements of the day:—

TENDERS will be received until the 1st of December, by parties willing to contract for the establishment of a Ferry over the lower part of Collins and the middle of Elizabeth Streets; the state of which in rainy weather, renders them impassable without the means of a Punt.

This is evidently a skit, but it by no means misrepresented the once almost utterly impassable state of the Melbourne thoroughfares.

Subsequent to the death of Mr. W. F. A. Rucker, his son presented to the Melbourne Public Library the books of the Derwent Banking Agency, which was one of the first banking institutions established in Melbourne. The set consists of cash-book, ledger, bill-book, letter-book, with a packet of cheques and vouchers, and two parcels of various documents. Among the names which appear in the books is that of the historical John Batman, and according to the "Bills Receivable" book, the first bill negotiated by the Agency was one drawn on 1st February, 1838, by John M'Nall, in favour of Thomas Napier. The ledger shows transactions with John Batman from 17th April to
THE CHRONICLES OF EARLY MELBOURNE.

25th August, 1838, amounting in the aggregate to £398 8s. In the Letter-book appears the following, from the Manager to the Chairman of the Board of Directors:—"I have now about £200 in small bills from ——, who is a good mark; shall I do them?" The McNall referred to kept a somewhat extensive butcher's shop in Collins Street East. The Thomas Napier was an enterprising old colonist, now dead.

The first immigrant ship to arrive from England was the "David Clarke" in 1839.

The first person for whom a residence was erected at the now flourishing St. Kilda, was Mr. George Thomas, of the firm of Thomas, Enscoe, and James, established at the corner of Flinders and William Streets. This was in 1840, when Thomas held a license to depasture cattle on the picturesque country then known as the Red Bluff and the Green Knoll. The Red Bluff was nautically denominated as Point Ormond, and the designation "St. Kilda" was conferred by Mr. Latrobe, the first Superintendent of Port Phillip.

SPECIAL SURVEYS.

In the early days of colonization, a right of free selection on a large scale was permitted in Port Phillip, by which tracts of country were taken up at the rate of £1 per acre. Brighton, Kilmor, Belfast, and other places were so appropriated until the system was abolished in 1840. The following is a waif relating thereto, the original of which is not now to be found in our Lands and Survey Department:—

Return of all special Surveys taken prior to the abrogation of the system.—

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>COUNTY</th>
<th>PARISH</th>
<th>NO OF ACRES</th>
<th>NAME OF PURCHASER</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Bourke</td>
<td>Bulleen</td>
<td>5120 0 0</td>
<td>Frederick Wright Unwin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bourke</td>
<td>Moorabbin</td>
<td>5120 0 0</td>
<td>Henry Dendy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gippsland</td>
<td>unnamed</td>
<td>5120 0 0</td>
<td>John Orr</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gippsland</td>
<td>unnamed</td>
<td>5120 0 0</td>
<td>William Rutledge</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gippsland</td>
<td>unnamed</td>
<td>5120 0 0</td>
<td>John Reeve</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gippsland</td>
<td>unnamed</td>
<td>5120 0 0</td>
<td>Hugh Jamieson</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>unnamed at Bourke</td>
<td>Mt. Martha</td>
<td>5120 0 0</td>
<td>Henry Elgar</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

NOTE.—Besides the above, a special survey of 5120 acres was purchased for Henry Hopkins, of Hobart Town, which was subsequently taken in detached sections, and is consequently not included in preceding return. There still remains unsatisfied a special survey order for 5120 acres, purchased by P. W. Flower, Sydney.

Amongst the earliest sticking-up cases is that of Mr. Watson, a settler on the Goulburn, whose place was, on the 7th January, 1840, surrounded and gutted by seven armed scoundrels, who pretended they were shooting lyre birds. On the 17th of the same month a mob of thirty-six blackfellows rushed the homestead of Mr. Hector Munro, near Mount Alexander, and rounding up the shepherds, drove off all the sheep.

A BACHELORS' BALL.

The commencement of 1840 was distinguished by a pair of happy re-unions. There was a susceptible influx of imported respectability in the latter portion of 1839, including a sprinkling of gay young cavaliers and attractive damsels. It was therefore determined to get up the first bachelors' ball. There were three hotels, the Lamb Inn, the Caladonian, and the Adelphi, with large apartments attached, though for some reason or other none of them was deemed suitable. Mr. W. F. A. Rucker
had a new brick store in Market Street, and this place the proprietor freely placed at the service of the projectors of the coming festivities. The event was fixed for the 14th January. There was an orchestra of six musicians, and, luckily, the precaution was taken of borrowing one of the three or four pianos then in town. One hundred cards of invitation had been issued, and there were but few absentees. The supper was served in a *marquee* at the rear, communicating by a covered way with the ballroom, and everything went on as merrily as could be required until the refreshment of the band, when the copiousness of the stimulants imbibed had such an effect upon the performers that they unceremoniously stampeded from the place, leaving the deserted dancers in a plight. The improvisation of choruses of hummers or whistlers was suggested, but it was a notion impossible as well as absurd. The extraction from the annoying, though laughable dilemma, was finally effected by four of the ladies volunteering as amateur *pianistes*,

\[ Trip it gaily as you go, \\
On the light fantastic toe, \]

Trip it gaily as you go,
On the light fantastic toe,

Was the order of the early moonlit morning, and the merriment was kept up with no intermission, until a general dispersion was effected. The return home, however, witnessed a singular mishap.

Amongst the departing equipages was the carriage of Mr. Thomas Wills, with five lady inmates, and as the Melbourne streets were then mostly a mixture of ravine and quagmire, the coachman, to secure as firm ground as was possible for his drive, took the circuitous route of William Street and Bourke Street. He whipped along in safety until he approached the intersection of Bourke and Swanston Streets, where frowned a centrepiece in the shape of a large, upright, gum-tree trunk, flanked by a yawning rut. In turning the corner the vehicle was by some mischance tumbled into the chasm, the driver was shot out of his box-perch, and the horses bolting, dashed into collision with a tree growing in the street, where the whole concern was reduced to a condition of smash. The horses finally got away, the carriage was in pieces, and the five fair belles were left sprawling in the mud. One of them was pronounced as being in that condition which is conventionally classified as “interesting,” yet, almost incredible to relate, neither she nor her companions, though nearly frightened out of their lives, were seriously injured.

The following narrative of an early case of self-murder presents circumstances of horrible ghastliness, in the midst of which one can hardly refrain from smiling at the methodical madness of some of its surroundings. A Dr. Mitchell, the scion of a highly respectable Edinburgh family, and of great professional acquirements, came out as Surgeon Superintendent of an Immigrant ship bound from Leith to Adelaide. He proceeded hence to Sydney where he remained for a few weeks, and returned to Melbourne, putting up the *Lamb Inn*, and drinking immoderately. On the 24th January, 1840, he was found dead, and in one of his pockets was found an unfinished and unsigned draft of a will, one side of which was covered with writing in justification of suicide.

One day in February, 1840, Mr. Wright, who resided a few miles from town over the Yarra, sent in one of his men with a bullock dray for stores. The fellow loaded the vehicle, and had a female passenger, after which he adjourned to a public-house to enjoy himself. Hours elapsed before he returned to start homewards, himself very full, but his bullocks very empty. The day being extremely hot, the beasts were half dead with thirst, and on nearing the Yarra and smelling the water, off bolted the bullocks and plunged into the river with the dray and all it contained. The driver and his lady passenger escaped with difficulty, the stores were all spoiled, and five sheep and six of the bullocks drowned.

*“Damper and doughboys”* were the two first flour-eating industries in the colony, and the third was probably brick-making. The first chimneys in the primitive habitations were composed of slabs and clay, and to ensure durability and comfort Launceston bricks were introduced. The first brickfield was over the Yarra, eastward of Prince’s Bridge, and thence transferred to between the river and Emerald Hill; but the bricks made there were very unserviceable in consequence of the unsuitability of the material and the

**THE CHRONICLES OF EARLY MELBOURNE.**
brackishness of the water. Of the first colonists to improve such an unsatisfactory state of affairs, was Mr. David Lyons, who purchased some land at Richmond, and commenced brickworks there. He also, without protection or bonus, started the first candle-making establishment in Melbourne. His chandlery, so early as 1840, stood at the corner of Market and Little Flinders Streets, the present site of the London Hotel, and the "Lyons mould candles" were the first locally made. He died in January, 1883.

The first prosecution of an owner of scabby sheep (though found on Crown Lands), was dealt with at the Melbourne Police Court on 20th March, 1840, when the defendant was fined 40s.

The first brick building erected in Geelong was in 1840 and the residence of Rev. Mr. Love.

The now well-known Mack's Hotel was originally a slab hut before the licensing era.

A LADIES' PICNIC.

The guests of the recent celebration were charmed with the chivalrous and generous conduct of the bachelors, and they decided to return the compliment in some becoming manner. This took the form of a picnic, and came off on the 22nd February at what was then somewhat vaguely described as "the hill at the Salt Water River Racecourse." It is unnecessary to identify this as the now famed Flemington "Hill," whereon so many thousands perch themselves on a Cup day—a place in 1840 a wild scrub encircled, swamp-bound wilderness, and now the scene of a series of transformations as wonderful as any written of in Oriental fable. This was the first occasion of its being pressed into the service of al fresco revellers, and was a grand success. Tents were borrowed in town, and conveyed to the field of action, where they were turned into an encampment, and the early chronicles declare "that at 3 o'clock 150 ladies and gentlemen 'sat down' to a dinner provided by Mr. Overton." This caterer was the first to start business as confectioner and pastry-cook in Melbourne; and he is, in 1888, alive, and an active, bustling man. The Town Band was there, but did not skedaddle this time, probably through the limited supply of drinkable rations served to them. Though the weather was oppressively warm, dancing was kept up at "a killing pace" until sunset, when the joyous gathering found its way back to town without any sensational occurrence, or cause for a coroner's inquest. This Ladies' Return Picnic was the theme of pleasant gossip for many a day after, and it was estimated to have precipitated a score of honeymoons in the course of the current half-year.

Two other old festivities occurred, but were unconnected with any special association or party. In July, 1840, several adventurers arrived from Sydney, with cattle intended to be depastured on Port Phillip runs. They were so elated with the promising prospects before them that they gave a grand ball on the 21st at the Adelphi Hotel, Little Flinders Street. Though the room was 60 feet long, it was inconveniently crowded, for over 200 persons were present. Much disappointment was felt at the absence of Superintendent Latrobe, who promised to, but did not attend. In such importance was this entertainment held that business in several of the few shops then in the principal streets was suspended during the afternoon.

THE LICENSED VICTUALLERS IN 1840.

What a contrast is presented by a comparison of the trade in 1840 with what it is in 1888! What a sorry figure the then miserable little string of publicans, compared with the great grog-selling muster roll of to-day! The following is extracted from the Port Philip Herald:

LICENSEES.—On the 21st April, 1840, at the Court of Petty Sessions the following licensees were successful:—Flinders Lane—William Allingham, Ship Inn; Lewis Pedrana, Dundee Arms; John Shaw, Shaw's Hotel; Michael Pender, the Shamrock; Thomas Britton, Philadelphia Hotel. Collins Street—Thomas Halfpenny, William Tell; Thomas Anderson, Lamb Inn; Thomas Graham,

Flinders Lane held the premier place in the small nobbling community; Collins and Queen Streets followed; Bourke and Elizabeth Streets had each its unit; whilst the great thoroughfares of to-day—Swanston, Russell and Lonsdale Streets—were entirely ignored.

The first Tradesmen's Ball was held at the Caledonian Hotel, Lonsdale Street, on 18th January, 1841, at which eighty couples were present.

FITZROY IN 1841.

The large tract of country now occupied as the site of a large flourishing city is thus portrayed (as it appeared in the summer of 1841-2) by the Hon. R. Dundas Murray, a visitor, in a work written by him, and published in Edinburgh, in 1843:—"A large suburb called Newtown is now springing up to the eastward of the town, and long since the chosen resort of the principal inhabitants, whose residences are dispersed throughout the many lovely spots with which it abounds. Certainly nothing can be more romantic and secluded than the sites of many of their villas. Almost all of them stand in the shadow of giant forest trees, which here spread over the ground like the ornamental timber of a park; the hollows and eminences by which the surface is broken being alike clear of underwood, and of every object but the vast stems that shoot up at regular intervals from each other. The solitude, besides, is most profound; and though Melbourne is only a short mile distant, so little is its noise carried that way, that you might easily fancy yourself far away in the depths of the inland forest. But the greatest attraction is the green sward, which stretches up to every door, everywhere offering to the tread a short, firm carpet of verdure, a luxury of no small price to those whose daily labours lead them into the dust of the town. No greater annoyance can be conceived than this fine dust, clouds of which rise during high winds of such volume and density as to darken the skies over the town, and for a time to envelope it in the gloom of a London fog."

At the January Quarter Sessions of 1841, six blackfellows were convicted of assault and robbery, and each sentenced to ten years' transportation. They and three others, nine in all, were placed on board the "Victoria" cutter, for transfer to the "Vesper" schooner, in the bay, bound for Sydney. They were ironed singly, and in passing down the river, when near the Saltwater Junction, all of them suddenly jumped up, flung off their blankets and bounded into the water. The guard fired on the swimmers, killing one and wounding another, who was re-captured. The rest managed to gain the bank, and scrambling into the scrub, broke off the irons and escaped.

The first coroner's inquest in the Province was held at the Lamb Inn, Collins Street West, on 16th January, 1841.

In the month of March, 1841, at Geelong, one of the officers of the barque "Majestic" indulged in a bath at Point Henry. Whilst standing in the water an immense stingray thrust its sting into the man's thigh, and actually dragged him some distance before he could be rescued. On being got ashore the sufferer was attended by Dr. Clarke, Assistant Colonial Surgeon, who with much difficulty extracted the sting, which measured eight inches in length by one in breadth.

In July, 1841, Mr. Watson introduced two Maltese stallion asses, which were considered quite a novelty. They arrived in the "Frankfield," from Liverpool, were two-year-olds, and fourteen hands high.
About the same time a Mr. Ardlie brought four camels (two males and two females) from India to Sydney, where the "gentlemen" ones died. The "ladies" he sent overland to Melbourne. They were only fifteen months old and about sixteen hands high. Their owner proposed to import a number from India for the Government, taking all risk at £60 per head, an offer not accepted.

A shocking suicide occurred in December, 1841, at the Caledonian Hotel, long vanished from Lonsdale Street. A Mr. G. W. A. Gordon, who had been in the service of the East India Company, arrived in Melbourne in the previous October, and gave way to habits of intemperance. One morning he did not make his appearance at the breakfast table, and on the door of his room being burst open, deceased was found dead in bed, his throat cut from ear to ear, and an open razor grasped in his hand. A sheet of paper, inscribed with an inventory of unpaid home debts amounting to £1,095, was found on a table close by. He came of a highly-respectable family in Aberdeenshire.

The first illicit still discovery was made in April, 1842, by Mr. C. H. Le Souef, a Custom House Officer, who, after a weary quest of eight days "sprung the plant" in a ti-tree scrub near Dandenong. It was capable of distilling forty-eight gallons in twenty-four hours, had been three months at work, producing 250 gallons of potheen every week, and this vile "raki" was delivered at the brickfields over the river to an agent, who got rid of it through the licensed and unlicensed grog-sellers; but although twenty-nine persons were believed to be engaged in the "spec," not one of them was brought to justice.

The consequences of over-cleverness were exhibited in a funny way at the April Criminal Sessions, 1842. A cattle-stealing case was down for trial, and one Charles Jones, much interested in the acquittal of the accused, attempted to "noble" an important Crown witness by giving him £30 to make himself scarce when the case was called. The witness took the money, but "peached" on the briber, who was arrested, and figured in the same calendar as his friend. Jones was convicted, and sentenced to two years' imprisonment, with £100 fine. But the cream of the joke was that the cattle-stealer was tried on the same day, and though the supposed material witness was examined, the jury returned a verdict of "Not Guilty," so he was discharged, and the unlucky Jones retained to take it out on the stool of repentance.

One of the earliest extensive nocturnal outrages was committed at the store of E. Westby and Co., Little Flinders Street (28th July, 1842), which was plundered of a large iron safe containing the account books and £7,000 worth of bills. The robbers had secreted themselves during the day, and at night the safe was lowered with a pulley from the second floor to the ground. The books were found a few days after in the Yarra near the breakwater, whilst the bills were turned out of the chimney of a house occupied by one Byng on the Eastern Hill, though there was no reason to suppose him to be a particeps criminis. A large reward was offered, and the police professed to have done a deal in beating up the guilty parties, yet no conviction followed.

In all the literature of the marriage ring, I have met nothing to exceed the naivete of the following intimation of an Hymeneal "January and May," as gazetted in the newspapers:—"Married on the 20th August, 1842, by special licence, at the residence of Stephen Coombs, Esq., of Collins Street, by the Rev. Mr. Bell, Presbyterian Minister, Captain Miller, late of Her Majesty's 40th Regiment, aged sixty-five, to Miss M'Queen, of New Norfolk, aged seventeen. After the ceremony the happy couple, with their friends, partook of a splendid repast, and retired late in the evening highly delighted."

The man who raised the first head of cabbage in Melbourne was James Liddy, a licensed victualler in the Adam and Eve Hotel, Little Collins Street; and it was in a little garden that he accomplished his horticultural feat. On the 22nd September, 1842, Mr. John Lewis, a greengrocer in Little Collins Street, exhibited in his shop window a head of early York cabbage, weighing 42½ lbs., and measuring 5 ft. 8 in.
In 1842, a Mrs. Nott Simpson was in the service of Mr. W. Thomas, an Assistant Protector of Aborigines, at Dandenong. Early in the evening with two of her children, she started on a visit to a dairy acquaintance on a station of Mr. Leslie Foster, some two miles from the Dandenong Creek crossing-place, and after making a brief stay she left to return home. One of her youngsters she carried in her arms, and the other trudged by her side. Nothing like a regular road was then to be found, the only thoroughfares being rough cattle tracks, crossing each other in every direction. Mrs. Simpson struck into one of these, which, instead of conducting her homeward, stuck her hard and fast in the ranges. Not returning in time, her absence excited considerable alarm, and search parties were organized to scour the country in every direction. The black police and the few residents in the locality set to work, dragged the creek, and for a week searched everywhere, without effect, when the absentees were given up for lost. A Mr. Dobie occupied a station in the neighbourhood, and he with one of his shepherds while in quest of some stray sheep decided upon following a track into the ranges. After persevering some distance they came upon a mia mia, or hut, made of boughs, and as the Aborigines mostly construct theirs of bark, the hut-keeper exclaimed, "This is no blackfellow's doing. Mrs. Simpson must have been here." They carefully examined the place, and discovered footprints as if of a person walking on one foot bare and the other in a boot. These marks they traced some way, and soon after, to their astonishment, beheld Mrs Simpson coming from a creek with a boot filled with water, which she was taking to a child placed in a hollow log near which the other was sitting. Dobie hailed her, and looking round, she got alarmed and ran away, but the men followed and overtook her. The hut-keeper inquired if she was hungry, and her reply was, "I can walk to Melbourne. Is it far?" Both mother and children were after some persuasion taken to a station of the Rev. J. Clow, not far off, where every attention was paid to them, medical aid obtained, and they soon rallied and recovered. The most extraordinary feature in the event is that these human stray-aways were for nine days and nights bushed, and had only a lump of butter to subsist upon. Still they survived. Mrs. Simpson could never give any satisfactory account of how they contrived to live, except that they used to eat leaves and some roots and berries. Mrs. Simpson, her boy and girl, were soon convalescent; the youngsters in course of time grew up, married, and became the parents of other youngsters. The mother, I believe, is still living (1888) in Kyneton, well and hearty. This narrative, not previously, so far as I know in print, is so unaccountably strange that I should hesitate in publishing it but for the unquestionable source from which it was communicated to me.

The First Foundry.

Early in 1842 two enterprising Scotchmen made their appearance in Melbourne. They were named Robert Langlands and Thomas Fulton, who had formed a partnership before emigrating, and after a brief look round they resolved upon the establishment of an iron foundry. Flinders Street then was absolutely a swamp, and ground thereabouts was to be had cheap enough. An allotment running from Flinders Street to Little Flinders Street was obtained, whereon some small, rough shops were hastily thrown together, and an actual start made. From the inception of the undertaking, difficulties, now almost incredible, though then hard, unpleasant facts interposed, and anything like even the most trifling progress could only be effected by pluck and determination of no ordinary character. The proprietary was certainly possessed of some of the tools of trade, but of a quantity and quality the reverse of encouraging. There was in the place only one piece of machinery, a small slide rest lathe, to be turned by foot, not a very assuring prospect for the class of work to be executed.

The earliest milling firm was that of Messrs. Allison and Knight, who had premises erected off the southern line of Collins Street West, near King Street, for which was imported a steam engine. Langlands and Fulton were employed to erect this "work of art," and they also received orders for rack wool-presses required by the squatters who use this sort of article, until a screw-press was received from Van Diemen's Land to serve as a model for an improved appliance. But the great stumbling-block at the infant foundry was the want of suitable apparatus. A pair of large blacksmith's bellows was indispensable to enable William Crole (afterwards the proprietor of the
Vulcan Foundry, Geelong, to weld a screw shaft out of the small bars of iron, then only obtainable; and the blower was accomplished by the energy of Edmund Ashley, who afterwards had a creditable and successful Colonial career. Next came the cutting of a square threaded screw for the wool-press with the small lathe already mentioned, and this feat could only be tackled by the partner Fulton, the principal mechanic. The lathe had to be lengthened to take up the screw, and the only motive power available was to place a belt on a grindstone and turn it by hand. When the screw was cut about one-third its depth, the lathe was found to be too light and weak for the work, and Fulton, with hammer and chisel was obliged to cut the screw to the full depth. After some time, horse-power was substituted for the manual labour, and at length, by a rare stroke of luck, a small rotatory engine was picked up, which was in time further improved on by the importation from Scotland of an antiquated seven horse-power steam-engine and some engineering tools.

In 1843-4, when Port Phillip was in the direst throes of financial distress, and its golden fleeces fell to small account, it was ascertained that a dead sheep was better than a living one, and the melting-pot appeared as the public regenerator. Tallow instead of wool was the watch-word, and the boiling down of carcases eventuated in showing the Province through its menacing troubles. In the heating and steaming experiments the first foundry played an early part, and the first six sheep were sent there by Messrs. Watson and Wight. This brief period might be historically labelled as the age of mutton, for legs of that material, some weighing 9 lbs., could be purchased at the boiling-down entrepots at from 4s. to 5s. per dozen, and retailed to the public at sixpence each.

After a business connection of four years the co-partnership was dissolved, and Fulton (in partnership with George Annand and Robert Smith) started at the north-east corner of Collins and King Streets, afterwards in the premises known as Manton's Mill, and remained there for a number of years. He was accidentally killed at Sandhurst, through the false warping of a rope by which he was ascending a shaft. Ashley kept with Fulton, and only severed his connection in 1851. Fulton was the sort of man for an infant settlement, skilful and industrious, strong of mind, iron in frame, outspoken, and honest to the backbone.

A singular case of drowning and dreaming occurred on the 5th February, 1843. James Marnell lived with his wife just across the Yarra, and the man came into town on some business. After he left, the woman went to sleep and dreamed that her husband was drowned. On awaking she was visited by a neighbour to whom she recounted the dream, and had just concluded when a messenger arrived with intelligence that Marnell had accidentally fallen into the river and was drowned.

The bakers were a troublesome craft, and when the journeymen were not striking for high wages the masters were striking for high prices. In July, 1843, the latter began a strike against each other, and for a short time the consumers practically realized the adage about thieves falling out, etc. The "deil was among the bakers," and very welcome he was, too, though his stay was brief. Competition brought down the 4lb. loaf to 3½d., and there was such a rush for bread that on the 18th all the shops were cleared out. A Trade Meeting was held, and it was decided to raise the price to 6d., or 5s. 6d. per dozen loaves.

In connection with the "boiling-down" experiments, I find the following metrical effusion by a bard who appropriately enough signed himself "Juvenis," and flourished in April, 1844.

"At Melbourne, some few months ago,
When stock was selling very low,
Our settlers hurried to and fro,
Our wheat buried to and too,
And looked and talked despairingly.
But Melbourne showed another sight,
When, through the thickest gloom of night,
Forth burst a voice 'All will be right!'
Build melting-down establishments!"
"Then all at once on Yarra’s banks
Vast numbers rushed with beams and planks,
And cauldrons, boilers, tubs, and tanks
Were piled on heaps promiscuously.

"And now on Yarra’s bank a scene
Of fearful carnage may be seen,
And bloodier work than e’er has been
At Linden, Prague, or Waterloo.

"Prostrate beneath those awful sheds,
Ten thousand lie on gory beds;
Hide, butchers, your diminished heads
In blaze of our establishments.”

What a curious contrast is presented in the specifics prescribed for righting the meat markets of 1844 and 1888! Then it was thawing, now it is freezing.

For years after the foundation of Melbourne no vehicles plied for hire, for the inhabited limits of the township did not extend beyond the area bounded by King, Lonsdale, Russell, and Flinders Streets; and as for suburbs, there were only Newtown (Collingwood), Richmond, half-a-dozen tenements at St. Kilda, and some half as many at Sandridge. Liardet, the mail contractor between the Bay and Melbourne, put on a cart, and afterwards a two-horse vehicle, and, in 1844, a queerish kind of ‘bus was ventured between Melbourne and St. Kilda, but was soon laid up through a dearth of custom. The first approach to a cab was an ingenious contrivance, worked by one Peter Jackson, a Shelved coach-builder, who, in some mysterious manner, annexed an invalided Dublin “jingle,” imported by some “well-in” immigrant; but the roughness of old colonial ways soon taught him otherwise, and the “Shandradan” was disrated and sent adrift to shift for itself. It was not until after the gold discoveries that covered cabs made their appearance. In 1847-8 a brougham and a cab appeared in Collins Street, and the following year some half-a-dozen of both found precarious employment. In October, 1849, it was announced in the newspapers that Mr. Howard, the proprietor of the Royal Hotel, at St. Kilda, “had started a new omnibus, built after the latest London fashion.” It made two trips per day between St. Kilda and Melbourne; fare, 1s. At the same time a ’bus made one daily trip between Brighton and Melbourne, starting from the former place at 8.30 a.m., and on its return at 4.30 p.m., fares, 1s. each way.

Mr. T. C. Riddell and Dr. Palmer were the first to provide public baths. Swimming baths were opened for gentlemen in January, 1844, over the river, opposite the Custom House. They were sixty feet long, and the ferryman sold tickets—i.e., red 6d., black 3d. The sixpenny tokens admitted to what might be termed, though a solecism, the dress circle; the others to the pit, a division of the pool less select. In February, 1845, Liardet, an hotelkeeper, established a swimming concern at Sandridge. The occasional glut of fat cattle and sheep benefited the public in the same way as the contentions of the bakers, and meat was often to be got for something amounting to little more than a song. In February, 1844, the following rates were advertised in the Melbourne newspapers:—Best beef and mutton, 1d. per lb.; lamb (not to be surpassed), 1s. per quarter; and rounds of prime beef, 1 1/2d. per lb.

Times were very bad and money scarce in 1844, yet somehow or other the ladies contrived to keep up their supplies of pin-money—at least, such must have been so, if one is to credit the published fact that during the first five days of February the sum of £1250 was taken over the counter at the shop of Mr. Spence, a draper in Elizabeth Street. Mr. Spence retired from business without reaping a golden harvest.

The public nuisance of street preaching set in as early as 1839, and one of that fraternity used to advertise himself as “C. A. Robertson, Israelite Missionary.” He was a loud-voiced and an unseemly-mouthed MMM
ranters, who held forth, mounted on a barrel, in the old Market Square. His stock-in-trade was "Anti-Christ and the Papists," and one Sunday, in the beginning of 1844, a number of Roman Catholics determined upon testing how far immersion might operate in softening his abusive tongue towards the creed in which they were believers. Sunday afternoon arrived, and so did the preacher, with a barrel for a pulpit. He was soon, in full lung, dilating upon the abominations of Anti-Christ, Popery, and the Scarlet Lady, when the rostrum was rushed, and the evangelist knocked off his perch. Half-a-dozen strong arms rolled him over, packed him into his own barrel, like a shelled snail, and were about to revolve him off to the Yarra, therein to sink or swim, when, luckily for his earthly salvation, some police came up and rescued him. His narrow escape had as cooling an effect upon him as an actual sousing in the river.

The first elopement occurred in March, 1844. Mr. and Mrs. Hemingsley carried on business in Collins Street, and as an attraction his wife added a cigar divan, over which the lady presided in person, dispensing smiles with cheroots. She was a paragon of politeness to customers, and a very attractive woman, with rosy cheeks and ebony locks. She accordingly made an impression upon a black-haired, close-shaved, tallow-faced young settler named Quinan, who, beginning with the purchase of a bundle of cigars, ended by bargaining for the lady herself, who decamped with him on a Wednesday evening. They stayed for two or three days at the house of a friend in Lonsdale Street, and thence found their way to a place appropriately known as "Sugarloaf Creek," on the overland route to Sydney, where they found comfortable quarters at Young's Hotel, and were never after seen in Melbourne. The gentleman cleverly contrived to procure "free passes," for throughout the journey he paid his way liberally by cheques drawn on the Union Bank, all of which turned out valueless. Hemingsley and the police professed to make a mighty fuss after the lady's exit, but to no purpose. The deserted Hemingsley grew inconsolable, and the Melbourne Magistrates sympathized with him so far as to appoint him poundkeeper at Deep Creek; but he so "pounded" away at the public-houses that he very soon became poundless as well as wifeless.

In May, 1844, Messrs. Riddell and Stephens consigned 1100 sheep to the establishment of Watson and White in Melbourne; and the average yield of tallow was 53 lbs., giving 5s. nd. each sheep, and only ten days elapsed between the delivery of the sheep and the delivery of the cash.

A Mr. David Y——— kept a grocer's shop in Collins Street, and was a thrifty thriving, well-to-do man. Coming from the "land of green heath and shaggy wood," few of his countrymen knew better how to transmute a bawbee into a "canary," and his bank pass-book was a pleasant one to look at—at least for himself. He owned some land at the Merri Creek, which was sublet to one James M'Mahon, and as the latter's farming operations did not pay as expected he fell into arrears with his rent. He was under a landlord who would stand no nonsense, and to stave off the bailiffs he resorted—as was believed at the instance of his creditor—to illicit distillation. Accordingly an excavation was made in the scrub near M'Mahon's hut, the plant was procured—also, as was believed, by the landlord's help—and M'Mahon having learned potheen brewing in Ireland was soon making a handsome thing of it. Information of the goings on being communicated to the authorities, on the night of 22nd May, 1844, Major St. John, Inspector of Distilleries, with the Chief-Constable and a couple of troopers, surprised M'Mahon and an assistant "worming" away in the hut, and pouncing on the workshop found therein a complete still, two large casks of wash, twelve gallons of strong whisky, and other accompaniments, all of which, and the two men, they transferred to town. A few days after the Collins Street establishment was searched, and a seizure made of two demijohns of 13 o.p. whisky. The Derwent wine vaults, a tavern at Newtown (Fitzroy), rented from Y——— by Joseph Coulstock, was also overhauled, and some un-customed liquors unearthed there. M'Mahon was brought before the Police Court, pleaded guilty to the possession of an illicit still, and was fined £100 or twelve months' imprisonment. Y——— was prosecuted for defrauding the revenue, and was also fined £100 or a year in gaol, but he paid the money. A second conviction followed for a second offence with a similar penalty, but Y———, sooner than pay a second fine went to prison. When the police found he would not "bleed" freely other informations were withdrawn. Landlord and tenant were now "caged birds" together, and though each served his full time gross favouritism was said to
be shown to the rich man, whose money enabled him to procure sundry small indulgences which tended to alleviate the 
ennui of incarceration—comforts unprocurable by the other, who was believed to be simply a tool in the hands of Y, a 
law-breaker by compulsion. How M'Mahon fared in after life I cannot say, but Y on his enlargement went on and prospers. 
He became a member of the Town Council, and his name is perpetuated in the street nomenclature of one of 
Melbourne's suburban cities. A few months after William Turner was caught flagrante delicto in the making of 
whisky in a house in Lonsdale Street, and was fined £10. Short of means of payment, and having a large family, the 
Magistrates reduced his term of imprisonment to four months. On the 31st October, 1844, the price of new-laid eggs had fallen to 4d. per dozen, and the best fresh butter was hawked through the streets for 5d. per lb.

Writing of butter, I may again pass to bread and its congeners. Wheaten bread is supposed to be a Chinese invention, though its origin is uncertain. But no such mistiness clouds the cradle of another edible of almost general use in the early times. This was the well-known "damper," simply a well-handled, well 
mixed mixture of flour and water. This rude method of making bread was invented by William Bond, one of 
what was known as "the first fleet" arrivals in Sydney, where he carried on the bakery business, and was 
the author of the first bread loaf proper kneaded in New South Wales. He died in Pitt Street, Sydney, 
Anno 1839, after attaining to the very advanced age of 110 years. There is a place near Bandicoot 
called "No good Damper," and the origin of this name is very laughable. The proprietor of a small store 
there had occasion to be sometimes away from home, and the Aborigines, who had a great weakness for 
flour and mutton, stole a quantity of some flour, but the storekeeper said he would be even with the blacks. 
So he got a couple of bags of lime from Melbourne, and made them do duty for the flour at his next 
absence. "Blacky" called again, but instead of flour performed a bag of lime, and left in great glee. On 
arriving at their quambying ground they commenced baking operations, when on mixing water with the 
supposed flour, they were horrified to find it fizz, and fancying the white man's "deble debble" was about 
to bewitch them, they ran away yelling, "No good damper, no good damper." So thus the phrase took, 
and so the storeman's place is named to this day. The flour was never troubled after. Arsenic, is said 
to have been often mixed with flour for the special use of the blacks at more than one of the stations in the 
then wild interior.

The Lawyer and His "Quarry." 

Mr. J. B. Quarry was a very stylish Attorney, and he and a Mr. John Wilmett espoused two 
handsome sisters. It was said that Mrs. Quarry had neither love nor liking for her lawful lord, and the 
gossiping world soon gave out that it was not all bliss in the Quarry elysium. The husband felt that he had 
soon reason to doubt the fidelity of his wife, and resolved to send her in keeping to her parents; but until 
he should be able to make arrangements requisite for her departure, he deposited her under surveillance at 
Wilmett's house in North Richmond. The brother-in-law was a wary guardian, and kept watch and ward 
unceasingly. Still there was strong reason for believing that the lady was by some means in communication 
with the outer world. Wilmett had certain premonitions that something critical would happen on the night 
of the 7th September, 1844, and, as events proved, his presentiment was not groundless. Double sentries 
were put on; Wilmett and his servant watching in the front verandah, and Quarry and his valet posted as 
a guard in the rear. After waiting patiently for some time, footsteps were heard approaching stealthily at 
the front, and the figure of a man was shortly after made out. Onward it moved until challenged by 
Wilmett, when the laconic response, "I am Jack Robinson," was returned. Wilmett, pistol in hand, made 
a rush; the figure ran away, closely pursued, and at a distance of about seventy yards was pulled up and 
collared by Wilmett, who sang out lustily for Quarry, but was silenced by a ball in the arm, which soon 
caused him to look to himself. The unknown then escaped, and when Quarry arrived all he found was 
Wilmett bleeding on the ground. His wound was so dangerous that his life was considered to be in peril 
unless the arm was amputated, to which he would not consent, and after a few weeks he recovered. An 
outrage so daring occasioned much excitement, yet singular to say, there was no evidence circumstantial or...
THE CHRONICLES OF EARLY MELBOURNE.

direct to point to the real offender. Willmett protested he could identify the would-be assassin if found, and half-a-dozen fast young men were arrested and brought before the Police Court, but there was not a scintilla of proof forthcoming. Two of them were clerks at the Treasury, and another a settler residing near the Heads. Quarry offered a reward, but no information could be procured. Accident, however, soon effected more than rewards or police could do, for Quarry intercepted a letter addressed to his wife which disclosed the name of her seducer. He was a Mr. Edward Hodgson, and Quarry immediately sent him a challenge through Mr. F. Hinton, a brother Solicitor; but before a meeting could be arranged, Hodgson was arrested and bound over to keep the peace. During the duello negotiations there was a minor squabble between the seconds and Hodgson’s friend—a Mr. A. M. Campbell—(an ex-clerk in the Insolvent Court) was ordered to enter into peace recognizances for threatening to pull the nose of the other friend, Hinton.

On the 5th November, Hodgson and his servant—one Gow—were charged at the Police Court with being the perpetrators of the outrage upon Willmett. Mr. Stawell appeared for the prosecution, and Mr. Moor for the defence. But the prisoners could not be identified, and the case was dismissed. The general belief was that on the night of the nearly fatal occurrence, Gow had been sent by Hodgson to deliver a letter to Mrs. Quarry, arranging an elopement, and that sooner than be captured he fired a pistol at Willmett. An action for crim. con. was next instituted against Hodgson, who was arrested and lodged in gaol. On an application to the Supreme Court, the proceedings were quashed on a technicality, and he was enlarged. He made prompt use of his liberty, for he gave them leg-bail, and never re-appeared in the district.

There is a sad finale to be told of the Willmetts and Quarry. After the lapse of some time, Willmett, with his wife, and Quarry, with his child, sailed from Melbourne in a vessel bound for Singapore, and though weeks and months flew by, nothing was ever heard of them until a few years ago, when a sailor, who had been for ten years sojourning with a tribe of Queensland blacks, effected his escape and fell in with a party of white settlers. From him it was ascertained that he had belonged to the same ship in which the Willmetts and the Quarrys were passengers; that she was wrecked on a coral reef; and the captain and his wife, with the others, were several days knocking about on a raft; some were drowned at sea, and others thrown on the Queensland coast, but the sailor was the only person who was saved. Mrs. Quarry remained in the colony, and some years ago was the landlady (under an assumed name) of a hotel in Brunswick Street, Fitzroy.

About the same time (and the only time in the colony) an offended husband offered a reward for the discoverer of a literary desecration of a tombstone. One day there appeared in the cemetery a freshly chiselled monument thus inscribed:—“Sacred to the memory of Eliza, wife of George, departed this life 19th October, 1844. ‘A faithful wife and a tender mother.’” George was not very long before he helped himself to a new “rib;” and when he, with his second better half, visited the grave of the dear departed, their moral sense was shocked by seeing as an addendum to the epitaphic scroll the words, “And George soon married another.” Such rhyming levity drove the husband into a rage, which led to the offer of a reward, and ended in a fit of delirium tremens.

In 1844 Dr. Palmer resided at Richmond, and was the owner of a public-house rented to one Hayes. On Sunday, 27th October, Palmer, being indisposed, stayed from church, and his tenant called in a state of uneasiness to say that he required to see him. A servant delivered the message, and on Palmer appearing, Hayes said his grog had run out, and he had not a drop in the bar; he therefore wished the other to sell him two gallons of brandy. Palmer complied, and Hayes said he would take half-a-dozen bottles with him, and paid 20s. as the price. Next morning Palmer entered in his books the sale of two gallons to Hayes. Nothing further was heard of the Sunday traffic for over three months, when the Doctor was rather astonished at receiving a summons to attend the Police Court, upon a charge of selling a less quantity than two gallons of spirituous liquors, the case was heard before Major St. John, Messrs. R. W. Pohlman and James Smith, J.P.s., on the 1st February, 1845, and dismissed on the ground that the information had not been laid within three months of the commission of the alleged offence. It was evident that Hayes had a “down” upon his landlord for pressing him for payment.
of arrears of rent, and had given a garbled version of the transaction to Chief-Constable Brodie, a factotum of Major St. John; and that St. John and Brodie had a grudge against Palmer. Though Dr. Palmer was never a popular favourite, public opinion sided with him on this occasion.

In 1842 three white men were executed for bushranging. They had committed a series of outrages north and south of the Yarra, and in the dark catalogue was the robbery of the homestead of Major Newman over the river, their spoil consisting of £30, a powder horn, two watches, and some military ornaments. Though Newman offered a reward for the recovery of the property, it had no effect. Connected with the culprits was what is termed a “fence,” or thieves’ receiver named Cam, sentenced to transportation, and the hut occupied as a residence by Cam passed into the possession of one Adams. In April, 1846, this person, whilst digging near the hut, turned up some object wrapped in flannel, and on examination it was found to be an old tin can or “billy,” and from it was extracted the missing property, evidently so secreted by Cam. The treasure trove was advertised by its finder, and identified by, and restored to Newman.

On Sunday, 19th May, 1842, Sergeant Corrte, recently retired from the police, was buried amidst a tempestuous deluge of rain. As a member of the Father Matthew Society, members of the Temperance Band played and marched in procession to the grave, but on this occasion they had a stiffer dose of cold water than their teetotal pledge ever contemplated.

In 1844, Mr. John Barker (now Clerk of Parliaments) was the proprietor of a station at Cape Schanck, and is so still. According to a newspaper of the period, on the 8th March a fire broke out and speedily rendered the residents for the time homeless. Some woodwork in the kitchen igniting, the flames rapidly spread, and the dwelling and an adjacent store were destroyed. Though the furniture and stores were with difficulty saved, the loss sustained was estimated at several hundreds of pounds. During the conflagration, which was short, sharp, and decisive, a somewhat amusing incident occurred. There was amongst the movables a cask of brandy, which the proprietor was very unwilling to have sacrificed as a burnt offering to the Fire god, so, seizing a blanket, which he wrapped about the cask, he dashed with it through the flames and landed it in a place of safety.

On the 7th April, 1845, Mr. Frank Liardet, an indefatigable mail-contractor, was conveying an important ship mail in his two-horse post-cart from Sandridge to Melbourne, when the steeds turning refractory, the driver jumped off; but in doing so his leg got into collision with a wheel and was broken above the ankle. He had not let go the reins, and with difficulty scrambling back to his seat, he succeeded in reaching town and delivering his charge. He called at the shop of O’Connor, an Elizabeth Street druggist, where the maimed limb was set by Dr. Sanford, who advised him to lay up in town and send the cart home by another person. This Liardet declined to do, and would insist upon driving back, alleging as a good reason for so doing, “that if anyone else drove there would be necks instead of legs broken.” Beyond suffering much on the return trip, there was neither inconvenience nor mishap.

There was great commotion in March 1844, when the newspapers announced a veritable case of Asiatic cholera, and that a Sergeant M’Culla, of the 99th Regiment, had died of it after an illness of a couple of hours. After death his body turned quite blue. Some other cases presenting the usual symptoms were reported, but his was the only fatal one. The Sergeant’s corpse obtained a soldier’s funeral, and an obituary farewell from a firing party of twenty of his late comrades.

The second instance of a triplet of births (two girls and a boy) occurred at Heidelberg, at the end of March, 1845, the prolific matron being a Mrs. Barney O’Leary. On the 1st April (Fool’s Day) the youngsters were brought into Melbourne to be “cleansed of original sin” at the Roman Catholic Church of St. Francis. They were escorted by the proud parents, and made
comfortable in an old dog-cart. After the baptismal ceremony was satisfactorily got through, an adjournment was made to the Rising Sun Hotel, in Little Bourke Street, where the health of the trio was so repeatedly encor’d, that when the coachman of the vehicle took his seat to drive the party home he was in a very “tight” condition. At the intersection of Swanston Street there was a pool of water, and into this the whole concern, traps, passengers, and cargo, capsized. The mother clung tenaciously to one of the little strangers, and two of them were shot into the muck; but they were with difficulty fished out.

Mr. William Bayes embarked in the venture of running a two-horse carriage between Melbourne and Mount Macedon, for doing which he obtained a license from the Mayor.

In looking through some musty legal records, I have exhumed the following trifle, a small historical curio in itself:—New Insolvent, 18th March, 1845. John Pascoe Fawkner, Melbourne. Liabilities, £8898 os. 10d.; assets, valuation of landed property mortgaged to various persons (except property valued at £35), £2352 15s.; personal property, stock-in-trade, etc., £15 14s.; outstanding debts, bills, bonds, etc., £914 8s. 10d.; independent of bad debts £914 8s. 10d.; balance deficiency, £5714 7s. 9d.” The peculiarity of this schedule leaves little doubt of its being the fingerwork of Fawkner himself. His financial difficulty was brought about by his enrolment as one of the “Twelve Apostles,” a monetary manoeuvre detailed in another chapter.* Fawkner always said he had been victimised on this occasion, and often regretted his “Apostolic” good nature; but through the agency of a post nuptial settlement, he was able to weather the storm.

What a jealous woman may be impelled to do was fearfully exemplified at Brighton, on the 1st May, when Mrs. Cameron, the wife of a blacksmith, resident there, with a fine baby in her arms, walked into the sea, and kept moving until both mother and child were submerged. The bodies were washed ashore next day.

On the 5th June, William Dana was fined £5 for thrashing Gideon Manton. Both belonged to the “swell” portion of creation, and Dana, hearing that the other had been talking too freely about him, knocked one evening at the residence of a Mrs. Musgrove, at Collingwood, where Manton was staying, and demanded an explanation. This was not given, and a horsewhip leathering was administered to the reputed maligner, who found refuge in a neighbouring house.

As early as 1843, several Melbournians subscribed to the Society for the Promotion of Fine Arts in Scotland, but it was not until June, 1845, that the first engraving arrived. The subject was “The Glee Maiden,” and it was said to be exquisitely executed.

“Coining” was one of the last of the major class of felonies introduced to Port Phillip in 1845, when a small counterfeit mint was started in Little Bourke Street West, but the charge of coining could not be established; but as three bad shillings were found in possession of one John Richards, he was sentenced to twelve months’ imprisonment.

In October, 1845, there were 2288 inhabitable houses in Melbourne, and not more than a dozen empty. The town population was estimated at about 11,000.

One day in November, 1845, a Mrs. Elliott, wife of a publican who kept the Mechanics’ Arms, in Little Collins Street, whilst in a state of insanity, rushed from her home with an infant in her arms. No trace of her could be discovered until three weeks after, when mother and child were found drowned in a waterhole in Richmond Paddock. In the same month of the following year, Mr. William Lang, father of Mrs. Elliott, committed suicide, induced by such an awful family bereavement.

* Chapter LII., page 708.
Capital punishment for forgery was abolished in the colony in 1845, by Imperial enactment.

In 1845 a clever swindler named Thomas Newman, furnished up some skins of parchment, so that they might fairly resemble old title deeds, and gave out that he had just succeeded to an estate of many thousands through the death of an uncle, a wealthy livery stable keeper in London. Through the fatuity that sometimes prevails in places where it ought not, the rogue had only to ask credit and cash and he got it. It was said that he let in Messrs. Cowie and Stead, of Geelong, rather extensively. He held on for some time, but he disappeared, and never turned up afterwards.

A well-informed correspondent writing from Geelong, has favoured me with the following:—

"The first choir at St. Francis', Melbourne, consisted of Dr. C. J. Sandford, with Mr. J. P. Smith, Solicitor; Mr. William Clarke, a music seller and music teacher, who kept a shop in Collins Street East; and a fourth (F. L. Clay, another Attorney?) whose name has passed from my recollection. They were all "jolly good fellows," but better adapted to "trolling a catch" than chanting High Mass. Vespers were not sung in those remote days. Three or four young fellows—Tom Kennedy, Michael Lyons, Davy Hurley, John Cosgrave (late City Treasurer), John Mansfield, and James Reilly, determined to form a class. One of the party was so eager in the matter that he sold his watch to pay his share of the expenses. Their first attempt in the church was on the occasion of Archbishop Polding's first visit to Melbourne, when they were complimented by the Rev. Father M'Evoy, on having made "a precious mess of it." They persevered, however, and with the assistance of a few ladies, got on very well. After a little while "Micky Mac" picked up an old harmonium in some sale-room, and made it a present to the choir. A Miss Lyons—now Mrs. Dutfoy (of Rokewood), sister to the late Mrs. Quirk, and a daughter of Peter Whelan (who once kept the Daniel O'Connell in Bourke Street, near the Post Office), with a few other ladies, joined. J. Cosgrave, as well as singing, learned the harmonium from Mr. Clarke; besides which, he had McDonald on the cornopean, and P. Phelan, clarionet.

In January, 1846, George Wise, landlord of the Richmond Hotel, Richmond, put on a cab to run daily to and from Melbourne, and give free transit to any persons wishing for a rural trip, on condition of their looking in for refreshments at his place.

Two noteworthy incidents happened in February, i.e., the death from inflammation of Necromancer, an imported thoroughbred stallion, belonging to Mr. T. H. Pyke, and worth 700 guineas. As being the best blooded horse in the province, the event caused much lamentation on the turf.

Mr. Peter Hurlestone settled near Brighton, where he established a mill. The engine originally belonged to the "Firefly," the first Yarra steamer. When it failed here the owner worked it up into what was termed a threshing machine, which he set up near Elsternwick. Corn was threshed for 4d. per bushel.

The summer of the year 1846 was hot and droughty, and during February and March extensive bush fires raged. The Plenty country was laid waste, and several residents of the Plenty and Moonee Ponds were burnt to the verge of ruin.

During the summer and autumn seasons small-pox committed much ravage amongst the Aborigines, and was very destructive to the children of the tribes located on the Murray River and its tributaries.

In March much excitement was created through the discovery by Dr. Jamieson of a quantity of salt of a fine quality in a fissure of a rock jutting into the Bay near Brighton. It was to be a grand new industry, but the whole thing soon evaporated.
A Mr. Willoughby was one day in April out with a five-year-old son, near "Arthur's Seat." Some Aborigines lurking about kidnapped the boy. After several days' search the dead body of the child was found at a blacks' camping-place, but it showed no marks of violence. The Aborigines confessed to the kidnapping with the view of exacting a reward for the restoration, and that the cause of death was the child's inability to eat the food given to it.

The first line of railway proposed in the colony was from Geelong to the River Glenelg, on the South Australian border. The Geelongites were the originators of this mad-cap undertaking, but it went no further than a grand preliminary "blowing," which came off at a public meeting held at Mack's Hotel, on the 13th July, 1846. An estimate of the annual traffic anticipated was submitted to the gathering, viz.:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Quantity</th>
<th>Rate</th>
<th>Total</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>7062 bales of wool, at 7s. 6d.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>£ 2,647.17 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2000 tons stores, at 80s.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>£ 1,600.00 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3000 passengers going and coming the whole line, at 40s.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>£ 1,200.00 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3000 tons salt, at 20s.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>£ 6,000.00 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1000 tons agricultural produce, at 20s.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>£ 2,000.00 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Total</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>£30,647.17 0</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

A Mr. Alfred Diaper, aged 30, committed suicide on 25th August, on board the schooner "Diana," from Williamstown to Western Port. He was addicted to intemperance, and had he remained alive until the arrival of the next mail from England, would have inherited a large fortune through the death of his father, a wealthy grocer at Portsmouth. Deceased left home in 1839, with an appointment as Private Secretary to Colonel Campbell, then Governor of Sierra Leone, where he remained for some years, and thence went to Hobart Town.

On 17th September, 1846, three ladies residing near each other in the Eastern quarter of Melbourne, presented their husbands with twin pledges of affection. The triple event occurred not only on the same day, but at the same hour, 9 a.m., and its announcement was regarded as a most auspicious omen of the future "Vital" prosperity of the metropolis.

During the same year it is remarked that the Jewish births were just one-twelfth of the whole of the British population of the colony.

The first premises for which a publican's license was granted in Newtown (now Fitzroy) was a straggling weatherboard structure of four or five rooms. It was called The Travellers' Rest, and occupied the ground whereon now stands King's College in Nicholson Street. In 1846 it was kept by a Mr. Beveridge, and about 9 p.m. on Sunday, 13th September, the place was "stuck up" by three armed men who escaped.

In 1846 a project was started in Liverpool for forming a Company to construct a railway from the new bridge in course of erection at Melbourne to Sandridge; and Mr. D. Lennox, the then Superintendent of Bridges here, was reported to have made a survey of the best route, but the affair collapsed.

A narrow escape is recorded in a Melbourne newspaper on 27th August, 1846:—"Mr. Stawell, the Barrister, has had several narrow escapes by flood and field, and we now chronicle another, which was within an ace of terminating with the loss of his life. In attempting to swim his horse over the Saltwater River, he was carried down, horse and all by the current, and was within a few yards of being entangled in a tree, when he jumped off the animal, and with great difficulty reached the shore in safety. Mr. Stawell is very much respected in Melbourne, both by the public and his..."
profession, and if anything happened to him it would be a public loss." The gentleman referred to was, afterwards, the much esteemed Chief Justice of Victoria (Sir W. F. Stawell).

The numerous and prospering residents of the now "Border City" of Albury will be amused by the following patronizing notice culled from a Melbourne newspaper of May, 1847:—"The little township of Albury is rising daily into importance. In the course of a short time, from its peculiar situation, it will become a place of no little enterprise. A certain Melbourne physician intends forthwith transferring his household gods there, where he is led to believe his prescriptions will be honoured and remunerated." The migrating doctor was a Mr. J. J. Keating, a surgeon, who kept a so-called Medical Hall some time in Elizabeth Street. Things went better with him in Albury than in Melbourne, where he lived, cured, and did well for many years.

Small remnants of the Aboriginal tribes of the Yarra, Western Port, and the Goulburn hung about Melbourne, a mendicant drunken nuisance. Men, women, and children cadged for cash, grog, tobacco, refuse food, old clothes, etc., and much to the public satisfaction, on the 30th September, 1847, some impulse moved them to migrate to the country. The more effectually to shake off all clippings of civilization they discarded all the tattered European raiment worn, made heaps of and burned it, and then collecting a few invalid adults and weakly children, they placed them in some "mia-mias" over the river near Heidelberg, and cleared out. Mr. Thomas, an Assistant Protector of Aborigines, provided for the wants of the poor creatures deserted, who fared much better than those who had abandoned them.

SMUGGLING EX-CONVICTS IN BOXES.

The receivers of stolen watches and other valuables obtained from the Melbourne thieves used to export their ill-gotten wares to Launceston, and as if by a reciprocity treaty, Melbourne used to be favoured with the occasional import of a "contraband lady" quietly smuggled across Bass's Straits, stowed away like brew in a beer cask, with the bung-hole open. Some of the most pronounced Cyprians of the period were known to have passed through the Port Phillip "Rip" in this way; and the reason was that they were transported female convicts from England, who were let out to assigned service in Van Diemen's Land. The fair one, casked, cased, and provisioned, was berthed under the special surveillance of the steward, and generally released in the Bay. In March, 1847, a shocking tragedy arose out of this practice. There was in Launceston a Mrs. Nancy Robertson, the reputed wife of a flying pieman, known as "Jemmy." The man was an expired convict, the woman's sentence had not expired, and "Jemmy" believed that if his "Nancy" could be got over to Port Phillip, their joint fortune would be made, and pies "all hot" need not be "flied" or cried any more. Nancy was willing to come, but objected to be coffined alive, if only for two or three days, and the difficulty was how to get her on board the steamer "Shamrock." A case was nicely padded and prepared for her reception, and "Jemmy" was what might be politely termed "moribundly intoxicated," and in this state was boxed up and placed below in the hold. "Jemmy" was an ordinary passenger, but during the trip, his frequent flirtations up and down the hatchway aroused the suspicions of Captain Gilmore, who closely watched him; and before the day was over a very offensive odour was perceptible below. The pieman was at last seen to approach a case, and placing his lips to an interstice, say in a whisper, "Nancy, it's all right now; you can come out." But there was no response, and no "Nancy" came out. The
THE CHRONICLES OF EARLY MELBOURNE.

Captain had the case immediately opened, when a horrible spectacle was presented. There was the once good-looking face of the gay Mrs. Robertson twisted into a frightful state of distortion. She was dead, with a bottle of gin placed near her head; and as the corpse was in a state of incipient decomposition it was brought up and thrown overboard. The matter was reported on the steamer's arrival to the water police at Williamstown, and though the "flying pieman" was apprehended, nothing further came of the shocking event.

The following appeared in the New Zealand Public Opinion of the 24th October, 1885:

"A writer of the CHRONICLES OF EARLY MELBOURNE gave an account in one of his chapters of the way in which females were smuggled from Tasmania during the early days of this colony. The rule seems to have been very strict, and captains of vessels were afraid to take females of the penal class. 'Garryowen' asserted that many were brought over in boxes specially provided for the purpose, and an account was given of the shocking death of one who had been unwillingly compelled by her husband to undertake the passage in one of the boxes. To many this would appear like romancing. However, from Adelaide comes an account by wire of a stowaway having been confined seven days in a box 3ft. 6in. by 2ft. 1in. On the arrival of the 'South Australian' from Western Australia, a box addressed 'Mr. Walter Bills, passenger,' was found to contain a man who gave the name of Alderson, although papers upon him led it to be supposed that his name was William Burnside. He had been stowed in the hold of the steamer, and was in a fearfully enucleated condition when released, having been without water the whole voyage. Last accounts were that he was recovering with careful treatment."

The following incident is narrated of a Melbourne Pioneer, for many years removed from all worldly strife:

"On the Queen's Birthday, 1847, Mr. George Say, landlord of the St. George and Dragon Hotel in Lonsdale Street, was so overpowered by his loyalty that he resolved to let off steam by the roasting of a bullock in honour of the Queen, in front of his house, now forming the southern portion of the Melbourne Hospital grounds, where he constructed a queer kind of furnace, over which the carcass was suspended. The "Boniface" pocket had, however, more 'Say' in the demonstration than intense allegiance; for it was a clever ruse to secure a day's large till-takings. A brass band of three or four instrumentalists was perched on empty beer casks near the bar door, whence the most 'stunning' of music was performed. The 'rule of the roast' for the distribution of the bullock was that anyone could bring his or her own knife, and slice off any particular portion fancied. The beef, however, did not turn out very enjoyable eating. That night the two Georges (and the Dragon, no doubt) closed their eyes amidst a haze of self-congratulation at the profitable way in which the loyalty dodge had been worked."

In September there was turned out of Langland's foundry, in Flinders Street West, a machine capable of making 40 bricks per minute, 2,400 per hour, or a daily average of 30,000.

In September another triple birth occurred, but this time at Portland, where a Mrs. Quinn became the mother of two boys and a girl. Little more than nine months before she had twins, and a year previous a son, i.e., not quite three years married and producing at the rate of two babies per annum!!!

The unusual take of a fine turtle was effected at the beach near Williamstown, on 10th October, by two boatmen, who, ignorant of what it was, killed it, and brought it to town, when it was found to weigh about 300 lbs. It was sold to Peter Perkins, an oyster-selling celebrity, at the rear of the present Theatre Royal. Several of the hotel-keepers refused to have anything to do with it. This was the first known instance of a turtle visit to Port Phillip Bay.

In November, 1847, a Melbourne newspaper chronicled as something like an indication of a wonderful postal progression, that an answer to a letter posted in town, for London, had been received in seven months and four days from the date of the original mailing.
In December, 1847, Melbourne was honoured by a visit from Mr. E. Deas Thomson, Colonial Secretary for New South Wales. It was a private trip, and no public recognition was attempted. It was as well, as he was no favourite.

During the night of 14th December, 1847, there was a terrific thunderstorm, and Jacob Wyer and John Chaplin were killed by lightning. They were fishing in the Bay, and Wyer’s hair, eyebrows, and clothes were much singed. Wyer was Chaplin’s father-in-law.

The summer of 1847-8 was very dry, and the country so bereft of feed and water that a considerable number of sheep and cattle died. The first Anglican Bishop (Dr. Perry), after his arrival in January, had prayers for rain offered. In March an event, never previously known, happened in the River Plenty completely drying up.

In March, 1848, Mr. Henry Baker, of the Imperial Inn, Collins Street, erected a public-house at Heidelberg, known as the Old England Hotel. This Baker was a podgy, pushing little man, great in getting up substantial shilling dinners; and thoroughly believed in advertising. He remained for several years a “Boniface” there, when he was obliged to succumb to that inevitable which no one, “publican or sinner,” can evade.

On the 1st April, that remarkable anniversary made two distinguished Melbournians simultaneously play a bit of the fool. Judge A’Beckett and Bishop Perry resolved to have an outing. They did not travel together, but each took a different route, drove a gig, and had a lady passenger. Both traps capsize, both ladies were unhurt, the Judge had his cheek cut at Flemington, and the Bishop was well shaken on the St. Kilda Road.

There is quite a little history to be raked up about that now well-established hostelry, the Royal Mail Hotel, corner of Bourke and Swanston Streets, if one only knew where to look it out and find it. At first it was an uncouth-looking, large, rough edifice, built by a road contractor who had made a good deal of money out of broken stones. This man, however, went insolvent in 1848, and the property was brought under the hammer by the Official Assignor, and knocked down for £1770 to a Mr. E. B. Green, a well-known and well-liked mail contractor. Green had it improved intending to convert it into an hotel to be named in a way that would perpetuate the manner in which he made the money with which the property was purchased. Thus it was called the Royal Mail. Its first landlord was Mr. Sugden, once a well-known Chief-Constable. In 1880 the place was sold for £60,000, though the corner half-acre was originally bought at Government land sale by a Mr. William Bowman for £110.

Subsequently I was supplied with the following:—‘‘The original price paid for the Royal Mail Hotel was £1750, not £110. E. B. G. did not make his money solely by mail contracting. He was at that time owner of four cattle and sheep stations—Keilawarra, eight miles below Wangaratta, on the Ovens River; one at Greta, or Fifteen Mile Creek, midway between Benalla and Wangaratta; one on the Broken River; the other on the Wakool Creek, fifty miles below the Sandhills, now called Deniliquen. The hotel and five shops adjoining the theatre, where the late Richard Punch’s timber-yard formerly stood, E. B. G. left to his family, consisting of myself and two brothers. The property has never been sold, nor likely to be.—I am, etc.,”

E. B. GREEN,
Casham House, St. Kilda Street, Brighton North.

“A very aggravated assault was committed at Brighton, 24th June, 1848, by Dr. Adams operating upon Mr. E. L. Lee, the Private Secretary of Mr. Latrobe. The parties met near Lee’s residence, and a row was got up about a pony on sale by a Mr. Martly, and which the other two wished to secure. Adams seized Lee by the throat, and half-strangling him with one hand, horse-whipped him
with the other. Mutual friends endeavoured to effect an amicable arrangement, and some days after Lee received a note from his assailant, enclosing a £25 cheque as a solatium, with a request to apply the amount to charitable purposes, but it was indignantly returned. Dr. Wilmot and Mr. J. B. Were endeavoured to settle the quarrel, but the case was carried into the Police Court, and the presiding Justices (Mr. James Smith, Dr. Fletcher, and Captain Dana) inflicted a fine of 1s., and £4 15s. costs.

Amongst certain legalized nuisances of early Melbourne were the night auctions, held mostly amongst a very questionable class of individuals, who were, nevertheless, entrusted with auctioneers' licenses. Their rooms were the resort of the rogues and vagabonds, who utilized such dens as a means of getting rid of the stolen property of the period; for this was before the advent of pawnbroking establishments. The law was at length compelled to step in and put down the night sales. The next auction nuisance was the perpetual clattering of auctioneers' bells in the streets by day; and so intolerable did this become that the Town Council passed a by-law suppressing the ringing of bells and sounding of instruments. Some of the Hammer Knights started bugles, which were given up on an intimation that they broke the law as flagrantly as the bellman. Mr. Peter Davis set up a gong and declared that neither he nor it should be put down, and when cautioned, maintained that the Corporation had acted ultra vires in what had been done. On the 25th July, 1848, he was summoned for a breach of the by-law, and the Police Court fined him 10s., with 5s. costs, which, after some demur, he paid, and sent his beloved gong to Jericho. Eight years after, this same Peter was Mayor of Melbourne, and there never was a man in the Commission of the Peace who strained points farther to secure convictions for breaches of the law.

In August, 1848, the wife of a cooper, residing at the corner of Flinders and Williams Streets, rushed from the house in her night-dress, and mounting the steps of the wharf, plunged into the River Yarra, under the stern of the “Circassian.” One of the ship's crew slipped down a rope into the water, brought the woman to the surface, and landed her safe on shore. Immediately on the woman casting herself into the river, a fine Newfoundland dog, belonging to Mr. T. B. Sibbing, of the Market Square Hotel, plunged in and swam towards her, but the ready act of the sailor anticipated him. It appears that the would-be “suicide” had been driven to desperation by the ill-treatment of her husband, a man of intemperate habits.

The Punt Inn, a small hostelry at the off side of the Salt-water River, where a punt then plied, was destroyed by fire on the night of the 13th January, 1848. The place was of weatherboard, and house, furniture, and stock were carried off with great rapidity, the inmates having as much as they could do to bolt out of bed into the bush, and so save their lives. The proprietor, Mr. Henry Kellett, never had such a close shave, for though the run was only a few yards, it was absolutely a race for life. A very deserving and industrious young man, his loss exceeded £400. A sum of £30 and 23s. in silver was in the bar till. The notes were turned into tinder, and the coinage was returned to the condition of ore. Some fine rum went up in the blaze, and there was not a penny of insurance effected. The casualty was caused by the obliviousness of a drunken servant omitting to extinguish a candle. In the course of the same day a conflagration occurred in Richmond Paddock (now Yarra Park), when some twenty acres of the place were laid waste. At one time it was feared that the fire would gallop off to Richmond, and at another that the residence of the Superintendent (Latrobe) at Jolimont would come to grief. Neither contingency, fortunately, happened.

A terrible wholesale drowning occurred in Geelong harbour on Sunday, 2nd December, 1849. Captain Kircus, of the “Victor,” a nephew of Captain Davidson, of the “Posthumous” (two vessels riding off Point Henry), and two ship's apprentices, proceeded by boat to Geelong, to attend Divine service there. They did, and were returning in the afternoon to go on board the “Victor” when the boat was capsized in a squall, and all hands perished.
THE CHRONICLES OF EARLY MELBOURNE.

On 27th December Dr. Greeves (not the Melbourne medico, but a ship's surgeon) was walking along the beach at Lime-burner's Point, near Geelong, armed with a gun, and out snipe-shooting. Noticing something like, as he fancied, a human body floating on the water, he hailed a boat, and pushing towards it perceived the tail extremity of an immense stingaree. On moving the "whole animal" was seen, and in dimensions it seemed about eight feet long, and nearly as broad. The Doctor's piece was charged with small shot, and firing into the fish it wheeled round, rushed the boat, and struck at it with much violence. It then swam in a circle round the craft, "thrashing the gunwale with its tail," but a second shot sent it under. On rising again a boat-hook was thrust into it, and they tried to haul it on board, when the stingaree struggled so furiously as to wrench itself off the grappler, and lost no time in turning tail and getting away.

In 1849, Mr. Whyte was the leader of a survey party employed in marking the boundary line between Port Phillip and South Australia. One day, provided with some provisions and two horses, he started alone on a short exploring trip, and lost himself in the Mallee Scrub. He wandered about for several days, and was reduced to much privation through want of food and water. One of the horses died from exhaustion, and by devouring some of the flesh the castaway was enabled to tide over a couple of days, when he was so pressed by thirst that nothing remained but to cut the throat of the other animal and drink the blood. At length he was found by some of his men on the bank of the Murray. He was sent to Adelaide, where after a time he was restored to his normal state of health.

During the Christmas holidays of 1849-50, there was displayed in the shop windows of Mr. John Yewers, confectioner, Elizabeth Street, the most wonderful Twelfth Cake ever fabricated in the province. It weighed 200lbs., was 4 feet high, and had 16 feet 8 inches of a circumference. It was highly ornamented, the centre piece representing Albert, the Prince Consort, as Field Marshal. As no single customer would venture to invest in it, a half-crown raffle was resorted to, and thus the enterprising Yewers succeeded in getting it off his hands.

A Mrs. Stammers kept what might be termed an infant school in Melbourne, and if not altogether forgetful of her own name, she ought to be prepared to make some allowance for any "stammering" propensities manifested by the mites of children committed to her tender care. She appears, however, to have shown no mercy on this account. She had amongst her pupils a four-year old creature named Hartnett, whose little tongue could never manage to surround the letter X. In fact the compound consonantal sound was too much for her, and the joint operation of pressing the thick part of the tongue against the roof of the mouth, and the end against the portion above the teeth, was so complex that the urchin could not master it. The soft-hearted preceptress fancied that an unmerciful caning would very soon overcome the difficulty, and the child was belaboured accordingly. The youngster's parents held totally different views as to the efficacy of corporal punishment, and summoned the school mistress for her cruelty. Mrs. Stammers accordingly put in an appearance at the Melbourne Police Court on the 22nd September, when the defendant's "stammering" apology did not avail, and she was fined 40s., or in default one month's imprisonment. She paid the fine, and left the court amidst an unmistakable "X"-pression of sibilant disapprobation from the crowd in attendance.

In 1849 supposed symptoms of Asiatic cholera appeared. Thirty-five cases were said to have occurred, though it was all a groundless scare, for a physician in extensive practice pronounced it to be only "plum-pudding cholera."

A Thieves' Association was organized in January, 1849, for the "protection of the marauding fraternity," its chief purpose being, by the skilful use of that instrument of legal ingenuity, known as a habeas, to procure the release from prison of thieves irregularly committed or improperly
convicted. Funds were subscribed, a “Thieves’ Solicitor” appointed, and several Police Office
summary convictions were quashed for technical shortcomings. A thieves’ census was taken by the
police, which returned the number of professed plunders at 100, i.e., 70 males and 30 females,
exclusive of 50 outsiders, or sub rosa aiders and abettors. The Association was at times both
conciliatory and considerate, for a Mrs. Pitman having been robbed of a well-lined pocketbook,
advertised for its return, even empty, as it was a family souvenir, and in a week after she was the
recipient of a parcel through the Post Office, consisting of the denuded relic, and a polite letter
bearing the initials of the “Honorary Secretary of the Thieves’ Association.” A public acknowledgment
of the receipt of the parcel was asked for and given.

On the 30th January, 1849, Mr. William Pender occupied a station on the Bass River,
Western Port. James Gleeson’s wife, Mary, acted as general servant. One day as she was
passing barefoot from the homestead to the dairy, she trod on a diamond snake about seven feet
long, and was bitten on the heel. The reptile sought refuge in the hut, where there were three
young children running about. The woman, apprehensive for the safety of the youngsters, half
frantically followed, and seizing the coulter of a plough, she promptly despatched the snake. The
poison in a short time began to work, and a handy man of a shepherd exsiccated some of the
flesh in the heel, and applied an embrocation of tobacco leaf, but Mrs. Gleeson died after intense
suffering about 8 o’clock next morning, in her 33rd year.

In February, 1849, a shocking case of inter se cannibalism was reported from Main Creek,
Mollison’s station, at Mount Macedon. Some blackfellows of the Sugar Loaf and Devil’s River
tribes captured an unfortunate Campaspe Aboriginal, employed on the station of a Mr. Bennett. He
was killed, skinned, and disjointed, some choice portions were roasted and devoured, and the rest
of the remains buried in a water-hole, where they were found.

George Hudson, a Yorkshireman, and widower with five children, arrived in Port Phillip in
a ship which also brought out two brothers and four sisters named Ellis, of one of whom
(Mary) Hudson during the voyage became enamoured, but the affection was not reciprocated. A
brickmaker by calling, he established himself on a brick-field, then between the Yarra and Emerald
Hill, and the Misses Ellis being dressmakers rented one of what were known as Drummond’s
Cottages, near the Mechanics’ Institute, in Collins Street. Hudson several times renewed his suit,
without effect, and becoming discontented and moody, was at length driven to such desperation that
about 4 o’clock on the afternoon of the 21st February, 1849, he appeared much excited at the
girl’s place, and asked to see Mary. He was told to go away, when insisting on an interview she
came to him, and in reply to a question if she were willing to marry him, as she had promised,
the girl peremptorily ordered him off. At this he drew a butcher’s knife from inside his coat, and
stabbed her three times. Jane hastened to her sister’s assistance and she was stabbed twice, near
the region of the heart. Flinging the bloody knife away the maniac rushed from the house. On
reaching the cottage then occupied by Mr. (now the Hon.) James Graham, he pulled from a pocket
the lower portion of a loaded percussion gun-barrel, capped the nipple, and getting a stone, after
turning the muzzle towards his heart, struck the cap, when the piece went off and he received the
charge, which laid him prostrate. He explained at the hospital that what he had done was in
consequence of the falsehood towards him of Mary Ellis. He expired about seven o’clock. Both
the girls were seriously injured, though they after a time recovered.

In May, 1849, two enterprising colonists, known as Barbour and Lowe, erected a flour mill
at Campbellfield, on the Sydney Road, which was a great convenience to the neighbourhood until
after the gold discoveries.

In the early part of June, Mr. Walter Glass Chiene, a settler near Belfast, blew his brains out
with a pistol, leaving a wife and four children. He had given way to intemperance, and the day
prior to his death he had a narrow escape from drowning. This caused his wife to remonstrate with him, so next morning, after saying she should have no reason to speak to him so again, he passed into the farm-yard, and shot himself behind a haystack. He was widely known, and deeply regretted.

In olden times there flourished in the centre of our present Parliament Reserve, facing Bourke Street, an immense gum-tree—one of those forest monarchs whose birth dated back to a time of which there is no written or traditional evidence. The Melbournians taking their evening country stroll to inhale the pure air of the then Eastern Hill, were proud of this immeasurable remnant of ancient forestry, and many a spicy colonial yarn was spun beneath its shadow. On the evening of the 23rd June, 1849, some mischievous urchins were playing around its trunk, and one of them set it on fire. When darkness came, the youngsters went away, and nothing particular of the tree was noticed until about midnight, when it blazed forth such a Baal fire as would gladden the hearts of the Antipodean Druids of yore. Towards morning it fell with a crash, and the next day a mixed mob of men and women collected, and armed with axes and tomahawks, had a regular field-day of wood chopping.

On the 24th of same month Henry Major, chief mate of the schooner “Sophia,” bathed at Cole’s Wharf, died from suffocation. The vessel was infested with rats, and fumigation being determined on as a means of abolishing the pest, a fire was lighted, and every aperture closed for the night. Next morning the captain went on board, and raising the main hatch, he saw Major lying on the floor, dead. A coroner’s jury attributed death to the inhalation of sulphur.

On the same day, a pig of the astonishing weight of 644 lbs. was slaughtered at Mr. Blastock’s Grange Inn, Belfast.

One chilly evening in June, Mr. Wilson, a chemist in Collins Street, was enjoying the comfort of his parlour fire, when two immense snakes jumped out of some burning logs, and set up a wriggling dance too close to his legs to be agreeable. Jumping from his chair, and seizing a carving-knife, he bisected them with the effect only of rendering them more lively. He repeated the chopping, yet the several parts showed no signs of dying, until an application of prussic acid gave them a quietus.

The death of the most aged man in Port Phillip at that time, occurred on the 8th July, in Latrobe Street, when William Devine, a very worthy old fellow, bade the world farewell, just after turning his ninety-fifth year.

Some very clever pen-and-ink forgeries of £10 notes were uttered in September. They were supposed to be the handiwork of the “Penton-villians.” The forgeries were executed on baked paper to give them crispiness, and the plate portion though a clumsy imitation, when discoloured, the valueless considerations were liable to deceive. They purported to be Bank of Australasians, and the autograph of “D. C. M’Arthur,” the manager, was as near perfection as a counterfeit could well be.

Stories of the bunyip occasionally sprang up, to be believed by the credulous and laughed at by the majority. In October, Mr. John Edwards, managing clerk to Mr. Henry Moor, Solicitor, related the following questionable yarn, which he solemnly avouched to be a fact. He was on board the “Thames” steamer, endeavouring to intercept a defaulting runaway named Hovenden, supposed to have levanted in a Sydney-bound vessel. The “Thames” put into Phillip Island, and whilst there an object was seen one day squatted on a rock in a lake, and the spectators could not well make out what it was. It appeared to be some seven feet in longitude, and looked half man and half baboon, with the long feathered neck of the emu. Five gunshots were discharged at it with these effects—At No. 1, it only shook its head, the second caused it to grin fiercely and show its teeth, with the third it backed towards the water; shot four was answered by a loud noise composed in equal parts of growl and shout; whilst the fifth and last was acknowledged by a jump in the air,
a flinging out of the hind legs, and a disappearance into the lake. The narrator was positive it was the bunyip, but only that such monsters of the deep do not exhibit from the tops of rocks, I should be disposed to think "it was very like a whale." Edwards was given at times to the amusement vulgarly termed, "drawing the long bow," and this was, doubtless, a specimen of that sort of archery.

Another infantile triplet made its appearance in Melbourne on the 10th November, 1849, an auspicious event which caused quite a flutter of excitement amongst the matronhood of the place. The prolific mother was the wife of F. B. Jones, the proprietor of a small cooperage in Elizabeth Street, northward of the Post Office. Dr. F. T. Ford was the accoucheur, and the new arrivals were all bouncing boys. The parents were not over well to do in the world, and a subscription was started. The youngsters were named Matthew, Mark, and Luke. To obviate any mistake in their identity or a possibility of their getting mixed, it was determined to assign to them a distinguishing badge or colour, by tying a strip of ribbon around the neck of each. Matthew to sport red, Mark blue, and Luke green. When decorated in this style the little Joneses formed an interesting exhibition, a real baby show which used to be frequently visited and enjoyed by the ladies. The future of this trinity was not unremarkable. Matthew died early in his infancy, and some years ago (as I am informed) Mark was a "cabby," and Luke a "bobby," pursuing their respective avocations on the streets of Melbourne.

The first chemical works were opened in 1849, on the Yarra at Richmond, by R. Charles and Co., where some tolerably good starch was produced.

On 23rd November, 1849, Mrs. Cummings, the wife of a private of a detachment of the 12th Regiment, noticed what appeared to be the point of a needle protruding from the arm of a child three months old, and on consulting Dr. Black, the needle was drawn, and was of a colour quite blue. It transpired that at an early stage of her pregnancy, Mrs. Cummings, in the course of her work had accidentally swallowed a needle of the kind then known as "a Whitechapel blunt," which was identical with the one taken from the child.

A terrible wholesale drowning occurred in Geelong harbour on Sunday, 2nd December. Captain Kircus, of the "Victor," a nephew of Captain Davidson, of the "Posthumous" (two vessels riding off Point Henry); and two ship's apprentices, proceeded by boat to Geelong, and as they were returning in the afternoon, the boat capsized in a squall, and all hands perished.

ALLEGED CONJUGAL INFIDELITY.

A case of unprecedented cruelty on the part of a husband was investigated at the Melbourne Police Court, 8th March, 1849. Charles Collins, aged sixty, was married to a girl of twenty, and they, with one child, resided in a cottage at Brighton. They had been married six years, and lived on the most affectionate terms till the husband questioned the fidelity of his wife. For this there was no tangible rhyme or reason; but Collins took measures to restrain her supposed illicit amorous propensities. He caused to be forged a pair of iron rings, with a strong connecting chain, like bullock hobbles, each ring opening with a hinge, and fastened on the opposite side with a padlock, for the purpose of clasping above the knee. To the main chain was attached a second one, to be fixed with a staple to a log of wood embedded in the earthen floor of the kitchen of his hut. Taking the wife he fettered her with this apparatus, and looped a piece of rope about her neck, so as to choke her unresistingly at a moment's notice. Here the poor creature was troned for three weeks, though she was the mother of a child only a few months old, which she was compelled to attend to in her captivity. The shocking outrage at length coming to the knowledge of the police, Constable Draper unexpectedly visited the place, the woman was at once liberated, and the husband arrested on a charge of cruelty. When the parties were confronted in the Police Court, the woman, who showed the faded remains of no inconsiderable personal attractions, was little more than a girl in appearance, though seemingly of inquired intellect, whilst the husband was ferocious in aspect, of slovenly habits,
and to all intents and purposes a madman. Collins, in his defence, declared that Sarah was for some time all that a dutiful wife should be, and he kept her like a lady until one day he beheld some improper familiarities between her and a strange man, and this made him change his course of treatment. He was a strict Wesleyan, who prayed thrice each day, but his wife refused to join in prayer with him. He was a man who was in frequent communication with God, stood on sanctified ground, and could preach as good a sermon as any parson. He believed his wife to be thoroughly unfaithful to him, and he chained her up for no other purpose than to prevent her in his absence from running off into the bush to keep improper appointments. Evidence was given of the irreproachable character borne by Mrs. Collins; and, notwithstanding all that she had gone through, the poor wife looked with a yearning woeful face at her husband, and was very unwilling that the prosecution should go further. The prisoner was committed for trial, but the Crown Prosecutor did not see his way to file a bill, and Collins was released.

HUMAN FECUNDITY.

On the 29th June, 1850, another triplet of young colonists made its appearance in Melbourne in the interesting form of two girls and a boy, but on this occasion the mother died shortly after parturition. She was a Mrs. L. Quinan, whose husband was connected with a horse repository in Bourke Street. Mr. Quinan was away two hundred miles in the interior when the unusual increase and "sorrowful bereavement" occurred in his family.

It is remarkable that a high average in triplicate births is shown in favour of the Port Phillip of the past as compared with other countries in the world, and especially modern Victoria. In the ten years (1841-1850, both included) the Port Phillipian births are returned as 15,449 giving a triplet to every 3089 births. According to the obstetric statistics of Great Britain, France, and Germany, the triplet is as one in every 7433 births, and as to Victoria, the following extract from *Hayter's Handbook* (1883-4) speaks for itself:—"In 1883, 185 twin births, but no triple births were registered, as against 215 twin births and 2 triple births in 1882. In the ten years ended with 1880, 2426 cases of twins, and 21 cases of triplets were recorded; the total number of births in the same period having been 268,710. There were thus 206,242 confinements in the ten years, and it follows that one mother in every 111 gave birth to twins, and one mother in every 12,796 was delivered of three children at a birth."

It will be seen from this that the triplet (or three-fold birth) is an exceptionally rare procreative product, but the quadruplet (or four-fold birth) is immeasurably rarer; for from returns compiled at the Rotunda Hospital, a famed maternity institution in Dublin, the proportion of quadruplets is computed as one in every 129,172 births. There is one, and only one, authenticated instance of the birth of a quintuplet, i.e., five children—all born alive!!!

On 16th August, 1850, a Mrs. Hopwood, whose husband was in comfortable circumstances, was walking along the bank of the river at Richmond. She was accompanied by two daughters (aged respectively eleven and nine), a nurse-maid, and a baby in arms. The servant and elder girl sought to obtain a drink of water, and whilst so engaged, the woman, warily creeping behind, pushed the servant into the river; but it was in a shallow muddy spot, and she scrambled safely out. The mother next pushed in the daughter, who was drowned. Making for the second girl (Eliza) she also forced her in, but the servant calling to the girl to hold on to a stump, got her out. The mother, who had evidently been suddenly bereft of reason, ran up and down for awhile, and then facing the current leaped into it and was also drowned. An inquest was held on the recovered bodies, when "Temporary insanity on the part of the mother" was the verdict.

The first hat manufactory was opened about this time by Mr. R. F. Bickerton, in Swanston Street; and a newspaper of 25th September in making the announcement, declares that "Mr. B.— is prepared to 'turn out' the best and cheapest hat in the Australian colonies.
and for superior quality and finish, we doubt if any house in London could excel the hats now exhibited in his shop for lightness of texture and elegance of shape."

The South suburban traffic, so far from progressing, appears to have adopted the crab as a model, by going backwards, for in October, 1850, the eve of the Separation rejoicings, the daily Brighton 'bus had shrunk into a tri-weekly, as evidenced by the following notification:

J. MOONEY

BEGS to inform the Public that he intends running his Omnibus to and from Melbourne and Brighton on the following days, namely,

FROM MELBOURNE.

Mr. Chitty's Horse and Carriage Repository, Lonsdale Street, and Mr. Sugden's Royal Mail Hotel, Swanston Street, at half-past 4 o'clock in the afternoon of the above days.

Fares, Two Shillings each way.

Years have flown by, and Brighton and Melbourne and the two hotels remain, but the 'buses and Chitty, Sugden, Mooney, and the horse repository have all gone to their account, and little more is known of them than if they had never been. In the vehicular traffic, as well as in everything else appertaining to Melbourne and its suburbs, marvellous changes have taken place; so much so that in musing over the now and the then the mind feels as if almost incapable of comprehending the reality.

A sad event arose out of a birth of twins at Collingwood, on 20th July, 1850. A Mrs. Buckingham resided near the Rose and Crown Hotel. She was 26 years old and three years married, and two days after her accouchement, in a paroxysm of puerperal mania, she sprang out of bed, and with her husband's razor nearly severed her head from her body. The husband, who was well known, received much sympathy.

In October there was a great scarcity of coal in town, when the price ran up to £2 10s. per ton, in consequence of the demand at Newcastle (N.S.W.) for coal to ship to California. On the 20th eleven prisoners broke out of the Geelong Gaol, where they were all incarcerated in one cell. The door was opened for some purpose by the keeper, who was knocked down, and with two turnkeys was secured in the room vacated by the runaways. There was a police sentry posted outside, who captured three of the gang, but the others made good their escape, and were never re-taken.

Lieutenant-Governor Latrobe held a levee at Mac's Hotel, Geelong, on 3rd September, where some ninety persons attended, and an address was presented from the Town Council.

Mr. Richard Spence, a corn-dealer in Swanston Street, next to Germain Nicholson's, was a well-to-do individual, with a wife and three children, and one of the last men in Melbourne, to all appearance, likely to make away with himself. On the 18th October he was found covered with blood, and a large Dover knife in his hand. Drs. Wilkie and Greeves were promptly in attendance, but the unfortunate suicide died soon after. No reason, positive or presumable, could be assigned for the deed.

The daughter of one Michael Reynolds strayed into the bush near Fiery Creek, and notwithstanding a weary and heart-rending search, all traces of her were lost. She was only a child, and was supposed to have either perished in the wilderness, or fallen into the hands of the Aborigines. In November, 1850, a white girl, about ten years old, was observed with a tribe of blacks in the same part of the country, and it was believed to be the lost youngster. Though a reward...
of £20 was offered for her recovery, and all other possible measures taken for her rescue, it was to no effect.

On 7th December, Mr. Mason, from Geelong, was driving two ladies in a carriage belonging to a once well-known Mr. Hugh Glass; and whilst proceeding through East Collins Street, the horses, becoming unmanageable, dashed to the south side and in upon the footpath, where the vehicle was pitched clean over a low fence, into the playground of a school kept by a Mr. Butterfield. Though the carriage was broken, and the horses much injured, Mason and the ladies miraculously escaped injury.

In January, 1851, there were in Melbourne 2 steam mills, 7 breweries, 1 soap-boiling establishment, 1 blacking manufactory, with 3 iron and 1 brass foundries.

On 7th March, 1851, "A gentleman by Act of Parliament," named Taggart, an Attorney, whilst suffering from delirium tremens, rushed out of his lodgings, in no wearables but shirt and socks, through Collins Street about seven in the evening. Bursting into the shop of Pelescini, a jeweller, he astonished the good folk there; but he bounded out again, and there was quite a man-hunt along Swanston Street, but Taggart landed himself in a watery grave by jumping into the Yarra.

At this time the Melbourne butchers (twenty-eight in number) issued a trade notice that there was to be a rise in the prices of meat in consequence of the increased price of fat stock. Their tariff was moderation itself compared with the ruling rates of the present day, for the scale was:—Roast beef, legs, loins, and shoulders of mutton, 3d. per lb.; rump steak and loin chops, 3½d.; prime corned beef, 2½d., &c.

In April, 1851, things wore a very discouraging aspect in various parts of the interior. Cattle were dying in hundreds in consequence of the drought, and sheep were going off in thousands on several stations. Feed had nearly altogether disappeared, and some of the most productive plains were as grassless as the streets of Melbourne. Catarrh had broken out in several quarters, and it was feared that if the unfavourable weather continued flocks never before afflicted with the pestilence would become its victims. Most of the waterholes were completely dried up, and there was scarcely a drink of water to be found in the Loddon for a considerable way up its course. The settlers were looking forth with much apprehension for the next lambing, which would be materially injured should there be much more dry weather. The intelligence from the Western District was not so gloomy, though the want of feed and water was beginning to be felt. The last week of the month, however, tended much to alleviate, if not completely banish, such forebodings, for ere May-Day set in there was plenty of rain, especially in the Western Port and Western Districts, and the rainfall was pretty general inward.

Mr. Cunninghame, a tinsmith in Elizabeth Street, constructed an ingenious sort of pump for emptying cellars. It was estimated as capable of, with the power of one person, lifting water 32 feet and conducting it 500 feet. The brass castings for it were manufactured in South Australia, the price was moderate, and several of the articles were ordered.

Mr. Cole, a Richmond gardener, exhibited grapes from a two-year old vineyard, which, considering the season, were never before equalled in the province. They were of three kinds, and a bunch of black St. Peter's weighed 4 lbs. They were kept on show for some days in the shop of Mr. H. W. Mason, of Collins Street. Soon after he exhibited what he named the "Defiance" pea. From one pea planted in the preceding year he had as seed for the current year two bushels (less five quarts). In size the pea resembled the "Marrowfat," required no sticking, should not be sown before June, and then dibbled into the earth at intervals of nine inches.
THE CHRONICLES OF EARLY MELBOURNE.

About this time a young man named Rooney brought to town some specimens of beautifully variegated marble, a whole range of which he declared he had discovered at the River Ovens. They were presented to Superintendent Latrobe.

In the year 1851 bread reached so high a price at Geelong that a meeting was held at the Theatre, Malop Street, and a "Co-operative Bread Society" started, with a capital of £2,500 in one thousand fifty-shilling shares, no one person to hold more than five shares. A Provisional Committee was appointed to prepare rules of management, but the project fell through.

On the 23rd August a sow on the farm of Mr. Holmes of the Merri Creek, gave birth to twenty young ones—an instance of fecundity hitherto unknown here, and beating "the three little Joneses" record.

There is now (1883) in Melbourne an antique Christianized Jew named Samuel Henry, who declares himself an "Old Colonist" of the Fawkner-Batman era, and asserts that it was he who first cropped and shaved Buckley, "the wild white man," after his surrender to the Batman party at Indented Head. He had a very tough job of it—and no wonder, for Buckley had been untouched by soap or steel for thirty years. This tonsorial feat occupied Sam the best part of a day, and spoiled a pair of sheep shears and two not over-set razors. He was paid, though not illiberally, for he got a bottle of brandy as his hire; and, under the circumstances, the labourer was not unworthy of it.

A popular error has hitherto prevailed in the colony, which it is almost a pity to destroy, but true history should be inexorable. As I have previously stated, when Mr. J. T. Smith, Melbourne's only seven times Mayor, visited England in 1858, he brought back with him to Victoria a veritable British-born ass. Port Phillip, however, possessed an anterior ass, if not of English birth, of the undoubted Anglican species. Amongst the early arrivals who squatted near Melbourne was a Mr. Sylvester, commonly known as "Paddy" Browne, who resided at Heidelberg, and depastured a small station on the Plenty. Amongst the belongings with which he cleared out from Sydney was a donkey, but whether foaled in New South Wales or not I cannot say. However, he was undoubtedly the first ass of either British birth or pedigree ever domiciled in Port Phillip. The "Edouard" was turned out to grass with some young cattle in a paddock, when a party of Aborigines hove in sight, returning from the Ranges, whither they had gone to procure lyre birds' tails (now obtained only with much trouble in Gippsland, but then in abundance in all the heavy-timbered country nearer town), with which the natives carried on a commerce with the Europeans. They were in high good humour, for their hunt had laden them with spoil, and they laughed, crowed, and chattered merrily. Suddenly the darkies and the donkey confronted each other, and the meeting was a mutual surprise. The Natives looked upon an animal the like of which they had never before seen or heard of, and the jackass started with astonishment at the mob of nondescript creatures before him. With English blood in his veins his courage rose to the occasion, so letting off a volley of braying, with a gallantry unusual in his race, he charged the blackfellows, who, dropping their precious booty in affright, commenced a retreat pursued by the donkey for some distance. And this is how the first four-footed ass got a footing in Melbourne.

A popular error has hitherto prevailed in the colony, which it is almost a pity to destroy, but true history should be inexorable. As I have previously stated, when Mr. J. T. Smith, Melbourne's only seven times Mayor, visited England in 1858, he brought back with him to Victoria a veritable British-born ass. Port Phillip, however, possessed an anterior ass, if not of English birth, of the undoubted Anglican species. Amongst the early arrivals who squatted near Melbourne was a Mr. Sylvester, commonly known as "Paddy" Browne, who resided at Heidelberg, and depastured a small station on the Plenty. Amongst the belongings with which he cleared out from Sydney was a donkey, but whether foaled in New South Wales or not I cannot say. However, he was undoubtedly the first ass of either British birth or pedigree ever domiciled in Port Phillip. The "Edouard" was turned out to grass with some young cattle in a paddock, when a party of Aborigines hove in sight, returning from the Ranges, whither they had gone to procure lyre birds' tails (now obtained only with much trouble in Gippsland, but then in abundance in all the heavy-timbered country nearer town), with which the natives carried on a commerce with the Europeans. They were in high good humour, for their hunt had laden them with spoil, and they laughed, crowed, and chattered merrily. Suddenly the darkies and the donkey confronted each other, and the meeting was a mutual surprise. The Natives looked upon an animal the like of which they had never before seen or heard of, and the jackass started with astonishment at the mob of nondescript creatures before him. With English blood in his veins his courage rose to the occasion, so letting off a volley of braying, with a gallantry unusual in his race, he charged the blackfellows, who, dropping their precious booty in affright, commenced a retreat pursued by the donkey for some distance. And this is how the first four-footed ass got a footing in Melbourne.

THE FOUNDER OF PORTLAND.

My reading and inquiries have impressed me with the conviction that notwithstanding all that has been written and orated to the contrary, the real founder of Portland was a now almost forgotten individual, named William Dutton. In this belief I am confirmed by a letter written in November, 1884, to a Melbourne journal by Mr. Alexander Campbell, of South Yarra, who speaks chiefly from absolute personal knowledge. From it I extract thus:—"In 1832 I was asked to join a whaling shore-party going to Portland Bay, but preferred sperm-whaling as being more adventurous. The coast even then was well known. My cousin, Captain Hugh M'Lean, in command of the 'Henry,' made two or three voyages there, trading in wallaby and seal-skins to
Launceston, in and about 1828. He was afterwards lost in the sad-fated 'Britannia.' The whaling party went, and built comfortable huts on shore (in one of which I afterwards lived), under the charge of Mr. William Dutton, who received the Hentys hospitably on their arrival (his own words). He had over 30 men employed there, and some could not return. I was in charge of the whaling-station when Major Mitchell arrived in 1836 with not less than 24 men.

"The late Captain Mills and others were sealing there before the arrival of the whalers. Mr. Edward and Mr. Stephen Henty commenced whaling in 1837.

"It is impossible to tell the correct history of the first Western Victorian pioneers without mentioning the name of the energetic, enterprising shipmaster and shipbuilder John Griffiths. He fitted out all the early whalers to that part out of Launceston, and built 'The Brothers,' a schooner, in 1847, at Port Fairy, and a punt in 1837 for cutting in whales. He was born in New South Wales in 1801, a pioneer of our native youth."

A correspondent under the signature "A Portlander," dated 17th August, 1885, furnished me with the following:—"William Dutton undoubtedly earned on Bay whaling at Portland prior to the arrival of any of the Hentys; but it may reasonably be inferred, from experience in other localities, that had the existence of the Town of Portland depended on the whalers who frequented its shore, the site would, in all probability, have been abandoned with the decline of the whale-fishery which embodied their staple interests. Edward Henty left Launceston with the intention of settling at Portland, and founding a home there, as the following oft-quoted extract from the Launceston Advertiser of the 13th October, 1834, should conclusively prove:—Departures.—'Thistle,' schooner, Liddle, master, for Portland Bay. Passengers—E. Henty and five servants, together with a full cargo of agricultural implements and building materials. On the 29th November, 1834, the 'Thistle' returned from Portland Bay in ballast, and afterwards was continued for a time taking stock across from Launceston to Portland. Edward and Stephen Henty may not have commenced whaling until 1837, but the settlement took place some three years prior to this, and the fishery was only added as a branch industry to their already established farming operations. The foregoing may not be of any interest to the general community, but to those who value historical correctness, these few remarks should be of more importance, and this must be my excuse for tendering them."

Mr. Francis Henty, in a recent communication to a Melbourne newspaper, makes the annexed correction:—"It was in September, 1835, on my way back from Launceston to Portland in the small cutter, the 'Mary Ann,' that I first saw the site of Melbourne. We called in at Port Phillip and removed Batman and his party from Indented Head to the Yarra Yarra Falls, now the Queen's Wharf. Batman had been round the coast to this spot before, and I found Mr. Fawkner's party located on the north bank of the river, but not Mr. J. P. Fawkner himself, he not having arrived till about the middle of October, as his own signature to the old colonists' address to Prince Alfred will testify."

---

**My First and Last Trip to the Races.**

An "Old Colonist," whose courtesy I have acknowledged elsewhere, has supplied the following scrap of reminiscence which is worth publishing, though considering that he has been in the colony since before the first race meet was held at Flemington up to the present, his turf experiences are of the most limited character. Nevertheless, the particulars of his two ventures upon the forbidden ground are both reliable and readable.

"In the olden times the annual races on the metropolitan course took place usually in the month of March, and, as it was the only meeting of that kind in the colony, many country people visited Melbourne during the race week. The sole means of access to the course by land was riding on horseback or in a dray—no lighter vehicles being used then; and, as there was no road, it was rather rough on travellers. But there was a much pleasanter way of getting to the same destination by water, as the steamer 'Aphrasia,' which traded to Geelong, was laid on for the racetrack direct; and, as the Town Band was announced to play on board, this was an additional attraction to lovers
of music. Accompanied by a friend, we proceeded to the Queen's Wharf, where the "Aphraia" was lying decorated with a profuse display of bunting, which gave her quite a gala appearance. Casting off her moorings, she steamed down the Yarra, accompanied by Tickell's band playing in fine style, 'In Days when we went Gypsying, a long time ago,' we passed the 'Christina,' 'Henry,' 'Lillias,' 'Flying Squirrel,' and other colonial traders, discharging and loading in the stream. The Yarra at that time was bordered on each side by a dense ti-tree scrub, from below Batman's Hill to the junction of the Saltwater River. We had a very pleasant passage, the band playing dance and other music, to the satisfaction of the passengers. We were landed on the east bank of the river, on the site selected as a racecourse, and we beheld several booths erected a short distance off, and a number of flags flying in the breeze imparted quite a jolliness to the occasion. In front of the booths, a chain about 100 yards long was fixed on each side of the railing, so that the horses might pass by the winning post without interruption; and a portion of the course was marked off with posts, so that no mistake need be made during the race. Country folks were there in abundance, many of them riding about in a very reckless manner, with one spur on the right heel, with which they punished their poor horses rather unmercifully. The band, transferred from the steamer, was perched on a platform erected in one of the booths—a capital draw—for there was sure to be there a constant though changing crowd to listen to the music. It was a beautiful cool day, and the visitors enjoyed themselves very much. It was the grand annual, though casual, foregathering of acquaintances. The racing was first-rate, and two horses named Romeo and Plenipo carried off the honors, while the names of the successful jockeys, Sandy the Butcher, Jim McNall, and Lewis Pedrana, were noted by all. The people returned home happy and contented with their day's pleasure. On the return trip the "Aphraia" was crowded with passengers, the band giving them 'The Lass of Richmond Hill,' 'The Light of Other Days is Faded,' 'Rory O'More,' and other tunes in favour with the public then. I did not go to the races next year. A drunken row occurred there, which caused the death of a poor fellow named M'Auliffe. Again the racing season came round, and I made up my mind to be all there; but as I was only 12 years old, my parents were not willing, on account of the unhappy occurrence of the previous year, that I should go, and gave me as an alternative a trip to Hobson's Bay (which at that time was a great treat), or buy me a nice book. Nothing, however, would do, but I must go the racecourse. It was between 11 and 12 o'clock in the forenoon, my parents, seeing that nothing else would please me, reluctantly conceded the privilege, and off I started. As the first race took place at 1 o'clock, I ran nearly all the way to the ground; and, as the hot wind was blowing with clouds of dust, when I reached my destination I was very thirsty, and there was no fresh water obtainable. However, I managed at last to get a drink of water on board a steamer which had brought down passengers. The racing was very miserable, for the dust was so great that it was hard to obtain a good view of the running; besides which many mounted countrymen galloped along inside the posts, so that it was almost impossible to see a single one of the matches on the card. Owing to the heat, some unfortunates drank too much beer, and were handcuffed to a bullock-chain passed round a tree, where they lay in the broiling sun until the evening, when they were taken to town in a bullock dray. I returned home, hot, tired, and dusty, resolving never to go again, which resolution I have kept.

Two Days' Fishing in the Olden Times.

The first was on a winter's morn in 1849, when two boys went down to the Queen's Wharf for a walk. It was a cloudy day, with a fresh westerly breeze blowing. At that time the wharf was in a very primitive condition. Only a small portion was piled for the use of the "Aphraia" steamer, and the only other steamer in the port was the "Governor Arthur," which plied to Williamstown and the Bay. The remaining frontage to the river was in a state of nature, trees in many places overhanging the banks, to which vessels were moored when required. The approaches to the wharf were in a shocking condition—no vestige of a road, but just the original swamp, which stretched...
along from Batman's Hill to Richmond. A large gully ran across the thoroughfare from the corner of William Street to the basin. In winter time this was a veritable creek, and was known as "the River Enscoe," from the name of the firm that occupied premises on the corner of William and Flinders Streets, Messrs. Thomas Enscoe and James. The ti-tree swamp, thickly overgrown with jungle, reached up to the place where the "Governor Arthur" lay at the entrance to the basin, and, taking advantage of the fine breeze and high tide, a large brig, named the "Jewess," from Sydney, had run up the river and anchored in the basin. A boat was sent in from the vessel and a hawser tied to a large tree on the bank, when the sailors commenced singing merrily at an old sea song (now out of date) "Oh row, and up she rises early in the morning." While walking along, the boys, having a piece of string, pulled a switch out of the swamp and fastened a hook on it. A float was soon procured in the form of a cork from an adjacent public-house, and a piece of meat having been obtained from the cook of the steamer, the line was thrown in under a large tree which projected from the river's bank. Very soon the cork bobbed down, and one boy called on the other to assist him, and a splendid schnapper weighing 4 or 5 lbs. was landed. The boys returned home very much pleased with their morning's work, and thus ended the first day's fishing.

The other day's fishing in the Yarra was in the early part of the summer of 1848. It was a delightful day, with a cool southerly breeze blowing, and every now and then clouds passing over the sun, tempering his ardent rays. Much improvement had been effected since 1840, for a comparatively commodious wharf now bounded the north side of the basin, whilst lower down were Cole's Dock and Raleigh's Wharf. The new dock trade had evidently increased, for there were five vessels of no inconsiderable size discharging cargo, including the "Velocity," a large schooner, belonging to the once well-known Benjamin Boyd, in which he had just brought to the colony a cargo of Fiji Islanders, as a sample of labour for the squattocracy. The Fijians of that day were cannibals, and looked as if they could eat anything. Some of the savage lot remained in Melbourne, and turned out to be very good servants. Slaughterhouses were, at this time, just below Batman's Hill, and here was the best fishing ground, and it was always well patronized by the amateur anglers, who lined the bank, and often secured some rare takes of fine large mullet. The writer had only the ordinary bait, and could not get as much as a bite, for those who were the most successful had baited with large maggots from a neighbouring boiling down establishment. At last, irritated by his failure, he overcame his repugnance to the successful bait, and determining to do in Rome as the Romans do, took a handful of the crawlers from a sheepskin, and threading half-a-dozen of the wriggling creatures on his hook, soon succeeded in obtaining a large number of the beautiful mullet, which were then easily obtainable in the Upper Yarra; but now, owing to the impure state of the river, and the constant navigation by the steamers, no such luck is possible. The largest fish captured was lost in rather a strange manner. There were a number of rat-holes on the bank of the river, and a rat, taking advantage of the fisher's excitement, popped out of his den, and seizing the largest fish, pulled it away with him, the last seen of it being the head disappearing. And thus ended a very pleasant day's amusement.

The business rows in some of the Attorney partnerships were often laughable, and though I could produce a host, I content myself with one ex. gra. Two of them once chummed in business and went on harmoniously for a while, doing a roaring trade, and making a heavy purse. One of them was considerably the senior of the other, and they were both married to ladies of ages presenting a difference of years which might comparatively assimilate to those of their husbands. The elder of the fair sex, as became the proprietress of the head of the firm, was disposed to be somewhat exacting and dictatorial towards her junior friend, who rebelled against what she conceived to be an unauthorized exercise of social authority, and so one day it ended in a flare-up, and the ladies mutually severed all connexion with each other. But the quarrel did not end here, as it ought, for the elder matron appealed to what she conceived to be a higher court, and laid her grievances before her husband. Though a good lawyer, and a shrewd man, he was the unresisting subject of a gynarchy, and the next day the spiteful little comedy of the ladies was reproduced in
THE CHRONICLES OF EARLY MELBOURNE.

A more serious scale in the office of the male partners, when the female was that the younger man had the unmanliness to threaten to kick the other, but he was himself (metaphorically) kicked out of the establishment.

Some portions of the career of that colonial notable "Johnny" Bourke are most interesting, and amongst them is the following:

Just half a century ago, Mr. Bourke offered his services to Mr. John Hawdon, the contractor of the first overland mail to and from Melbourne and Sydney, to convey the post bag from Melbourne to Howlong on the Murray and back. This perilous task Bourke performed for a year, aided solely by a few good stock-horses, the water to be found on the route, a supply of suet "damper," and a case of pistols. These "fire-irons" were the most historical twins that ever helped in a blaze-up in the colony—for a year or so after Bourke had done with them, they figured in the first duel fought in Port Phillip, the belligerents being the once well-known Peter Snodgrass and William Ryrie, the battlefield the Spencer Street Railway Station, then (the since demolished) Batman’s Hill.* I have in my possession an autograph account of "Johnny" Bourke’s twelve months’ letter-carrying, which may yet appear in print, when its perusal will satisfy any impartial reader that the post courier must have possessed a charmed life to have escaped death from either drowning, hunger, or thirst, or being murdered by the blacks. Through one of the many whirligigs of time which no one can foresee, Bourke, in after years a wealthy publican, succumbed to the pressure of adversity to such a degree as to be glad to accept a subordinate position in the General Post Office, for which he did so much in its infancy. He has now (1888) left the Government service; and, though a sexagenarian, it was a burning shame for the Public Service Board to get rid of such a man, so long as he was capable of performing his duty.

Amongst the numerous arrivals from England in the early years was a gentleman, a B.A. of Oxford University. After a short residence in Melbourne he invested his capital, which was by no means large, in the purchase of sheep, and with three motherless children—a son and two daughters—he joined a squatter who had a partially-stocked run in the Geelong district. Here he had the misfortune to lose one of his daughters, who was accidentally drowned in the Barwon River. A year or two later in company with his partner, he purchased a run in the neighbourhood of the Grampians, but at that time much infested with blacks, who were very numerous and warlike, and naturally resisted the approach of the white man. One of the first sights that met the gaze of the new arrivals were two skulls—one that of a young man of about eighteen, and the other that of a female somewhat older, sticking on the bush chimney of their future dwelling. Their original possessors had been surprised and killed by the natives, and their bodies devoured. Driven from their hunting grounds, deprived of their supply of food, and often hunted and killed by the settlers like wild beasts, the natives watched every opportunity for retaliation; hence huts were robbed, the hut-keepers tomahawked, the shepherds speared, the sheep driven away and slaughtered, and vengeance wreaked on any white man or woman who unguardedly wandered from home.

Fawkner, from his Van Diemonian experiences, had an absolute horror of convictism in any shape or form, and the “Ticket-of-Leave” men, whenever they got a chance, did not spare him. In the 6th number of his Advertiser he thus proclaims one of his early grievances:—"Sunday night or early this morning, six prisoners of the Crown absconded from their respective masters, taking with them a large boat belonging to J. P. Fawkner, and a Mariner’s compass." On the 16th he delivers himself of the annexed elegant announcement in connection with the same scoundrels:—"On Friday last the six bushrangers who some time past stole a Boat from this town entered the hutt of Mr. O’Connor’s station near Western Port and took three guns, one Pistol and a quantity of gunpowder and Shot, Pair of Boots, Some Flour, Tea, Sugar, etc. Upon Mr. O’Connor
urging the danger of being left without firearms, they promised to return two of the Guns and Pistol. They behaved very quietly and avoided all that Brutal conduct which so frequently Attends such Exploits."

Though Fawkner was himself the first sly-grog seller—or, at least, the first unlicensed vendor ofspirituous and fermented liquors—when he became a regularly set-up publican, he was not at all disposed to sanction infractions of the law, and this is how his paper discourses upon some recent Police Court convictions:—"On Thursday last several cases of grog-selling without a license were tried, and there were parties fined in the sum of £30 each. As they are punished for the offence they have committed, we refrain from giving their names, but we shall watch closely, and if they offend again they must incur the punishment of publicity."
APPENDIX.

INCIDENTS OCCURRING DURING THE PREPARATION OF "THE CHRONICLES."

SYNOPSIS.—Early Inspirations.—Dream-land Resolutions.—Personal Likes and Dislikes.—Reasons for a Nom-de-plume.—Conflicting Opinions of Critics.—Gratuitous "Story-tellers."—Hunting for a Gaol.—Rival Quasi-Authors.—Interview with Mr. J. B. Were.—The Terminus within Sight.—De Mortuis Nil Nisi Justum.—Warning and Threatening Letters.—The Author's Life in Danger.—Sir John O'Shanassy's Prophecy.—Another Threatening Letter.—"Garryowen" Fabled.—Origin of Nom-de-plume—Lyrics and "Lie-rics."—National Panegyric.

As a befitting sequel to the lengthened series of sketches recently concluded, it occurs to me that I could not do better than string together as an appendix several amusing incidents which occurred whilst I was engaged in their compilation, facts as droll and laughable as any of the hoary-headed events it was my duty to record.

Starting from the period when the coast of Gippsland was first descried from a discovery ship, the tree-bole or trunk of these CHRONICLES was to be constructed of the incidents occurring up to 1840, when Civil Government seemed to be firmly established, and Public Departments, Religious Communities, and Charitable and other Institutions began to take root and germinate. Each of those, as it showed itself, was to be treated as if a branch of the tree, until it either died off or stretched over the boundary line of 1851, when the province of Port Phillip ceased, and the colony of Victoria was created. After I had made a rough draft of my plan, started with the specifications, and commenced taking out the quantities, it slowly dawned upon my mind that I had undertaken a work of a much more pretentious, difficult, and lengthened nature than I had imagined; and for some days I had a strong notion of what in legal phraseology is termed "returning my brief." Though for thirteen years a general utility hand on the Herald, my strong points were sub-editing and miscellaneous news-mongering. I never credited myself with an aptitude for continuous writing, and I entertained considerable doubts as to my capacity to tackle such a job as my mind's eye glanced over, assuming the work to be turned out in a manner commensurate with its undoubted importance. In a condition of extreme mental disquietude I remained for some days, when one night I sat up late, and after two or three hours' anxious pondering over the vexed question whether to retreat or advance, I retired to bed, and was almost instantaneously a captive in the arms of Somnus. Towards morning, however, when the more reliable dreams are popularly supposed to be inspired, Morpheus must have appeared on the scene, for an apparition gazed upon me from above, in which I recognized the bust of the once well-known Father Geoghegan, pioneer priest of Port Phillip—the Soggarth Aroon of its early Catholicity. It seemed a life-like photograph of the man as I first beheld him in July, 1841, standing at the door of his cottage, on the St. Francis Church Reserve, Lonsdale Street. As I was about to speak the lips of the mysterious visitant moved, and the following words were impressively enunciated:—"My dear old friend, you have been requested, and you have promised to perform, a certain work. You are wavering about doing so. If not done by you, no one else can efficiently do it. The history of Early Melbourne should not remain unwritten. Be sure you do not leave it undone. Farewell." I was about to offer some reply, when the kindly and thoughtful face receded a little, the vision vanished, and I awoke with a start. In the course of the morning, whilst I was looking through an old note-book, I was struck by the remarkable coincidence that the day (15th May) corresponded exactly with the date of Father Geoghegan's
arrived here in 1839. In a moment my mind was made up, and though, as a rule, no believer in the supposed realities of dreamland, I resolved that my promise should be redeemed to the best of my ability. I forthwith set to work with zest, and in three years I not only hunted up all the materials, but finished the work, which largely expanded as I proceeded. How I accomplished this result is a marvel, for I never permitted it to interfere in any degree with my ordinary avocations, and 1 p.m. rarely, if ever, found me with pen in hand. But it was a labour of love, and I went into it with enthusiasm and thoroughness of purpose. Mind and matter would have occasionally curious tiffs, but the grosser element was always conquered. Often of an evening, after writing a little, a cigar would draw me off from my recreation, and after the "blowing of the cloud" a disinclination to return to the inkstand would creep through me, and I would say, "I shall write no more to-night." But the resolve would be brief, for in less than a quarter of an hour I would feel a muscular twitching starting from my elbow, and slowly reticulating downward, until it culminated in a veritable fit of cacoethes scribendi, and so irresistible that I could only rid myself of it, as merchants deal with a bad debt—by writing it off. An esteemed medical friend to whom I mentioned those (to me) unaccountable circumstances, assured me that it was simply the unconscious action of the brain upon the nervous system.

Some years ago there lived in Melbourne four individuals reputedly recognized authorities in all matters pertaining to the early history of not only the metropolis, but of Australia generally. They were Messrs. H. F. Gurner, G. W. Rusden, John J. Shillinglaw, and David Blair. Gurner and Blair had already attracted attention in the world of CHRONICLES; Rusden had his since well-known History in an advanced state, and Shillinglaw had on the stocks the Life of Flinders. This quartette, through some whim or other, I would not consult. Gurner and I were acquainted from an early period, but somehow or other I never took kindly to him. With Rusden I was in constant official intercourse for more than twenty years, with scarcely the interchange of one unpleasant word, and though for him I always entertained a strong liking (which I hope shall never be diminished), outside the Parliament House we were almost strangers to each other, and for this and other reasons needless to mention, I did not feel disposed to take him into my confidence. Of Shillinglaw I did not personally know much; and though Blair and I were on sociably talkative terms when he sat in the Legislative Assembly, friendly relations between us were strained for years through some cause of which I have not the faintest conception.

By the time my sketches made their public entree, Gurner had ceased to exist, and soon after Rusden left the colony, so any opportunity I might have of ascertaining their opinions as to how I acquitted myself was lost. Shillinglaw was the first to frankly and manfully accept my CHRONICLES as a sort of text book on the questions of which they treated. He conferred on them the marked distinction of preservation as they appeared, had them bound and filed in his office for reference, and, to his and my extreme regret, I have learned that some unscrupulous, though genteel rascal, had the audacity one day, when the Shillinglaw eye was not in its normal state of wide-awakeness, to abstract one of the volumes, and leave the "Jack" set in a state of incompleteness.

For some time I was undecided whether I should issue the result of my endeavours under my own name, or adopt a nom-de-plume, and personally it did not weigh with me which course I pursued, for I was certain of one thing, viz., that no unpleasant consequences would arise, for it was my fixed resolve that I should do justice to the dead as well as to the living. Under all the circumstances existent, the conclusion was forced on me that an assumed authorship would leave me more unfettered in dealing with a few special incidents; but it was purposely arranged that the identity of the writer was to be a very "open secret," the anonymity more apparent than real, the consequence being that without any breaches of confidence the secret was permitted to leak out, and the writer's name soon became generally known. An advantage of much importance was the consequence, for it led to direct personal and epistolary communications containing suggestions and information of no small value. In the course of THE CHRONICLES the almost transparent mask of impersonality was removed, and the writer revealed in propria persona, the same unpretentious and unburdened personality who has been a citizen of Melbourne for the last fifty years.
After I had a few chapters off my hands, when the publication was commenced in the Herald, searching, writing, and printing went on in harmony. I was much gratified at finding my humble effort was most favourably received by the public generally, and in a short time I had most encouraging and complimentary assurances from quarters least expected. One journalistic friend (now dead) was most gushing in his anticipation of what I should do, before a line was in print. With the first chapter he expressed much pleasure, with the second he was delighted; but when I asked him what he thought of No. 3, he mildly shook his head, and replied with a gentle sigh, "Ah, my friend, it is growing rather flat." I laughingly rejoined, "Well A——, if it be as you say, it cannot be helped; but of one thing I may assure you, there is such a long, galloping excursion before me, so many hills to be ascended, rivers to be forded, creeks to be swum, scrub to be penetrated, and ravines to be got through, that a now and then flat race canter will be a refreshing variation." In the afternoon of the same day, meeting a lady friend of considerable literary taste and discrimination, who was mistress of the "open secret" of the authorship, she congratulated me on the incipient success I had attained, and on asking her what she thought of No. 3, the reply was, "Nothing could be much better; why, in the reading it seems to move like a train." This showed me how widely judges may differ.

As weeks rattled on I became the subject of that modern newspaper nuisance known as "interviewing," not by persons desirous of squeezing opinions out of me, but using me for personal purposes in the way of either chronicling themselves, or accepting as facts the most preposterous fictions that could be invented. Take the following as samples:—A seedy-looking grey-bearded Israelite called one day, and exhibited something like the half of a broken scissors, declared that with it he had shaved William Buckley, the historical "wild white man," and that this was the first "barber-ous" operation in the settlement. In reply to a question, he stated in a tone of egotistical triumph, that he had crossed Bass' Straits with Fawkner, an announcement which at once put him out of court with me, for Buckley was first, not only shaved, but shorn by the Batman party settled at Indented Head, to whom Buckley gave himself up on dissolving partnership with the Aborigines, after a thirty years' sojourn in the wilderness.

One morning I was accosted by an individual I had not previously known, who declared he well knew me. He was desirous of detailing some particulars of early snakes. He assured me without a smile that on a certain Sunday morning he was "rushed" by two of these reptiles and had to run for half-a-mile, when the snakes, "bested" by his fleetness, had to give up the hunt. It is a well ascertained fact that the Australian snakes never follow; if you bar their progress they will dash at you; if you tread upon one it will turn and bite, or if you unknowingly feel one, you may pay dearly for it; but aggression upon man constitutes no article of the snake's creed. A "story-teller" favoured me with a still more incredible achievement. He positively asserted, and was prepared to make a statutory declaration, that in October, 1839, he, with three or four families, had established himself in a temporary settlement near the present township of Whittlesea; that late one evening a girl was pounced upon by an "old man kangaroo," and carried off towards the Plenty Ranges. A pursuit party was at once improvised, and, after an eventful night's chase, the girl was found in a state of exhaustion, but with no more serious injuries than a few flesh wounds from tree-branches or scrub. This I noted as before, but never dreamed of printing it until now.

Another "story" was on account of the first execution by hanging in Port Phillip, which, according to the narrator, came off in December, 1840, immediately before Christmas. A woman had poisoned her husband, a cooper, residing in Little Bourke Street, for which she was hanged in William Street, near the now Victoria Market. She was conveyed to her doom on a dray drawn by four bullocks. The gallows was the limb of a wattle tree; the hangman a drunken convict, well-known as "Big Mick," who so bungled his work that when the culprit was turned off, the rope broke and she fell half neck-broken on the grass, whereupon "Mick," fearful of a flogging for his unhandy work, threw himself upon the writhing body and performed an act of strangulation. Beyond the existence of "Big Mick," (a notoriety of the town for ten years after), there was not an atom of truth in this yarn. It could not have been, for until 1841 there was no Court of Law in Melbourne.
possessed of a capital jurisdiction. The first execution did not happen until the 20th January, 1842, when two blackfellows were hanged for the murder of two sailors at Western Port.

I experienced much difficulty in fixing the precise locus of a certain old gaol. A veteran, who seldom failed me in emergencies when appealed to, reluctantly confessed that he knew of no such prison as the one wanted, adding with a chuckle, "a very good reason, too; for there never was one, as the first regular gaol was the brick building used as such in Collins Street West, near Spencer Street." My reply was to this effect, "The West Collins Street Gaol to which you refer was the third and not the first of Melbourne's 'Bridewells.' The first was a large wattle and daub box thrown together on the Government block (the area contained between King, Spencer, Bourke, and Collins Streets), and burned down one night in 1838 by some black prisoners. The other was not occupied until January, 1840."

A know-nothing shake of the head only was the tongueless response of the Oracle, never before dumb to me. "Well," I continued, "As you are regularly stumped, and can do nothing, I must and will have a gaol for 1839, even if obliged to erect one."

Under the mingled influence of irritation and good humour, he exclaimed, "You must have a gaol, must you, though there was never such a one as you suppose? Well, then, build one, make it either a cabin or a palace if you like. Build it as big as the General Post Office, or the Parliament House. There is only myself in Melbourne that could, with any degree of authority, venture to contradict; and I promise, so help me —— that whatever kind of a structure you may raise in print, I'll never say 'nay' to what you do."

As my history would be blurred by the awkward hiatus of no '39 gaol, I went to work to make one. Amongst some rare old documents lent me by Mr. Robert Russell, was copy of a receipt for a month's rent, given by John Batman, for the use of a brick building utilized as a gaol. The difficulty now was where was this tenement situated? In looking over a plan of Melbourne with the allotments disposed of at the primitive land auctions, with the names of the original purchasers, and the prices noted, I found that included in other Batman speculations were the half-acre lots from Collins to Flinders Streets, including the frontage to William Street. This proved a step in the right direction; and finally, through the instrumentality of Mr. Thomas Halfpenny, corroborated in a slight degree by some early recollections of Mr. G. A. Mouritz, the Harbor Trust Secretary, little doubt was left that the missing '39 gaol was a two-storey stable-like building, rearward of where the Sydney Hotel has for many years stood, in William Street. In due time a true and correct description of the supposed apocryphal fastness appeared in type before the world, and the morning after, my first visitor was the individual first referred to, who warmly congratulated me on my success as a prison architect, and declared, that having read my lucubration, the whole thing was just as fresh in his mind as yesterday. It had completely dropped out of his memory. Nothing could possibly be more correct than my account of the place, even to the wide slits in the boarded ceiling, through which the lady captives, lodged in the upper storey, used to amuse themselves by making not very fragrant offerings to the "lords of creation" immured beneath them.*

I was much perplexed in fixing the situs of the first theatre in Bourke Street, known as the "Pavilion," and it was through the agency of a son of the late Richard Capper, the veteran actor, that I procured a rough sketch showing that the so-called "Temple of the Drama" was situated in the centre of the area now jointly occupied by Cole's Book Arcade and Hosie's Pie Mart. In the course of my inquiries a gentleman most positively assured me that this theatre was placed on the land now burdened by the General Post Office. My informant ought certainly to be a tolerably sure authority on the point, for he was the leader of a band of the hot-blooded, overfilled larrikins of the age, who saluted forth one night from the Melbourne Club, and in the midst of an entertainment, attempted to capsize the structure. Still, to his chagrin, I disbelieved him, for at the time we spoke of, the Bourke and Elizabeth Streets reserve was tenanted by a small brick edifice, which for several

* Chapter XV., Page 184.
years was devoted to Her Majesty's service in delivering and despatching letters and newspapers.

The facts above narrated clearly prove how defective the best of memories may prove betimes.

Nothing could well be more amusing than the speculations as to the identity of “Garryowen,” after *The Chronicles* commenced their appearance, and statements were made in my presence which required much facial control to avoid self-betrayal on my part. At least half-a-dozen times I heard their merits and demerits openly discussed, the subjects of commendation and censure, and twice in my hearing two pretenders severally declared that it was all their doing, and evidently considered themselves a species of public benefactor. I laughed mentally, never signifying the slightest dissent.

One worthy in West Melbourne, and another at Prahran, in frequent references to the subject, invariably adopted the phrase “My Chronicles;” whilst a third in Carlton, when complimented as the writer, nodded forth a “Silence gives consent” acquiescence, heaved his shoulders, sniggered, rubbed his hands, and bleated forth “Do you think they are very good?” But the strangest case of all was a *bona fide* hallucination, where a poor demented old fellow really fancied himself “Garryowen,” and whenever an instalment appeared in the *Herald* he went about reciting its contents.

Arriving in Melbourne early in the “forties,” a person of some education, he kept a private school for some time, then passed on to a mercantile desk, with a call to the “bar” as a licensed victualler in 1853, and thence dabbling in land and gold speculations was, in course of time stranded, having the moderately good luck of saving from the wreck a humble competence for life. The “Garryowen” craze seemed to be simply a mild and harmless monomania, for in all other respects he was rational as the average of humanity. He was personally known to me, and when I heard of some of his sayings and doings, I thought I should humour the joke, for whilst the self-delusion might gratify him, it could do me no possible harm. In a few months I was one day favoured with a communication from him, in which he proclaimed himself to be “Garryowen,” and expressed a hope that I would grant him an interview. He assured me that he was the author of *The Chronicles of Early Melbourne,* and I would render him material aid in the arduous business he had on hand. Preserving my gravity, I at once dropped into his views, and it was arranged that he could see me whenever he liked, and I would assist him to any extent I conveniently could. This farce was continued for years. Now and then he would call upon me, and showing me marked passages, of my own handiwork, would ask my opinion. When in all sincerity I could do nothing else than praise, he would get so intensely excited as to dance like a Merry Andrew round the room. He would also interrogate me about the old times, with which he was very familiar. I never wilfully misled him, because from the tenor of his conversations he had sense enough to detect imposition.

And so matters proceeded between us until the day after the publication of the last of *The Chronicles* when I was honoured with a visit, and he eagerly inquired what I thought of the wind up. My response was, of course, highly eulogistic, whereat the poor fellow's old eyes watered. I had then some thought of writing the present narrative, and I suggested to him that he should do it as a suitable finale to his *magnum opus.* I explained briefly what I fancied should be its general scope, whereat he clapped his hands gleefully, and with an ejaculation of “I understand—I'll do it—I'll do it!” fled from the room, and I have not seen him since.

Two or three of my funniest reminiscences sprang from conferences held with Mr. J. B. Were. He and I, though known to each other, had little or no personal intercourse until the publication of *The Chronicles* was well started, when I was much gratified by hearing that such a renowned old colonist had mentioned to a friend that he felt deeply interested in them, and eulogized the style in which they were worked out. This I regarded as a special test of their value.

In the chapter intituled “The Supreme Court and the Minor Tribunals,” appeared a truthful narrative of the “eccentricities” of our first Resident Judge, the Honourable John Walpole Willis, with whom Mr. Were was more than once at loggerheads. One day, during the currency of the early part of the sketch, I was favoured with a note from Mr. Were, expressing a strong desire to see me, and asking for an appointment. I accordingly called at his office, was at once shown into

* Chapter VII, Page 70.
his presence, and met with a flattering friendly reception. Mr. Were complimented me upon what I was doing, enlarged upon its importance, and tendered all the aid at his command in the way of verbal and documentary information, for which I felt duly grateful. Suddenly, however, in the course of our conversation he broke into an exclamation of "But, Mr. F—, I see you have me hard and fast in gaol under a committal for contempt by that infernal old scoundrel Judge Willis. You must know how I afterwards got the upper hand of him, and was released with flying colours. I hope, therefore, as you have put me in, you will bring me out in a becoming manner. Won't you?" For the moment I was non-plussed, and looked mystified into Mr. Were's face. I could not even guess at his meaning. Some days previously the particulars of the Supreme Court shindy appeared, in which Mr. Were figured in the hands of the Sheriff collaring him away to "chokey," in obedience to the Judge's mandate; but a day or two after, Mr. Were's release by order of Judge Jeffcott, the successor of Willis, was circumstantially circulated in type. It occurred to me that Mr. Were must have in some way or other missed this sub-section of the running sketch, and that he fancied himself still (figuratively) incarcerated, until it was my pleasure to enlarge him. I saw at a glance that I had him somewhat under my thumb, and as he was an imaginary "gaol-bird," I meant to keep him under bolt and bars as long as I could, the more effectually to make him useful to my purpose. On several subsequent occasions of meeting, Were would remark with a smile, "You haven't taken me out of gaol yet," or "When are you going to set me at liberty?" I believe that until he died he was under the impression that I had him still in the Willis limbo.

On another occasion there was quite an enjoyable encounter between us. I was about to write of the "Twelve Apostles," and only two of the "Saints" remained then on earth, from which both have since been removed by death—viz., Mr. J. B. Were, of Melbourne, and Mr. J. M. Woolley, of Adelaide. One day I called upon Mr. Were to obtain some information on the subject. He turned sharply round upon me, stared half aghast, and wholly surprised, and said, "Why, man, surely you have no notion of disinterring that miserable, forgotten affair? If you do, you will bring trouble on your head, for as no one except myself can give you any reliable particulars, and that I am not disposed to do, your version will be a distorted one, and as there are children and grandchildren of the 'Apostles' now alive and prospering in the colony, you will offend them, and they would be down upon you with a vengeance. Take a friend's advice, therefore, and wash your hands of the thing altogether."

I quietly answered, "Mr. Were, I am writing the The Chronicles of Early Melbourne, which would not be complete without a reference to such an episode, so be the consequences what they may, the 'Apostles' shall most unquestionably grace a niche in my portrait gallery."

Then, rejoined he, "Well, of course, as you will not profit by my warning, perhaps you will not object to answer me one question. From what sources have you drawn your information about them?"

"Certainly not," said I. "The materials to be employed in the Apostolic Notice were procured from some Melbourne newspapers of 1842-3, from Mr. W. F. A. Rucker, the Arch-Priest of the sanctified circle, from Mr. William Highett, Manager of the Union Bank at the period of the negotiations, and from Mr. D. C. McArthur, Manager of the Bank of Australasia."

This intimation caused Mr. Were to considerably collapse, and he calmly replied, "Well, I'll tell you what had better be done. I shall supply you in the course of a week with as fairly written and full a notice of the 'Twelve Apostles' as I possibly can, and one that I think it will be quite safe for you to print."

A thought struck me that, by the sudden change of front, a bait was adroitly laid for me, so, with something of a gushing thanksgiving, went my way, and in the course of three or four days I received from under Mr. Were's hand an account of the transaction, written with a tolerable degree of fairness, but tainted with an ex parte nature, not perhaps unreasonable, under the circumstances. It was so phrased that the writer evidently intended and thought that I would adopt it as my own. But in this he miscalculated, for I attached it as an appendix to my own sketch, accounting for its appearance by stating that it had been found amongst the papers of one of the "Apostles," and placed at my service.
After its appearance in print, on coming across Mr. Were, he smilingly replied, “Well, I read your sketch of the ‘Twelve Apostles,’ and nothing could be fairer or better done. You will permit me, however, to add, Mr. F——, that though you are generally supposed to be a very near-sighted individual, I apprehend that when you are on the look-out, it would take a rather sharp-eyed fellow to get at the blind side of you.”

The next time I saw Mr. Were was our last meeting in this world, and it was caused by the receipt of the following communication:

Wellington, 1st May, 1885.

DEAR MR. FINN,—Brighton Beach.

I have been under the doctor’s care for the last six months, suffering from an attack of jaundice, and have become very emaciated with wasting and loss of appetite. I am ordered to Riverina for change of climate, and I leave on Monday morning. If you can see me this evening, or at any time to-morrow, I am gathering some papers which I desire to hand you, and to have the pleasure of a short conversation with you. The terminus is within sight, and a very short distance from my house.

Yours faithfully,

J. B. WERE.

Edmund Finn, Esq.,
Parliament House, Melbourne.

After reading the foregoing I handed it to a friend sitting by me, remarking that the “terminus” mentioned therein was intended as a way-mark to point to my intended destination; but a something seemed to foreshadow it as the terminus of the writer’s long and not unnotable terrestrial career. It might, had I been conscious of it, have been taken as the indicator of another terminus, then approaching, but unseen, vie., the end of my own official existence, for on the same morning I, for the first time, felt a defect of vision, which so increased during the ensuing two months as to leave me no alternative than to sever my connexion with a branch of Her Majesty’s service, in which I had been engaged for nearly thirty years.

In compliance with his desires, I visited Mr. Were that afternoon, and noticed such a striking change in his appearance and manner as to leave but little doubt that if not absolutely in sight, the “terminus” was not far off. He commissioned me to offer, in his name, to the Public Library Museum, a life-size picture of himself, and a quaintly-capped Consular stick, a presentation made to him some years previously. He also deposited in my hands some rare and valuable documents, in print and manuscript, relating to an age now past, and a few of the early Melbourne Directories.

Shaking hands with Mr. Were, we parted with mutual good wishes; but I never saw his face again.

The Hon. Roger Therry was the third Resident Judge at Port Phillip. After a short tenure he returned to Sydney, and remained Judge Therry there for several years. On his retirement, as an agreeable variation for his judicial mind, he amused himself by writing the Chronicles of Early Sydney; but stirred up the foul and stagnant waters of by-gone convictism so much that his book was voluntarily suppressed soon after its publication. This is a rock of which I have purposely steered clear. In Melbourne there was a goodly admixture of the dregs of Cockatoo Island and Port Macquarie absorbed in the primary population, and had I liked I could have done a little in the Therry style. But though at work in the role of a “fossicker,” I spurned that of a social vidangeur. I would never willingly hurt the feelings of survivors who, by a life of honest toil, purged themselves of the dross of any wrong-doing legally expiated by others. A considerable tract of my wanderings lay as if through a large cemetery, and along this gruesome journey I trod lightly over the graves of departed friends and foes alike. De mortuis nil nisi bonum is an adage which the impartial writer cannot always adopt, and I preferred to substitute De mortuis nil nisi justum. So strictly did I act up to this, that only on three occasions was my verdict challenged, thrice only was I positively contradicted by persons by no means as conversant with the facts disputed as I was, and in each of the instances I amply vindicated my first assertions.

When the chapter on “Remarkable Trials” began its appearance, a small scare was caused in certain self-accusing quarters; and the Editor of the Herald received a letter from one of the alarmists begging of him to discontinue the publication, to “stay the hand of Garryowen,” or terrible
THE CHRONICLES OF EARLY MELBOURNE.

consequences might result. The communication was forwarded for my perusal, and my reply was such as to remove all apprehension that I would wantonly abuse the trust I had assumed. The Editor, however, very properly took the precaution to tear off the guaranteeing name confidentially given; yet I was well acquainted with the correspondent's handwriting, and consequently his identity. The reason for his attempted embargo was that more than thirty years previously he was the occupant of a small squatting station, and one day in a quarrel with a shepherd, a pistol he held went off, slightly wounding his antagonist. For this he was indicted at the Criminal Sessions, where I was present, and reported the case for the Herald, and so thoroughly did the prosecution break down that myself and two fellow-reporters, in anticipation, noted a verdict of acquittal. The Judge's charge to the Jury plainly pointed to the same result, yet the twelve wiseacres found the accused guilty, whereupon the Judge, to emphatically mark his sense of the issue, sentenced the prisoner to a fine of sixpence, with imprisonment until such sum was paid. This was a case which I never thought of noticing. The sixpence was, of course, immediately forthcoming, and the marksman, whose firearm was accidentally discharged in the tussle, went his way rejoicing. He was then residing in a Melbourne suburb, in "the sere and yellow leaf," and when he perused my notice he knew for the first time that the absence of his case from the string of "Remarkable Trials," was not owing to his blustering, threatening letter, but to my sense of what was worth recording, and what was not.

Another case, not in some respects dissimilar, was tried in Melbourne some forty years ago. A well-to-do colonist was accused of having forged and uttered the name of his brother-in-law to a bill of exchange with intent to defraud, &c, but there was no evidence forthcoming as to the counterfeit signature, and the charge fell through. For my omission of this I was warmly thanked by surviving relatives, though deserving nothing of the sort. The fact was that in both instances no bill ought to have been filed; but "Old Jenny" Croke, the Crown Prosecutor, though at all times fairly conscientious, was occasionally wanting in the useful faculty of discretion.

The late Sir John O'Shanassy took a keen interest in my scribblings. Arrived here in 1839, and always a shrewd observer of men and manners, no one was more conversant with the shoals and shallows, the rocks, reefs, and quicksands through which I had to steer. But he estimated the dangers of the trip as much more risky than I did, for I held myself to be cool and cautious at the helm in all weathers; and with my long local experience to act both as chart and compass, and my journalistic knowledge as a self-acting buoy, to warn me at all points of danger, I never doubted my capacity to weather the storm, and return to port with the ensign of success fluttering from the mast-head. After I had sailed out of harbour without any mishap, O'Shanassy seemed really delighted with the exit; but when I met in open sea the cluster of islets, on each of which one of the primitive churches of Melbourne—figuratively speaking—was erected, proclaiming themselves as many "salvation lighthouses," he grew nervous at the intricacy of the sailing, and warned me to keep a sharp look out for danger signals. Subsequently, up to his death, he gave me an occasional warning, but I entertained not the slightest apprehension on my own account. At length he resigned the unthank'd office of Mentor in disgust, with a semi-prophetic intimation that, before the last of my sketches saw the light of publicity, I should see myself on the inside of a gaol, for it was humanly impossible for me to escape entanglement in the meshes of the law. Need I say now that Sir John's well-meant prognostications remain unrealized?

But though I contrived to elude the gaoler, I was not so fortunate in escaping threatened violence in two instances, though in both it eventuated in a brutum fulmen. The first explosion was something of a surprise, and wrapped up in the subjoined epistle:—

Edmund Finn, Esq.,—

Sir,—I have heard that you have referred to my father in your CHRONICLES OF EARLY MELBOURNE. If you have done so, and you intend to publish your CHRONICLES in book form, I warn you to omit his name from the latter; otherwise you may have reason to regret not having taken this warning. If my father's Colonial career should ever be referred to, I want it done by an honest, fearless, truthful, outspoken manly historian. Without seeming to criticize your performance, I may remark that I believe Mr. John O'Shanassy was right when, according to your own account, he informed you that
you could not honestly and conscientiously perform your work without giving mortal offence to individuals, and subjecting yourself and your publishers to countless criminal libel prosecutions and civil actions. The few of your published papers which I have read confirm me in that opinion. Your CHRONICLES, excuse me for being plain spoken, appear to me to be made up of a lot of wishy-washy inane trash, which, while on the one hand it gives no offence, on the other is not worth perusal. In steering clear of libel prosecutions and civil actions you omit all the metaphorical wheat of Melbourne history, and retain only the metaphorical chaff. For example, so far as I have heard, you have said nothing in your CHRONICLES of that swindler ——— ——— of the Catholics of Melbourne having petitioned Pope Pius the Ninth for his removal from the diocese; of his having swindled Father ——— ———'s estate, and Father ——— ———'s estate; of his having swindled Father ——— ——— ——— out of two and half years' salary; of his having committed felony by obtaining from Mr. ——— through me, three hundred pounds under false pretences; of his ——— especially his cast off ———, who afterwards lived with that fellow ——— for about four years, &c, &c, and so of a hundred other matters. Your CHRONICLES, before they are worthy of perusal, must contain some of the pith and point, the ideas, the facts, of Melbourne history. The deficiency (from the supplying of which you unmanfully, cowardly, shrink), and which renders your work worthless, I intend to supply at an early date in a book on this colony.—Yours obediently.

The name of the writer of this uncalled-for effusion is, for his own sake, suppressed, and I have also taken the liberty of subjecting it to a process of emasculation by the insertion of certain blanks for the names of individuals. It will give some idea of the reason why I have incurred his wrath, when I declare that the only reference made to his father in my CHRONICLES was, when I introduced him as an old and trusted public officer, describing him as a "good, worthy man, much and widely respected in his day."

Threat No. 2, though much more minatory and to the point, was as amusing as unpremeditated.

One evening in October, 1885, thousands of Herald readers were entertained by the perusal of a romantically tragic narrative of a summer house, a lady, the shooting of an apple-stealer, and the retreat of a disappointed, though unwounded, lover. The next day in Bourke Street, meeting an old friend, who had been a "wild oats" sower in his youth, clapping me on the shoulder he declared that for years past he had not read anything half so good as my sketch headed "Crossing the Garden Wall."

"From what I heard of it when it occurred," he continued, "it is a most accurate account of what happened. But why the deuce didn't you put in So-and-so's (the runaway's) name?"

"Surely," responded I, "You wouldn't have me do such a mean thing, considering the supremely edifying and sanctified life he is now leading. Suppose you have anything to tell of me, out with it by all means, for I give you my full permission to proclaim it to the world."

He reddened in the face, puffed out his cheeks and vehemently exclaimed, "Me! do you mean? How dare you even imagine that I could be in any way mixed up with such a disgraceful imbroglio.

My name has been always, 'like Cesar's wife, above suspicion,' and if you have anything to tell of me, out with it by all means, for I give you my full permission to proclaim it to the world."

I quietly smiled, and thus said:—"Exactly this time, forty years, when George Coppin was performing in Smith's Queen Street Theatre, a ludicrous metee happened one night at a small cottage-temple of Aspasia, perched near the play-house. The dramatis personae in the domestic farce consisted of the 'lady of the mansion,' a Government official some way advanced in years, and a much younger man, bearing precisely the three names you own to-day. Now, have a little patience with me.

A verbal altercation was got up between the men, which rapidly advanced to a scuffle, in which the old man was half strangled by the gallantry of his more active opponent, when, just in time to avert a Coroner's inquest, the damsel, decidedly the most manly of the trio, armed herself with a sweeping-brush, and with genuine Amazonian pluck, tackled the young fellow from behind, and so 'polled' him with the brush, that he dropped as if shot to the ground. Medical treatment was promptly improvised, and the prostrate hero slowly succeeded in recovering his senses through the combined influence of brandy, vinegars, hot water and salt, internally and externally applied, and with a flannelled head-piece he left the field of battle a wiser, and as was hoped, a better man."

"And do you mean to print that stuff in the CHRONICLES?" hoarsely whispered he, and an answer in the affirmative was given.

"Let me put one question to you," said he. "Do you know, sir, that I am a grandfather?"
"I don't care," replied I, "if you were even a great grandfather. As it cannot concern you there is no need for such excitement."

"Look you here," hissed he through his gnashing teeth, "so sure as I am a living man, should you give effect to your stated intention, and publish the facts just mentioned, the morning after its appearance I will pounce upon you at your office, and kill you on the spot. The Parliament House will be no sanctuary for you, for no matter what the consequences—even were I to swing for it—I'll murder you as sure as my name is what it is. Be warned, therefore, for your life depends on how you act."

"Shut up your bounce," I retorted in a pretended scoffing tone. "I care no more about your insane threats than I do of that," (snapping my fingers). "On this evening week (D.V.) the Queen Street fracas will appear in the Herald; and at eleven next morning, should you so wish 'We shall meet again at Philippi.' So until then

"Fare thee well, and if for ever,
Still for ever fare thee well."

I had not the slightest intention of doing what I had jocularly intimated. My threat was simply to reduce his "tall talk," but I learned that he had passed through a harrowing ordeal during the suspense week, for he believed I meant to gibbet him, and we rarely have a talk without reference to the terrible "rise" I took out of him.

THE NOMENCLATIVE ORIGIN OF "GARRYOWEN."

The pseudonym of "Garryowen," the curiosity as to its derivation and meaning, and the phases of mispronunciation through which it was squeezed, were sources of intense amusement to me. Irishmen, as a rule, were equal to both difficulties, but in English, Scotch, Welsh, and other European mouths the unoffending tri-syllable fared roughly. From "Garryowen" it was twisted into "Grioune," "Giron," "Graun," "Gron," "Groin" and "Grun," at all of which I laughed; but when a most particular friend once, in Collins Street, sang out, "Well, Grin, my boy, how long are we to be without seeing the end of your Sketches?" the best thing I could do was to "grin" and bear it. Included in my friendly circle is a worthy Frenchman, who had acquired a taste for English literature. He read my CHRONICLES as they appeared, and felt an interest in them which I appreciated much, as emanating from an "enlightened foreigner." But the term "Garryowen" he could not master, and it underwent several grotesque lacerations in his efforts to articulate it. In its course of transformations it became "Garringyong," "Grayiyong," "Carry-on," until finally it was "Carrion' on his tongue. I promised that I would explain it to his satisfaction, and, so as to keep my word, I worked up the following little fable. With a serio-comic face I told him that my ancestry in the male line sprang from an unit of the hardy Border Frenchmen once located on a spur of the Pyrenees, not far from where the famed river, the Garonne, rushes along en route to the Atlantic. In the course of time one of them found his way to Ireland amongst the Norman invaders, and having secured a large confiscated estate on the banks of the Shannon, and, what was better, a winsome Irish wife, and by becoming "more Irish than the Irish themselves," contributed towards the coinage of the historic adage, Ipsis Hibernis Hiberniores. The territory so acquired he named "Garrone," as a memento of his birthplace, and in the course of time the term got to be so softened by the contact of centuries with Celtic tongues, that it was imperceptibly modulated into "Garryowen," which could be simply regarded as the Hibernicised nomenclature of the French river. Ergo, as a Franco-Irishman by descent, and proud of my mixed extraction, I held the designation in such high esteem that I brought it with me from the Emerald Isle, resolved to do all in my power to transplant it in the country of my adoption. Such was the Why and Wherefore of "Garryowen." Monsieur, though in many respects as canny as the proverbial Scotchman, was unconsciously trapped, and thenceforth he was as well pleased with both title and story as one could possibly be. The term was no longer "carrion" to his palate, and he succeeded in mastering its orthodox pronunciation as well as the most unoffending
Monsieur in Victoria could do. This revelation would remain unmade had not my worthy friend
returned to La belle France, and is not likely to revisit the Antipodes.

But to wind up these CHRONICLES without recounting the real origin of “Garryowen”
might by some he deemed an unpardonable omission, and I therefore append a précis of
the circumstances attending its birth and adoption as one of the National airs of Ireland:—

Once on a time, and a very good time it was, to use the phraseology of ancient story-tellers,
Limerick, the historic capital of Munster, had amongst its surroundings a picturesque
suburb, in which abode an old fellow named Owen, who possessed some taste as an
horticulturist, and founded a species of tea-garden, which soon grew into a favourite place
of recreation on Sundays and holidays; for, supplementary to the flowers and the tea,
a certain kind of home-made fluid, which never paid any excise duty, and was known as
potheen (pot whisky), was surreptitiously introduced; so that with junketings, dancing, fiddling,
bagpiping, and tippling, the proprietor succeeded in rendering his limited dominion such a
pleasure-ground as made it a popular rendezvous for the light-hearted and fun-loving folk of both sexes
so characteristic of the Limerick of the period. It was called “Garryowen”—Anglice—Owen’s Garden
—and after old Owen was gathered to his fathers, the “garden” in process of years began to
degenerate, and ultimately yielded to other and later sources of attraction. But there was something so
unaccountably fascinating in the name that Limerick could not permit it to be obliterated, and so it
got transferred to the street or suburb, which in course of time grew rather loose and boisterous in
its habits; but “Garryowen” remains to this day, and will so for ever.

Gerald Griffin did something to perpetuate the name by writing of “Garryowen” as the
birthplace of the never-to-be-forgotten Colleen Bawn, the heroine of his beautiful novel,
“The Collegians.” What was often a very rowdy quarter in reality owes its immortality to the
singular fact that a miserable “larrickin” doggerel, misnamed a comic song, has been written, under
the style and title of “Garryowen,” to one of those thrilling Irish airs, so many of which had been
wandering wordless for centuries through the musical traditions of the Irish people, until Moore and
other bards of “green Erin of the streams” came to the rescue, and wedded some of them to
melodies which will adorn the English language as long as it lives. The air is as old as the hills,
and it was only in the middle of the last century that it was provided with an accompaniment—as
grotesque and incompatible a union as if a blue-blooded spiritualized maiden were to be married
to a rough, drinking, rowdy rake-hell. Though the so-called lyric (li-ric) may be pronounced as
virtually defunct, the tune is still alive, and will remain so. It was adopted as one of the standard
favourites with military bands in the Old Country, was played on every modern battlefield where
Irishmen have helped to conquer, and has acquired a popularty simply indestructible.

From my childhood “Garryowen,” as one of the most electrifying of the winged warblers of
Irish minstrelsy, fluttered around me. It is the name of one of the most cherished of Hibernian
musical airs, as old as the Milesians, and as popular as the famous trifolium ripens—

"The chosen leaf
Of bard and chief,
Old Erin’s Native Shamrock!"

As I advanced in life, year by year, I heard it tuned thousands of times—played by military
and amateur bands; and piped, fiddled, whistled, and danced to, publicly and privately, at all sorts
of reunions, from a wedding to a “pattern,” from a hurling match to a faction fight. When I
emigrated, a schoolboy, to this country, I brought it with me as a cheap but treasured souvenir of
the land I had left and still love; for that I am an Irishman, not only by birth but to the heart’s
core is a pride and pleasure for me at all opportune times to avow. I believe the grand Old Country
of my nativity to be the dearest and brightest spot on all the great earth’s surface; that it is, in
the language of a once distinguished North-Irelander (Dr. Drennan), “the Emerald of Europe,” and

"In the ring of the world the most precious stone—"
But with its sparkle tarnished by the racial and religious feuds of ages fed by that bigotry of Protestant and Roman Catholic alike, which, to quote a great Protestant Irishman (Lord Plunkett) "is inaccessible to reason and irremediable by experience," the consequence being generations of misgovernment and injustice. The gem, however, may recover its pristine lustre, not by crude and hastily compounded political nostrums, but by a well-considered, equitably-devised system of genuine Home Rule, preserving the Imperial connection, rigidly protecting or compensating vested rights, and framed in the interests of all classes—a legislative guaranty for the welfare of the country North and South; not a mere Local Government Act, but a Magna Charta—to be used as a lever wherewith to raise Ireland to a position to which she would be in every way equal, when the inevitable finale would be "peace and prosperity."

I was not long a Port Phillipian ere I was affected by a penchant for dabbling in newspaper writing, and, as a singular matter of fact, my first contribution was a letter to the Herald in 1844, signed "Garryowen," and this was the first time the word saw itself in print in the colony. At the Grand Separation Festivity, the first fancy ball in the colony, in 1850, in concert with a dear, but now dead, Colleen Bawn, I assumed the character of "Garryowen." On several occasions since I adopted other sobriquets in journalistic amusements, but there was a time-hallowed charm surrounding the Limerick word that I was unable to dispel, and consequently a few years ago I made up my mind that when anonymously writing it should be my future literary trade-mark. I have kept my word, and it would be a singular repetition of History were the term to become so interwoven with the traditions and babyhood of the Premier City of the Southern Cross, as to be quoted by future generations, when the writer as an individual and an "Old Colonist" shall be utterly forgotten.
CONCLUSION.

And now I must shorten sail, for the chronological limit to which I am restricted, render it necessary for me, though reluctantly, to bring this sketch to a close. I have started with Early Melbourne as an egg which a man wise for his generation, declared to have been hatched two years before its proper maturity; and I have accompanied the chicken from the shell through all its trials and tribulations, until I can leave it a thoroughly developed bird, long past its state of papillage, and strong and lusty enough to hold up its head, flap its wings, and strike out as a brave bird ought to do, through the "dim religious light" of an uncertain future. That it has done so with account is indisputably proved by a comparison of the small town of 1842 with the magnificent city of 1888, when the once puny half-starved chicken now appears in all the gorgeous variegated plumage of some monstrous bird of fable, with the rapidly flowing blood of cities, towns, and boroughs coursing through the once unpopulated suburbs.

The early incorporated boundaries of Melbourne, included Hotham, Collingwood, parts of Richmond, Prahran, St. Kilda, Emerald Hill, and Sandridge. Its first year's civic income was £2388 2s. 9d. What it is now, and also that of the surrounding municipalities, the following figures will shew:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>1881</th>
<th>1887-8</th>
<th>Increase</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Melbourne</td>
<td>£126,000</td>
<td>£178,406</td>
<td>£52,406</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Emerald Hill (South)</td>
<td>28,009</td>
<td>59,531</td>
<td>31,522</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fitzroy</td>
<td>20,778</td>
<td>30,433</td>
<td>9,655</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>St. Kilda</td>
<td>10,985</td>
<td>27,725</td>
<td>16,740</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Richmond</td>
<td>25,107</td>
<td>37,000</td>
<td>11,893</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Collingwood</td>
<td>18,658</td>
<td>33,240</td>
<td>14,582</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Prahran</td>
<td>19,550</td>
<td>34,000</td>
<td>14,450</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hotham—(North Melbourne)</td>
<td>12,758</td>
<td>15,969</td>
<td>3,211</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sandridge—(Port Melbourne)</td>
<td>8,361</td>
<td>11,929</td>
<td>3,568</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Or, in round figures, a total of £436,879. Amply therefore, has the Metropolitan Civic motto been verified —

"Vires Acquirit Eundo."
THE CHRONICLES OF EARLY MELBOURNE.

EPILOGUE.

The promise made in the Preface to these CHRONICLES has been redeemed to the best of my ability. I have done my best; more no one could do. But whether I have done it well or otherwise, it is for others, not for me, to form an opinion. To write the history of Melbourne when it was a struggling, shabby, infant township,—now the metropolis of the Southern Hemisphere—was an enjoyable task, for chance fixed my residence continuously within its precincts, and so enabled me to aid in many of the movements undertaken for its social and political advancement; and to watch the flow and ebb of the intermittent tides of prosperity or adversity by which it was flooded. There is hardly an old landmark I did not see removed, few events of importance in the olden time I did not witness, and which with the Melbourne of yore were so identified, that when I now ramble through its almost unrecognizable streets, I seem as if wandering amongst an unknown generation, a strange people, every crowd a sea of unfamiliar faces! I am like a haunted man, for visions of realities long shrouded in oblivion confront me at every step.

"Impalpable impressions on the air,
A sense of something moving to and fro"

And gaze wistfully at me as I pass. Every score yards I traverse memory recalls some important, amusing, or may be, melancholy reminiscence connected with the locus of some public celebration, remarkable meeting, election row, or party riot, where a newspaper editor was knocked down, a conflagration flared up, or other notable incident happened.

To one merit, at least, I may fairly lay claim, i.e., the execution of a work which no one else could have undertaken with any well-grounded hope of success in the acquisition and arrangement of facts. Though many could easily be found of infinitely superior ability, no other individual possessed the long local experience without which the project would have been simply impracticable. Should any person imagine that a gallop through the old Melbourne newspapers, or cramming from the books written on Port Phillip, would suffice, he is egregiously mistaken; for I unhesitatingly declare in defiance of all contradiction, that a large number of the most interesting and raciest of the items recorded never appeared previously in print; but were gleaned from old letters and diaries; and the personal and epistolary enquiries addressed to the few surviving old colonists whom I considered competent to throw any light upon some mystified question, a dimly observed, almost obliterated speck in the nebula through which I was obliged to grope.

Originally, I had intended to publish THE CHRONICLES in book form; but reflection led me to deem it more advisable to issue it in sections through the Press to the public, inviting the freest criticism, and the correction of possible, though inadvertent, inaccuracies; and promising, in the not improbable event of its re-issue in a collected shape, to benefit by the same, so far as I could after careful investigation. My purpose in adopting this course was to render my effort worthy of the cause in which it was accomplished, and to make it a reliable record of bygone times.

I must also observe that as I never credited myself with any special attributes as a writer, and though having had much to do with the early journalism of the city, I was never so egotistic as to put forth any pretensions to be considered a litterateur in even the most restricted sense, and I claim nothing on the score of literary merit for what I have done. THE CHRONICLES OF EARLY MELBOURNE comprise little more than the collection of events and dates detailed in an order wherein each chapter constitutes a branch in itself, starting from a beginning, and running either to its termination,
THE CHRONICLES OF EARLY MELBOURNE.

or up to the period where there is a general leaving off. They were written currente calamo, with no attempted ornamentation, or fine writing, word-painting, or florid flourishing, accomplishments in which the author is well aware of his "know-nothingness." My Sketches aim at being merely a faithful portraiture of the times they affect to depict.

I am now not unlike a pilgrim after a toilsome, though not disagreeable, journey. Having reached the summit of the ascent upon which, as at a shrine, I hang my memorial tablet. I may rest at length, for my mission is over, my work is done, and my CHRONICLES are completed. On the 1st June, 1880, I set to work, and in the period of three years, without trenching upon my ordinary avocation, the materials were procured and the structure, such as it is, finished.

Though no Spiritist, I had been abiding in a spiritual world, and, impelled by imagination, retraced a region dead and gone, held communion with friends and foes alike, re-visited cherished spots long effaced, re-acted many a queer old "scene," in fact re-lived some of the pleasantest, most exciting, and eventful years of my colonial career. But all the illusions disappeared, the phantasmagoria by which I was entranced dissolved, the spell was broken, when my vow to write a book on Old Melbourne was fulfilled. My visit to Spirit Land was a trip from which I derived a pleasurable, though melancholy enjoyment never to be my lot again; and now that I have resumed my ordinary position upon the prosaic terra firma of everyday life, it only remains for me to conclude by affixing that which is the assured doom of everybody and everything in this mundane state of existence—aye, even the great globe itself—the inevitable word

FINIS.
FINN, Edmund, 1819-1898.
The chronicles of early Melbourne, 1835 to 1852.