

An orphan, or more properly a foundling school, had been early established, which was endowed with some very rich land at New Town. At first its benevolent operations were conducted in a large irregular edifice, situated in Liverpool-street, Hobart Town. However, in 1829, a pile of building, worthy of any old country, was commenced at New Town. The children were removed to their new domicile about 1831, and shortly thereafter appropriate teachers, matron, and pastor were appointed. This admirable institution affords a general and generous shelter to the orphans of the aboriginal native, the illegitimate offspring of the wretched female convict, and the children of the reduced and bankrupt settler.

A most praiseworthy attempt to found a college in 1827 and 8, unhappily fell to the ground. The local government afforded it no encouragement, and its ardent supporters were too few to compass their aim alone. Surely such an object is well deserving the consideration and fostering support of the Imperial Legislature. Recent intelligence intimates that the attempt has again been made, and with greater probability of a successful issue. A sum of money is said to have been voted by the Legislative Council in the session of 1839, and a portion of land marked off in the government domain at Macquarie Point—indeed, so far are the primary measures agreed upon, that the contemplated structure, according to report of the colonial journals, is to be in the Elizabethan style of architecture—a quadrangle with pointed turrets-perchance in imitation of a similar institution in the island of Guernsey. The people of Van Diemen's Land are sensibly alive to the paramount importance of education. The proof of this is the intense anxiety they evince to attract and encourage teachers and masters of every description in every quarter of the island. Not only are respectable and capable seminaries, male and female, numerous in Hobart Town and Launceston, but they have also struck root in the less important villages, whilst many of the settlers have had highly accomplished tutors and governesses sent out to them from the parent land. Should, therefore, the contemplated Tasmanian College again fail—it will be from a lack of means, not in consequence of indifference on the part of its projectors. God speed the noble cause—since, without education, to enlighten, expand, and elevate the soul, the mere gifts of fortune are at best but “flat and unprofitable.”

Ere taking leave of the subject of education, it may be as well to remark, that numerous endeavours have at different times been made to advance the moral and mental culture of the youthful Tasmanians. An establishment was set on foot at Norfolk Plains by the Rev. Mr.

Clairborne in 1825 or 6, It was called the Cornwall Collegiate Institution. Whether the reverend gentleman was inadequately supported, or whether the local government looked coldly upon his exertions, cannot well be ascertained. Mr. Clairborne, however, quitted the colony, but in **some** few years after his departure the seminary was re-opened, and successfully conducted by Mr. William Gore Elliston, a son of the late celebrated comedian. During the evangelical tour of the Rev. Archdeacon Scott, in 1828, many plans were devised for the furtherance of education ; one of which was put in fair train, although subsequently abandoned. This was an academy to have been called the **King's Grammar School**. Great expectations were formed respecting it, from the circumstance that the late Rev. H. Robinson, **M.A.**, a divine of much learning and talent, was appointed to fill the rectorship, and a gentleman of experience was to have been sent from Sydney as **principal** teacher under him. The situation of this school was well chosen, being at New Norfolk, some twenty-one miles from the capital. Its internal economy was to have been subject to the supervision of the authorities, who were to have attended its half-yearly examinations. That the **King's Grammar School** would have greatly prospered, there cannot be a doubt ; numerous pupils were eager to have entered, the moment it was ready to have received them ; and as it was (not unreasonably) anticipated that it would speedily have acquired a high character for its moral and mental superiority, it was fairly inferred that the children of Indian visitors might be left to prosecute their studies in a more genial clime, and at a distance less remote than Britain from their parents. The whole arrangements of the archdeacon were made in the spirit of kindest feeling to all-redounded greatly to his honour, being the emanations of an enlightened mind deeply imbued with Christian benevolence. That the bud ripened not to fruit, was no fault of his. His intents were dearly prized, and will long be gratefully remembered by those he strove to benefit.

The thirst for knowledge, so conspicuously apparent at the present day, pervades, in as great a degree, the mind of the colonist as that of his fellow-subject who has never quitted the parent isle ; every **practicable** mode of imparting or acquiring information, has been devised and propagated, Amongst others, a Mechanics' institution has long been established in the metropolis of Tasmania ; periodical and **gratuitous** lectures, on a vast variety of subjects, are **always** well, **frequently** eloquently, delivered, The arena for such discussions has hitherto been the Court House, but in 1839 subscriptions were entered into for the purpose of erecting a Commercial Exchange and Mechanics'

Institute under one roof. This, from the amount of contributions received, and the ardent aspirations of the Hobartonians, there is little doubt will be achieved in a manner as beneficial to science, as ornamental to the architecture of the town in which it is proposed to be erected. Since the year 1827, Hobart Town has also possessed a Book Society. Its present list of subscribers is extensive, and the library boasts a very considerable and judicious selection of works in the various departments of literature.

In 1830, a Debating Society was instituted; after a few experiments, it deceased, but the motto being “*Resurgam,*” it showed phcenix-like attributes, resuscitating, expiring, and springing into life again. In 1833, a Mr. and Mrs. Cameron opened a theatre in the large room of the Free Mason's Tavern. It was all fitted up for box company, at a charge of five shillings each; and so great was the public patronage, that an opposition establishment soon after sprung up at another, larger, and more appropriate building. It is but justice to say, that Mr. Cameron conducted his theatre with the utmost propriety; that the performances were executed in a manner absolutely wonderful, considering his limited resources. The native-born population were in extasies with dramatic representations, and so contagious did the histrionic fervour become, that an elegant and spacious theatre was forthwith erected. Ere, however, the building was completed, the Thespians had greatly satiated their limited, auditory, whom they fed, almost without respite, during two consecutive years.

In 1834, the Union Club, long contemplated, was finally arranged and opened. Those of London furnished a model, and the only departure from their prototypes was, in the supplying of two or three sleeping-rooms for the country members, who occupied them for a limited period in rotation, and as they became vacant. The original terms of admittance were fifteen guineas entrance, and five guineas annual subscription. The entrance has since been increased to twenty guineas. For domestic economy and internal comfort, the Union Club is considered not merely an ornament to the Tasmanian metropolis, but as little inferior to the more aristocratic establishments of the mother-capital.

To advert to a less pleasing theme, and turn from the contemplation of improving and amusing the mind, to the coercion of both mind and body, the arbitrary and unconstitutional police act of 1833, claims attention. To use the words of a Tasmanian historian, (Mr. Melville,)

“ Their honours, the chief-justice and puisne judge, entered a manly protest against one of its clauses, which they were of opinion was repugnant to the law of England, in so far as it rendered liable to apprehension and detention any mariner, however peaceable or orderly, who might be found in a public house, or in the streets, after the hour of nine, and before sunrise, if not provided with a pass from his master, or other person in charge of the ship. This protest, this show of apparent respect for British law and British feeling, was appreciated by the colonists as it deserved. It was met, however, by the chief-police magistrate, (an ex-officio member of the legislative council,) who, in an official correspondence with the lieutenant-governor, (Colonel Arthur,) observed, ‘ That, if free sailors be allowed to perambulate the town at all hours without passes, there would be nothing to prevent convicts, habited as mariners, who might be out after hours for unlawful purposes, stating themselves to be sailors, and thus defy the police. ’ According to this showing, convicts had only to disguise themselves as gentlemen, and they would preclude all chance of capture ; for, surely, no man habited as a magistrate would be touched by a convict constable. The good sense manifested in the protest of the judges, was not attended to, but the absurd and childish reasoning of the police magistrate, (Captain Foster,) was deemed sufficient to order the enforcement of a clause which is a disgrace to a British settlement.”

The *merciful* working of the police act was, indeed, disgracefully developed in the case of a sailor-lad belonging to the Royal George, a London colonial trader. This youth, for some insubordination whilst the ship lay in Sullivan's Cove, was sentenced by the magistrate to a certain term of imprisonment. By a local enactment, the lieutenant-governor became empowered to convert such sentence into working with a road-party. This sailor was, in consequence, forwarded to an iron-gang at Constitution Hill, where he was associated with doubly and trebly convicted felons. A day or two prior to the expiration of his sentence, a convict *overseer* carried this *free* man before a military magistrate and superintendent, swore that the sailor had been guilty of insolence and insubordination, an allegation, by the victim, strenuously denied. The magistrate, however, awarded to this *free-born Briton*, the felon punishment, twenty-five lashes ! The poor mariner vainly conceived this to be a stretch of power beyond what the magistrate would dare to inflict, and told him so. The punishment, notwithstanding, was summarily inflicted, and the colony rung with the supposed violation. Petitions, numerous and respectably signed, many J. P.'s swelling the list, were poured in upon the chief authority ; but the officer had infringed no law, and the sole redress awarded this lacerated, degraded, free-born Englishman, was in a subscription entered into by the colonists in his behalf.

Notwithstanding its uncouth Batavian name, the associations of Van Diemen's Land, as the course of this narrative will fully show,

are peculiarly British. Even a *Mew* and an *Eddystone* step out, as it were, to welcome the weary voyager with the kindly greeting of a kindly tongue.

The first glance of its coast, however, even to the unfastidious eye of the wave-worn traveller, is harsh and unattractive. The landfall usually made is either the south or south-west cape, and as these are **without** inhabitants, the air of those regions is chill, desolate, and barren; the rugged cliff and primeval forest extending in unbroken solitude for many miles. A deep indentation, flanked by a cluster of pointed rocks, not very unlike nine-pins, points out the entrance of a haven, which has been designated, in compliment to a former Lieutenant-Governor, Port Davey. The country here, at least from seaward, wears a more inviting aspect ; but, unless it be among sealers or whalers, there is very little known respecting either its locality or capability: in fact, such ignorance may be truly said to apply with regard to a considerable portion of the entire island, which, small as it is, is most inadequately known. To the local survey department, the inhabitants owe less than nothing. Every discovery of importance has been made by parties utterly unconnected with that most expensive, although most inefficient, branch of the public service. The principal avocations of these surveyors were to mark off the grants or purchases of crown-lands to the various settlers ; and so supinely, cavalierly, and ignorantly were these duties, in many instances, performed, that parties for years were kept in distressing suspense respecting their boundaries ; nay, in the long run, the very buildings and other improvements which they conceived themselves to be effecting upon their own properties, actions at law have awarded to their neighbours. It is with regret that a charge so sweeping must be made ; but the evils and the **sufferings** this negligence has entailed have wrung forth “ curses both loud and deep.”

It has already been stated, that there are two distinct approaches, blending in one, to Hobart Town-Storm Bay and d'Entrecasteaux Channel. By the latter, as the most picturesque, the reader must be pleased to follow. Through a succession of many years this passage was esteemed (with the exception of the loss of the *Actæon*) a safe one; **no** other wreck having occurred until 1835, when, in the April of that year, the convict-ship *George the Third* struck upon a reef in this fatal vicinity. The consequences were disastrous in the extreme—134 out of 308 persons perishing ; the majority of the sufferers being convicts, who were unhappily compelled to be kept below, to prevent a general rush upon the boats. Had not a small schooner, cruising in the channel,

hastened to their assistance, the survivors must have' been necessarily few indeed. Three convicts, named Nelson, Shaw, and Jones, particularly distinguished themselves by their praiseworthy exertions.

In the July of that year (1835), a merchant-ship, the *Enchantress*, from London, beating up the channel, struck, as was said, upon a **weather** shore, going down in less than fifteen minutes in deep water. Scarcely had the public mind recovered from the effect of these "unto-ward events," ere a third calamity shocked their ear. This was the *Wallace*, a fine new bark from Leith, which shared the like fate with her unfortunate precursors ; a fate which would also have befallen the American ship *Corvo*, but that, luckily for her, just as she was trending towards this Tasmanian charybdis, she was seen and saved by some whalers, pursuing their avocations at Recherche Bay.

Are there no pilots? the reader may naturally inquire. There are not only pilots, but, what is more, they are very extravagantly paid—not, indeed, like the facetious Barney O'Reardon, for piloting a ship in ; because whether they achieve that feat, or whether the ship smells her way into Sullivan's Cove, still the pilot receives (or did receive) his fees, all the same. Consequently those useful gentry were by no means **intrusive**, never **forcing** their company upon the necessitous until every **danger was safely past**. A light-house is now established near those reefs, and, if report err not, the pilots are a little more on the alert than was once their wont. By the bye, according to **approved** Tasmanian custom, these evils are not the fruits of knowledge, but dear-bought experience. Perhaps it were too much to expect **military rulers** heedful of **nautical** interests. The light-house upon Iron-Pot Island was a consequence of the wreck of the *Hope* of London in its neighbourhood.

With the commonest precaution, d'Entrecasteaux Channel is as safe as it is sublime. The writer has twice made its passage from England ; and both times the master of the ship was a stranger. One simple rule appears to be, to keep the shores of Brunè Island well aboard. Once above Partridge Island, and the ship becomes landlocked in one of the most tranquil and superb sheets of water the eye can behold. As night draws on, the breeze generally, at this point, decreases, until it lulls to utter stillness. A sullen splash, a harsh ringing sound, proclaims the anchor gone, and the weary bark securely rides in the bright blue waters of the convicts' land. Who can gaze upon the beautiful scene which here presents itself, without being partially subdued by those vague and undefinable sensations that naturally pervade the minds of those who, after a long and weary pilgrimage, find the long-

looked-for goal attained. The thought, too, of what may be their fortune in the land that lies sleeping in such deathlike repose before them, casts an awe upon the heart, imbued (as are those of all new emigrants) with an undigested impression of the Botany-bay character of the place, with a superadded and correspondingly increased estimate of their own immaculate and superior worth. These, and the fact that a certain and not uninteresting portion of life has for ever passed ; that, in a few hours more, they who have for months formed as it were members of one common family, will be scattered and dispersed, never to meet again. He who can contemplate and ponder such a theme unmoved, must possess a stoicism more valuable, perhaps, to himself than enviable by others.

The coast and *sinuosities* of d'Entrecasteaux Channel are a continued succession of the most magnificent natural panoramas. Every hundred yards the scenery varies ; the lake-like character continues its wild unbroken grandeur, deep romantic bays, wooing, in this direction, the anxious and inquiring eye ; bold projecting *headlands*, courting attention in another; here some evergreen island, clothed with living woods—there some tributary stream, with its silvery thread and *floral*-bordered margin, imparts a rich and varied feature to nature's handiwork. Talk of the far-famed Killarney ?—The meanest reach of d'Entrecasteaux Channel outstrips it in all its most sublime attributes—wildness, richness, variety, or grace.

The shores of Brunè Island are as yet but thinly inhabited. Its soil is *reported* to be indifferent, but such reports have ere now been circulated with respect to some of the richest alluvial deposits in Van Diemen's Land. Those in cultivation have afforded more than a fair remuneration to the possessor ; and, doubtless, patient research might discover much virgin soil, equally available with that which has been already redeemed.

The considerable, but imperfectly-known river Huon *empties* its waters into this channel. No small portion of the pine—which, like the river, takes its name from the French navigator Huon, the consort of D'Entrecasteaux—is found in its vicinage. This region is wild and mountainous in the extreme, and yet much valuable and fertile land is conjectured to exist amid its almost impervious forests. The entrance of the *Huon* more resembles an arm of the sea—a sort of Tasmanian Loch Fyne—than a mere river, but it quickly shoals, not being navigable for any distance. It is notorious for the excellent quality of its potatoes — potatoes unsurpassed, if *equalled*, by any raised in any quarter of the globe. Captain Marryat, in his “ Naval

Officer," asserts that Tristan d'Acunha is the sole spot, south of the equator, where that valuable esculent is grown. Had he voyaged a little further southwards, he would have gleaned more wisdom, and ascertained that *Commodore Glass* can at least be competed with.

A few miles above the Huon, the more frequented entrance of Storm Bay meets the traveller's eye. More than one arm of the sea then becomes conspicuous ; and it behoves the navigator (too often untroubled with a pilot) to be circumspect — the deceptive **Zoom** of Frederick Henry Bay, leading, like the syrens of Ulysses, to false and dangerous conclusions. Into this error, mistaking the true channel, the first free female emigrant ship, the Princess Royal, fell ; stranding herself-fortunately without material damage-in the vicinity of Pitt Water.

A short distance beyond Storm Bay, Mount Direction, the sure land-mark for Sullivan's Cove, becomes conspicuous. On the left bank lies Brown's river, another district famous for the propagation of Paddy's **wall-fruit**. Cultivation, the infallible indication of an approach to a town, now presents itself in varied and rapid succession ; until the sea-weary eye is delighted with the **gladsome** aspect of Sandy Bay, a suburban dependence of Hobart Town, celebrated equally for its villas, gardens, shores, and **beautiful** scenery. At this point the Derwent opens out into a grand and expansive lake, whose deep and cerulean waters are capable of yielding shelter and accommodation to the fleets of the world. On this side, the stupendous Mount Wellington frowns the beholder into insignificance. On that, the distant and more agrestial qualities of Clarence Plains invite the attention of the **husbandman**. The hills, too, instead of, as heretofore, abruptly rising from the water's edge, are more thrown back-more clearly defined against the bright blue **horizon**—the view of which becomes much more dazzling and extensive. The numerous and deeply-indented bays, richly fringed with various kinds of timber, impart a vivid embellishment to the aqueous portion of the scene ; which, dotted with the snowy sails of galley, bark, and brigantine, embraces an area of many miles.

The first glimpse of Hobart Town invariably excites unqualified admiration, Seated in the sheltered bight called Sullivan's Cove—reared, like Rome, upon (more than) seven hills, it rises **amphitheatrically** from the water's edge ; its edifices towering one above the other in proud and pleasing succession- the snow -**capt** Mount Wellington, girdling them as it were with a **rampart** of living rock. The port is a magnificent basin, with great depth of water towards its western side, the whole being formed by the natural and already oft-mentioned

indentation, Sullivan's Cove. When Colonel Collins first debarked, there was a small patch of land called Hunter's Island, which lay at the mouth of the Hobart Town rivulet, contiguous to the anchorage. The water on this shore shoaled rapidly, rendering the operation of lading and unloading tiresome as hazardous ; the island was, in consequence, ere long connected with the mainland by a causeway, upon which a series of warehouses were constructed, upon a scale that would do credit to London or Liverpool either. A wharf, too, became a natural portion of this creation ; and although ships could not discharge alongside, still vessels of 100 tons burden were able to do so, and the water was materially deepened. Notwithstanding this, an evil still existed, inasmuch as the cargoes of traders had to be transferred either to their own launches, or to shore-boats, in which they were frequently damaged by the surf consequent upon the strong summer sea-breeze. To counteract this defect was a natural conception. The western shore, terminating in the misnamed Mulgrave Battery, offered a feasible surface ; the banks were by no means of difficult removal ; they offered an ample supply of road and building material ; whilst the water was not only smooth, but of great depth. There were obstacles, nevertheless, to the construction of the noble wharf which has since been accomplished. These existed, first in the depreciated value likely to result to the expensive buildings erected upon what was termed the old, and imagined *only* wharf; in the next place, the land and opposite shore had been granted to the Rev. Robert Knopwood, A. M., senior chaplain, one of the oldest emigrants to the colony. This property, called " Cottage Green," was the apple of the worthy and venerable gentleman's eye. Reports having at one time become rife of contemplated improvements on its shores, Mr. Knopwood, and the merchants owning warehouses on the old wharf, presented memorials, and earnest appeals against such an undertaking, and were lulled into security by *public* denial of any such design. It is from the purpose to follow out a theme which led to so much ill-feeling in the colony ; suffice it, the land passed (as is asserted) from the hands of the reverend divine into that of the chief authority ; and shortly thereafter, works of a character far beyond the wants or standing of the colony were entered upon. Mr. Knopwood, it is said, only got £800 for a good many acres,* whilst his successor is reported to have realized £35 a foot for the numerous building allotments, which are at this day covered with extensive and superb warehouses, Some simple-minded folks opine that General Macquarie, or Colonel Sorrel, *exceeded*

* Twelve or fourteen.

their authority, by granting water-frontage, in such a position, to any private individual. Colonel Sorrel perceived the error when too late, and, it is affirmed, wished *topurchase the spot for the British Government*, but the reverend grantee declined selling a property to which he had become much attached. Necessity compelled (at a subsequent date) what inclination withheld ; and the coveted locality became *not a possession of the Imperial Government*, whose convict resources, in the formation of the port, led to the direct and prodigious enhancement of *an individual* acquisition, and that, too, to the unquestionable injury of the internal prosperity of the colony. The result, however, is one of the most beautiful and commodious wharfs in the southern world, at an alleged realization of upwards of forty thousand pounds to the sagacious projector.

[To be continued.]

EMIGRATION TO THE CANADAS.*

THE interesting subject of emigration is one that has lately attracted much of the public attention, involving, as it does, many points of importance in our domestic and colonial policy.

By its judicious and well-directed action, it draws forth the dormant resources of our gigantic colonial empire , teaches us to trust to our own energies, means, and capabilities, rather than to foreign powers ; causes us to investigate the eligibility of our own possessions for trade, commerce+ and settlement ; furnishes fresh fields for our home-manufactures ; adds to our maritime strength, and proves alike beneficial to the merchant, the manufacturer, the artisan, and the industrious **labourer**, whose energies are frequently exhausted in profitless toil at **home**, but who in wider regions proves a source of strength to the colony where he settles, and of benefit to the country he left.

The writer being more immediately connected with the British North American provinces, and particularly that portion of them, the Canadas,

* The Colonial Society has a conversazione every alternate Wednesday at its house, 15, St. James's Square. Papers on different subjects are read, and a discussion follows, The first evening an introductory lecture was given by Mr. Montgomery Martin, on Colonies generally ; the second evening was devoted to the reading of the annexed interesting paper, by Dr. Thomas Rolph, of Upper Canada. We hope to be able, from time to time, to lay various useful papers read at the Society's meetings before the public.—[ED. COL. MAG.]