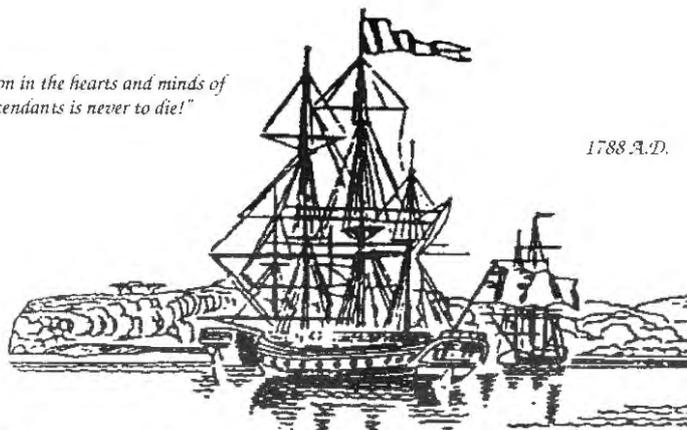


Fellowship of First Fleeters

*"To live on in the hearts and minds of
Descendants is never to die!"*

1788 A.D.



N E W S L E T T E R

JOURNAL OF THE FELLOWSHIP OF FIRST FLEETERS INC. NSW 1988

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MARCH/APRIL 1994 VOLUME 25 NO. 2

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

A number of Fellowship members attended the unveiling of the long-awaited refurbished anchor of the Sirius at Macquarie Place on 23 February last. The anchor is back on its plinth and congratulations to Colin Warn (FF Peter Hibbs) who undertook the task of restoration and appreciation is due to the City Council for hospitality on the day.

I am also pleased to report that the First Fleet memorial has been replaced, albeit in a slightly different but better setting at Brighton-le-Sands.

The Fellowship, at some future date, will be presenting to the French Museum at La Perouse a framed and suitably inscribed print of a fine painting by artist Tony Crago of the two French ships arriving at Botany Bay as the First

Fleet was about to sail up the coast to Port Jackson. It is envisaged that the presentation will be made part a small ceremony, the time and place of which we hope to announce soon.

Since publication of the last Newsletter I represented the Fellowship at the annual commemoration of the first Christian church service at Saint Phillip's, Church Hill, in February and late January I spoke to the Dharug and Lower Hawkesbury Historical Society.

In response to a number of inquiries re the outcome of "A Question of Identity - Frances Hannah Clements" the Executive decided, in reply to a request from the Arndell Family Association, to recognise Frances Hannah Clements as a First Fleeter.

We thank our former president Joyce Cowell for the dedication she has put into her many years at the helm, also Wynne Anderson our former treasurer, for a job well done. Welcome to Joyce and Bonney, our new members.

Our regular meeting in May is to be a day at Parramatta. We will travel by the new service of Rivercats from the Quay to the Charles Street Wharf, Parramatta. This service, which started last December, has been immensely popular, so much so that the timetable is constantly being changed, and this has been a worry when planning. Would those intending to go, please leave a phone number when calling the office to put their name down? The ferry

At the February meeting we were pleased to welcome John Matthews to the Executive. John has been a keen volunteer on Wednesdays at First Fleet House and we look forward to his extra contribution to the Fellowship.

Three members of the Executive will be leaving at the end of April for the 800th anniversary of the signing of a charter for Portsmouth. Alice and Ulla Clarke and Joyce Cowell go with our good wishes for an enjoyable holiday and a safe return.

October Labour Day weekend is the date for bicentenary celebrations at Windsor. Please keep this in mind as the Fellowship hopes to take some part with the First Fleet Hawkesbury pioneer families.

In Fellowship, **Peter**

DAYTIME FELLOWSHIP

A good crowd attended the Annual General Meeting on 3 March, and there are now some changes to our committee, as two members from last year wished to stand down. The new officers are as follows:

President - Phyllis Selby

Secretary - Bernice Smart

Treasurer - Joyce Rixon

Social Organiser - Phyllis Selby

Assistant Social Organiser - Bonney Savill

costs \$4.00 each way adults, or \$1.00 ticket covers for Senior Citizens. Straight from the ferry we board a private bus, the Parramatta Explorer, for a one-hour tour with commentary (\$8.00 adults, \$6.00 pensioners). This bus will drop us in front of the Masonic Club in George Street for lunch about 12.35pm. The return ferry leaves at 2.50pm arriving at Circular Quay at 3.55pm. A little walk is involved getting back to the ferry, but a car will be available for anyone having trouble in this respect.

Continued on page 2

COOMA TRIP
Details on page 2

DAYTIME FELLOWSHIP

(continued)

For the benefit of new members, you can bring your friends on these trips, it's not members only. We do collect a dollar from everyone and this builds our funds to purchase the smaller things needed at First Fleet House.

Details follow for the day at Parramatta. We have been told to be at the Quay early, as at the time of writing large numbers are using the ferry.

DATE: 4 May (Wednesday)

WHERE: Circular Quay, No. 5 Wharf

TIME: 10.00am for 10.30 ferry



COOMA TRIP

Planning has been continuing for our six-day trip to Cooma from 12 to 17 September. We have been notified of a limit of 25 people able to be accommodated at the motel we are using, so we are now taking bookings. Cost will be \$333 per person, which includes all meals. The daily activities are published here for your consideration. A deposit of \$50 each will be required by 30 June, and the balance paid by 22 August.

MONDAY

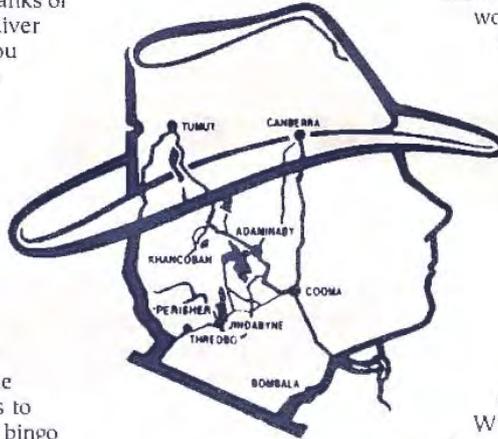
When you arrive at Canberra Railway Station you will be met by our coach, you will then make your way to Regatta Point for lunch and a cup of tea or coffee. After lunch we pick up the remainder of the passengers from the Jolimont Bus Terminal. We then have a look at some of the sights of South Canberra before heading to Cooma. After arriving at the High Country Motel, and freshening up a little, you might like to meet the other guests at the Overflow, our cocktail lounge that has a cosy log fire. Then into the diningroom, which has a panoramic view overlooking the town, for dinner where you will enjoy a delicious three-course meal.

TUESDAY

After a delicious buffet breakfast the coach departs at 9.00am for a tour of the Snowy Mountains, where you will see

beautiful Lake Jindabyne before riding the Skitube to Mt Blue Cow, view the magnificent vista of the Main Range of the Snowy Mountains; you will see five of Australia's highest mountain peaks including Mt Kosciusko. We then travel by Skitube to Perisher Valley, then to Charlotte Pass, where we get a much better look at Mt Kosciusko.

Today you will be having lunch on the banks of Thredbo River (where you might be able to spot a trout). After lunch we head into the town of Jindabyne. Tonight we will be having dinner a little early so that we can go to the club afterwards to have a game of bingo or play the pokies.



goldfields of Kiandra and Providence Portal. We return to the motel at about 5.00pm in time for another delicious dinner.

FRIDAY

Today we will be travelling to the beautiful Bega Valley via Nimmitabel and Brown Mountain to enjoy a wonderful variety of magnificent cheeses at the Bega Cheese Factory before heading to the coast at Tathra where we enjoy lunch by the seaside before heading to the Grevillea Estate Winery to taste their locally produced wines.

WEDNESDAY

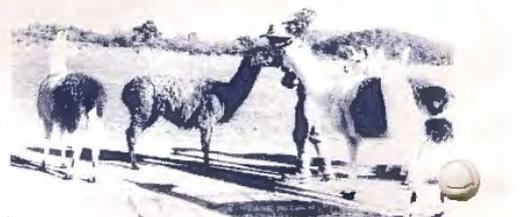
Today we will see some local attractions in Cooma. The Jail Museum, which shows some of the history of Australia's beginnings as a penal colony, as well as some interesting craftwork of the inmates and an insight into today's Department of Corrective Services. We also visit Pastimes Country Crafts, the Australian home of Ashford, manufacturers of spinning wheels and weaving looms. Here you can have a go at spinning and see their unusual collection of pets. We then return to the motel for a delicious barbecue lunch. After lunch we visit the Snowy Mountains Authority, the Avenue of Flags, the Southern Cloud Memorial, and the Dutch Clog Making Shop. There will also be some free time to have a look around the shops of Cooma. Tonight after dinner we have a concert where you will be entertained by some local artists and guests are also invited to join in the fun.

THURSDAY

After another hearty breakfast we are off into the High Country again. This time we will be visiting the Llama Farm, where as well as learning all about these interesting animals, you can ride the tractor train and inspect the herd grazing. We will also visit the township by Adaminaby (which was completely relocated when the site of the old town was flooded by Lake Eucumbene) as well as the Big Trout, Mt Selwyn Skifields, Cabramurra (Australia's highest township) where we will be having lunch, we will also visit the

SATURDAY

After another hearty breakfast we are off to Canberra to see some of the sights that we missed when you arrived before we sadly say farewell, and wish you a pleasant and safe journey home.



NB: This itinerary may be subject to change due to circumstances beyond our control.

- BERNICE SMART

BITS AND PIECES

At the Australia Day luncheon Rod Best asked Past President Mrs Beryl Lewis if she knew the origin of the Fellowship's motto "To live on in the hearts and minds of Descendants is never to die!". She graciously offered to try to find its source.

Her inquiries at the State Library leads to the belief that it is an adaptation of a poem by Thomas Campbell (1777-1844) called "Hallowed Ground" and reads:

"To live in hearts we leave behind
Is not to die"

It is to be found in the Oxford Dictionary of Quotations. Ref.122/15.

ROPE – PULLEY DESCENDANTS

Mr B. P. (Bunny) Sloan (#6215) is the Convenor of a Steering Committee to revive the Rope – Pulley Family Association.

This committee is working with the Friends of Castlereagh Cemetery to have the cemetery restored.

Interested descendants please ring Mr Sloan (02) 9537881.

BATMAN FAMILY

First Fleeter Caroline Laycock (Mark Turner)

Descendants of Robert Batman and Eleanor Turner are advised that a get-together has been arranged for Sunday, 15 May, in Parramatta Park, between 11.30am and 3.30pm. Tea and coffee will be available, but bring your lunch and folding chairs and tables if possible. In the event of rain the area reserved has some covering.

It is also close to a kiosk, a playground and toilet facilities. The easiest way to give directions is to say that the meeting place is to the right, not far inside the George Street Tudor Gates. During the afternoon, if anyone wishes, we can visit the graves of the Batmans who are buried in nearby St. John's Cemetery.

A meeting of descendants was held in Melbourne in February and it is hoped that one can be arranged for Brisbane.

Anyone not already receiving The Batman Family Association newsletter, published quarterly, can do so by sending a yearly fee of \$5.00 plus a little extra for postage to Mr and Mrs Norm

Richards, 19 Timber Ridge, Doncaster, Victoria 3108.

Inquiries about the Sydney day can be made by phoning (02) 6314865, and speaking to Bernice Smart, or (02) 7642734 for Mrs Joyce Morgans.

HAPPY 800TH ANNIVERSARY PORTSMOUTH 1944

While we revelled in the bicentenary in 1988 of our city and our nation, we send greetings to Portsmouth as they celebrate the 800th anniversary of the foundation of their city, from whence the First Fleet sailed in May 1787.

Celebrations begin:

Saturday, 30 April: Launch of Portsmouth 800, Guildhall Square; Lord Mayor's procession; carnival and exhibition; Hampshire Youth Orchestra Concert, St. Mary's Church.

Monday, 2 May: 800th Anniversary of signing of Charter, 1194.

Saturday, 14 May: Boating regatta, Southsea. (It is hoped an RAN team will be competing.) Portsmouth 800 Exhibition open to 1 September 1994.

For further information contact Portsmouth City Council. A.C.

MEMBERSHIP REPORT FOR PERIOD 24 NOVEMBER 1993 TO 22 MARCH 1994

We extend a warm welcome to new members joined during this period – 7 adults, three spouse associates.

WILLIAM HUBBARD: Mr Ferdinand John Pegg.

JOHN McCARTHY + ANN BEADSLEY: Mr Montrose Louis Emerson (sp. Mrs Janet Katherine Emerson); Mrs Christine Janet Hassell (sp. Mr David Allen Hassell).

JOHN ROBERTS: Mrs Valda Jean Eastment.

ANTHONY ROPE + ELIZABETH PULLEY: Mrs Kathleen Bradley (sp. Mr Paul Martin Bradley)

ISAAC TARR: Mrs Yvonne May Arnall.

ELIZABETH THOMAS: Mrs Patricia Ruth Armstrong.

BIRTHS

A warm welcome to the following New First Fleeters:

LOGAN DEAN ADAMS (F.F. Matthew Everingham), February 1993.

CLARE BROWN (F.F. William Douglas – Mary Groves), 7 February 1994. First daughter for Tony Brown (#3714) and Deb Chapman.

RACHEL CLAIRE MUNRO (F.F. Peter Hibbs), 8 November 1993. A daughter for Bill and Lyn Munro.

SARAH ANDREWINA REYNOLDS (F.F. James Sheers – Mary Smith), 29 December 1993. A new grandchild for Brian (#4671) and Dawn Riddiford – a ninth generation.

JANEY ELIZABETH ROSS (F.F. Joseph Hatton), 22 November 1993. First child for David (#767) and Kathryn Ross, and third granddaughter for Joan (#13, Foundation and Life Member of the Fellowship) and Keith Ross.

BRONTE ELIZABETH THURTELL (F.F. Peter Hibbs), 12 December 1993. Granddaughter of Dorothy (#6192) and Bill Lowe – an eighth generation.

BENJAMIN WOODBURY, 4 January 1991, and **AMY WOODBURY**, 14 December 1993 (F.F. Matthew Everingham). Son and daughter of Peter (#5650) and Joanne.

OBITUARIES

Deepest sympathy is offered to the families of the following:

ROSELEE JANE ADAMS (#5651), passed away 16 March 1993. Aged 34 years.

CARMEL GREENFIELD (#270), passed away 30 January 1994. Dear sister of Dorothy Williams.

WILLIAM CEDRIC VINCENT HAVILAH (#4222), passed away 16 February 1994. Beloved husband of Mollie Havilah.

JULIE A. KNIGHT (#6055), passed away 22 May 1993.

BRENDAN ROSS WEARNE (#1024), died 19 June 1993. Dear son of Maud Elizabeth Wearne (#956) and brother of Mervyn (#1421).



Fellowship of First Fleeters

**The following is the text
of the Australia Day
Address delivered by
Rosemary Annable,
President –
Royal Australian
Historical Society**

Mr Christian, Ladies and Gentlemen: thank you for your kind invitation to be with you today. It is with some trepidation that I address the members of an organisation such as yours, for my own credentials in many of the areas which are of particular interest to you are very slim. My first arrival in Australia was comparatively recent (some 180 years after your ancestors) and I never had any intention of staying; I have never studied my own family history and as I do not have any children the immortality promised in the motto on your letterhead "To live on in the hearts and minds of Descendants is never to die!", will never be mine. I shall be a genetic and familial dead end. In addition, being English by birth, I come from a country which while it is always considered to have a well defined national identity, does not celebrate its national day – or at least not to the extent that anyone would notice. St George's Day is perhaps better known as Shakespeare's birthday and barely rates a mention at any time as the day associated with the patron saint of the country. The only occasions on which I recollect knowing that it was St George's Day were in my student days when somewhat eccentric and flamboyant young men would sport a rose in their buttonhole on April 23. This activity was restricted to those who could afford the floral tribute, dared to wear it in public and whose suits or jackets were sufficiently expensive to actually have proper buttonholes – a very limited company indeed. St George meanwhile has been demoted by the Vatican to the status of legend and in many works of art his dragon is very small indeed. Even England as a country seems almost to have disappeared. When I am asked on passport forms to fill in my country of birth, I write England. This is always firmly crossed out by passport officials and the initials UK substituted. A curious kingdom for which there is no adjective. Do they dare to do that to those who give Scotland, Wales or Northern Ireland as their place of birth I wonder?

On my first visit to Australia I came out as a student under the Commonwealth Scholarship and Fellowship Plan to study at the University of Sydney. Considering the stereotype of the typical Australian, I was quite wrong for Australia. I do not drink beer, I hate the beach, I loathe sport, I am definitely not the outdoor type and after about half an hour's exposure to the sun I look like a lobster and require intensive care in a burns unit. I also hate flying. I was not migrant material, but then I never intended to be. Like many other aspects of my essentially unplanned life, my arrival in Australia was the result of a combination of unrelated circumstances. An old friend had come to Sydney to lecture; an Australian friend in Oxford happened to mention the new course at Sydney which I eventually applied for and one day I saw the Commonwealth Scholarships advertised in the newspaper. Behind all this was my determination not to fall into the same trap that I had seen so many friends fall into. As a graduate student in Oxford at a time when academic jobs were becoming scarce, I had seen many friends stay in the city of dreaming spires and eke out their existence in tutoring and other part time occupations because they would not accept the reality that there were no jobs available or that to get one, they had to branch out from their small area of speciality to new fields. Many had maintained this sort of existence for a long time, to the detriment of their own self esteem and hence to the detriment of any future job prospects.

I decided that the best thing to do was to make oneself get away, hence my scholarship application. When, after filling in six copies of the application forms and being interviewed, I received the news that my application had been successful, I was somewhat horrified at what I had done – but there was no turning back. Much compulsory medical testing then followed. This had to be carried out by a doctor nominated by the Scholarship awarding body. He was not a local GP but a specialist whose area of expertise was toxæmia in pregnancy. My medical examination was carried out at the local maternity hospital where he practiced. I attended, desperately hoping that I would not meet anyone I knew who might misinterpret my reasons for leaving the country. After the usual chest X-ray and eye test, most of the rest of the medical consisted of questions about how many

members of my family had been committed to mental institutions and at what age I had had the usual childhood ailments. My mother would have been far better able to answer the latter questions than I was and if we had any lunatics in the family they were a well kept secret. I assume that medical researchers must be well aware of the total unreliability of information supplied on medical questionnaires. Mine was total guesswork.

Of my first journey to Australia I now remember little in detail. We came via the Middle East, Bombay, Perth and Melbourne. Bombay was like a giant sauna, Perth looked like the end of the earth. Perhaps my judgement was clouded by long distance air travel, but in 1978 Perth airport (where we had to complete all immigration formalities) looked like a shed in the middle of nowhere. I began to feel as if I were in a Graham Greene novel. In Sydney I was met by a representative of the Scholarship organisation and by my relations – because yes, like everyone else in Britain I had relatives in Australia. They had migrated in the days of the 10 pound passage and had left England when I was a small child. How will we recognise you they said? I shall be the only 27 year old carrying a teddy bear I said. And I was.

For much of that academic year I was very lonely and unhappy. While I had tried to prepare myself for this complete change from my former existence and had realised that I should miss family and friends, I had not been prepared for the loneliness that comes from the absence of all familiar places and faces and from the want of anyone with whom one has shared experiences and background. Moreover, moving to a country which has a language and some traditions in common with ones own is

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“What I hope we are trying to say when we talk about being Australian is that we are a community. We are people who live together and who care for each other; that we are people who care for the welfare of all...

On Australia Day it should be our life as a community which we celebrate – not a particular view of nationalism.”

Australia Day Lunch 1994

very deceptive. Despite the appearance of similarity, it is a foreign country and everything has to be learnt anew. Nothing should be taken for granted. More than anything else could do, those months made me appreciate just why newcomers to a country would seek to live with others of the same background and how very difficult it is to be a newcomer, particularly when an adult.

For me the passage of time and a new interest began to make the difference – that new interest was Australian history and I began to settle down, enjoying my

work and getting to know people with whom I had a shared interest. After a period back in Oxford as a student again, I returned to Australia in 1981 as a permanent resident and I have lived here ever since. Over the last twelve years I have worked as a research historian and as a historical archaeologist and my knowledge of Australian history derives from that work. They have been happy years and I have enjoyed the companionship and enthusiasms of many fellow researchers both

amateur and professional and have learnt from them all.

So what does Australia Day mean to me? – is it just a welcome Public Holiday, or something more? And am I an Australian?

The problem about having any celebration these days (other than those which are of a purely personal nature), is that they seem to lead to all sorts of questions about identity, purpose and the meaning of life which have occupied and troubled philosophers and theologians for millennia. In Australia these questions of identity and direction have surfaced most recently in discussions about the centenary of Federation; the republic; and the rights of aboriginal Australians. They emerged earlier for

the Bicentenary and no doubt crop up to a greater or lesser extent every time an institution or group has an anniversary. Whether this is a sign of a mature nation or just that we no longer feel that we can simply enjoy ourselves for enjoyment's sake, I do not know. For groups for whom a religious affiliation provides their main focus, there is less of a problem. The Catholic church, for example, has for long known how to combine solemnity, purpose, lavish display and enjoyment, as do many of the institutions of monarchy, but in a secular society (or one of very many, different religions) we lack a common focus and understanding. Sometimes a special focus of commemoration emerges naturally as for example on Anzac Day, like Australia Day a national day, but one with a very different feeling; a day of powerful symbolism and emotion; solemn and serious; with a great sense of loss but combined with the joys and relief of return and reunion. Suffering and loss, particularly in war, have given Australians a particular form of identity. Identity in peace time is harder to define.

The easy way is to fall back on conventional jingoistic cultural or national stereotypes. The Scots are all parsimonious, have red hair and fiery tempers; the British either have stiff upper lips or are potential football hooligans; the Australians drink beer, live on the beach and have a slap dash attitude to everything; the Welsh (the men at least) are incessantly singing or possibly even playing the harp. At the other extremes we can adopt a statistical approach to identity and can attempt to define by quantifying – a dry, faceless analysis which, of itself, does little to assist us and even less to encourage the study of history – or we can engage in deep psychological probing which will probably leave us numb if not actually deranged. Self analysis is one thing – wallowing in it is another. And perhaps identity is not so much what we are, as what we like to think of ourselves as, which is quite a different thing.

But does it really matter? What does it really mean when we talk about national identity? Does it mean that we are saying that all of us in this place are alike in some way and that this can be clinically defined? Surely this is a nonsense. Human beings are very varied. It is one of the keys to survival. What I hope we are trying to say when

we talk about being Australian is that we are a community. We are people who live together and who care for each other: that we are people who care for the welfare of all, both those whom we know and those whom we do not know and who accept the responsibilities of our community life rather than just insisting upon our own rights as individuals. Loyalty and love for those with whom we share this country are more important than any politician's catch cry or whatever attitude is 'politically correct' this week. On Australia Day it should be our life as a community which we celebrate – not a particular view of nationalism.

And am I an Australian? This is a difficult question. For those people who insist that on coming to live in this country one must give up any previous national identity then I am not an Australian – although English friends now insist that I sound like one! But an insistence upon the adoption of nationality as an act of conformity is, I think, rather a narrow outlook. The world is full of people who have lived and worked in countries other than the country of their birth. We are not psychologically disturbed by this process and we are not potential traitors. But we cannot remake ourselves. We cannot experience again as adults those innumerable factors which influenced us in our childhood and most formative years. We are what we are. What many Australians like me have is something extra. What we have taken on is an extra commitment and an extra responsibility, based upon the new understanding we have from our experiences. It is not a question of a divided heart but of a double heart. Those of us who are fortunate enough to have found two happy homes, one by birth and the other by adoption, are very fortunate indeed.

In the world today, beset as we are by the pressure of instant news transmission around the globe, where only bad news of disasters, murder, civil unrest and famine seem to be brought to our attention, it is easy to forget to be grateful for what we have. Being thankful has gone out of fashion. So perhaps for all of us, whatever our backgrounds, wherever we come from and whenever we came here, the very best thing we can do on Australia Day is to use it as a time to say those two little words which we always tell children are so important – to say thank you.

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Roseanna, who had been born in Newgate Prison when Esther was only sixteen. It is uncertain whether Esther was married or not, as she gave her name variously as Abrahams or Julian. She had stolen 24 yards of black silk valued at 50 shillings. On board the ship she became the mistress of Lieutenant George Johnston and their first child, George, was baptised in Sydney as "Abrahams or Johnston, son of George Johnston, Captain Lieutenant of the marines and Esther Abrahams, convict." Two days later they left for Norfolk Island where Johnston was to take up a military post. After their return to Sydney, their second son, Robert, was born in March 1792. He later became the first Australian-born officer of the Royal Navy. A third son, David, was born in 1800, followed by four daughters between 1801 and 1809 and Esther still had no wedding ring.

In 1793 Johnston had received one of the 100-acre grants of land given to the officers of the first garrison. He chose a piece of land four miles from Sydney and named it after his birthplace in Scotland and so it remains named today – the suburb of Annandale. A fine house was built on the estate. The Johnstons prospered and became well known in the community where Johnston established many connections in high places. Today, except for the name Johnston Street and the gates of the house, nothing is left of the original estate.

Johnston was in command of the troops who deposed Governor Bligh in 1808, after which he was in charge of the Colony for six months. Following restoration of legitimate government, Johnston was sent to England to be tried for mutiny in 1811. He was cashiered and returned to New South Wales as a free settler in 1813. He finally made an honest woman of Esther by marrying her the next year at St. John's, Parramatta. Roseanna, Esther's first daughter, was a witness at the wedding. She had since married Isaac Nichols who was later to become the first postmaster in New South Wales. By this time Johnston owned 7,000 acres of land. He died in 1823 and in the 1858 Census, Esther was listed as a free settler with 2,460 acres of land in her own name. She wanted to mortgage the land and return to England, but her son Robert decided to have her declared insane in order to stop her. At the trial she was represented by a fellow Jew, David Poole, but unfortunately, the opposing barrister was W. C. Wentworth. Poor Esther was found incapable of managing her own affairs, but Robert was declared not to be the heir at law and trustees were appointed for the estate. Esther died at her son

David's property, George's Hall on the George's River, in 1846 and was buried at Annandale.

As a footnote, Roseanna's second son, George Robert Nichols, became a solicitor and Parliamentary representative for Maitland and Morpeth. In 1854 he successfully argued the case to allow Jewish ministers to receive a State stipend in keeping with the privileges granted to ministers of Christian denominations. As a result, 200 pounds were given by the Government to pay the stipend for Jacob Isaacs, reader at the York Street synagogue.

John Harris had been sentenced to death for stealing eight silver table-spoons valued at eight shillings and one penny. However, his sentence was commuted to 14 years transportation, first to America, then to Africa, but he was finally put aboard the Scarborough bound for Sydney Cove.

In 1789 he suggested to the Colony's Judge Advocate that a Night Watch be established from among the convicts to keep the peace in Sydney. This became the Colony's first police force with Harris as a member. After its establishment, Sydney was said to be better policed than London! The Night Watch continued to recruit convicts even though the New South Wales Corps also controlled the population. Encouragement to join the Watch included the offer of an additional suit of clothing to each constable and a pint of spirits every Saturday. Service in the constabulary could lead to emancipation after three years for seven-year men and conditional emancipation for lifers after 10 years in the Watch.

In 1793 Harris was appointed as a constable in charge of the Norfolk Island Night Watch and was granted an absolute pardon two years later in consideration of services rendered. He returned to Sydney in 1796, having married a woman called Mathilda. They eventually had three children. In 1798 he received a land grant of six and a half acres which he was already occupying at Windsor. (Squatting such as this became a regular practice.) Harris built an inn and became one of the first 10 licensees in New South Wales. A year later he was granted the licence for an inn near Toongabbie, but in 1800, when he had trouble with the Governor over the liquor trade laws, his tavern and liquor stocks were destroyed by Government order. His land grant was revoked and the next year he left Sydney with his son John, leaving his daughters Elizabeth and Hannah in the care of his friend James Larra, who had succeeded him as principal of the Night Watch and had also followed his

footsteps in the liquor trade in Parramatta. Larra held land in trust for Harris's daughters, calling it Harris Farm. After her marriage, Elizabeth returned to care for Larra in 1821 when he had suffered many misfortunes.

Harris and his son did not reach England for two years because of many misadventures on the way in New Zealand and Guam. By the time they arrived, their fortunes were at a very low ebb indeed. However, 30 years later, the son migrated to Sydney and the circle was complete. His son, George, later went to Queensland where he became a member of the Legislative Council. His daughter, Evelyn Jane, married Richard Gardiner Casey and their son Richard later became Governor General of Australia. From convict acorns do such oaks grow.

Elizabeth Harris married Walter Lang, a wealthy migrant who died before their son was born. This son, George Lang, was to become Australia's first novelist. Elizabeth later married Joseph Underwood, a leading merchant in the Colony. Hannah Harris married Captain Thomas Richie, master of the ship Greyhound. They and their nine children settled in Van Diemen's Land and prospered.

In keeping with modern attitudes, Jews who can trace their ancestry from early emancipists take pride in their ability to survive and to achieve success in private and public life as the small Australian Jewish community continues to do.



FROM THE LIBRARY

"The Women of the 1790 Neptune," by Anne Needham with Laurel Riddler, Merle Hadley and Phyllis Scott.

An extremely well-documented presentation of the lives of the 78 women convicts in addition to the 10 women who came free.

In the most interesting introduction to the book, Anne Needham writes – "Their reformation was made easier because they had a goal of becoming haves, rather than have-nots, through hard work on the farms granted to their husbands."

A number of "Neptunes" married First Fleeters. It is a valuable addition to our library and we congratulate Anne and her team for a sterling effort.

JEWISH CONVICTS IN THE FIRST FLEET

Helen Bersten

Hon. Archivist

Australian Jewish Historical Society

The First Fleet brought to these shores a motley collection of English men and women – some hardened criminals, but most sent from home on a terrible voyage to a barely inhabited land far across the sea for crimes that we today would regard as misdemeanours. The fact that they survived, let alone prospered here, is a matter of great interest. The British jails were so overcrowded with prisoners in the late 18th century that it became the habit to use rotting hulks of ships moored at anchor as prisons. Some people remained on these hulks for years until finally the Government hit upon the idea of sending its unwanted guests to far off lands such as America and Australia.

Of the 145,000 convicts transported to Australia between 1788 and 1852 at least 1,000 were Jewish. Among the first group of 751 convicts in the First Fleet, 16 are known to be Jewish. Many of the early convicts married Christians as there were few Jewish spouses, no Jewish ministry and only Christian marriage was recognised by the Christian clergy.

The first priorities of the tiny Jewish community had not been marriage nor naming children, but the proper burial of the dead. The earliest organisation, before a proper community was even formed, was the burial society established in 1817 by Joseph Marcus. Today's Chevra Kadisha is the result of this beginning. We know of three Jews who died prior to this: Joseph Levy in 1788, Uzziel Baruch in 1790 and Solomon Bockerah in 1791. They would have had the normal Christian burial.

Once the congregation was formed, it was the determination of a small number of settlers that kept the families Jewish. Reverend Marsden wanted all people educated as Christians, but the Jews, as the only non-Christian group in the Colony, won the right to educate their own children and to receive government aid for their ministers. The earliest Hebrew schools began in 1845 with the arrival of Moses Rintel and a proper school was established 10 years later.

Now for a brief picture of the Jews of the First Fleet. Henry Abram's crime was of a kind that some find romantic – he was a highwayman. He arrived in the Scarborough but was sent to Norfolk Island between 1792 and 1796. Many convicts who continued to flout the law ended up on Norfolk Island. However,

Henry obviously had initiative, because by 1796 he had begun to supply meat to government stores on the island.

Daniel Daniels was a thief. From Joseph Solomons, almost certainly another Jew, he had stolen a copper pot, a pewter porringer and a pair of shoes. He was Abram's fellow passenger on the Scarborough.

Frances Hart was a receiver of stolen goods, to wit, two pairs of boots and a pair of shoes. The name of the ship Friendship which brought her to these shores must have been a propitious one as she married a fellow convict, William Robinson, on 13 February 1788. It was presumably a Christian ceremony and yet it was noted in a trial in November that Frances was sworn on the Old Testament because she was Jewish.

David Jacobs had been a lemon seller in London. His crime was stealing two livery greatcoats from the side of a coach in Thomas Street. He also came on the Scarborough and was transferred to Norfolk Island in March 1790. He returned to Port Jackson three years later, died in 1802 and was buried at St. John's, Parramatta.

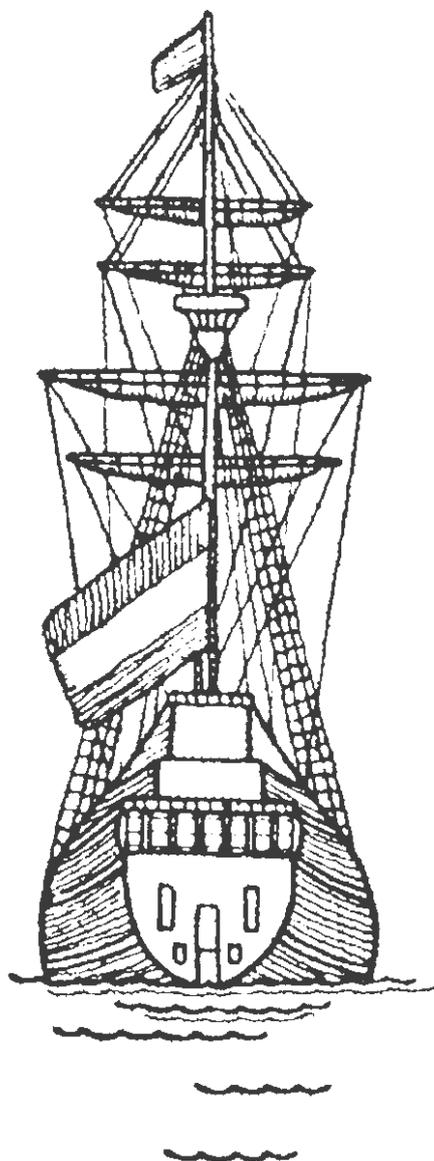
Amelia Levy had stolen silk handkerchiefs from a shop at Southwark. Her sojourn in the Colony did not improve her: in fact she became a prostitute and was sent to Norfolk Island from 1790 to 1794. By 1795 she was selling stolen goods in Parramatta, and had become friendly with Sara Lyons, another thief, who had arrived on the Lady Juliana in 1789.

Joseph Levy, yet another Scarborough passenger, had stolen a copper kettle from its hob in a London street. Barely a month after his arrival, he was again before the Court, this time charged with uttering insolent language and was put in chains. He died in April 1788 and was the first Jew to be buried in Australian soil, although, of course, he was not buried as a Jew.

Sara Burdo had been a prostitute and was transported for robbery. However, by 1814 she had married Isaac Archer of Parramatta and in 1819 was working as a midwife. She was one of the few who mended her ways.

Aaron Davis was another convict to prosper on Norfolk Island, where he was sent in 1790. He owned land there and became a merchant on the island.

Esther Abrahams arrived on the Lady Penrhyn with her infant daughter.



TRANSPORTEES, MONSTERS OR MISUNDERSTOOD

by Colin Healey

MANY English people look upon Australians as descendants of criminals so evil that they had to be exiled from their homeland. On the other hand many Australians believe that their ancestors were unconscionably penalised for trivial offences. I hope to show that the truth lies somewhere between these two extremes.

First, I agree with the point made by Muriel Bowler in a recent article in the Northants F.H.S. journal. Persons convicted of serious offences in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries in Britain were not transported; they were hanged! The choices of dealing with those convicted of less serious offences were limited. There was no alternative to incarceration, and prisons at that time were overcrowded and unpleasant in the extreme. There was no system of parole, community service or work release. The concept of rehabilitation was not part of the British penal system. These features were only available in the developing colonial communities.

Most transportees were not incarcerated but released to work in the community under assignment, though admittedly still subject to behavioural restrictions enforceable by the Court. A parole system, ticket of leave, operated in New South Wales. The system did in fact achieve the rehabilitation of most of those transported. Many stayed after their penal terms were complete, to make a new life in the Colonies. Serving their sentences for most of the transportees was very much less oppressive than it would have been if served in a penal institution in Britain at that time. This is not to deny that there were some extremely harsh prisons in the Colonies, but their occupants tended to be the more recalcitrant, violent and uncooperative convicts.

Of course all transportees were subject to sentences of seven to 14 years, or life. Sentences of less than seven years were served-out in Britain. This would suggest that his Majesty's guests in the Colonies were offenders not so minor as to receive a short sentence, nor so major as to receive a death sentence (unless commuted). Why then do so many have convictions for, by today's standards, trivial offences; often against property rather than persons.

We must remember that we hear of today's crimes through the media, but of yesteryear's from the official documents. Today, as then, the actual charges differ from the perceived offences. As an

example, we hear of a bank robber who, it is claimed, has robbed several banks of large amounts of money. Although identified as the robber at several banks he may in fact be charged with and convicted of stealing a much smaller amount, perhaps only a few hundreds of dollars. This is because the particular banknotes can be identified, perhaps by dye marks or the like, as being the property of one bank and were seen to be stolen when he was identified as the thief. On conviction he may ask that other offences be taken into consideration when sentencing. So we have a convicted bank robber who stole many hundreds of thousands of dollars, but whom the record will show to history to have been convicted of the theft of a few hundred dollars only. To future researchers won't his sentence seem disproportionate to his recorded crime?

If you think I exaggerate, let us consider the interesting case of Ann Solomons, who 13 September 1827 was convicted of receiving stolen goods, to wit one watch, and was sentenced to transportation for 14 years. On the face of it this seems an extreme sentence for such a small offence. Caught in possession of a stolen watch this model prisoner, a 40-year-old mother of six and the wife of a jeweller, is sentenced to 14-years transportation! There are no previous convictions. What severity of sentencing this discloses. What a lot of rubbish!

Now to the real story of Ann Solomons. Born Ann Julian in 1786, she was a barmaid at the Blue Anchor, in Petticoat Lane, when she married 21-year-old Isaac Solomons in 1807. This couple worked together and by 1825 controlled a chain of London brothels and clearing houses for the recycling of stolen goods. Charles Dickens' character Fagin is said to have been based upon Isaac, colloquially known as Ikey, Solomons. Ikey was arrested and charged in 1827, but escaped and went to New York where he lived a conspicuously wealthy lifestyle. The police, much put out by all this, raided houses owned by the Solomons, and in one found "an immense quantity of jewellery consisting of gold and silver watches, trinkets of great value, gold rings, etc. together with other property such as lace, silks and crepes." In all, four coachloads of goods suspected of having been stolen were removed from the house. As a result Ann was charged with possession of stolen property, to wit one watch.

The story gets even better, Ann's two eldest sons migrated to New South Wales as free settlers in anticipation of

her transportation. The four youngest children came with her. In Tasmania she was assigned as a servant to the Newman family, where another servant alleged she was not required to work. She did have four children to care for after all. A few months later Ikey came out from New York (as a free settler!), and arranged for her to be assigned to him. The Solomons family was reunited, their only punishment being that they had to live in Tasmanian conditions rather than those of nineteenth-century London.

Eventually the authorities caught up with Ikey. He was arrested and shipped back to England for trial, conviction and sentence. That's right, he was sentenced to 14 years transportation and returned to Tasmania as a felon. The family turned its collective back on Ikey who, having obtained his ticket of leave, in 1838 set up in business as a tobacconist in Hobart and continued in that pursuit until his death in 1850.

Upon Ikey's arrest in 1830, Ann was assigned to her son's service, and remained so assigned until 1835, when she obtained her ticket of leave. Thus was the Solomons family, other than Ikey, kept together. Ann never had to be other than the mother of her brood, and to maintain the family home throughout her 14 years of penal servitude. She completed her term in 1841, and continued to live in Tasmania thereafter with her children and her new love interest, George Madden, himself a wealthy former convict.

We hear much of the severe sentences for trivial offences, of the chain-gangs and floggings, of the inhumanity of the penal system of transportation. It is time that this was looked at in perspective. Those subject to chain-gangs and floggings were a small minority. Most transportees were rehabilitated when there were no such opportunities for felons at home. Many were able to turn transportation into mere exile, as did the Solomons. Trivial recorded offences rarely reveal the true extent of the crimes punished by the sentence. Most transported convicts were not as innocuous as their trial sheets would suggest, nor as hardened, vicious and irredeemable as the descendants of those who stayed behind would like to think. And of course we are not our ancestors. Why should the Australian descendant of a transported thief feel any less than the English descendant of a hanged killer or highwayman?

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