

son Bill Barnes. The old woman, old Barnes's wife; and Sally, young Barnes's wife these characters I now introduce to the readers acquaintance. After making an end of tea, Tramp, tramp, comes in two jovial looking fellows into the small back chamber where I was sitting and pop goes two ginger beer bottles, the cork of one hitting Harriet, Hogan's wife on the cheek. 'I say Harriet, who have you got here, says the old man - 'A new comer wanting a job in the bush' roared out the Black-man's wife, loud enough to be heard a quarter of a mile down the beach - The old man was deaf as a doornail - Some conversation followed and it was unanimously carried that my application for work was accepted . . . Old Barnes was apparently about fifty,<sup>14</sup> stout, strong, of great muscular strength, his deportment was quiet, grave and extremely reserved. When under the influence of grog he was full of all sorts of mischief, fond of songs and took delight in relating an assortment of anecdotes, generally not of a very moral character. He is said to be very industrious, a hard and good workman . . . he left England without a farthing in his pocket, earned seven pounds on the passage making boots. Occasionally this superannuated shoemaker of Romney Marsh wore spectacles. He had some hard struggles in this Colony, and has been settled on his farm at Park Vale about nine miles from Wellington for the last fifteen years. His industrious habits reflect great credit on him being never idle a minute from rising till bed time. However I found this denizen of the bush at times very unreasonable and many an oath he has discharged at me and all alike. He never tasted grog throughout the week till Saturday when we all came into town and invariably had a jolification [sic] returning home after drinking sundry tumblers of strong waters . . . The Sundays were employed by him making boots, repairs about the place, shooting. Sunday and Week day were both alike to old Barnes. Bill a good looking fellow of about twenty was different in many respects from his father but like him he was fond of grog, although of much more sober habits . . . The old woman, fat and plump, enormous grey eyes and round face reminded me of old Mother Wilkinson in Melbourne. Her huge proportions astonished me. But people fatten [sic] in the country especially when there is plenty of milk and pork. She had been fifteen years in the Bush and had only been in Wellington during that period eight or nine times to see 'Harriet' - She was remarkably obliging kind good tempered and a little deaf. She sometimes lent her assistance in milking the cows, and made all the butter, cheese, etc. Unlike her husband she had some pretensions to religion and good manners, could chat away for hours and laugh occasionally playing sometimes on the clarionette. Sally was the daughter of a Wesleyan minister in Sydney whom Bill had persuaded to unite her fate with his. She was apparently about twenty four years of age, very sharp features and slender proportions. Her manners were