

[This paper has been presented by Bro Morse at Lodge Baden Powell in 2000, a Regional Research Seminar at Cootamundra in 2004, and subsequently at Yass Lodge of Concord, with poetry recitations by Bros Andy Walker (2000), Warren Turton (2004) and David Slater.]

## The Illawarra Lodge of Unanimity and Concord – *The Extinguisher* and its setting

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### Introduction

Whilst undertaking preliminary research for an Australian Masonic bibliography in the National Library of Australia, I found a reference to a rare pamphlet published in the mid 1840s entitled "*The Extinguisher, or Illawarra Faction Exposed*"<sup>1</sup>, by Dr. George Underwood Alley. The author uses a court case involving the Masonic fraternity in the Illawarra region to put forward his views on the judiciary of the colony. I believe that this is the earliest printed public document to mention organised Freemasonry in the Australian colonies.

Whilst circumstances surrounding the case reflect no particular credit on the Craft, the resultant pamphlet gives an insight into both early colonial Freemasonry and politics, detailing how a misunderstanding at a Masonic Ball led to a charge of 'assault with a poker' being laid by Dr. Alley against the Secretary/Treasurer of the Illawarra Lodge of Unanimity and Concord. Whilst not anti-Masonic in tone, Dr. Alley is concerned that one man can change the character of a Lodge and thus besmirch the Craft. His pamphlet includes several songs and poems, Dr. Alley obviously proud of his work in this direction.

### The Illawarra Lodge of Unanimity and Concord<sup>2</sup>

Whilst at the beginning of 1845 there were only four English Constitution (EC) Lodges in the colony of New South Wales, in 1839 there had been sufficient EC Lodges in all of the Australian colonies (NSW, South Australia and Van Diemen's Land) for the appointment of a Deputy Provincial Grand Master. It was to this brother, VWBro G R Nichols, that, early in 1845, a

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<sup>1</sup> The only recorded version is a copy of this publication in the Mitchell Library, State Library of New South Wales, Sydney. The NLA has a copy of this. The entry in the Dictionary Catalogue of the Mitchell Library (1968) has the following comment: 'Photocopy of original in the possession of Sir John Ferguson'.

<sup>2</sup> Much of the background to this section is taken from *The Square and Compasses South of Sydney*, by F C Farrell, Wollongong, 1985.

group of masons resident in the Illawarra district applied for, and paid ten guineas for, a warrant for a new Lodge. To enable the brethren to open and carry on with Lodge business until a warrant was received from London, a Dispensation was granted by Nichols, to remain in force for two years. The founders of the Lodge were recorded by UGLE as:

Brother Captain Steven Addison of Peterborough, Shellharbour;  
Brother Dr Robert Menzies of Minnamurra, Jamberoo;  
Brother George Brown of Dapto;  
Brother William Way of West Dapto;  
Brother John Sharpe of Mullett Creek;  
Brother Richard Ellison Bate of Hooka Creek;  
Bro. James Tweedie of West Dapto; and  
Brother David Muir Graham of Dapto.

Bro. Brown was the licensee of the Illawarra Hotel on the main South Coast road, very close to Mullett Creek, at Dapto (now Brownville). He built a Lodge Room attached to his hotel which was ready in time for the Dedication and Installation of the Lodge in August 1845. Bros. Way, Sharpe, Bate and Tweedie were all local freeholder farmers. On the day of Consecration and Installation, the Lodge also walked in procession to and from St. Luke's Church in Dapto where they attended a service conducted by Revd M D Mears. Also attending the service were five Entered Apprentices who had been initiated into the Craft just prior to the church service. These were Captain William Sheaffe of Stream Hill, East Dapto; Captain Westmacott of Bulli; George Rowe of Mittagong; Lindsay Clarke of Daisy Bank, Dapto; and Alexander Bonnyman of Dapto (George Brown's employee). UGLE records show the first candidates, Bros. Sheaffe and Clarke, as founders!

At least 14 other initiations were conducted by the Lodge, and a further eight brethren affiliated with the Lodge. One of the brethren apparently initiated into Freemasonry in the Illawarra Lodge of Unanimity and Concord was the local Parliamentarian, John Wild, who had attended the ball in 1845, although no record of his initiation exists in the UGLE archives.

Whilst the warrant, numbered 920, was granted by the Grand Master (the Earl of Zetland) on 22 September 1853, it was not received until 1857, by which time the Lodge had been operating for 12 years! The last meeting at Dapto would appear to have been on 8 December 1859 although the UGLE Register records no meetings from 1857 until 1862 when the Lodge was officially removed to Wollongong. Meetings there in 1861 had pulled the Lodge from recess, but they were neither well nor regularly attended and, towards the end, quorums were not always present. The Lodge was

renumbered 620 in the UGLE 'closing-up' of 1863 and was erased on 19 January 1874, the warrant having been returned via the Provincial Grand Lodge.

### Biographical details of Dr. Alley

George Underwood Alley was born in Dublin in 1804 and migrated to NSW in 1839. After a few years in Sydney, he took up residence at Terara, where he farmed on the nearby Pig Island (Burranga) near the mouth of the Shoalhaven River. After surviving calamitous floods in 1860, when the family lost all buildings and belongings, and again in 1870, he ventured into journalism, publishing the *Shoalhaven Advocate* for two years from premises near Adams' Wharf, Greenhills. He then recommenced his medical practice and then removed to the Braidwood district. He died at Araluen in 1879<sup>3</sup>.

Alley is known to have written at least three pamphlets, the *Extinguisher*, and two others regarding the site of the main settlement on the Shoalhaven River, and the expansion of the state-funded school system. It would appear that there are no surviving copies of his newspaper.

### Contemporary report

The *Sydney Morning Herald* of 13 January 1846<sup>4</sup> carried the following report of the St John's Day celebrations and associated functions:

ST. JOHN'S DAY AT DAPTO. - The glorious orb of day had scarcely tinged our western mountains, ere the hum of excitement was heard from the mountain's foot to the ocean's brink: *for what?* In preparing to see a procession of the Free and Accepted Masons, belonging to the Illawarra Lodge of Unanimity and Concord, at Dapto, the first of the kind ever seen here; long before the bell from the church has summoned the Masonic body to move to the house of prayer, the road was lined with vehicles of every description, from the humble pedestrian to the more wealthy settler. A band of music, with the splendid banner of St. John the Evangelist, preceded the Masonic body on their way to the church, which was crowded to excess, where an excellent discourse was delivered by the Rev. M. D. Mears, M.A.; after Divine Service they partook of a lunch, and afterwards a splendid dinner, provided for the occasion by our host and hostess of

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<sup>3</sup> Biographical details from *The Book of Shoalhaven*, a souvenir of 'Back to Shoalhaven Week', 1926, p 39.

<sup>4</sup> *Sydney Morning Herald*, Vol. XXI, Tuesday 13 January 1846, No. 2705.

the Illawarra Hotel, with their usual profusion of every thing the season could afford.

On Tuesday, the 30<sup>th</sup> December, the Free Masons gave a splendid ball, and were honoured on the occasion with the presence of the Mayor and Mayoress of Sydney, J. Wild, Esq., M.C. for the county of Camden, and lady, with a numerous assemblage of ladies and gentlemen from all parts of the district, amounting to not less than 150; at 12 o'clock 122 sat down to a most splendid supper, the arrangements and style surpassed all we ever saw in our metropolis; although Illawarra abounds with many elegant flowers, there was not one that ornamented the table on this festive night equal to the *roses* of Illawarra (the ladies), with the graceful *lilies* of Sydney; after supper the party returned to the ballroom, where a variety of songs were sung to enliven the evening;- afterwards they tripped it merrily, for all appeared happy, in the joyous dance, until the sun shone upon our mountains, when all parties returned to their respective habitations, highly delighted with their evening's entertainment.

After a few short hours of repose the party re-assembled on the banks of the Mullet Creek, and took their departure in three boats for the splendid lake of Illawarra, in the following order: the first boat contained the Mayoress and several ladies and gentlemen; the second boat contained the band; and the third with the remainder of the ladies and gentlemen:- when they arrived at the lake, the party embarked and partook of a splendid pic-nic, and spent the remainder of the day joyfully in fishing, when many hundreds were caught of various descriptions.

### Persons mentioned in *The Extinguisher*

Brown, George: Publican of the Illawarra Hotel, Dapto, Foundation Secretary/Treasurer

Bonyman, Alexander: cellarman to Brown, Foundation candidate

Wild, John: Member for the county, of Picton

Small, Lord Mayor of Sydney

Jenkin, William Walter

Osborne, Allick: retired Surgeon RN, recently unsuccessful candidate for Legislative Council

Osborne, John: affiliate

Sheaffe, Captain William: late 50<sup>th</sup> Regiment, Foundation candidate

Addison, Stephen: Foundation Master, of Peterborough, Shellharbour

Way, William: of Dapto, Foundation JW

Row, George: from Mittagong  
Menzies: from Jamberoo, Minnamurra, Foundation SW  
Bate, Richard Ellison: from Hooka Creek, Foundation JD  
Tweedie, James: from West Dapto, Foundation Tyler  
Sharp, John: Foundation SD  
Westmacott, Captain R M: MC of the ball, Foundation candidate  
McDonnell  
Mears, William  
Alley, George Underwood, Dr

### Synopsis of the pamphlet

In the introduction Alley sets out that he thought the introduction of Freemasonry into the Illawarra would 'give rise to a new order of things, would commence, if not carry out, a new and improved era in the habits and manners of many, to whom any change would prove a gain of priceless value, would so harmonize, and allay the contemptible and petty feelings of envy, hatred, and malice, of pride, vanity and ignorance, and would so neutralize the baneful effects of corruption and injustice, that those who have so long practiced them with impunity, would be rendered harmless by the superior power and attraction of the combined virtue, the "UNITY AND CONCORD," and the public example, of integrity, of honor, and truth, to be afforded by this Lodge of Freemasons sending its ramifications of good throughout the length and breadth of this District, hitherto and still divided against itself through the evil of would-be Legislators'.

Although not a member of the Craft, Alley felt that the Lodge could do good, but then he says that the Lodge had been corrupted by George Brown and his clique. As a measure of his attitude towards the Craft, Alley prints the poem he composed especially for the Worshipful Master of the new Lodge.

On the mountain top I stood, and gazed in raptures,  
Upon a fairy scene of brightest comeliness,  
Where all-bounteous nature, spread her richest treasures;  
'Twas Illawarra in all her vernal loveliness.

I view'd the landscape o'er and o'er, then mused awhile,  
That my mind should rest upon the enchanting scene,  
Then I lay me down, and bask'd, in the sun's bright smile,  
And dozing, there appeared a vision in my dream;

Of an ancient man - prophet-like - though grey with age,  
The majesty of his mien, spoke the strength of youth,

He pointed with his finger to the holy page.  
And there was writ, faith and charity, hope and truth.

Wisdom marked his brow, the wisdom of a sage,  
His eye beam'd forth benignness and beatitude,  
And as he scann'd the words upon that holy page,  
He thus addressed a listening multitude.

Let your faith be fixed upon Him alone,  
Whose omnipotence this world doth rule,  
Who hath the boundless heavens for His throne,  
And makes the nether earth his footstool.

Then will meek charity from above,  
Descend in blessings upon all around,  
Inspire in each heart, a brother's love,  
And in each soul, will true faith be found.

The "hope" divine, that reigns beyond the sky,  
Is the true anchor, upon which to rest,  
Felt by the soul, unseen by mortal eye,  
Th' not the wordlings, 'tis the Mason's test.

"Truth" binds man to man, in firm "union,"  
"Friendship" follows of its free accord,  
These should form your blessed communion,  
Of "Unanimity and Concord."

The spirit of peace in glory light  
On the Illawarra Lodge this night,  
And attend throughout its course I pray,  
To the trumpet sound of judgement day.

As Alley gives some wonderful descriptions, I will give his report of the major activities leading to the charge of 'assault with a poker' being laid.

On the 30<sup>th</sup> of December, about eighty persons - not one hundred and fifty so pompously announced in the Herald, assembled to trip it on the light fantastic toe, to the tune of fiddle, fife and drum; the assembly, although mixed, was for the greater part, highly respectable and fashionable; the Member for our county, and lady, His Worshipful the Lord Mayor of Sydney, his lady, and the Misses. Small, William Warren Jenkin and lady, Doctor John and Alick Osborne, and their respective families, and several others, honored the masons with their

presence. The only phenomenon worthy of remark at this period of the evening, was the tinsel tawdry of Doctor Alick Osborne, superannuated Surgeon, R.N., he was in his full dress uniform, even to the brazen swabs upon his shoulders - how low the brass descends on some people - glittering amid the admiring throng; in the name of ordinary and extraordinary vanity, why did he not bring his instruments, with all the other apparatus and paraphernalia of the "cock-pit," if displayed at the end of the room, opposite the Masonic Orders, with the "Union Jack" over them, they would no doubt have assisted the uniform, to astonish and captivate the wives and daughters of the ELECTORS present, that, on a future occasion, the wonderful impression of the epaulettes, tools and all, might be remembered to his advantage, when Ma could be sure to "CAUDLE," and Miss would coax dear Papa to vote for the dear, nice, charming Doctor, and his uniform; what an empty bait to catch fools.

He danc'd alike with satins, and with silks,  
With muslin, with calico, and cotton;  
Mere foppish tricks, and empty politics,  
Heed them not - the man at heart is rotten.

Supper having been announced to a chosen few - they gathered together and led the way to the supper room, a large and commodious wooden building erected for the occasion, and covered in on top with sail cloth, the tables groaned, not with luxuries, but with right down substantial eatables; geese, turkies, ducks, chickens, hams, mutton, tongues; the sweetmeats were few and far between, and the pastry but very so so, butter fetching a good price, LARD WAS SUBSTITUTED, the tarts were, therefore, not so palatable as they should have been on such an occasion. The wines, except the champagne, were very indifferent and not very plentiful, and to make them less so, the servants were detected with a quantity in the ball room, regaling themselves and their friends; "mine host" was wroth on the occasion, and threatened largely to let day light into some of them, what a pity he had not the poker.

Before the ladies retired from the supper table, toasts were given from the chair, and the hip, hip, hurra, loudly and vociferously, but rather unusually and uncourteously, assailed their delicate ears. The Mayor gave a short speech, and proposed "prosperity to the Illawarra Lodge of Unanimity and Concord;" after which, the following song, composed for the occasion, was sung by an amateur.

AIR - *The Emerald Isle*

Of all the Orders we have upon earth,  
The freemasons doth truly excel,  
For friendship, for union, and truth,  
From all others it bears off the bell;  
The members are loyal and true,  
And this the whole world can prove,  
And the reason, I'll tell it to you,  
Their secret's brotherly love.

CHORUS

May our friendship be without guile,  
And truth in each heart full abound,  
May peace and prosperity smile  
O'er every true Mason around.

As for "orders", we have then in plenty,  
And Lodges of every hue,  
But tho' our pockets may sometimes be empty,  
The Freemason to his friend's ever true;  
Misfortune we cannot well sever,  
But face them like men to be sure,  
For desert you the Mason will never,  
Till he hunt the gaunt wolf from your door.

May our friendship be without guile, &c.

Our forefathers were all of them Masons,  
Then why shouldn't we be so too;  
In Lodge, they were as grave as old barons,  
To their banner both constant and true,  
They told us while time should remain,  
The Freemason in every event,  
Like the sun tho' he roam round the world,  
He'll return as true as he went.

May our friendship be without guile, &c.

The true hearted spirit of Masonry,  
Is known since the world it began,  
The spirits of the Masons high chivalry,  
Is to love his brother and give him help when he  
can:

Thus will "Concord and Unanimity" reign,  
In this land of our adoption and birth,



And "truth, union and friendship" remain,  
To give us peace and contentment on earth.  
    May our friendship be without guile, &c.

Now our homage is due to the fair,  
They glad our hearts with the sunshine of life,  
Their lips chase away every care,  
'Tis their nectar dispels every strife;  
The sun in the heavens were dark  
Were those bright eyes but closed upon us,  
For to mortals like upon earth,  
'Tis their glance lights the lamp of our life.

CHORUS

Then let us drink health to the fair,  
And wish them a happy new year,  
May their hearts never know any care,  
Nor their eyes be e'er dimm'd by a tear.

Their smiles are the sunbeams of bliss,  
From which cupid so models his bows,  
That his darts are shot forth with a kiss,  
And they enter the hearts of their beaux;  
Then ladies beware how you smile,  
Lest cupid should enter the door,  
And before you can say, wait awhile,  
One spark from your eyes may do more.

    Then let us drink health to the fair, &c

The above song was received with rapturous applause, and immediately after, as if BY PRECONCERTED ARRANGEMENT, the supper party was broken up, much to the surprise and disappointment of many; after the ladies were escorted to the ball room, the Mayor, myself, and a few others, descended to the supper room to have a few moments of social chat and enjoyment, as the previous time had been principally occupied in paying the usual attention to our fair partners in the happy dance; but lo, we were mightily disappointed, the grasping hand of mine host, had, like magic, removed not only most of the eatables but all of the very small portion of the drinkables that were left at supper time, so that many who wished for more, were obliged to retire to the public room of the Hotel, and PAY for what they called for; this, at a private party too, may be called "making hay while the sun shone;" but the decency and propriety of such a low trick, however suited the taste and tactics of a Brown, is

more than questionable, when we take into consideration the high respectability of the majority of the stewards.

In the ball room, the spirit of the dance was dead, the musicians were hungry, and discontented, they were peremptorily forbidden to touch a morsel of the mangled supper - something more common than a cut of mutton, or the leg and wing of a fowl or duck, perhaps "SALT BEEF AND DAMPER" were quite good enough for poor devils, who had been playing the whole night; what a lucky escape the Sydney band had for not accepting the invitation of the liberal host and hostess of "THE ILLAWARRA HOTEL, DAPTO."

To wile away the time, during the silence of the instruments, a song was proposed, and the following written for the occasion<sup>5</sup> enlivened the moment.

AIR - *All London is quadrilling it.*

Oh what a row, what a rumpus and a rioting,  
All Illawarra at the ball, cutting such a shine,  
Oh such a rout there ne'er was seen,  
And given by the Masons too, all in their bands and  
aprons, and dressed so fine.

There's Addison, the W.M., not him they call the poet tho',  
And Captain Scheaffe, and William Way, and in the rear comes  
Georgie Row;  
There's Menzies too, from Jamberoo, and little Bate so quizzical,  
And Tweedle, Sharp, and Georgy Brown, him they call so  
whimsical.

Oh what a row, what a rumpus and a rioting,  
All Illawarra at the ball, cutting such a shine,  
Oh such a route there ne'er was seen,  
And given by the Masons too, all in their bands and  
aprons, and dressed so fine.

There are freemasons many more, at least *they say* there's half  
a score,  
And as many more for grilling yet, 'tis different from quadrilling  
it,  
There's fire, water, brimstone too, and *then* a red hot poker  
sirs,

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<sup>5</sup> By Alley

A naked sword, and mallet too, and a pair of cabalistic spurs;  
But fear them not, they're not so hot, for little Captain  
Westmacott,  
Went through the fire, with all his ire, like Gulliver at Lilliput,  
But the Auctioneer, felt mighty queer, for they grilled him to the  
very bone,  
He was going, going, gone, until he cried och hone, och hone.  
Oh what a row, what a rumpus and a rioting,

Now let me look the room along, to see with whom I've got  
among,  
Why 'pon my life, I can't count all, there's such a throng,  
I'm dazzled quite, with eyes so bright, it ravishes my very sight,  
The stars have come from heaven, 'twould seem, to light the  
room this night;  
There's balck and blue, and hazel too, with all their sparks of  
witchery.  
They'd fuel the soul, of old or cold, whether saint or sinner he  
may be,  
There's the Misses O, and Misses, All, I mean them no  
disparagement,  
They're all so fine, if dressed in line, they'd make a handsome  
colonial regiment.  
Oh what a row, what a rumpus and a rioting,

There's the Sydney folk, they've left the smoke, and strangers  
all you're welcome here,  
Only come a little oftener, and partake our cheer,  
You'll find some jovial, hearty fellows, such are met here tonight.  
'Twill drive the bile from off your livers, and set you quite right;  
You can sail our lakes, and roam our hills, or fish around  
some sea-girt isle,  
Then leave city tracks, and politics, and breathe our purer air  
awhile,  
You all can feel, like fighting cocks, and be better fit for city  
life,  
If you'll only choose, from amongst our belles, a handsome  
Illawarra wife.  
Oh what a row, what a rumpus and a rioting,

There's that busy body, G. U. A., altho' he hasn't an inch of  
land,  
He thrusts his finger in our pie, and sometimes, crams in all  
his hand

From "Bustle Hall" to "Marshall Mount," and farther now, than I  
can count

He has a bird, that acts as scout, and ferrets all our secrets  
out,

But there is one, an ancient one, the secret of all secrets, sirs;  
Oh what would not, the ladies give, if I could now repeat, sirs;  
From the ark of Noah, to Illawarra, *they say*, it has been  
handed down,

You'll say its fudge, but your no judge, for old Noah, send it  
to George Brown.

Oh what a row, what a rumpus and a rioting,

Now smother all our private ends, and let our *union* make  
amends,

For all the ills we've suffered here, in this our local hemisphere;  
Let all be Masons, friendly brothers, *of every sect and every  
creed*,

*Then* we'll go ahead, *not as now like lead*, but with rattling  
winning steam-coach speed;

*Then* will parish roads, and public roads, be made without  
regard to self,

And the public good, be understood, regardless of mere paltry  
pelf;

*Then* we'll pull together, all together, with right good will and  
one accord,

And we'll bless the year, that remains here, *true* "Unanimity and  
Concord."

Oh what a row, what a rumpus and a rioting,

The musicians remaining away, another song was determined on, and  
Mr. McDonnell, one of the brethren, favoured us with a song,  
conditionally, that I would sing another - and NOW comes the song of  
the night, at THE FOURTH VERSE of which such an extraordinary scene  
commenced. Dr. Osborne and his party were about the centre of the  
room, moving home, their carriage having been announced, when they  
stopped to hear the song; immediately at the fourth verse being sung,  
I fancied myself some popular singer, interrupted by a senseless  
vulgar mob, in the upper gallery of a Theatre, as, within the circle of  
the Doctor's party, some person, (said to be the Doctor himself)  
commenced the course and loud shuffling of feet along the floor,  
which they continued until I became so disgusted at such pot-house  
rudeness, that before the conclusion of two verses I stopped singing.  
A short time after, "brother Richard Bate" came sideling up to me  
with all the assumed dignity of a sick monkey, and said, "I am

deputed by the Masons, by the Masons” - with double emphasis - “to request you will not sing any more of that song,” to which I replied, your message is unnecessary, I have ceased to sing sometime, in consequence of the impertinent and rude interruption of some of your party; now this message of this MIGHTY MAN among the Masons, was a foul fabrication, a deliberate falsehood, to gratify the folly and malignity of the party, who, for factious purposes, took offence at a really inoffensive verse of a song - a clever move of Mr. R. Bate, to throw a sop to “CERBERUS” to be repaid at some future time, by that FAVOR and protection - the READY cost of Magisterial popularity. I repeat that it was a falsehood to say that he was deputed by THE Masons. The Worshipful Master was not in the room at the time - brother Brown was away - Captain Shaeffe was absent - Captain Westmacott, the Master of the ceremonies, was also absent - Mr. Wild, M.C., also a Mason, sat next to me, he did not authorize, he did not sanction, and disgrace the Lodge of Masons; who then deputed this mammoth of Masonry, to exercise his politeness in such a grotesque manner? What Masons remained to “depute” this doughty champion of fallen popularity? It was, as I have already said, a sop to “Cerberus,” a panacea to soothe the wounded vanity of the stricken charlatan, the cameleon of political humbugs. A rational man would have thought that the Pantomimic grimaces of brother bate would have terminated this farce, but no, a message was conveyed to the W.M., that some terrible outbreak had occurred in the ball room, and, evidently excited, he requested a private interview with me; I followed to a room downstairs, in which, were Captain Westmacott and George Brown; the W.M. said “he knew nothing of it, he was not in the room, - what is it all about”? I told him, that I was really at a loss to discover some justifiable cause for such extraordinary conduct on the part of the Osbornes - that the verse of the song was neither meant nor calculated to cause offence - that none but those who were PREDISPOSED OR PREDETERMINED to take AND GIVE offence, would have been offended, at so simple a cause, and further assured him that nothing was more distant from my thoughts and intentions, than to wound the feelings or prejudices of any person, directly or indirectly, and proposed returning to the ball room to express myself so. Captain Addison retired, apparently satisfied, as any gentleman in his SOBER senses would be, with such an ample explanation; but not so Captain Westmacott, he ranted and raved about the room, “he would not for five hundred pounds, no, not for one thousand pounds, that it had occurred,” and SWORE with vengeance THAT HE COULD SHOOT ME; what a mighty pother, and all about a verse of a song - ‘tis mighty easy and equally magnanimous to talk about five hundred or one thousand pounds, and bluster about shooting “but when the

wine is in, the wit is sure to be out” - this explosion over, brother Westmacott retired, and THE POKER HERO, the notorious epitome of evil, commenced HIS attack, but finding he could not excite me to give him that personal chastisement which he so richly deserved, which I avoided from the consideration, that he who fights with a SWEEP is sure to get a dirty coat; he, in his ungovernable rage seized the poker, and was about to strike me, when Mrs. Brown, who must have been CONVENIENT, although out of view, stepped in between, and prevented the descending blow from inflicting that “BRAND,” which her Bombastes Furioso so daringly and loudly threatened; having previously taken a glass of water, to mark my deliberate coolness, I stood up to avoid the brutal attack and leave such a scene of riot and ruffianly rudeness; not satisfied with assaulting me in what he called his private room, into which I had been invited; was it for the purpose of attacking me apart from any witness? He followed me to the ante-room, still brandishing the poker, and was only prevented from striking me by the timely intervention of Mr. William Mears he would have struck me; indeed he afterwards told that gentleman, that “had he not come out, he (Brown) would have branded me;” this Mr. Mears proved at the police investigation, and that Brown had the poker raised as if to strike the intended blow.

The offending song follows:

### OSBORNE'S FANCY, OR LAST POLITICAL SHUFFLE

*AIR - Hey for Bob and Joan.*

Were you at the ball, did you see the Masons  
All so very grand, dressed in their bands and aprons;  
Did you see the ladies, dressed in silks and satins  
All so blooming fair, like nuns, at early matins  
Fal la, la la la, falla la la laddy  
Fal la, la la la, who wouldn't be a Mason.

The Masons sent their cards, north, south, east and  
westward,  
To invite their friends regard, and to celebrate their  
“*Concord.*”  
Oh there's nothing like a ball, especially in hot weather,  
If it will not melt you down, 'twill draw you altogether.  
Fal la, la la la, falla la la laddy  
Oh there's nothing like a ball sir.

Oh such a crowd was there, dancing, singing, all night,  
They came from everywhere, to see the grand, imposing  
sight.

His Worshipful the Mayor, came all the way from Sydney,  
Also his lady fair, and from the town so many.

Fal la, la la la, falla la la laddy  
Who wouldn't be a Mason.

*The next who comes in order, is the member for our  
county,*

*And near him sat another, he who the member would be;  
It was a race before, 'twill be a race again sir,*

*But I know who'll win the score, to me its very plain, sir.*

Fal la, la la la, falla la la laddy  
Who wouldn't be the member.

I see a laird and lady there, so debonair and civil,  
I wish some who are here to-night, would follow their  
example,

But I'll not name them now, I am too good a fellow,  
We've met tonight for mirth, and we may get fou or  
mellow.

Fal la, la la la, falla la la laddy  
Am I not a jovial fellow.

Bless me do I see, with out a bone being broken,  
George Row from Mittagong, how came he down the  
mountain?

For it was but to'ther day, declared to be impassable,  
*But pleasure finds a way, which for duty is impossible.*

Fal la, la la la, falla la la laddy  
Fal la, la la la, who wouldn't be a Mason.

Zounds, sir, do you mean, that Alley's road's impossible,  
'Tis but the word of spleen, 'tis utterly incredible,  
You're only poking fun, or else you would not joke it,  
For he must be a silly man, who now would dare to  
*Burke* it.

Fal la, la la la, falla la la laddy  
Fal la, la la la, who wouldn't be a Mason.

If you want to have good cheer, come to The Illawarra,  
And taste the Woodstock beer, 'twill warm your very  
marrow,

A premium sure is due, at least should be a dinner,  
To H of Jamberoo, for being so good a brewer.

Fal la, la la la, falla la la laddy

Who wouldn't be a brewer.

But laying jokes aside, 'twould be but acting fairly  
To do honour to the man, who encouraged the growth of  
barley,

For many an humble man, could find a shilling, rarely,  
Until Woodstock began, to malt and brew our barley.

Fal la, la la la, falla la la laddy

Who wouldn't be a brewer.

Hold the tables or they'll fall, they groan again so weighty,  
Are the turkeys, geese and all, the ham, and chickens  
plenty,

But, take care, what you're about, with that sherry and  
champagne, sir,

Or your head will reel about, not with sham, but real  
pain, sir.

Fal la, la la la, falla la la laddy

Fal la, la la la, who wouldn't be a Mason.

Now I'll drink your health, and then I'll drink my own, sirs,  
If you'll not be advised by me, you'll think of No. 1, sirs,  
You'll *then* have less to do, and 'tis the *ruling passion*,  
Oh *sometimes* think of No. 2, 'twill set a better fashion.

Fal la, la la la, falla la la laddy

Fal la, la la la, who wouldn't be a Mason.

The scene then shifts to the Court where Alley takes up the story:

On the next court day, after the Masonic Ball, I was about applying for a summons against the aggressor, but Captain Addison, the W. M. being present, and having learned my business, begged of me not to proceed with it; in compliment to him, and desirous to prove that I was not actuated by vindictive or revengeful feelings, I consented, provided that an apology were made: this he guaranteed should be done; next day I wrote to him, "the more I reflected upon the outrageous and ruffianly conduct of G. Brown, the less inclined was I to let it go unpunished, but still consented to let the matter drop, provided a written apology should be sent to me on or before the 13<sup>th</sup> instant" - thus giving the party a full week to consider it; the stated time elapsed without any apology, and accordingly on the 13<sup>th</sup> I



filed my affidavit and took out the summons, the case to be heard on the following Friday. On the bench sat Captains Plunkett and Cole, the affidavit having been read, the defendant called for the summons to be read, when he argued that there was no assault proved, to which the bench replied, "that may be your law, but it is not ours, the assault is distinctly proved;" the defendant then applied for a postponement to allow him time to subpoena witnesses, as he "undertook to prove that I was so drunk, I could not see a hole through a ladder."

The eventful day for the final hearing having arrived, the 23<sup>rd</sup> of January, marked in the Ledger of my discontent, to be well remembered by every honest man present, to the additional shame and disgrace of a faction, if shamed or disgraced they may be beyond what they are in the estimation of every upright man in the District. The Bench of Magistrates was composed, on this memorable occasion, of Henry Osborne, Esq., J. P. , (make the peculiar delicacy of this man's SPECIAL attendance, in a case in which his two brothers were so intimately connected,) Captains Plunkett and Cole; Charles Throsby Smith, Esq., J. P.; Gerard Gerard, Esq., J. P.: and Dr Alick Osborne, A WITNESS IN THE CASE, and with his brother John, PERSONALLY INTERESTED; the assumed solemn gravity and silent sombreness of his manner would lead a person unacquainted with him, to think that he was really disinterested.

Alley then goes through the evidence, giving his views of the witnesses, the means by which the bench made its decision and, finally, the sentence, a fine of a farthing!

The remaining pages are a diatribe on the judicial system in the colony and the pamphlet ends with:

Thus this case, trifling in its origin, has, through their uneasy, pitiful and ill-concealed chicanery, in their base attempt to crush me, unmasked the Faction, and exposed them to the ridicule, derision and well-earned contempt, of the right-thinking public; and the police matter has so elucidated the marked system of administering justice by political magistrates, that the little of their fast-fading popularity that remains to support their overweening vanity, misapplied power and empty pride, has faded away; their tergiversations, their inconsistencies, their peculiar sense of honor, integrity, and impartial justice, has been made so abundantly manifest that the last glimmer of the political popularity lamp is flickering in the socket - it is gasping for existence - one struggle more, and all is over - it is extinguished! by

GEORGE UNDERWOOD ALLEY

## The fate of the Lodge

I have already given some indication of the fate of the Lodge.

It remained in Wollongong for four years before going into abeyance in 1865, although it officially did not cease until erased in 1874. In 1877, prior to the formation of the Grand Lodge of NSW, the lodge was revived, but the brethren sought a new warrant, this time an Irish one. In the interim, following its revival, it worked under a dispensation dated 15 November 1877 issued by James Squire Farnell as Provincial Grand Master, IC. A little more than a fortnight later, the brethren again transferred their allegiance, this time to the new Grand Lodge of NSW. It thus became Lodge Star of the South, Illawarra No 6, and is now Lodge Illawarra No 59, UGL of NSW and the ACT.<sup>6</sup>

## Conclusion

The principal purpose of the *Extinguisher* was to bring the practices of the judiciary in the Illawarra to public attention. That there were Masonic connections was not really the point. It would appear that Dr. Alley was a man of strong views who felt he had been the subject of a concerted injustice. At this remove it is impossible to tell the truth of the matter, but the pamphlet which resulted gives us some good rhymes and an interesting look at our Masonic forebears in their social context.

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<sup>6</sup> Much of this paragraph is the product of the researches of the late WBro Ron Cook, whose history of Australian Freemasonry is at present being prepared for publication.

**THE EXTINGUISHER;**  
OR,  
**ILLAWARRA FACTION UNMASKED.**

When Masonry was first introduced into this District, not many months ago, under the above and IMPOSING and SPECIOUS title, it was fondly, but vainly hoped, that the establishment of an order, as its style inferred, would practically demonstrate those two grand objects, so desirable and so long wanting in the social circles of our limited district, and would give rise to a new order of things, would commence, if not carry out, a new and improved era in the habits and manners of many, to whom any change would prove a gain of priceless value, would so harmonize, and allay the contemptible and petty feelings of envy, hatred, and malice, of pride, vanity and ignorance, and would so neutralize the baneful effects of corruption and injustice, that those who have so long practiced them with impunity, would be rendered harmless by the superior power and attraction of the combined virtue, the "UNITY AND CONCORD," and the public example, of integrity, of honor, and truth, to be afforded by this Lodge of Freemasons sending its ramifications of good throughout the length and breadth of this District, hitherto and still divided against itself through the evil of would-be Legislators - but alas, to hope so, was but a vision, a mere idle dream of the dreaming philanthropist.

That good, extensive and universal good, was the well intentioned and happy design of the Gentleman (the present Worshipful Master) who lent all the activity and energy of which his mind is capable to establish this Society upon a firm and fair basis, I have not the slightest doubt, and that the other few, very few Gentlemen who assisted him were equally desirous to promote an end so desirable, I have as little doubt; but was it likely that any good could be achieved with such a presiding genius over the mind of the Master, as George Brown, of the Illawarra Hotel, Dapto, with such a RULING power within the Lodge Room, backed by the support of others whom he had introduced into the Society? It was distinctly stated and loudly vaunted, that this Lodge above all others, was to be a Select one, in order to invite and induce the Gentry and others throughout the Illawarra of integrity and irreproachable characters to become Members of it - nay more, it was boasted that many who were disgusted with the Sydney Lodges, had signified their intention to become Members; have either of these idle boasts been realized? Is it true, or is it not true, that both Illawarra and the Sydney Masons are disgusted with the select conduct of Brown and Company.

It must be a Select Lodge that from whim, caprice, or private malice, black balled from admission among them, a gentleman of unimpeachable honor and unquestionable integrity, and admitted at the same time, a low drunken tailor as an "honorary member:" it must be a Select Lodge that will admit and initiate, contrary to rule and custom, on the one and the same night, a servant of George Brown, and refuse the same privilege or convenience, upon a frivolous pretext, to a gentleman of the highest respectability, who had ridden upwards of sixty miles, upon the understanding that if admitted, of which there was no doubt, he should receive his first degree.

Many predicted that with such ingredients in it as G. B., the best intentions of the W.M. would be frustrated - that the character of the Lodge would be soon developed - that the true design of its principal montebank would become too apparent, to realize the wishes of its founder; it was looked upon, by many, as another Brown trap, to catch fools or innocent people who will bring "grist to the mill;" this speculation, however, has failed, some have withdrawn from the Lodge, and others have withdrawn their applications.

It has been most industriously whispered, that I threatened to oppose the Masons, or the establishment of the Order, in Illawarra - what a farce!!! The assertion is as false, as the design in circulating it is mischevously malicious; can any one acquainted with me, imagine me so stupid as to oppose my single voice to a body having its powerful and numerous ramifications throughout the christian and heathen world; it would be as safe, and about as wise, to have opposed the power and progress of the Holy Inquisition, when in the full and unbridled zenith of its fearful rule; no, no, nor did he who organized this base falsehood, himself believe that I ever dreamed of such egregious folly, but he knew, that I have personal friends enrolled amongst the brethren, and he conceived, with that infamous fertility of invention, for which he is so ignobly notorious, than could he persuade them that I had so expressed myself, the "esprit de corps," which is known to animate the Masons, those of them, who are my friends, would be bound to become my personal enemies; but how stands the fact? I was really more anxious to support and extend the intended usefulness of this particular Lodge of "Unanimity and Concord," believing, that its influence, if properly extended, in the true spirit of true Masonry, would confer great and lasting benefits upon society in this District, that by establishing "Unanimity and Concord," upon a broad and firm basis, between man and man; the unfortunate divisions and mischevicious cabals which exist in our limited society, to the great and manifest injury of the public interests, would yield, by a better and more social knowledge of each other, to the spirit of harmony, good will, and social peace, which brotherly love, founded and propagated by the Ancient and Christian order of Freemasonry, is

calculated, as it was intended, to infuse throughout the land wherein Masonry exists in its pristine beauty and uniformity; but I regret, deeply regret to say, that a little time induced me and many others to suspect, that this same Lodge was DESIGNED, more for the personal aggrandizement of a selfish, grasping, and unprincipled individual, that to confer that general good which its euphonious title would lead the public of Illawarra to infer; therefore, at all times actively alive to the advancement and wellbeing of this, the home of my adoption, I essayed to stop the growing evil, well assured that if the public were once confirmed in their incipient belief, that this Lodge were the mere make-purse of such a man as George Brown, and composed too of his servants and obsequious friends, to the exclusion of gentlemen of high character and independence, because they would not submit to such humbug, it must eventuate, and has it not? In the lodge being confined to a few individuals of motly hue, to be known only by the distinguished cognomen of Brown, Bonyman, & Co.; to obviate, or neutralize this, I did call upon more than one Mason, and told them, that unless this Lodge were conducted very differently, and according to what I believed to be the true principles of Masonry, I would endeavour to have another Lodge established in Wollongong; does this evince any desire upon my part to oppose Masonry? - But as a more convincing proof of my real feelings on this subject, and of the perfect knowledge of those feelings in favor of this particular Lodge, on the part of him who fabricated this vicious falsehood, I venture, with much diffidence, to publish the following attempt - my first - at a poem, addressed to the Worshipful Master of the Illawarra Lodge, on the day of its installation.

On the mountain top I stood, and gazed in raptures,  
Upon a fairy scene of brightest comeliness,  
Where all-bounteous nature, spread her richest treasures;  
'Twas Illawarra in all her vernal loveliness.

I view'd the landscape o'er and o'er, then mused awhile,  
That my mind should rest upon the enchanting scene,  
Then I lay me down, and bask'd, in the sun's bright smile,  
And dozing, there appeared a vision in my dream;

Of an ancient man - prophet-like - though grey with age,  
The majesty of his mien, spoke the strength of youth,  
He pointed with his finger to the holy page.  
And there was writ, faith and charity, hope and truth.

Wisdom marked his brow, the wisdom of a sage,  
His eye beam'd forth benignness and beatitude,

And as he scann'd the words upon that holy page,  
He thus addressed a listening multitude.

Let your faith be fixed upon Him alone,  
Whose omnipotence this world doth rule,  
Who hath the boundless heavens for His throne,  
And makes the nether earth his footstool.

Then will meek charity from above,  
Descend in blessings upon all around,  
Inspire in each heart, a brother's love,  
And in each soul, will true faith be found.

The "hope" divine, that reigns beyond the sky,  
Is the true anchor, upon which to rest,  
Felt by the soul, unseen by mortal eye,  
Th' not the wordlings, 'tis the Mason's test.

"Truth" binds man to man, in firm "union,"  
"Friendship" follows of its free accord,  
These should form your blessed communion,  
Of "Unanimity and Concord."

The spirit of peace in glory light  
On the Illawarra Lodge this night,  
And attend throughout its course I pray,  
To the trumpet sound of judgement day.

Does this breathe opposition to Masonry? Does this breathe hostility to "The Illawarra Lodge of Unanimity and Concord?" enough, for the present on this subject; let me, however, impress upon those who desire, disinterestedly, that Masonry in Illawarra, should be respected and established on a respectable and firm footing, that this Lodge must be dissolved and re-modeled, under different auspices, and its head quarters be fixed at a different place; it should be in Wollongong, the capital of the District. As it is, Illawarra masonry is on the wane, its "moon" has set, the sun has ceased to shine upon it, the "compass" has lost one leg, the "square" its level, the "rule" its numbers, the pillars of Solomon's Temple are shaken to their foundation, the "mallet" however, remains, and will be found as convenient as the poker, and more orthodox, to knock down an invited guest with, and "Illawarra Masonry," tottering to its base, is likely, if not re-modeled, eventually to become a small and of course select clique, to serve the purposes of a rapacious and craft speculator.

But something must be done to give publicity and eclat to the Illawarra Lodge, to catch a few more of the SELECT to become members of this SELECT Lodge, to throw dust, if not dirt, in the eyes of the public; but in order to keep up appearances of numbers, the son, the servant, and a confidential attache of George Brown, have been admitted members of this SELECT LODGE, - hence the

### MASONIC BALL

On the 30<sup>th</sup> of December, about eighty persons - not one hundred and fifty so pompously announced in the Herald, assembled to trip it on the light fantastic toe, to the tune of fiddle, fife and drum; the assembly, although mixed, was for the greater part, highly respectable and fashionable; the Member for our county, and lady, His Worshipful the Lord Mayor of Sydney, his lady, and the Misses. Small, William Warren Jenkin and lady, Doctor John and Alick Osborne, and their respective families, and several others, honored the masons with their presence. The only phenomenon worthy of remark at this period of the evening, was the tinsel tawdry of Doctor Alick Osborne, superannuated Surgeon, R.N., he was in his full dress uniform, even to the brazen swabs upon his shoulders - how low the brass descends on some people - glittering amid the admiring thong; in the name of ordinary and extraordinary vanity, why did he not bring his instruments, with all the other apparatus and paraphernalia of the "cock-pit," if displayed at the end of the room, opposite the Masonic Orders, with the "Union Jack" over them, they would no doubt have assisted the uniform, to astonish and captivate the wives and daughters of the ELECTORS present, that, on a future occasion, the wonderful impression of the epaulettes, tools and all, might be remembered to his advantage, when Ma could be sure to "CAUDLE," and Miss would coax dear Papa to vote for the dear, nice, charming Doctor, and his uniform; what an empty bait to catch fools.

He danc'd alike with satins, and with silks,  
With muslin, with calico, and cotton;  
Mere foppish tricks, and empty politics,  
Heed them not - the man at heart is rotten.

Supper having been announced to a chosen few - they gathered together and led the way to the supper room, a large and commodious wooden building erected for the occasion, and covered in on top with sail cloth, the tables groaned, not with luxuries, but with right down substantial eatables; geese, turkies, ducks, chickens, hams, mutton, tongues; the sweetmeats were few and far between, and the pastry but very so so, butter fetching a good price, LARD WAS SUBSTITUTED, the tarts were, therefore, not so palatable

as they should have been on such an occasion. The wines, except the champagne, were very indifferent and not very plentiful, and to make them less so, the servants were detected with a quantity in the ball room, regaling themselves and their friends; "mine host" was wroth on the occasion, and threatened largely to let day light into some of them, what a pity he had not the poker.

Before the ladies retired from the supper table, toasts were given from the chair, and the hip, hip, hurra, loudly and vociferously, but rather unusually and uncourteously, assailed their delicate ears. The Mayor gave a short speech, and proposed "prosperity to the Illawarra Lodge of Unanimity and Concord;" after which, the following song, composed for the occasion, was sung by an amateur.

AIR - *The Emerald Isle*

Of all the Orders we have upon earth,  
The freemasons doth truly excel,  
For friendship, for union, and truth,  
From all others it bears off the bell;  
The members are loyal and true,  
And this the whole world can prove,  
And the reason, I'll tell it to you,  
Their secret's brotherly love.

CHORUS

May our friendship be without guile,  
And truth in each heart full abound,  
May peace and prosperity smile  
O'er every true Mason around.

As for "orders", we have then in plenty,  
And Lodges of every hue,  
But tho' our pockets may sometimes be empty,  
The Freemason to his friend's ever true;  
Misfortune we cannot well sever,  
But face them like men to be sure,  
For desert you the Mason will never,  
Till he hunt the gaunt wolf from your door.

May our friendship be without guile, &c.

Our forefathers were all of them Masons,  
Then why shouldn't we be so too;  
In Lodge, they were as grave as old barons,



To their banner both constant and true,  
They told us while time should remain,  
The Freemason in every event,  
Like the sun tho' he roam round the world,  
He'll return as true as he went.

May our friendship be without guile, &c.

The true hearted spirit of Masonry,  
Is known since the world it began,  
The spirits of the Masons high chivalry,  
Is to love his brother and give him help when he  
can:

Thus will "Concord and Unanimity" reign,  
In this land of our adoption and birth,  
And "truth, union and friendship" remain,  
To give us peace and contentment on earth.

May our friendship be without guile, &c.

Now our homage is due to the fair,  
They glad our hearts with the sunshine of life,  
Their lips chase away every care,  
'Tis their nectar dispels every strife;  
The sun in the heavens were dark  
Were those bright eyes but closed upon us,  
For to mortals like upon earth,  
'Tis their glance lights the lamp of our life.

#### CHORUS

Then let us drink health to the fair,  
And wish them a happy new year,  
May their hearts never know any care,  
Nor their eyes be e'er dimm'd by a tear.

Their smiles are the sunbeams of bliss,  
From which cupid so models his bows,  
That his darts are shot forth with a kiss,  
And they enter the hearts of their beaux;  
Then ladies beware how you smile,  
Lest cupid should enter the door,  
And before you can say, wait awhile,  
One spark from your eyes may do more.

Then let us drink health to the fair, &c

The above song was received with rapturous applause, and immediately after, as if BY PRECONCERTED ARRANGEMENT, the supper party was broken up, much to the surprise and disappointment of many; after the ladies were escorted to the ball room, the Mayor, myself, and a few others, descended to the supper room to have a few moments of social chat and enjoyment, as the previous time had been principally occupied in paying the usual attention to our fair partners in the happy dance; but lo, we were mightily disappointed, the grasping hand of mine host, had, like magic, removed not only most of the eatables but all of the very small portion of the drinkables that were left at supper time, so that many who wished for more, were obliged to retire to the public room of the Hotel, and PAY for what they called for; this, at a private party too, may be called "making hay while the sun shone;" but the decency and propriety of such a low trick, however suited the taste and tactics of a Brown, is more than questionable, when we take into consideration the high respectability of the majority of the stewards.

In the ball room, the spirit of the dance was dead, the musicians were hungry, and discontented, they were peremptorily forbidden to touch a morsel of the mangled supper - something more common than a cut of mutton, or the leg and wing of a fowl or duck, perhaps "SALT BEEF AND DAMPER" were quite good enough for poor devils, who had been playing the whole night; what a lucky escape the Sydney band had for not accepting the invitation of the liberal host and hostess of "THE ILLAWARRA HOTEL, DAPTO."

To wile away the time, during the silence of the instruments, a song was proposed, and the following written for the occasion enlivened the moment.

*AIR - All London is quadrilling it.*

Oh what a row, what a rumpus and a rioting,  
All Illawarra at the ball, cutting such a shine,  
Oh such a rout there ne'er was seen,  
And given by the Masons too, all in their bands and  
aprons, and dressed so fine.

There's Addison, the W.M., not him they call the poet tho',  
And Captain Scheaffe, and William Way, and in the rear comes  
Georgie Row;  
There's Menzies too, from Jamberoo, and little Bate so quizzical,  
And Tweedle, Sharp, and Georgy Brown, him they call so  
whimsical.

Oh what a row, what a rumpus and a rioting,  
All Illawarra at the ball, cutting such a shine,

Oh such a route there ne'er was seen,  
And given by the Masons too, all in their bands and  
aprons, and dressed so fine.

There are freemasons many more, at least *they say* there's half  
a score,  
And as many more for grilling yet, 'tis different from quadrilling  
it,  
There's fire, water, brimstone too, and *then* a red hot poker  
sirs,  
A naked sword, and mallet too, and a pair of cabalistic spurs;  
But fear them not, they're not so hot, for little Captain  
Westmacott,  
Went through the fire, with all his ire, like Gulliver at Lilliput,  
But the Auctioneer, felt mighty queer, for they grilled him to the  
very bone,  
He was going, going, gone, until he cried och hone, och hone.  
Oh what a row, what a rumpus and a rioting,

Now let me look the room along, to see with whom I've got  
among,  
Why 'pon my life, I can't count all, there's such a throng,  
I'm dazzled quite, with eyes so bright, it ravishes my very sight,  
The stars have come from heaven, 'twould seem, to light the  
room this night;  
There's balck and blue, and hazel too, with all their sparks of  
witchery.  
They'd fuel the soul, of old or cold, whether saint or sinner he  
may be,  
There's the Misses O, and Misses, All, I mean them no  
disparagement,  
They're all so fine, if dressed in line, they'd make a handsome  
colonial regiment.  
Oh what a row, what a rumpus and a rioting,

There's the Sydney folk, they've left the smoke, and strangers  
all you're welcome here,  
Only come a little oftener, and partake our cheer,  
You'll find some jovial, hearty fellows, such are met here tonight.  
'Twill drive the bile from off your livers, and set you quite right;  
You can sail our lakes, and roam our hills, or fish around  
some sea-girt isle,  
Then leave city tracks, and politics, and breathe our purer air  
awhile,

You all can feel, like fighting cocks, and be better fit for city  
life,  
If you'll only choose, from amongst our belles, a handsome  
Illawarra wife.

Oh what a row, what a rumpus and a rioting,

There's that busy body, G. U. A., altho' he hasn't an inch of  
land,  
He thrusts his finger in our pie, and sometimes, crams in all  
his hand  
From "Bustle Hall" to "Marshall Mount," and farther now, than I  
can count  
He has a bird, that acts as scout, and ferrets all our secrets  
out,  
But there is one, an ancient one, the secret of all secrets, sirs;  
Oh what would not, the ladies give, if I could now repeat, sirs;  
From the ark of Noah, to Illawarra, *they say*, it has been  
handed down,  
You'll say its fudge, but your no judge, for old Noah, send it  
to George Brown.

Oh what a row, what a rumpus and a rioting,

Now smother all our private ends, and let our *union* make  
amends,  
For all the ills we've suffered here, in this our local hemisphere;  
Let all be Masons, friendly brothers, *of every sect and every  
creed*,  
*Then* we'll go ahead, *not as now like lead*, but with rattling  
winning steam-coach speed;  
*Then* will parish roads, and public roads, be made without  
regard to self,  
And the public good, be understood, regardless of mere paltry  
pelf;  
*Then* we'll pull together, all together, with right good will and  
one accord,  
And we'll bless the year, that remains here, *true* "Unanimity and  
Concord."

Oh what a row, what a rumpus and a rioting,

The musicians remaining away, another song was determined on, and Mr.  
McDonnell, one of the brethren, favoured us with a song, conditionally, that  
I would sing another - and NOW comes the song of the night, at THE  
FOURTH VERSE of which such an extraordinary scene commenced. Dr.  
Osborne and his party were about the centre of the room, moving home,

their carriage having been announced, when they stopped to hear the song; immediately at the fourth verse being sung, I fancied myself some popular singer, interrupted by a senseless vulgar mob, in the upper gallery of a Theatre, as , within the circle of the Doctor's party, some person, (said to be the Doctor himself) commenced the course and loud shuffling of feet along the floor, which they continued until I became so disgusted at such pot-house rudeness, that before the conclusion of two verses I stopped singing. A short time after, "brother Richard Bate" came sideling up to me with all the assumed dignity of a sick monkey, and said, "I am deputed by the Masons, by the Masons" - with double emphasis - "to request you will not sing any more of that song," to which I replied, your message is unnecessary, I have ceased to sing sometime, in consequence of the impertinent and rude interruption of some of your party; now this message of this MIGHTY MAN among the Masons, was a foul fabrication, a deliberate falsehood, to gratify the folly and malignity of the party, who, for factious purposes, took offence at a really inoffensive verse of a song - a clever move of Mr. R. Bate, to throw a sop to "CERBERUS" to be repaid at some future time, by that FAVOR and protection - the READY cost of Magisterial popularity. I repeat that it was a falsehood to say that he was deputed by THE Masons. The Worshipful Master was not in the room at the time - brother Brown was away - Captain Shaeffe was absent - Captain Westmacott, the Master of the ceremonies, was also absent - Mr. Wild, M.C., also a Mason, sat next to me, he did not authorize, he did not sanction, and disgrace the Lodge of Masons; who then deputed this mammoth of Masonry, to exercise his politeness in such a grotesque manner? What Masons remained to "depute" this doughty champion of fallen popularity? It was, as I have already said, a sop to "Cerberus," a panacea to soothe the wounded vanity of the stricken charlatan, the cameleon of political humbugs. A rational man would have thought that the Pantomimic grimaces of brother bate would have terminated this farce, but no, a message was conveyed to the W.M., that some terrible outbreak had occurred in the ball room, and, evidently excited, he requested a private interview with me; I followed to a room downstairs, in which, were Captain Westmacott and George Brown; the W.M. said "he knew nothing of it, he was not in the room, - what is it all about"? I told him, that I was really at a loss to discover some justifiable cause for such extraordinary conduct on the part of the Osbornes - that the verse of the song was neither meant nor calculated to cause offence - that none but those who were PREDISPOSED OR PREDETERMINED to take AND GIVE offence, would have been offended, at so simple a cause, and further assured him that nothing was more distant from my thoughts and intentions, than to wound the feelings or prejudices of any person, directly or indirectly, and proposed returning to the ball room to express myself so. Captain Addison retired, apparently satisfied, as any gentleman in his SOBER senses would be, with such an ample

explanation; but not so Captain Westmacott, he ranted and raved about the room, "he would not for five hundred pounds, no, not for one thousand pounds, that it had occurred," and SWORE with vengeance THAT HE COULD SHOOT ME; what a mighty pother, and all about a verse of a song - 'tis mighty easy and equally magnanimous to talk about five hundred or one thousand pounds, and bluster about shooting "but when the wine is in, the wit is sure to be out" - this explosion over, brother Westmacott retired, and THE POKER HERO, the notorious epitome of evil, commenced HIS attack, but finding he could not excite me to give him that personal chastisement which he so richly deserved, which I avoided from the consideration, that he who fights with a SWEEP is sure to get a dirty coat; he, in his ungovernable rage seized the poker, and was about to strike me, when Mrs. Brown, who must have been CONVENIENT, although out of view, stepped in between, and prevented the descending blow from inflicting that "BRAND," which her Bombastes Furioso so daringly and loudly threatened; having previously taken a glass of water, to mark my deliberate coolness, I stood up to avoid the brutal attack and leave such a scene of riot and ruffianly rudeness; not satisfied with assaulting me in what he called his private room, into which I had been invited; was it for the purpose of attacking me apart from any witness? He followed me to the ante-room, still brandishing the poker, and was only prevented from striking me by the timely intervention of Mr. William Mears he would have struck me; indeed he afterwards told that gentleman, that "had he not come out, he (Brown) would have branded me;" this Mr. Mears proved at the police investigation, and that Brown had the poker raised as if to strike the intended blow.

Now reader, judge, whether the fourth verse of the following song, is as offensive as to justify the Osborne rudeness, and the subsequent violent attack upon me. The now popular song since named:-

### OSBORNE'S FANCY, OR LAST POLITICAL SHUFFLE

*AIR - Hey for Bob and Joan.*

Were you at the ball, did you see the Masons  
All so very grand, dressed in their bands and aprons;  
Did you see the ladies, dressed in silks and satins  
All so blooming fair, like nuns, at early matins  
    Fal la, la la la, falla la la laddy  
    Fal la, la la la, who wouldn't be a Mason.

The Masons sent their cards, north, south, east and westward,  
To invite their friends regard, and to celebrate their  
"Concord."

Oh there's nothing like a ball, especially in hot weather,  
If it will not melt you down, 'twill draw you altogether.

Fal la, la la la, falla la la laddy

Oh there's nothing like a ball sir.

Oh such a crowd was there, dancing, singing, all night,  
They came from everywhere, to see the grand, imposing  
sight.

His Worshipful the Mayor, came all the way from Sydney,  
Also his lady fair, and from the town so many.

Fal la, la la la, falla la la laddy

Who wouldn't be a Mason.

*The next who comes in order, is the member for our  
county,*

*And near him sat another, he who the member would be;*

*It was a race before, 'twill be a race again sir,*

*But I know who'll win the score, to me its very plain, sir.*

Fal la, la la la, falla la la laddy

Who wouldn't be the member.

I see a laird and lady there, so debonair and civil,  
I wish some who are here to-night, would follow their  
example,

But I'll not name them now, I am too good a fellow,  
We've met tonight for mirth, and we may get fou or  
mellow.

Fal la, la la la, falla la la laddy

Am I not a jovial fellow.

Bless me do I see, with out a bone being broken,  
George Row from Mittagong, how came he down the  
mountain?

For it was but to'ther day, declared to be impassable,  
*But pleasure finds a way, which for duty is impossible.*

Fal la, la la la, falla la la laddy

Fal la, la la la, who wouldn't be a Mason.

Zounds, sir, do you mean, that Alley's road's impossible,  
'Tis but the word of spleen, 'tis utterly incredible,  
You're only poking fun, or else you would not joke it,  
For he must be a silly man, who now would dare to  
*Burke* it.

Fal la, la la la, falla la la laddy  
Fal la, la la la, who wouldn't be a Mason.

If you want to have good cheer, come to The Illawarra,  
And taste the Woodstock beer, 'twill warm your very  
marrow,

A premium sure is due, at least should be a dinner,  
To H of Jamberoo, for being so good a brewer.

Fal la, la la la, falla la la laddy  
Who wouldn't be a brewer.

But laying jokes aside, 'twould be but acting fairly  
To do honour to the man, who encouraged the growth of  
barley,

For many an humble man, could find a shilling, rarely,  
Until Woodstock began, to malt and brew our barley.

Fal la, la la la, falla la la laddy  
Who wouldn't be a brewer.

Hold the tables or they'll fall, they groan again so weighty,  
Are the turkeys, geese and all, the ham, and chickens  
plenty,

But, take care, what you're about, with that sherry and  
champagne, sir,

Or your head will reel about, not with sham, but real  
pain, sir.

Fal la, la la la, falla la la laddy  
Fal la, la la la, who wouldn't be a Mason.

Now I'll drink your health, and then I'll drink my own, sirs,  
If you'll not be advised by me, you'll think of No. 1, sirs,  
You'll *then* have less to do, and 'tis the *ruling passion*,  
Oh *sometimes* think of No. 2, 'twill set a better fashion.

Fal la, la la la, falla la la laddy  
Fal la, la la la, who wouldn't be a Mason.

## THE ROW, AND POLICE AFFAIR

SINCE ADDED

Hold your sides, or they may split, while I sing of a  
certain *faction*,



Who took umbrage at my song, because it touched upon  
the election

Oh there are very thin, or their hearts are very black, sir,  
Such men if they but dared, would trample on our backs,  
sir.

Fal la, la la la, falla la la laddy  
But we will never let them.

The faction and some Masons, got tired of being civil,  
At the fourth verse of my song, their minds being bent on  
evil.

They kicked up such a row, such a shindy, and a  
bobbery,

'Twas like ruffians in a booth, or a mob in the upper  
gallery.

Fal la, la la la, falla la la laddy  
And these are our gentlemen.

The Osbornes shuffled their feet, like bog trotters at a  
pattern,

Or the lowest mob you'd meet, oh what a pretty fashion,  
Westmacott swore he'd shoot, and Brown put such a face  
on,

While he flourished the parlour poker, and swore he'd put  
his brand on.

Unfortunately G. U. A. ha ha ha, ha ha ha,  
Ha ha ha, ha ha, a Bombastes Furioso, sir.

Then the faction and George Brown, created such a  
discord,

A mere sample of their manners - their "*Unanimity and  
Concord*,"

The next time they give a ball, it should be one of  
"*spirit*,"

Then these *mushroom* gentlemen in the *tap-room* may join  
in it.

Fal la, la la la, falla la la laddy  
Will you give another ball, sirs.

The police affair comes next, but Justice sat there  
weeping,

At her beam and scales being put in the hands of such  
*odd* keeping;

The bean was bent in two, the scales turned upside  
down, sir  
Because the faction wished to rule in favour of George  
Brown, sir,  
    Fal la, la la la, falla la la laddy  
    This is Illawarra justice.

Bluff Hal sat on the bench, as counsel, judge, and jury,  
And defended the defendant, as partially as could be;  
Oh well may justice weep, and honour count for nothing,  
When *both* are held at naught, or only worth a "*farthing*."  
    Fal la, la la la, falla la la laddy  
    *And this is Illawarra justice.*

## THE POLICE AFFAIR

G. U. ALLEY v GEORGE BROWN, OF THE ILLAWARRA HOTEL, DAPTO.  
ASSAULT WITH A POKER.

On the next court day, after the Masonic Ball, I was about applying for a summons against the aggressor, but Captain Addison, the W. M. being present, and having learned my business, begged of me not to proceed with it; in compliment to him, and desirous to prove that I was not actuated by vindictive or revengeful feelings, I consented, provided that an apology were made: this he guaranteed should be done; next day I wrote to him, "the more I reflected upon the outrageous and ruffianly conduct of G. Brown, the less inclined was I to let it go unpunished, but still consented to let the matter drop, provided a written apology should be sent to me on or before the 13<sup>th</sup> instant" - thus giving the party a full week to consider it; the stated time elapsed without any apology, and accordingly on the 13<sup>th</sup> I filed my affidavit and took out the summons, the case to be heard on the following Friday. On the bench sat Captains Plunkett and Cole, the affidavit having been read, the defendant called for the summons to be read, when he argued that there was no assault proved, to which the bench replied, "that may be your law, but it is not ours, the assault is distinctly proved;" the defendant then applied for a postponement to allow him time to subpoena witnesses, as he "undertook to prove that I was so drunk, I could not see a hole through a ladder."

The eventful day for the final hearing having arrived, the 23<sup>rd</sup> of January, marked in the Ledger of my discontent, to be well remembered by every honest man present, to the additional shame and disgrace of a faction, if

shamed or disgraced they may be beyond what they are in the estimation of every upright man in the District. The Bench of Magistrates was composed, on this memorable occasion, of Henry Osborne, Esq., J. P. , (make the peculiar delicacy of this man's SPECIAL attendance, in a case in which his two brothers were so intimately connected,) Captains Plunkett and Cole; Charles Throsby Smith, Esq., J. P.; Gerard Gerard, Esq., J. P.: and Dr Alick Osborne, A WITNESS IN THE CASE, and with his brother John, PERSONALLY INTERESTED; the assumed solemn gravity and silent sombreness of his manner would lead a person unacquainted with him, to think that he was really disinterested.

“A shallow brain behind a serious mask,  
An oracle within an empty cask:  
The solemn fop, significant and budge,  
A fool with judges, amongst fools a judge.”

Before going into the case, Captain Cole suggested that the witnesses should withdraw: The CHAIRMAN considered it unnecessary, but wished to know if I required it? I remarked, that “there are some witnesses here whom I should not wish to be inconvenienced by asking them to withdraw, being perfectly assured that they will speak the truth, but there are several others in whom I have no such confidence, as I feel assured that they will regulate their evidence by that which goes before, as no one who comes to this court, to swear in favour of the defendant in this case can do so, and at the same time swear the truth. I leave the matter entirely in the hands of the court.” This I did, to give the bench full latitude to act partially or impartially as should have been determined, that in case the former should be manifested, (strongly suspected from the unusual muster,) undiminished odium should attach to him and his abettors who should so court it; the Chairman suggested that the witness who was present at the assault should leave the court.

The next question was mooted by me - the case having been previously heard - the affidavit read - the assault proved - and the decision only postponed, at the urgent request of the defendant, that he might summon witnesses, not to disprove the assault, but to prove that I was so drunk that I could not see a hole through a ladder;” is it according to the usual custom of the police court, or competent for OTHER Magistrates to continue the case, or try it “de novo”? this the CHAIRMAN decided, “it was quite competent for them to do, as they had only to have the proceedings read;” of course, not one word, however, about the proper custom of the police courts, although I mentioned that in Sydney and Parramatta, it was not usual to adopt the course now decided by the court; of course not, it would be an idle parade of delicacy, besides, it would be a pity, after

riding fourteen miles for this special purpose, to be disappointed of the end aimed at, merely in obedience to the inconvenient forms of propriety; nothing like helping a lame dog over the style, even though there should be a fetid mud hole at each side of it. Oh this "LITTLE BRIEF AUTHORITY," what a convenient crutch to lend a friend, or knock down a foe with; - this point arranged to the satisfaction of the Chairman, my affidavit was produced - here again the peculiar "suaviter in modo" of the Chairman was again called into requisition; "it was not necessary to read the whole of the affidavit, merely that part which described the assault;" I was appealed to on the subject, but with my hand upon the viper's neck, it was not my purpose to give my opinion, yea or nay; accordingly, as it suited the purpose of the moment, the only part of the affidavit read, was that which described the assault, omitting altogether the history of the affair - the previous conduct of the parties concerned, without any reference to the law or justice, or the established custom in such cases. What matter's such inconvenient considerations, ILLAWARRA JUSTICE is quite good enough for the opponents of our would-be legislators.

The first witness examined was William Mears, Esq. - "Was at the ball given by the Masons, on the 30<sup>th</sup> December - saw Dr. Alley there; was down stairs, and heard a great noise in an adjoining room; went towards it and met Mr. Alley followed by Mr. Brown, who had a poker raised in his hand, as if about to strike; asked what was the matter, when Mr. Alley said "never fear, I'm not angry or excited - these men are either madmen or fools, Mr. A. was perfectly sober; have known him for seven years, and have met him on several occasions, both in public and private, and never saw or heard of him being drunk or even tipsy. Defendant said, after Mr. Alley left the house, 'it is well you came up, or I would have branded him.'"

William Warren Jenkins, Esq. - "Was at the masonic ball; saw Dr. Alley there, observed him during the greater part of the night; saw him both at supper and after supper; he was perfectly sober; have known him between six and seven years; and during that period have met him on several occasions at public entertainments, and never saw or heard of his being drunk, or even tipsy, upon any one occasion."

Dr. John Osborne, J. P., the Court here stated that it is quite unnecessary to produce any additional evidence of my sobriety, as that was already established. This gentleman and his party having been the origin of the row, I wished to question him as to the cause of offence - he did not remember the song, or the verse of the song; being handed the song would not read it or the verse, nor would the Chairman allow me to read it; any attempt, therefore, to prove the PRETEXT for having taken such

umbrage, as both frivolous and vexatious, was rendered completely futile by the Chairman, who also frequently interrupted me, and objected to certain questions which I considered absolutely necessary to elicit the truth, and thus develop the whole character of the affair. I then asked the worthy Doctor, "Bearing in mind that the defendant is a licensed publican, and, in right of that license, a constable in his own house, was he justified in assaulting me with a poker, even though I had given him offence?" THREE TIMES this honest man (!!!) quibbled and equivocated an evasive answer; at length, he forced me to say to him "Doctor Osborne, I have asked you a direct question, and I insist upon a direct answer - yes or no;" but I expected too much, not being on the sunny side of the Court, nor being the delinquent. I was obliged to take the following remarkable answer - read it, ye Judges of the land, and hide your diminished heads, when laying down the law of assault; the light which this upright, intelligent and honest MAGISTRATE, has thrown upon the subject is such, that henceforth even the Statute Book must give way to such a bright luminary - "I think that your conduct merited the treatment you received." The, Doctor, we are to understand that the defendant was JUSTIFIED in assaulting me with a poker, in his own house - the same answer was as unhesitatingly given - and this is Doctor John Osborne, R. N., Warden of the District, and one of our Senior Magistrates; verily, the Executive has been most bountiful and merciful, (!!!) in having inflicted upon us SUCH an upright and honest "Justice of the Peace," who has thus given it forth, that an assault is JUSTIFIABLE.

The man who would prostitute Truth and Justice, to gratify his paltry and contemptible spleen, who brings into a Court of Justice, whether as a witness or as a magistrate, his private feelings, malice and political bias, and gives his evidence or his MAGISTERIAL decision, to suit those evil passions, to serve a friend or injure an opponent, is unfit to be entrusted with any public office, much less that of a Magistrate; if, indeed, the magisterial honour be conferred for the benefit of the public, and not to serve the private ends of the individual. The Head of the Executive should look to this - to him is entrusted the GOOD GOVERNMENT of the Colony, and to aid him he appoints the Magistrates throughout its various localities, he is morally answerable for their acts. Many complaints have been made, and they might be numberless, against the above HONOURABLE gentleman, but His Excellency has said, "the proper course is to apply to the Supreme Court for a mandamus." His is an unworthy evasion of that responsibility which he morally undertakes, when he appoints such persons to such an office; what chance has the poor man of receiving redress? he cannot apply to the Supreme Court, nor should he be required to incur so great an expense, to cleanse the Augean Stable of the ordure and filth of corruption which a Governor, from ignorance of the persons, may think

proper to stifle us with. We might endure the abomination of ONE, for it must be a most venomous poison, indeed, to which there is no antidote, or the evil effects of which cannot be in some measure neutralized; but to place THREE such Justices of the Peace upon one Bench, acting on all occasions with the same unity of purpose as the noble Cerberus, is even-handed Justice to be contemplated or expected? Ask the people of Illawarra - it reflects little credit upon the head of the Executive, to have such a TRIPLET in one place; the power is too great - unconstitutionally great - and the temptation to make that combined power subservient to political and private designs, too strong and too tempting to be resisted by a Trio, the moral culture of whose minds is only equalled, by their well known public integrity (?) public honour !!! and incorruptibility?!!!

Doctor Alick Osborne, "he who would the member be," was next called - "Was at the Ball given by the Masons the 30<sup>th</sup> December, saw you (Mr. Alley) there; had something else to do besides observing you; do not know how many Masons were in the room; do not know if there were twenty, or ten, or five, or one; do not know whether they were all masons; I have not come here to give you my opinion." Here the Chairman interfered on behalf of his brother, and said, "if, Dr. Alley, you want to make an exhibition," - perceiving his family bile was rising, I interrupted his further address by observing, "it is not MY WISH to do so, the exhibition has been already made - Dr. Osborne, you may go down;" and this is another of our Illawarra Justices, bless the mark!!! There was not one of the many in the Police Office, of those who DARE think for themselves, who were not disgusted with the man's conduct; he was pale and trembling, with anger and ill-concealed hate and spite, his marked and insolent determination utterly to evade the truth, his answers were so wilfully false, and so DESIGNEDLY calculated to defeat the ends of justice, that the high personal respect I once, and but a short time before, entertained for him, was at once changed into contempt, pity, and the most ineffable disgust. Of the three chosen brothers, it is difficult to say which of them laboured with most barefaced an unblushing effrontery, and ingenuity, to throw their shield over the defendant, to justify his assault, and to drag him through, "per fas et ne fas."

Who! Bend their Magisterial power,  
To *suit* their politics and private friends,  
To serve some *viler purpose* of the hour,  
Write, *themselves*, knaves, prepar'd for baser ends.

The defendant was then called upon for his defence; disprove the assault he did not, nor could he, but, in accordance with the new doctrine of Dr. J. Osborne, he attempted to justify it. For this purpose, some of his

witnesses were prepared to prove that I went to the Ball for the express, and no other design, of insulting the Messrs. Osborne; and first called

William Way, sen., of Dapto, who deposed - "Dr. Alley was attending me for a sore leg; he frequently said, in the course of conversation on different subjects, that he would take every occasion, in public, to insult the Messrs. Osborne; that Dr. John Osborne had signed a petition, something about the Berrima road, which he knew to be false and scandalous; never said he would go to the Ball for the express, and no other design, of insulting the Messrs. Osborne - had he, I should have gone, as one of the Masons, to the Lodge and reported it, that Mr. Alley's card of invitation might be withdrawn."

Mrs. Way, wife of the last witness, deposed - "Dr. Alley was in attendance upon Mr. Way and on several occasions said he would take every occasion, both in public and in private, to affront the Messrs. Osborne and the family 'en masse;' and on one occasion, when Mr. way was lying on the sofa, after having his leg dressed, he (Mr. Alley) stated that he would got to the ball, for the express purpose of affronting them, the Messrs. Osborne; after he left, I reminded Mr. Way of it, and advised him to go to Mr. Brown or the Lodge, and have his card of invitation recalled." I considered, after this "exhibition," that it was quite unnecessary to cross-examine this veritable (!! ) witness.

A brazen frontispiece of course degree,  
One part a woman, and three parts a he;  
A tongue that wags like clapper of a mill,  
Leaps o'er the truth, than be one moment still.  
Why ask a question at so *fair* a dame?  
To doubt *her oath*, would be a monstrous shame;  
Yet, false was his, or hers, be which it may,  
Who believes the *one must* doubt *'tother Way*.

Mrs. Brown, wife of the defendant, was then called; previous to her being sworn, I asked the Court, "Is Mrs. Brown a competent witness?" After some little consultation, the Chairman wished to know if I had any objection? I replied, "if the witness, the wife of the defendant, be competent to give evidence on his behalf, any objection of mine would be of no avail; I leave the matter entirely in the hands of the Court. I have before stated, that none can come to this Court to swear in favour of the defendant, in this case, who will not swear falsely, and I wish to spare Mrs. Brown the pain of doing this." The Court would not rule either way, and, at length, having forced the alternative upon me - perhaps the Chairman was afraid to offend the defendant, I did object to her evidence, upon which the

defendant exclaimed, "Oh, your worship, he's afraid of Mrs. Brown evidence, he knows she was present at the assault;" the Chairman at once remarked, with a smile of gratified malignity, "a very good observation, Mr. Brown, we'll bear it in mind." What a mockery of Justice! And Mr. Gerrard, I suppose in order to interchange civilities with his friend and neighbour Brown, said, with that sickly, mawkish attempt at facetiousness so peculiar to him, - Mr. Brown, did you want to make a Mason of Dr. Alley, when you took the poker to him!!

Dubious is such a scrupulous good man!!!  
Yes, you may catch him tripping, if you can;  
*He* would not, with a preemptory tone  
Assert the nose upon his face his own  
*His* evidence, if he were called by law  
To swear to some enormity he saw,  
For want of prominence and just relief,  
Would hang an honest man, and save a *thief*.

Two more witnesses were examined, but their statement is so utterly worthless that it is unnecessary to give it in full; one Bonnyman - Brown's Bonny man of all work - swore "he was in the next room to where the assault was committed; the door was shut; he heard him strick the table," - heard all - saw nothing.

The next, and last, upon being asked if I was drunk, said "Oh, gentlemen, I never think a man is drunk until he goes to light his pipe with a bucket of water!: Is not this a precious witness? Was he not prepared to swear distinctly that I was drunk; but did not the defendant make a significant sign to him, which saved him from corrupt and wilful perjury? Could he have as significantly conveyed similar intelligence to other of his witnesses he might have saved them the contempt and scorn with which the public now look upon them.

The court was then cleared for a division, the doors remained closed for about half an hour, to decide this difficult and knotty question. The Doctors and the three midwives used the most strenuous exertions to cause an abortion, but the mountain was in actual labour, and must be delivered, still, the power and art of the craft were such that it was feared the life and identity of the bantling were in jeopardy, but

Lo, the mountain heaved, and brought forth a mouse.

No, not a mouse, but a FARTHING. The door was at length opened, and silence restored, the Chairman addressed ME - he could not look the



defendant for the world - and thus delivered his judgement - "We are of the opinion that Mr. Brown raised the poker to you, and we fine him ONE FARTHING!!

Oh, well may Justice weep, and honour count for nothing,  
When both are held at naught, or only worth a  
*Farthing!*

While waiting for the decision, bets were freely offered. 5 to 1, 10 to 1, "that although the case is distinctly proved, it will be dismissed, or the most minute atom of justice will be awarded:" and the following observations were as freely made, "what brought all the Osbornes in, and above all, what brought Henry to the Bench today; does he ever come, except to do the dirty work for some one; how often did he attend the court during the last two years? and were not the occasions on which he did attend special ones, to drag some low friend through the dirt, or to inflict injustice upon some political opponent? don't you remember what he said, when invited to Mr. Wild's dinner, "I may forgive a private injury, but never a political one;" "search the Police Office, " said another, "and will not the cases abundantly prove, that not only Henry, but the others, make their magisterial power subservient to their private ends, their thirst for mob popularity, and their political designs, without any regard whatever to truth and justice?" Then another remarked, "let any one attend here on a court day, and he will hear plaintiffs and defendants asking their friends, 'well, who's on the bench today - Cr. John, or the Osbornes?" when the smiling faces of one party and the evident dissapointment and chagrin of the other, will at once prove the public estimation of the honour and honesty of these men.

But this is Illawarra justice, the Osborne mode of administering justice, to their friends!

Who goes to law with Satan, or with Satan's friend,  
And the court be in the dark shades below,  
Than injustice, there is no sure end,  
And truth, and reason, he will overthrow;  
Cerberus sits there in grim defiance,  
Snapping at justice, if her shade appear  
Such power combined, in foul alliance  
*May* reign in hell, but *shall not* triumph *here*.

We in Illawarra understand the analogy, how long are we to groan under the hated incubus which so oppresses us? Had the court remained closed till morning, we should have been edified with the recollections, the police

reminiscences, of many; let me mention one case which occurred in my hearing.

When Mr. Arthur Westmacott had a seat on the bench, there was a case being tried, in which some of our Justices had some interest, he argued upon the law of the case, and differed decidedly in opinion with his brother magistrates. Dr. John replied, "Never mind, you are in a minority." Mr. Westmacott left the bench, in disgust, and, I believe, never took his seat upon it again.

It may be, and has been argued, against the preponderance of possible evil, "Oh, you have other magistrates, who can remedy it;" but if justice is to be outvoted, of what avail is the incorruptible honesty of a Plunkett or a Jenkins, especially if considerations of private friendship or part coalition, induce others to join the ranks of a majority.

Who lend themselves to prop another's will  
To aid Injustice, at the beck of Vice;  
Labour with most ignominious skill,  
To stamp themselves *base tools*, not over nice.

I may here inform the reader, that at the conclusion of the evidence, the defendant was invited to address the Court, while I was refused permission to speak to evidence, lest I should have explained the trivial discrepancies and other matters, which have since been taken advantage of to heap oppression and injustice upon me; and having the permission of the Court, presided over, as it was, he, uncontrolled, indulged himself in that course, vituperative style, so congenial to low and vulgar minds - he spoke of my "presumption at having gone to the Masonic Ball, that I was out of my place!" What a burlesque such a fellow as George Brown, to speak of "presumption," he who is the living breathing, moving, personification of arrogance and impudence, presumption, ignorance, and foul-mouthed insolence; as for my presumption in such company, whether it is fact or otherwise, is of so little consequence, neither is it of any moment to enlighten the Masonic hero as to who I am, or what I am, even though I were the lowest of the low, when such a man as Mr. George Brown and his servants were at the ball; but perhaps it may be not uninteresting to him and others, his present admirers, to know what I am not. I am not an imposter, I have not pawned myself upon the colony as an officer on board an East Indiaman: I am not cuddy boy, or cook's slush boy, on board that vessel, instead of an officer; I did not abscond from that ship; I was not a vagrant about the streets of Sydney, houseless, homeless, pennyless, and characterless; I was not taken by a person living in that most reputable place, the Rocks, of Sydney, for charity, and there learn to make lolly-pops;

I did not, in return for this kindness, rob my benefactor, and get kicked out for it; I was not a baker's boy in Liverpool, and raise myself by contracting debts which I never meant to pay; I did not build my fortunes by swindling, lying, thieving, and villainy; I have not the elegant soubriquet of thief affixed to my name, by common public consent, and notoriously known throughout the length and breadth of the colony; in the midst of all my misfortunes, privations, and wants, I never illumined the midnight arch of Heaven with the damning blaze of my infamy - the reeking, smoking, embers of a house of mine never proclaimed, to an indignant, horror-stricken multitude, morally certain of the origin of the conflagration - that I set fire to my house, rather than suffer the humiliation of losing it legally. George Brown, of the Illawarra Hotel, Dapto, do you know such a man? to your kennel, fellow, and herd with those of your class and character - aye, summon to your aid the pack from Garden Hill, Daisy Bank, and Marshall Mount, "et hoc genus omne," call your whining whelps around you, and to each and all I say, to your kennels, and wallow in the filth and corruption of your home-made abomination; bark, you may - bite you dare not; for, although unable of myself to resist with my purse, vice, fraud and injustice, there is that within me so indomitable and so incorruptible, that I cannot, will not, yield! and truth, although oppressed for a time, must eventually triumph over enemies so mean and contemptible. What I cannot myself effect single-handed, public opinion will - public reprobation and public contempt may, ere long, send you and your supporters to your proper places.

With reference to that part of Mrs. Way's testimony, in which she imputes to me the polite! courteous! and gentlemanly! Intention of going to the ball for no other purpose than that of affronting the Messrs. Osborne; to those who are personally acquainted with me it is unnecessary to give any contradiction to it; to those who do not know me, I most unhesitatingly, unequivocally, and distinctly state, the assertion wholly untrue; the sex of the fair witness, prevents me using any stronger language; this, however, I have said, viz., that I would, on all public occasions, oppose the Osbornes, because I consider them as public men, dishonest and unfit to be entrusted with any part or place in the public affairs of our District or of the Colony: I now repeat it, but when I use the term "public occasion." I confine myself to certain and fixed limits; namely, on those occasions, when those gentlemen or any one of them shall be before the public, as candidates for public favor, and I am prepared to justify my opposition, and prove the correctness of my opinion - an opinion now coincided in by more than three-fourths of the people of Illawarra.

What persons would or could have ever dreamed that so simple a cause would be made a pretext for such rude conduct, that so inoffensive a verse

could have such Galvanic powers, as to set the Osborne feet shuffling along the floor, after the fashion of so many cabin bred boors. Reader, could you have imagined that a man, supposed to be a rational being - supposed to be one of our most cunning tacticians - supposed to be an intelligent and sensible man, one of our most wily politicians - and supposed too to be a gentleman, would have been so amazingly excited by four such simple lines which really, in general estimation, refer, in the latter part, as much to the actual, as they do to the would-be member.

Yet these are the men who, with worse than folly, and weakness, predominating in all their transactions, expect, that the intelligent and independent people of Illawarra will yield to them a blind and slavish subserviency - these are the men, the honest gentlemen! whose insatiable thirst after vain and worthless popularity - worthless, because not founded upon integrity, honor, public virtue, consistency or truth - expect the freeholders of this fair district, of this great county too, to repose in them so great a trust, as to place them, or one of them, amongst our independent legislators.

To what an amount of monstrous absurdity some men are led by the blind infatuation of a false ambition, based upon avarice, calculating upon the expectant gains of influence, to be derived from corrupt patronage, or from the well understood and preconcerted sale or barter of the public interests.

Go to - got to; the district is not as it was seven years ago, nor is the county; it is now peopled by an overwhelming majority of high minded, intelligent, free, and upright men, and better still, of honourable and honest men too, who will not bend the knee to corruption, merely because the Representatives of majesty may have, in the mistaken and unwise exercise of the prerogative thrown around that corruption the protecting cloak of a "little brief authority." The time may come, and it may not be far distant either, when the simultaneous voice of the district may petition to be relieved from that fraternal despotism, of combined plebian ignorance, cunning, and deceit, which, unsupported by even one dim ray of that rude yet stern honesty, to be found even in the humblest ranks of life wherever the high hand of authority plants it, without exercising over it that wise and just control, to which the people are entitled, and which is their only safeguard and protection, against combined injustice, fraud and corruption.

If these men must be Magistrates - if it be necessary to the government that such men are to be sustained in their power, as useful willing tools, in the face of public opinion, against the happiness, contentment, and wishes of the people, "right or wrong," be it so; but in the name of justice, and on behalf of the people of Illawarra, let that power be so

distributed, so divided, that it shall not, at the pleasure or bidding of a few unprincipled individuals, be enabled to conspire and combine to defeat the ends of justice [ copy damaged] to serve party political purposes, private animosities, or personal friendship; let the sittings of the Magistrates be officially regulated; that nor more than one of the three brothers, nor of the same family, shall take his seat upon the bench, or shall adjudicate, directly or indirectly, in the same case. There is a mode by which this may be accomplished, and the valuable!! services of those men may still be preserved to the government, without any injury to the public, and be much more efficient and serviceable in their Magisterial capacity, to the advantage and convenience of a very important part of this District, and better still, without the fear of any additional expense to the crown or county.

But continue them as they are, with such a case of gross injustice, sounded through the country, made still more grievous by the many that have preceded it - others that are sure to follow, and each person weighing his own grievances, from similar injustice perpetrated upon him by the same authorities, thus demonstrating Illawarra justice as it is administered in Wollongong, in contradistinction to even-handed justice as it ought to be - and it will, nay must arouse such an universal disgust, that all ranks will feel bound to unite in one shout of indignation, as against a common enemy, and such an overwhelming avalanche of public scorn, contempt and unmixed hate will be let loose, that unless they retreat or reform in time, they, and the few who attempt to support them, will be buried in oblivion - without one tear of pity to commemorate their well merited fall.

Thus this case, trifling in its origin, has, through their uneasy, pitiful and ill-concealed chicanery, in their base attempt to crush me, unmasked the Faction, and exposed them to the ridicule, derision and well-earned contempt, of the right-thinking public; and the police matter has so elucidated the marked system of administering justice by political magistrates, that the little of their fast-fading popularity that remains to support their overweening vanity, misapplied power and empty pride, has faded away; their tergiversations, their inconsistencies, their peculiar sense of honor, integrity, and impartial justice, has been made so abundantly manifest that the last glimmer of the political popularity lamp is flickering in the socket - it is gasping for existence - one struggle more, and all is over - it is extinguished! by

GEORGE UNDERWOOD ALLEY