2.4 Port Jackson...my friend William Wentworth...Robert Campbell...the newspaper.

"In this document, I have just given written the authority to print next Sunday's newspaper." The *Governor's acting secretary* Mr. G Blaxcell, was sitting behind a huge desk in a very large room

"Would you like me to read it to you?"

" No sir, I can read it," I replied.

He looked at me in surprise. "Well then I challenge you to read it to me."

So I read it out loud. In summary it said the *Government* was happy that the contents of the proposed *Sydney Gazette and Advertiser*did not contravene *Government* orders, and Mr. Howe was free to publish.

I put the letter in my small satchel, left the *Government* office building, went through the gate, and jog trotted along *Bridge Road* to *George street* where *Mr. George Howe*, my employer's *Printing Wor*ks were.



1804. An Article about Mr. Underwood.

Sydney Gazette, NEW SOUTH WALES ADVERTISER		
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A "PROCLAMATION" by the Governor. Philip Gidley King.

How on earth did I progress from Sealing and working in Mr. Underwoods Yard, to working on a Sydney Newspaper?.

I was talking to my friend *William Wentworth*, about that the other day, when we were enjoying our weekly get together.

During our conversation we discussed each other's backgrounds. He and I are about the same age, and as a nipper, he spent some time growing up on *Norfolk Island*, then his father became assistant surgeon at *Parramatta*. When he was about sixteen he was sent to *England* to complete a formal education, and arrived back in the colony when he was nineteen in 1810.

In 1813, he teamed up with *Mr. Blaxland* and *Mr. Lawson*, to explore and finally discover a path through the then impenetrable, *Blue Mountains* west of

Parramatta. He is a lawyer, and quite outspoken in public about the Government and some of the rich landowners.

He didn't really discuss his father much, because he was jailed in *England* for theft and highway robbery, but somehow wangled his way into being released from jail with his wife. And was sent to the *Sydney Colony* as an acting assistant surgeon. He later was transferred to *Norfolk Island* and then *Parramatta*.

All I could say in my story was that after the sealing expedition I spent more time in *Mr. Underwood's* Boat yard. Writing out his orders, checking the counting on items that came into or out of the boat yard.

Bags of rice, and other victuals to feed the men. That was very important, because the colony was always on the brink of starvation, due to heat, floods and pests. Stocks of timber to be counted and written on the notice board. Stocks of seal products that came from the sealing boats. I was always busy.

Gradually as *Mr. Underwood's* partnership with *Mr. Kable* and *Mr. Simeon Lord* expanded, he also used me as a messenger to take letters all over the town.

Up the river and the road to *Parramatta*, over to *Manly bay*, over the water to *Kirribilli* and *Milson's point*, even as far as *Mr. Watson's bay* where he now lived after leaving *Mr. Underwood*. I also went to the other small villages that were springing up around *Port Jackson*.

I got to know all the roads, tracks, little creeks, boat landings, and noticeable buildings, very well on my outings.

One day *Mr. Underwood* summoned me to his office, where a young man was present.

"Tarjack, I would like you to meet young Mr. Robert Campbell." We looked at each other then shook hands.

"Adam, my business affairs are changing, and as I promised your Father Willie Reid to look after you, this is what I have done. I have arranged for you to join Mr. Robert Campbell's enterprises as a personal messenger boy for Mr. Campbell.

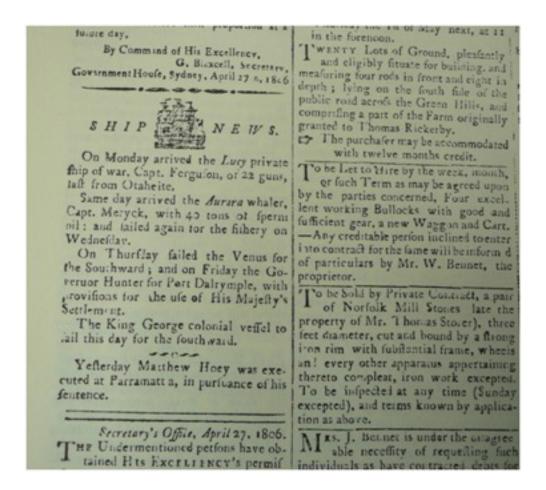
Well, I was quite shocked, and a little unhappy at the prospect. After all I would be leaving a lot of friends.

Both *young Mr. Robert* and *Mr. Underwood*, spoke to me for a time and eventually reassured me that the change would be a promotion for me.

With that I shook hands with *Mr. Underwood*, with a tear in my eye, and left with *young Mr. Robert*.

Needless to say it took me sometime to appreciate the extent of some of *Mr. Campbell's* affairs and interests. But as I did continue picking up and delivering letters, and using and seeing many old friends it was very good. I even got as far as travelling up to the *Hawkesbury* area.

Mr. Campbell became Naval Officer, meaning all shipping details, inwards and outwards had to be recorded by his office and authorized by him. Quite often I visited ships in the *Port*.



1806. A Proclamation. Shipping News, An Execution. Land sale. Other News

Just a little time after, I commenced with *Mr. Campbell*, I was horrified to learn that *Mr. Underwood*, *Mr. Kable* and *Mr. Lord*, were fined a lot of money and put into jail for one month.

Then of course came *Governor Bligh's* sacking. That resulted in months of unrest and difficult times in the colony, particularly as the colony suffered from food shortages due to flooding of crops in the *Hawkesbury* area.

Mr. Campbell's enterprises got bigger and bigger. I confess, I never knew intimate details of the enterprises. Even *young Mr. Robert Campbell*, did not understand it all.

Then along came another opportunity in my life. I had crossed over *Bridge Street*, and was heading down *Spring Street* to an address in *Pitt Street*, when a man hailed me.

"Young man, please take this copy of my newspaper to *Mr. Robert*Campbell with my compliments." I found out later the man was *Mr. George*Howe, and he was standing outside a shop front in *Spring Street*.

"Do I say anything else sir."

"Yes, please inform him that I am the *Editor of the Sydney Gazette*, and I hope to have the pleasure of interviewing him for my newspaper. By the way *Mr. Davie Duncan* speaks very highly of you young *Adam*."

During my messenger work, I had often seen *Mr. Davie*, either directing work on the bridge over the *Tank Stream*, or on other buildings being erected. He seemed to take quite an interest in me and we often had a few words together. I told him that my uncle *Captain William Reid* got me the position at *Mr. Underwood's*.

"William Reid, why I knew him! He was shipwrecked on Norfolk Island, where I was a boy sailor. Anyway you have red hair like him."

After that whenever we saw each other we would always have a little chat.



A view from the "ROCKS", showing Bridge Street end, over the TANK STREAM

As time went on *young Mr. Robert* was directed to attend to more and more duties for *Mr. Campbell*, so I began to see a lot less of him. I found I was being given a lot of odd jobs, and I could see my usefulness was appearing to disappear.

One day *Mr. Howe* appeared. He asked me if I had any objection to going to work for him on the *Gazette*. He explained that I would be helping compose the wooden blocks with the alphabet on them, into sentences, paint some ink on them, put a blank sheet of paper on top, then crank down a big flat piece of iron that pressed the blocks onto the paper, and a large type of letter, called the newspaper was formed.

I did understand what he was saying because I had frequently had to deliver letters to the *Printing Office* although I had never met*Mr. Howe* until now.

"What will Mr. Campbell say," I asked.

"I have spoken to him, and he is willing to let you go if you wish."

"Where will I stay, and how will I get bye."

"I will take care of your lodgings, and food, and I may pay you a small sum of money."

At the *Printing House*, I was told I would work on the Printing machine to learn the business, then, as I got I got older and smarter I may be able to write stories about people or things that *Mr. Howe* thought appropriate.

That was all I needed.

The next day when I arrived at the *Printing House, Mr. Howe*, talked to me for quite some time. He particularly pointed out the policy of the paper.

Something I had never heard of. Anyway he showed me a pamphlet explaining it.

'The utility of a Paper in the Colony, as it must open a Source of solid information, will we hope, be Universally felt and acknowledged. We have courted the assistance of the Ingenuous and Intelligent....We open NO channels to Political Discussion or Personal animadversion; Information is our only purpose; that accomplished, we shall consider that we have done our duty, in an exertion to merit Approbation of the Public, and to secure a liberal Patronage to the Sydney Gazette.'

"How is that young man?"

"I don't understand it all Sir, but I will do whatever you ask. How much do you sell the newspaper for."

"Sixpence, and we have about 300 readers. *Adam*, this colony is 20 years old and a lot has happened in that time. I have written down major events that have occurred over that time. I gleaned it from lots of people over time. I suggest you study those notes so that you will understand a lot more about the town where you live."

I diligently read and studied *Mr. Howe's* notes in my spare time. However, I found the most interesting was the description of the first ever *cricket match* played in *Sydney Town*. It was played by *Officers from H.M. Ship Calcutta* on the 26th December 1803, when they called into *Sydney Town* on their way home to *England*. They had escorted the store ship, *Ocean*, carrying soldiers and convicts, from England to *Sorrento in Port Phillip Bay* to start a settlement there. However after a few months *Lt. Colonel Collins* thought it was the wrong place for a settlement, and successfully requested *Governor King* to allow them to leave and start a settlement on the *Derwent River* in *Van Diemans Land*. I calculated I was 12 years old then, and I did not even know

the game had taken place. *Mr. Howe's* description of the game left me very puzzled.

The pugilistic art was very popular. Men fought each other in front of large crowds, for money. Sometimes at these events 'chuck farthing' was also played for money.

Quite a few of the Officers, and rich gentry, often raced their horses against one another. Either for prize money, or trophies.

I will have to cease these reflections. I have to approve the finalization of today's *Australian Newspaper*, and I promised *William* that I would review his lecture notes that he is going to speak on tonight at the *Australian Patriotic Association*. We don't want to give the *Governor, Lieutenant General Ralph Darling* an excuse to start legal proceedings against the *Wentworth* name, and further attack the rights of ordinary *Australians*.