

Wm Simpson

On board the "Eliashoover"  
off Hobartton. December 24<sup>th</sup> 1838

In my letter to my Father, I mentioned the appalling shock, we have all received by the death of Mr. Frankland. This is only a week ago, and I scarcely yet realize the afflicting fact. He has left his family worse than destitute, so that the expenses of their passage will be defrayed by their friends. Sir John, I have no doubt, will give £50 or if necessary.

Poor man, he seemed the very essence of vitality; such constant playfulness, wit, humour, and apparent enjoyment of life. Yet he must have had some unhappy moments! We have been latterly brought together in the most intimate manner, by our magnificent Regatta. The night previous, it rained, and he was the ground, great part of the night, looking I believe chiefly to the placing of the Mottos on the trees.

This reflection, (having had much to do with the making of the Mottos) is exquisitely painful to me. I could have sent you all of them, had it not been thus. But you will see a few in the Newspaper, so many ludicrous and humorous associations are connected with some others, that, for the present at least I am obliged to turn away from them.

I put up the Blue Song, at the time, for Emma, and send it now. It was written by Kelly the Whaler a curious and rich old fellow, who was the Chief Manager of the boats. I understand, he sports a carriage on which he has for a crest, a hand grasping a harpoon, with the motto "Olium." This poor man has been since, very dangerously ill, and is still on a sick bed.

Mr. Frankland seems to have been absolutely adored in his own family. He educated his children entirely himself. Their grief, and their mother's, has been, I am told, something dreadful to witness.

You have not noticed to me the description he wrote in two newspapers of an excursion we made to Mount Wellington, somewhat more than a year ago. They were to have been accompanied by some requisite, humorous and graceful drawings from his very graceful pencil. The account of the Regatta was written at my request. I told him I wanted it for you, and should send it, accompanied

by certain Bills and songs and by a specimen of our "adored emblem" (the black, not silver wattle) for which he begged me to procure from Mr Gumm the botanic name. This I could not do in time, so he was obliged to be contented with the familiar name. The "black Wattle", acacia decurrens (formerly classed in the Mimosa tribe, but more recently in the acacia which it much resembles) abounds in the neighbourhood of Hobarton; the ground is covered with it and its tufts of yellow flowers which at the season of our anniversary are in their richest bloom, give it so lovely and attractive an appearance that it <sup>found it</sup> ~~was~~ impossible not to choose it for the Colonial emblem. The specimen I send you was dried by Mr Gumm, our great botanist. I send you a specimen also of the silver wattle as it is called and which flowers at a different season. +

The Wattle.

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