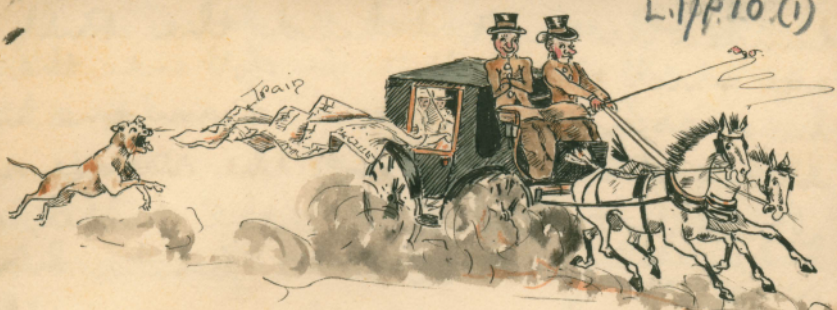




Miss N. Clarke
Secheron
Battery Point

L.V.P. 107-8

L. 1/1 P. 10. (1)



Robert
July 6th 193

Dear Miss Dolly

I thought, I would write and tell you something about Miss Emily Dobson's Wedding; in spite of one or two little mishaps. I enjoyed myself very much, you know Mr. Warren, well he & I went together, arriving rather late at the Church, we were prevented by the Crowd from getting within ~~two~~^{3'} of the main Entrance, but by prospecting behind the Church, we were lucky enough to slip in through the Vestry's Back Door & then through another Trap Door in the Vestry Wall, which

landed us just behind the Pulpit, & as we had come to see the Marriage & not the Pulpit, we got into the latter and by peeping over the edge had as good a view as anyone in the Church, until H. H. Tasmania spotted us, and sent the Verger round to say he could not possibly allow us to remain in the Pulpit without Surplice gowns, we offered as a compromise to tie white handkerchiefs over our shoulders, but the Verger was a Pig headed old buffer, so we came down from the Pulpit, not wishing to cause a disturbance in Church, but everyone was not so well behaved, as in getting down I accidentally jumped on a disagreeable individual's horns, who swore awfully & shoved me back against the Pulpit, for which Warren was just about to upset him, when he (Warren) remembered it was Sunday, at least I mean, he remembered, he was in Church, now I it was bad enough being butted against a the Pulpit, but to make matters worse, I had my pocket filled with Boiled Rice, I had got it boiled at home as I thought, it would not hurt the Bride so much, you know as raw Rice, well it got squashed up horridly into a regular jelly, and in a fit of silly temper, I thought to revenge myself on H. H. Tasmania, by dropping it onto the Seat in the Pulpit, but I have since heard it was the Poor Innocent Curate, (who had done me no harm,) sat on it at evening Prayer and spoilt his best Surplice. I now sincerely wish I had put it in the fellow's

pocket, who had shoved me, but
 evidently, I lacked presence of
 mind; my misfortune did not end
 here, for Mr. Warren has a brand
 new high hat and I have not a
 Bell Topper of any description,
 but Mr. Jagg keeps one at the Office
 for swell occasions, such as Laying
 the Foundation Stone of the Cathedral
 which was the last Ceremony, I think
 it graced, so I thought I would give
 his hat a treat & take it to the Wed-
 ding, with a little paper wadding it
 fitted fairly well & although it was not
 the ~~last~~ latest Shake, you know, still
 it answered pretty well, but evidently
 was not used to
 Weddings, as
 early in the after-
 noon, it let a
 Stout Lady sit
 on him, now it
 is not a good
 plan to let any-
 one sit on you,
 if you can help
 it and more



IV

especially so, if you happen to be a tall hat; in this case in justice to the old lady I must say, she jumped up again with surprising activity, but then I rather fancy, she thought she had sat on a Tom Cat or Concertina, as the old hat ^{shut up} with a prolonged squeal like either instrument, and I have no doubt, the old Lady, would have apologized to me; had I not; with a feeling of false pride; gammoned, I had no connection with the old Hat and joined in the general laugh.

However later on, when no one was looking, I sneaked back and straightened him

up a bit and even after brushing him down, with a silk
handkerchief, he still looked rather like a Concertina, so
I hid him behind a Coal Scuttle, until it was
time to go and wished I had not taken Mr.
F. hat, without asking him; however next



(the hat) back in his box and placed the box under Mr. Fagg's
table. Just were his feet ought to go, presently he arrived in a
great hurry & a bit puffed in coming up stairs, flopped him-
self down in his Chair and his left leg in the Hat Box,
when he was slightly ~~see~~ recovered, he came into my room
and I was just going to draw

his attention to his left leg, when
he made a false step & landed on
his head, of course I helped him up
& ^{re}scued the Hat & then he remarked
to good humourously, that I could not
help feeling sorry for him "That it was
a dangerous practise to wear Hats on one's
feet, for had the hat been on his head he
would not have fallen & even supposing



VII.
he had fallen, the hat would have saved his head" which no doubt was very true, of course it was a mean way of getting out of a row: I admit, but I did not intend to upset him and foolishly put the box under the table without thinking of the consequences, except as regards the Hat, + anyway had I told Mr. F. I had taken his hat to such a gay + festive entertainment, he would never have worn it again, and as his head is all right now, it is much the same in the long run, so I hope you won't think much the worse of me; they say dead men tell no Tales, I hope the same applies to dead Hats.

To return to the Wedding the Bride looked lovely + the Brides maids nice too, but they wore those horrid baby's jacket affairs. I suppose they were intended to make them look young. But your namesake at Secheron looked, as she is, the nicer than the whole lot ~~Bride included~~ put together. (Bride included) she had an awfully nice dress and a wonderful hat that showed up her face splendidly. the hat ^{almost} was a good deal greater. Under than your so called Red Sealing Wax Gloak, it is well worth coming to Hobart to see, by the bye I drank your health at the Wedding + hoping you are consequently quite well

P.S. Dear Miss Nellie I am.
this ^{was} written to Miss Dolly Seake, but as I was thinking of you all the time. I addressed it to you and had posted it before I found out my mistake, and then it was too late you know
yrs Sincerely
Matt Seal jr.

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Perhaps you had better not read what is under here
S & P. S.

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