CANBERRA

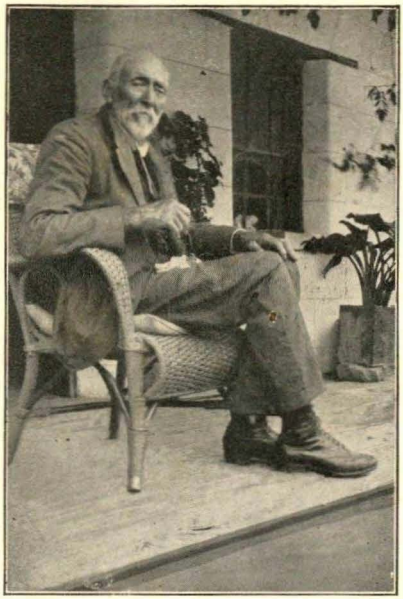
W. DAVIS WRIGHT

Dedicated to my daughters:

Miss M. F. Wright

and

Miss M. E. Wright



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By W. DAVIS WRIGHT

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ROBERT CAMPBELL.

Robert Campbell, merchant and ship-owner, landed at Sydney in 1796, and if not the first I believe him to have been one of the first merchants in Australia. It was in or about the year 1800 that a riot, or more properly speaking a rebellion, took place at Parramatta, the chief settlement at that time. When we consider what a great food producing country Australia is now, it is difficult to realise how very serious the food question was in those early days, yet that was the cause of the disturbance I allude to, and both settlers and convicts were desperate owing to the lack of food. As a matter of fact, starvation was assuming very alarming possibilities.

At that time Mr. Campbell had certain ships at anchor in the bay, and the authorities —at their wits end as to what they should do —eventually commandeered two vessels and sent them on behalf of the community to Batavia for rice. Unfortunately both vessels were lost, and the authorities became liable for the value to Mr. Campbell.

In those early days there was no money in circulation; in fact, there was practically none, business was conducted on barter nego-

tiation. Anyway, Mr. Campbell for twenty-three years vainly applied for compensation, which was eventually settled by a grant of 7,000 ewes at Bathurst. Of what use were sheep, however, without land to put them on? And so Mr. Campbell engaged a new chum named Ainslie, an ex-officer in the Scots Greys, who had come through the battle of Waterloo with much honour to himself. It is told of him that in that battle he was in a charge on the French cavalry and that in the pursuit which followed he outrode his comrades, seeing which several of the French turned, and after a fierce struggle left him for dead with a severe sabre wound in his head. Ainslie was a fine fellow, but his wound ever after caused him much irritability and excitement, especially if he took spirits. That was the man Campbell sent to find land for his sheep, and no easy task, either. To Goulburn and Yass he went without success, but he heard from some of the blackfellows of Kamberry, the aboriginal name, now Canberra Plains, which he eventually found with their aid, and there he settled with the sheep in 1823, being the first stock settlement in the Canberra district. He had a further settlement at Majura, and the 9000 acres free grant promised to Mr. Campbell for the loss of his sheep, the full settlement of which did not happen until 1833, when he obtained

4000 acres at Piallago and 5000 acres on the Molonglo River, on Limestone Plains, now known as the Parish of Narrabunda. It was a long time to wait—33 years—for a settlement and then to receive land and sheep which at that remote period possessed little value.

Mr. Campbell built a fine comfortable home at Piallago, now called Duntroon. After Ainslie left, Mr. Campbell's son, Charles, became manager, increasing the area considerably by acquiring land in the same vicinity, as well as Canberra, Narrabunda and Queanbeyan. Later on a younger son, George, managed Duntroon, when the properties totalled an area of 40,000 acres.

Robert Campbell was a fine type of pioneer. The St. John the Baptist Church, Canberra, was built and the land given for it by him, and he left a name well-known on Australia's records. He died in 1846, leaving four sons, John, Robert, Charles, and George.

JOHN CAMPBELL (M.L.C.).

John Campbell, eldest son of Robert Campbell, was an extremely quiet and unassuming man, of whom it was said that "his whole life was passed in an endeavour to place his possessions to the use and benefit of others." Much of what he did is unknown, as he willed it so, but we do know that he gave a peal of bells and a beautiful window to St. Phillip's

Church, Sydney, and that he donated a chancel to St. John the Baptist's Church, Canberra, which was opened and consecrated by Bishop Broughton in 1845. He built the original Mariners' Church adjoining his own residence, and in his business he continued as Campbell of Campbell's Wharf.

He never married, which was a pity, as men of his stamp should hand on their blood for the welfare of their adopted land.

Robert Campbell (the second son) was always a city man, primarily a politician, and a very successful one; he was well known in Sydney socially. He was a Grand Master in the Masonic Craft, and Colonial Treasurer in the "Charles Cowper" Government up to the time of his death. It was while on a visit to his brother George's place at Duntroon that his death occurred, and as there were no trains then his remains were brought to Sydney by Mr. William Davis, of Ginninderra, in a four-horse vehicle.

Charles Campbell, the third son of Robert Campbell, was manager of Piallago for fourteen years. He married Miss Palmer, daughter of Mr. J. T. Palmer, of Ginninderra, and purchased a nice property near Queanbeyan, on which was a splendid stone house. He presented this property in later years to the Bishopric of Goulburn, and on

it at present stands the Queanbeyan Railway Station and buildings. The Federal Government have now resumed all land on the north side of Goulburn—Cooma railway line.

A project of Mr. Charles Campbell's which he carried into effect was the bringing out of several Scottish families from the Highlands to assist in the shepherding. He also built two schools for their children to be educated, at the Glebe, Ginninderra, and gave 200 acres of land in connection therewith to the Glebe.

George Campbell, the fourth son of Robert Campbell, and subsequently owner of Duntroon, married Miss Minnie Close, a granddaughter of Commissary-General John Palmer, of Sydney, and lived for many years at Duntroon, which he increased in area considerably.

As a breeder of carriage horses he earned a great reputation, obtaining exceptional prices. Like his brother, he was much interested in Church matters, building a spire to St. John the Baptist's Church, Canberra. He also gave the ground on which the Rectory now stands and financed its building, and assisted very materially in all educational matters. He was a fine, worthy citizen.

I may mention here that of late years Duntroon has become very important owing to its Military College.

JOHN PALMER.

John Palmer (Commissary-General), of Jerrabomberra, was a purser in the first fleet to Sydney. He received a free grant of 640 acres at Jerrabomberra, about three miles from where Queanbeyan now stands. The grant was in exchange for fifty acres which he held previously, and on which stands now old Government House.

During his life, Mr. Palmer added materially to his possessions, buying 2000 acres and again 960 acres, making 3,600 acres in all. Although he built in due course, he never lived on his property, but allowed others to occupy his house, at first Dr. Hayley, then Rev. Edward Smith, Commissioner Bingham Russell, first acting C.P.S. It was due to these several occupants that the place afterwards became better known as "Batchelors' Quarters."

John Palmer was famed for being a wonderful step-dancer, besides being a deadly shot with rifle or gun. He bequeathed all his Jerrabomberra lands to his grandson, Pemberton Palmer.

G. T. PALMER.

G. T. Palmer, of Ginninderra, son of the foregoing, obtained by purchase from the Crown fourteen portions of land at Ginninderra between 1833-1836. He built the most

comfortable and up-to-date house in the district in which he lived continuously. His eldest daughter married Mr. Charles Campbell, the second daughter married Mr. William Davis, and of the large family of sons only two took up country pursuits, the others settling in Sydney.

Mr. William Davis was manager of Ginninderra at the time of his marriage to Miss Palmer, and not long after Mr. Palmer handed the property over to them. There they lived for many years, but eventually sold it to Mr. Crace, whose family held it until resumed by the Federal Government, with the exception of the homestead.

William Davis was a good general farmer, and bred some splendid horses, especially from an Arab called "Morpeth." As a cricketer, Mr. Davis was an enthusiast, keeping a pitch and grounds in splendid order at his place, on which the club—which he practically supported—played every Saturday. He was the soul of hospitality at matches and refreshments, and his team played frequently at Yass, Goulburn, Gundaroo, Queanbeyan, Braidwood, etc.

He and his wife adopted a nephew, Ernest Palmer, and later on a niece of his own, May Davis. It was a sad blow to Mr. and Mrs. Davis when their adopted son was killed going over the jumps on horseback at the

Queanbeyan Show. He had developed into a fine young man, and had been but a short time married to a Miss Richardson, sister of the Queanbeyan doctor. The tragedy threw a gloom over the country side.

The daughter responded nobly to her adopted parents' kindness, and was a true comfort to them. It was after the Land Act brought into force by Sir John Robertson that Mr. Davis took up a selection on which he built a fine house, known as "Gungarleen," where they resided until the whole estate passed into the hands of the late Mr. Crace.

Mr. Davis was, to some extent, the victim of bushrangers, although on one of his coach journeys he not alone anticipated them, but prepared for them. He was bringing back a couple of maids for his house and at the bottom of a long hill, known as Pary's Gap, ascending from Lake George, he was, when travelling by coach, in the habit of walking up this hill. On this occasion he was about eight yards up in front of the coach when suddenly the gang, Gilbert, Hall, O'Malley and Dunn, stepped out from behind two or three big trees, revolvers in hand. "Bail up!" He put his hand for his revolver when Ben Hall shouted, "If you touch that revolver I will shoot you." They then took possession of the pair of revolvers he had in his belt, his cash and watch. His rifle was beside the seat

where he had been sitting. So far they had never interfered with the coach or other passengers, but Mr. Davis always believed that the driver of the coach was in collusion with the bushrangers, told them when he was coming, and his custom at this spot. Then after leaving they came back again and searched the coach, finding the loaded gun under the seat where the mails were. This irritated them, and they told Mr. Davis they had a good mind to shoot him for daring to carry arms, thereby implying suspicion of their motives.

When Gilbert Hall was shot at Binalong he had with him the rifle taken from Mr. Davis that day.

Henry Hall.

Henry Hall, of Charnwood, purchased in 1833 a grant of 3,492 acres. He had been in the employment of the Australian Agricultural Company when he arrived in New South Wales in 1823. He was probably the first resident of Lake Bathurst; in 1833 he took up Charnwood, where he made a comfortable and permanent home.

He married Miss Mary Fisher, daughter of Lieut. C. W. Fisher, of the East India Company and afterwards of H.M. Customs at Sydney. They were a devoted couple, Mrs. Hall being a gentle, refined and gracious

lady. Hall was a good all-round rough and ready farmer. He imported the best Arab that ever came to New South Wales, "Abdule," who had come with a great reputation from his own desert folk. He had thirteen fire scars along his belly, showing the races he had won before coming out (an Eastern custom). His manners were so gentle, so understanding and so perfect that his owners' belief that the horse had been treated as one of themselves by the Arab folk from whom he came was probably well founded. He was small compared by our standards. I have listened to the judges standing around and admiring him, but adding regretfully that "he was too small." I have no desire to minimise or extenuate his smallness, but I do know that when mated with our big mares his progeny were all that could be desired as regards pace and endurance. He was never mated for racing purposes, but for utility horses. Well—happy the man who had one of his stock between his knees.

Angora goats, donkeys, fox-hounds—Hall had them all. I well remember his pack of dogs with whom my father used to ride—dingo hunting—and I remember hanging up the brushes as trophies when I was too young to ride with the hounds.

With a nice herd of dairy cows and some 3000 or 4000 sheep, life went pretty well for

the Halls, and with their delightful home in its orchard of fruit trees they reared a family of ten—four daughters and six sons, who, I believe, have all passed away now with one exception—Miss Nellie Hall, of Melbourne.

Mr. Hall also owned a cattle and horse station, but it was not at all suitable for sheep, but he rented for some years a small sheep station across the Murrumbidgee from Charnwood, called "The Mullion," and there he ran his sheep.

Mr. Hall sold Charnwood in 1873 when he moved to Yass. On July 18th, 1876, Mrs. Hall died, aged 61—a good and kindly woman. Mr. Hall joined her on October 8th, 1880, aged 78, a more hospitable man never lived. He was one of the earliest magistrates of the Queanbeyan district. Mrs. A. B. Triggs, a grand-daughter of the Halls, is at present a resident of Yass, a most deservedly popular lady.

Apropos of old Hong Kong, the terror of my childhood days, he was once caught by Mr. Hall spearing a beast. For his audacity he carried away a shot through the leg which apparently did the trick, for never again were any cattle molested in the district.

Captain Alured Tasker Faunce

of Doddsworth received a grant by purchase of 810 acres. As captain of a battalion of the

King's Own Regiment, the first British soldiers to land here, he was naturally one of the very earliest of our settlers.

In 1837 he was appointed the first police magistrate at Queanbeyan, and the first court was established there on 23rd February, 1838, in a small cottage near the Doddsworth fence.

Captain Faunce built a fine residence on his land, and lived very comfortably there until his sudden death from heart failure on the cricket field. He built and ran a flour mill for some years, and married Miss Mackenzie, a daughter of Colonel Mackenzie of the 4th King's Own. At Doddsworth, Capt. Faunce and his wife settled down. Their eldest daughter married Mr. Alexander Ryrie, and the second Mr. David Ryrie. The son, Alured, was away at school at the time of his father's death, but came home to do what he could in settling his mother's affairs. After the mill was closed down, a billet was found for him as road overseer, but as he had a fine spirit and will of his own he stuck to his studies and eventually took Holy Orders. He married Miss Blake, who was deservedly popular.

As Canon Faunce he served a number of years in Yass, where he was held in the highest esteem by all and every one. Mrs. Faunce, senr., died in 1902, aged 86 years, grandmother of General Sir G. Ryrie.

COMMISSARY-GENERAL RYRIE.

Head of the Commissariat with the Duke of Wellington, in the Peninsular wars, arrived in Sydney in 1826. He obtained a free grant of 2,500 acres where he chose to take it. He decided on what was afterwards called Arnprior, near Braidwood.

The general was twice married, his first wife being sister to Major-General Stewart, at one time Governor of New South Wales, who afterwards died at Mount Pleasant, Bathurst. Of this personage, familiarly and cryptically described as a lively old blighter, it has been suggested that the pile of masonry marking his resting place had been purposely designed to make a good and sure job of his confinement.

General Ryrie brought his first family to Arnprior, namely, Donald, William, and Stewart.

The second Mrs. Ryrie was a Miss Cassells. Of this marriage there were also three sons, Alexander, David and John.

Donald Ryrie married Miss Mackenzie, sister of Captain Faunce's wife. Alexander was once overseer for Dr. Wallace at Coolringdon, and later on he and his brother bought Michelago from old Captain Rossi, and acquired Coolringdon and Mafia. Eventually Alexander and his wife (he married Miss Faunce) settled down at Michelago and

devoted the rest of their lives to the development of their property and the domestic cares of family life.

General Sir Granville Ryrie.

Of their eldest son, Granville Ryrie, I remember that as a lad he was a fine type of young Briton. In his young days he was a handy man with the gloves; indeed there were very few who could stand up to him, and in every way, both physical and mental, he gave indication of what his future would be. And how capably he enhanced the reputation of his family name and the splendid fighting qualities of the average Australian.

His genius as a soldier and leader on many battlefields is part of our history now. His early work in this direction was the formation of the Michelago Light Horse during the South African war. His services there were invaluable, and his capacity and valour highly commended. On his return as Colonel he turned his attention to politics, in due course being elected member for Queanbeyan. Later on he was elected to represent Manly electorate in the Federal Parliament, until the great war upset the world. When that was over, the man who went to the front a colonel returned full of honour as General Sir Granville Ryrie. His electoral seat was held sacred during his absence, and at the last

election he was returned unopposed. I should add that the General's father, Mr. Alexander Ryrie, was an M.L.C.

Mr. David Ryrie married the second Miss Faunce, and they owned and resided at Birnama, later moving to Coolringdon. They were greatly respected and regretted by all when their time came to pass away.

THOMAS MACQUOID AND HIAH MACQUOID.

Thomas Macquoid, a sheriff of Sydney, held several grants by purchase at Tuggeranong, where his son, Hiah, was first overseer and later on owner. The land at Tuggeranong was well suited for wheat growing, and as Hiah did not go in much for stock he sublet portions of his land to adjoining farmers for wheat growing.

For a while he ran a boiling-down plant, and in or about 1856 he decided to take a trip to England, a voyage which in those days was only taken after much thought and preparation and with scandalous loss of time. It was a tragic trip for Hiah, for he was one of the unfortunate passengers on board the ill-fated "Dunbar" which was wrecked at Sydney Heads on the 20th August, 1857.

The world has had many shipping disasters to mourn, but I can recall no wreck which contained the elements of tragedy in a deeper sense, or in the wide loss and heavy affliction —regarded to this day as a national tragedy—

impressed a people more profoundly. I remember this well and that the only survivor —almost miraculously saved from that wreck —was a man named Johnston.

After Hiah Macquoid's death, Tuggeranong was purchased by Mr. A. Cunningham, who held it until resumed by the Federal Government. The word Tuggeranong means the "Cold Plains." Miss Macquoid, Hiah's aunt, lived after his death at Duntroon.

EDWARD SEVERN.

Edward Severn, who held a cattle run called Gudgenby, in the mountains about 35 or 40 miles south-west from Queanbeyan, was a single man of somewhat roving habits; he lived more with his wide circle of friends than he did at his own place. He kept a good man at Gudgenby, paying him a fair wage besides allowing him to make what he could out of dairying and curing bacon.

Severn was an intimate friend of Hiah Macquoid, and accompanied him to England in 1856. He was with him on the tragic "Dunbar," so in death they were not divided.

CHARLES MCKECHNIE, born in Argylshire, Scotland, came to Australia in 1838, and was employed first by John Joshua Moore. "Acton" McKechnie describes his trip up country in 1838 in eloquent words, also his crossing Lake George, when quite dry, as

Richard Moore.

Richard Moore and his good wife arrived at Tugranong in 1840. He was first employed by Mr. Hiah Macquoid, and afterwards by Dr. Murray, at Woden. He was a farmer and general hand, and assisted with the stock or whatever work was in hand.

His first son, William, was born in December, 1840; he, too, became an all-round farmer and grazier, but his property was resumed by the Federal Government. Both he and his good wife have since passed away.

The second son, Richard, was born in April, 1846, and has always lived in and around Queanbeyan during his 76 years, carrying on a little farming and grazing.

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His property was also resumed by the Federal Government.

Richard Moore rightly claims to be the longest resident in Queanbeyan, arriving as he did with his parents in 1851. He has always taken a prominent part in all movements connected with the welfare of the district, and is a Justice of the Peace.

James Moore was born in 1847, and is still living on his own grazing property at Burra, about 14 miles from Queanbeyan, carrying sheep and cattle.

The three brothers were all of a fine type, each rearing families of stalwart sons and daughters.

were all the creeks he met. Duststorms, he said, were so bad that he could only see a short distance all round. With his wife he arrived at Queanbeyan on Christmas Eve, and in after days he described it as a collection of bark huts. The first white child born there was his son, Alexander. After working at two or three places for short periods he subsequently became overseer of Edward Severn'e property, "Gudgenby." The McKechnies were hard-working, most respectable people, and the success attending their thrift was such that when "Gudgenby" came into the market following Edward Severn's death in the wreck of the "Dunbar," the McKechnies were able to purchase it. Their good fortune was also enhanced by the Kiandra gold rush, as the track led past their place, giving them a market at their very door for all that they could sell.

In 1860 Charles McKechnie sold Gudgenby and purchased Booroomba, where he and his wife lived to a ripe old age. Their eldest daughter married Mr. Peden, of Bumbalong, Monaro, while the second daughter remained single. The youngest son, Henry, still lives at Booroomba, where his skill as a breeder of Hereford cattle is widely known as being of championship type. He was unfortunate recently, losing a young bull, struck by lightning.

JOSHUA JOHN MOORE, of Acton.

He was granted by purchase, October 12th, 1833, 1000 acres, and on November 24th, 1837, 942 acres. He was not, as has been represented, the first settler in the Canberra district. This block of land, with adjoining blocks, is in really the exact locality of the name of Canberra, pronounced "Kamberra" by the natives. Here are erected all that so far have been built of the principal Federal buildings and offices.

The Acton block is, generally speaking, as good land as can be found in the district. This applies particularly to the fertile river have known a hundred bushels of corn to the acre taken from the first, and forty-eight bushels from the latter.

It has always been rather a mystery why J. J. Moore failed to do well; indeed, even to the extent of having to go through the official assignee's hands. "Acton" was sold from the Court to Mr. Arthur Jeffries, who held it until taken over by the Federal authorities. For many years it was the rectory for St. John the Baptist's Church, Canberra, the land being rented for stock raising and farming.

The Rev. Wm. Gregory was living at Acton at the time of his death from drowning. He had been on his official rounds on the west

side of the Murrumbidgee, which was in flood. When he got to Cuppercumbalong it was far too high and rough to cross in the old canoe. Mr. Gregory wanted to swim across, but Mrs. Wright would not hear of it. He, poor man, was to have been married in three weeks and was anxious to get to his rectory.

He remained at our house (Cuppercumbalong) that night. The next day the river had gone down a bit, and he was taken across and walked to Lanyon. He he borrowed a horse and saddle and rode to Klusendorf to Mr. Mowles' place on the bank of the Molonglo River, right opposite the rectory (where now stands the Federal Administration Offices). Mr. Gregory had tea with Mr. Mowles and afterwards they walked down to the river together, then Mr. Gregory took off his coat and swam easily across, until within a few feet of the bank on the Acton side, when he turned, waving his hand, called "All right" to Mr. Mowles, then quite suddenly disappeared. It was generally believed that cramp had caught him, for he went down so suddenly. His body was recovered the next day some distance down the river.

After Mr. Gregory's sad death, the rectory passed to the Rev. T. H. Wilkinson, and from him to the Rev. P. G. Smith, who in 1855 was appointed as incumbent, and held that

position over fifty years until his deeply regretted death.

After Mr. Smith's death, Acton was rented to a Mr. Brassey, who held it until its resumption by the Federal authorities.

Dr. William Foxton Hayley, R.C.S., Lond.

Dr. William Hayley obtained his diploma in the year 1835, when only twenty-one years of age. On his arrival in our district he, with two or three others, obtained—by arrangement with Commissary John Palmer—permission to reside at Gerrabomberra, generally known as "Bachelors' Quarters. The others were the Rev. Edward Smith and Mr. Bingham, a Government Commissioner.

There was not much for any of them to do. Time rolled on, however, happily enough, and in 1841 the Davis family came to Lanyon," and on the 12th of January, 1843, Dr. Hayley married Miss Elizabeth Davis, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Davis, of Booroomba, and sister of Mrs. Wright, of Lanyon. Thus was the then small settlement of Queanbeyan started, and Dr. Hayley's little cottage at Doddsworth in due course followed by his residence, "The Oaks," a fine stone house where he lived and practised for over thirty years, when he sold out to Dr. Lambert, of Wollongong.

Dr. Hayley then went to Goulburn, where he practised for ten years, establishing a fine and valuable connection. He was esteemed by all, both as doctor and magistrate, and when his death occurred in 1878 it was felt by all who knew him that a good man and true friend had passed to the "Land o' the Leal."

JAMES WRIGHT.

James Wright was born in Derbyshire, in January, 1797. He commenced his career by joining his uncle, a Spanish merchant. While travelling in Spain he was ambushed by brigands, who robbed him, doing the job thoroughly, right down to the skin; in fact they were conferring over the advisability of putting him out of existence when the thought struck him to pass on the fact that he was a Freemason. It was a bright thought, for the chief of the band was a mason, and on recognising that his captive was a brother craftsman he not only returned the spoil taken by his myrmidons, but in addition took from his cloak a beautiful mosaic pin set in gold which he pinned on Mr. Wright's coat. On his return to England Mr. Wright had the pin made into a brooch for his mother, and she wore it while she lived.

Then came further adventures to the brooch, for it was sent out to Australia to Mrs. James

Wright (my mother), who wore it during her life, after which Mrs. Davis Wright (my wife) wore it until she died. Then each of her six daughters wore it on their marriage days. It is now a most highly prized heirloom in my family.

In 1832 James Wright, together with his brother William, and their mutual friend, J. H. M. Lanyon, left for Sydney, where they sojourned until 1835. Then by grant of purchase, the three men obtained certain land concessions in what later on was known as the Parish of Gigeline, on the Murrumbidgee, and about ten miles from where the foundation stone of the Federal Parliament House has been laid at Canberra.

The Wright brothers went in for sheep farming, but the partnership was broken in 1837, as William Wright was accidentally shot while getting out of the old log canoe used for ferry purposes. It was a mortal wound, alas! the end coming two or three days later.

By his will, William left his brother, James, some 940 acres in addition to 660 acres, purchased from James Ritchie, which made his total holding some 5,430 acres, which he called "Lanyon."

In those early days bushrangers and blacks were plentiful enough, the former being a

general and even dangerous nuisance, while the latter were not considered in any way a menace, therefore ordinary precautions were only reasonable, and when James Wright built his house he had it made as impregnable as he could. For instance, window frames were of iron, and protected by 1½ inch bars set in so close as to preclude any possible slipping between them, while the doors were made of thick single slabs of hardwood, strengthened by strong bolts and locks.

"Lanyon" was indeed well and truly built. Outhouses were of the same style, and to-day, some eighty-five years after their erection, are as good as ever. Such is the good work of good men.

James Wright married Mary, the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Davis, of Bloxon, Oxfordshire (England). The marriage took place on the 1st of September, 1838, from Bishop Broughton's house, at St. James' Church, Sydney, the Bishop performing the ceremony. The bride had come out with her two brothers, John and William, in 1836. William went into a bank, and John became a teacher at King's School, Paramatta. Miss Davis remained with the Bishop's family (close friends of the Davis') until she was married. After her marriage she left with her husband for the wild bush, and one of the very few women in the whole country.

James Wright was a good general farmer, and looked after his stock and crops well and truly, but he was best known for his fine breed of horses. I have ridden some of them—and no light weight, either—80 to 100 miles in the day and still come in lively. That could not be done with present day horses, which are mostly speed and show (furlong horses), but in 1838-9 old Wisher's stock was as good as could be, doing credit to his imported blood, and those two years were two bad, dry seasons; very hard on a young country in the making.

In writing of these intimate memories, a bushranging incident, related to me by my father, comes back to my mind. Green was a notorious character, but Watson, his companion in iniquity, was considered as being merely in "bad company." As they were a nuisance, however, and the police apparently helpless in the matter, it was decided to put two black trackers after them. So armed with a gun and ammunition, Como and Jacky set out on their errand.

Picking up their tracks, they eventually came up with the pair just as they were entering the hut of one of Mr. Wright's stockmen, named Conlon. Watching closely, the trackers waited for the two to re-appear, which they presently did, carrying a looted gun. Now, as the trackers knew, Conlon had

two guns, so it was obvious the men had not found the other one. Then with their billies, the bushrangers went into the bush behind the hut and set about preparing their meal. Meanwhile, Como and Jacky crept stealthily up to Conlon's hut, and after explanations got the other gun, and told Mrs. Conlon that when they called she was to bring quickly a knife and a supply of strong string.

Creeping slowly between the trees and shadows the two trackers got up close to and behind Green and Watson, who were busy preparing their meal, and expecting no trouble were petrified by an imperative order to "surrender or be shot."

Everything fell out as arranged. Mrs. Conlon (Conlon was out on the run) came with string and knife. With the knife she cut through the waistbands of the men's trousers, thereby hobbling them so that they could not run, and then—protected by the natives' guns—she tied the bushrangers' hands behind them. Then she set out for Tugnongong to tell the boss to come with handcuffs —which I may say were kept at every homestead ready for such emergencies. A plucky woman. She caught an old horse, and having no saddle, she made a bridle of green-hide, then clapped a sack on his back and away she went for help.

Well, the two 'rangers were brought to the homestead and handed over to Mr. Wright. They found it would be three weeks before the police would arrive, so as sheep washing was on, Mr. Wright took the men with him to the washpans. Watson at once offered to help, and worked all day at the washing. Green was standing beside Mr. Wright on the bank, when he raised his hands over his head and said: "Suppose I smash these handcuffs against this post and clear out." He had hardly got the words out before Mr. Wright took a pistol from his pocket, clicked it in Green's ear and said: "I should shoot you." Green made no further trouble for Mr. Wright.

Weeks after, when the police came, Mr. Wright particularly cautioned them to beware of Green, but probably they were a bit too cocky, for when they stopped that night at Queanbeyan, at the house provided for them, the police brought in their prisoners, laid their guns on the table, removed the handcuffs, and proceeded to rake together the fire. Now was the prisoners' chance. They swooped upon the guns and drew trigger on the police when they tried to stop them, but the powder had fallen from the pans of the flint locks, and the police, closing, knocked over Watson with the fire shovel, the other fellow getting away.

Eighteen months after, however, Mr. Wright, who was a magistrate, when in Goulburn was asked by the police magistrate to sit on the bench with him. A suspicious character was brought before them. The police could not identify him, but Mr. Wright immediately recognised Green. And that was the end of that episode.

In the settling down process, Mr. Wright purchased the Booroombra (aboriginal, Boorooroomba) property, and sent for Mrs. Wright's father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Davis, and family; they arrived in Sydney in 1842. He then built a fine homestead, including the stone house in which Mr. C. H. McKechnie still resides. They were strongly built, similarly to "Lanyon," and after eighty years still stand brave and secure.

About two miles from Lanyon there is a small hill, called from its shape "Saddle Hill." In 1842—so my father told me—an employee named Appleby lived in the stone hut, about a quarter of a mile from where he worked in the garden. One day after dinner his little boy, aged four, scampered after him out of sight of the house, and announced his intention of going with Daddy. But the day would be too long for him, so the little one was cuddled for a minute or two and then sent back.

On his return in the evening his wife asked where was the child. Then, of course, both became distracted, for it was evident that the child was lost. All through the night they searched for the child without success; there were twelve men ranging over the hills the long night through.

In the morning, Thomas Miller noticed his sheep dog looking up the hill and then back at her master in a worried fashion, then she scampered up the hill. On top she stopped, gazing fixedly on what Miller, on his arrival, found to be two dingoes, between them was the little one. With a sinking heart Miller came at a run; the dingoes, with a snarl, loped off, and there was the child, and wonder of wonders, unhurt but crying lustily. A few more minutes and the little one would have been torn to pieces and devoured.

It did not take long to bring the child to its distracted but deeply thankful parents, while glad coo-ee's told the searchers that all was well.

It is not long since that, on my way to Braidwood, I called at a house to make some enquiries. In conversation I found I was speaking to a Mrs. Appleby, and on comparing notes, it transpired that her husband was the little child who had been lost so many

years ago. She had heard the story before, but not all the little details of the search, which I was able to give her.

In 1847 Mr. Wright sold Lanyon to Mr. Andrew Cunningham, then the Wright family moved to Cuppercumberlong (the name means "Meeting of the Waters"), and it is where the Gudgenby and Murrumbidgee form a junction.

It was a beautiful spot, and wonderfully fertile, and after the new homestead was erected, and fruit orchards, flower and vegetable gardens laid out, it was not long before people from near and far were supplied with by far the best flowers, fruit and vegetables grown in the district.

In 1851 the great gold rush brought men and women flying to the diggings, while it was impossible to find men for the ordinary jobs, even the shepherds left their flocks to shift for themselves in the yards while they went to make their fortunes. I was only ten and my brother eight, but we had to turn to and help with the lambing. (At that time the sheep were yarded and penned into small mobs easier to mind).

There were no paddocks for sheep turned out in those days. When the lambing was over, each of us had to shepherd a flock of sheep, and my father had to do the same for many

weeks, until he procured a man to take his place, and then he went to Sydney and brought back five Chinamen to act as shepherds. These were not half bad, and some of them were still with us when Cuppercumberlong was sold to L. F. de Salis.

In 1852 we had very heavy snow, so deep that the Chinamen were kept busy for several days cutting branches from the trees for the sheep to eat the leaves. The snow was followed by seventeen days' continuous rain, causing the great Gundagai floods, and we had to turn out of our house—eleven of us—at one o'clock in the morning, and walk through a backwater knee deep to find a safe place as well as we could.

The water was over four feet deep in the house next morning, and our refuge was the dairy hut, in which limited space we were huddled together—24 in all.

For two weeks we had a miserable time, but the water subsided at last and gave us the opportunity of assessing the position. It was indeed a disastrous flood, doing immense and permanent injury to country and rivers. When I think of the thousands of fertile acres of flat lands wiped out of existence, being either carried away or covered with boulders and sand, of the river's alteration, and what formerly was a fine and generously flowing river

with good fishing being now a coarse stream between unfertile banks, I can only grieve for what cannot be helped. No doubt man will sometime crib, cabin, and confine it and divert it from its wasteful flow to the sea. But then, we were too sad and sorry a community.

Well, life went on again somehow, and then Mr. Wright had a severe accident, being crushed against a tree. So now, as he could no longer take an active interest in the station, it was sold to Mr. de Salis, and the Wright family left for Illawarra, where they lived for many years.

Of course, they scattered as families do, and eventually Mr. and Mrs. Wright went to live with their second son, John E. Wright, near Bombala, where Mr. Wright died in 1878, aged 81. Mrs. Wright then went to her brother's place at Bega, where she died in 1883, aged 66 years, while nursing her aunt, who died at 100 years of age.

Terence Aubrey Murray.

In 1827, Terence Aubrey Murray came out to New South Wales with his father, Captain Terence Murray, of the 48th Foot, County Limerick. He was born in 1810, and educated in Dublin. When he first came out he spent four years on a sheep station at Lake George, and was gazetted a magistrate in 1833. With Colonel G. S. M. Gibbs—his

father-in-law—he took up a grant by purchase of what was afterwards called Yarralumba, where, with his wife, he made his home. He was fond of politics, and represented King and Georgiana in 1856. Under the Cowper Ministry he was Secretary for Land and Works, in 1860 was elected Speaker, and in 1862 President of the Legislative Council.

For his services he was knighted in 1869. His second wife was Agnes, third daughter of J. Edwards, Fairlawn House, Hammersmith, London. He died on 22nd June, 1873.

As a sheep farmer, Sir Terence Murray did not do very great things, but he rented wheat lands to farmers, which left him free for his political duties, which he preferred to farming. Yarralumba he held for many years in partnership with Thomas Walker, the philanthropist. Windradeen, near Lake George, he held on his own account and introduced fish into Lake George, the modus operandi of which he explained in the following manner:—From Yarralumba, where fish were, comparatively speaking, plentiful, he obtained two hundred young fish, on two separate occasions, one hundred each time. These he put into two new casks—ensuring cleanliness—and on the road between Yarralumba and Lake George he changed the water as frequently as he could obtain it

fresh and clean. A few journeys, similarly arranged, eventually resulted in the stocking of Lake George quite satisfactorily.

Sir Terence Murray had a brother, a doctor, who never practised his profession, but lived a secluded life on his property, "Woden." He was a bachelor, but with all a kindly and courteous neighbour.

J. H. M. LANYON.

Mr. Lanyon obtained a grant by purchase of 640 acres in 1835, but at his mother's urgent desire he returned to England, transferring his interests to James Wright. In every district—in Australia especially—there are usually one or two families who in point of numbers and family interlocking become widely known and respected. The Wright family is an example of this, and if I have dwelt at some length on its members it is only because it would be careless not to give their record the same attention that I have given to other families. I close with this brief account of the death of William Wright in 1837, which, as far as I know, was the first death in the district.

The country at that time was infested with dingoes, and fearing the brutes would tear up the body, Mr. Wright's grave was made unusually large and the coffin packed around with large stones, to give assurance that his last resting place would not be desecrated.

CANBERRA

GEORGE WEBB.

George Webb, of Jellbinbilla (aboriginal, Jedbinbilla, meaning "the place where all males are presumed to be made young men") came to Lanyon about 1839, or early in 1840. His first camp was pitched in error on Wright's land, and in an attempt to correct the mistake by moving to the other side of the Murrumbidgee he found to his surprise and doubtless to his annoyance, that he was still on Mr. Wright's land. However, those matters were taken very easily in those days, and he remained there for some eighteen months, when he took up the Jellbinbilla run. There his wife died, and there he lived until almost his last days. He went in for breeding cattle and horses, principally good, active farm horses, his ground was unfit for either sheep or farming.

He had three sons and two daughters, the eldest daughter married John Macdonald, owner of a neighbouring station, "Uriarra." The second daughter married Thomas Chippendale, and left New South Wales. The sons settled down nearby. Only one, William, is alive now, and living at Queanbeyan. He married a Miss Ledger, the daughter of another old pioneer, and on their Fairlight property reared four daughters and one son. Three of the girls are married and settled in

the district, while the son works the property with his father.

I would like to dwell on the old and sincere friendship which has always existed between William Webb and myself. He was born in June, 1841, and I was born a month later, within a mile of his birthplace. We grew up together, and to-day can claim that we are the only two men left in the district who are the sons of the original settlers.

HERBERT & SONS

Were early settlers of Naas, on the west side of the Murrumbidgee, and for many years conducted a successful dairy farm. Later on they went in for improving the breed of their cattle and horses, which with the aid of a few good bulls and a splendid imported Arabian stallion they carried out to a successful conclusion.

Their interests were wider than that, however, as I remember a boiling-down establishment, which they conducted for some time.

After the death of the old couple, two of the sons went in for sheep farming on the Billabong. I remember bringing their sheep and cattle from Monaro, by road, of course—there were no trains in those days.

Michael, the youngest son, I remember as being one of the finest and strongest young fellows I ever met. After the sale of Naas,

he went to live in Campbelltown, and shortly after, for some inexplicable reason, he became blind and deaf. Could anything be more tragic, or could a greater infliction be imagined? As a rule the loss of either of these senses is made up to some extent by the other senses becoming more acute, but poor Michael could only endure his affliction. Miss Herbert married Thomas Chippendale, of Naas Valley (father of the Thomas Chippendale, who years after married Miss Webb), an adjoining run. They did not remain there long, but sold out and went to live at Campbelltown.

ANDREW CUNNINGHAM, of Kongwarra.

He was most unfortunate in his property, for it was swampy, cold and miserable country, scrubby, and later on a sanctuary for brumbies.

As the place was uselss for sheep, and indeed not much good for anything, Mr. Cunningham lived most of his life at Lanyon. After MacQuoid met his death in the "Dunbar" wreck, Cunningham purchased his lands, which he and his sons held until they were resumed by the Federal Government for the Capital.

THOMAS SOUTHWELL, of Parkwood,

Came originally from Kent, in England. He went first to Camden, about 1838, but in

1840 he took up Parkwood, on the Ginninderra Creek, where he settled permanently and carried on farming in a general way, the work at which he did best, however, was being general carrier. It is a job that required a good deal of responsible supervision, and as Southwell—who had been twice married—had a fine family of eighteen, who all supported him filially and efficiently, he was on a good wicket.

As the time I write of, all wool, wheat and produce had to travel by road, and Sydney, being then as at present our best market, "Southwells," by establishing a reputation for reliability and promptness, were highly esteemed, and had a monopoly of the road transport.

When in due course Thomas Southwell paid the universal tribute he left a will bequeathing Parkwood to his five eldest sons (first family) who had helped him so well in his early days. He died in 1880, and we lost a sterling character universally esteemed. Four of the sons of the first family are dead, but his son, Samuel, a veritable chip of the old block, is living at Wattle Park, near Hull, not many miles from his birthplace.

L. F. DE SALIS, M.L.C.

L. F. de Salis, M.L.C., purchaser of Cuppercumbalong in May, 1856, was of Swiss

descent, but as the original blood landed in England during the reign of Queen Anne, and formally adopted British citizenship in 1730, their descendants to-day are, to all intents and purposes, as purely British as any other polyglot family in the Empire, whether owning descent from Danish, Norman, or even German blood.

De Salis' mother was an Irish woman. With the British desire for travel and adventure within him, he left the Old Country and arrived in Australia about the year 1840. Taking up, from preference, pastoral work, Darbelara, on the Murrumbidgee, was his first station, but this was followed by his occupation of Junee in 1844, which he sold a few years later to a Mr. H. N. Loughnan. Mr. de Salis held many other stations on the Murrumbidgee, and proved himself a keen and enterprising business man. He married a daughter of Captain MacDonald, of Bongongo, and lived with his wife and family at Cuppercumberlong, where he ended his days. He left a family of four sons and one daughter, the latter marrying William Farrar, a famous wheat expert.

It was a pity that Farrar did not live long enough to carry all his work into effect, for although his name is well known generally, his experiments did not have an opportunity of being fully tested, although his wheat

research work undoubtedly increased our national prosperity.

I knew him personally and heard much of his hopes, which were, unfortunately, terminated by his too early death.

At his place, Lambrigg, his widow still lives, the only other member of her family in the district being George F. de Salis, of Michelago. They were all keen on politics, as the following will show:—L. F. de Salis, M.L.A., 1864-1869; L. W. F. de Salis, M.L.A., 1872-1874; G. F. de Salis, M.L.A., 1882-1885.

WILLIAM DAVIS, Senior, of Booroomba, came from Oxfordshire, and landed in Sydney in 1842. He and his wife and family were met on arrival by James Wright, who with a gig and a big spring cart, in addition to a bullock dray, transported the whole family of sixteen—including maids and assistants—to their destination at Lanyon, a trip of 200 miles.

It was really a very pleasant experience for the new chums, that journey of two hundred miles into the bush, with tarpaulin and tents to shelter them; it was like an extended picnic, coupled with practical experience of future conditions and lives.

Even now, in the bush, the man who is an expert at damper baking, with the usual

methods of bush frying and boiling, is an acquisition to any party and a blessing to himself when separated from the easy comforts of a modern kitchen.

In those early days there was absolutely nothing to fall back on outside their own efforts. There was not even a road, and precious little of a track, but all was new and adventurous, and glorious youth needed nothing more.

The last station on the road was Campbell's cattle station at "Majura," and here a fresh thrill awaited the "new chums," for a camp of blacks had assembled to watch the newcomers, keenly inquisitive about the most trivial matters. One young gin, about sixteen years of age, perhaps, was much attracted by old Mrs. Davis, and kept pointing her finger at her and saying: "Ol' ooman, ol' ooman." Presently she gathered that the old lady was the mother of Mrs. Wright, of Lanyon, who was popular with the natives. Once having digested that information, she suddenly darted off alone, and, as we subsequently found out, ran the whole twelve miles to Lanyon merely to inform Mrs. Wright that her mother was coming, where she was sleeping, and at what time she would arrive on the morrow. It was a fine mark of friendship.

The Davis family was happy at Lanyon, and the re-united members of it spent many

happy hours discussing matters in the way so dear to family connections. About 1843 Mr. Wright finished building the Booroomba homestead, which he presented to old Mr. Davis, where he and his family settled and went in for dairy farming with great success.

Weddings, as a rule, are not particularly exciting affairs, except to those most nearly concerned, but the first wedding in a community has always some points of interest.

Such was the wedding of Alexander McKenzie and Elizabeth Buss in March, 1842. The ceremony was performed at Lanyon, by the Rev. E. Smith, of Queanbeyan, to the satisfaction of all concerned and the expressed approval and wonder of the blacks, who were impressed with the importance that white people invested such a trivial affair with.

On January 12, 1843, Dr. Hayley, of Queanbeyan, was married to Miss Elizabeth Davis, at Lanyon, by the same parson, so we were getting on.

Mr. Davis sold Booroomba in 1860 to Charles McKechnie. The Davis family then went to Ginninderra, where they were very comfortable. The Davis boys started a boiling-down plant at Booroomba, and also went in very extensively for bacon curing.

Harry Davis went in largely for stock dealing, and did pretty well. One of his

brilliant deals was a fine brown bullock with a white head, which he sold to a station near Melbourne. Some short time after the bullock was found back in his old pasture. In due course the bullock was sold again in Melbourne, and again returned to his old home, to be sold yet again, this time he stayed sold perforce. Unfenced lands were a nuisance, but they possessed some minor advantages.

FREDERICK CAMPBELL.

Born at Piallago—now known as Duntroon—Mr. Campbell spent the greater part of his childhood there. His first venture was the purchase of a cattle station on the Barwon River, called "Bundabarina." He married Miss F. C. B. Wright, formerly of Cuppercumbalong. After a time he sold Bundabarina, and took over the management of Duntroon. Here his wife died in 1881.

After his wife's death, Mr. Campbell left Duntroon and purchased Yarralumba from Mr. Gibbs. There he settled down and married Miss McPhie. During the ensuing years he added many thousands of acres—by purchase—to his property. In the beginning much of his property was poor sheep country, being wet, flukey, cold flats and gullies covered with scrub and bad timber, but with great energy and enterprise, five hundred miles of plough furrows—opened out and

cleaned with shovels—were run through the lands, from which all scrub, timber and refuse had previously been burned off. The work was great, but then so was the reward, for all that poor country is now most excellent sheep land. I should mention that a wholesale planting of willows—some 1,500—along the banks of the creeks and rivers running through the property completed the good work, providing, in addition, a splendid supply of sheep fodder in seasons of drought. To-day the whole estate is splendidly up-to-date, with its convenient paddocks fenced in and wire-netted.

I speak with some authority on this property, as on three occasions I was employed to value it, first for the trustees, and then for income tax purposes, and on the last occasion with three other Government valuators and experts. We made three separate valuations. It is a remarkable thing, but the final result showed a difference of approximately £300 only between the separate sums arrived at.

I was rather surprised at one valuation of this property by a reputed expert who valued a two rail and three rail wire fence at £5 a mile. Ridiculous! I would like to see him put it up at his valuation. Why, the post hole digging would cost more.

The old homestead was in due course pulled down, and a large three-storey house

erected, with a fine cottage adjoining, and stables to match. In addition to all this, the wool shed, drafting yard, sheep dips and installed machinery are of the best description and in advance of anything in the district.

A great convenience and labour-saver is the system of telephone communication between the homestead and the boundary huts. When a station possesses all these costly fittings it may be assumed that the stock is of a high order. Certainly Mr. Campbell's sheep and wool invariably command top prices. That speaks for itself. All classing done by himself.

In public life Mr. Campbell has interested himself in various ways. For many years he has been President of the Queanbeyan Hospital Committee. Some time ago, as a thank-offering for his family escaping injury through a road accident, he presented the hospital with a cheque from himself for £100, and for his daughter and young son cheques for £100 each, with which the Government subsidy of pound for pound made a welcome addition to the hospital funds.

This has not by any means been the sum total of his liberality, as besides many smaller amounts he presented £1000 to be held in trust for the institution. Again in 1919 he

donated 10,000 £1 shares on account of his Rubber Company to the Diocese of Goulburn.

Of the old Yarralumba property, Mr. Campbell still owns a small block, but his home is at Red Hill, near Tumut. That portion of Yarralumba resumed by the Federal Government contained the old homestead, a fine and comfortable house, and a convenient resting place for the Federal Members and administration officials. There is good fishing in the river nearby.

The estate was increased by about 20,000 acres during the time Mr. Campbell held it, and I remember some sixty years ago that Fred Davis discovered there an outcrop of silver, somewhere on Belconnel. It was supposed to be rich, but I never heard whether it was investigated or not.

William Bradley.

The son of an army surgeon, Mr. William Bradley was one of the most successful of our early pastoralists. He was quite young when he settled at Lansdowne, Goulburn, and did most of his own work in the sheep industry which he started, driving his bullock team with his wool to Sydney and bringing back his supplies. Of course, in those days we had no waggons—only drays. After a time Mr. Bradley took up a run called Bulamanang, on the west side of the Murrumbidgee,

opposite to John Cosgrove's "Billalingra" run. He found subsequently that John Cosgrove had also wanted Bulamanang and filed an application, but he proved to be just one day late—bad luck for him but all right for Bradley.

Mr. Bradley made William Broadribb his overseer, but soon sold the run to John Cosgrove, and then commenced buying runs in Monaro, including Coolringdon, Cooma Creek, Myalla, Dangelong, Jillumatong, and others, until a very fine pasture property was got together. He had engaged James Litchfield as sheep overseer at Lansdowne, Goulburn, at a salary of £20 a year—Mr. Litchfield told me himself. It did not run to large salaries in those days.

When two good men met, each recognised the other's worth. Litchfield was with Mr. Bradley for a very long time, and they worked together in harmony to their mutual advantage, Litchfield being allowed to run horses and cattle on the property. Mrs. Litchfield was known far and near as a most hard working and capable house-keeper, and nothing could keep them back.

In due course James Litchfield took up selections at the head of the Jillamatong Creek, in Mr. Bradley's country, who then sold him sheep on the easiest of terms, without worrying much how many they were or

MR. AUSTIN CHAPMAN.

Mr. Austin Chapman, M.H.R., first entered Parliament as the State Member for Braidwood, later on he was returned to the Federal House of Representatives, and, if I remember aright, although he has been opposed at every election, he has never once been defeated.

He has been known to me personally for thirty-three years. Mr. Chapman has proved himself an honest and capable representative, always ready and willing to lend his aid to any constituent, whether he be a political supporter or opponent, and there are few Members with so good a record.

Chapman was the father of the Old Age and Invalid Pension Act. He secured an increase of 5/- weekly, and is endeavouring to secure a further increase of 5/-.

[OVER

He also obtained the original penny postage throughout the Commonwealth, and is zealously working for reductions in the present postal rates. He represented Australia as a delegate to the important conference at Rome.

As the result of his intervention, the "Chapman" sack was established, whereby the weight of bagged wheat was reduced. He realised that the old-fashioned wheat sacks were too heavy for ordinary men to carry and stack in hot climates.

The Federal Capital movement has a very persistant advocate in Mr. Chapman. Year after year he has pressed the claims of Canberra, and his efforts are now bearing fruit.

where they grazed; as a matter of fact I was managing at Coolringdon (when Mr. Smith, the manager, died) and Mr. Bradley told me I could give Litchfield any sheep he wanted on his own terms.

Such a good couple deserved good children, and I, who lived comparatively near, saw the Litchfield family growing up in the good parents' steps.

When Mr. Bradley bought country in the Bombala district, making his holding the best in Monaro, he subsequently—in 1868—sold his Coolringdon property to Mr. Wallace of Nithsdale, Braidwood, with 75,000 sheep; the cattle had been sold previously and had gone to Gippsland.

The Bibbenluke property was worked separately from Coolringdon. I was sorry when Mr. Bradley sold out; he was a splendid man and a wonderful employer. His maxim was: "To pay and feed his men well and expect good results." I am sure he got them.

[Editor's note.—Here the writer of these notes has added—apparently as a soliloquy—

"Gone—
Three of the whitest of men."
William Bradley, of Darling Point,
Richard Blomfield, of Goulburn,
Andrew Jackson Cunningham Lanyon, Queanbeyan.]

JOHN GALE.

John Gale, who, at the time of writing, is 93 years of age, is one of the most influential

and best-known men in the district. By birth he is a Cornishman, and in connection with the British Wesleyan Conference landed in Sydney in May, 1854.

Like the majority of the men who came out in the early days to take up official appointments, the lure of the interior appealed strongly to him, and Mr. Gale soon threw up his town job and for several years went tutoring in the backblocks.

In 1860, soon after coming to Queanbeyan, he went in for journalism, and started the *Queanbeyan Age,* the *Golden Age* and *The Tattler,* which he owned and edited personally for fifty years, when his children took them over.

Mr. Gale was the founder of the Country Press Association, of which he is a life member. He has also been Justice of the Peace for forty years, and in addition has also held the office of coroner, district returning officer, member of local Land Board, an almost regular conference delegate, and much interested in the growth of the Federal Capital. He is a staunch Churchman, and in every way a most worthy and valued citizen.

In 1888 he was elected Member for the Murrumbidgee, but did not seek re-election. His wife was the youngest daughter of the late John Wheatley, and they had eleven children. The youngest son owned the

Queanbeyan Age up to the date of his death.

Mrs. Gale died some years ago, regretted by everyone. Since then Mr. Gale has married again, this time the widow of a Mr. Forrest, of Liverpool, England.

My personal acquaintance with Mr. Gale I value highly, for I believe him to be a wonderful man, whose equal would not be easy to find.

Mr. S. M. Mowle, Klunsendorff, Narrabunda, arrived in Australia, with his uncle, Edward B. Mowle, on the 18th May, 1836. He went to Mr. Cape's school for two years, then one fine day he decided to go farming, so with Mr. T. A. Murray he rode the 180 miles to Yarralumba, doing it in five days. Young Mowle put in fourteen years sheep farming, but in spite of the fact that his run was good country (Limestone Plains), he was unfortunate losing heavily from the usual forms of sheep diseases. He rented and lived for many years on a block of 2,560 acres, originally taken up in the name of John Stephens, of Narrabunda Parish, this block being eventually included in the Duntroon estate.

In another chapter I have related the circumstances attending the drowning of the Rev. W. Gregory. It was S. M. Mowle who walked to the edge of the river with him and saw the tragedy occur.

After his sheep venture, Mr. Mowle, in 1852, was appointed Collector of Customs at Eden, Twofold Bay, and when his appointment was only a few hours old he received a report of the wreck of the *Mary Wilson* at Gabo Island, with a cargo of port wine aboard. S. M. Mowle took over the whole affair and salved the cargo, which was sold for £1,400 by Lamb & Co. This was a big help, and made things easier for him. He stayed with the Government fifty-two years, and reached the ripe age of 82 years.

An early settler was Currowong Ned, who arrived by the ship *Burning Lass*. He worked at Currowong, out west from what is now known as Delegate. As he had no horses, he broke in some bullocks to pack on, with which he brought wheat to Twofold Bay, where he sold it and bought a small bellows, chains, irons, etc. When he had packed these articles back he proceeded to work them into bullock yokes and mountings. All now being ready, this handy, hard-working chap broke in his little team of oxen, made a slide out of a long forked tree and evolved something like a big boat, which he covered inside with bullock hide. Then all was ready, and with a load of tallow he started for Sydney.

Now, much of his route was not even marked. There were no roads, no sign of a track, and the going was heavy, so that before

his journey was at an end he had worn out three extra bullock slides, the changing of which was a difficult matter, as the boat was too heavy to lift, and had to be hauled on to the fresh slide which was laid out flat on the ground—hard work indeed.

However, he sold his tallow in Sydney, bought a drag with the proceeds, and entered into business relations with a Jew from whom he acquired a selling share in a cargo of rum, tobacco and good selling lines. Ned's share was half the profits, and as the rum sold for £1 per bottle, the tobacco at £1 per pound, and the other articles at good prices, Ned had every reason to be pleased with his venture. The Jew travelled round with him.

CONLON, of Conlon's Corner,

About twelve miles west of Queanbeyan, was allowed to dairy his employer's cows, and at the end of the dairy season taking the results of his labour, in the shape of butter, bacon, etc., to Sydney for sale. With a cart made by himself, a bullock between the shafts, and four leading bullocks, he managed very well to transport his produce and bring back his stores. The shaft bullock's harness was similar to a horse's. By the way, it was at Conlon's house that the two black runners took the bushrangers, Green and Watson.

ANDREW LYONS,

At Jingira, was a well-known carrier using bullock teams. He got on so well with these sturdy animals that he determined to break one in for his buggy. The venture turned out not so bad, and the bullock, harnessed like a horse, was often seen carrying Andrew Lyons and his family about the district, and even to the races, where his arrival was greeted with much cheerful ragging.

Another character—a young fellow named Hickey—near Captain's Flats, broke in a bullock for riding purposes. With two or three other young fellows they rode the patient beast all over the place, hitching it when necessary as if it were a horse.

They also used to hitch it to a little cart arrangement for carrying small loads of wood. I remember they had trouble with its collar, which would turn upside down.

Mrs. Swan, of Wyalong, had a pet calf which she reared with the material aid of a milking goat. As the latter was not a party to the proceeding, she had to be held and forced to contribute to the nefarious transaction. The *modus operandi* being to put the goat on a box so that the long legged calf could reach the source of supply.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF ABORIGINALS.

When the whites first came to Queanbeyan, Hongkong was chief of the Kamberra tribe.

It was not a very troublesome crowd, in fact —as related in the beginning of these notes— the old chief was the worst of the lot. Hongkong's burial had some gruesome features. After his death at Cuppercumberlong, the men of the tribe got together, tied him up in a complete ball, then cut him open between hip and rib, and through the orifice withdrew the old chap's kidney fat, distributing it in small pieces to every gin in the camp, who stowed the treasure away in the net bags they always carried around their shoulders. His grave was on the top of a rocky hill—about a quarter of a mile from Thurwa Bridge—and about five or six feet in depth. A tunnel about six feet in length was excavated and the body inserted, with his spears (broken in half), his shield, nulla nulla, boomerang, tomahawk, opossum rug, and other effects. Then the hole was filled in with stones and earth. I was very young when I saw all this.

Well, that was the end of that worthy, with the exception that a number of years later a man named Smithie dug up the skull, and with questionable taste had it made into a sugar bowl, which I actually saw in use on his table.

From many conversations I had with various members of the tribe I got to know them and their customs pretty well. The correct rendering of their tribal name was

Kamberra. Their corroboree ground was at Kamberra, as far as I can gather the exact spot being near the Canberra Church, where the Administration Offices are now erected at Acton, Canberra, and by Canberra Church towards the old Duntroon dairy. It served also as their general and best known meeting place.

It was an ordinary sized tribe, between 400 and 500 at the time of the first white settlement. In their nomadic style of life, always on the move, they carried their weapons with them, up to at least the year 1850. Their usual battery was anything from two to six spears, some of them with fearsome barbs quite an inch in length, so that, once driven home in flesh of man or beast, extraction was only possible by driving the spear head through. As a rule, however, the spears were unbarbed, and with the "thrower," a contrivance for throwing the spear, with which considerable force and accuracy could be attained. Then the nulla nulla, a weapon made of solid wood with a knob at one end and a smooth handle. There were two kinds of shields used, one for defence against the nulla nulla, a very solid affair, and a broader one to guard against spears. These shields were usually well and carefully made, with a grip on the inside to hold and manipulate

the working. Add to these the invariable boomerang or two, and a primitive tomahawk made of hard polished stone, and a warrior was fully equipped.

With the coming of the Europeans and the advent of iron, stone implements were soon dropped, and are now merely curios, of which most old settlers have a specimen or two. It was the custom of the tribe to meet once a year for a big corroboree. Then they would split up into small camps of from twenty to thirty, and resume their uneasy flitting from one spot to another, living on the animal, grub, and plant life and moving on as they exhausted each place.

The style of their camps varied. If they were in the vicinity of a settler's homestead, where they could obtain meat, tea, flour, tobacco, etc., they merely erected bough shelters, just enough to shield them from the rain, frost, etc.; but in the bush proper they could erect very good bark huts, quite warm and comfortable.

A camp was, as a rule, composed of a man, his gin, and their progeny, and, of course, half a dozen mangy curs, all sleeping together. Their bush food consisted mainly of opossum, wallaby, bandicot, turtle, fish, eggs, and snakes—diamond or carpet—if killed by themselves.

Sinews of kangaroo or wallabies' tails were used for many purposes, especially fishing lines and snares. Their cooking and eating habits were anything but nice, but they sufficed; one example will do for many.

An opossum, when caught, was plucked, fowl fashion, opened and cleaned, leaving, however, the heart and liver. Head, tail and feet were left on. Then, if to be cooked, a small fire was kindled, and on this was kept turning the roast, sometimes (not always) covering it with hot ashes. When cooked, the liver and heart was first eaten by the master of the ceremonies, after which the carcase was pulled asunder, the loin always being his share, and sometimes also the hind legs; the forequarters going to the gin and children, or if his mastership were in a well-filled and generous condition he would give them the hind legs also; but it was always the fancy bits for the man and the balance for the wife and children. If he was unlucky in his hunting, or sulky or sick, well, the gins and piccaninnies had to hustle for themselves or fill in with yams (a jolly good food, too).

An interesting tribal custom, and one strictly observed, was that of sealing, as it were, a male and female child as future husband and wife. From that time they were termed each other's snake, and were supposed

not to look at one another. I have often seen these bridal couples (of the future) when meeting pull a covering over their faces or turning aside, to observe the tribal law. This interregnum lasted until the tribal man-making ceremony came off, *i.e.*, when the boys were about seventeen to twenty years of age, and a sufficient number of them available, say five or six. Then all the men together left with the boys for Jedbenbilla Mountain, the sacred place, so to speak, sanctified for that purpose. It was a very solemn affair and great secrecy observed. I never heard what the actual rites were, but the boys returned fully made men, with one tooth knocked out, then all proceeded to Kamberra for the great feast.

The ground was cleared around a big tree —if one was available, if not, a pole and boughs were arranged—and at a set time the gins entered the arena, and sitting in a circle with an opossum rug tightly stretched across their knees, made a sort of a drum-like tauntness. This the gins started beating, evidently as an accompaniment to what they called their singing.

Now came the men, arrayed in a perfect galaxy of decorations, skin tassels hung in festoons, faces and bodies painted with clay, white and coloured, they danced and postured

until weary, or the ceremony was concluded. Then came the event of the day, and the blushing couples, so long sealed and blind to each other's existence, were presented to each other, to begin life in orthodox style, the snaky relationship a thing of the past.

If the weather is good, the festivities may last for as much as a week. I have had many years with the aborigines, and although very little authentic is really known about them I believe what I have related to be correct.

The natives' canoes, like their huts, were always made of bark. The bark from a carefully stripped tree (which must be a crooked tree) showing no cracks would make quite a decent boat, and many a time have I used one.

Neddy and Long Jimmy were tribesmen, and our stockmen. And very good and careful stockmen aboriginals usually were. The two I mention were great cobbers.

About 1850 a camp of blacks had settled where the Queanbeyan Police Station is now. There was trouble in the camp owing to a supply of liquor getting among them, and in the general squabbling the two chums fell out, and Long Jimmy killed Neddy. Jimmy speedily repented and gathered his gin, sick child and effects together, and got away to Tuggaronong, about nine miles from Quean-

beyan. After the runaway came the indignant camp—Neddy having been buried—and when they arrived Long Jimmy was informed that he would have to submit to tribal discipline by single combat with a male relative of Neddy's. And so it was arranged. The fight between Long Jimmy and Jimmy the Rover—the chief of his tribe—was scheduled to take place in the yard about eighty yards from Tuggaronong kitchen on a Sunday afternoon. Jimmy Taylor and another man were appointed referees, and believe me there was some excitement, over thirty Europeans, men and women, attending to admire and cheer the gladiators.

The natives, of whom there were about fifty, were very determined to see that justice was done. So at the appointed time, the two brawny warriors, clad in a slender band and a few tassels, and armed with nulla nulla and shield, strode forward, glared balefully at each other and crouched for the fray.

With each nulla nulla raining heavy blows on the sturdy hardwood shields, guarding the opponent's body, there was plenty of din to prove the earnestness of their intentions, and then Jimmy Taylor called "Time." Alas! the Homeric combat was shadowed by the next move, for instead of retiring in dignified fashion to their respective corners and the ministrations of their seconds, they threw

down their weapons and lay down side by side in an adjacent mud hole, where they rolled and wallowed like two pigs.

But Jimmy Taylor, the inexorable, once more called "Time," and out the two mud larks jumped, resumed their swords and shields and became once more warriors—

> "Feeling that joy that warriors feel,
> In foemen worthy of their steel."

Then that round ended, the warriors returned to the mud hole until again "Time" was called. Four rounds had gone, four mud baths taken, and still the hearty blows, like the chopping of heavy axes, could be heard five hundred yards away, and so far—this is an absolute fact—neither man had received a blow.

Round five was a bitter one, for Long Jimmy caught his doughty opponent one on his haughty crest, which, bringing him to his knees, gave Jimmy his opportunity, so heaving up his nulla he prepared to administer the *coup-de-grace,* but Jimmy Taylor called "Time." So valour went unrewarded.

Two more rounds, two more baths. Then, shameful as it may sound, Long Jimmy threw down his arms, and to the derision of the audience, who had only seen one blow struck, he bolted for the homestead, where he hid himself so effectively that he could not be found. Next day Long Jimmy, his gin and sick baby were at Cuppercumbalong.

Mrs. Wright did what she could for the sick child, and the three left that night for the Oldfield's place, where Mrs. Oldfield tried her best to help the little thing. In spite of all the attention, it died. After burying it Long Jimmy left for Monaro, and I did not hear of him again, until the time of the great Gundagai floods, when he turned up and helped to rescue a drowning Chinaman. He died at Booroomba a week later.

STOCKMEN AND BUCKJUMPERS.

Some of the natives were splendid stockmen, and among them were several very fine roughriders, equal to tackling any buckjumper. Once at shearing time at Lanyon, there was known to be on the estate a very active plough-horse, known to be a bad buckjumper. Jacky, a native, was working with the shearers, and they chaffed him until it ended in his vowing he would ride the bucking plough-horse, and if he succeeded he would win a bottle of rum. Mr. Cunningham, fond of a bit of fun, agreed to the trial, and on Saturday the event came off. It was a bad horse and had to be blindfolded before it could be saddled. However, we had everything ready at last, the bandage pulled off the horse's eyes. Jack was sent sky high almost immediately, and, of course, came down hard, but he was after the bottle of rum, and had another try, and yet another.

Then a fourth time, and he held on like a burr. The horse plunged some, and did all in his power to get rid of his burden, but Jacky hung on and won his bottle. His hands cut about by the reins, with blood splashed over him and the horse, showed what a stern fight it had been. Jacky had truly earned his rum and the 10/- collected for him.

The best rider of buckjumpers I ever knew was a native named Frank. He was a drover in my employ for many years, and both as drover and horse-breaker he was in a class by himself. One native named Duke was with me droving to Queensland on one occasion, and proved a trustworthy man, one of the cleverest assistants I ever had. He was usually employed by me at dairying or general work among stock and in the paddocks.

WATER JAR JACK.

When I was managing Combadilla Station, near Moree, I had a native herdsman, Water Jar Jack. He was a fine old chap and had always lived with Europeans. He once told me how frightened he was the first time he saw a man on horseback. I asked him what he though it was. "I frightened; my word, I frightened, boss."

"Yes, but what frightened you, Jack?"

"My word, I think him all one big fella; I do know what he is at all."

"What did you do, Jack?"

"My word, I run to one big fella log and I crawl up big hole in middle and keep quiet. I stop all day until dark he come, then I come out and look round plenty. When I not see him, my word, I run quick to the camp."

The old fellow seemed very much amused as he related his early fears.

Combadella Billy, Water Jar Jack's son, was reared at Maitland by Mrs. Abel Cobcroft, owner of Waterjar Station, near Moree. He was a fine athlete and could run like a hare. From Maitland to Queanbeyan border no man could be found to beat him. He was taken in hand by the Europeans, who brought him out properly, and when stripped to run he was a man hard to beat. But he never got a square deal from a certain type of white man, who, in spite of his real objection to drink, literally forced it down his neck. Poor Billy, these shameful tactics soon bore fruit, and from loathing drink he soon grew too fond of it, and eventually died from its effects in Moree Hospital.

An Old Raid.

In March, 1865, near the Monaro racecourse, was the scene of a bushranging raid, which in its audacity and contempt for the law stamped them as a crowd of desperate

ruffians. This gang was generally known as the Clark Gang.

The races were being held at Cooma, a good crowd attending, and throughout the day the presence of four or five men loafing about on a hill overlooking the course and about a quarter of a mile from the stand had been alluded to several times by the race-goers.

Several semi-jocular assertions "that they were bushrangers" had been made, but they did not, for a moment, think that they were so near the truth—until later on.

At the races, Mr. Harnell, of Rosebrook, asked a number of friends to spend the evening with him. I was invited, but, unfortunately, could not go, as I had important business to attend to. In the meantime, Mr. Cullen, of the Bunyan Hotel, had a booth on the course, and late in the afternoon he made up the day's receipts—some £80—gave the bag to a trust-worthy employee named Mary Casey, who had been helping at the bar, and sent her home, at the same time telling his sheep overseer, a man named Connington, to accompany her for protection.

They left as instructed, but on the way called at one of my sheep stations to have a cup of tea and a rest. Mary wanted to hurry on, and reminded Connington of what the boss had said, but he was so long in stirring

himself that at length she left by herself, in spite of his jeers that she would be bailed up.

Mary was a brave and honest soul, and when she had got about two miles down the road, four men on horseback rode up the road in front of her and roughly ordered her to stop and explain who she was. She told them she was only a poor servant girl on her way home from the races. She was so scared and looked so humble that they evidently considered her unworthy of investigation, so she was ordered to "get on," which she did, feeling naturally triumphant at saving Cullen's £80. Meanwhile, Connington, not wanting Mary to reach home without him, rode hard to overtake her, but if Mary's luck was in, his was out, for he also was bailed up. They relieved him of his watch and chain, his loose cash, and a very swell stockwhip he had taken with him for show. Needless to say he was considerably jeered at, while Mary won golden opinions for her diplomacy.

To return to the bushrangers. They hung about until evening, and then galloped down to the hotel, where Cullen had a fine spread of turkeys, fowls and other good things for the returning race-goers, but man proposes, etc. The bushrangers swept in cyclone-like, and cleared away with the best of the provender, which they no doubt devoured with

gusto. When the guests of Mr. Harnell had assembled at Rosebrook, and the fun had just commenced, an old stockman was pushed out, very full of drink. As he was being firmly led outside the ejectors were met by two or three men who, with revolvers pointed, bailed them up and drove them back into the room, where, presently, all the guests were—under the revolvers, resignedly submitting to a confiscation of their cash and valuables.

I must state that the bushrangers did not interfere with the women in any way, not even taking their jewellery. They certainly asked for and got some piano music and a few shaky songs, after which they had a drink and made everyone drink with them. While all this was going on a sub-inspector of police was out in the garden behind a gooseberry bush, in ambush, and there he remained until the gang left. In the meantime one of the guests, Mr. F. Keon, watched his opportunity and slipped out through the window whilst they were drinking. It was no use going to the stable for a horse, for, of course, one of the gang would be on guard there, so he started to run to Cooma—nine miles. When about half way, he had the good luck to catch a horse with a saddle that had been lost from the racecourse, and rode the rest of the way to the Inspector of Police, Captain Bally, who with Sergeant Carroll and another con-

stable accompanied Keon back to Rosebrook, where everything was now quiet and closed. They then proceeded to Rose Valley, and just at daybreak Carroll reported that two men were coming up to the house. Bally fired his rifle at them, and they galloped up the paddock. As there was only one gate, it seemed as if they must be caught, but Bally seemed in no hurry, and it really looked as if there were no real attempt to catch them, although the newspapers subsequently reported that "the police were in hot pursuit!"

The Jindin Murder by the Clark-Connell Gang.

This tragic occurence was of the worst, if not quite the worst, of the many crimes committed by the bushrangers. Briefly retold, the actual details were as follows:—Four policemen called at Jindin and spent the night there. During the evening they discussed—with the proprietor—their plans for the apprehension of the bushrangers, and asked him the best way to get down to Guinness's place. He advised them to walk down by a certain track and back another way.

The next morning the gang's "telegraph" called at the station and requested a bottle of spirits, which for some unexplained reason was supplied. This bottle of spirits,

the "telegraph" afterwards admitted in evidence, was for working up the spirits of the gang to commit the crime they contemplated.

Now the police in all good faith, followed the advice given them and walked to Guinness's place as directed. On the way back they had to pass through a good deal of country covered with low undergrowth about two feet high, no trees anywhere, except at one spot close to the track, where a clump of several big trees stood. Behind these trees, it seems, members of the gang, T. Clark, Pat Connell, Fletcher and the long native, were in ambush. As soon as the police got opposite or near them they called to them to surrender, at the same time firing a volley which killed two of the police at once. The others ran their hardest, but could not get away in that low undergrowth, and it would have been better for them if they had fought the issue out, man to man, at which their chances would have been about equal. The men were demoralised, I suppose, by the death of their comrades, as they were quickly run down, then they dropped on their knees and begged for their lives. Ten minutes, in grim irony, were they given to say their prayers, after which they were shot dead—deliberately murdered.

As the subsequent inquiry showed, when all was over the bushrangers pinned a

£5 note to Carroll's body and a £1 note on each of the others. The "telegraph" admitted that he held the horses meanwhile.

In the meantime, the station man who had directed the police was noticed to be extremely fidgety all day. Towards evening he sent a man to inquire as to the whereabouts of the police, and the messenger following his directions came right on to the scene of the four murders. Carroll was a warder in Darlinghurst Gaol, who had been offered a big reward to capture the gang. Subsequent evidence showed that the party had been double crossed, and the station man who had undoubtedly been the cause of their falling into the trap got away scot free from the State. He should have been hanged.

Another bushranging murder was committed by the same gang. They at one time stuck up practically the whole village of the Gulph, as it was then called; it is now Narragumda. The gang had the crowd bailed up when someone got away to the police station, where the only policeman, Myles O'Grady, was ill in bed. He was a brave man, for ill as he was, and in spite of the late dark hour, he promptly got out of bed, and armed with his revolver, he went to the room where the people were bailed up and at once opened fire by shooting the bushranger Fletcher. Most unfortunately, O'Grady him-

self was shot by Connell, leaving the rest of the gang an opportunity to clear out, which they promptly did.

As soon as they had gone, a man named Manucer said that if a few armed men would accompany him he would bring them to the crossing in the river that the bushrangers would take, giving them the opportunity to shoot them easily. They went, but as the bushrangers were approaching one of the faint hearts with Manucer fired his gun for no useful reason, and the bushrangers turned and galloped off.

Manucer, who knew the country intimately, then asked them to go with him to another crossing, but only one man would go, and that was not good enough. So ended that night. About two weeks later Pat Connell was shot by the police at Oranmere, and John Clark joined forces with his brother, Tom, and his gang, and was proclaimed an outlaw.

The long native was apparently getting scared, and tried to get away. One day at Barnes' Hotel, Buckley's Crossing, Snowy River, on the road to Gippsland, a man came in whose appearance made Barnes suspicious. Calling a messenger he gave him a note to the police, saying "that he believed one of the Clark-Connell gang was drinking in his bar, and if they hurried he would keep the man supplied with liquor." The police

came promptly, but the man had evidently became suspicious of the unwonted prodigality, and had left. After him in his tracks galloped the police, and about six miles out they came upon his body, sprawled across the road, having apparently ridden against a tree in his bemused state, and knocked his brains out.

That accounted for three of the original four bushrangers, as the man proved to be—as suspected by Barnes—the long native.

The Murder of Constable Nelson by Dunn.

Two bushrangers named Gilbert and Hall were raiding a store, while a third, named Dunn, kept watch outside. Some person had sent a message to Policeman Nelson, who quickly came and attempted to get into the store through the back of the house. Unfortunately, he was not aware of Dunn outside, so that Dunn saw him first, and made Nelson's little son, whom he had captured, hold his horse. The little chap implored him, "Don't shoot my father, sir; don't shoot my father." All the brute replied was, "If you don't hold the horses and stop that noise I will shoot you, too."

Then as Constable Nelson was getting through the fence, Dunn, from ambush, shot him dead, to the anger of Gilbert, who came

out to see what the shooting was. "You had no right," he said, "to shoot a good man."

The heart-broken little chap then ran away, and Dunn fired at him, sending a bullet between his knees. "Had you shot the little chap," shouted Gilbert, "I would have shot you."

Dunn was a treacherous, blood-thirsty brute, and badly wanted to shoot Mr. Edwards, Lady Murray's brother. The foregoing details were given me by one who saw it all at Collection.

A Binalong Incident.

On one occasion, during the early days of Gilbert and O'Malley, two smartly-dressed ladies rode on to the Binalong Racecourse on a race day. No one seemed to know them, but their get-up was in good style, and their bearing quite assured; perhaps a little too much so, as one of them, when passing the police inspector's horse, gave it a smart cut with a beautiful little riding whip, making the horse give a surprised snort and a plunge. "Well," said the inspector, as he looked after the giggling lady, "that is a pretty fast piece who ever she may be."

That night at the ball the two ladies turned up, very smart and stylish. They created quite a mild sensation among the susceptible ones. It was not found out for some time that the smart equestriennes and dashing belles

were the two bushrangers, Gilbert and O'Malley, who had so cleverly disguised themselves, and for whose capture a large reward was offered.

MURDER OF MR. BARNES BY O'MALLEY.

Travelling with sheep, I had business at Mr. Barnes' store at Murrumburrah. On Tuesday I saw his son, who had charge of a new store at Cootamundra, one of the only two buildings there, the other being just an old roadside pub. Young Barnes said that the gang had visited him two days previously, which was Sunday, and he had had a bit of a set-to with them in the dark, after which Gilbert vowed he would do for him when he got the chance. He added, "I am off to Murrumburrah to-morrow (Wednesday), for if I stay here Gilbert will shoot me."

On Wednesday, while camping at Bethungra, then a wild bush place, Gilbert, Hall, O'Malley and Dunn came up and sat down and stayed there for an hour or so, finally leaving and riding up into the bush instead of the road.

When I arrived at Junee—Hammond & Gwin's old station—Hammond asked me if I had seen the bushrangers. I told him of their visit to my camp. He told me that his brother Albert had seen them while out riding, and had galloped in to put them on the alert.

When the criminals arrived, they left Hall outside with the horses, while Gilbert, O'Malley, and Dunn came in and bailed up the household. O'Malley and Dunn wanted to know who had galloped up to warn us, threatening to give him a pill. Of course, no one answered. O'Malley and Dunn then took Mrs. Hammond with them to ransack the house, and Gilbert, left behind, closed the door quickly and said to Mr. Hammond, "Tom, I know Albert was the one who galloped up and warned you; but I won't split."

Barnes was going to Cootamundra to take his son's place in the store during his absence. The gang met him near Wallenbene, and O'Malley called to him to stop, but the old man galloped on, and O'Malley rode after him and shot him. O'Malley and Dunn were indeed bloodthirsty brutes.

MICHAEL GALLAGHER.

Born in Westmeath, Ireland, Michael Gallagher was of the good old trustworthy type of employee. He started in life as groom and gardener to Dr. Lavington. He married, at 25, Elizabeth Moran, whose people were in the employ of Mr. Cunningham, of Lanyon. There were five sons of the marriage, but they, unfortunately, lost four of them by death before they left for Australia in 1841, and the remaining boy, John, aged twelve, died two days out on the voyage.

There was a very severe storm, and the vessel put back into Falmouth, so the little chap was burried ashore.

The Gallaghers arrived in Sydney in February, 1842, and engaged at once with Mr. James Wright, who met the ship to bring up the Davis family and others, who had arrived at the same time, fourteen in all. In another chapter I have described the journey of 200 miles that was cheerfully undertaken. The Gallaghers afterwards rented a farm at Tuggeranong, and sent home for a niece and nephew, who did their duty by the old couple and stayed with them to the end. The farm was left to the nephew.

Mrs. Gallagher was a kind-hearted motherly woman, and on one occasion, when an accident happened at the house and we were all distractedly waiting for a doctor, whom I and my brother had been riding hard to catch, Mrs. Gallagher heard of the trouble, and though getting on in years set out and walked the six miles to our house to offer aid and service, when she came to the Murrumbidgee having to tuck her clothes up under her arms and walk through the river. Gallagher was for many years in the employ of my father.

Alexander McKenzie was another honest, hard-working and dependable employee of my father's. When he came to Lanyon he

was very young, and he married, in November, 1842, Elizabeth Bass, who had nursed me when a baby, and was highly esteemed by my mother. They were married by the Rev. E. Smith, from my father's house. I have referred to the wedding in another chapter.

JAMES YOUNG

was another of our old employees who stayed with us until Mr. de Salis bought the property from us. He had a responsible position on the station, and married Margaret MacHurn, who had been with Mrs. Wright for a considerable time. At Cuppercumberlong they reared eleven children, six sons and five daughters. The widow Young is still living and active, although approaching her 98th year. She lives with her youngest daughter, Mrs. Minnie Hatch. The foregoing were indeed a fine type of employees.

THE CANBERRA CAPITAL WATER SUPPLY.

Three rivers, namely, the Cotter, the Molonglo, and the Murrumbidgee, supply Canberra. The Cotter rises in the Snowy Mountains, flowing north-east of Kiandra, and between Yionk and the Peppercorn Mountain, thence north by north-east between the almost inaccessible Brindabella and Jellbenbilba Mountains, where only the wallaby can manage to get along. The water, where undisturbed, is of crystal clearness, and

absolutely free from organisms. The weir from which the water is drawn is across the Cotter, a short distance above its junction with the Murrumbidgee.

The Murrumbidgee rises about Kelly's Plain and the Guelph and Snowy Plains, north from Kiandra, thence east through Monaro and north through Michelago, then through Federal territory to Burrenjack.

The Molonglo rises in the Jingera district from swamps, springs, and creeks, flowing through Molonglo, Queanbeyan, and the centre of the proposed city, to the Murrumbidgee, where it juctions a few miles below the Cotter, Murrumbidgee Junction.

QUEANBEYAN NOTES DATING FROM 1837.

Our earliest settlers, as I remember, were as follows:—Captain Alured T. Faunce, Doddsworth settler and magistrate; Mr. Russell, Acting Clerk of Petty Sessions Court, established 23/2/38; Mr. Gray, Postmaster and Pound Keeper; Dr. William Foxton Hayley, settler; Rev. E. Smith, Church of England; Rev. Father Terry, Roman Catholic Church, first celebrated Mass; Rev. Father Hoskins, Roman Catholic Church; Gray, Barret and Welsh, storekeepers; Hunt and Kay, hotel partners, license obtained in Sydney; Michael Duff, baker; Beatty, butcher; Norman and Landagan, blacksmiths; Constable Witts (Chief Constable); Alexan-

der McKechnie, the first white child born at Queanbeyan; Messrs. Booth, A. Levy, J. J. Wright and W. Nugent, early arrivals.

The first building or shelter erected was a bark sheep station hut on River Flat, belonging to Piallago.

The first cottages were built by Captain Faunce, at Doddsworth, and by Dr. Hayley.

The first bank and store were quite temporary affairs, merely huts.

The first hotel, "The Oaks," was a fine house, now the site of the Railway Station, while the first Church of England rectory was a very tiny building.

Queanbeyan Wild Birds and Animals.

The dingo, well known as a sheep destroyer, kangaroo, wallaroo, blue flyer, scrub and rock wallaby, bandicoot, opossum (blue ring-tailed), flying squirrels, platypus, native cat (a pretty animal), wombat and native bear.

Birds.

Mountain duck, black teal, whistler, wild goose, swan, pelican, diver, cormorant, emu, hawk, crow, magpie, pigeon (four kinds, flock, wanga wanga, top-knot, bronzewing), squatter, quail, water hen, plover, spurwing, parrot (lawry, rosella, parrakeet), and snipe.

Fruit.

Raspberry (very good), cherry, currants, and gooseberry (not good).

CANBERRA

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS

I AM an old man, and one of the very few left who can truly say that they have seen Canberra grow from her first poor beginnings to her present national pre-eminence.

Like all old men, I am inclined to live in the days that are past rather than the present, and that perhaps is only natural, because the happiest of my recollections are of the long ago.

Of course I had my sorrows and my troubles, but through the veil of the years even they are memories which I do not put aside now.

But time, if a slow physician, is a thorough one; without wiping out the memory he rather enhances it with the glamour of passing years. The sting has been extracted from the sorrow, and the quiet hours hold no dread as we ponder over the past.

It is strange that now I can remember many events that happened when I was very young, and of which in my lusty manhood I had but poor or indifferent recollections.

My young manhood, aye, I was something of a man 65 years ago. I am on towards eighty-two now, but I can swing along pretty well. I am six feet, and "rejoice in my strength," as the Good Book has it. But don't mistake me; I do not grizzle and mourn over my lost youth. I had a long and good

run for my money, and each decade seemed to me a pretty good one, with many adventures to dream of in my old age.

Well, I would like to ramble on in this fashion, but I am told I must begin at the beginning, and so—

A grown up person's memories of his childhood are, I think, treacherous. I mean that it is almost impossible to separate actual memories from events merely related by parents or elders, yet I am sure my first hazy impressions were of an unlimited out-of-doors and blackfellows, who to my childish brain seemed to be in number as the stars, and naturally my first companions were the native youngsters. What did it matter to me when I went bathing in the rivers, possum hunting and fishing, whether my companions were black or white. We were all just kiddies together, and at that period of life it seems that Nature was doing the fair and square thing by making all childish thoughts and impulses alike and simple, without the disturbing sex problems that are so harassing in after life.

In all our games, however, there was one sort of evil spirit hovering about, and for old Hongkong—the chief of the tribe—a hard-bitten old aboriginal, we—especially I— had a very healthy respect. I expected he was just the usual uncivilized (I prefer the word

uncontaminated) type, but to the present day he is associated in my mind with old Giant Despair, or any fee-fo-fum character of my childhood's literature.

Events which seemed very important in our quiet, uneventful lives—I speak now with so many years later knowledge and understanding of our peaceful early days—kept us with subjects of conversation continually. It may have been only a matter of horses bought, sold, stolen or strayed, or the movement of cattle or sheep, yet they were the centre of our interest and the mainspring of our existence, prosperous or otherwise, and it was natural that all that concerned them should concern us also.

Then there were our long rides and now and then a riding party. It does not sound much to a city man to say that a boundary rider is in the saddle all day, but let him try it, on an indifferent horse, aye, or on a good one for the matter of that, always riding along without getting anywhere, over parched ground under a pitiless blistering sun, and no shade anywhere. One day of this would literally kill a town-bred man, and continual days of it would make even a hard, wiry stockman somewhat queer in his mental outfit, although on one occasion, when on a mission of life and death, I rode eighty-four

miles in four and three-quarter hours, using up four horses in the doing of it.

And so time went on. I found my childhood slipping away. I began to look longingly at the horizon, and wondered about and longed for the unseen, but my thoughts were soon brought to ground in material fashion, as I will tell.

One thousand eight hundred and fifty-seven is some time ago, yet I remember when helping with the cattle in attempting to cut out a beast I collided with a tree, my recollection being of going hard one moment and the next waking in bed some twenty-four hours after, as I was informed, having been knocked out and carried home.

I was getting quite a size by this time. At 15 years I thought myself some lad, and had my share of responsible work. I no doubt fancied myself, although I had rather a set back once when bringing some young cattle down a rather bad pass in the Bong Bong mountains. I had left my saddle horse behind at the top, and on my return had the chagrin to find that the poor brute had fallen over the precipice, and was, of course, killed. That I found many bones of stock that had perished in the same manner near the body of my horse did not make my annoyance any the less, nor did I relish much facing the usual remarks a boy has to endure under such circumstances.

There was another occasion, when only eighteen years of age, I was very much worried by a bad tempered drover named Webster, who took advantage of my extreme youth. I was in charge of some eight hundred head of cattle, and when passing what is now known as Illabo, Webster, who had passed me during the night with 2,200 head in order to forestall my lot with the scarce water, had got into difficulties through his herd stampeding in the early morning hours. When I came along the man was very angry, refused to allow me to pass, and rode among my mob, flogging them in an endeavour to turn them. If I was too young to deal with Webster, my stockman, Sorrell, was quite willing to mix in, so after listening to the unreasonable Webster for a few minutes he remarked quietly: "If you cut at our cattle again I will knock you off your horse and give you a hiding." Webster then galloped three times around our mob, with Sorrell keeping pace side by side with him, informing him at intervals what he would do to him if he interfered with our cattle. It ended by Webster's horse running on to a stump, and being so badly staked that it died, while we got past, leaving him in difficulties solely due to his bad temper.

I met him afterwards near Wagga, by which time he had recovered, and apologised quite fully and decently.

It was in 1861 that the Lambing Flat riots took place; they are nearly forgotten now, but at that time they were regarded quite seriously, which they were.

I can remember I was taking some 12,000 sheep from Marratta's, near Bombala, and when approaching Yass I heard that the town was full of troopers and Chinamen. Shots had already been fired, one policeman being wounded in the arm.

I made my camp about 1½ miles from Binalong. The soldiers were in Binalong on their way to Lambing Flat to quell the riots. On my way I met the bank manager from Lambing Flat, whom I knew. He told me that things were very rough there, and that for security he was taking the bank's money to Yass. I told him that I had about £140 with me from some sheep sales. He said it was very foolish of me to carry it about, as the gang had stuck up a place not ten miles away the previous night. I suggested that he should take my little store along with his and bank it for me in Yass, a responsibility he declined.

Within half an hour of our parting I saw the gang, Gilbert Hall, O'Malley, and Dunn, sitting on a log about eighty yards from the road. They were evidently busily engaged over something, for they took no notice of me as I passed by as quietly and rapidly as possible. When reaching Rock Ponds,

where I was to camp that night, I planted my cash till next morning, when I took it to old Mr. Barnes' store at Murrumburrah, and got him to change it into convenient notes, which I posted to Yass.

At Cootamundra, young Mr. Barnes, then in charge of a new store, told me that the gang had stuck him up two days before (that was on a Sunday) and that they had threatened they would do for him, so fearing that they would shoot him, he was going to Murrumburrah next day.

On Wednesday night I camped where is now Bethungra Railway Station, then a very wild place. Just before sundown up galloped the gang from Junee, and jumped off their horses. I had never been close to them before, but soon found out who they were. They only remained about an hour, then rode into the bush.

When I reached Junee Mr. Thomas Hammond told me they had just left his place. It was a day or two after this that I was horrified to learn that they had shot old Mr. Barnes at Wallendbeen. He was on his way to Cootamundra to take charge of his son's store.

These were the soulless scoundrels whose exploits are nowadays turned into romantic yarns for the younger generation. Perhaps they don't do much harm, but we of the old

days feel a natural irritation over such perversion.

Some time after a team of bullocks from Victoria brought a great deal of worry with them. It was at Yarra Yarra the first outbreak occurred, and to our horror proved to be the dreaded and deadly pleuro-pneumonia. Of course we could only do the best we knew, and by inoculation we eventually did get the best of the plague I have since learned to cure. I think I am correct in saying that I was one of the first to use inoculation at Queanbeyan and afterwards at Monaro, and many times subsequently I found it the only really effective form of treatment. Now, for a while, life went on in quiet fashion, one day much like another, always plenty to do and not enough daylight to do it in. Tragedy was often with us, and when really serious illness came we had to bow our heads, sometimes to losses of friends or relatives whose absence made sore inroads in our circle. I had more than enough of that sort of worry in 1863. When I was sheep overseer to Mr. Bradley on Coolringdon Station, Monaro, a Mr. Smith was manager, and a married man. I was but a few days on the Station when Mrs. Smith died. His loss so upset the bereaved husband that after two unhappy months he, too, died, and we buried him beside the wife he had loved so

well, at the age of only twenty-two years. Now I was left alone, in charge of some 75,000 sheep, and in the midst of washing and shearing.

Although I did well enough, and was thanked profusely and given a substantial present for my work, I was not made manager which after all I did not expect, as I was too young, and Mr. Smith's place was filled by a Mr. Blomfield. However, I had not done so badly, so I got married at Balgownie and stayed on under Mr. Blomfield until the station was sold to Mr. Wallace.

As all the world knows, Australia has always suffered from severe droughts, and at the same time her great rivers are pouring millions of gallons of the precious water we need so much into the sea. Some day, surely, that great tragedy of waste will be stopped, and lands now a gamble will become fruitful to a certainty. Of course, much has been done or is in the doing in that respect, but in the days of which I write a drought was a truly dreadful affair.

With the thousands of suffering animals all round, gaunt, staring-eyed spectres, with, comparatively speaking, but a few hours between them and death, and those hours full of agony unspeakable, no wonder men went off their heads. Happy were those who, taking time by the forelock while their stock was still strong enough to travel, went quietly

and carefully by unfrequented roads to where water could still be obtained.

The year 1865 saw such a drought, and early in January I got away with 48,000 sheep and 2000 cattle, my destination being the Snowy Mountains. My idea was quite new and untried at the time, although now it is one of the common-place incidents of every station.

We got away easily, and without undue incident arrived safely. Then until the end of February all went well, and then the heavy rains culminated in fog, not the ordinary intangible every-day fog we are all acquainted with, but a thick, stifling opaque cloud, drifting and eddying. It was dangerous for us to separate, for even six feet away a form was swallowed up. Imagine our vast mob of sheep in a strange country and no fences!

Four days and nights the fog lasted, and four days and nights we stumbled and blundered around the thick mobs of the bewildered shivering sheep. The cattle, of course, could not be held, so we let them go, or rather we could not stop them from going. And then, just as endurance reached its limit, a gentle breeze swept away the enveloping and stupifying blanket of mist. The sun shone out, and a glorious morn cheered us immensely, so we gathered in the rest of our cattle—for most of them had already started for home—and

away we went, to arrive safe and sound, both men and stock.

We had a few distractions from the common round, of course, but horse races will always be the first thing to start in any Australian settlement, and these gatherings were eagerly looked forward to.

I particularly remember one race day at Cooma, to which I brought my wife and sister. We were short of grandstands, side shows, and bookies, but we were long and strong on friendly greetings, honest, straight riding, and generous hospitality. All strangers were supposed to stay a few days and join in the social festivities, dances and so on, and as we also were invited it was with regret I had to allow business to over-ride pleasure, and as it turned out it was just as well for me.

We little knew that while we were all enjoying ourselves a gang of bushrangers, known locally as the Clark-Connell crowd, were watching us from an adjacent hill preliminary to waylaying the stragglers returning home. And as the news filtered through the countryside within the next few days we heard that many had been stopped, looted, and sent on their way with empty pockets and saddle bags, and the bushrangers did pretty well out of the crowd, for a race crowd has usually a good bit of ready cash among them, although, perhaps, not so evenly distributed

in the evening as it had been in the morning. Still, quite good enough to pan out too well from their point of view.

Any man who has spent his life with cattle must needs have had many narrow escapes, although fatalities are really very few and far between. One morning, however, stands out in my memory in its general cussedness. We had yarded a number of cattle, including one well-known mean-souled old bullock. I had already warned Paddy Spellman to be careful, but being careless or inattentive he was caught napping—the bullock rushed him and tossed him severely. Fortunately no wound resulted, and Paddy, gathering himself together, made a rush for the rails. But with his hand on the top rail and escape seeming a certainty, the bullock again got under him and threw him clean over the fence, and there he lay, a crumpled heap. I rushed in to drive the beast away, but before I fully realised what had happened I was tossed. I picked myself up and made a dash for the rails, and was tossed over just as cleanly as Paddy had been. As I was coming out of my dreams I heard a shot, and was told that the warlike old bullock had been gathered to his fathers.

Of all the dreary jobs in the world that of shepherding sheep is the worst. I remember one couple of whom I often think—she, poor thing, was found drowned—and there were

many attendant circumstances which made me think that the poor soul surely did not get a square deal.

Some of our pound sales were quaint affairs, and some very in and out prices obtained. I once paid prices ranging from 2/6 to 3/- per head for some horses that were put up at the commencement of the sale, but the last lot put up hung fire, and at the auctioneer's request for any sort of a bid I bid one penny per head, and got the lot at one shilling per dozen, all fit to break in, out of which I did quite well; thirteen head for thirteen pence.

In the midst of all these country records comes a whale—a real whopping big whale. One day I was directed to go to Tom Thumb Lagoon at Wollongong and arrange about a whale that had been washed ashore. I found it, with several old wounds, a harpoon or two, and some spears still sticking out, all stamped "Scorer," from its mountain of a body, together with some three hundred yards of harpoon line. Its skeleton is still in the Sydney Museum, while its size at the time was said to be something of a record.

Now again for a period, time passed by quickly. I was a good deal unsettled for a long time; distant hills were so alluringly green, while jobs were easy to get, and finally I decided on a complete change, and went to Queensland.

In those days Queensland had a good deal of trouble with some of the old settlers. They proclaimed a law unto themselves, flogged natives, and otherwise conducted themselves in most independent fashion. Now, for the man accustomed to rule, and who rules justly even if strictly, there is much to be said in favour of patriarchial government, but if a poor type of man takes that power upon himself then nothing but trouble can come of it.

I remember one bully, called locally the "King of the Normans," who was a local pest. On one occasion he stopped a string of carriers on a bad road, and riding up to the first one he fiercely ordered him to go back, and would not condescend to discuss the point or the difficulty that would accrue if a turn in that bad and narrow road was attempted. Just then number two carrier, a small man, but warlike, arrived, and to him the King reiterated his commands, to be met with a blunt and uncompromising refusal. The King, who was big and stalwart, jumped from his horse and presently found himself mixed up in something extremely unpleasant. With bleeding nose and eyes in a very bad way he snarlingly admitted meeting a better man, and told him that he could go on by himself, but the others must turn back. Again the small man said no, and the bully gave back and departed. Of course his reign was over, his reputation gone, while his end was contemptible.

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