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APPENDIX A

Thomas Whyte, Extract of Proceedings of the Ship from 12 to 28 Jan 1817 During a Search of the Coast ¹

H.M. Brig, Lady Nelson,
Newcastle, Jany. 30. 1817.

Sir,

I have the honor to transmit to you, for the information of His Excellency the Governor, an Extract of the proceedings of H.M. Colonial Brig Lady Nelson under my command from the 12th of Jany. up to the 28th.

Early on Sunday Morning the 12th Jany. Weighed and made sail from Newcastle with the wind from the S.W. At 4 P.M. came to an anchor in Elizabeth Bay, in Lat. 32° 2'.0.

Monday 13th at 3 A.M. weighed and made all sail for Smoaky Cape, Keeping the Land very close on board to examine the bays & beaches. At 4 P.M. got Abreast of Smoky Cape, the wind veering to the Eastward hauled off the Land. Wind increasing at 6 P.M. hove too under close reefed main topsail, Midnight, fresh gale and Squally too. Tuesday 14th, at 5 A.M. Moderate and clear hauled in for the Land observed Several Native Smoaks ahead Made all sail towards them, at 1 P.M. passed between an Island and the Main, 1.30 hauled round a high head land into a fine spacious Bay in Lat. 30° 25' South, when we anchored in 6 fms. water, Observed a canvas tent on shore and the wreck of a vessel scatted over the beach, out boat, armed the soldiers and went on shore found the wreck to be part of the Tryall Brig, from the appearance of the place and tent we concluded it had been abandoned several weeks, traversed from 15 to 20 miles of the country that evening & returned late without any information whatever.

Wednesday 15th at 6 A.M. went on shore with the soldiers, traversed from 20 to 30 miles of the Country observed shoetracks going to the Southward, but very much spaced—when returning in the evening fell in with some natives who informed us the pirates had built a boat and put to sea, which corresponded with our oppinion from the appearance of the wreck which was very much cut with edge tools in parts which never would have severed from each other by the violence of the surf.

Thursday, again made all possible search to no effect, Received intelligence from a Native Boy that a party was a long way to the southward which we conceived to be the remainder of the Crew and passengers accounting in all to eight persons which agreed to his account.

Friday the wind still hanging from the Southward, Employed the people in burning down the wreck, got the tent on board: with an anchor and Cable, and every other article of value.

Saturday watered and got ready for sea—Sunday morning, in boat, weighed and made sail with a light Breeze from the N.W. At 10 A.M. the wind hauled to the N.E. At 4 P.M. the Wind hauled to the South and, Stood to the Eastward to have benefit of the Current—

Tuesday 21. Arrived in Elizabeth bay.

¹ Thomas Whyte, Extract of Proceedings of the Ship from 12 to 28 Jan 1817 During a Search of the Coast, AONSW Reel 6066; 4/1806 p. 63.

APPENDIX B

[H. J. Rous], 'A Description of the Rivers Clarence and Richmond'²

ART. V.—*A Description of the Rivers Clarence and Richmond, in Latitude 28 deg. 9 and 28 deg. 53 m. respectively, &c. in New South Wales. From recent observations.*

—•—

The River *Clarence*, or more properly the *Tweed*, discovered by Mr. Oxley, but not explored, is in lat. 28 deg. 9 m. long 153 deg. 34 m. bearing N.W. 1/2 W. from *Turtle Island*, distant 2 1/2 miles—it is situated to the Southward of a Bluff Head, connected with the main by a flat sandy Isthmus, 250 yards wide from high water mark forming a boundary to the river on one side, and to a capacious bay to the northward—affording good anchorage and shelter from East Southerly to North; the entrance to the river is about 100 yards wide with 10 feet on the bar at high water, the channel being the deepest on the North shore—6 feet rise of tide 4 1/2 feet abreast the Isthmus, decreasing gradually, as you ascend the river—having passed the bar, you deepen to 15 feet, and the river branches off in two channels, one SE. by S. the other winding round two sand banks to the Westward rejoins the main body, where an arm strikes off to the WSW. about 7 miles; terminating in mangrove swamps and a shallow lagoon—The river then flowing from SSE. to WSW. is navigable for loaded boats about 30 miles; the average depth at high water being 9 feet—it then separates to the NW. where the navigation is stopped by a narrow gravel bank, dry at low water, and 2 1/2 miles to the SW. it is impeded by an island with a shallow passage on each side choaked with dead timber—in both arms the water again deepens after passing these obstacles—the banks are generally very high on rocky foundations, covered with thick forest—Moreton pines, cedar, fig trees, palms and a variety of gum trees, in many places impenetrable from the thick foliage of the native vines—the adjoining country ranges of thickly wooded hills backed to the West and SW. by lofty mountains: Mount Warning is very conspicuous—SW 1/2 S. (compass bearing) at least 20 miles further inland between the place, allotted to it in maps, under whose base it is probable, that this river derives its source.

The *Richmond* in lat. 28 deg. 53 m. long. 153 deg. 33 m. fills the opening in *Flinders's* chart about 14 miles to the southward of Cape *Byron*—you steer in due west between two sand banks, on which there is a heavy surf, then haul up to the north shore, where there is deep and smooth water close to the rocky point, sheltered by the outer bank—the entrance is wide, 12 feet on the bar at half flood, and from 14 to 20 feet deep at the mouth, with a constant strong ebb tide from 3 to 5 miles per hour midchannel, although there is a regular rise of 6 feet by an under flood—it then opens suddenly to an expanse of two miles with dry sand-banks in the centre, the main body running W. by N 1/2 N. then striking to the SW. in a fine arm 24 feet deep, nearly a mile wide—it was explored in that direction about 20 miles, where it had not shoaled its depth and the width was half a mile running SW. by S.—17 miles from the entrance there is a NW. branch extending 5 miles, and ending in a low marshy jungle, and at the entrance there is a north branch about 8 miles in extent—the banks low, covered with long grass and mangroves, having the appearance of being often flooded—the general outline of the neighbouring country appeared to be flat open forest on the western bank and thick jungle to the eastward with fine timber, and as you ascend the river the tea tree, mangrove, and swamp oak give place to Moreton pines, cedar, yellow wood, palms and gum trees—the banks in general not exceeding ten feet in height, rich alluvial mould—as far as the eye could reach to the WSW. not a hill could be discovered of any size, and on the whole it appeared a remarkably flat country. Many natives were seen, and a few huts upwards of 30 feet in length and 6 feet in height.

² [H. J. Rous], 'A Description of the Rivers Clarence and Richmond, in Latitude 28 deg. 9 m. and 28 deg. 53 m. Respectively, &c. in New South Wales. From Recent Observations', *Australian Quarterly Journal of Theology, Literature and Science*, 1 (1828), 352-355.

There is a small river about 10 miles NW. by W. from the north bluff of *Point Danger* inaccessible for boats.

Another river about 8 miles NW. from Cape Byron running in a WNW. direction with a narrow and deep channel, a rocky bar at the entrance and a shallow north and south arm. Five miles to the southward there is a lagoon of brackish water at the back of the beach about 5 miles in extent, which in common wet seasons would probably reach the north arm of the Richmond.

In lat. 29 deg. 43 m. there is a small river with only three feet on the bar at low water, and three feet rise of tide—it separates in two branches, one turning abruptly to the northward, and takes its rise in an open grassy plain under *Peaked Hill*—the other striking to the southward, neither of any extent—the entrance to *Shoal Bay* was found to be impracticable during southerly winds, owing to the heavy surf, which broke across—there is a sunken rock, not noted in the charts, bearing N by W. distant 7 or 8 miles from the southern *Solitary Island*, or in about lat. 30 deg. 1 m. long. 153 deg. 16 m. on which the sea breaks occasionally in moderate weather. The country to the northward appears to have suffered as much from drought as the southern districts, and consequently the rivers must have appeared to disadvantage.

APPENDIX C

Sir Alfred Stephen, Diary ³

Tues 20 April ... At 9 embarked on board the Agnes Irving for Grafton and sailed at 9.30. Fine night but wind contrary.

21 Long heavy swell all day from East & wind contrary all day & night. But lovely weather—tho' too hot. — Passed close to Shore at Port Stephens & at the "Seal Rock". - Capt Sidney on board and Bowden MLA

22 Entered the Clarence R. Heads and passed the bar at 10 am. Stopped at several wharfs in the passage up - & reached Grafton about 4. Escorted to Holmstein's Hotel - Received visits from the Mayor (Page) & another at "Ulmarra" & from Captain Sinclair and the Magistrates. Rained all the afternoon.

May 1 (Saturday) Embarked on board the Agnes Irving at 8 a.m. Stopped at all the wharfs down the Clarence taking on cargo. 1060 bunches of bananas 8 tons of sugar, 3 tons of tin-ore, 1700 bags (3 1/2 bushels) of maize, several cwt of oysters-etc. Passed the bar at 2 p.m. - As yet, - fine — But about sundown the wind came from the S.E. & so wind gradually increasing in strength all night - accompanied by squalls & a heavy sea.

2 (Sunday) All day in bed - till the evening. Wind changed in the morning to NE but the sea continues high & the rollers from the E & S.— Ship rolls much till evening - Abreast of the Seal Rock at 3 p.m. 100 miles from Sydney. At midnight continued rain heavily

³ Sir Alfred Stephen, Diary, 1837-1893, ML MSS 1-126B MSS. 777/2.

APPENDIX D

Percy Clarke, *The "New Chum" in Australia*⁴

The forty-eight hours which are spent in the boat from Sydney to Brisbane are not fraught with much incident as a rule, nor are the land and sea scapes of a marvellous character. The shore, or what can be seen of it, consists of a long series of low bush-covered hills, cleared here and there, which sweep down at the rivers' mouths to the very sea margined with the bright green mangrove. The mouth of the Hawkesbury and the other rivers which pour out their waters along this coast would never of themselves foreshadow the beauties to be seen by boating up their bush-lined reaches.

Newcastle, whence comes so much of the coal for Sydney and Melbourne, is a busy coal depot, not a place for the globe-trotter to frequent. On the other hand, the Hunter district, called by some New England, is quiet in its scenery, and boasts the most wonderful fertility of Australia, which is saying a good deal, for in this land of extremes the most heaven-forsaken, sterile, sandy deserts of the interior rub shoulder with the most fertile spots under the sun. An old New England farmer told me that year after year he could and did grow and cut six crops of lucerne per annum; not an exposition perhaps so much of economic farming as of generosity of soil and climate, for the rich alluvial flats are watered by an average rainfall of some fifty inches, and the mean temperature is most genial: frosty nights however are not unknown, and play havoc with the plantations of those who attempt the cultivation of the sugar-cane in these cooler latitudes.

Here grows another of those many anomalies of Australia—a nettle which, if it have reached its teens, will require climbing, if you are ambitious to be stung by it. As it grows some eighty and a hundred feet high, one would think that there is no great need to fear its presence, but unfortunately it rains an army of children all around who while striplings manage to make their presence appreciated. On the few secluded spots of these rivers the jabiru, a flamingo-like bird, though of quieter hues, may still be seen, though its safety against total destruction probably lies in the slimness of its body and its capacity of turning itself edgewise to its antagonist.

One is astonished to find along the shores of Australia, comparatively speaking, so few fishing townships. Of isolated stations there are a small muster, but the amount of capital and labour employed is by no means commensurate with the possible proceeds to be obtained from these fish-haunted waters. In all Australian townships fish is a great rarity, and even in the markets of the capitals the demand so often exceeds the supply that the price to be paid for the same is often prohibitively high. Oysters may be had for the knocking of them off the rocks, where they grow and shoulder one another for room; yet good oysters are not over plentiful or cheap in Melbourne or Brisbane. Cod, schnapper, whiting, flathead, flounders, and many other species of fish are prolific, and might be supplied in large numbers, but at present they are conspicuous by their repeated absence from the tables of all but the well-to-do. The fishing for the *beche-de-mer* or sea-slug, of which the Chinese are very fond, has attracted more attention than most of the other branches of fishing; but these great gelatinous creatures, which you may often see about the mouths of the Queensland rivers, well earning their repellent name from their appearance, are but lukewarmly patronised by Australians. The great stinging-ray is a frequent and feared inhabitant of these waters, its wound causing great temporary pain and inconvenience to its victim. Bathers and fishers have to take great care, and the former are not free from the risk of being indirectly killed by these creatures, as the sting will often paralyse a limb. A man I knew well, whilst fishing with a seine net, and reaching over to secure a great schnapper caught in the meshes, received a sting in the arm which paralysed it for three months, and never allowed him the free and full use of it for many years. The pain was, he said, intense, but momentary, and immediately his arm fell down powerless, while his friends had to prime him with the inevitable whiskey-flask in order to keep him conscious: a sure proof of the potent effect of the sting, otherwise he would I am sure have helped himself.

Connected with the fishing industry are the important trades of pearl and sponge collecting, which are now attracting some attention on the north shore of the continent. These pearls are harder to come across than sponges, of which vast numbers of great diversity bestrew the shores of Australia, where in half an hour I have picked up fifteen different and distinct species, though the majority were unfit for the purposes of the bath.

The approach to Brisbane lacks in dignity. . . .

⁴ Percy Clarke, *The "New Chum" in Australia*, 2nd ed., (London: J.S. Virtue, 1886), pp. 244-246.

APPENDIX E

Rev. James Entwistle [1882] Watkin, Family Papers and Correspondence⁵

p. 128/9 (across both)

Father & I embarked in the New England S.S at Brushgrove
 Clarence R on Wed. Dec 27 about 9 a. m. Soon after she'd
 moved off - she had to call at various places on the way down
 Passengers came on board & cargo was taken in. About noon
 we reached Rocky mouth. Soon after two we left Palmers Island.
 The Pilot boarded the Str a little way from Nassiba, and
 A family living at Iluka with a young man
 place went off in a boat. The Pilot was with ...
 a few mins. - He went into his boat and started away up
 river. We supposed that the Str was about to anchor
 for the chief officer & some men were busy in the fore
 castle casting off the lashings of the anchor. Imme-
 diately we perceived that there was misunderstanding.
 The Str kept on at full speed passing between the anchored
 schr & the Yamba shore. We were committed to the
 purpose of the Capt which was to go to Sea _ on the Str rushed
 past the shelter of the [.....] & headland on wh the Lighthouse
 stands. The water began to be rough _ the current & the
 screw drove the willing ship between the buoys _ the
 helmsman obeyed orders, the head swung round towards the
 South _ there was a check upon the speed _ it was a crisis in
 the fate of Capt & Crew, vessel and passengers _ shall we
 pass the danger? Shall we reach the deep sea _ No!
 The hpc is shivered by a Shock _ the bottom ship

[continued overpage]

⁵ Rev. James Entwistle [1882] Watkin, *Family Papers and Correspondence, 1749; 1822-1925*: ML MSS. 713/12 Part 1 CY POS 317. Distinctive contractions are preserved from the original, as is lineation and pagination.

p. 130

strikes _ she trembles. The
 shouts of men are heard _ the
 men turn aft, the mainsail
 is hoisted to the wind _ tis all
 in vain _ Again and yet
 again the labouring groaning
 vessel grounds upon the spit
 her steerage way is gone
 her bottom bursts, the
 water floods the engineroom
 with one convulsive effort
 the siren horn gives out
 its expiring groan _ the fires
 die _ the ship is cast away
 old Ocean has
 her at his mercy _ he
 comes in wrath and rolls
 his heavy billows at her. She
 rises with half a hope to
 do as she had often done to
 ride triumphantly over _
 she cannot rise _ she's helpless,
 beaten, broken, dying _ The
 green seas rise and rush
 and burst upon and over
 the illfated New England _
 Passengers & crew are most

p. 131

in consternation _ Two
 The boats _ the boats _ Lower
 away the boats _
 The Capt keeps his
 place upon the bridge _
 the Chief Officer with the Steers-
 man who saw what was ne-
 cessary to be done, directed the
 lowering of the quarter boat _
 into it, according
 to the word of those who were
 near, the old man is hurried _ the
 sea had almost swept him off
 the deck _ drenched, silent
 hopeful he is put into
 the storm sheets of the little
 boat, his son follows _ the
 word is given _ the falls are
 manned, the little bark
 is afloat, the cry is raised
 bring the women. Save
 the women _ two girls &

p. 132

a middle aged woman are
 helped over the side of the roll-
 ing ship into the tossing boat _
 already four or five men
 have taken their places in
 her _ "Cut the painter" _ no
 knife is to hand. Wait for
 the stewardess our the little

boy _ his mother is in the
 boat anxious, fearful most
 desiring where her boy can
 be _ He was with the Stew-
 ardess in the cabin _ she
 like another was trying to
 comfort in the absence
 of his mother who in the con-
 fusion was hurried up by
 some who also had to
 rescue the young girl by
 dragging them through
 a window in the ladies'
 cabin, access to the deck
 thro' the Saloon being
 forbidden by the water
 which was rushing madly

p. 133

up and down it _ They in
 the boat cried Let go the
 rope _ loosed it _
 the swelling tide took full
 possession of the little craft
 freighter with threatened lives
 and trembling hopes _ one
 man, a seaman, the man
 who turned the steering wheel
 for the last time in the strand
 ed New England, took an oar
 two others firemen
 amateur oarsmen took
 the other _ the prow was turned
 towards the land, _ a few strokes
 brought the boat into [iron
 blue] water beyond the shelter
 of the [breaksea] steamer _
 Nearer and yet nearer still
 the labouring little bark is
 driven and directed [though]
 [eratically] towards the shore _
 the waves as if purposing to

p. 134

overtake and prevent the
 scape of the refugees
 rush past casting some of
 their weight into the boat
 impeding her progress _ "Bail
 the boat" the other boat not many
 yards away had three buckets
 at work" _ "Send us your
 hat old man" _ the hat was
 best _ it did its part Forwards
 lightening the labour and
 lessening the danger. The
 sturdy arms of the pullers work
 away another and yet ano-
 ther surge lift the
 boat high upon their backs
 and carry her swiftly on
 to life _ she strikes the sand
 one two three are out _ their

hands upon the gunwale —
direct the last movements of
noble little bark — Saved — Rescued

p. 135

from the watery deep, all get over
or carried beyond the
swelling tide — The other boat
carrying 10 men crew & passengers —
reaches the shore at the same
time was overturned in the
breakers, but all escaped to
land. Ready hands were there to
help, of those who had seen the
calamity from afar, 23
were thus delivered. In that
short interval the str had been
breaking up, and very soon she
fell over to seaward, southward,
rising and falling, her masts
with the set sails
lifting and smiting the waves
only making them more angry —
the Chief Officer fastened a rope
between the fore and main
rigging and to this the Captain &
his comrades in dis-
tress clung looking for help from
the shore — some alas in vain

p. 136

As seen from the breakwater
the New England looked like a
whale — the red bottom showing
after the waves had washed
over her and left the poor
imprisoned men & the stewardess
and child to feel the chilling
blast. Help came for the
almost despairing sufferers —
Three brave hearted men be-
longing to the schr C Walker
took their little boat through
the broken sea near enough to
take off 5 men and struggling
back to Yamba landed four —
the fifth the chief engineer vo-
lunteering to go back with
them and try to save more —
Again the strong armed
noblehearted men bring their
gallant craft within twenty
yards of the shivering
clingers to the wreck —

p. 137

The stewardess is urged by the
Chief Officer to venture —
to drop into the sea and try to
reach the help that's near
but yet so far — She lets go
her hold, the sea receives
her, and means to swallow

her, but in her dire extrem-
ity, she seizes the leg of a Chi-
naman who had leapt into
the narrow pass between life &
death — he, with human
fellowship instinct did not try to dis-
engage himself but strug-
gled on and soon was
dragged with his companion
into the lifeboat. The Chief
Officer in endeavouring to
get the Stewardess away
from the Steamer, fell into
the sea — he struck out for
the boat, and was taken in —
Still another, a passenger Mr
Stuart of Grafton saw that it was
his only chance for life, he took

p. 138

the desperate leap — down into
depths he descended — long it
seemed before he reached
the surface; he gasped —
the boat seemed very near —
he struggled to reach her —
hampered with his clothes & boots
he made but little way — the
next sea submerged him
but carried him along
in the direction of the boat —
and then he rose, strong
arms raised him — he sank
into the bottom of the boat
exhausted, saved thus far —
it is enough, the boat must
not, cannot bear more freight
towards land and life in the
growing gloom the
sturdy boat answers the call
made upon her —
painfully slowly skilfully
she works her way — pulled
by the Italians, steered by the
Frenchman, carrying the Eng-

p. 139

lishwoman, the Chinaman
the Englishman and the
Irishman (ask if the Engineer was
a Scotchman) So does the faith in god
save men, European, Asiatic - any
man — The danger and the dif-
ficulty are surpassed — the land
of rest is attained — the almost
famished voyagers are carried
to the homes of the waiting peo-
ple and cared for.
Cheers are raised for the
devoted men who were the
rescuers of 9 of their fellow
creatures. Their nobility
at once evoked admiration

and the thought of testifying to that admiration in a substantial way occurred to some and £30 was raised at Yamba there & then. May we hope that the sum will reach 10 times 30, subscribed by those who rightly appreciate gallant conduct.

The Pilot boat met the Schr's

p. 140
dingy as she returned, and as seen from the breakwater at Iluka meant to go for the 3 or 4 who were waiting and watching for help — but after making some distance her Captain & crew must have lost heart, for they returned and went back leaving the now despairing men to their fate — The night shades gathered on the land and sea, & the last vision that came from the lost New England to one who watched from the sandhills revealed the figures of three helpless, hopeless men standing expecting to die. In vain was the help of man — doomed — How long wd the agony last? What the last thoughts & words of these who out of the

p. 141
nearly 50 who started on their voyage were then delivered unto death. God's judgements are a mighty deep — his ways past finding out.
Four men came through the sea. One upon a broken plank — Two helped by life buoys (the Chief Steward Mr Jamison of Balmain one of the two) The other a strong swimmer battled his way unaided to land. Mr Weston Schoolmaster of Cowper on the Clarence was one of the last to leave the wreck. He was carried ashore in a ship's lifebuoy, but was found drowned by those who were on the beach on the outlook. He was paralysed with cold before the sea washed him from the rolling wreck. O who can explain the struggle for life, the travail & pain, the trembling & strife of those who were committed to

p. 142
the waves — The Steamer parted amidships after the

last boat left her, and as the forepart righted and the men were observed on it, there was hope in the hearts of the onlookers that the Pilot boat wd go on and take them off.

At Iluka and Yamba the shipwrecked were received with the greatest kindness in the private houses and at the Hotels.

Mr Watkin and his son were rec' into the shelter of a worthy house where dwelt Christian woman named McLean a widow from the Isle of Skye — like a mother and helped by her daughter Mrs McDonald she took charge of the old man & his son — the fire was made to blaze, the cold wet garments displaced by warm & dry ones — words — tears of sympathy were heard and so truly woman's heart full of instinctive kindness suggests and sustains in the ministry of help to Mungo Park [...]

p. 143
to the castaways upon the Iluka shore of Australia
When Thursday morning broke the light revealed no thing of the strong ironbound Str that had ventured into the way of destruction, so madly, but three staunchions — monuments of the weakness of man to contend unfairly with the elements. The New England had finished her course on the Clarence Bar Her commander & ten other souls received their mittimus from her shattering shuddering frame. Australia felt the shock of her striking, and it has vibrated thro' the country - Tasmania and New Zealand have in sympathy responded to the message of life & of death — Hearts have beat high — hearts have beat low over the happiness and the sorrow of saved friends, and lost — and in the time to come the story of

p. 144
the New England wreck on the Clarence Bar on Dec 27/82 will be read & told & heard with sadness and with tremulous rejoicing by those who were interested in the dreadful disaster.

On Thursday we got back to Brushgrove

were recd
as alive from the dead by
relatives & friends — on
Saty we took passage by
The City of Grafton — passed
the dangerous ground
where the dark wreck rests
under the restless tide — with
favouring wind & weather
we were hastened along —
and on Sabbath evg were
welcomed home to Ashfield by
Mother, Sisters Brothers & chn
We took part in the Watchnight
service. Father asking the people
to join him in special thanksgiving
for his & my deliverance fr the perils of
the sea.

APPENDIX F

John Broadbent McCulloch, Account of the Collision between the *Helen Nicol* and the *Keillewarra* ⁶

Decr. 8th 1886 – The *Helen Nicol* arrived at Harwood at about 3 p.m. her dingy was sent ashore for passengers I was the only passenger that went in her the rest having gone by the mailman's boat before we reached the H.N. the dingy was three parts full of water - she was quite unfit for sea service — All went well until about 1/2 past 8 in the evening - at that time I was reclining on one of the settles in the deck Cabin in a doze & being aroused by a running about on deck & thinking someone was hurt I was just in the act of getting on to my feet when there came a fearful crash - I was under the impression that we had run onto the North Solitary (knowing that we should be somewhere about the Solitaries at that time) I ran outside the Cabin & saw another ship alongside the H.N. broadside on I knew then that there had been a collision - when I got to the rail several of the passengers of the H.N. had jumped aboard the other vessel (*Keillewarra*) (Mr Briyley Mr Ayers & Rev M. Gray - [Bayley] was afterwards [drowned] & Ayers & Gray swam back to the H.N.) & were shouting that the H.N. was sinking for the rest of the people to jump aboard the K. I mounted the rail & caught hold of one of the staunchions & was about to leap from the H.N. on to the K. when they parted & I was prevented from doing so, I then leaned over the side of the H.N. to see if she was getting deeper into the water & finding she was not I knew there was no immediate danger of going down - I turned to look at the K. & saw that the bow was sinking fast_ The Captain of the H.N. (Frazer) ordered the boats to be lowered, three were lowered & by this time the K. was under water forward as far as the funnel with her stern almost perpendicular out of the water & her screw propelling the whole time, she went down gradually for a few minutes & then disappeared suddenly _ I was standing near the bridge at this time & noticing that there was only one man at the wheel (a passenger W. Pinkerton) who did not seem to understand it I lent a hand until the Captain sang out for a rope to be thrown to a man on the starboard side I left the wheel & sprang down the ladder & cleared a rope while another threw it & we hauled the man on board the H.N. in a few minutes another man came along & the rope was thrown to him, he had only enough strength left to grasp the rope & we had to lean over the side & catch him by the arms & drag him up the side & lay him on the deck while we threw the rope to another man passing & hauled him aboard too, by the time we had hauled the 3rd man aboard the 2nd was able to get up & walk to the Cabin & get a drop of brandy - I now went into the Cabin & assured the ladies we were safe & that all was being done to save as many of the people of the K. as possible - The second Engineer was sounding the H.N.'s hold on the Cabin stairs & he said she was not making any water - About this time one of the boats came alongside with some of the rescued people. I again lent a hand at the Wheel & left it to throw a rope to a man who was paddling himself along on two pieces of timber laid crossways X he was standing upright - the rope (a [heavingline]) was thrown to him & we drew him on board on the portside of the fo'castle head - (The bows of the H.N. were smashed in down to the water line) - Another boat came alongside to the port gangway & put aboard some more of the rescued, amongst them Mrs Wilson & a girl about 11 Or 12 years of age who was found floating on a bag of chaff. I continued going into the Cabin at intervals - the ladies were very frightened but very quiet - the only man who did not try to make himself useful on the H.N. was one who went about the deck moaning & wailing & wringing his hands & crying out "What shall I do" "O what shall I do" until one of the passengers caught hold of him & gave him a good

⁶ John Broadbent McCulloch, Account of the Collision between the *Helen Nicol* and the *Keillewarra* and the Subsequent Sinking of the Latter, 8 Dec. 1886; with Notes on the McCulloch Family 864-1507, (ML DOC 1145, 1886).

shaking & then he went into the Cabin & remained quiet - One of the K.'s boats came alongside to the starboard after davils & the occupants came on deck & it was attempted to haul up the boat but she was too large for the davils & before she could be hauled up a sea caught her & stove in her side therefore she was abandoned The H.N.'s boats remained out some time looking for anyone who may be in the water & after a good search returned to the H.N. & were hauled up. The ships head was now turned South & blue light burned & rockets & the minute gun discharged to attract the attention of any vessel within sight & hearing, after a short run we met the City of Grafton & she turned back & stood by us until we fell in with the Australian which we did in about 1 hours time arrangements were then made for the A's passengers to be transhipped onto the C. of G. & she then left us & went on to Grafton - The Australian turned backwith us & stood by the H.N. all that night - about daylight the next morning Dec. 9th we put into Trial Bay & were transhipped onto the A. & came on to Sydney where we arrived about 9 a m on Friday Dec. 10th - 35 passengers & crew of the K. were saved & 34 passengers & crew or thereabouts were lost - 2 sailors off the H.N. were lost & 1 passenger W. Bailey - The K. sank in about 8 minutes from the time she was struck -

APPENDIX G

Tom Roberts, Letters to Pring⁷

C/o Reeks Allen & Co
McWilson's Creek
Millera

Nov. 8 . 94
My dear Father Pring



[In here I arrive?]
Whether I stay &
paint I don't yet
know.
One hardly sees
anything at first
damnably lazy
went & hid in my
little tent yesterday

after breakfast & slept 3 hours until 11.
[flourish]
but how did one get here
Tenterfield — Coach to Drake 33 miles -
mountain road - Township at evening - dim -
half moon - all mysterious - smoke from cottages
& people sitting outside.

Doubt I have enough in the Sunday -
Horse to cross to this place ___ Mountain track
again & down diving into a gully _ like roof
of a house only the mare not surprised -
& the prize - all palms soft moisture & ferns
festoons of creepers from strange & rich foliaged trees_

Gave Reeks the whistle here after sundown
& have loafed. Even tried sm Beef potatoes soda_
bread golden syrup [with?] appetite.

Have you looked in at the Glidis (Esq) is it a perfect
Gehenna? - By Jove! I had to [?] my last afternoon.

Was sorry to miss Friday evening with you
Wish Uncle Pring my many happy
returns for me.

You must send any letters on & newspapers
if any. This Thursday we know nothing later
than Friday last - we are in the country.

⁷ Tom Roberts, Letters to Pring, Dec. 1894 to Feb. 1895, (ML MSS 1367/2, 1894).

with kind regards to you all, ado

yours Tom Roberts

PS Would you mind asking new Arcade under Falk to send me on his account & will you put the address on the door & say all letters will be attended to.

C/o Reeks Allen & Co
Millera

Dec. 8 . 94

My dear Father Pring

Your letter was champion - especially the "Thummuny". Mind me to him if still on these "shows". Is Uncle Pring lighter? about the eyes?

I say, don't think me forgetful not writing earlier — it's a desultory sort of life I lead _ I fear somewhat lazy _ I debated shall I do my washing or write to Uncle Pring? Had my bucket shower in meditative leisure & breakfast leisurely too in pyjamas

I've just about finished painting what I shall do here I am waiting to see if the D-addy Reeks comes back today - I want then to go on to Yulgilbah & see what it's like_

If you didn't like my sketches last time - well you were very kind to write, so I wont draw any in this letter

D for a rattling old black fellow (head)

he is supposed over 70 years of age - when he saw the painting he asked, was it a dog?

I haven't yet got a horse - but know the hills - they will go down one to put it extremely moderately, steep. if the Sydney roofs were not quite so slippery they would do them up & down bar a few of the gothic churches.

On one side I put a magpie - he's just squawking & the cook is at him. The swearing is to ample & not to conventional

You would enjoy watching the way he (& some of the others) change the position of the adjective & 2 nouns to get some variety.

The sex of the bird is not known but the man thinks widely that it is a female of no virtue.

It's getting very warm I think I'll wash my bag anyhow. Have you seen the Gehenna lately!

I hope the family & all well & my kind regards to Mrs Pring & the Uncle love to the [Lopters?]

Sincerely yours.

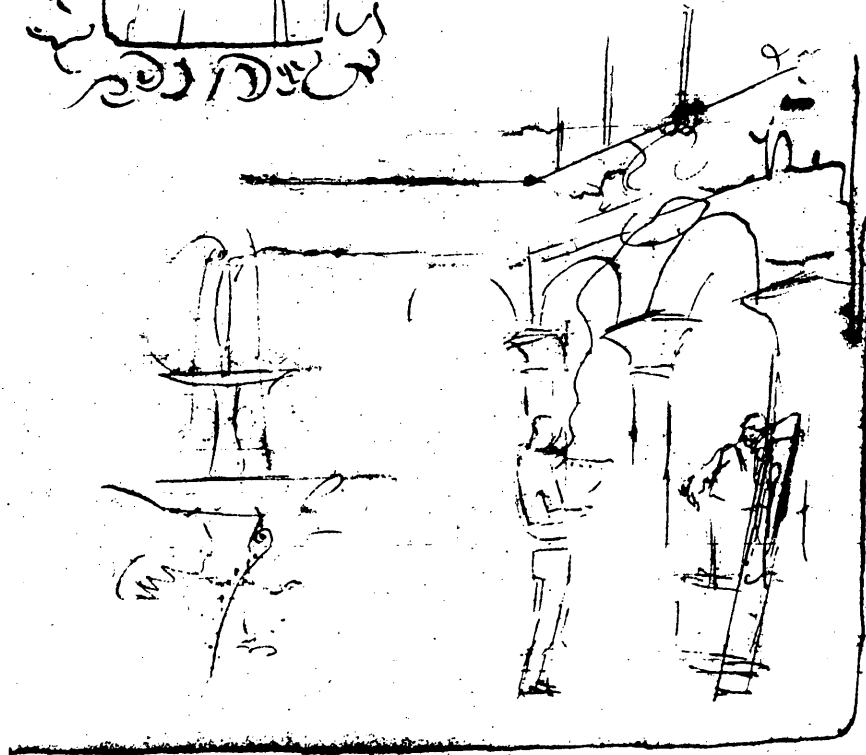
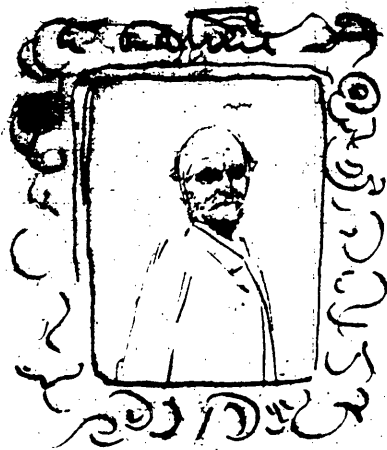
Tom Roberts

Fairfield
Jan 16. 95

Dear Father Pring (Esq)

I suppose by this time you will again be adorning the city. I feel time the holiday came off all right- good write me fully, (I will try to read every word. It is my duty etc. Went to Yulgilbah E.D Ogilvie to paint blacks having a letter from P.G. King. Only did one head of a native but an opus of "the chief"

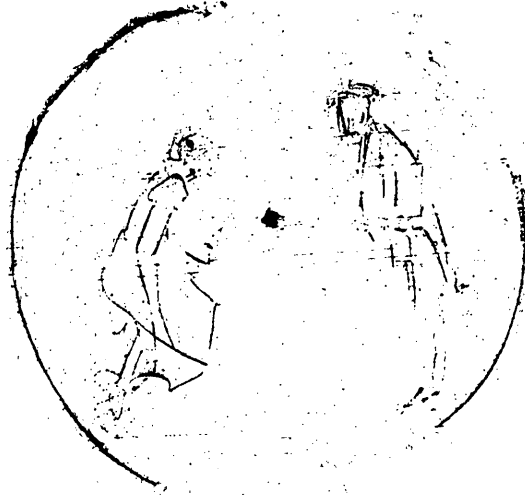
Ogil. & with no type of mental failure, military type, in mind & physique, I got along first rate with him disagreeing at nearly every point. Painted him in the interior court (Spanish) of the house. They are delighted its more solid than anything I've done. You will notice the pipe is somewhat insisted on. I think it was the first time then or second



& I understand that when the ladies who were banished from the same court during sittings, heard me whistle & do a bit of comment, they looked at each other.

They were all very kind & nice & rather enjoyed it _ there are compensations &

if the horses were all brought round at
 5 o'clock after the tea & cake the ride was
 a wild one naturally . _ But the dance
 with a few visitors - in a London like room
 all the 'hands' [?] had decorated & then wore
 the floor smooth, from 10pm to 4 am one previous
 night - was with [?] to
 see the old man dance the quadrille
 with his daughter - his youngest 21, tall
 & fair, both proud of each other. She,
 her face flushed, & peaceful as you like,
 as the dance ended curtseyed to him
 most exquisitely:



Well I left the
 stroke of ease & plenty
 with my mare & a large collection of cameos
 & clothes & got back to Reeks over hills
 yes hills.

Was I moist? I was _ _ but
 yesterday when coming from Wickhams
 to this 16 miles & the pack was 2 heavy I couldn't
 ride at all except across the river, I
 was wet. Even though my bags at
 the knees.

But now this has gone [?]
 by coach & the horse & I go in state.
 She is a brown & is named Lady may — Jane.

I'll do any landscape descriptive
 river-slope [?] to Mrs Pring when I
 come down, still, tell her it has my fire
 this coming up from the Clarence to New England.
 & I am enjoying it all _ _ consciously_

How the names differ [?]: Yulgilbar,
 Wonglebong & Yuingar Creek. & the thick
 beech green straight forest there. the posts of
 an old public house already nearly lost
 in the swallowing woods, a bag of bottles
 still persisting -- This, ridden through at early

dawn. the Timbarra river (Long - long
 & to steep & gully.

Good-bye . . .

APPENDIX H

[E.D.S. Ogilvie] 'An Australian Settler', *Diary of Travels: In Three Quarters of the Globe*⁸

[Vol. 1, pp. 1-8] On Saturday, July 8th, 1854, bidding a long adieu to Yulgilbar, my bush home in the picturesque valley of the broad Clarence River, I set out on my route to Sydney to take a passage to Europe. The day was warm and sunny—a bright, clear Australian winter day—and when, gaining the brow of an adjacent ridge, I turned my horse to take a last and farewell look, I thought I might travel far before my eyes would again rest upon a scene of equal beauty and interest.

Beneath me, at the foot of the slope on which I stood, surrounded by garden and vineyard, its modest roof of thatch shaded by the drooping willow and thick foliage of the beautiful white cedar, lay the cottage in which I had passed the last fourteen years—the best years of my manhood, and probably the happiest of my life.

Around and beyond spread a broad expanse of green pasture and woodland, mountain and dell, the dark jungle-clad steepes of the New England boundary ranges terminating the view in the distance—their deep purple hues in rich contrast with the bright green of the nearer landscape, and the clear, blue, transparent sky of the Australian year.

Among the buildings of the farm-yard, still lingering upon the spot where I had parted from them, stood the servants who had assembled to bid me farewell; whilst, upon the intervening slope, in scattered groups, were numbers of the dark children of the forest, who had drawn together for the same purpose, and now reclined beneath the shade of the great trees, some looking on in grave silence, whilst others gave vent to their regrets in wailings and lamentations.

I turned away with a sad heart, for although this voyage to Europe had for years been the dearest object of my wishes, and constant theme of my day-dreams; yet, now that the long-wished-for moment had arrived, I felt reluctant to leave a spot associated with so many remembrances of successful enterprise and requited toil, endeared too by crowding recollections of joy and sadness, happiness and sorrow, and dear, above all, as the resting-place of one who, in years gone by, had shared with me the labour and the strife, the care and the hopes, but was early and suddenly cut down never to know the reward.

Beneath o'ershadowing cedars, planted by my own hand, but now stately spreading trees, a broad slab marks the peaceful lonely grave of a brother. Shall I ever more revisit that hallowed shade? Shall I ever again return to view these long familiar and well-loved scenes? Making an effort to subdue such depressing reflections, I now pressed on to overtake the rest of my travelling party who had got off a short time in advance, conducting a number of horses which I am taking to Sydney to be turned into cash. They have borne me well through my journeys upon the land, and must now, in a new shape, assist to carry me over the water.

My party for the road consists only of one European and a native black boy; but, besides these, I have this afternoon many supernumeraries who come not only to see me off but also to assist with the led horses which, being eleven in number, and very fresh, are somewhat troublesome and difficult to manage.

At about eight miles from home, all appearing to go smoothly, my two young assistants and comrades, E_____t and McL_____n, took leave and went back. But soon afterwards we met with several mishaps and disasters: the horses being too many in each hand, got foul of the trees, struggled and pulled different ways to the great peril of their necks, and in this way breaking the strong halters of bullocks' hide with which they were coupled together, some got free, galloped off, and were with difficulty overtaken and recovered.

However, after all, though somewhat late in the evening, with cavalry and baggage all intact, we reached Gordon Brook, eighteen miles from home, and were soon installed by the cheerful fireside, and the horses secured in the paddocks. To add to my pleasure and satisfaction, I unexpectedly met here an intimate friend and near connection, with whom was thus afforded me the welcome opportunity of a long farewell conversation during a stroll after dinner in the bright moonlight, the evening for this wintry season being unusually mild and temperate.

Sunday, 9th. Much time was lost this morning with some of the younger horses, which, although we had the advantages of a stock-yard, and ample assistance in the way of men, were very troublesome and difficult to catch. A bad augury this for the future, as, after another night, we shall be in the open bush and dependant upon our own unassisted exertions. The morning was far advanced ere we got fairly off; but, as the journey proposed for the day was not more than fourteen or fifteen miles, the delay was of little consequence.

⁸ [E.D.S. Ogilvie] 'An Australian Settler', *Diary of Travels: In Three Quarters of the Globe*, (London: Saunders and Otley, 1856).

In our route lay the station of Newbold Grange, and here some business, which it was necessary to arrange and dispose of previously to my departure, occasioned such further delay that the broad moon had risen high ere we reached our destination for the night, and loosed our hungry beasts to revel in the abundant pasture and spacious paddocks of Ramornie, the hospitable dwelling of a valued friend, and where awaited me one of the pleasantest of this life's pleasant things—a hearty welcome. I have now reached the spot at which I finally bid adieu to the Clarence, with all its familiar scenes and friendly face. From this point I strike to-morrow across the country to the mountain-road leading into the table lands of New England, and for the next fortnight my only dwelling will be my tent, and my only companions my Anglo-Australian servant, Smith, and Denny, my merry, good-tempered, aboriginal black boy.

Monday, 10th. It was somewhat late before I got my party away. Some of the horses were not found till the paddocks were gone over a second time. We however turned the interval to account by getting a couple of shoes on to our packhorse, a young filly which, before leaving home, defied all attempts of the smith to shoe her, but who is now so far tamed as to submit pretty quietly to have her forefeet handled. The horses were at length all collected, and we departed about eleven o'clock; my friend T_____ kindly sending his black boy to assist for the day.

Soon after starting, I took leave of T. S_____, who assumes charge and command at Yulgilbar till my return, and who had accompanied me thus far to see me fairly off, and to receive all those last words and instructions which are sure to come to mind after one has left home. When he had turned back I felt a good deal depressed. The last link which connected me with home seemed now severed, and I felt the reality of the separation.

We now pressed forwards, and as we had sixteen or twenty miles to go across country without any road, and had made so late a start, we could not stop to bait our horses at noon. Several of the quietest we let loose during the march to-day, and found to our inexpressible satisfaction that they followed and kept up well, giving little trouble.

[p. 10] At starting I sent back Jimbolo, the black boy, from Ramornie, and a stockman who I brought from home thus far, and we are now reduced to our own party, Smith, Denny, and myself, and must henceforth trust to our own resources, and not look for help of any kind, either roofs to cover our heads, or yards or inclosures to secure our cattle.

[p. 14-15] Our route, during a part of to-day, led us along the crest of a lofty range, from the highest part of which, the distant mountains about Yulgilbar were for the last time discernible. Poor Denny, true to the feeling of strong unquenchable love for home, or home sicknesses, so remarkable in his race, was visibly affected, and began to lament having undertaken so long a journey which was to carry him so far away; and I must myself confess that I did not, without emotion, behold this far-distant glimpse. The appearance of our camp to-night was remarkably picturesque and pleasing in this wild mountain glen, to the otherwise somewhat lone and sombre aspect of which the pretty blue tent pitched amid a group of sheltering trees, the bright crackling fires, and the horses scattered about and lazily browsing at ease among the abundant grasses of the little swamp or savannah in front, imparted an air of life and cheerfulness, which formed altogether a most agreeable picture.

[Vol. 2, p. 388] Proceeding up the beautiful Southampton Water, we reached the harbour as the sun was sinking beyond the shady hills of Hampshire; friends were upon the pier to meet us, and now, kind reader, having travelled, I hope amicably, together from that far distant Australian cottage, and at length set foot on British, we will here shake hands and say, Farewell!

APPENDIX I

Henry Croad, Letter to Mother and Sisters in England, 1st April 1860 ⁹

Dear Mother and Sisters,

I now sit down to write to you being the only chance I have had for a long time. I have just entered the new house.

I have been here one year to a day and I have got 20 acres of maize ripe and 2 acres of a garden. I have 20 banana trees and I shall get more in August. Plenty of vines and figs grow in the bush. I have the largest fig tree I ever saw. It covers one acre of ground. I think the maize will fetch a good price this year as all crops to the south of Sydney have been destroyed by the floods and some lives have been lost..

We have had a great deal of rain here but no floods. It rains here very heavy at times. If you leave a bucket out all night it will be three parts full in the morning.

We are all pretty well in health thank God and hope you are the same.

I forwarded the letter to Mr. Salter. He is at the Bellinger River, about 40 miles from me but I have no means of communication except by the blacks. They tell me he is still with G. Tucker, building a schooner and quite well. I do not think there is any vessel running there at present on account of the low price of cedar, 12/- per hundred feet in Sydney.

I do not think you get all the letters I write. I have to give them to the Captain of one of the Vessels to put them in the Port at Sydney and perhaps he neglects to do so. The last letter I got from you passed into 7 or 8 people's hands before I got it.

I am very glad to hear that Tom is come back and tell him to write to me and let me know how he is getting on and whether he intends stopping in England or not. There has been another rich goldfield found here, at the Snowy River. My wife's brother has a cattle station there. He has been there for some years. It is as cold in winter as England.

I have not yet received Mother's likeness. Perhaps he is too busy to attend to it yet.

I am very sorry to hear of Miss Saville's troubles but the Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away and so we must put our trust in Him and hope for the best.

Harry is a regular wideawake with straight hair but Billy is as wild as him with curly hair. I send you by this one of his locks and one of Harry's straights. I will write to George next opportunity now I have got a place to sit down as I have been living in a tent this last 12 months.

So now I must conclude with my kind love to all relations and friends in which my wife joins me, so no more at present from

Your affectionate son and brother.

H. CROAD.

⁹ Henry Croad, Letter to his Mother and Sisters, 1 April 1860, in *Macleay River Historical Society Journal*, 72 (June 1991), 1-2.

APPENDIX J

Theodore Müller ¹⁰

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Journey to the Manning River

Travelling in Australia is not as difficult as it used to be, because the postal service is extended year after year—the number of streets is increasing and they are improving, and the woods next to them are moving further into the background and, instead, residences as well as bigger townships have developed. When I undertook the first journey, the postal service used only the main roads, of which Sydney was the junction. The first railway line was undertaken around the year 1854 and extended on its conclusion hardly fifteen English miles from Sydney to Parramatta—now this line extends southwards to Yass and westwards beyond Bathurst, and work continues on its extensions. Northwards along the coast the railway line is being built and soon Brisbane will be connected with Sydney which will in the future greatly diminish the steam shipping which until now has connected the many towns by the sea. In the past, in the interior of the country, there was much greater so-called hospitality than there is today. One could undertake a whole day's journey and even further without coming across a house let alone a village or town. No wonder that one was accommodated by the people, who had settled close to the road, which stretched across the vast and lonely forest, with delight and free of charge. They were happy to once again meet people and have a chat with them. Road signs, as they are set up now in many townships, were out of the question then. One had to consider general main directions, because not seldom the roads disappeared into the sand, or one was misled by false tracks which were made by horses and cattle which always used the same path to the water or to the night-quarters. This is also, mainly, the reason that so many people have gone lost in the bush and, dying of starvation, have never come back to light. Often names or numbers were carved into huge trees which explained in a very unclear way where one was roughly located and which direction one had to take. Travelling on foot was very simple—one took his bundle over the shoulder and in the village where one started off one bought as many provisions as one thought one would need before being able to reach another town. A tin dish was used to cook tea in the forest. If there was uncooked meat it was skewered, turned in the flames for a while and the meal was ready. If one could not reach a residence by nightfall, where one would find hospitable accommodation, a place was chosen in the forest as night-quarter where fresh water was available. One lit a fire, prepared the meal and squatted for a while at the fire, before wrapping oneself up in a blanket and going to sleep unworried.

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Here one does not hear anything of the restless hustle and bustle of the people in the cities and villages. The loud lamenting of the poor, of the unhappy and of those discontented with their destiny, does not penetrate the calm of the primeval forests hardly entered by Europeans. No ghost, still so common in the old world, disturbs here the sleep of the tired wanderer, and only rarely is he wakened with a start by the climbing in the old trees and the awful screaming of the possums, which are so timid during the day. He is puzzled on awakening when he sees a snake enjoying the warmth of the fire in his proximity. These are all things which the common sense easily overcomes and the lonely one turns a blind eye on them. Even rich people on horseback, who more easily could get to a pub or squatter station than the wanderer, carry at least a dish to cook tea in. And often I sat with such people at the same fire and tasted from their titbits, out of their travelling bags tightened to the saddle, which usually did not consist of more than a piece of bread and fried meat which they had bought at the previous night-quarter.

When the first gold was discovered in New South Wales and masses of people greedy for gold from Europe and China and the other colonies in Australia came pouring in, the old patriarchal way in the bush, the beautiful hospitality, gradually ceased to exist. Along the main roads so-called accommodation houses were established where travellers could eat and drink, but were not allowed wine or other drinks besides tea and coffee. New hotels were opened here and there because there was a great rush to the newly discovered gold fields. A lot of bad people came also—crossing the colony in all directions and asking for support from those living close to the country roads. The settlers, thus unduly troubled, finally closed their doors, or gave those asking for lunch or night-quarter hardly a drink of cold water.

¹⁰ Translation from Theodore Müller, *Neunzehn Jahre in Australien*, (Aarau: E.G. Martin, 1877). Pagination is to the original German edition, but for clarity has been adjusted to include whole sentences.

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The wanderer, even though seriously looking for work, was forced to equip himself with sufficient means for the time being, and being on one's pilgrimages saving money in the pocket for a spiritual refreshment in a pub, one was less likely to come into areas with Christian charity than in those blessed days before the discovery of gold.

At the beginning of March 1859, I was in the company of a young Englishman whom I had met in Dunmore on the road to the Manning River which is further north of the Hunter, running in almost the same direction and flows into the ocean at Port Macquarie. We left Dunmore and so on to and through Morpeth, a town at the Hunter, we were wandering along the road which was leading towards the town of Stroud. The route follows the romantic banks of the Hunter which takes up the Patterson at Morpeth gaining considerably in width and flowing majestically toward the town of Raymond Terrace, about seven miles below Morpeth. Like two craftsmen in our dear home country we were marching along profiting from the most beautiful weather, with the difference that no-one wanted to see our identity papers or sufficient means of support. For a long time already these areas had been filled with a regular civilised life and the residences of thousands of happy people had replaced the ancient woods where the natives used to hunt for kangaroos. At around lunch time we reached the rather important and well situated Raymond Terrace, where we stopped briefly. A pontoon bridge forms the connection with the other side of the Hunter where we had to go. Travellers on the water see a huge inn and other friendly-looking stone buildings which form a pretty settlement. On the other side of the river we moved on without delay on the dusty country road. The last residences were disappearing in the distance and immense forests were stretching out on both sides of the road. From time to time individual farms appeared with their low buildings covered in bark and separated by miles, then the forests were closing in behind us. High beech trees, wild apple-trees, oaks and fir-trees stretched their old weather-beaten heads high up into the air. With the low-grown shrubbery and still-growing trees, there are immensely thick and high gum or ash-trees which would stretch out their huge branches over the younger wood in a protective way.

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Often there are long stretches of the same kind of wood, and individual species which are very useful for humans and which can be found only in certain areas as will be seen further on. So we continued to wander on in silence and, despite some appeal and vitality in the forest, its dark appearance created a similarly dark mood on this first day. We spent the first night in a cold and mediocre inn. Many foresters and roadworkers lived in this area with huts and tents all over the wood, and surrounded by hundreds of indigenous people who molested the travellers with begging for pittances and who like anywhere else could only be chased away with firm action. We continued the journey the next day and around mid-day we reached the district's town of Stroud, where there were, apart from many private residences, a courthouse with gaol, a church and two inns. Of course there was not much life nor traffic and I intended to move on the same day. My companion preferred to have a rest, and so we settled in an inn. The next morning, however, the Englishman still was not willing to set out, and continuing to enjoy the spirits, so I said good-bye and continued the journey on my own account. Until then, forests and inhabited towns alternated occasionally. But now it became more and more monotonous and I wandered all day all alone without catching sight of a single human being or a residence. Since I could not talk to anyone I paid attention to the birds of the forest, some of which some gave pleasure with their lovely singing, whereas others flew in big flights above the traveller arousing him from his dreams with awful squawking. Many of those winged inhabitants of the forests were characterised by magnificent feathers, such as the many kinds of parrots, and the cockatoos dressed in splendid white and whose comb rose upright and peaked when feeling threatened. Often I turned around suddenly, thinking someone has called me, but I could not see anybody and when I moved on I could hear this call in front of me. I was convinced that this must be a very special bird and I learned later that these were the so-called bower-birds who could imitate the human voice so well, and are spread throughout the country. However, in Dunmore I heard and saw these singers of the forest rarely because in the wider radius of inhabited areas everything that was in reach was shot.

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Towards the evening I stopped at a place where there was good fresh water in order to camp in the open air for the first time. Unfortunately I had left my matches somewhere and therefore I did not have any other choice but to sleep under a tree without a fire, and to be happy with a cold meal. Because I was very tired I soon fell asleep in good spirits and wrapped up in my blankets. It was a mild quiet night so that I awoke only when the birds were already singing their morning songs. It really is a peculiar feeling, being in the midst of the deep forests without any human being around, so far away from home, to open the eyes at dawn and to see high above the branches of a huge tree, and a few steps from the bed there is the monotonous country road which runs like a grey ribbon through the green forest glowing with morning dew. Having finished off my breakfast with cold sugar-water, the sun appeared already like a glowing fireball high above the distant mountains. Knowing that the birds of the forest would be my happy companions during the lonely march, I hung my bundle on my left shoulder and walked

towards my destination. I did not miss my earlier traveller companion any more. On the contrary, I felt freer and happier and crossed the Australian forests with all the attraction of a new unknown world. There are not always human settlements close to the country road. However, in the far distance one can often see big herds of grazing cattle or horses, which in most cases are an indication that maybe only a few miles sideways there are settlements of squatters or farmers. An even better indication of this is the sight of calm grazing cows with full udders—then the true farmer knows that the calves are locked in somewhere and from this place the cows would not move too far away, and this can only be farms or big stations. One meets wild horses and cattle which remain at any place only for a short period of time, until they are caught on the order of their owner. Where one passes, the animals can set themselves up close to the road in a long row, very close to each other, and gaze after the traveller for a short while, and then, as if on command, they turn away from the road only to race ahead and to repeat this manoeuvre at a different place along the road until they are finally tired of this game and disappear in the forest.

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Such a meeting with herds of cattle can also be very dangerous for the wanderer when there is an irritable bull amongst them. One can only flee their rage by quickly climbing a tree. Usually these wild ones are kept in a fenced-in paddock until they have lost their wildness by dealing with the tame cows.

One day I was walking along for a long time without meeting anybody, until around noon I reached an open area which was bordered by a beautiful creek. A family from New England had already camped there on their way to Maitland in order to collect some merchandise. They were calling out to me immediately. I walked up to them and cooked my tea at the fire and entered a conversation with those people who were very friendly and kind who also gave me some badly missed matches. At around two o'clock we parted and I moved on. After a march of about two hours the forest was opening up more and more and ahead lay a very big plain which was partly chopped free of trees. In the distance away from the road a big house with stables and adjoining buildings became visible. A blackfellow whom I met by accident told me that this is a guest-house and together with an inn further down the road is part of the village of Gloucester, to which also some houses with gardens belong, which are hidden further away amongst the trees. Soon I also had left the stately inn behind and two miles further on an immense river hindered my way. The old song "The Ship Sails Through the Waves" was not applicable here because there was neither boat nor seaman and I had no choice but to wade through the water barefooted, as it was common in those days and may still happen today. The road always leads to that part of the river which is most shallow and one can see clearly its continuation on the other side of the river—but it had rained in these areas not long ago and so the water level may have risen. In general, travellers on foot stay close to coachmen and riders who are travelling along the same way, but I could have waited for a long time until an opportunity for a ride across would have arisen. So I had to take the risk—I took off my shoes and socks holding them on my left and a heavy bundle containing all new clothes in the right hand and set out towards the other bank. The river was not that deep but very wide and fast running. When I had passed the mid-point, and the water reached almost to my chin, I stepped on a big pointy rock and the immediately resulting pain caused an involuntary movement as if wanting to hold on to something and made me drop my bundle and, holding only the shoes and socks in one hand, I reached the welcome bank.

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Hurriedly I followed the course of the water to save all my possessions, however the bank was so steep and overgrown that all efforts were in vain. Now I had no more clothes than I was wearing and in a few weeks was expecting the more severe season. All this made me lose heart for travelling. But soon I felt some lighter spirits within me again and since my clothes had already dried I did not wait much longer and moved on. Already the sun was setting and I had not left the fatal river far behind when I saw a beautiful house and in front of its doors sat a mulatto calmly smoking a pipe. To my annoyance she told me that the road was not leading towards the Manning but New England. Even more disgruntled I walked back because the same woman mentioned that next to the inn at Gloucester there was a footpath which would have taken me safely to my destination and the river that I have crossed would have never appeared in front of my eyes. It was almost dark when I came near it on my way back and I lay down to sleep immediately under a tree. Next morning I crossed this water more intelligently and then steered towards the inn of Gloucester. The friendly innkeeper was standing in the doorway when I was passing, and he called me in without much ado. He had seen me the evening before and now noticed that I no longer carried any baggage. I simply told him about the accident crossing the river. He then gave orders to his proud wife, who was not equally as kind, to organise a breakfast for me immediately, which also was not short of a glass of rum. It was all very heartening and having been shown the correct way I said good-bye with many thanks to this good man and travelled on newly fortified.

Deep in thoughts about the transience of all earthly things, since my shoulders were not weighed down by baggage I walked slowly along the pretty steep footpath, hoping to be able to use my capacity for work soon. Having reached the top of the hill the path did not go down as steeply and led

towards a foresty and grassy tableland where I could hear dogs barking frequently in the distance indicating a settlement.

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Happily walking on faster, and moving from a more and more thinning out forest and to a wild valley I saw two big log houses and in front of one of them there was a man and an elderly lady involved in a lively conversation. They were standing in front of a little fire their backs towards me. My approaching alerted two big dogs which were hanging around and these two persons noticed me immediately called me there and told the dogs to be quiet. I was asked to sit down on a long piece of log lying next to the fire and after the usual questions about the where I was from and where I was going guided the talk towards the various kinds of work in this country and the lady came out with the question whether I was willing to look after a flock of sheep. For a long time I was undecided about whether to accept or not because I have never shepherded. But because this was the most quickest way to get somewhere again I condescended to take up the shepherd's stick which was described in books so poetically. Immediately a contract with two copies was drawn up, according to which I agreed to guard a flock of about two thousand sheep in return for twenty-eight pounds sterling annually including costs and lodgings. The gentleman who was a friend of this lady, who called herself Old Maid Kelly, had signed the contract as witness and left the same day on a journey to New Zealand. Old Maid Kelly who a day later had to visit Sydney on business matters left two boys behind for me the older about fourteen years old, had to look after the house and cook while I was away. The other about two years younger had to help me guarding the sheep, particularly since I did not know either footpath nor track in this wild area. It will be easy to understand that a shepherd who has to take care of such a great number of sheep rarely has the time to play the lovely recorder or cherish the young shepherd's maid under a shadowy tree as can often be seen on pictures. Instead of appealing flower meadows and productive lambs grazing, there were jagged slopes of pretty high mountains and in between there were heavily overgrown dark valleys where it was very difficult to overlook the sheep and watch over them in a way that no-one got lost and preyed upon by dingoes or wild dogs. From time to time the sheep are counted and the shepherd is accountable for the lost ones if he cannot produce their skin.

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When I saw the two young fellows coming down the hill with the flock of sheep the day after signing the contracts I was very worried and I regretted already having overtaken this duty but I could not have withdrawn without causing greater difficulties. This Miss Kelly was at least sixty years of age of small but stocky and strong built. She was an excellent rider and as I've learned later in the early days she has tamed the horses living wild in the forest herself and trained them to become good settled horses. She still sat firm and safe in the saddle and rode on fast trot on narrow winding mountain tracks. Looking for horses or cattle she often stayed overnight all alone under a tree, equipped with some provisions, enjoying a bottle of spirits while wearing a loaded pistol under her dress in the event of any male attackers. It was Monday when I began my duties and the same day the Mistress had to travel to Sydney where she was involved in proceedings which could occupy her for at least two months. Accordingly us three remaining people were the only masters of the homestead for many weeks. We occupied one of the two earlier mentioned houses as our accommodation and the other remained locked up exclusively as the residence of Old Maid Kelly until her return. Such houses are called log houses which are constructed from raw poles and the roofs are made from bark. There are different kinds of Australian trees with smooth beautiful stems off which the bark can be cut in rectangular pieces and be used to cover up houses. However there is only one kind which exceeds all the others in thickness and strength. This is the fibre-bark tree with its slender and high growth without branches until only high up which allows to cut long and wide in many way impeccable places whereas the bark of other trees crumbles or cracks easily when being taken off allowing the rain to go through. The inner of such a one level house is divided unevenly by a wall with one door or by the bigger area serves as living room and the smaller as bedroom. The living room extends into a smaller rectangular room the stove above which the chimney is built which also often only is made from bark and which is a little bit higher than the roof. The towns and villages where the houses are constructed much better and more elegantly the stoves are built much smaller and for less firewood consumption. In the wild bush however, where there are only individual farmers and shepherds and where thick forests adjoin the houses almost immediately where there is no shortage of firewood there the stoves are hardly two feet smaller than the living area and particularly during winter six, eight, up to ten feet long logs are dragged in for burning. Sometimes they even extend far into the living area where one sits on them and chats with each other whereas the other end is burning in full flames.

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Floor space as it is given by nature—one only removes the grass. Like everything else the furnishing of the house is basic with bits and pieces of tables and chairs often half in ruins when a new occupant moves in. A piece of bark on four poles rammed into the ground forms the bed with straw sack on top of it and everybody has to bring their own blanket. The cooking area which in such cases is provided by the master consists of an iron pot for cooking meat and one or two kettles. Sometimes there is also a

frying pan and an iron baking-tin to bake bread. Every week one receives ten pounds of meat, ten pounds of flour, two pounds of sugar and a quarter of a pound of tea which does not allow to live opulently. In many places so-called dampers are baked — a very tasty bread for those with good teeth. Bread-baking originates from Ireland and is conducted as follows: on the hearth, also in summer on a suitable place at the front of the house a big pile of wood burns itself down to glowing ashes, and one spreads the pile of ashes with a shovel, places the dough shaped as a cake onto a very thin layer of ashes and then it is covered completely with embers, edged beforehand with cold ashes so that the bread does not burn. After almost an hour one pulls out the tasty loaf of bread. Those however who do not know how to handle this kind of baking and who mainly do not know how to separate the charred pieces from the pure ashes lose often more than a quarter of the loaf because a big outer layer is burnt, and apart from that, not every kind of wood is suitable for this operation, finally leaving behind a lot of ashes and the bits that would not burn. When by accident an unmarried bloke is at the same location as a married couple this poor devil is very lucky because those with families can only move on with horse and cart or, if they do not have that, are carted from somewhere by the master and therefore can also carry more useful of items which the bachelor cannot do.

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These people in any case own more belongings, tools, drink and cooking-ware. If they are Germans they have some gardening tools and seeds to maintain a little garden, which the English rarely have. And all this benefits the poor single one straying the world, but one is not always that lucky. The big cattle-owners or squatters, about whom I will talk later, have their own provision guides who either on horseback or on night-carts deliver the groceries to the shepherds scattered in the bush. At the main station the oxen are slaughtered, cut into pieces, pickled and stored in big barrels. Having been stored in the barrel for more than a week the meat turns brown almost black and it smells badly for many but tastes good and healthy nonetheless. Only in the heat of the summer one is in trouble because then if not guarded sufficiently the meat is attacked by flies and turns into a suspiciously lively state whereupon it is certainly not enjoyable anymore. Still the meat is rotten on arrival but it is of no use to complain. 'I can't help it,' says the provisions carrier, neither can the master. It is too hot one and one has to manage as good as one can. The older of my two fellows, with the name of John, got our groceries on horseback from a farm on the Manning River at least six miles away and when he came home he had to cook and bake. Our accommodation was about one mile from the Barrington River. I have forgotten the name of Miss Kelly's property, which by the way does not mean much. In time many settlements which initially had native names received English names, which also occurred in regard of private properties. The areas where my sheep grazed looked terribly hilly and wild and there was only one track through the entire landscape, which was the one I had come up from Gloucester. But little Andreas, who was my helper, knew the entire area very well, and two big dogs completed the shepherd's contingent, partly to keep away the many dingoes, but more for amusement and entertainment. As the newcomer in handling the shepherd's stick, I had the wrong idea that the sheep would remain in the same territory for hours moving only slowly and calmly grazing, but I was terribly mistaken. The valleys and mountains which had already been grazed down did not provide enough food for those poor animals, therefore the entire flock raced from one hill to the next, staying nowhere for very long and I had great difficulties to overlook everything, and to pay attention to those individuals who stayed behind because of illness or old-age.

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It finally calmed down around noon because the sheep were very tired, lay down or were looking for their young amongst the others. In the afternoon the circling of the flock began anew until the return in the evening.

With these duties of the shepherd I entered the real work of the forest or bush life as it was named in Australia. Isolated from the rest of the world, and in the company only of those two boys whose lack in education was replaced by an even greater roughness, the forest was my constant home. Further away along the banks of the river there were the new settlers who did farming and who visited the next village from time to time to do some business. The earlier mentioned track towards the Manning was deserted for most of the time apart from a postman or even as frequently a traveller whereas the main road coming from New England led through more inhabited areas with the towns of Tinone, Wingham and the Port Macquarie. Nonetheless the days were not always dull and soon I learnt all the joys of the lonely forest life, although I was not allowed to lose sight of the sheep and I had to gather them in more concentrated circles after they had spread too far apart there was enough time to rest lie in the grass and chat with the young ones who lived here already for some years was not as rough as the older one. In the evening hours I taught him some reading and arithmetics we had no books though. He then got used to me more and more. He drew my attention to things in the forest which I did not know before. With our knives we dug up so-called yams, the roots of a kind of grass which usually grow around trees or other shady places. They are white and almost transparent, grow up to two inches long and taste very sweet. Also different kinds of berries which grow mainly in the thicket are a pleasant refreshment, particularly in the great heat. A kind of blackberries akin to blueberries and which are used

for pies and cakes often cover whole areas. Someone who gets lost in such an area and who carries only sufficient lighters can feed himself for a long time or at least until he meets a human being who will help him to find his way again. Also the shotgun is of great use but travelling one rarely carries a lot of gun-powder and bullets because on top of all this one has to carry so many other things.

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Flora is as diverse and astonishing as is the abundance in natural treasures available to the animals of the forest and the settlers. Strange climbing plants creep along higher trees and run through the bush in long stretches, creating at times impenetrable hedges behind which timorous animals hide when the preying bushman hunts about. There are countless trees which do not grow high up but in a long arch hardly six feet above ground lowering the top towards the ground, even touching it. Only the branches stand vertically like individual trees on the spent stem. Also the so-called grasstrees have a strange appearance—they do not grow high. Their stem has a slate-like or scaly bark, its top consists of a cluster of grass which hangs down the stem on each side at a length of two to three feet, and from which a shoot rushes up high from its centre. Amongst the chaos of rotting trees, having fallen over due to old age or lightning, young growth rises greening and proud while full tall trees with lost crowns and branches remind us of the transience of good fortune. Also the loneliness of the forest has its beauties and its heart-winning sides and many hours which previously I have wasted in the company of others have never left such beautiful impressions within me as the time of my being in the Australian bush. The days passed with more or less excitement when we had to endure heavy winds, heat or enduring rain. Often the dogs, which by the way were of not much use for guarding the sheep, tracked down a wallaby which they chased like a shot and which regularly became their prey. These animals are of the same shape and build as the kangaroos only they are not as big and strong but extremely fast when fleeing by moving only on their hind legs in enormous leaps. The meat is edible but it does not taste nearly as good as the meat of the much smaller opossums who live in hollow trees and who are so timorous that they leave their hiding spot only at night to eat grass or to climb green trees with great dexterity to gnaw their leaves. Possums are very harmless animals and the young when caught alive are tamed easily. They become so attached that they never leave the house and its close surroundings. Of course they cannot be trusted when they are more than half a year old one has to lock away everything. Nothing edible is safe and when they are not chained up they also ravage the garden.

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Later when I spent several years in Coolah Creek we had tamed such an opossum which was then regarded like any other pet. As time went by it became a nuisance and once I took it into the forest for an hour to release it. I let the animal climb a tree and returned home. I had not walked for a quarter of an hour when the opossum came running behind me and climbed on my shoulder in order to not leave me on my way home. Also the kangaroos can be tamed but one has to protect them from the dogs because these are always set on those animals so that they take not any notice of whether a kangaroo has been tamed for the pleasure of humans. They believe they have to bite and exterminate.

What is also particularly characteristic of the wild bush are the many swarms of bees which can be found there and which produce an extremely tasty honey. The hollow trees which provide so many animals of the forest, even the snakes, with shelter are also the bee hives of the wild Australian bees. Often the honeycombs hang in big pieces from some branch of the tree so that the dainty is visible far and wide and helps find such a tree if one does not notice the bees of which always a great many swarm around it. Once we noticed such a sign of a good feed not even two hundred metres away from the house. Quickly we got the axe and took kettles to gain control of this sweet stuff. First we lighted a fire so that the smoke drives the bees away, then I cut the tree down and the catch was so big that we could fill a small barrel with it. Due to its brown colour the wild honey is not as transparent as the one from domestic bees but it does not taste less sweet and delicate in the bush being a great help. It would replace the butter and often also the sugar if one ran out of it which happened easily when the weather change moistened the brown sugar and thus reduced its quantity. Furthermore the honey was a nice change to the constant eating of bread and meat which also was not to be sneezed at. Even if one had the pockets full of money one could not buy anything anyway because the next town, at least at that time, was at least thirty English miles away and the post connection was still very deficient. That is why the owners of such sheep farms always had some clothing and other necessities at home in store of which their own employees bought on credit whatever they wanted and of which I also had made use as long as Miss Kelly was still there.

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Of course these circumstances have changed a lot over the last fifteen years and more. The land is more and more inhabited and where there were once isolated miserable houses there are now little townships flourishing whose inhabitants can live on the yields of the cultivated land. A few years ago I had passed countrysides which I did not recognise due to the favourable changes that had occurred since I first travelled them.

At the end of April the winter began to show up and soon set in seriously. After a long rain it became very cold so that in the mornings the whole area looked as if it had snowed. Both rain and cold were very detrimental to the sheep many of which died at pasture or all those still alive stayed behind in the forest and thus fell prey to the wild dogs. These beasts appeared more and more bold and in such quantities that they stuck around even during daytime and I was forced to get rid of them by throwing rocks at them. I possess an old shotgun but no ammunition. This was the worst winter I have ever gone through in Australia and sometimes I was longing for the tiled stove of the old homeland, although I was never homesick particularly during the first few years. In order to be closer to the sheep during those long nights we camped in an enclosure made from plaited bushwork. I left my earlier palace to sleep in the so-called 'guardhouse' together with my helper Andreas. This little house was nothing more than a big box looking like a two doored case resting on a stretcher. Our narrow room was filled completely with our bed, which was there for resting only, because one always had to be concerned about hearing the wild dogs breaking into the flock of sheep since one could not see anything in these sometimes pitch-dark nights. Wild dogs, also called dingoes, are mainly after the sheep, but sometimes also after young horses and calves. They grow into the size of a common dog, have a tapering snout and red/bronze colour. They live in big packs in the ravines of the mountains where they pitch camps in caves or behind big rocks. They are less common in summer when they find the kangaroos and smaller animals of their home area sufficiently tasty. But in winter they appear in big numbers near human settlements and gather at the dawn of dark nights to prey amongst the sheep. Thereby they reveal their arrival with long and terrifying howling.

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In most cases some strong good domestic dogs can hold them back. But they also get involved in fights with them whereby they show their sharp teeth courageously and fiercely and they do not always lose. As soon as it dawns, having given their pitiful howls a few more times, which fills mountains and valleys with echoes, these wild rovers return to the hideouts. This plague then had also come upon our settlement and during some nights no uninterrupted sleep was possible. When the howling of the dingoes became too bad we climbed out of our beds and chased these dingoes, these miserable disturbers of the peace and thieves, away into all directions by setting our own dogs on them and at the same time arising menacing screams where neither human voice or those sounding rather inhuman impressed the Australian riff-raff. In May very rainy weather set in again. The sky was almost always cloudy and at night-time the wind was raging through the forests with such force that one could hear the trees shaking and groaning. And it happened once that a violent gust of wind threw our bedroom over and we arose from the wet grass in our bare shirts. Fortunately the moon shone through the half-torn clouds from time to time so that we did not need a lantern to set up our bed again. I had hardly closed my eyes when I had to grab my trousers and shoes again. Sheep, always restless and afraid because of the wild dogs howling, broke through the enclosure in wild despair and ran away in large lots. Now these disloyal sheep had to be returned which we finally were able to manage after some supreme effort. At that moment one of the two of us had to stay up to guard the sheep because it was not possible to repair the enclosure at night-time. At this time the weather improved a little and at the beginning of June Miss Kelly returned unexpectedly, accompanied by another shepherd, and the flock which had grown by some hundred lambs had to be divided. The newcomer, who immediately at our first meeting made a repulsive impression on me due to his brusque and imperious nature, was married and accompanied by his wife and a twelve year old girl. Soon I noticed that he was a pious man and did not show any inclination to befriend me anyhow. I was tired of being a shepherd and one day asked Miss Kelly who has stayed here now to dismiss me. She insisted however on the contract and that I then could not claim any wage since I had received already a number of clothes in advance. I did without the still outstanding money and quitted. Nonetheless she dismissed me reluctantly because she must have noticed that my nature was more ordered than that of the other fellow who appeared rather rough and made heavy demands.

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On parting she gave me a beautiful blanket and a remittance of twenty shillings for a farmer on the Barrington who was indebted to her. On twenty-first June, the shortest day in Australia, I left Miss Kelly's sheep farm in the afternoon where I endured so much that was strange and steered toward the Barrington. Although I had been told that I had to follow the course of the water very closely in order to reach the earlier mentioned farm I inexplicably came closer and closer to an elevation and went further and further away from the river until I lost the right track completely as the dark night set in. Having been used for a long time to sleeping in the open, I lit a raging fire, cooked my tea and went to rest after

my meal. The night was cold and the area around me was covered in white with hoar-frost when I awoke early next morning. During the night I heard continuous dog-barking and with joy I now saw a house in the not too far distance, to which I headed after a frugal breakfast. Because I could get there only on detours I reached the farm half an hour later where the man who was to pay out my remittance was helping to plough. The owners of the farm were Irish, therefore compatriots of Miss Kelly. The family consisted of four people—a widow with her son and two daughters. The father had been killed on his travel to Tinone not long ago by a tree that fell at that moment when the unfortunate trotted unconcernedly on horseback along the country road. I entered the living-room. The people who were having breakfast welcomed me in friendly Irish custom and pressed me to sit and eat with them, which I did after some futile objections. The son who has already seen and spoken to me a few times at Miss Kelly's station said I should stay here for two days and have a rest, but also the female personnel encouraged me to do so. These people, of the name of Kennedy, who were still mourning the loss of the father, may have found someone in me who could cheer them up and entertain them socially, and so it was. Since the man concerned did not pay me but referred me on to another farmer who lived close to the Manning River, after my short stay with these good people I had to set off to where I had directed my attention at the beginning and from which I had been distracted through unforeseen circumstances. The Kennedy family lived in prosperity. They owned a beautiful house which although it was roofed with bark was furnished in a cheery and functional way.

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The big farm which stretched towards the water had good fertile land. Several cows provided milk and butter for the people and strong draught horses made the hard work of farming easier. Thus humans lived happily without worry about food and the clamour of war has so far not penetrated these peaceful areas. As I walked towards the Manning I had to pass Miss Kelly's residence once more. Then I took the footpath which I partly knew very well. Pretty high mountains on the one side and land which is gradually flattening out on the other side were the lovely scenes which surrounded me. Quiet and lonely I wandered on, observing the flocks of parrots which perched down on the ground everywhere in order to catch something for their beaks amongst the grass, just as the sparrows at home in winter. Having walked for about six miles I heard the raging and roaring not too far away, and soon afterwards I saw the river which I had chosen at random to visit, without having a particular destination or place to stay in mind. Here the Manning is not yet deep and wide but very fast and it creates an immense noise when storming over the rocks and boulders. Being accustomed to the way one crossed the rivers those days I walked across immediately and towards the evening I reached a big farm which belonged to a wealthy man who was also a member of parliament. A beautiful orchard and vegetable garden stretched along the length of the main building which was adjoined by smaller housekeeping buildings and workers' accommodation on the opposite side. There by accident I met two young Germans, one of whom I recognised as a shipboard companion. Both worked here on this farm and invited me to stay for a few days. Since Sunday was approaching, when it was impossible to do any business, I accepted their invitation and we spent some pleasant hours together. In the meantime I went and saw the people who were to give me the twenty shillings, but, oh dear, as soon as I had arrived I saw on first sight that there was great poverty and the man who was a simple day-labourer had a big family, and what he was growing mainly in the garden were pumpkins which were not of much value.

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At this moment I forgot that I myself was bare of any financial means since I was single, healthy and in good spirits. When I set out to go the man who did not want me to leave without anything gave me a written remittance of ten shillings which was to be paid out by a widow called Cooper who lived further up on the Manning. So it turned Monday. I said goodbye to my German comrades and travelled towards the station of widow Cooper which I reached around noon. This was a place where the owners occupied themselves less with land-farming and more with the more profitable cattle-farming and thus they belonged into the class of the so-called squatters. I have to add a description of this noble class which plays such an important role in Australia so that subsequently I am released from such repetitions forever.

APPENDIX K

J. Horbury Hunt, Letter to Secretary of the Council of Education ¹¹

West Kempsey

April 28th 1879

To
The Secretary of the Council of Education.

Sir—

I have just returned from the Macleay River — and beg leave to be permitted to point out to your Board that the School buildings at West Kempsey — cannot be compared as to Cost against what I have prepared for Frederickton the same having been seriously pointed out to me by your President. The whole structure at West Kempsey is cheap and defective both inside and out with very many things not done which are provided for in the Frederickton work.

1st I find that the site has not been prepared, levelled or stumped. —

2nd School is badly placed on the site and has a wrong aspect which might have been avoided.

3rd School is imperfectly lighted.

4th The buildings have inadequate provision for ventilation — Windows in school not properly constructed so as to open.

5th Sanitary arrangements defective — the drains are laid with the collars the wrong way and I believe discharges water under the buildings in place of into tank.

6th Eaves, gutters, and downpipes not securely and properly constructed, consequently broken away in places forming little ponds of water, in the clay here and there — all around walls of buildings — I ventured to take on myself to order the gutters to be made right at once.

7th The Residence is placed in a bank of very damp soil and I feel certain has ponds of water under its floors.

The front of the building is not more than 30 ft from the Street fence with the floor fully 3 ft below the level of the street. The rooms are small with the Doors, Windows, and Fireplaces so placed in relation to each other as to make the rooms almost useless — the building is damp by

¹¹ J. Horbury Hunt, Letter to Secretary of the Council of Education, 28 April 1879, AONSW, Kempsey West 1876-1891 School File 5/16448.2.

having thin 9" !! walls and the floors placed close down to exceedingly damp ground with defective drainage making the residence almost unfit for Human Habitation. The School and residence are far from being what they ought to be — I am not surprised at the letter writing that has been going on in the local papers. The dissatisfaction is certain to be greater when they see the Frederickton buildings completed. I shall do all that lays in my power to have everything as near perfect as possible at that place — and I am glad to be able to say the contractor shows every intention of giving me a good job — Now if your Council will permit me to take the West Kempsey School in hand I can do very much to it — that will improve it and remove many objections it now has.

1st I will raise up the floors of residence say 2 ft. lift the roof right up bodily and build on top of wall 2 ft brickwork — make the drainage right — for something under £300.

2nd Make the ventilation of School more perfect— for something under £100.

I understand it is proposed to build weather sheds and make other improvements if so your Council may think it well to let me have the management of the whole. I will do all I can to improve the property which now can be inspected and controlled by me whilst I am doing the other work in that district.

I am Sir Yours [respectfully?]
J.Horbury Hunt

APPENDIX L

'The Clarence River'¹²

All Geelong "boys," past and present, are river-lovers, and perhaps some account of the finest water-way of New South Wales, by an Old Boy who spent three years on its banks, may be of interest.

The Clarence takes its rise on the Queensland border, and flows almost due south for about 100 miles, receiving numerous affluents from the northern portion of the New England ranges. It then turns eastward, after being joined by its largest tributary, the South River (formed by the union of the Mann and the Nymboida, which drain a vast tract of country extending from Glen Innes through the Dorrigo). The Clarence becomes navigable at Copmanhurst, 76 miles from the ocean. Between this point and Grafton it receives the Orara, which flows from the coast range N.W. till it sharply turns at Ramornie, seven miles from the junction. The majestic proportions of the Clarence are thus chiefly accounted for by its unusually extensive water-shed. At Grafton, 50 miles from its mouth, this beautiful river is more than half a mile wide; it broadens at Ulmarra to a mile; at Maclean to a mile and a half; and near the entrance, to three miles. Between Yamba (Clarence Heads) and Grafton the river contains 99 islands, some of them thousands of acres in extent.

Soon after entering the river from the ocean, typical North Coast scenery asserts itself. The river flats are clothed with rich vegetation. Sugar-cane, maize, and bananas are in evidence all along, and herds of dairy cattle look sleek and happy. The foliage of the native vegetation at once arrests the attention of anyone accustomed to the sombre hues of the western hills and plains. Here all is intense green. On Harwood Island is a large mill of the C.S.R. Company; and shortly afterwards the steamer crosses to Maclean, surely one of the most beautifully-situated towns of Australia. For the great river here cuts its way through the coast range, and its immense breadth is set off to more advantage by the wooded hills. A little further up you pass the Broadwater, a wide estuary, extending northwards between the hills. On the south shore of the main stream is Woodford Island, miles in length, and containing the town of Brushgrove. The "South Arm" of the Clarence winds from Maclean along the south side of Woodford Island to Brushgrove, and *en route* receives the Coldstream, itself a fine river, navigable for many miles. A mile across the main stream from Brushgrove is the old settlement of Lawrence. Next comes Ulmarra, with its rich back-country; and eight miles above Ulmarra lies "the Queen City of the North," Grafton, on the north bank of the river. Immediately opposite is South Grafton. The ocean steamers do not, as a rule,

¹² [Rupp, H. M. R.] H.M.R.R., 'The Clarence River', *Geelong Grammar School Quarterly*, 1912, July, 19-21.

go above Grafton, but there is daily communication by river steamers with Copmanhurst, and with Ramornie on the Orara. The population of the two Graftons is about 8000, and it is rapidly increasing. It is not too much to say that the Clarence is to Grafton what Sydney harbour is to Sydney. The people are proud of their noble river, and no wonder. Rowing is very popular in the Clarence towns, and there are excellent regattas every year. Searle, one of our most notable Australian oarsmen, learnt his rowing at Maclean. Grafton has a beautiful park in mid-stream, Susan Island. One end is cleared for a recreation ground, and the other end is left in all its virgin beauty, a mass of dense, luxurious native vegetation.

Almost every street in Grafton is a noble avenue. The trees were planted when the town was first laid out, and excellent taste was shewn in their choice. You have here no absurd attempt to acclimatise trees of colder climates which grow up mere caricatures of what they ought to be. The camphor-laurel and the plane do well, and some streets in spring are all ablaze with the purple glory of the jacaranda; but the native red and white cedars, bean trees, pines, and bunya-bunyas are freely used.

It may fairly be claimed that the scenery of the Clarence is magnificent from one end to the other. From Grafton to Yamba, with the exception of the coast range, the land traversed by the river is not more hilly than the Barwon country below Geelong; but the luxuriant vegetation, the varied islands and winding channels, and above all the grandeur and volume of the main stream, invest the Lower Clarence with a charm and fascination all its own. Above Grafton lies the hill country, and beyond that are the mountains. Now, I have seen some of the show places of New South Wales and Victoria, but in my opinion none of them can equal the scenes on the South River, which, as I have said, is the main southern affluent of the Clarence. No words of mine could do justice to the grandeur of the views from the Nymboida-Mann junction to the junction of the South River with the main Clarence. Just below the latter place is the Clarence Gorge, where the great river is cut into four or five narrow channels which, hemmed in by precipitous walls, hurl themselves down for nearly two miles in a series of falls and rapids. "The Gorge" is a fisherman's elysium. With two companions I once caught 27 lbs. perch there in about an hour and a half of actual fishing, and I think the smallest fish was about three pounds. I venture to prophesy that when the North Coast railway is completed the Clarence will become one of the chief tourist resorts of Australia. At present the upper river can only be said to be open to the average traveller as far as Copmanhurst, beyond that village the tourist must be prepared to rough it if he wants to visit the finest scenes. There are many other features of this beautiful district which I have not touched on, but I fear the editor's scissors already, and I must stop.

H.M.R.R.

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