



# *Seasons Greetings*

DUGULLUMBA TIMES



(Member of History Queensland Inc.)

**The Quarterly Journal of the  
Logan River and District  
Family History Society Inc.**

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**November 2018**

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**Library Hours:**

Tuesday	9.30am—1.30pm
Thursday	9.30am—1.30pm
Friday	9.30am—1.30pm
Saturday	9.30am—1.30pm
Sunday	By Appointment
Closed Public Holidays	

**Meetings:**

1st Saturday of the month      February, April, June, August, October and  
December

1st Thursday of the month      March, May, July, September and November.

**All Meetings at 9.30 am**

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## Coming Events

November 1	General Monthly Meeting
November 14	Sausage Sizzle
December 10	Christmas Party at the historic Logan Village Hotel
December 12	Sausage Sizzle
January 16	Sausage Sizzle
February 2	General Monthly Meeting

We will be holding raffles at our Christmas party, so any donations for these would be very much appreciated. Please leave any donations at our research room.

**Our research centre will be closed from 23 December, 2018**  
**and will re-open on Tuesday 15 January, 2019**

# Dugullumba News



*The end of the year is near, so welcome to our latest edition of the Dugullumba Times for 2018.*

The year has been busy for our members with the Society's move from the Kingston Butter Factory to Chambers Flat & Logan Reserve Community Centre. We have finally settled in and the remainder of the internal alterations and exterior fittings to our rooms will be completed by the end of October. Once everything is final, **we will find a "new rhythm" to our activities at the centre and finally get back to business as usual.** The society members in general seem well pleased with the move and particularly with the local area which has a more rural aspect and is a pleasant change to the sound of trains passing by.

Our sausage sizzles are progressing well although we have a team of **"faithfuls" who turn up to lend a hand. A few more new faces** would be very welcome at the BBQ and would allow us to renew acquaintance with some members who we do not see very often.

Our participation in National Family History Month in August was actioned with the offer of a month of program instructions from Graham Popple in familiarising members and public alike with the **"tips and tricks" which can be difficult to find at first. It was a** little disappointing to find the number of people taking advantage of this offer was not as great as anticipated, but maybe next time will be better attended.

DUGULLUMBA

the Aboriginal name for the Logan River and means "Home of the Hornet"

We also held a stall at the Seniors Expo for the Forde Electorate which garnered quite a bit of interest for our society and we were happy with the results for the day, particularly as we are trying to gain more exposure locally

Our Christmas lunch and end of year celebrations are to be held on Monday 10<sup>th</sup> December 2018 at the Logan Village hotel. Arrangements are in progress and we will advise on developments. Any raffle donations can be left at the rooms from now on and are gratefully received. We are hoping to have an event as successful as previous years have been and that you will all enjoy yourselves again.

Although it is a few weeks away, I would like to take this opportunity to wish all our members and friends a happy Christmas and stay safe over the holiday period. In the meantime, the year continues and we carry on researching hoping that suddenly the magic will happen and that brick wall will tumble down.

Wishing you all success in your researching.

*Terri Gellatly,  
President*



Acknowledgement

The Committee and Members of the Logan River Family History Society Inc. would like to thank Shannon Fentiman M.P. for Waterford, and her Staff for their support of our Society by the printing of our Journal

## Guest Speakers



Our speaker for August was Rosemary Kopitke. Her presentation was: "Beyond Just Indexes – Why we should examine the original records."

Rosemary is a family historian and a speaker for Unlock the Past.

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At our September meeting, our speaker was Uncle Barry Watson, Elder in Residence, The Salvation Army, Lifeworks Centre, Communities for Children in Logan.

Uncle Barry is very passionate about history. In his talk he gave us some insight into his own family's history in Victoria. He then talked about the very early history of the Logan area..



Robin Kleinschmidt's talk this time was '*Starts, Stumbles and Successes; a brief overview of the original church buildings of 11 Lutheran congregations in the Logan and Albert region.*'

We all found this very interesting and learned more about the early times of settlement in our area. It was great to see some photos of these early churches and schools too.

*Genealogical Society of Queensland is doing a talk 'Queensland*

**'Family History Online'**

at Sunnybank Hills Library, 26 November, 1—3 pm.

Phone 3407 0571 to book a spot.

*A very informative day was had by several of our members when Ann and Tony Swain came to give us a talk on DNA, and a hands on workshop to show us how to manage our DNA matches. We also enjoyed a lovely morning tea, provided by our members.  
Thanks so much Ann and Tony.*

## DNA Workshop



# What's in a Name?

Those of us who search for ancestors in the various on-line records rejoice in the unique or unusual names that sometimes crop up as they make finding the correct record so much easier. Those with Scottish or others with similarly traditional naming patterns are frustrated as, on one hand it can be fairly easy to exclude a Census record as none of the names are familiar but on the other, there are a number with identical names from the same area and time frame but little in the way of clues to differentiate direct ancestor from a parallel 'cousin' line.

Thinking about names it occurred to me that parents have a great responsibility in choosing a name for their child and some fail woefully. Even choosing to spell a common name differently can condemn the child to a lifetime of misspelt letters or documents. The worst offenders are those who don't put the forename and surname together when they decide. Some of the following are probably apocryphal but others are real!

Neil and Ida Down; Justin Case; Ruby, Pearl and Jade Stone; and Sean Lamb. Others might have sounded like a sweet idea like the Rose family who named their little girl Wylde. Unfortunately she married a Mr Boulle!

Initials can also cause complications and unfortunate nicknames like Beryl Anne Thompson and Arthur Patrick Evans. The American habit of calling their child by initials like T.J. or F.T is harmless as they are usually really named Todd John or Francis Thomas but one poor unfortunate was actually named R.B. with a surname. He filled out a form giving his name correctly but was informed that they would not issue the certificate without his full names. He returned the form with R(only) and B(only) and duly received his certificate made out to Ronly Bonly + the correct surname!

*Anne Mitchell*  
*Member 178*



### “Little Paupong” Monaro District New South Wales



This is the homestead built on the selection taken up by my Great-grandfather, William ROBERSON, about 1880. He is seated closest to the camera. His wife, Jane GIRVAN, is seated in the centre.

The identities of the other people in the photo are uncertain but they are most likely three of their children. My grandmother, Agnes, is possibly the woman standing farthest from the camera and their only son, William, may be the man near his father holding the rifle.

This photo was probably taken in the 1890s.

As a teenager, I saw this house as a ruin in the late 1960s, but have little recollection of it. I do remember that some of the inside walls were covered with hessian with newspaper glued over the top.

My cousin, also a great-granddaughter of William, who had travelled to the district a few years ago, tells me that the only thing left now is the tall stone chimney where, no doubt, our grandmother had tended the fire before becoming pregnant to one of the sons of the Litchfields of Hazeldean and eloping to Wodonga in Victoria to get married. They finally moved to Queensland and became my grandparents.



*Rob Thomson,  
Member 229*



FAMILY & LOCAL HISTORY CONFERENCE & FAIR

**24 – 26 May 2019**

**3<sup>rd</sup> Queensland State Conference**

to be held at

**VENUE 114 on Lake Kawana**

Bokarina on the Sunshine Coast

hosted by Caloundra Family History Research Inc. and  
supported by History Queensland.

To keep updated check the website at [www.wavesintime2019.org.au](http://www.wavesintime2019.org.au)

follow on facebook at [Waves in Time 2019](https://www.facebook.com/WavesinTime2019)

or email to [info@wavesintime2019.org.au](mailto:info@wavesintime2019.org.au)



Caloundra Family  
History Research Inc.



History Queensland Inc.



MINI SEMINAR - Saturday 24 November, 2018, 1—4 pm  
GOLD COAST FAMILY HISTORY SOCIETY

**JOHN GRAHAM**

John will discuss the Ryerson Index which is a free index to death notices in Australian newspapers from 1803 to the present, including funeral notices and some probate notices and obituaries. In this interactive talk he will demonstrate the features of the website.

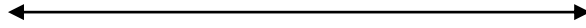
His second talk on a local history theme relates to the free settlements founded in Australia in the 1820s, in Western Australia, Northern Territory, Queensland and Victoria, and will focus on some individual settlers.

Seminar price GCFHS Members \$15—Non members \$20

Bookings essential: <http://www.goldcoastfhs.org.au/rego-form.html>

Or phone 5582 8855

## **The Old Homes of James & Nanny Barnes**



My Great Grandfather James Barnes was born 7<sup>th</sup> July 1840, at Buryan, Cornwall, England. His parents were James Barnes and Prudence Matthews. They were Tenant farmers to the Dennis Family. Nanny Dennis was born 17<sup>th</sup> June 1843, at St Just, Cornwall, England. Her parents were John Dennis and Mary Ellis.

James and Nanny grew up in Cornwall and decided to ask their parents for permission to marry. The Dennis family were not very keen on this relationship mainly because Tenant farmers were not deemed to be on the same social level. However, James and Nanny married on the 3<sup>rd</sup> October, 1863 in Penzance, Cornwall.



**The Tremayne Farm, Cornwall, England.  
Right to Left – first home of James and  
Nanny Barnes, the home of the Oates Family,  
and farm buildings.**

Their first home was at the Hamlet of Tremayne, Cornwall. They lived on a farm with other families. The Oates family and the Dennis family lived in homes on the property. The Tremayne family were the original owners of this Hamlet. The Tremayne family married into the Dennis family.

Both James and Nanny grew up in very big families. The families migrated to Brisbane onboard the ship “Flying Cloud,” arriving 19<sup>th</sup> February, 1865.



James and Nanny purchased a property at Flagstone, near Mundoolun and called it "Tremayne." This is the home where my Grandmother Lilly Armstrong grew up with her siblings. The photo to the left was the first house at "Tremayne," Flagstone. The building to the right was the kitchen which was destroyed by fire. We are not sure when.

James and Nanny had a very big family of 14 children. They lost two of these children. The first born Mary Louisa was born in 1865 she is buried in 'God's Acre' at Coopers Plains. Their last child Minnie May was born in 1883. James died at "Tremayne" on 20<sup>th</sup> July, 1908 and Nanny died at "Tremayne" on 17<sup>th</sup> September, 1924.

About 1920 my Grandmother's brother George built another home for his young family. He later added extensions using timber from the first house. George Barnes married May Schmidt and had two children Ellis and Nancy. Our families enjoyed many picnics at "Tremayne."



**About 1920 James and Nanny's youngest Son George built a home for his wife May, next door to the first home at "Tremayne," near Mundoolun, Qld**

The Oates family (whose home is depicted in the photo at Tremayne, Cornwall, England) moved to Queensland in the same era. Their son married my Grandmother's youngest sister Minnie. They had a son George. I have been in touch with George, He is 96 years old. I could ramble on adding more and more but this story is about old homes.

My second cousin Ellis Barnes visited these homes on his trip overseas in the 1990's. He related this history to my sister and me. He has since passed away. My husband Barry and I, on our trip overseas in 2007, visited Tremayne, Cornwall, England; and we visited a History Society and they let us know where the homes were. Ellis's niece Pam Sands and her husband visited Tremayne, on their trip overseas in 2013. I have been fortunate to connect with Pam through My Heritage Family Tree's. Pam's fourth Grandson was born last October, 2017. His name is Connor Tremayne, so the name lives on.



**James & Nanny Barnes with their family.**

**My Grandmother Lilly "Back row second from the right."**

*Elizabeth Lamb (nee Armstrong)*

*Member No 7*

## **A Visit to Menin Gate and Flanders Fields in Belgium.**

In April, 2018 my husband and I were privileged to have a trip to Europe. As part of this trip we visited Belgium.

On the eve of Anzac Day we visited the Menin Gate at Ypres for the Last Post Ceremony.

This Ceremony is the traditional final salute to the fallen. Buglers from the Last Post Association have sounded this nightly at 8pm at the Menin Gate since 1928. They have done this to honour the memory of the soldiers of the former British Empire and its allies, who died in the Ypres area during the First World War.



**Menin Gate at Ypres**

Being the eve of Anzac Day there was a large crowd for the ceremony. Some nights there are only one or two people. The traffic is stopped and the street closed during the 25 minute ceremony. I had difficulty seeing but I was able to hear what was said and a lady in front of me had her iPad recording the ceremony so I was able to see that. Many wreaths were laid. It was a very moving time.

Before I left home I told a friend I would look for the name of her great uncle on the Menin Gate.



**Name of William George Armstrong on the Menin Gate**

When the ceremony had finished and people had moved away I tried to find the name of William George Armstrong. I am so thankful that I had the grid reference of where his name was on the wall panels. There are 55,000 names of people with no known grave engraved on the Gate. With so many names listed, and the wall panels in the Gate so high it would have been impossible to find any name without the reference.

Names were listed under Units and Battalions. Initially, I couldn't find the correct panel. Then I realised that the even numbered panels were on one side of the street and the odd numbered ones on the other side.

I had bought a little cross with a poppy on it to put near William's name but there was no suitable place to put it. I kept the cross and brought it home to my friend, Elizabeth. We took some photos of the name and felt very emotional at seeing the name of William George Armstrong. When you realised that so many people died it is almost overwhelming.



**Inside Menin Gate at Ypres**

Anzac Day we got up at 4 am to go to the Dawn Service at Polygon Woods. It was cold, dark and drizzling rain as we got on the bus for the half hour trip to a parking area and then onto a shuttle bus. There were quite a lot of people there including a lot of local people. New Zealand led out in the service and it was very dignified and moving. The graves were surrounded by pine trees. After the Service we walked back to wait for the shuttle bus and it took us on a tour through the countryside. We saw houses and farms. It eventually stopped but we knew we weren't in the right place even though most people got off the bus. I asked a man if he spoke English and then he asked the bus driver what was happening. Where we were was the equivalent of the RSL and it was a breakfast. So we stayed on the bus back to the parking area. We got back to the Hotel late so it was a quick eating of breakfast and then a shower and packing.



**Dawn Service at Polygon Woods**



We then went on a tour of Flanders Fields. A guide took us through Hill 60 where the allies faced the enemy for many months. This is an area that has been left as it was at the end of WWI. It still has bomb craters and the remains of tunnels and gun emplacements. The boardwalk showed us how close the front lines were to each other.

**Hill 60**



Live ammunition, including large shells, are still found in fields and on building sites in Belgium. People are so used to finding shells that even though they have to report such finds to the authorities the farmers often just put the shell on the side of the road and then ring up the authorities when they get home. The guide had seen one on the edge of the road the week before.



**We were too early in the season to see the Flanders Poppies in bloom, but we saw some in wheatfields in Switzerland**



Our next visit was to the largest Commonwealth War Graves Cemetery in the world at Tyne Cot. There over 12,000 war graves. All but approximately 100 of these graves have names on them. The cemetery was laid out so beautifully and was very well kept.

This part of our trip was very moving and emotional. My grandfather and great uncles were in France during WWI but they all came home to Australia. One great uncle mentions Ypres in his war diary so we felt a small connection to this part of the world.

The Belgium people are very welcoming and friendly to visitors. The country is very flat but the villages, towns and cities are attractive and we enjoyed our visit very much.

*By Heather Cuthbert, Member 83, LRDFHS.*



**Tyne Cot War Cemetery looking right as you enter**

## St. Paul's Lutheran Church Gramzow

Great Grandparents Charles Hobbs and Wilhelmine Caroline Voigt were married in the Lutheran Church at Gramzow, Logan on the 15th July 1881. They were married according to the rites of the Lutheran Church in the presence of Ernst Voigt brother of the bride and Richard Hobbs brother of the groom.

The Officiating Minister is named on the wedding certificate as John Gottfried Hausmann.



In 1875 Pastor Hausmann purchased 10 acres of land from the Government midway between Gramzow and Mt. Cotton for ten pounds. Three acres of this land was cleared for a church and cemetery.

The building committee included August Von Sneddon, Detlef Holtorf, Philipp and John Benfer, Hermann Holzapfel, Friedrich Stern, Paul Schroeder and Johannes Sommer.

The church was built in 1876. August Von Sendon was the leading carpenter. It was built in a traditional North German style with handmade brick nogging in a timber frame that had been axe dressed & fixed with wooden pegs. The design & construction was influenced by August Von Sendon's origins from Holstein in Northern Germany. The church was completed at a cost of 130 pounds, of which 100 pounds was raised by subscription.

Within the 12 months the remaining debt was paid. The church was situated in the grounds of the present cemetery, which is on the corner of Wuduru Road and Mt. Cotton Road. Families walked from Gramzow and Mt. Cotton to attend the services.



*Photo 1931: Courtesy of the State Library of Qld.*

The church was demolished in 1951 and a new church built on land at Mt. Cotton. The cemetery that was formerly attached to this church and which contains the graves of most members of the foundation committee and other pioneers of the Gramzow and Mt Cotton areas continue in use. Gramzow was renamed Carbrook in 1916 due to the anti-German feeling that had developed during the First World War.

*Researched from the Carbrook Lutheran Cemetery & the photo from German Missionaries online. Source: Gunson 1960*

*Diane Schulz Member 168.*

## Recent Additions to our Library

### Books

Sydney UBD Street Directory 2003	NSW/A001-2003
Coffs Harbour Vol 1:Pre-1880 to 1945 by Neil Yeates	NSW/H073-002
Richmond River Northern NSW, Australia Lismore, Ballina, Casino, Evans Head, Lennox Head by Lee Pearce and Russell Eldridge	NSW/H052-002
The Story of St Ives NSW and some of its Inhabitants by Gay Halstead	NSW/H060-001
Centenary Collection Sydney Town Life in Old Australia	NSW/H013-015
Clarence Bellinger, Nambucca Rivers, North NSW. Coffs Harbour, Grafton, Maclean, Yamba, Bellinger, Macksville, Nambucca Heads, by Lee Pearce & Russell Eldridge	NSW/H059-001
Tweed & Brunswick Rivers Northern NSW Byron Bay, Tweed Heads, Brunswick Heads, Murwillumbah, Mullumbimby by Lee Pearce & Russell Eldridge	NSW/H059-002
Manning-Hastings & Macleay Rivers North NSW Port Macquarie, Kempsey, Taree, Wauchope, Wingham by Lee Pearce & Russell Eldridge	NSW/H059-003
Lachlan Macquarie His Life, Adventures & Times by MH Ellis	AUS/P013-003
Old Government House The Building and its Landscape by Helen Proudfoot	NSW/H006-004
General histories of Queensland for family and local historians by W Ross Johnston	QLD/G001-004
Yellow Pages Local Mt Gravatt, Logan City, Beenleigh 2005/2006	QLD/TD007
-2005/2006 Yellow Pages Community Mt Gravatt, Logan City, Beenleigh Areas 1993	QLD/TD007-19
UBD Street Directory Sunshine Coast 6th Edition	QLD/A008-001
A simple guide to successful Irish Research in Queensland by David Larkin	QLD/G001-005
The Long Blue Line The History of the Qld Police by W Ross Johnston	QLD/H167-001

Great Queensland Women Celebrating 100th Anniversary of women's right to vote in Queensland by Heather Grant, Office for Women QLD	H068-001
Green Hills to the Gabba The Story of Qld Cricket by Ian Diehm	QLD/H169.001
The Greeks of Qld A History from 1859-1945 by Denis A Conomos	QLD/H170-001
Salute Qld Anzac Centenary 2014-2018 Issue 3 by Qld Government	QLD/H018-014
UBD SA and Northern Territory Cities and Towns Street and Travel Directory 8th Edition	SA/A003-001
Filling in the Maps A Cameo of the Royal Geographical Society of Australasia SA Branch Inc	SA/H013-001
The 60 Families who own Australia by E W Campbell	AUS/H056-001
Life in Old Van Diemens Land by Joan Goodrick	AUS/H057-001
Australians Yesterday and Today A Book of Memories edited by Win Haseloff	AUS/H058-001
Australian Sport Through Time The History of Sport in Australia senior consultant Richard Cashman	AUS/H059-001
Henry Lawson The Master Story Teller-Prose Writings edited by Prof Colin Roderick	AUS/H060-001
Singer of the Bush AB 'Banjo' Paterson Complete works 1885-1900. Collected and Intr.by Rosamund Campbell and Philippa Harvie	AUS/H060-002
Song of the Pen AB 'Banjo' Paterson Complete Works 1901-1941. Collected and introduced by Rosamund Campbell and Philippa Harvie	AUS/P034.010.3
The Cattle King by Ion Idriess	AUS/P041-002
Transportation of Convicts to Austrlia by D L L Robson	AUS/H006-006
Flinders The Man who Mapped Australia by Rob Mundle	AUS/H054-001
Ben Hall ,Definitive Illustrated History by Edgar Penzig	AUS/H055-001
We of the Never Never by Mrs Aeneas Gunn	NT/H005-001
Flynn's Last Camp by Maisie McKenzie	NT/H006-001

### Recent Additions to our Library (cont)

The Splendour of Tasmania photography by Dennis Harding text by Roddy Maclean	TAS/H004-003
Interviewing Elderly Relatives by Eve McLaughlin	UK/G037-001
Simple Latin for Family Historians by Eve McLaughlin	UK/G038-001
The Genealogist's Virtual Library Full Text Books of the World Wide Wed by Thomas Jay Kemp	UK/G039-001
The Dictionary of Genealogy by Terrick V H FizHugh Wherever Green is Worn—	UK/G040-001
The Story of the Irish Diaspora by Tim Pat Coogan	IRL/H006-001
The Historic Towns of Ireland by John Burgess	IRL/H007-001
Isle of Wight Ordnance Survey Leisure Guide	HAM/A002-001
Celebrity Family Trees the world's most celebrated and scandalous dynasties by Ed Wright	WORLD/P030-002
On This Day The History of the World in 366 Days	WORLD/H003.001
Locating Your German Ancestor's Place of Origin By Eric Kopittke	GER/G002-003.1
Introduction to German family history research for Australians by Eric Kopittke	GER/G004.001
Discover Scottish Church Records by Chris Paton an Unlock the Past guide book	SCT/G007-002
Scotland's People The place to launch your Scottish research 3rd edition by Rosemary Kopittke	SCT/G001-010.1
Colourful Scotland	SCT/H005-001
Scottish Country Houses and Gardens open to the Public	SCT/H004-005

### Journals

Emu Plains Timespan No 151 Jun 2018	NSW/J012-151
Kith and Kin: Cape Banks FHS—No 129 Jun 2018	NSW/J017-129
Dust of Ages: Armidale FHG Issue 163 Jun 2018	NSW/J015-163
Time & Place: Qld Heritage Council Issue 33 2018	QLD/J028-033
Dugallumba Times No 47 Aug 2018	QLD/J014-047
The First Settlement City Gazette Jul 2018	QLD/J039-021
Descent. Soc. Of Aus. Genealogists Vol. 41 No. 1 Mar 2011	AUS/J007-041.1
Descent. Soc. Of Aus. Genealogists Vol. 41 No. 2 Jun 2011	AUS/J007-041.2

Descent. SAGS, Vol. 41 No.3 Sep 2011	AUS/J007-041.3
Descent. SAGS Vol. 41 No. 4 Dec 2011	AUS/J007-041.4
Descent. SAGS Vol. 42 No. 1 Mar 2012	AUS/J007-042.1
Descent. SAGS Vol. 42 No. 2 Jun 2012	AUS/J007-042.2
Descent. SAGS Vol. 42 No. 3 Sep 2012	AUS/J007-042.3
Peterborough & Dist FHS Journal Vol 37 Pt 1 Mar 2018	CAM/J002-037.1

### Magazines

Our Logan: Our City Magazine Jul 2018 No 70	QLD/J021-070
Our Logan: Our City Magazine Aug 2018 No 71	QLD/J021-071
Traces Uncovering the Past Volume 3 2018	AUS/J018-003

### Pamphlets

Convicts from Trial to Freedom by Kerry Farmer	
Unlock the Past Handy Guide	AUS/P034-010.2
Military Research Getting the most out of	
your Digger's Military Records by	
Lieutenant Colonel Neil Smith AM, Ret	AUS/P034.010.1

Thanks to all who have donated  
items for our library

It is very much appreciated

TO A MOUSE  
by ROBERT (RABBIT) BURNS

*Wee, sleekit, cowrin, tim'rous bestie,  
O' what a panic's in thy breastie!  
Thou need na start awa sae hasty  
Wi' bickering brattle!  
I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee  
Wi' murd'ring pattle.*

*I'm truly sorry man's dominion  
Has broken Nature's social union,  
An' justifies that ill opinion  
Which makes thee startle at me,  
Thy poor, earth-born companion  
An' fellow mortal!*

*I doubt na, whyles, but thou mayst thieve;  
What then? Poor beastie, thou maun live!  
A daimen icker in a thrave's a sma' request;  
I'll get a blessing wi' the lave, an' never miss't!  
Thy wee-bit housie, too, in ruin!  
Its silly wa's the win's are strewin!*

*An' naething, now, to big a new ane,  
O' foggage green!  
An' bleak December's win's ensuing,  
Beith snell and keen!  
Thou saw the fields laid bare and' waste,  
An' weary Winter comin fast,*

*An' cozie here, beneath the blast,  
Thou thought to dwell,  
Till crash! The cruel coulter past  
Out through thy cell.*

*That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble,  
Has cost thee many a weary nibble!  
Now thou's turned, for a' thy trouble,  
But house or hald,  
To thole the Winter's sleety dribble,  
An' cranreuch cauld!*



*But Mousie, thou are no thy lane,  
In proving foresight may be vain:  
The best-laid schemes o' mice an' men  
Gang aft agley,  
An' lea'e us nought but grief an' pain,  
For promis'd joy!*

*Still thou art blest, compared wi' me!  
The present only toucheth thee:  
But och! I backward cast my e'e  
On prospects drear!  
An' forward, though I canna see, I guess and fear!*

---

*Ach, Rab, ye gied me sic a fricht,  
When, bang! Ye burst wi noise an' licht,  
Through my fine hoose, sa snug an' ticht  
Intae my den,  
An whaur am I tae bide the nicht  
I dinna ken.  
But certain, Rab, I'll gie ye thanks,  
Ye didna' chase me ower the banks,  
For wi' your lang and limber shanks,  
Ye micht hae catcht me,  
And wi' your pattle twa guid spansks  
Wad hae dispatch me.  
An' thank ye for your kindly thocht,  
For me – although gey dearly bocht,  
Co-operation, aye I've socht  
I'm prood to say it,  
And if o' mine ye want for ocht  
Ye're welcome tae it!  
But dinna fash yersel for me,  
Just gang your gait, and let me be:  
And if ye'll kindly mak me free  
O'er yaird and stack,  
I'll winter fine! Come Spring, maybe  
I'll pay ye back.  
But, Rab, ye're richt! It's truth ye spell!  
What lies before us nane can tell,  
Ye micht no hae sae lang yersel'  
An' what's ensuing,  
Whether ye are for Heaven or Hell  
Ye'll no be plooin..*

REPLY TO R. BURNS  
by A. MOUSE

*Sent in by Terri Gellatly  
Member 183*

## **WILLIAM KING, Autobiography**

(Final instalment, continued from previous issue)

One day we spoke the barque Coorong bound for Batavia to load sugar; he had met with light and baffling winds. It was very funny, the Captain of the Coorong was in company with our Captain one day while at Hong Kong, and I suppose they were cracking up their respective ships. Captain Slater remarked he would or could sail rings around the Australian Sovereign; when he said this he little thought he would have the opportunity of trying it so soon. When he saw us gaining on him he sent up his two Royal yards with the sails bent on, but with all this we soon got abreast of him, our skipper in order to rub it into the other fellow, had the ship's burgee with the ship's name on it, stretched along the bulwarks out board so that the other ship could read it and make sure who the ship was. This was about noon and at nightfall we were ahead of the Coorong hull down astern.

A few days later we met our Waterloo and got a good beating. We sighted a sail about 9am, astern and to leeward of us; she proved to be the tea clipper Norman Court. The breeze was fresh and she rapidly drew up on us and signalled us she was from Foo Chow with tea for London. At 4pm she was opposite us and fully a mile to windward and ploughing along as only a first class clipper can. She had every stitch of canvas she could place, and going along like a bird. We had to take our topgallant sails in, and we were wet enough, the spray reaching the top of the mainsail. At nightfall she was hull down. It would do one good to see her flying along and at the same time making good weather of it.

We continued our voyage and soon began to get among the Islands, some were small, others were a good size and showing plenty of green verdure and trees. We had rather a narrow escape of getting ashore on one island - it was too close to be pleasant. I forget the name of the island as given by the Captain; it was a long island with a clean curve along the side we were passing. In the afternoon the wind had fallen to very light, hardly giving us a steerage way, and what little wind we had was towards the shore, a current was also setting shoreward. The Captain, seeing that we were sagging towards the land, tried to get the ship on the other tack but having so little wind and scarcely steerage way when the helm was hard over, she just came slowly into the wind and no further. He then tried to wear her round; this only helped to get her nearer the shore. Coming on night and not a breath of air, we kept drifting with the current nearer the shore. Things did not look too good for us.

When it came on dark, we could see the native fires, and hear them beating their tom-toms. The Captain said there was no anchorage, very bold deep water right up to the shore. Coming on midnight we could smell the smoke from the native fire - this was proof that the air was now from the shore in our favour.

We got the ship's head round towards the open sea and with her yards, she would just steer, it increased slightly as morning broke. The Captain turned in now that things were favourable, leaving orders with the Mate. When daylight came, one could see how very close we had been to the shore. I thought I could hear some rushing noise from the land. I drew the Mate's attention to this; you could also see dust arising which was plain to me that we were to have a blow. We had all sails set, and a few minutes later a smart squall caught us over the quarter. The ship staggered under the pressure; I was afraid some of the spars would carry away. The ship lay over and tore through the water like mad. The Mate gave order to shorten sail which should have been done before, the Captain came out on deck bare-headed and in a towering rage with the Mate for being so reckless to carry on for so long before shortening sail. The Mate after the incident remarked he wanted to get off shore as soon as he could; he did not want to be eaten up by a lot of niggers. The wind now moderated and we got to a safe distance from the Island, and in time we passed through the strait and into the Indian Ocean.

We made rather slow progress for some time, the wind being light and baffling. We finally reached the line with its usual light winds and calms, and dead heat boiling the pitch out of the seams. In this kind of weather the man at the wheel had a miserable job, often no steerage way and the ship's head pointing to any direction; now and then a light breeze would come and so carry us from the doldrums. After crossing the line we found our tanks were getting low and we had to go on an allowance of 1 quart each per day. Our provisions were also getting short, we had no beef and our flour was nearly gone, the biscuits were nearly to an end. It was decided to breach the cargo; it was hard lines to have plenty and go short, the chief mate reckoned he knew where some rice flour was stored, also rice, sugar and preserved ginger. The booby hatch was removed and a search was made for the flour. It was fine weather and soon a quantity of goods were piled on the deck. At last the supposed flour was in sight, the sugar and rice were out, the flour was in boxes, the balance of cargo was now again stowed and the hatch was put on. We thought how fortunate we were to have such a mixed cargo.

The cook soon had the flour opened and prepared a pudding, enclosing the mixture in the usual canvas bag and put it in the copper to cook. At eight bells he gave the hands an invitation to see the pudding come out of the copper, he put his big fork into the bag and made an attempt to raise the pudding when to his disgust found the bag had stuck to the bottom of the copper and a hole had burned through. By the time the bag was out of the copper the pudding was running out like gruel on the top of the stove and on the galley floor. It was very tough sticky stuff. I cannot tell you what one of the hands said about the pudding. Some thought it wanted more boiling. The cook said if he could not cook food, it was no use for anyone to show him.

Some of the pudding which remained was put into a dish and those in the cabin and the forward hands had a portion. When you inserted the spoon it would continue from the plate to your lips, it had a very peculiar taste and it was soon turned down by all hands. The cook tried some in cakes, but the outside browned and the inside remained like paste and very sticky. So the cook gave the flour up as a bad job. With the cook's failure at the flour, one of the hands wanted to have a try, the cook told him to fire away, the stove was at his disposal. The sailor had his try at the flour but gave it up in disgust. He made thin cakes no thicker than a plate – it was still soft inside. It proved to be a powder for making paste for sticking on labels and pasting over tea chests etc. It was no wonder it was unfit for food. One might be poisoned with such a vile concoction. We had to be content with boiled rice and preserved ginger. It did not go bad for a few days but one got tired of it. However we were thankful we had it and made the best of it.

About a week or so after the flour adventure, a large fish was seen running along under the bows, the second mate got the grains, which is a bunch of about five small harpoons welded together and formed into a taper to enable them to be put into a handle and so made that it will detach from the handle when it sticks into the fish. A line is attached to the iron and one to the handle. The mate got over the bows and on to the martingale stays, and with the handle poised above him, awaited his chance for a good thrust. The fish rose on the swell and the mate made a good charge and fastened it well into the fish. He gave the handle a pull, freeing it, and the fish struggling was got on board. It was a very handsome fish about 4 feet long, and proved to be a dolphin. Some of the crew reckoned it was poisonous. The cook cleaned the fish and cut it into pieces and put into the copper. He put a two shilling piece in with the fish; he said if the silver came out clean and bright the fish would be good, if on the other hand it came out discoloured this would condemn the fish as unfit to eat. When the fish was cooked and the coin brought out it was very bright and clean, we had some of the fish for tea and liked it very much, it was such a change. The Captain did not partake of it, he had his doubts on the matter. However all hands had two good meals and did not suffer but felt the better for it. We were in the meantime getting well down south and began to feel the cold. We had a China pig on board and as it was cold weather the cook killed it. It weighed about 60 lbs; this was a good change while it lasted. There was a monkey on board with us and we felt sorry for him as he had chummed up with the pig during the trip, and as the weather was getting colder the monkey would lie with the pig for warmth. If the pig attempted to move the monkey would take his attention by scratching him, pretending to catch vermin. It was very amusing sometimes as the monkey would ride on the pig's back. If he passed under any rope he would hold on to it and have a swing as the ship rolled. After the death of the pig he made up with an old woolly rabbit which was with us. We had a little house for the rabbit and put a door on it. Jacko would go in the rabbit house and when in he would push the rabbit in the doorway to keep out the weather.

We had now fallen in with the strong westerlies which boomed us along. We were far enough south to smell the ice. We were making good progress towards Cape Otway which was the first land we would sight in Australia coming in from our direction. We sighted a brig and signalled her that we wanted water and provisions. She proved to be the "African Maid" from Melbourne. He gave his latitude and longitude. We sent a boat to the brig and got a cask of Melbourne biscuits, a cask of water, and two or three pieces of meat, so we were alright for food for a while. Next day we sighted Cape Otway and coasted along eventually passing Warrnambool and finally arriving off Port Philip Heads, and shortly after we got the pilot on board. We crossed the rip in company with a fine English schooner "Ghact" which was travelling the world. We had a run up Hobson Bay with her, a fine fresh breeze blowing. We kept neck and neck with her right up to Port Melbourne. We now clew up and came to an anchor. Next day we were removed to the wharf to discharge our Melbourne cargo. Work proceeded, the main hatch was opened and the cargo began to come up. All under the hatch was alright, but when the cargo was taken out from under the wings it proved to be much discoloured of the matting cover of the tea chests. It was very annoying to see it thus, the tea itself would be alright in the lead lined chest but it would spoil the sale of it, it was the result of the decks shrinking, according to experience gained by this the timber should have three years drying and then it would be first class deck.

My two brothers and I left the ship and proceeded to Sydney by steam. We took passage in the old favourite boat "The City of Melbourne", one of the best in those days. We were anxious to reach home for Christmas and we had no time to spare, as we had a sister in Balmain to call on [Sarah]. We arrived home on Christmas Eve and received a very loving reception. We found everything in order and much the same as we left; the younger brothers and sisters had grown considerably in the time.

Well, after having a couple of weeks holidays we then set about to build a new cottage for Mother and Father. This we built well off the ground on account of floods. When the house was finished we thought of looking up another job as my brother and myself intended to make a home for ourselves and settle down. Father had in the meantime made up his mind to build another ship. We tried to induce him not to go on with shipbuilding for a while. He however had made up his mind to go on with the job, so as it was decided to build the ship, we built ourselves a cottage each and settled down. We had three or four weeks cutting timbers in the bush. After cutting a good many Father told us he had altered his mind and would not build the ship so all the timber we had cut laid there till it rotted. This sudden turn of affairs threw us on our beam end, we were without a job. We took on pit saw work and cut a quantity of timber, contract work. When this job was finished we had to look up another job. This we got by going to Newcastle and went with a contractor building wharves. We had a good six months work here and done very well. After the wharf work was finished, we set up contracting in the building trade taking anything offering.

In the meantime the Australian Sovereign had discharged her Melbourne cargo and had sailed up to Sydney to finish unloading. After she had discharged her Sydney cargo she was surveyed, and certain work had to be done to her, under Lloyds survey. So she was sailed up to Newcastle, her Captain and crew discharged and she was then towed up the river to Wallalong to undergo the required work. We put the work in hand at once doing all that was required by the surveyor. We went all over the decks with caulking irons, as we found the Chinese caulkers in Hong Kong had done some slum work, this coupled with the shrinkage of the timber was responsible for the damage to the cargo.

While the work was proceeding in doing the repairs to the ship, a peculiar thing happened to my brother. He had rigged a scaffold over the side and was putting a mooring pipe through, he had the aperture cut and was stoping down using a gouge, when his feet slipped and backwards he went and fell overboard he could not swim a stroke. The singular thing was that he dreamed the night previous that he fell overboard off this identical scaffold, he thought very little of the dream but on resuming work in the morning he thought he would hang a rope over from the scaffold and sure enough it happened as he had dreamed, when he came to the surface he grabbed the rope, and he still had the gouge in his hand. There was no one on deck when he fell, but there was a man or two in the rigging. They heard the splash and hurried to the side; he had just come to the surface and had a firm hold of the rope, so there is something in a dream at times. A boat was soon alongside him and he was nothing the worse for his dive.

After a month's work at the ship she was again ready for sea. A fresh Captain and crew was shipped and then she was then towed to Newcastle, and loaded with coal for Lyttleton. She made several trips to New Zealand ports, and was then chartered to take three cargoes to Melbourne, and it was there that trouble began. She had arrived in Melbourne with the first load, her anchor was not long let go, when two officers of the law stepped on board. They tacked a notice on the mainmast – the ship was arrested. The Captain was puzzled to know what was the matter. It turned out that a writ had been served on the former Captain from the firm who had the tea consigned to them, demanding payment for damage to the cargo from China.

It turned out that the Captain ignored the writ, and got under way quietly in the dead of night and having a fair wind down the bay, was a way and soon out to sea, and none of us ever suspected what had actually occurred. It appears that nothing can be done with a ship once clear, but action can be taken if the ship returns to the port, and this was her first appearance in Melbourne since the China trip. The Captain telegraphed up to Father advising him that the ship was arrested. Father was quite shocked when he knew the strength of the trouble; it looked bad in Father's eyes to think his ship was implicated in a matter like this. We told him it was no fault of his as he had nothing to do with the affair, and therefore there was no blame on him, where the trouble lay was through having a too shrewd and not over particular Captain. The debt was paid and the ship released and work proceeded as usual.

She finished her three trips to Melbourne. On her way back on her last trip she ran into some very dirty weather and carried away her main yard, the Captain ran for Twofold Bay he then wired up and asked to have a new yard ready for him on arrival at Newcastle. We had the length and size of the spar in our mind so we only had to get a suitable spar for the job, this we got in Newcastle it was of Oregon 56 feet long, 14"x14" at the butt and 8" at the small end. We took on the task of towing this spar from Newcastle up to our place, a distance of thirty three miles. We took two rowing boats, having two men in each boat pulling two pairs of sculls. We left our place at one o'clock in the morning at the top of high water and arrived at Newcastle at seven o'clock having met the flood tide, five miles from Newcastle. We secured some labour and got the spar into the water and started back at once on our return trip, we carried the tide up with us for twenty miles, then met a strong ebb tide, this made a very heavy tow of it, we stuck to it and arrived home at sunset, we were pretty tired. The next day we got it out of the river and started to work the spar into shape, it turned out a first class yard. The ship had in the meantime arrived at Newcastle we towed it down when finished, it moved much better as the tapered end had much less resistance, it was got on deck and we put the iron work on it, and it was soon in its slings.

The ship was chiefly in the New Zealand trade. She unfortunately met in with a very heavy gale on one of the trips. The Captain run her as long as he dare, when a mountain of a sea pooped her, they brought her head to the wind and hove her to for two days, during the gale she lost the dinghy; this was lashed bottom up on the house and they never saw it go, as she was being brought up in the wind a heavy sea struck her in midships, and carried away the stanchions and main rail from the fore rigging to the main, at the same time one of her boats was smashed to pieces. All that was left of her being her stern tuck. By some sort of good luck, the stanchions and rail kept together and was secured, and when opportunity offered the crew got the rail, stanchions etc set up in position and secured it as best they could, which made her more comfortable and safe, this must have been a tough job to do.

On arrival at Newcastle she was again towed up the river to undergo repairs. We had to renew the stanchions and main rail and other works and get her ready for another trip. Repairs now being completed she was towed to Newcastle. The ship made another trip to Lyttleton with coal and on her return to Newcastle, was put on the slip and re-coppered and reclassified after running ten years. She was next chartered to take coal to Adelaide, and from there to take flour to Noumea.

This proved to be her last run. She delivered her cargo of coal and took in the flour and after a fair passage arrived off Noumea. The Captain signalled for a pilot, this would be about seven in the morning. In the meantime the Captain stood off and on waiting for the pilot to come out, this went on till nearly mid day.

The Captain then thought he would venture in on his own, he had the latest charts of the coast and the entrance. He took his glasses and went aloft and sat on the topgallant yard and directed the man at the wheel from above. He was deceived in the appearance of the water at one place of his course, with the result she struck a reef and was all fast. The pilot now came on the scene, but all efforts to move her proved futile, she was rolling and working on the reef. All hands wore safe. She was eventually put up by auction but only realised about £90. The chances of salvaging much was very remote, she eventually worked off the reef and fell over on her beam ends, all that was seen was her yard arms standing up. She shortly after disappeared altogether. The hands saved most of their belongings, the chronometer was saved and I have this in my possession. Insurance office paid up the amount she was insured for.

It was unfortunate for her to end up after the expense of slipping and coppering which ran into about £1000, but such is luck. There was a marine inquiry held and the Captain had his certificate suspended for six months. My story is now nearly ended. My mother has been dead for about 36 years and Father lived to see 95 years.

My brother in law John Roderick, who was our foreman ship builder, lost his life while in the employ of Morts Dock, Balmain - he was at the time employed as diver for the Dock. Morts Dock had the contract to build a ferry boat for the Manly Ferry Company - she was named the Kurringai. He went under after she was afloat to free some of the timber used in connection with the launching and while under the steamers bottom a piece of Oregon timber floated up and jammed his air pipe, the attendant found there was something wrong, and he gave the alarm, but unfortunately when he was got out he was dead. The Doctor tried for some time to revive him but to no purpose. He was a very clever and capable man and one that would be hard to replace. His funeral was one of the largest seen in Balmain, all of Morts Dock employees were in the funeral and several orders of which he was a member were largely in attendance and a great number of Balmain people were there. He had practically spent his life in Balmain, and was a great man in boating and yachting circles. As one by one we are called Home when our time comes.

My dear brother Albert who was my lifelong mate and who sailed with me died after a short but serious complaint. I miss him very much. His family are all grown up and married. My eldest brother John is still well and hearty, he is about 78 years of age. He followed farming to within the last 5 years and then retired. My brother Abraham who was with us on the trip to China, after returning studied school teaching and has had charge of several schools in his over 40 years of service; he has now retired. My brother Edward was a Methodist Minister preaching for many years; he was suddenly smitten with a stroke and after two or three months passed away. My eldest sisters Ellen and Sarah died many years since. I have two married sisters who live in Sydney, Mrs [Naomi] Taylor and Mrs [Editha] Harmon. I have also one sister Mrs [Louisa] Stocks who lives in Mayfield.



My story is nearly finished but in closing I wish to compare the early days to the present time. When you look back and consider what the old hands had to endure, a little of which I mentioned in the beginning relative to my own parents, and doubtless many of the early people here had similar trials and privations to battle through. I could tell of some of the dwellings or properly speaking bark huts, all with their low walls of split slabs let into the ground for support, and if there was a floor, it would usually be split slabs bedded on the ground and the edges and projections adzed off and almost every case the roof would be bark secured by fixing a framework of heavy saplings pegged with wooden pins to hold the timber secure. This would prevent the bark roof blowing off the battens, and for doors I have known of a sheet of bark to be used for an inside door, and would have green hide for hinges. Many of the houses were without glass windows, but instead would have either a wood shutter or a bark one, and for seating, round blocks cut to the length, and a few split slab stools, and many required things just as crude. If a house boasted of a ceiling it was usually bagged or calico stretched on cross pieces and one thing certain many people were not worried about the fashions of dress etc. I remember having to black my everyday boots for Sunday.

The first school I was sent to was a rough split slab structure, you could pass your hand in places between the slabs. There was no ceiling, and not any cask or tank to supply water to the children, and each one would have to carry their bottle of tea or water. Fancy the above conditions to our present day. And then take the conveniences for getting about, not one in fifty had a spring cart. If they wanted to do a shopping trip to a town, they would go by horse or bullock dray. I have even known of drays being in a funeral procession, and in the matter of crossing a river, it was a frequent sight to see a hollow log with the ends enclosed used as a boat, in some cases a couple of cedar logs coupled together, these were called catamarans, proper boats were few and far between.

I may here be permitted to say a little of myself. It is now nearly fourteen months since I had a bad fall which broke my kneecap in three pieces; this completely knocked me out. I was taken to Riverview Private Hospital [in Maitland] and operated on. For several weeks I got along alright but unfortunately blood poisoning set and I was at times between life and death. After about three months I was taken from the hospital to my daughter Muriel's place, there nursed by trained sisters assisted by my wife for many weeks, with the result that I improved and am now able to get about with the aid of crutches. My leg was spared to me but is quite stiff, and I will be a cripple for the rest of my days. I am thankful to say I have good sons and daughters who have done all they could for me. My wife went to the hospital with me and remained with me until I came out.

### MARITIME INQUIRY

The Marine Board met on Monday June 21, 1880, and inquired into the circumstances attached to the loss of the AUSTRALIAN SOVEREIGN off the coast of New Caledonia. Martin Berry Master of the vessel stated that the AUSTRALIAN SOVEREIGN was a barque of 353 tons owned by Mr Edward King of the Hunter River and was insured. She was lost on Simme (?) Reef at 9.30am on June 9th while bound for Noumea laden with flour. She had become a total wreck. There was a fresh breeze at the time when she struck. William Warden Chief Officer stated that the vessel was wrecked on a shoal at the entrance to the New Caledonia reef. There was no broken water to be seen except that of the long reef, and they were all strangers to the place.

There was a leading wind. They saw no difficulty in standing in, and the pilot cutter was about 6 miles from them beating about. They were on the reef an hour before the pilot came to them. The Captain said he was upon the topsail yard with a chart and glasses looking out for the reef, so it was not their fault that the vessel struck. The crew numbered 10 all told and the vessel had a full load of flour. During the rain squall he lost sight of both the pilot boat and lighthouse. Alexander Fyfe second mate of the vessel gave similar evidence. The Board after a prolonged deliberation reported that the loss of the vessel was caused by the wrongful act and the fault of the Master for not waiting until he had secured the services of a pilot.

*This autobiography written by William King,  
was submitted by Terri Gellatly,  
Member No 183*

We have to-day to record the now unusual occurrence of the **death of a First-fleeter**, an old man named McCarthy, upwards of 100 years of age, who arrived in the colony in the capacity of a sergeant of marines, with the first detachment sent out from England, for the purpose of establishing a settlement at Botany Bay. McCarthy removed from Sydney to Norfolk Island on the formation of a settlement there, and on its being broken up he accompanied the other settlers to Van Diemen's Land, and had, consequently, the rare distinction of being among the first settlers of both colonies. The old man passed his 100th year at Christmas last, but up to the time of his death he betrayed few of the failings of age, being able to read the smallest print without the use of spectacles, and retaining the full possession of his faculties until within ten minutes of his death, which did not take him by surprise, for he remarked, on going to his bed a short time before, that he was going to lie down and die. McCarthy died on Friday last, at the residence of Mr. W. H. Budd, Kinlochewe, who married his great grand daughter, and with whom he has been living for nearly eight years.

*From the Melbourne Argus, 28 July, 1846*



## From the Journals

We receive several quarterly Journals from other Family History Societies on a reciprocal basis from both Australia and overseas. These Journals have a wealth of knowledge and I would like to share some of the stories and information that can be found in them. These books are available to Members and can be borrowed from our library for a period of 2 weeks at a time and must be signed out by a room attendant. Because of postage some Journals are emailed to us and can be read on one of the computers in our rooms

"First Settlement City Gazette" - Redcliffe & Dist F/H Group - July 2018

The life's journey of William HEATHER who was buried in Westminster Abbey in 1627.

"Kith & Kin" Journal Cape Banks F/H/S - September, 2018

Catching up with the old suitcase from 1908".

"Irish Roots Magazine" - 3rd Qtr 2018

A - Z of Irish Genealogical Terms.

Tracing your Co. Tipperary Ancestors

"Timespan" Journal Nepean F/H/S - September ' 2018

The Secret Father of Hazel Jean THOMAS - Keith McLeod grew up believing his grandfather had died just before his mother Hazel was born. The circumstances were completely different to what he had been told.

The Church That Never Was - St Andrews Anglican Church, Kemps Creek.

"Traces "Magazine - Vol 4 2018

The STREHLOWS' epic journey to Horseshoe Bay.

What's that thingamajig (Answer P34)

Finding a Freemason.

"Dust of Ages" Journal Armidale F/H Group - Oct 2018

Russell JONES at War - Stories & letters received during WW1

Unearthing Land Records in NSW & accessing them.

From Esma King

Member 28

Happy Reading!

# 'MANOAH' MANSION



I grew up on an apple orchard and market garden in the Adelaide Hills in South Australia. A big part of our lives as a family was going to church each week. Quite often we would pick people up on the way and give them a ride to church as well. This would mean Dad and Mum in the front with my youngest brother and the other four of us in the back seat with the extra person. Occasionally we picked up two people – this is what could be done without seatbelts!

One person we often picked up was a single lady - Miss Eva Kefford. She was English and the housekeeper to Commander Oliver Symon who lived in a mansion named 'Manoah'. Miss Kefford lived in a small cottage up the hill from 'Manoah'. At Christmas time Miss Kefford invited us to lunch to show her appreciation to us for driving her to church and also from the friendship that had grown. The lunch was often at her cottage but I can remember at least once when I was about ten years old having this meal in 'Manoah'.

The dining table was set up in the middle of the ballroom. I find it hard to remember all the details but I do remember large curtains draped around the walls and across the windows. The table sat eight and it was sitting in the middle of the huge room. Miss Kefford had all the china and cutlery set out correctly on the table. I think we were a little overawed with all the knives and forks and when to use them. the house. Later we children explored a bit of the house when we went to the toilet. We looked in all the rooms and sat on the lounges and chairs, the doorways often had curtains across them, probably to keep the warm air in. As children we little realised the beauty of the house

Miss Kefford had a gift for each of us and I still have the cream jug and sugar bowl shaped like cottages that she gave to me.

It was interesting to do some research into 'Manoah' (a Hebrew word meaning 'my rest' or 'my home'). The mansion was set in a valley on a 160 acre estate and was built in 1885 by Sir Josiah Symon KC. The house cost 250,000 pounds to build. This was a huge amount of money for that time. The architect was William J Sowden and English and Italian tradesmen were bought from overseas to do the work. It was two storey stone building. It had 43 rooms and they had solid jarrah floors and many rooms were lined with wood panelling. It had a lot of lead lighting and it was lavishly decorated and one ceiling was painted with a mural by the artist Sir Hans Heysen. The road into the estate wound down the hill to the front of the house. The garden was very large and had well established trees but I remember the beautiful rhododendrons the best. It also had crops, vegetables and an orchard. The property was eventually subdivided and the mansion sold. In the mid 1970's fire extensively damaged the house.

Sir Josiah Symon was a lawyer and a politician and one of the framers of the Australian Constitution. It is said that some of the constitution was written at 'Manoah'. Sir Josiah was also a benefactor and donated money to establish the Lady Symon building for female students at the University of Adelaide. He also donated his law library to the University and personal library to the State Library of SA. He died in 1934.



**The Library in 'Manoah'**



**Sitting Room in 'Manoah'**

*Sources: The Advertiser 24/1/1930, Adelaide News 3/4/1934, Stirling District Heritage Survey by Taylor Weldenhofer and Sarah Laurence, State Library of SA and personal recollections.*

*Heather Cuthbert, Member 83*

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August Issue	2nd Saturday of July
November Issue	2nd Saturday of October

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**Logan River and District**  
**Family History Society Inc.**  
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“Name Index to A Journey in Time from Moreton Bay District 1842 to Beaudesertshire, Queensland 2000” <i>by Denis Godfrey</i> ” <i>Index by LRDFHS</i>	\$10 .00
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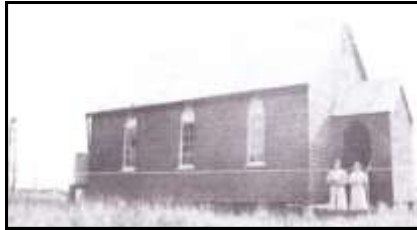
Some Early Lutheran Churches of the  
Logan area



*Bethania*



*Philadelphia (Eagleby)*



*Logan Reserve*



*St Peter's, Beenleigh*



*Steiglitz*



*To the Cross, Beenleigh*



*Eagleby*



*Alberton*

*Photos courtesy State Library of Queensland*