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Our potential member groups are:-

Arapiles	Ararat	Ararat Rail Heritage	Balmoral
Barham/Koondrook	Birchip	Boort	Camperdown
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Colac	Coleraine	Dimboola	Donald
Derrinallum/Lismore	Dunkeld	East Loddon (Mitiamo)	Edenhope
Geelong S/W/Rail	Glenthompson	Goldfields (Dunolly)	Halls Gap
Harrow	Hawkesdale	Heytesbury	Horsham
Hopetoun	Inglewood	Kerang	Koroit
Landsborough	Maryborough	Minyip	Mortlake
Murtoa	Nhill	Nullawil	Ouyen
Penshurst	Port Fairy	Portland	Pyramid Hill
Rainbow	Rupanyup	St. Arnaud	Stawell
Swan Hill	Terang	Warracknabeal	Warrnambool
Wedderburn	Woolthorpe		

Note: Send me your report [to fit half page ONLY] Word documents only, photographs .jpg (Straight emails can't be edited into the Western Historian either becomes unco-ordinated paragraphs)

For the couple of societies who don't have email — send a hard copy to the Secretary, Western Historian, 273 Old Hamilton Road, Haven, Victoria 3401.

Long reports have to be edited to fit the space and may not contain what you consider to be relevant to your society.

WVAHS President's September report

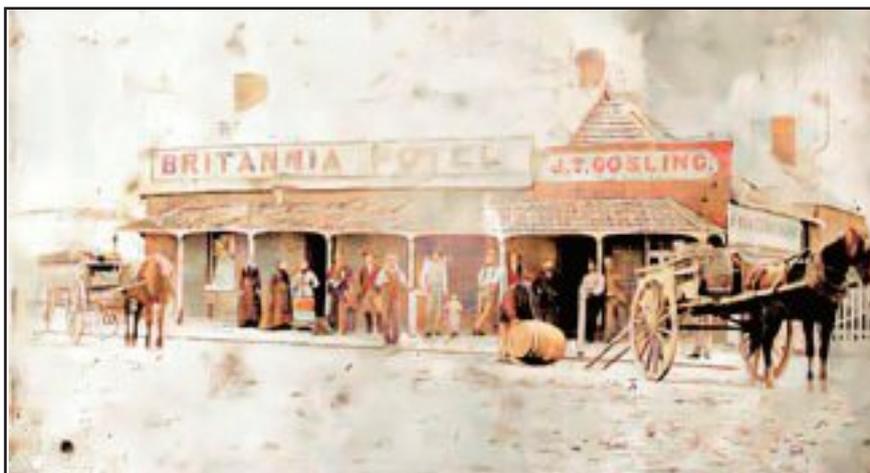
Covid-19 continues to change and restrict what we can do. Generally, gatherings such as meetings and events open to the public remain off limits.

Most societies have made arrangements at their premises that permit limited access for small numbers of members so that some work may continue on site with maintaining collections, processing additional material and continuing with administration and the other tasks necessary to enable our organisations to function.

Some groups have been very innovative - using on-line means to display images and stories from their collection. That has not only been of benefit to the members involved but also the wider community and assists to make the society and its collection better known. Perhaps it is a good time to request members of the community looking for things to do due to being required to stay at or close to home, to seek out old photographs, letters, diaries and other family records and either donate them or scan them and provide copies to their local society for long term safe keeping and public access.

The Executive are deciding upon how, when and where we hold the deferred Annual General Meeting electronically so that our administration may continue to function and Annual Returns be submitted as required. Please consider if you are able to serve on the Committee or as an office bearer and arrange to be nominated. We may then be able to formalise the team for the coming year.

Michael Menzies, President.



Early photo of Carisbrook's Britannia Hotel found by Judith Healey.

As the editor of the Western Historian I am seeking articles on what is happening in your society or articles from your area of historical interest.

Please contact Robin on robinparker81@hotmail.com

or write to 21 Fraser Street, Maryborough 3465.

In word preferred and any photos in jpg format.

The Welsh on Victoria's Central Goldfields: A Dictionary of Biography

More than three thousand Welsh born men and women flocked to Victoria's Central Goldfields after the official announcement of the discoveries in 1851. The Welsh on Victoria's Central Goldfields: A Dictionary of Biography records the lives of six hundred and twenty of them in individual biographies, a sample estimated to be around forty percent of the Welsh migrant population.

The meticulously researched referenced biographies are tied together by an underlying theme of the Welsh attempting to retain their language and culture as a minority in the cultural melting pot of the goldfields. Miners and mining investors joined politicians, preachers, publicans and many others as they were caught up in the all pervasive 'gold culture'.

Around twenty nonconformist Welsh chapels sprang up across the goldfields in the 1860s but there was a constant shortage of Welsh speaking ministers and a lack of permanence as the miners moved from rush to rush. Chapels were physically moved, sold to other denominations or simply disappeared. And the study shows that around half of the Welsh population were in fact Anglicans. Welsh was said to be the language of the chapel and English the language of business.

However by the 1880s many religious services were being held in English and the old bards were complaining that the eisteddfods had become too much like an English concert. Reverend William Merion Evans bemoaned in 1875 that: The children are growing up as English; only a few are coming from the old country to settle among us; also there is room to fear that the national feeling is gradually disappearing in the hearts of many of the old settlers and that is likely to be so as long as one thinks that it is to be of no profit or of any distinction to be a Welsh speaker.

Evans was also concerned at the 'wild and drinking habits of some of his countrymen.'

Tales of success, failure, tragedy and even humour thread their way through this absorbing study that breaks down the typical stereotype of the Welsh immigrant of the period. Almost every Welshman — from politician to the poorest labourer, invested in mining shares. This was like a giant game of lotto. Fortunes were made, lost and sometimes regained.

John Beynon is said to have made £40,000 from the Poverty Reef at Tarnagulla and rode a horse shod with golden shoes down the main street but he died leaving debts of £260. Methuselah Williams had mined the rich Nimrod Reef at Chewton and was involved in the Queen's Birthday Mine at Dunolly when its shares jumped from 2d to £30; he died in Ballarat 'having made

and lost two fortunes'. Some made fortunes and invested wisely. William Anthony a benefactor of the Stawell Baptist Church made thousands out of the Cross Reefs at Stawell and put most of it into prime real estate. Four two storey townhouses in Carlton alone were valued at almost £10,000. James Randell was an investor of 'sound judgement and wide experience' and was heavily involved with the Madame Berry mines north of Creswick. He retired at 55, built a mansion in Geelong and died leaving an estate valued for probate at more than £42,000.

There are more than fifty entries for Welshmen who died in mining accidents (some by their own misadventure) but many by unsafe practices used to save time and money. Ebenezer Jones was one of four men killed when the shaft of the Britannia Quartz Company's claim at Carngham collapsed in 1861. A second shaft had to be sunk to recover the bodies and it was two weeks before they were brought to the surface. The Geelong Advertiser reported that 'a grosser state of neglect and mismanagement was seldom if ever occurred on any claim'.

Reverent Zerubabel Davies a Welsh Baptist minister and school teacher preached the first Welsh language sermon in Melbourne in 1852. In about 1858 he moved to Stawell where he became the first recognised school teacher. He also 'salvaged gold from the creeks and the alluvial leads. On Sunday he sought to salvage souls from any pulpit offered. He later became minister of the Stawell Welsh Baptist Church and financed the building of its manse while investing heavily in Stawell mines and at one time owning the town's newspaper.

This is a must read book for lovers of Victorian regional and social history, family historians, history teachers, students and anyone with Welsh ancestry. It contains ninety illustrations, extensive indexes and easy to read charts and tables that put the biographies into a wider context.

Peter Griffiths is the author of the acclaimed *Three Times Blessed: A History of Buninyong and District 1837-1901* and the new work continues his passion for documenting history of the Victorian gold era.

By Peter Griffiths.

The Welsh on Victoria's Central Goldfields: A dictionary of Biography by Peter Griffiths, Commended in the Local History Project Award section, VCHA 2018.

Now available at the RHSV bookshop for \$45.

RVHS News June 2019

It's your newsletter — have your say

Importance of newspaper articles and family obituaries

by Robin Parker

Never ignore the importance of newspaper clippings including obituaries which can contain lots of important information for the researcher. Below is the obituary of my gg grandmother Ann Fraser.

Mrs Ann Fraser, 89 passes away in Hamilton on December 27, 1907.

A very old colonist passed away at her residence, Brown Street, Hamilton, relict of the late William Fraser, who was 89 years of age — enjoyed good health until two months ago when her constitution began to give way rapidly.

Mrs Fraser was a native of Banavie a village near Fort William, Argyll, Scotland, and a colonist for over half a century, having come to Victoria with her husband William and five young children, (John 1845-1907; Mary Ann 1847-1899; Donald 1848-1913; William 1854-1899; Duncan 1855-1856) arriving in Portland on October 10, 1856, aboard the General Hewitt, five other children were born in the colony between 1856 and 1864, (Ann 1856-1940; Katie 1858-1903; Jane 1860-1899, James 1862-1927 and Kenneth 1864-1865) one son Duncan died at sea enroute to the colony.

The family resided in Portland for the first two years where Mr Fraser built the pier and the remaining forty-nine years the family resided in Brown Street, Hamilton — her husband William Fraser was a carpenter having predeceased her in 1904, aged 84 years.

Mrs Fraser had a family of six sons and four daughters, three of whom survive her, Donald residing in Adelaide, James of Hamilton and Ann, Mrs David Young of Benalla, eldest son John died in Horsham only a few months ago.

Two daughters, Mary Ann Fraser, 51 of Warracknabeal, Jane Cameron McLachlan, 39 of Hamilton and a son William Fraser, 45 all passed away in 1899 prior to both parents and another daughter Katie Fraser, a

Hamilton dressmaker, passed away in 1903 aged 45 years of tuberculosis.

Mrs Fraser's funeral took place in Hamilton yesterday afternoon, the funeral arrangements being carried out by Mr J. Millman, the Rev. J.A. Barber read the burial service.



Above: The late Mrs Ann Fraser of Hamilton, Victoria who died on December 27, 1907 aged 89. Ann was a daughter of the late Donald Cameron and Ann Cameron of Banavie, Argyll, Scotland and grandmother of Mrs Ellen Watson who died in Dimboola in 1981 aged 102 years.

Things aren't always as they seem

It seems like more and more people these days are getting involved in the research recording of their family histories. Most of us uncover information which is the usual predictable stuff.... dates of birth, marriages and deaths and maybe a little history like job or cause of death if it was unusual.

This story involves a lady in America who was diligently recording her family's history for the generations to come. A cousin supplied the only known photograph of her great great uncle Remus showing him on the gallows with a rope around his neck. On the back of the picture there was a note which stated, "Remus Starr" Horse thief, sent to Montana Territorial Prison in 1885, escaped in 1887. Robbed the Montana Flying Railroad six times, caught by Pickerton Detectives, convicted and hanged in 1889.

The family genealogist thought about what entry she was going to make in her family history about her great great uncle, this was after all for posterity! After some consideration she wrote....

Remus Starr was a famous cowboy in the Montana Territory. His business empire grew to include valuable equestrian assets and intimate dealings with the Montana railroad. Beginning in 1885, he devoted several years of his life to service in a government facility, finally taking leave to resume his dealings with the railroad. In 1887 he was a key player in a vital investigation run by the renowned Pickerton Detective Agency. In 1889 Uncle Remus passed away during an important civic function held in his honor when the platform on which he was standing suddenly collapsed.

Heritage Report:

Newport Railway Workshops



A small section of the Newport Railway Workshops: Note the clocktower in background.

A delegation that included City of Melbourne Councillor Jackie Watts and the National Trust Advocacy Manager Felicity Watson visited the Newport Railway Workshops and we were led by Sydney rail heritage expert Chris Richards. The reason for the visit was to consider responses to the threat hanging over this site.

The State Government's major projects office are looking at forcing out the various tenants of this huge site. But the risk is not only to the exterior, which would no doubt be kept as a façade, but also to the interior which are the very highest heritage significance of the Victorian Heritage Registry. The 1888 group of buildings forming the original Newport Railway Workshops have historical significance as one of the best surviving 19th century railway workshops in the world and one of Australia's most outstanding items of industrial heritage.

The workshops began manufacturing carriages but from 1893 they grew to manufacture locomotives. They even made many of their own machine tools — a task which required a high level of technical expertise.

Newport Workshops was also an important centre of World War II production. In addition the statement of significance notes and the buildings have architectural significance for their large scale and the high quality of their design and construction.

The workshops form a vast complex. The site includes not only sheds with rails running into them, but also a central administrative block complete with clock tower, railway yards and gardens which were once beautifully landscaped. The whole area is a moving testament to Victoria's heritage even in its current rundown state. I want to focus however on the industrial heritage.

The tools used to build and maintain the trains that made Victoria are still there — many of them still used

by volunteer groups who maintain heritage carriages and locomotives for use in weekend pleasure trips. The sheds cover an immense area. We wandered through many sheds, finding countless locomotive and carriages from every epoch, some restored and many yet to be restored. We saw specialised tools of all shapes and sizes many of which are still in use and we met people who have learned how to use these tools to maintain the heritage fleets that still operate out of these workshops. If the tenants are forced out these volunteer groups will be unable to continue and this knowledge will be lost.

We believe that every effort should be made to maintain this precious heritage and to develop the site as an industrial museum. It has the potential to rival Great Britain's National Railway Museum in York or the Volklingen Ironworks in Saarland (a world heritage site in Germany I visited in 2017 which now attracts crowds to see the art work displayed as well as the industrial heritage now on view.) There is at present a small museum on the site run by the Australian Railway Historical Society of Victoria <https://www.arhsvic.org.au> That could be the basis of a great new museum.

Unfortunately the heritage registration of our workshops does not cover the tools and the workshops. The first step is to amend what is called the 'extent of registration' to protect the whole of the complex. We will be supporting an application for such amendment.

*By Charles Sowerwine
Chair of the Heritage Committee, R.H.S.V.
RHSV News June 2019*

Genealogy and the Victorian Railways

Railways played an important part of the development of Victoria. The first railway (a private company) in Australia ran from Melbourne to Sandridge (renamed Port Melbourne) in 1854.

There are books written about the Victorian Railways and I am sure your local library will have at least one.

A timeline history is at:

www.railwaymuseum.org.au/history.html

Some key dates are these for the opening of the early railway lines: 1857, Melbourne to Geelong; 1859, Melbourne to Williamstown and to Sunbury; 1862, Geelong to Ballarat; also in 1862, Melbourne to Bendigo.

In 2004 the Public Records Office (PROV) developed an exhibition dubbed "Making Tracks" for the railway's 150th anniversary in which Susan Priestley noted that "Women from the railway family might also take on caretaking/gatekeeping work at minor suburban and country stations".

As the government took over the early privately owned railways and extended the rail lines throughout the state the number of railways employees working for the Victorian Railways (VR) increased. Concurrently the VR began to make records which included of course, employees names and where they were stationed (pun intended). Bear in mind that employees such as Station Masters were posted around the state and track layers were something like itinerant workers. Families moved as they were posted to keep the VR network operational. In the 1950s there were around 30,000 VR employees around the state.

These VR records are useful for family historians. Obviously the basic information about names can be important. Sometimes marriages can be deduced merely from the employment records. Families can be traced as they moved around the country. Ancestors who are lost after they arrived in Victoria might have joined the VR and moved as their job required and sometimes settled in the country after retirement.

Remember this important rule for family historians: if the government is involved there will be a record. If you have a family member who worked for the VR then you have the opportunity to see records made of all of his, or her employment; if they were posted around the state the details of those travels; and seeing photographs and paintings of VR history that relate to your ancestors. From that you may be able to follow the education of their children through school records also held at PROV.

Also remember that Victorian State Government records are archived by the PROV. The Royal Historical Society of Victoria has many photographs and some paintings of railways installations.

There is at least one index to railways employees: an index to Victorian railway employees of the 19th century, compiled by Bob Thornton; published Melbourne, Library Council of Victoria, 1988. This is available to members of the Genealogical Society of Victoria and may be in public libraries.

The book *Railways of Victoria 1854-2004* by Robert Lee is available in the Genealogical Society of Victoria Book Shop.

The Genealogical Society of Victoria helps members find the many useful sources for family history worldwide and provides help for members in their quest of their family.

See www.gsv.org.au for more information, email gsv@gsv.org.au or phone 9662 4455 for information about the Society.

Mount Hooghly

Mount Hooghly is a prominent landmark, situated between Dunolly and Avoca, a short distance west of Dunolly. It has a rounded appearance and fairly steep sides. In earlier times its name was sometimes corrupted to Mount Ugly.

Few places have ever been given so many different names. The Aborigines had called it Merrill or Misal. They are two different interpretations of what Aborigines were saying. As Aboriginal words should not have an 's' then Merrill or Merral would be more accurate.

When Major Mitchell climbed Spring Hill near Logan he saw Mt Bealiba and called it Mount Freeth. Academics assumed he was looking at Mt Hooghly so Mt Hooghly got an alternative name of Mt Freeth. Unfortunately none of them actually climbed Spring Hill. If they had they would have found that you cannot see Mt Hooghly because Mt Bealiba is in front of it.

The squatters referred to Mt Hooghly as the Columbine Ranges. They named it Columbine after the species of *Aquilegia* that grows on the slopes. It was also called Green Hills for a time. The name Mount Hooghly was adopted later. It came from the name of an immigrant ship that brought gold seekers to Victoria in the 1850s.

Granite outcrops occur around Mount Hooghly and in the past this grey granite has been quarried for building construction. It was used for the foundation of St John's Church Dunolly. At St Mary's Church Dunolly Mount Hooghly granite forms both the foundations and facings of the building. Granite from Mount Hooghly was also used for the foundations of the London Chartered Bank in Dunolly.

Huge blocks of Mount Hooghly granite were quarried and shaped by skilful stonemasons for the construction of the pump house for the powerful beam pumps at the Duke Mine at Timor. This later became the Grand Duke Mine. The beautiful archway of granite still remains at the site as it was considered too difficult to dismantle when the mine closed down.

by John Tully

Wanted articles of interest from your local area for future newsletters

A Hotel makes a Town

Carisbrook - The Early Years by John Tully

The Carisbrook Bench administered a large area. When it first started this was half way to Carlsruhe, half way to Burn Bank (Lexton) and as far north as the Murray River. The first known publican's license issued at Carisbrook was for the Glenlyon Inn in June 1852. This hotel was on the original road from Carisbrook to Melbourne that went past Mt Franklin. The licensee James Murray travelled with the magistrate Edward Stone Parker. They had to travel the 50 km towards Carisbrook. There had been a lot of rain so they went via Rodborough Vale Station where there was a better crossing. When they got there the water was too high and they could not get across the Tullaroop Creek. The requirement was to apply at the Court House in person (which he could not do.) Parker wrote a letter on Murray's behalf stating the circumstances and that he had no objection to granting a license. The high water was taken into account and a license issued by the Colonial Secretary soon after.

James Murray's letter written on 16th June 1852 gives a unique eyewitness account of the South Australian Gold Escort on its return from Castlemaine.

Yesterday being the day appointed for the hearing of my application for license Mr Parker the Chief Magistrate and I started and got as far as the Deep Creek (Bucknalls) but could not get over to the Bench the creek was so high. He told me the Magistrates had no objection to my getting the license & would have granted it had they been able to have met however he gave me a letter to the Colonial Secretary to that effect as the time of payment of the license is now so near another meeting of the Magistrates could not be called in time. The letter goes by this post will you be good enough to see about it & pay the license. The sureties will be called on at the next meeting of the Bench.

A few minutes after we got to the Deep Creek the Adelaide Escort came up with ½ ton of gold to cross. The gold was taken out of the cart & taken over on horseback. Mr Tolmer then volunteered to take over the cart with 3 horses in it. He mounted the leading horse but got washed off & had a most narrow escape. The two leading horses were got out clear but the cart and shaft horse were washed down & disappeared. I saw this myself so you can give the report to the papers if you wish.



Buildings behind the old Nags Head Hotel.

According to the census by April 1854 Carisbrook had grown to have a population of 103. It was still a new town with a young population. As might be expected two thirds were male. It is also interesting to note that there must have been a number of families as one third of the residents were children. Only two people were over 50, a woman in her late 50s and a man in his early 60s.

The first official hotel in Carisbrook township was the Nags Head Hotel in Simson St. This was at what is now 33 & 35 Simson St (nearly opposite the Tilly Aston Memorial.) Thomas Goodisson opened this hotel in July 1854. The Maryborough Rush was in full swing with many miners bringing their dirt to Carisbrook to wash in the creek. Business at the hotel boomed as soon as it opened.

Two months later the Governor Sir Charles Hotham stayed there on his tour of the goldfields.

A hotel is often an indication of an established township. So this point is used to mark the end of this series of the Early Years of Carisbrook.

“Tarrone Estate Soldier Settlement”

Book available from
Koroit & District Historical Society Inc.
P.O. Box 118, Koroit Vic 3282

Relics of Victoria's criminal history are being buried in sand at Melbourne's Brighton Beach



PHOTO: The seawall at Brighton contains markers from the graves of prisoners executed in the 1800s at the Old Melbourne Gaol. (ABC News: Tim Callanan)

Along a stretch of Port Phillip Bay one of Melbourne's great archaeological stories is slowly being buried beneath tonnes of sand.

It's a tale that has everything: ghastly crimes, executions, exhumations, grave robbery, publicly-funded Great Depression-era mass-employment construction schemes and, of course, Ned Kelly.

But it's a story that's probably not as well known as it should be. It's not untold but it's definitely under-told.

John Conder's role in the story is small but fascinating and as good a place as any to start.

Conder — a Yorkshireman who emigrated to Australia in 1859 — was a prolific felon whose crimes graduated in seriousness on each of the half a dozen times he was jailed in Victoria for larceny, cattle stealing, bank robbery and murder.

In one of the earlier mugshots in his prison file he is wild-eyed with a thick bushy beard, but in the final photo taken just weeks before his death, he's old beyond his 54 years. His eyes are desperate and confused. He's a condemned man.

Conder was convicted of killing Indian hawker Kaiser Singh near Buchan in Gippsland in 1893.

Police found some of the missing salesman's goods in Conder's possession and a jury was not persuaded that scorched bones found after a fire at his property were sheep bones.

Conder was hanged on August 28, 1893 at Old Melbourne Gaol — offering a simple "Lord Jesus have mercy on my soul" before the black cap was drawn over his head and trapdoor was opened.

Like dozens of other prisoners executed at the gaol Conder was buried unceremoniously, in the prison grounds.

The only record of his and other prisoners' resting places was a bluestone wall near the prison graveyard which was engraved with their initials and dates of execution.

If it wasn't for Ned Kelly they may not even have had that.

Other gaols in Victoria also buried executed prisoners within the prison grounds but Old Melbourne Gaol

is the only one where an attempt appears to have been made to mark at least some of the graves and there's strong evidence that the practice started because of Kelly.

No evidence has been found of any grave markers that pre-date Kelly's which, given he was the most famous man in the colony at the time of his death, seems unlikely to be a coincidence.

It was a strangely informal method of recording the final resting places of some of Victoria's most infamous villains.

It was also inconsistent: only around 30 prisoners appear to have had their graves marked in this way.

When the prison was closed in the 1920s the graves were unearthed and the bodies reburied at Pentridge Prison.

It was then that the unofficial grave markers proved their worth — allowing authorities to identify who most likely occupied the coffins they were digging up.

Newspaper reports from 1929 recount the moment Ned Kelly's grave was unearthed prompting "a morbid desecration" by a group of boys who'd gathered to watch.

One of the young "souvenir hunters" was seen leaving the excavation site with a "portion of a skull in his pocket".

It would be decades until Kelly's remains were once again identified.

Conder's grave was identified by his marker and his name was written on the top of his coffin in builder's lead pencil by some unknown person before his remains were transferred to Pentridge Prison in 1929.

His name was still visible when the coffin was dug up again in 2009 by archaeologists.

His body was buried again — for the third time — two years later.

Meanwhile at Brighton in Melbourne's south-east a project was getting underway to build a seawall.

It was a massive scheme designed partly to save the local beach from erosion and partly to provide employment for the many young men left jobless by the Great Depression.

One thing the project desperately needed was bluestone — and lots of it.

Luckily there was a healthy supply readily available at the now-unused Old Melbourne Gaol.

The bluestone walls that had stood for nearly a century came down and the blocks were carted down to Brighton to be used in the seawall including those carefully chiselled grave markers.

To this day that's where many of the grave markers remain — slotted neatly into a wall stretching several kilometres along prime beachfront either facing a daily battering by waves and weather or buried under encroaching sand.

The grave markers were virtually undamaged as they were placed in the seawall by work crews — something principal archaeologist at Heritage Victoria, Jeremy Smith, believes is evidence of at least some kind of attempt at preservation.

"They weren't defaced and they weren't presented upside down or anything," he said.

"I do think at the work crew level someone is trying to preserve some level of identity and it does suggest to me it was known what they were."

At least six of the markers are visible (at least they were) embedded in one 25-metre stretch of the wall on the beach foreshore at Brighton.

It's a literal rogues' gallery of some of Victoria's worst offenders.

Among them are the grave markers of William Colston, (executed for the double-murder of a couple at Narbethong in 1891), Joseph Pfeffer, hanged in 1912 for the murder of his sister-in-law at Albert Park and Fatta Chand who on the eve of his execution for murder asked that his parents be told he died of cholera and not at the end of a rope.

John Conder is in this section too. His marker is

partly obscured by another section of the wall, but identifiable by the date of his execution inscribed on the block.

Heritage Victoria documented the grave markers in this section of the wall in 2009 when it was fully exposed. But it's now almost entirely covered by sand.

To the north, just metres from Brighton's iconic bathing boxes and buried beneath half a metre of sand, lies the grave marker of the notorious Martha Needle — one of only two women executed at the Old Melbourne Gaol.

Needle was convicted of murdering her husband by poisoning him with arsenic.

The bodies of her three children were later exhumed and all found to contain arsenic. She was hanged in 1894.

It's fair to assume that, without Ned Kelly, these markers wouldn't exist.

It's further evidence of the bushranger's extraordinary impact on Victoria's criminal and cultural history.

The seawall may still be hiding a 'wonderful relic' of Victorian history

The challenge facing anyone who wants to see the markers — grim as they might be — is that most of them are now buried under metres of sand.

For archaeologists like Jeremy Smith this is not a significant problem. In fact he says it probably affords the markers some extra protection from the elements.

"It's not a concern at all for the time being that they're buried," he said.

"Our preference is for things to be left alone."

But he concedes he would like to see greater recognition of the gravestones for their historical significance and potential cultural value.

"I always try to avoid making moral judgements but these people are significant to the state's criminal history," he said.

"In this Underbelly generation people just love those criminal stories."

The wall may also be hiding one of Victoria's lost historical treasures: Ned Kelly's original grave marker.

Photos were taken of the marker — bearing the initials E.K. and an arrow — when his grave was unearthed in 1929 but nobody knows what became of it after the prison wall was demolished.

"It could be the threshold for a cottage" posits Jeremy Smith "or it could be in a shed or it may have ended up in the [sea] wall, concealed in some way."

"It would be a wonderful relic of Victorian history if it were to be found."

For now that's one part of the story yet to be uncovered.

by Tim Callanan, ABC.



PHOTO: The initials 'JVP' are engraved into a stone for Joseph Victor Pfeffer, who was hanged for murdering his sister-in-law. (Supplied: Heritage Victoria)

Daring outrage near Edenhope

Magistrate bailed up and £300 demanded

Startling intelligence was received here on Monday evening to the effect that a gang of bushrangers had visited Harrow. Our first information of the affair was a telegram from the Australian Press Association requesting us to allow a special reporter to go off at once to Harrow to gather full details of the daring outrage.

By requesting of the proprietors of the Illustrated Australian News he was accompanied by a photographer to obtain sketches and views of the surroundings of the deed.

Both these gentleman went off post haste for Harrow about 8 o'clock on Monday evening but by some means their river bushed them and they did not reach Apsley till 3 o'clock on Tuesday morning — a somewhat protracted journey for a two hours' ordinary drive and proving again that "the less speed the more haste" is after all true in the majority of cases.

Our reporter obtained a fresh horse in Apsley and rode into Edenhope where he gathered details of the barefaced and foolish attack on a well-known squatter named Mr. E. Hearne, J.P. residing between Harrow and Edenhope by two armed men named Reilly — a father and son.

From what we can learn this family are old resident of the neighbourhood of Edenhope and have been a terror to the place for years. Some time ago they defied the police and the owners to eject them from some land they were residing on (being fully armed and flying a black flag as a danger signal to anyone who dared to

approach.) The police however succeeded in securing them and they were brought before the police magistrate and ordered to fine sureties to keep the peace for 12 months.

Not finding the necessary securities the father, mother and son had to take it out in the Hamilton gaol.

What is termed the bushranging episode is only another act in the drama of the Land Ejectment. Mr. Hearne owns this land but somehow or another the Reilly's thinking they have still a claim upon it. They evidently conceived the raid upon Mr. Hearne in bushranging style and if a quick capture had not been effected there is no saying what the affair would have ended in. As the case now stands it is fortunate that no blood was shed over their capture. Our reporter telegraphs as follows to us; Harrow, July 14, 1880.

Harrow was not stuck up. The facts are these:- Mr. Hearne and family were driving from church they were stuck up at the end of the village of Edenhope by William Reilly who presented a double barrelled gun and demanded £300. He got cheques to that amount but they have since been stopped. Reilly kept the police at bay for six hours being fully armed and daring them to approach their house. Then being off their guard the police made a rush and captured and imprisoned them. Edenhope was greatly excited until Reilly was captured, the whole population being in fear of him.

Article from Edenhope Historical Society.

Carisbrook Historical Society still working

Our small group is still hard at work during this time scanning and inputting the Births, Deaths and Marriage pages of the Maryborough Advertiser for future reference.

Papers from 1963 up until the present day have been scanned. Some 16,000 pages. This number includes articles of interest such as wedding anniversaries, major birthdays and local history — most include a photograph or two.

All this is completed at home and delivered on memory sticks to members to input for inclusion before returning to Judy to be placed on society computer.

Judy's weekly classes have taken a backburner since Corona-19 lockdown.

Another job just beginning is colouring old photographs which appears to bring photographs to life. Software for this is available with My Heritage Pro.

by Robin Parker



Black and white family photo coloured.



Murders at Breelong, New South Wales

The Chant of Jimmy Blacksmith – and a grave in Girilambone cemetery in far north west New South Wales there is a dead straight road that runs from Nyn-gan to Bourke. It is 205 km long and there are long-for-gotten towns – nothing more than a general store and maybe a petrol station – along the way. At Girilambone, where travellers race through the town barely noticing the decaying railway station as they pass, there is one of the saddest graves in Australia. It is the grave of teacher/governess Helena Kerz.

Everyone sort of knows her story but few people stop to reflect on the circumstances of her death. Here's the story: "In 1900 at Breelong, 18 km to the south-east of Gilgandra, one of the most infamous multiple murders in Australian history took place. It is a story so complex, so tainted with racism and so ugly and violent that it was probably told best as a novel which Thomas Keneally did brilliantly with *The Chant of Jimmy Blacksmith*. "It is a story of the licensees of the Breelong Inn, (John and Sarah Mawbey) who employed a number of aboriginal workers including Jimmy Governor and Jacky Underwood.

"Jimmy Governor was a part-aborigine who had worked as a police tracker before marrying a 16-year-old white woman. He had been contracted by the Mawbeyes to build a fence. Contemporary records show that Governor was hard working. He wanted to succeed in white society.

"Initially Governor was on good terms with his employers but things took an ugly turn when Governor's wife, who worked in the Mawbey house, was belittled for marrying an Aborigine by Mrs Mawbey and Helena Kerz, (the local schoolteacher who was living with the Mawbeyes.)

"Furious at the humiliation, Jimmy and Jacky Underwood (on 20 July, 1900) confronted the women. Jimmy claimed that Mrs Mawbey called him "black rubbish" and told him that he should be shot for marrying a white woman. No one will ever know the precise details. What is known is that Governor and Underwood were so incensed they murdered Sarah Mawbey, three of her daughters and Helena Kerz with clubs and a tomahawk. In the melee Sarah Mawbey's sister was badly injured.

"Jimmy, his brother Joe and Jacky Underwood then went on a three-month, 3,200 km rampage during which they murdered five more people, wounded another five, committed seven armed hold-ups and robbed 33 homes.

"A massive manhunt (involving hundreds of policemen and trackers and 2,000 volunteers) failed to capture the men who ridiculed their pursuers by advertising their whereabouts and sending satiric letters to the police.



Headstone of Helena Kerz murdered July 20, 1900 at Girilambone, New South Wales.

"By October, 1900 a £1000 reward for their capture had been posted and later that same month they were outlawed (meaning they could be shot on sight.) By the end of October Jacky Underwood had been captured; Joe Governor had been shot and killed near Singleton and Jimmy was eventually captured by a group of farmers near Wingham two weeks after being shot in the mouth. Jimmy and Jacky were hung in January, 1901. In his last days Jimmy sang native songs, read the Bible and blamed his wife

"The sites on the old Mawbey estate have all been demolished and are now on private property. Sarah Mawbey and her three daughters are buried together in Gilgandra cemetery. There is a large stone monument behind a metal fence in the Church of England section ... and Helena Kerz's grave stands in the cemetery at Girilambone."

Wanted articles of interest from your local area for future newsletters

Hughes, Sir Walter Watson (1803–1887)

by Dirk Van Dissel

Sir Walter Watson Hughes (1803-1887), pastoralist, mine-owner and public benefactor was born on 22 August 1803 at Pittenweem, Fife, Scotland, son of Thomas Hughes and his wife Eliza (née Anderson). He attended school in Crail and was apprenticed to a cooper but soon went to sea and for some years was whaling in the Arctic regions. Hearing of good openings for enterprise in the East he voyaged in 1829 to Calcutta where he bought the brig *Hero* and traded in opium in the pirate-infested Indian and China seas.

In 1840 Hughes arrived in Adelaide where he settled to mercantile pursuits with Bunce & Thomson. On 21 September 1841 he married Sophia (daughter of the pastoralist and solicitor, James Henry Richman). In the financial crisis of 1840-43 Hughes turned to sheepfarming near Macclesfield in the Adelaide Hills and by careful management, salvaged enough to buy another flock which he took north. In 1851 he took up The Peak at Hoyleton in the mid-north and in 1854 with his brother-in-law (Sir) John Duncan and family, leased the vast Wallaroo station.

From observations in northern Yorke Peninsula Hughes expected that mineral deposits existed there and instructed his shepherds to look out for any traces. In 1860 a shepherd (James Boor) made the first discovery of copper on the Wallaroo property. Hughes became the largest shareholder in the Wallaroo Mine Co. when it was founded. Soon afterwards another shepherd (Patrick Ryan) found copper on Hughes's Moonta property. After an amazing race to Adelaide his horsemen managed to forestall rival claimants. The dubious acquisition of the mineral lease led to inquiry by a select committee which reported against Hughes but the Supreme Court and the appeal of rivals to the Privy Council failed to dislodge him. The matter was finally settled out of court by Hughes paying other claimants several thousand pounds and in 1868-69 an Act validated his lease. Several companies had been formed to work the discoveries. The Moonta mine had phenomenal success and was the first in Australia to pay over £1,000,000 in dividends. The Wallaroo mine was also profitable but salt water made it costly. Hughes always maintained that there was rich copper in the hills facing Hoyleton and Blyth and sank many trial holes but without success.

Hughes also owned large properties north-east and north-west of Watervale and planted the first Riesling vines at Springvale where, in the early 1860s, he established Hughes Park station. He also bought Gum

Creek near the Burra — its 896 square miles (2321 km²) carrying 60,500 sheep. In 1872 he bought the Lake Albert and Peninsula estate — a property later increased to more than 33,000 acres (13,355 ha). He also owned Torrens Park near Mitcham which was later sold to Robert Barr Smith and then became Scotch College. He had served on the last Adelaide Municipal Council in 1842-43 but apparently took no part in the controversies with Governor (Sir) George Grey. In 1871 he stood for the Legislative Council without success. In 1873 he joined with Thomas Elder in paying for Colonel Peter Warburton's exploration to the north-west.

In 1872 the council of the new Union College (which included Hughes's friend Rev. James Lyall of the Flinders Street Presbyterian Church) approached him for a donation. His gift of £20,000 so exceeded the council's expectations that it decided to use the money to found a university instead. Hughes wanted two professorships to be endowed and reserved the right to nominate the lecturers already teaching at the Union College. The council of the University Association foresaw difficulties in these proposals and their desire to have them modified nearly caused Hughes to withdraw his gift; the problem was solved when one Hughes professor died and the other resigned within five years of the opening of the University of Adelaide. Because Hughes's gift inspired others to make similar ones he is often called the 'Father of the University'.

In 1864-70 Hughes was in England and returned there permanently in February 1873 living at Fan Court, Chertsey, Surrey. In 1880 he was knighted for his services to South Australia. After a long illness he died on January 1, 1887 predeceased by his wife in June 1885 without issue. Both were buried in the village churchyard of Lyn near Chertsey. His vast property was left to relations including the children of Sir James Ferguson whose second wife was Lady Hughes's sister.

Hughes, like Thomas Elder, (Sir) William Milne and Robert Barr Smith, was one of the many Scotsmen whose public spirit and rise in influence were outstanding in the colony. Shrewd, gentle and kind he had little formal education but shared the Scottish respect for learning. A window to his memory in the Flinders Street Presbyterian Church is now located at Scots Church, Adelaide. In front of the university (which his generosity brought into being) is his statue carved by F. J. Williamson and presented by the Duncan family in 1906.

Published in *Australian Dictionary of Biography*

The editor would like to hear how the different societies are coping with the lockdown due to Coronavirus.

Contact: robinparker81@hotmail.com or write to 21 Fraser Street, Maryborough, 3465.

Aborigines of the Goldfields

While “drink” disease and dispossession wreaked havoc with indigenous peoples there were also co-operative and successful interactions. While the harms done need to be acknowledged the successes are often overlooked. These stories tell of able people, reliable workers, sociable and likeable people.

“Even the Aborigines are wealthy in these times. At Bullock Creek I met a party of them, well clothed with a good supply of food, new cooking utensils, and money in their pockets. One remarked (with becoming expression of dignity,) “me no poor blackfellow now, me plenty rich blackfellow.” (**“Notes of a gold digger and gold digger’s guide” by James Bonwick, 1852 pages 18-19.**)

A party of aborigines had a windfall the other day, near Talbot, in the shape of nuggets. Walking over the old ground in Blacksmith Gully they picked up two nuggets, one weighing a trifle over 1 lb. and the other about 1 oz. 2 dwt. These nuggets had evidently been thrown up from some of the neighbouring claims by the original workers.

“Possessed of so much wealth, viz. £51 14s.” says the Leader, “the party proceeded to invest themselves in black suits and bell-toppers and having thus dressed themselves they swaggered about Amherst cutting such airs as to greatly amuse everyone who chanced to see them.” — **Argus Tues 26 Jul 1864 Page 5**

“On Saturday morning, says the Maryborough Advertiser, a party of Aborigines commenced a search for gold on the heaps of pipeclay at the White Hills, . . . and in a very short time they discovered pieces which they sold for 12 shillings, 15 shillings and £10 odd. The same party were successful some time since in the neighbourhood of Amherst and Talbot. They say ‘white-fellow dig for gold and blackfellow pick it up’. Their eyes seem more serviceable than many men’s picks and shovels” — **The Argus Wed 3 Oct 1866 page 5.**

“Murrumbidgee Mary. Mary Stevenson (85) died recently at the Castlemaine Benevolent Asylum. She was the last member of a tribe of Aborigines who had their mia mias on various spots along the Murrumbidgee. When the diggings began Mary Stevenson joined in the Avoca gold rush and worked with the miners. She had the reputation of being a good all-round digger and could sink a shaft as well as anyone. At Spring Flat, one of the leading tributaries of Avoca Lead, she was a partner in one of the richest claims worked. Later she fell on lean days and followed the occupation of a fessicker until old age compelled her to retire.” — **Daily Advertiser, Wagga Wagga, Sat. May 10, 1924.**

The Goldfields were multicultural places. People came from all over the world. There were African Americans who had abandoned the whaling ships they worked on.

Victorian Goldfields history and environment on July 28 2019 covered John Joseph, a Black American who was charged with High Treason in the Eureka Rebellion, and found not guilty. (**“The Spirit of the Goldfields” pages 118-123**)

Joseph was very popular with his co-accused who

were tried separately. Carboni tells us “we were nigh bursting for laughter” when Joseph recounted his day in court. Carboni, one of the accused himself, describes Joseph “possessed a warm, good, honest, kind, cheerful heart”. (**“The Eureka Stockade” Chapter LXX1 by Raffaello Carboni**)

This is an example of how the past was not based on the simple stereotypes we often hear today.

The story above of the Aborigines in Amherst may have contained some racism in its description of them but the Aborigines also seem to be laughing at the Europeans by imitating them as “they swaggered about Amherst, cutting such airs as to greatly amuse everyone”.

We don’t know the full extent of Aboriginal involvement in mining but the story of Murrumbidgee Mary tells us of someone “who could sink a shaft as well as anyone”, “she was a partner in one of the richest claims”: these descriptions suggest admiration for earned equality and mutual effort. Mary appears to have worked gold most of her life even in her old age.

Of course there were Chinese in large numbers on the goldfields as well, and despite friction in various times and places there was also cultural interchange. And some marriages. A stellar example was the Chinese Interpreter Charles Hodges who was made a Mandarin by the Emperor of China. (**Victorian Goldfields history and environment January 19 2020**)

If prejudice and conquest was a theme of colonial life so also from the beginning were cases of individuals from both sides bridging the cultural divide and finding we really had things in common despite surface differences. Both sides also possibly suffered from a paralysis in the greater body of people an unwillingness to step outside the traditional paradigms of their cultures.

We then wasted a century with both cultures kept apart and can only wonder what might have been if early successes had been built upon.

While the massive influx of Europeans and others seeking gold disrupted the lives of the original inhabitants they proved themselves adept in aiding explorers as guides working as trackers for criminals and controversially against tribes that had attacked or “robbed” the new arrivals: They did their job so well as police they were trusted by the Government to arrest white men picking up well paid agricultural jobs during the labor shortage of the gold rush and doing those jobs well selling food and warm possum rugs, giving public performances of their culture to miners, and finding gold for Europeans for themselves and in many cases making friends and eliciting the admiration of many.

These positive stories have been largely left out of history but, thanks to the efforts of Ian Clark and David (Fred) Cahir are getting more recognition.

Article from John Tully of the Dunolly Historical and Arts Society

Troop-ship life — Maryborough boy's report home

The pleasing fact that all was well with the Maryborough members of the first expeditionary force when the last mail left is reported in a long letter received at this office from them. The writer (Private R. M. Youlden) goes on to give the following interesting account of the experiences of "the boys" since they left Melbourne per S.S. Benalla (sent from Aden on November 23rd.)

At two o'clock we drew anchor and sailed — passing through the rip at 5.45 with the Loongana which had caught up to us alongside; but we very soon lost sight of her as we both changed our course. The following day we had to try and get ourselves into the routine work of the boat which was not too easy considering that the men for the most part had not been accustomed to anything like it before. The daily routine times were as follows:- Reveille, 6 a.m.; breakfast, 7.15 a.m.; morning parade, 9 a.m.; dismissal, 11 a.m.; dinner, noon; afternoon parade, 2 p.m.; dismissal, 4 p.m.; tea, 5 p.m.; hammock-swinging, 8 p.m.; lights out, 9 p.m. This hammock-swinging and sleeping business is not much good for the back till you get used to it; one got in something of a U shape.

We had very good weather going to Albany; in fact some of the crew said it was as calm as it possibly could be. We were about the fourth or fifth boat to anchor in the Sound but each successive day brought more in.

On Friday 30th October we left our position in King George's Sound for deep-water pier situated just below the town to get in supplies of water and vegetables. While there we were all taken off and with the Army Service Corp which was also with us on board went for a long route march extending over some six miles. We passed through the town and around the mount (which lies directly at the rear there of) passed the famous Dog Rock and, just a little further on the road, we caught sight of the sound once more. It was a grand sight to see the troopships in the long lines lying at anchor there with the cruisers just out of the entrance.

The wildflowers about the locality were very beautiful there being scores of different varieties of all hues and shades. While we were out 15 men took French leave and a special guard was sent out in the afternoon to capture them. They got 14 of them and next day they were discharged with the exception of five who had cells for a few days and fatigue for another three or four. The men who were discharged were sent off with just what they stood up in and handed over to the military authorities.

On Sunday morning at about 5.30 the whole fleet drew anchor and sailed out about two miles where they formed up in column of three. The fleet consists of 38 transports and eight cruisers and the R.M.S. Osterley, which passed us about five days off Colombo, must have had a great sight.

Every Saturday afternoon we have a half-holiday given for sports which consists of boxing, wrestling, shadow-sparring, cockfighting, tug-of-war and any other that can be run on board a boat.

Up to this we have had remarkably fine weather but in the evening (while a concert was on) the water began to cut up a bit and for the next three days grew gradually worse till the boat was rolling at an angle of 25 degrees. As a result a good number of men were down with seasickness but the Maryborough lads were not affected much. When at mess one had to keep a tight hold on his cup and plate or else they would start to do a war dance and one would find them four or five places away entangled up in someone else's. At night was the time for the crockery to roll. When we were trying to get a bit of a sleep the wash-up dishes, cutlery, etc., would be making an awful clatter and, try as we would we could not get any sleep. The next few days were fairly quiet but it was beginning to warm up as we neared the equator.

On Saturday 7th November the sports were continued in the afternoon and everything went well excepting that it was a very hot day. The next day (Sunday) was remarkable for the changes that occurred. Right up till and just after dinner it was red hot; then all of a sudden a change came up. On the horizon northwest we could see heavy clouds and a white line of foam racing towards us and in a very few minutes it was raining very heavily and the afternoon here it turned very cool. The rain lasted for about an hour and then the sun came out. Talk about muggy heat; it was something terrible — you have no idea what it is like in the tropics.

On Monday word came through that a couple of cruisers had cleared for action and a little while later we saw them steam off at right angles to us at full steam ahead. Later in the day we received news to the effect that they had chased a German cruiser and her collier and that they had exchanged shots. The Sydney had her funnel and one of her masts damaged while the German (which proved to be the Emden) had her bows blown in.

But I expect that long before this reaches home you have had the encounter published and forgotten about. When the announcement of the enemy's proximity was made on board the boys went nearly mad — that same day the bull-dog-mascot of the battalion broke loose and attacked the transport horses badly mauling their legs.

On the following Thursday we had a whole holiday to celebrate the crossing of the line. A huge bath was rigged up — about 15 feet by 10 feet and 5 feet of water in it. Soon after dinner "Mr and Mrs Neptune" arrived on the scene and commenced operations. "Mr Neptune" and his assistant started the shaving saloon going. The shaving-brush was an extra large white-wash one, the soap, oily butter, soft soap and custard powders, (a truly vile mixture to get on your face), while the razor was a wooden arrangement with a blade 15 inches long by 2 inches wide. After their shave the men had to go into the bath. Officers and all went in, irrespective of rank or clothes and crew with no room for in the bath had a huge fire hose turned on to them so that nobody should escape the drenching.

There were about three accidents during the business — a split head, sprained ankle and one chap suffered from shock.

It was on Saturday 14th that the Sydney passed us on her way to Colombo and we had reveille at 4.30 to give her a salute. But we were warned that there was to be no demonstration and only the bugles sounded the attention. At breakfast that day we had chops sent down. They were crook so the men immediately after having breakfast got a stretcher and set a dead march going. They paraded all around the boat, finishing upon the promenade deck and lowering it over-board. A bugler sounded the last post and a firing party was also in attendance.

It was on the next day Sunday that we sighted Ceylon and at 1 o'clock we dropped anchor just off the garrison. It is a beautiful place. I have not seen anything to compare with it as yet. The houses are of different coloured stone with coloured tile roofs and the trees which ebb out from between them show very dense foliage and a very pretty green. Lawns run from these places nearly down to the shore. The Oriental hotel is an immense place several stories high. The natives' boats are very queer concerns — called cattamarans. They are very light have floats attached to one side to help support them and are driven along by a large sail composed of a fibre common on the islands. The lighthouse is a beauty. It has a revolving light with three one-second flashes and three-second darkness. On Monday a canoe-load of natives came out and when money was thrown overboard to them they did

not take long to get it out. They are just like fish in the water. One of them climbed up on the boat and dived off the bridge for 4s. It was very funny hearing them name the coins as they got them — sexpen, shelen, two-shel, and so on. At half-past six that evening we moved out from Columbo. Just on Saturday last there was a bit of a commotion amongst the fleet through the Ascanaus and Shropshire colliding but the only damage done was a few dented plates (although the Shropshire lost a lifeboat and belt caused by the anchor of the Aseanus dragging it off.)

As far as possible I will give you any news as to the happenings of us if we are not stopped by censorship. All the boys from Maryborough are keeping well and desire to wish all at home a merry Christmas and a happy New Year. For our part we don't expect much goose or pudding but we hope you will all have plenty of the good things of the season. At all times letters from the old town will be heartily welcomed. Along with Ray Youlden's letter was an enclosure from Private Hugh Norman Deady — written on behalf of Privates P. J. Whittaker, E. Roe and himself. Among other things he remarks that the "somnolent life of the troopship does not agree with him (?), and that on the day of writing (Nov. 23) Private James Price, who (like Private Youlden) is a military policeman "bought himself a fight" and was knocked out in half a minute. "The first 'Advertiser' seen by us adds the letter "will I can assure you be eagerly snapped up."

Maryborough and Dunolly Advertiser 25 Decem-

Worsley Cottage bombshell

You may be aware that over the years the stability of Worsley Cottage has been a concern. Like any building of its vintage the Cottage's foundations and walls have tended to move with the seasons and cracks and rising damp have been a continuing issue. The Council (which owns the property) has been most supportive on the question of maintenance. Three years ago for example, the unstable floor in the dining room was restumped and replaced. In 2018, in response to our concerns regarding cracks and water damage, bracing was installed on the south wall in an attempt to bring it back into alignment. Our further concerns earlier this year Noel Harvey visited the Cottage to view the damage and a subsequent building survey by a Council Inspector brought some unhappy news. At a meeting with Council officials (including Noel Harvey and the C.E.O. Lucy Roffey) in March we were informed that as a result of health and safety concerns, Worsley Cottage would need to be closed to the public pending repairs. The Council officials were again most supportive — acknowledging the significance of the Cottage in Maryborough's history and its value as a tourist attraction and expressing the hope that funding for the repairs might be found. The second blow to hit the Society was of course was the Covid-19 issue which meant that the public couldn't access even the outbuildings and garden or carry out research. Our Society relies heavily on

the small fee charged to visitors (their primary interest is Worsley Cottage) and the profits from research for email, telephone and personal family history enquiries. To have all these sources of income dry up within the space of a few weeks has been a serious blow to our income stream. The Covid-19 emergency will of course have an impact on Council finances but we are hopeful that funding may be found to ensure that the required repairs are carried out and that Worsley Cottage can once again become the focus for our Society's operations and for visitors exploring Maryborough's history. On a positive note tenders for the inspection process have been advertised in the Maryborough Advertiser in recent weeks.

Carisbrook Historical Society building repairs completed

Carisbrook Historical Society thanks the Central Goldfields Council for the recent replacement of weatherboards and repainting exterior of our society building during the Covid-19 emergency.

Wanted articles of interest from your local area for future newsletters

Early emmigrants landing in the pioneer days

Mr. J. N. Perry gives the following interesting extracts from his diary:— “Seventy-two years ago this day on July 26, 1839 I landed by boat from the good old ship Asia (an old East Indianman of the wooden type and of over 1,000 tons burden). She was commanded by Capt. Freeman after whom Freeman street was named.

This was the ship's second voyage out and Capt Duff (the previous commander) was on board as a cabin passenger. Good old Dr Mayo then a smart fellow, was ship's surgeon. He was surgeon on the Asia's previous voyage returned by her and filled the same position on our voyage out. There were over 500 souls on board beside cabin passengers.

On March 16 we sailed from Plymouth and fair weather and calms favoured us all the voyage till our arrival in Holdfast Bay after 17 weeks and four days sail. At 2 o'clock on the morning of July 16 the anchor was let go and all below deck hurriedly dressed and were soon on deck. The morning was hazy and cold but the greater portion of the men and women remained on deck till daylight. The mist cleared and there was the land with the beautiful view of the Mount Lofty Ranges in the distance.

We were anchored four miles due west from the Patawolong Creek (Captains in those days were cautious of the land and we had two captains on board). We lay at anchor 10 days while accommodation was being made for emigrants at Emigration Square.

Those who had been six weeks housed had to turn out and if they could not get huts or houses they had to make blanket tents and camp on the park lands. The Government Emigration Agent had to carry out his instructions from the Government. Word was sent on board our vessel on the morning of the 26th which turned out a sunny day for the immediate landing of the emigrants and at 10 o'clock all the boats of our good old ship were requisitioned to disembark the living freight. This took till 3 o'clock. Only bedding and clothing necessities were allowed each family. All the luggage was put ashore within a month afterwards on the beach at the Semaphore and taken across the sandhills to the old Port.

The Port Creek as it was then called was too shallow for our big vessel to navigate. At midday (when our turn came for leaving the ship) the boat pulled for the southern side of the Patawolong Creek. As the boat grounded most of the men did not wait to be carried ashore but took off their boots tucked up trousers and waded to land. The women and children were carried ashore by the sailors and many of the women received a ducking when their escorts slipped. What a picnic on the sandy shore! The scene is well impressed on my memory and appears vividly before me now. We all had the roll of the vessel and for some time after landing were tumbling about like skittles. Different groups were scattered about the beach. Some had retired near to the sand hillock and were engaged in offering up prayer

and thanking the Almighty for His goodness in bringing them safe to their new home. Others formed a large ring and were singing and dancing around and were tumbling about mirth and glee.

When all were landed a start was made for Emigration Square carrying our belongings. Some were unable to walk and were brought in rustic made vehicles a few spring carts and what ever vehicle could be hired at a good price. All the rest of the afternoon was occupied in getting to our destination. What a sight such a procession would look now like an endless travelling caravan. Following along the southern bank of the Patawolong Creek leaving the “Old Gumtree” on our left and passing around the red sandhill — no paddocks blocked our path — a beeline was struck for our temporary home.

Through Plympton and on through Cowandilla was a well beaten track formed by the two or three thousand that had walked the same as ourselves on the same lay. Along the sandhills to Cowandilla the wattle blossom and the native lilac flowers were profuse and in some parts we appeared to be going through a garden.

‘Emigration Square’ was situated about half a mile due west from the top of Currie street and about the same distance from the Gaol which was being built then. The square consisted of a good number of weatherboard houses which had been brought from England in framework. These were fixed on brick about a foot from the ground and had strong board floors and gabled ends with a door and window facing west and east. There was a division in the centre and a good brick double chimney facing into each room so that those occupying the rooms had a west front and the others an east view.

The hospital, the dispensary and the resident doctor's quarters were in the centre of the square. The houses were all some distance apart and the whole covered some acres of ground. The rooms appeared to me about 15 feet square. Our family (my mother and father myself, and a younger brother) and five other families making a total of twenty were allotted the one room facing the east towards the city.

Some of the rooms were even more crowded than ours. Here we were allowed six weeks' residence and then were turned out as the others had been. Two more emigrant vessels arrived during August and we were bundled out at a week's notice at the end of August.”

Adelaide Evening Journal 27 July 1911.

Have you an interesting story to tell.

Contact editor on
robinparker81@hotmail.com
or snailmail to
21 Fraser street, Maryborough 3465.

Amazing story: B-17 completed its mission, then landed – no one was on board

A B-17 Flying Fortress landed perfectly at an RAF airbase and completes the full landing pattern as well. The bomber comes to a full stop; the crew at the airbase waits..... but nobody is seen exiting the plane.

As emergency crews climb aboard and look around; to their shock and surprise they find no one inside. The only thing that is found is copies of radio communications and the written pilot's log.

In the log the pilot wrote that the bomber was severely damaged and the crew was badly injured. But the Flying Fortress was not damaged at all and as impossible as it may seem the RAF crew saw the plane flying and saw it land.

They could never have imagined that the bomber was doing this unmanned!

The airbase crew was startled to see a B-17 approaching their position with the wheels down. The B-17 landed just as they called their superiors.

During the landing one wing tip dug into the ground causing the plane to come to a bouncing stop about 90 feet from one of the gunnery positions.

One of the propellers crumpled and stopped while the other three kept working.

20 minutes after the B-17 landed John V. Crisp arrived at the site. The propellers continued whirling but even after this amount of time nobody had embarked from the plane. Crisp went into the plane and apprehensively looked around.

There was absolutely no one in there. However there were signs of recent occupation. After some trial and error manipulations Crisp successfully managed to shut the remaining engines down.

Crisp wrote "I then went to the navigator's station. The bomber's log was lying open on the navigator's desk and written in the log were these last words – 'Bad Flak'".

'During our search of the fuselage we found parachutes neatly wrapped twelve of them and ready to clip on. This only added to the mystery and made the whereabouts of the crew even more inexplicable. In the Perspex nose of the B-17 the Sperry bombsight remained totally intact with its cover sitting neatly beside it.

Also on the navigator's desk was the daily code book. This code book provided the crew with identifying colors and letters of the day for communication purposes. In the fuselage there were several flying jackets with their distinctive fur collars laying together with a few chocolate bars partially eaten in some instances.

The U.S. 8th Air Force Service Command headquartered in Belgium sent a crew of service personnel to investigate. When they checked the bomber's serial number they find out that the B-17 belongs to the US 91st Bomber Group and astonishingly the crew is already at their base in England.



B-17 Bomber

The B-17 Flying Fortress was on a mission to the Merseburg oil targets including the Leuna oil refinery. The bomber developed trouble just before reaching the target area.

The B-17 wasn't able to stay at the same altitude as the other bombers in the group and, in addition the bomb racks were malfunctioning. The B-17 took a direct hit that put #3 engine out of commission and another hit to the center of the plane caused a tremendous flash of light.

"We've taken a direct hit in the bomb bay" said pilot Harold R. De Bolt "and for the life of me I don't know why the bombs didn't blow up."

With bad weather coming and one propeller twisted, De Bolt headed for England. The B-17 obviously wasn't going to make it back to Eastern England, (the East Anglia landing zone) so he changed his mind. He set the co-ordinates for Brussels.

The pilot ordered the crew to ditch all loose equipment and supplies to lighten the weight the plane was carrying. It was at this time that two engines stopped. De Bolt ordered the crew to bail out while he was putting the B-17 on automatic pilot and was the last one to leave the plane.

The B-17 bomber crew all landed safely and, believe it or not, so did their stricken B17. What the crew thought had happened after they jumped was that somehow the engine trouble cleared up and the reliably designed stable B-17 flew itself.

The failing engines, however, couldn't sustain altitude and the Flying Fortress came down as described by the British gun crew at the air base.

To anyone interested in reading and fully understanding the how and why of the 8th AF, the B17 in the ETO or PTO, tactics, etc. I highly recommend this book.

"Flying Fortress" – Edward Jablonski

To an uneducated eye the B-17 looked as though it was undamaged and what was thought to be the flight crew's parachutes were probably additional chute packs. Throughout the war there were several other accounts of B-17s that flew without a pilot but the Phantom Flying Fortress was the only one that landed successfully more or less intact – by itself!

author not known

Wreck of the S.S. Glenelg March 24, 1900

The inquest on the bodies of eight of the victims of the Glenelg disaster was opened on Tuesday morning at the Bairnsdale courthouse, before Mr C. G. Holmes, P.M., coroner. The following jury was sworn: Messrs H. Robinson (foreman), W. H. Martin, C. H. Ennis, W. A. A. Kirkpatrick and John Enright. Sub-inspector Graham watched the proceedings on behalf of the police. The owners of the vessel were represented by Mr J. M. Kirkpatrick.

A visit of inspection having been paid to the temporary mortuary in Wood street where the bodies were lying — the court adjourned for lunch. On resuming Sub-inspector Graham briefly reviewed the circumstances leading up to the disaster. He would first he said, call evidence to establish the identity of some of the bodies. Before proceeding further Mr Kirkpatrick asked that all witnesses other than those for identification be ordered out of court. After some demur the coroner agreed to this and the three survivors then left the building.

Identification of the bodies.

Timothy Lynch of Epping deposed that he identified one of the bodies as that of Thos. Stephens. Deceased was travelling with his adopted daughter, witness's wife and left Cuninghame (Lakes Entrance) on the S.S. Glenelg on Saturday evening 24th March for Melbourne. He identified the deceased by a clasp ring on the little finger, by a single tooth in the upper jaw and by his side whiskers.

Edward A. Barton, grazier of Ocean Grange, deposed that on Saturday last he found the body of a female on the beach 6 miles east of Ocean Grange. Last Monday he found two more bodies — one a male and the other a female the former two miles and the latter four miles west of Ocean Grange. He handed over the bodies to Mr Prosser of Paynesville.

Constable Howard deposed that on the previous evening he received from Mr Prosser the bodies of a male and female that had been brought over from Ocean Grange and also some rings that had been taken off the female's fingers. One of the rings was set with five diamonds, another was a wedding ring and a third a keeper on which was engraved the initials "I.H." The jewellery found on the male body had not been removed. Two gold rings, a silver chain, two half-crowns, a pocket knife, a pencil case, two screws and a shirt stud were found on the male body, which had been identified as that of Thos. Stephens.

Constable Whitley deposed that he went to Ocean Grange last Sunday. Accompanied by 8 or 10 other persons he proceeded along the beach about 6 miles west of Ocean Grange and came upon the body of a female. She had black hair and there was a wedding ring and keeper on the left hand. The figure was of stout build and dressed with a velvet blouse and lustre skirt of check pattern. Further along the beach he came upon the body of a man with black hair, black moustache and slight dark sideboards; a blue serge coat and vest, blucher boots (recently soled, and fastened with rivets);

the mouth had a good even set of teeth. This body had not yet been identified but it was supposed to be one of the firemen.

About a mile and a half further along he came upon three more bodies — one of which had since been identified as that of Richard Palmer. The gold watch found on the body had stopped at ten minutes past seven.

Nearby another male body was found with light brown hair, muffler round the neck, black serge waistcoat, pink striped lining inside, white shirt with plain front, lamb's wool undershirt and under pants (apparently new) brown worsted socks, balmoral boots with toe caps having four large holes running round the toes pegged but having some copper rivets; hair long, receding forehead; good set of teeth. — The body had not yet been identified. The third body (also a male) had dark hair; blue shirt of the kind usually worn by firemen; leather belt, copper fastened; light moleskin trousers; leather straps on lower part of legs; long and uneven teeth in bottom jaw; large broad even teeth in upper jaw; there appeared to be an old fracture on the top of the head towards the right side. That body had not been identified either.

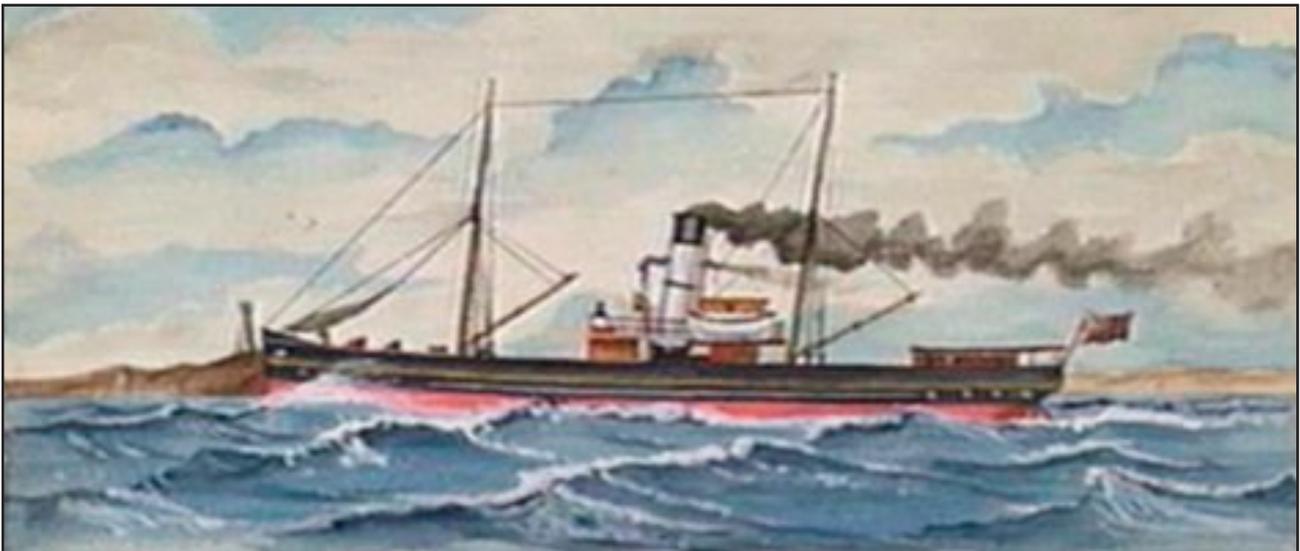
All the bodies were much decomposed and some of them had been mutilated by sharks. All these bodies were brought to Bairnsdale. Geo. Chas. Holloway deposed that he identified one of the bodies found as that of Mr Richard Palmer, a visitor from Melbourne formerly of Maryborough, who had been stopping at Faulkner's Adelaide Coffee Palace. Alfred A. Burton, grazier, Ocean Grange, deposed that on Saturday last he found two male bodies on the beach about seven miles west of Ocean Grange. These were the bodies described by Const. Whitley.

Narrative of the wreck.

Alexander Lamb, a seaman, deposed that he was on the S.S. Glenelg as a seaman on the 24th ult. The vessel left Bairnsdale at 12 o'clock noon and arrived at Cuninghame at about 4.30. After taking on cargo there she sailed at 7 p.m. for Melbourne. Captain English was on board as commander and Mr Burke as mate. He believed from what he had been told that there were about 20 passengers on board.

The evening was bright when they passed out through the entrance. The port watch to which he belonged was on duty. At 8 o'clock his watch went below and came on deck again at midnight. He was at the wheel from 12 o'clock to 2 a.m. when he was relieved.

He then went down on deck and kept the remainder of the watch till a quarter to four. Then he said to Bundy "It's time I was calling the watch." He had scarcely had time to call the watch when Mr Burke the chief mate called out to "Lay aft and bale water out of the cabin." They rushed aft and passed water out of the cabin in buckets. He stood there about 10 minutes baling during which time the water increased about two feet. He then rushed on to the bridge and spoke to the Captain telling him the water was increasing so fast that buckets were of no avail.



Painting of coastal steamer S.S. Glenelg.

He left the bridge then and scrambled on to the top of the house aft. First they tried to put out the life boat — Bundy the cook a couple of firemen and himself. They couldn't lift the boat out of the chocks. Then they went to the starboard boat—the jolly boat and lowered her from the deck. Bundy and the chief mate were present on the top of the house when this was done.

Captain English sang out to pull the boat alongside the bridge and called for Mr Burke, the chief mate, to see that all the passengers were brought out on to the bridge.

Mr Burke was not many minutes down the cabin when he came running up on top of the house saying "Lamb, cut the after falls and I'll cut the for'ard." After doing that he went to cut the lashings off the rafts but he had to leave off doing this before he finished cutting them all. The vessel at this time was shipping heavy water over the stern and was sinking. He had then to lay hold of the life boat. He had been waiting for the water to come over the stern of the vessel to shift the lifeboat. He was busy clearing the davits and unhooking the boat as the vessel was going down. With the chief mate and the captain assisting, they got the life boat clear of the vessel's side. The last words Captain English said to him were "Lamb, keep her clear of the wreck." "With that Burke, the mate—who had been in the boat with witness, Bundy and Thorne—jumped back on to the vessel.

The boat drifted ahead of the vessel about 15 yards and he saw, at the same time the starboard or jolly boat pass from under the counter.

Sub-inspector Graham: What time was that?—Witness: About half-past four. Do you mean the boat or the steamer then disappeared? - The steamer. Examination continued: They then bore down to the other boat and got so close that they were near enough to throw a rope to each other. The other boat did try to throw them a rope. The boatswain was in charge of the other boat and tried a second time to throw a rope but failed. He then said to those in the boat with him. "Keep your eyes on the boat" and followed her in the breeze for about a quarter of an hour when she disappeared.

His boat was then about 100 yards astern of the other one at this time. They had to keep baling their own boat constantly. There were about 30 fathoms of ratline in the boat and three sea anchors. He bent one of the sea anchors on to the ratline and threw it out for the purpose of hauling the boat to windward. The wind at the time, he thought, was S.W. He did this to pick up anybody that might be floating in the water. Two of the anchors were carried away. On putting out the third one they doubled the line and held on to midnight on Sunday as far as he could judge. It was about the middle of the day before the wind appeared to cease.

On daylight breaking they knew their position by the sun. When the weather moderated he tore up the stern sheets and the bottom boards used their coats and feathered the oars in the rowlocks to draw the wind.

On Tuesday at midday they sighted land. Thorne then began to show signs of wandering in his mind and threatened to jump overboard if he were not put ashore. "Do you really mean to go ashore?" he asked Thorne who replied "Yes." He then backed the boat into the beach and said to him "Now's your time." Thorne jumped into the water and got ashore, and was seen afterwards on the face of the hummocks. He saw the lights at the Entrance and the wind being favorable from the N.E., he thought they would reach there in two hours. But when they got up there the wind from the east drove them back. Mr Kirkpatrick: An easterly wind would drive you the opposite way. Witness: I don't know the position exactly. Mr Kirkpatrick: Well the coast runs east and west. Examination continued. He beached the boat about five miles from where they put Thorne ashore about five miles from the Snowy River. They had been off Marlo but they did not know how to get in.

When he beached the boat he jumped ashore with the painter in his hand. He told Bundy to remove the oars, lifebelts, etc., out of the boat. They went off to pick up Thorne's tracks which they found and followed to the telegraph poles.

They got to the head of the lake and met a man on horseback, whom they hailed with a tomahawk he (wit-

ness) had in his hand. The horseman came towards them and witness said to him, "We belong to the steamer Glenelg. Which is the best way for us to act?" "We are just out looking for you" the horseman replied. They were then taken to a house where they were given some food and afterwards driven to Cuninghame. Sub-inspector Graham: Is that all you said on meeting the man on horseback? Did you not say, "We've been shipwrecked" or "We are from the Glenelg, which has been wrecked?" Witness: No. He didn't require to be told any more. He said he was out looking for us.

Examination continued: From 2 o'clock on Sunday morning the wind had been increasing and seas breaking on board. It was blowing pretty stiff at 8 o'clock at night and at 12 o'clock the sea was very rough and the vessel wet with seas coming on board. The chief mate was in charge of the watch on duty. The passengers had been enjoying themselves in the saloon up to 9 o'clock, when they got "monkey on it" he supposed and turned in.

He saw several of them walking about wearing life belts when the vessel was in distress. He noticed some of them walk on to the bridge. These had life belts on them. He saw the water under the cabin tables when the baling out was going on. The vessel kept her course; it was never altered. He could not say how many people were in the jolly boat. It was too dark to notice that and the boat was deep in the water.

The steamer went down stern first — her stem rising out of the water before she disappeared. About half of her was under water when the life boat was floated off the chocks. 'The jolly boat was on the starboard side when the steamer went down. The boatswain, who was in the jolly boat called out, "Lamb, keep as close as you can." He couldn't understand why the mate, after being in the life boat jumped back into the sinking steamer. He heard none of the passengers say anything. They all did as they were told and walked on to the bridge "as if they had a right to do so." Cross-examined by Mr Kirkpatrick:

He had been to sea for upwards of 30 years. He remembered the boats being launched in the river the week before. The Coroner said he would remind Mr Kirkpatrick that this was not to be a fishing inquiry.

Mr Kirkpatrick said for his part all he wanted to know was how these people came by their deaths. Cross-examination continued: He assisted in launching the boats in the river. They were thoroughly good boats in every way. He saw the plugs made and attached to the jolly boat with lines long enough to reach the holes. Each boat had half-a-dozen extra plugs. There was nothing dangerous in going to sea the night the Glenelg sailed. The steamer was not turned back to witness's knowledge. The sea was dead behind her when she was foundering. Mr Kirkpatrick: If the gale was blowing south-west and the seas were coming in over her stern she would be running towards the land, wouldn't she? Witness: She had been running back for about half-an-hour. How do you know? — I saw Captain English put the helm down. And that would bring her towards the land? — Yes.

Are you perfectly satisfied that the vessel was seaworthy? — Yes. And satisfied with the boats and life-saving apparatus? — Yes. They were all good. Continuing the witness said everyone he saw on board had a life belt on. His own was in splendid order. From the time of the launching of the jolly boat till she sank would be about half an-hour.

If the plugs were out of her he thought with the pressure caused by the people in her she would fill and sink under half-an-hour. The rafts were in good order. He worked to get them loose as long as he could, but he had to leave them. The Foreman: Was Captain English on the bridge? — Witness: Yes. Was the boat not attached to the ship with a painter? — It had no painter. The painter was cut away with the falls. We thought it was part of the falls. Mr Kirkpatrick: Were the engines working smoothly? You should be able to know that? — Yes, they were working smoothly until I left the vessel. The Foreman: Can you say when the engines stopped? — Couldn't say when they stopped.

Medical examination

Dr James Duncan deposed that he made an examination of eight dead bodies in a building in Wood street that day. The faces were all very much swollen and livid; their abdomens extended with gases the effects of decomposition. They had the appearance of having been dead eight or ten days. He made a post-mortem examination of the body of Richard Palmer and found that his lungs were very much engorged with water and there was also a considerable quantity of water in the stomach which were the common symptoms of death by drowning. Most of the bodies were all more or less mutilated by sharks after he thought death had taken place.

FURTHER IDENTIFICATION.

Henry Johnston, principal of the steam cooperage, South Melbourne deposed that on viewing some dead bodies in Wood street that evening he identified one as that of Mrs Griffiths of Mcllwraith street, Carlton. The underclothing corresponded with which he had been instructed she wore as also her shoes. A bad scald from the elbow to the top of the shoulder was another mark of identification as also were her teeth. The jewellery corresponded with that which she was wearing. A piece of her hair, loose, also corresponded. Chas. Wm. Norris, a pastry cook at Collingwood, deposed that he identified one of the dead bodies he had viewed that afternoon as that of Mrs Moran. It was by her face and clothes he identified her. He was her brother. Wm. Jas. Sykes, an engraver at Prahran, deposed that he identified one of the bodies shown him that afternoon as that of his sister, Mrs Hiatt. The jacket on the body, a small handkerchief, and the initials on the keeper ring he recognised as hers. At this stage the inquest was adjourned until 3 p.m. next day.

Passenger Richard Palmer was buried in the Maryborough cemetery.

From Bairnsdale Advertiser, Tambo and Omeo Chronicle.