

# **STONEQUARRY JOURNAL**

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**Picton and District Historical & Family History Society Inc**  
**Committee 1999-2000**

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**RESOURCE CENTRE**

We have now moved into temporary premises at **The Old Post Office** which is located on the corner of Argyle and Menangle Streets, Picton. Access is via the Argyle Street entrance on the ground floor.

**HOURS**

Thursday: 10.00 am to 2.00 pm  
Saturday: 10.00 am to 3.00 pm  
or by appointment (contact Archivist)

Visitors are welcome and are invited to use our vast collection of primary and secondary records. There is, however, a research charge of \$5 per day. All members are entitled to use the society's facilities free of charge.

**MEETINGS**

These are held on the second Monday of each month at 7.30 pm in **THE OLD POST OFFICE**  
The next meeting will be on 10 July.

**MEMBERSHIP (due in July)**

Per annum: Pensioners and school students: \$10. Single: \$15. Family: \$20.

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## RESPONSIBILITY

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## RESEARCH

All written inquiries should be addressed to **The Secretary, PDHFHS, PO Box 64, PICTON 2571.** Please include a stamped self-addressed/reply paid envelope. The cost of an inquiry is \$10.00 plus photocopying charges. Copies of photographs are also available.

While we acknowledge that today is the era of the electronic age, not all members of our society have access to Email or the Internet. Since much of our income is generated by answering inquiries we shall only respond to queries in writing. Requests for information will be accepted by telephone but responses will be "in writing" and will attract the normal fee.

We are appreciative of the fact that many frustrated researchers have over a period of time, spent large sums of money on self addressed stamped envelopes, never to receive a response. May we suggest that these people should obtain a "reply paid number" from their local post office. One then only pays normal postage plus a small surcharge for incoming correspondence.

## MOVING?

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**PICTON.**

**A SHORT CULTURAL HISTORY**  
**of the**  
**PICTON DISTRICT**  
**John K. Ruffels**

It is a common thing for outsiders to scoff at country towns when the word "culture" crops up; but in this very sketchy first attempt, I shall endeavour to show that the Picton district has had, no more and no less, but as many people with first class skills as writers, poets, sculptors, painters wandering about Argyle Street, as any other.

It is very hard to know where to start. But perhaps I should say that in the last century despite the lack of schooling for most people, poets were quite thick on the ground around New South Wales. Those who had a grounding in the Greek Classics and Milton, Wordsworth and Byron, were more likely to be the sons, (sometimes, anonymously, the daughters), of country gentry. The convicts and free farm labourers were more likely to entertain their drinking friends down in the local Picton, Burragorang or Bargo pub, with ditties about bold bushrangers, local beauties and even legendary thoroughbred horses. Some were even set to music. Sometimes, sympathetic editors put the better ones into their newspapers.

When William Panton, who owned "Montpelier" on the Oaks Road (now Mowbray Park and Montpelier), had a birthday in October 1832, a young Scottish-born friend "G.J. McDonald", presented him with a fine poem about the changing political atmosphere occurring in England with the passage of the first Reform Bill. It began: "The world from its trance is awaking..."

The writer was the son of Major McDonald of Chatham, England and he was domiciled

in New South Wales. But his untitled poem expressed distinctly anti-war sentiments and was filled with optimism with the recent passage of the Reform Bill in England. No other poem by him survives.

The next poem, connected with Picton to come to light is a rather interesting long poem "Ode to Picton" published in *Bell's Life of Sydney and Sporting Review* of 20th September 1845 (see page 7 of this journal).

Filled with evocative descriptions of the personalities and buildings in Picton itself, it was an interesting picture of life as this flourishing farming community enjoyed more prosperity as a mail coach town on the route to Goulburn.

Its author appears to be a certain "Mickey Lynch". (Jan Ross advises he was the local police constable). He appears well educated and makes reference to another Picton writer, the innkeeper and postmaster, "Mr Cummins" who is "taking notes" and will put you in *Bell's Life*, "quite nate and snug".

Another identifiable Picton based poem, "Picton" appeared in *Bell's Life* in January 1848. The author is not named but may well be the local postmaster because the style is different. It says:

"But we squabble now and then,  
 When I take up my pen,  
 To twig some gentlemen, . . . Mr Bell\*" (\* of the newspapers' title)

However, the anonymous poet demonstrated much civic pride at the end of his poem by saying:

"I've nothing more to tell,-  
 But we've lots of wheat to sell.  
 At Four and Six! a bushel - Mr Bell."

**John Meredith**, the author of several works on Australian folksongs, who lived in **Thirlmere**, and is an authority on the origins of Australian folksongs, may be able to tell us who the **"Boniface"** was, mentioned in **"Ode to Picton"**; who sat in a special chair in **Tom Howarth's Picton Pub**, **"The Jolly Butcher"**, and recited from **"Tom Brown's Schooldays"**. (Significantly another publican from Howarth's acquaintanceship at **West Bargo** and also an ex-constable was named, **Tom Brown!**)

Drawing on John Meredith's **"The Last Kooradgie"**, I can only mention a couple of local balladeers from the late 1800s: **William Cuneo** and **Joe Feld**. Cuneo's story is mentioned further on. He was apparently an amateur balladist of sufficient form to be included in **"Banjo Patterson's - Old Bush Songs"**. Both versifiers had connections with the **Burraborang Valley** in the 1890s.

**Joe Feld** was a prospector/farmer and a licensed skin dealer. John Meredith has published his **"A Bushman's Experience"** about gold fossicking in the **Burraborang**: he talks of failed efforts on the **Kowmung River**, where *"there's wild animals of all descriptions, very treacherous and fierce, you know . . ."* Meredith suggests that Feld was repeating other people's experiences.

On March 4th, 1891 the **Old Picton Post Office** (not the red brick one) became the most important building in the whole of **Picton** for the emerging authoress and poet, **Ethel Turner**, whose later novel **Seven Little Australians** was something of a classic.

Her mother, concerned by the excessive enthusiasm displayed by a young **George**

**Curlewis** for her daughter, **Ethel**, sent her away to **Picton** to stay with **Mrs Daintrey**.

They went to the **Picton Show** and sat sedately in an open carriage, viewing the ring events. But young **Ethel's** mind was only on the **Post Office**.

In her diary, **Ethel** wrote: *"Posted letter to Curlewis, that I wrote on Sunday telling him we must have nothing at all to do with each other, it only makes people talk and is no use - I do like him, but I am sure it is not in the right way. And the only thing to do is not to see anything of each other. After I posted it, strangely enough, there came a letter from him, such a nice letter. He said Mr Creed was always asking when 'Miss Cupid' was coming home. He wants to ask me again in a year if I liked - I think not, it's not fair to him either."* Then **Mrs Daintrey** took her on a demanding horse ride:

*"In afternoon, Mrs Daintrey and I rode 16 miles, as far as Barker's (Mowbray Park) on Oaks Rd".* That night, she packed up for her return train trip next day to **Gordon** in **Sydney**. She was nineteen. She eventually married **George**: five years later. Her classic novel was published in 1894.

When she wrote a collection of short stories **"At Parramatta"** in 1956, **Ethel Turner** included in one, a description of **Picton**:

*"As a girl Mrs McCree had lived on the Picton Hills not far from the Razorbacks, and this morning, in the intervals of her reading, her eyes looked through her drawing room windows and lingered on those blue, authoritative ranges".*

In a previous article. (*Stonequarry Journal*, June 1997, page 9) I have discussed the Australian bushranging novel **"Robbery Under Arms"** by **Rolfe Boldrewood**, (real

name; Thomas A. Browne!), and the fact that it frequently mentions "Bargo" suggesting a setting in the "Bargo" and "Burraborang" area. Unfortunately (because this would be a wonderful tourism draw-card), the author has clearly stated that his fictional "Bargo" is not our "Bargo", and the robbers hide-away "terrible Hollow" is not in "Burraborang Valley". *Nonetheless, this coincidental mention probably caused the greatest rash of book reading that the Picton area has ever known!!*

In 1893, William Cuneo, the colourful Thirlmere Postmaster, passed on for posterity some of the yarns related to him by Burraborang farmer and miner, and scion of Carlon Town, Bernard Patrick Carlon. He published them in the *Picton Post and Advocate* that year, along with a description of local Gundungurra chief, Moyengully's burial place.

Coincidentally, Samuel Bennett, whose father, also Samuel Bennett, had published a five volume *History of Australian Discovery and Colonisation*, in 1865, wrote a poem about Moyengully's grave, which he entitled, "*The Blackfellow's Grave*", it included the line:

*"No towers or spires overhead,  
But lofty gums their branches spread  
And mournful grasstrees wave . . ."*

This poem, together with one about a Burraborang waterway, "*Kadumber Creek*", was published in his book, "*Songs and Verse*" in 1903. It is hard to deduce why two people should separately pen items about Moyengully's grave. We do know from John Meredith's book, "*The Last Kooradgie*" Samuel Bennett's brother, A.L. Bennett, who had a farm in the Burraborang Valley and resided at

Glenmore, was instrumental in helping Billy Russell, a prominent Gundungurra Aboriginal man from The Oaks, set down his reminiscences of life with his tribes-people in the Valley, in his youth. Perhaps Cuneo sought out Russell and Bennett whilst searching for the location of Moyengully's grave . . .

Doubtless, John Meredith will have unearthed folk verse from Burraborang people like Joe Feld and Claud Lee, and it would be nice to deal with those in a separate article.

A mysterious woman author resided in Picton in 1897. Her existence referred to by the editor of the *Picton Advocate*; Jan Ross unearthed mention of her and feels that she might be identical with the *Advocate's* woman columnist who wrote "*Topical Notes*" for the paper. No manuscript has so far, been discovered, but Jan feels that this mystery author may well be the then-Mayor's wife, Mrs Alma McQuiggin.

Kenneth Slessor, the very well-known Australian poet recently topped a newspaper survey, his poem "*Five Bells*" the most popular poem, despite the fact that he has been dead for some thirty years. He published a book of his poems "*Earth Visitors*", in Sydney in 1926. One of those poems, "*The Night Ride*" (see page 5) describes the sights and sleepy sounds of a late-night train journey when they stop at Bargo. It finishes with the line . . .

*"Gaslight and milk-cans. Of Bargo I can  
recall nothing else".*

In a later published version of the poem the town's name is changed to "Rapptown" which the poet's son, Paul Slessor thinks sounds a bit American, although he thinks there is such a town in Queensland. (There

is a Rappville on the Gragfton-Casino Rail line).

I wonder how many of our readers are aware that a once well-known woman novelist, **Dorothy Cottrell**, spent her first five years, and some teenage years living at "**Denfield Villa**" at Tahmoor. The time-frame was 1902 to 1907, and again when her parents divorced she returned to live with her maternal grandmother, Mrs Fletcher, again at Tahmoor before moving to Ullrunda Station, near Morven in Queensland to be taught by a governess. When she was fifteen Dorothy was brought down to Sydney to live with an aunt. Seven years later, Dorothy composed her first novel "**Singing Gold**". Dame Mary Gilmore described Dorothy Cottrell as one of two literary geniuses she had met in her life; the other one was Henry Lawson.

Dorothy, who was confined to a wheel-chair, went on to write several later novels and radio plays, two of which were made into Hollywood films. Dorothy moved to Florida because of the heavy Australian taxation, and lived there for many years. So far, no-one has checked for mentions of Picton in Dorothy's books. Perhaps some senior student from Picton High School would take up a literary investigation out of interest. Dorothy used to move around her Queensland farm by getting her cattle-dogs to draw her wheel-chair. She could also drive, hunt and swim.

And now the next culturally aware person to select the **Picton** district in which to live was a painter, named **James Muir Auld**. Although a talented painter and black and white artist, Auld suffered ill-health and with the onset of the Depression, moved out

to a cottage by the creek at the back of **Shelley's Lane** near **Thirlmere** in 1931.

He lived meagrely with no radio and few creature comforts. And obtained credit for food at the local businesses by exchanging a painting. His work was admired by Lloyd Rees, and Auld won the Wynne art prize in 1926.

Another reason he moved to Thirlmere was because he had tuberculosis. His family were neighbours of J.H. Goodlet in Ashfield. John Hay Goodlet was the founder of **Harmony (Thirlmere) Home** (today's Queen Victoria Memorial Homes). Auld was believed to have benefited by his isolation. He painted almost exclusively landscapes from the bush around his home, and had two exhibitions whilst living there. He died in 1942 and a retrospective exhibition of his works was displayed at the Art Gallery of NSW the following December. Perhaps some local people have memories of **James Muir Auld**, who lived in a small cottage with an "artistic garden"?

Kenneth Slessor, as mentioned above, is best known for his poem about a young artist jumping into the harbour from the Mosman ferry in 1927. The artist was Joe Lynch, and the poem, "*Five Bells*" inspired artist John Olsen to create a painting which hangs to this day in the Sydney Opera House.

Perhaps Slessor mentioned his own **Bargo** station poem to **Joe Lynch's** brother, a sculptor named **Frank** (known as **Guy**). Because Guy moved to a poultry farm at **Thirlmere** in 1941 after returning from a stay in London.

A sculptor of considerable ability, he had sold work to Norman Lindsay and Dame

Nellie Melba. If you look carefully in the Botanical Gardens (Sydney), you will see a wonderful brass statue of a satyr (half man/half goat) with a whimsical smiling face. **Guy Lynch** modelled that satyr's smile on his brother, Joe. Joe was apparently very good at Irish fiddle music and, a bit of a lady's man; he loved a party. Sadly, Guy Lynch did not use the inspiration of **Thirlmere** to create any more wonderful sculptures. More's the pity. Instead he just looked after his chickens.

Well, we are fast coming to the end of our **cultural Picton journey**; all that needs to be added that a horse named "**Bargo**" won the AJC Derby in 1884; (in 2.42 minutes), and several prominent travel writers passed through **Picton** and gave it a mention: **Warren Denning** in 1944; **Frank Clune** in 1960; **Beresford Rae** in 1960 and **Mrs Rosemary Bavin Vine** composed a poem "**Picton town we love you**" in 1951. (The latter three are quoted in F.B. Knox's "*Peeps at Picton's Past*").

In more recent times, **John Meredith** of **Thirlmere** has written several books on historical and fictional topics; and **Charles Inglis** of "**Craigend**", **The Oaks**, has written several novels. His latest "**Over the Mountains**" is rather good, although set "west of the mountains" and not locally. His other books are workmanlike and about interesting subjects. For those inclined to support a local author, the titles of Mr Inglis' three previous books are: "*Surfeit of Suspects*", "*Nullawadding*" and "*Born to Rule*" (a political novel about secret armies and political intrigue - with a love interest of course). Get them out of the library, or - better still, find out where you can buy them!

## THE NIGHT-RIDE

Kenneth Slessor

Gas flaring on the yellow platform; voices  
running up and down;  
Milk-tins in cold dented silver; half-awake I  
stare,  
Pull up the blind, blink out - all sounds are  
drugged;  
The slow blowing of passengers asleep;  
Engines yawning; water in heavy drips;  
Black, sinister travellers, lumbering up the  
station,  
One moment in the window, hooked over  
bags;  
Hurrying, unknown faces - boxes with  
strange labels-  
All groping clumsily to mysterious ends,  
Out of the gaslight, dragged by private Fates.  
Their echoes die. The dark train shakes and  
plunges;  
Bells cry out; the night-ride starts again.  
Soon I shall look out into nothing but  
blackness,  
Pale, windy fields. The old roar and knock  
of the rails  
Melts in dull fury. Pull down the blind.  
Sleep. Sleep.  
Nothing but grey, rushing rivers of bush  
outside.  
Gaslight and milk-cans. Of **Rapptown**  
(**Bargo**) I recall nothing else.

## PICTON PROFILE A VIEW on HISTORY

Betty Villy

I love history, so when I moved to Picton three years ago, I immediately indulged in my favourite hobby. History must be in my genes as both my parents had a keen historical sense and told many



family stories or spoke of things that had interested them from, the past. I remember my mother talking of the Balkan crisis of 1912-13, it must have been her first foray into world events, so when it all blew up the other year, it only confirmed my belief that few things change, and that basic behaviour patterns remain pretty much the same.

We lived in Moorebank when I was a child. Not the dormitory suburb of today but an area of small, self-contained vineyards, orchards and poultry farms. On the occasional Sunday we would have an excursion to a museum or one of the Macquarie towns and fossick among the tumbled and neglected cemeteries for interesting headstones. Graveyards are still my specialty, and the ones in the Picton district are particularly interesting in the stories they tell of the people who lived here and the pattern of settlement.

Local history is as essential a study of the past as any formal discipline such as economic or political history; often it is more relevant as it is concerned with the details of everyday living of ordinary people who have to model their lives from the decisions made by a few power brokers. Archeology can be seen as local history as shards of pottery or slivers of cloth or rusted tools are unearthed, revealing evidence of how people lived.

A small township like Picton, or Thirlmere, can also be seen as tentacles of world events. Local history study is not insulated. Argyle Street has seen the passing of wool drays with its relationship to the great wealth Australia

accumulated in the past; the gold coaches on the early leg of the journeys to the vaults of the Bank of England, and the bushrangers who were hungry to grab a slice of this prosperity; the convicts who built the road and worked in the district were symbols of a harsh system of justice; the immigrants on their way to a new life and even Caroline Chisholm who arranged suitable marriages for the poor, single girls under her care. As well, the explorers in their search for colonial expansion joined the soldiers on their way to war and the unemployed tramping the countryside during the Great Depression.

We can trace the early settlers and immigrants back through the labyrinth of history, the values, skills and social activities are not isolated but the result of other cultures, shaped and melded by life in Australia to make our own unique culture.

The archives of the Picton and District Historical and Family History Society are exciting. Members have worked hard over the years collecting data which is accessible for historical or family research. It is worth joining the society just to browse amongst its treasures. I enjoy living in Picton, like the people that I have met and certainly intend to research much more of its history.

#### **STOP PRESS**

**Disruption to Sydney Records' Centre  
Reading Room services  
until mid to late June  
Phone: 02 9237 0254**

**ODE to PICTON**  
**Bell's Life in Sydney and Sporting Review**  
**20 September 1845, p.4**

Sweet Picton loveliest village of the plain,  
 Where Health and Plenty, cheer the labour-  
 ing swain,  
 Where peace and sweet contentment reign  
 throughout,  
 From Oliver's to Crispe's, or thereabout,  
 I know as how, friend James, is always happy,  
 And Oliver too, but most so, when he's sappy,-  
 Oft as I sipped my claret, cracked my nuts,  
 I've gazed with pride on Picton's  
 whitewashed Huts,  
 Thy brick-built houses and thy fine old jail  
 Where birds go in, and then get out again,  
 Thy modest chapel on yon grassy mound  
 A Holy influence sheds all around,  
 Far from the City's din and loud alarms  
 I greet thy vineyards and thy fertile farms,  
 Thy never failing creek and Larkin's mill,  
 Thy wooden church and court house on the hill  
 I contemplate them all, with sweet emotion,  
 And Picton dear, I love you to devotion.  
 The children too, Lord love them how they  
 prattle,  
 And stun your ears, with their outrageous rattle,  
 In sunny weather how they skip and play  
 About the bullock's legs, or 'neath the dray,  
 And when its way, how dearly I admire  
 Their playful freaks, and gambols, in the  
 mire,-

I wish we had some Sovereign specific  
 To make the Picton ladies, less prolific,  
 For if they carry on this sort of fun  
 Our town will very soon be overrun,  
 With, petite butchers, saints, and popes, a few,  
 And lillipution learned pundits too,  
 A neighbour's lady, opposite - the other  
 morn  
 Brought forth the **FINEST** child that e'er  
 was born  
 But how can that be? I don't say it's untrue,

Yet I, in Sydney saw the **FINEST** too,  
 'Tis difficult this mystery to disclose,  
 Each think their own the finest, I suppose.  
 The village master full of learned lore  
 Sedately paces up and down his door  
 He's wrapt in contemplating mathematics  
 Cosmogony, mysogony or Metaphysics  
 Or ruminating on the Bridge of Asses  
 Or practising a few mesmeric passes,  
 Though small in stature, he is big in mind,  
 As schoolboy's jackeys, to their interest  
 find,  
 His eye deters, encourages, and smoothes,  
 The wayward spirit of these gentle youths,  
 But who the dreadful consequences shall tell  
 If any do not know their lessons well.

How often I have lingered on the bridge,  
 And watched the mail rush rattling down the  
 ridge,  
 The mettled streets, o'er rut and hollow bore,  
 The cumbrous mass to Johnny Bollard's door,  
 The weary traveller dismounts - to curse the  
 mail  
 And roads - then calls for brandy, gin, or ale,  
 And here, in truth, you're sure to meet good  
 cheer,  
 Only, I think the brandy's rather dear,  
 But hold, I should not blab in this here  
 manner,  
 I always get my quantum for a **TANNER**,  
 There in the tap stands buxom Mrs B.  
 All smiles, attention, and civility.  
 Whate'er you call for, in a trace you get,  
 From sparkling champagne down to heavy wet,  
 But stop - I think I hear the landlord say  
 Why Mickey, darlin' how is this ' heyday  
 It were a mortal pity, quite to pass  
 Without a word, our bright-eyed scatterly lass,  
 And so it would, for Sally's always clean  
 And tidy, trim and taut whene'er she's seen  
 She hands my grog with such a winning  
 grace,  
 I'm often tempted very near her face.

And when at e'en, the labourer's work is  
 done,  
 Lighthearted, merry boys, are on for fun,  
 A game at quoits, or crack each other's  
 crowns,  
 No matter which, if they can stand the  
**BROWNS**  
 Off to the "**Jolly Butcher's**" they repair  
 Where **Jolly Tom** awaits them in his chair;  
 And there sits **Boniface** in all his glory,  
 Ready with song, or comic story,  
 "I never nothing wants but what is right;"  
 Enjoy yourselves, my boys, but never fight.  
 His **bustling bonnie woman** at his elbow  
 stands,  
 And quickly tends her customers  
 commands;  
 But you must stamp the READY, for she's  
 wide awake,  
 And devil an order of a RAP she'll take;  
 If you can do her, you're damned clever-  
 I've tried it on, but couldn't - never,  
 But who is this comes cantering along,  
 Liltin the fag-end of a Scottish song;  
 His stately mien, and handsome features,  
 too,  
 Proclaim - a second RHODERIC DHU.  
 Oh! 'tis the **Doctor** - worthy, canny man-  
 A galen here, a chieftan in his clan;  
 The **Laird of Abbotsford** is by his side,  
 And both are fagged and wearied with the  
 ride;  
 A stoup of liquor now they'll not refuse;  
 They've taken it, too - the best that **Lankey**  
 brews.

Good morning to thy independent face;  
 See where he's leaning in his usual place;  
 A chair in the verandah props his back-  
 'Tis straightforward, obliging, **Honest Jack**.  
 His sonsy **Sposa** sits close to his arm,  
 Glowing with health, and rich in every  
 charm,  
 Oh, dear! with her it never will go down,  
 A Scottish adjective and Italian noun;

Pardonnez moi - with me, pray, bear a  
 while,  
 In future I'll correct my vulgar style.  
 See, here's the **Postmaster** with sombre  
 look,  
 Just merging stealthily from out his nook;  
 And though he looks so quiet and demure,  
 There's waggery under all, I'm pretty sure;  
 His eyes, though on the ground he's beat  
 them-  
 Beware, he's taking notes, and faith he'll  
 print them;  
 Don't let him see you, BAT, your smuggy  
 mug  
 Would stick you in Bell's Life, quite nate  
 and snug;  
 Although, for you and yours, he likes them well,  
 But loves your eccentricities to tell.

And now, Pictonians, take a friend's advice-  
 Have sought to do with law at any price;  
**Goldsmith** declares 'twas **Auburn's**  
 deadliest bans-  
 Eschew it, therefore, I repeat again;  
 And if you squabble o'er a bit of sport,  
 Don't be too fond of running up to court  
 With frivolous complaints and idle tale,  
 And perhaps get one or both slapped into  
 jail;  
 Your differemces you could always settle  
 Among your friends, while **Judy** boils the  
 kettle;  
 Let peace and harmony walk hand in hand,  
 The length and breadth of our Australian  
 land;  
 But come, the coach has just now passed the  
 jail,  
 And **Mr Cummins** is making up the mail;  
 Stir, yourself, avick, and write with all your  
 might-  
 Come, HURRY NOW, or this won't go  
 to-night;  
 How shall I end - I must be quite p'lite-  
 To Picton this is dedicated, quite;  
 Now that will do right will upon a pinch-

Just say, your humble servant, **Mickey Lynch.**

I believe that until the late Bruce Knox started to collect and write about the Picton district, only one other person (R.H. Antill) had ever documented the events which influenced the development of this area. Without exception, all early stories about what happened in Picton are regurgitations of Antill's interpretation of these events.

Robert Henry Antill who was the grandson of Major Henry Colden Antill was encouraged by J.B. Martin to record the history of Picton in 1896, and it was serialised in the local newspapers.

Robert Henry's grandfather died in 1852 so obviously the 1896 articles would have contained much of what his father, John Macquarie Antill (eldest son of H.C. Antill), had told him.

By the time Reverend James Steele published his history of Picton (1903), R. H. Antill had permanently damaged his shoulder.

**PERHAPS OUR READERS MAY BE ABLE TO ADD TO THE FOLLOWING COMMENTS?**

### **WHO and WHERE?**

#### **Auburn's**

#### **Johnny Bollard's**

Innkeeper - Joiners' Arm. Inn on site of brick/stone cottage in Argyle Street, opposite Bridge Street. Stone in current house on site was part of the National School.

#### **Mrs B.**

Rosanna (nee Cullen) Bollard.

#### **Boniface**

Colonial terminology for innkeeper.

#### **bridge**

The current bridge over the Stonequarry was built in 1899. The bridge which the writer was looking at would have been the second over the waterway. This was replaced in the early 1860s after it was washed away.

#### **Browns**

Thomas Brown was an innkeeper at West Bargo in the early 1840s. A Thomas Brown was also a constable in the same period.

#### **bustling bonnie woman**

#### **chapel**

Initially I thought that the chapel was the Redbank Wesleyan Chapel but it was supposedly not built until a few years after the poem was published. Given that the author was probably an Irish Roman Catholic, I think he is probably referring to the Catholic Church.

First Catholic Church. Site conveyed about 1844 and said to be erected by John Bollard in 1846 so this poem could prove that the building was constructed earlier than thought.

#### **Commins G.H.**

George Commins married Eliza Strickland in 1841 and a son George William was born at Stonequarry in October of the same year.

#### **court house**

See wooden church.

#### **Crispe's**

(James) Innkeeper at Myrtle Creek. Travellers' (Klensendorffe's) Inn. (now Tahmoor House - a private residence).

**Mr Cummins**

Innkeeper and Postmaster - George Inn,  
Royal George, today's George IV.

**Doctor**

Dr William Bell who came to Australia in  
1839.

His daughter, Mary Susan married William  
Redfern Antill (second son of Henry Colden  
Antill) who purchased Abbotsford in the  
early 1860s when his older brother built a  
new home on Jarvisfield (currently the  
Antill Park Clubhouse).

**Goldsmith****Honest Jack****jail**

Site of first gaol (jail) adjacent to creek in  
the vicinity of the Argyle Street entrance to  
the walkway to Peasant's Kitchen.

**James (Crisp)**

see Crispe's.

**Jolly Butcher's**

See Lankey. Today's Hotel Picton.  
Demolished and rebuilt in 1938.

**Jolly Tom**

See Lankey.

**Judy****Laird of Abbotsford**

Captain George Christmas. Purchased  
Abbotsford from George Harper who  
attempted to form the Village of  
Stonequarry in 1840 and died in March  
1841. This village did not eventuate and the  
Private Township of Picton was established  
in August 1841.

**Lankey (by Ross Maroney - From Colin  
Post of Ruse).**

Thomas Howarth was born in Haywood,  
Lancashire (Lankey), England on 22 July  
1805. Known as Lanky Tom he was  
convicted of cow stealing on 29 August  
1827 and sentenced to transportation for  
life. He sailed from London on 14 March  
1829, arriving at Sydney Cove on 9 July  
1829 with 179 convicts aboard the ship  
"Waterloo". Tom's trade or calling was,  
butcher's labourer, at time of sentence his  
religion was Protestant and he was 24 years  
of age and 5'7", dark freckled complexion,  
brown hair, light hazel eyes and a horizontal  
cut on the left side of his forehead at the top.  
he was assigned to Bathurst and he married  
Martha Post at East Bargo on 9 December  
1835. . .

He worked for Major (Sir  
Thomas) Mitchell (Nepean Towers/Park Hall/  
St Mary's Towers) at Wilton/Douglas Park  
until he obtained his ticket of leave on 8  
July 1837, when he commenced a carrying  
business between Goulburn and Sydney.

. . . lost his ticket of leave in 1838 and being  
a convict again was not allowed to own  
property. His livestock was impounded . . .  
and his other possessions were confiscated  
and sold at Stonequarry for the benefit of the  
Crown. Tom was sent to work for a man  
named Crisp who had an inn at Myrtle  
Creek.

After a year . . . the bench . . . came to  
believe that an injustice had been done o  
Tom Howarth and he regained his ticket on  
16 August 1839.

In 1842, when he was a butcher at  
Stonequarry, Tom received his certificate of  
freedom. He had apparently taken a liking  
for the hotel trade and by 1844 had opened  
an inn called the "Jolly Butcher" at Picton.  
He left Picton and returned to Bathurst in  
1849 . . .

### Larkin's mill,

(Wind) Mill Hill, Thirlmere Way - now a Bed and Breakfast establishment (see Dec 1999 journal)

Steam Mill not constructed until 1847.

### Mickey (Lynch)

Author of poem?

I would expect that Mickey Lynch was probably a former convict (many constables were) and I would also think he was an Irish Roman Catholic. Therefore, it would be unlikely that he would omit a reference to the Catholic Church.

He was appointed Constable at Stonequarry on 29 October 1842.

### Oliver (Whiting) Oliver's

Oliver Whiting built the inn known as the Red House/Brookside/Razorback Inn in the 1840s. When construction commenced on the railway he relocated his licence to the Great Southern Hotel (Menangle Street) which was somewhat closer to Picton than the current building (early 1890s). The newer building now accommodates a number of town houses.

### Postmaster

see George H. Commins.

### Sally's

### Sposa

### village master

School teacher.

### wooden church

The one wooden building functioned as both a C of E and Presbyterian churches as well as being the local courthouse. It was situated on the knoll of the hill at the entrance to the Jarvisfield homestead.

## FREE PASS

THIS PASS is good on all Railways provided that the Bearer walks, carries his own luggage, sims all rivers, and stops for all Drinks, Meals & Smokes at

W. W. Warr's  
Royal George Inn  
PICTON

Telephone: Picton 15

This Pass is not Transferable, except to Another Man with Money

## TEN COMMANDMENTS

I- When thirsty thou shalt come to my house and drink. Thou shalt honor me and my barman, so that thou may live long in the land and continue to drink at The George Inn for ever.

II- Thou shalt not take anything from me unjustly, for I need all I have and as much more as I can get.

III- Thou shalt not expect glasses too full or glasses too large - for I must pay my way.

IV- Thou shalt not pinch my mugs, knives, forks, spoons, towels, etc., lest bad luck overtake thee.

V- Thou shalt honor me and mine, that thou mayst live long and see me often.

VI- Thou shalt not break or destroy anything on the premises, else thou shalt pay double the value. Thou shalt not dare to pay me in bad money, "cronk" cheques, tobacco tags, nor ever say the word "chalk" or slate.

VII- Thou shalt call at The George daily. If unable to come, I shall consider it an insult unless thou sendest a substitute or an apology.

VIII- Thou shalt not offend thy fellow customers, nor cast base insinuations upon their characters, by hinting that they drink too much.

IX- Thou shalt not take the name of my goods in vain, as I always sell the best the market affords, and am always at home to my friends.

X- Thou shalt not so far forget thy most honorable position and high standing in the community as to ask the barman to "shout" but thou may'st shout for him and me often.

(W.W. Warr was the owner and licensee of Picton's George Inn between 1923 and 1934)

### **KEYS** **Edna Townsend**

I was always intrigued by "Keys" and collected them, imagining what doors they opened. I threw them into an empty drawer.

When I married, my mother put them in a box and gave them to me. Some house keys - car keys - boat keys - all old - no Yale keys in those days and so wherever I travelled I looked for keys in old boxes in antique shops. They were mostly in boxes, hidden under counters. Some given to me - some for 1/- or 2/- (one or two shillings).

By this time friends and family knew of my obsession with keys. When we moved to our present home, fifty years ago, my husband Charles said "I'll make a board for

them!" He did, about two metres long and one metre high and attached it to our hallway wall. Three hundred keys were displayed. Amazing!

We have travelled a lot in country areas of NSW, Victoria and Queensland. Charlie travelled all over the world on business, as have our two sons. So, some amazing keys have been brought home. Visitors have added - not only keys but old locks! Now there is another board in the hallway.

Amongst them is a key from a famous hotel in London - a key that "actually" fell into a visitor's pocket. This visitor from England, parents of a friend whom we took on a holiday while the friend worked - visited again and brought two more keys - another fell into his pocket. The key to the cellar of a well known English Castle!

Another time our younger son who had been on a trip to America, came home saying "I've got a key no one else would bring you. The key is non-descript, but on the key chain is a metal tag - on one side is a reclining naked lady, the words engraved "we change gold dust for gold coin - on the other side . . .

**"Suttor Creek Gold Mine California  
Sally's House of Pleasure  
A delightful dozen ladies to fulfill your  
every desire  
Booze as well"**

Old gaol keys - handcuff keys - keys to old box carriages of trains.

**But the prize possession is an old key from  
an old house in Picton -**

**"ABBOTSFORD".**

**If undelivered please return to:-**

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