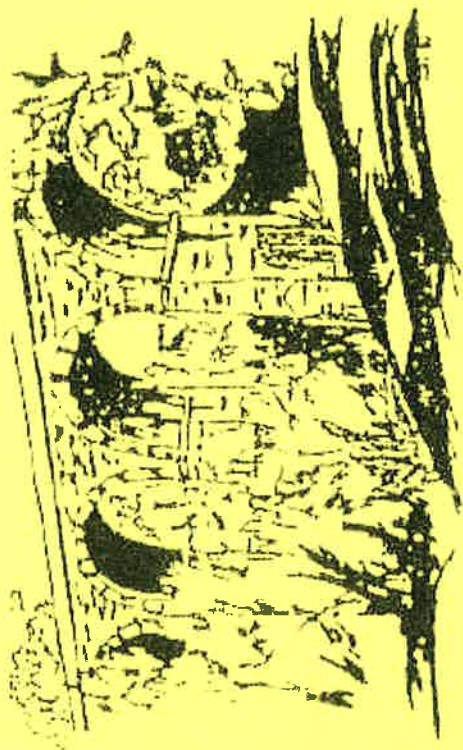


ISSN 1321-1439.

The Stonequarry Journal



Published by
Picton and District Historical and Family History Society Inc.

June 2002

Volume 15 No. 3

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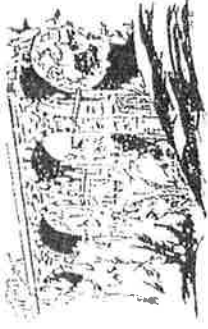
Meetings

Meetings are held on the first Monday of each month at 9.30 am except for January.

Meetings are held in the Society's Research Room, upstairs in the Wollondilly Public Library, Menangle Street, Picton.

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The Stonequarry Journal
*Journal of the Picton & District
Historical and Family History
Society Inc.*

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John Reeves
17.1.1835 – 6.11.1897

Written by Elizabeth Villy

It is timely to write of John Reeves as 'The Priory', the home that he built for his family some 120 years ago; stands forlorn and dilapidated with the developer's notice hanging off a broken fence. The once thriving garden and orchard are overgrown with kikuyu and weeds. The family of John Reeves are scattered throughout Australia, yet at the turn of the 20th century, they thrived in Picton, a large extended family with connections through marriage to many of the local families. This paper has been prepared with the help of a descendent, Keith Reeves, a member of the Society and a resident of nearby Hilltop.

John Reeves was born in Hastings, Sussex and was baptized at St. Clement of the Holy Trinity Parish, on 24th April, 1835. He was the sixth child of George Reeves, a wheelwright and customs officer, and his wife Janet, or Jane, formerly McDonald.

Living in Hastings, it seemed a natural thing for him to join the navy as a midshipman.

He was a Boy, Second Class on the Excellent on 1st September, 1849 and a month later appeared to be discharged from the Mounted Sea Guard. There is some confusion as to where he spent the following year but he was discharged on 3~ December, 1850 with a Boy's Third Class Certificate in Gunnery. It was noted that his conduct was very good.

The next day, the 4th he joined the Calliope as Boy First Class.

John Reeves, at fifteen years of age, stood five feet, had fair complexion, brown eyes and grey eyes. He had no wounds or scars but the column on his papers for vaccination are hard to decipher. Maybe he had had smallpox, or, alternatively, had been vaccinated against it. The Calliope berthed in Sydney and John Reeves was discharged 14th August, 1851. Some members of the family believe that he did land in Sydney and came straight to Picton, another suggests he left the ship at Melbourne and made his way north by doing odd jobs. Whichever route he took, when he came to Picton he took an assumed name for a period of time, working in a public house. He did a stint at the diggings and then returned to Picton.

MEMBERSHIP RENEWALS
NOW DUE

Single Membership	\$15.00
Family Membership	\$20.00
Pensioner/school student	\$10.00

Renewal slip enclosed with this Journal

NOTICE OF ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

The Annual General Meeting of the Picton & District Historical and Family History Society will be held on 5 September 2002 at 9.30am at Wollondilly Public Library.

All position will be declared vacant and nominations are invited for the following positions:

- President
- Vice President
- Secretary
- Treasurer
- Librarian
- Research Officer
- Journal/Newsletter Editor
- Publications Officer

Please send your nominations to The Secretary, PO Box 64, Picton NSW 2571.

She married Mr Arthur Miller in 1918 and moved to "Brundah", Tahmoor, which was their first and only home. Mr Miller having died in 1963 she is survived by her children Joy (Mrs A B Lowe), Colin, Allan, Betty (Mrs G B Wallace), Noel; foster children Kerry and Sharyn, sixteen grandchildren, eighteen great grandchildren and three great great grandchildren. Her brothers and sisters predeceased her.

Like her husband she was always deeply involved in community affairs. She was one of the last surviving members of a generation whose foresight and hard work gave to our community such facilities as the CWA Hall, the Reserve now known as the Tahmoor Sports Ground, Secondary Education in the district, The Bargo River Reserves, to name some.

Her own interests were many and varied. In the 1920's she was active worker for the Tahmoor Agricultural Bureau and the Tahmoor Show Society. An expert in the field of jams and preserved fruit, her work won many awards at local shows as well as being part of "Tahmoor District Displays" at shows and other places. These displays were responsible for a number of people coming to settle in Tahmoor at that time.

She had a lifelong interest in the Methodist (now Uniting) Church. For many years an active member of the Ladies Church Aid, she held most offices at various times. Last year, she was delighted to receive a Life members badge from the Uniting Church.

Tahmoor CWA was another of her special interests, receiving her long service Award for more than 25 years continuous service. After several years as secretary she was elected President, a position she held for sixteen years until her husband's ill health caused her retirement in 1958.

During World War II Mrs Miller was secretary of the Tahmoor Soldiers Welfare Committee which was formed to provide food parcels and other comforts to local men and women on active service. She personally wrote to more than thirty such people each month throughout the war. The replies she received were kept amongst her "treasures". Another war time activity was the weaving of camouflage nets.

This assumed name caused problems when he joined the police force as a constable.

Birth records for his children show that he was a constable between 1857 and 1860, but there is no record of a John Reeves in the police force for this period. He may have used the name George Reeves.

Why did he come to Picton? Was it far enough from a port and on the way to the diggings? He could have had connections in the town as many of the early settlers came from Sussex. Three members of his family, possibly four, followed him to Picton and both his sisters married local men. Elizabeth married John's brother-in-law, Edwin Bamford in 1859 and Janette married John Bateup, a carrier, who was from Sussex.

On his first visit at the age of sixteen and fresh from the sea, John met the fourteen year old Ruth Bamford. Undoubtedly it was to marry Ruth that he returned to Picton from what one can assume was an unsuccessful sojourn at the gold fields.

John Reeves married Ruth Bamford at Jarvisfield on 14th April, 1856. She was born in Manchester in 1838 to Charles Bamford and his wife Ann, formerly Mayclam, and was about six when her family emigrated. They moved to Picton and lived on the Sydney Road, on the site of present Bowling Club. The records show that Sergeant Charles Bamford was the O.I. C. of the local police before 1866. It is uncertain at what date he assumed this duty.

John Reeves was a tenant farmer of the Antills, leasing a block of land at Jarvisfield. The farm was a square mile going up Vault Hill. Besides working the farm, John recorded his occupation as a shoemaker from 1862 to 1876. He was well known as the pound keeper with the pound being up the lane near where his house was later built. A few years before he died, he resumed his trade as a bootmaker after the bank crash of 1893.

John and Ruth had ten children and as with so many families of that era, they suffered the deaths of two of their children. Their first child, George died of a fever when he was only eleven months old. A few months later, in May 1858, Ruth gave birth to Thomas but he too died when he was two years old. Both boys were buried in St. Mark's. Ruth and John had another four sons and three daughters who all survived their childhood. These children were:

Eva 20.8.1860 - m. Robert Stevens 14.4.1884 - d. 31.1.1912

John 20.9.1862-m. 1. Hannah Blanchard-d. 3.1.1923

Robert 26.10.1864-m. Kate Comyns 1.6.1887-d.

William 26.8.1866-m. 1. Susan Burling 27.4.1892. 2. Penny-d. 11.1.1949

Charles John 29.9.1869- m. Melinda O'Dell 17.12.1913-d. 1.1.1938

Annie Elizabeth 1.9.1871 -11.9.1965
Ruth 27.10.1873 - m. Moses Mulholland 1903 - d. 5.4.1946
Arthur 3.6.1876-m. Emilie Taylor 22.10.1908 - d. 29.8.1946.

OBITUARIES

There was an old slab cottage on the site where 'The Priory*' or 'Priory Cottage' was later built at 104 Menangle Road. The property was conveyed to John Reeves by John Macquarie Antill in 1882. It is believed that the new house was built in that year. An entry in the Post Office Directory of 1880 gives John Reeves as living in Menangle Street, presumably the old cottage, as being the Picton poundkeeper. Two further references, Moore's Almanac of 1884 and 1891 give the same detail.

The new cottage was made of stone rubble, quarried from nearby with the older sons of John and Ruth helping in the building. An intriguing story from this time has Arthur, the youngest, "holding a candle while they rubbed the walls." The house was later covered with fibro, additions were made and the big trees cut down. There were cobblestones at the back of the old kitchen and an old peppercom tree.

Several entries in the local newspapers give some insight into life in the late 19th century.

In the Picton Argus, 12.9.1885, John Reeves advertised for sale 200 sheets of bark, posts and rails and 100 palings. A few weeks later, in early October, Dr. J. Douglas Watt, M.B.C.M, fellow of Edinburgh University and a Fellow of the Obstetrical Society and late acting medical officer at the Hospital for the Insane at Gladesville, commenced his practice at 'Priory Cottage*' for two hours a day. He certainly arrived in Picton with a swagful of skills. Within a few months he moved to other premises in the town, and it unknown whether the room was rented again. However, the cottage was made available to Dentist A.H. Goodman every second Saturday in 1904. He was still there in 1908 according to the Picton Post and Advocate.

John Reeves died in 1897 and the house was left to Arthur so that he could provide a home and care for his widowed mother and his sister. John, to ensure that his wife would be cared for properly, asked his daughter, Annie Elizabeth, not to marry but to stay at home and look after her mother. Arthur lived at the cottage intermittently after becoming the Catechist at Berrima. In 1903, John's daughter, Ruth, the widow of Moses Mulholland, joined the household with her baby daughter Ruth. 'Priory Cottage' remained the focus for the Reeves family until the 1940's when it was sold for \$500 to provide money for Arthur's retirement. He died in 1946.

According to his obituary, John was "a fine gentleman who took a keen interest in the community." He was actively involved in the incorporation of the town when in 1892 he nominated his future son-in-law, Mosses

Mrs Lillian Bertha Miller

From the Picton News,
2 September 1982



Her death occurred peacefully in Dixon Ward at Queen Victoria Memorial Hospital in the early hours of Tuesday of Mrs Lillian Bertha Miller late of "Brundah" Brundah Road, Tahmoor. Older residents will associate Mrs Miller with Tahmoor CWA of which she was a leader for many years and a stalwart in the Methodist Church in its early days.

The funeral service took place at Leppington Crematorium Chapel at 2 pm today (Thursday).

VALE: LILLIAN MILLER

P

Picton News September 16, 1982

Working quietly supplying strength and wisdom to many organisations in Tahmoor over a period from the town's early days to the present time, Mrs Lillian Miller was a stalwart loved by many.

Mrs Lillian Miller was born at Petersham in 1893, the youngest of six children of Thomas and Elizabeth Nuttal who had emigrated from England some years before.

After attending Lewisham Public School she worked for Harringtons, a photographic company in the city. She was a very active member of the Methodist Church where she was also a Sunday School Teacher.

NEW PUBLICATIONS

CALENDAR 2003

The society is producing its first-ever calendar, showing some of its fascinating photographs of the past from its photographic collection. It will contain 13 photographs on heavy weight gloss art paper. The calendar has the dates clearly marked with public holidays and school holidays noted. Closed, it is A4 size and fits into a standard post office envelope.

As a special offer to our members, copies can be bought at the pre-publication price of \$12.00 plus \$2.00 for postage. This offer will finish on 31st August, 2002, after which time the calendar will be available for \$15.00. The calendar will be available by late September, giving members time to post it overseas or interstate to friends. Picton.

Order Form enclosed with this Journal

MARRIAGE REGISTERS INDEX

Ken Williams has compiled a three volume register for all marriages performed in the Anglican Parish of Picton from 1839-1863. The complete set covers in excess of 900 marriages and will be an invaluable tool for researchers.

Each marriage index contains the transcription of the relevant registers, a party index, a parent index and a witness index.

The Picton parish was originally known as Stonequarry and The Oaks and Volume One covers this extensive area for the period of 1839-1897. This volume will be available in mid June 2002 for the price of \$15.00 plus postage of \$2.00. Copies can be bought from the Society.

Order Form enclosed with this Journal

Still Available:

“Stroll through St Mark’s Churchyard” - including postage: \$10.00
“Burial Records of St Mark’s Anglican Churchyard”
including postage: \$12.00

Mulholland and James Connellan, a farmer, to be alderman. Both men were successful. He was ill for three months with phthisis (consumption) and hardening of the arteries. He died on 6th November, 1897, aged 62 and was buried at St. Mark’s Church of England Churchyard at Picton. His widow, Ruth, lived at their home until she died, aged 77, on the 30th July, 1915.

The headstone covering the graves of John and Ruth were vandalized, removed and thrown in Stonequarry Creek. Their great grandson, Keith Reeves, rescued the pieces and kept them at his home at Hilltop for a number of years before returning them to the graveyard, cementing the broken pieces together.



John Reeve



The Priory



THE LACEMAKERS OF CALAIS

By Elaine Callaway



My paternal Great Grand-father, Frederick Francis Archer was born in Radford, County of Nottingham, in 1816 the son of Francis Archer a Comb Maker. The 22nd generation Archer, a descendant of Fulbert L'Archer a Norman Crossbowman Soldier who came to England with the Army of William The Conqueror.

In 1842 Frederick now working in the Lace Trade, married Mary Marvin, who was born in 1819 at Radford, the daughter of John Marvin a Wheelwright of Lincoln. They left soon after they were married to join other family members in France employed in the lace and hosiery machine trade mostly living in the St. Pierre area of Calais.

Three children were born to Frederick and Mary in St. Pierre de Calais. Jane 1843; Frederick (Frank) 1845 and Catherine (Kate) my Grandmother in 1847. Four more children were later born in Bathurst NSW after Frederick and Mary were living there.

There were thousands of English Lace Machine Workers employed in the Lace Trade in Calais. In 1847-1848 a further great uprising began in Paris. Nearly all trade stopped, banks closed, there was no money, no employment as factories closed and great distress resulting in a great many becoming destitute. Many of the English people working in the lace trade returned to Nottingham where, mainly due to the Enclosure Act, things were not much better with the Workhouses filled with families unable to support themselves.

Frederick and Mary, because of the situation in Calais, were eligible for consideration by the Colonial Office for migration to Australia. The Colonial Office in England realised something had to be done to assist the people still living in Calais. The main motive also at that time was to supply labour where it was most needed in Australia.

Two ships, the "Harpley" and the "Fairlie" with Lacemakers aboard from Nottingham and Calais arrived in South Australia. Early in June 1848, 262 Lace Trade Emigrants mainly from Calais left on the "Agincourt" for New South Wales.

MEMBER PROFILE

Submitted by John Cleary



My Clearly family came to Australia in 1848 on the 16th February aboard the Lady Peel over 154 years ago.

My great grandparents Thomas and Bridget Cleary (nee Heffernan) were married at Ennis Co. Clare, Ireland on 2 September 1846.

After arriving at Melbourne they worked at the Kilmore Hotel for 45 pounds per annum plus rations. They soon started a family, having seven children. In the 1870's they left for Huon and on to Culrain and Finely to Grenfell in 1886 where the family settled at Pinedale, Piney Range.

My granddfather, John James Cleary, married Margaret Hennessy in Grenfell in 1889 and they had nine children.

My father Richard, was born at Pine Dale in 1896, the farm was sold approximately in 1925 and to Sydney he came, Leila May Green was soon to join Richard and they were married at St Patrick's Church in 1927. They had seven children.

I was born in 1944 and lived at 45 Barremma Road, Lakemba until I left in 1972 and off to Pheasants Nest I went. I worked at the Department of Main Roads in Picton, helped construct the western side footpath on Stonequarry bridge. I did fencing in the Picton and Wilton area and both sides of the Freeway from Exeter to Uringulla Creek, concrete post every eight feet plus strainers at 200 metres.

I married on 15 January 1983 to Maureen Ann Rosberg at St Anthony's Church, Picton and now have two children, David and Leila.

I am now retired and spend time each week at Picton and District Historical and Family History Society helping our Librarian, Helen Hanger.

Half a dozen stumpy miles brought us to a clean looking public house, *Lupton's Inn* where we were to change the switch-tails. They were rather done but they behaved extremely well, having accomplished thirty miles in five hours and twenty nine minutes, during which they had only their mouths washed."

At Luptons the passengers had lunch and changed the horses before pushing on across the range on the bad roads to Mittigong and finally to Bong Bong at seven that evening, a trip of some thirteen hours. They left Bong Bong early the following day and returned to Stonequarry earlier than expected.

"At this place is the junction of the Razorback and Menangle Roads and I had thought the roads and bridges bad on the **Razorback Road but the Menangle Ford** route was ten times worse. The first bridge we came to we were obliged to explore our way through the bush first as well as we could, and found at last we were wrong. After wandering at Random for several hours, we came upon a bit of an excellent road, which in two miles led us not to Menangle Ford but to Razorback Road (two miles the Stonequarry side of Cowpasture Bridge) and computed we were no more than ten miles out of our way, which after all we could not regain until we had pulled down a fence.

The switch-tails brought us safely back to Campbell Town after all our perplexities, at half past three."

The next day, the writer then continues to Liverpool where he hired a gig with Mr. Richards, whom he called the 'fat proprietor', enabling them to reach Sydney late that night.



Encampment of drays on the Bargo River

Among the passengers were Frederick and Mary with their three children. The "Agincourt" arrived in Sydney in October 1848. Frederick and Mary with other emigrants went to Bathurst. Many others went to East Maitland. Frederick worked at a variety of jobs, firstly on the property "Saltram"; then for a time as a miner having caught "gold fever"; then he was a Rural Constable for some years.

Mary Archer died in 1862 and Frederick died in 1883. Both are buried in the cemetery at Kelso NSW.

In January 1998, The Australian Society of The Lacemakers of Calais with the descendants of the Lacemakers from the "Agincourt", "Fairlie" and "Harpley" began a year long celebration to mark 150 years since their arrival in Australia.

Rough Notes on Rough Rides in NSW

Written by Elizabeth Villy

The following is an extract from *The Australian* of March 29, 1836 on the running of the first mail cart from Campbelltown to Bong Bong, some twenty months earlier on January 14, 1834. The unnamed writer begins his journey from Sydney, leaving in the afternoon for Liverpool in a three horse van. He notes the good road to Liverpool where he arrived after dark in the thunder and lightning. He stayed at the *Red Cow* overnight and then left at 6.15 a.m. for Campbelltown that he reached eight o'clock that evening. The first extract is for the following morning.

Campbelltown consists of one long street; there is a good looking church, but I observed nothing else worthy of notice. While I was walking up and down before the inn door, a new two-wheeled black and red double bodied curricie mail cart, as light as a hoop and bearing on it in the most conspicuous letters "Bong Bong Royal Mail" with a pair of very handsome switch-tailed well-bred horses, a bay and a roan, about fourteen hands, and the harness polished as bright as the sun, trundled out of the yard, drove up to the post office – took the bags – came back to the inn again.

I and another passenger got into the hind body, a fat fellow sat in front with the coachman, and then I collected from the good wishes and advice of the landlord of the inn, to my fat friend and the remarks of the mob, who had assembled to stare at us, that the cart was about to start – its first journey – the mail having been hitherto conveyed on horseback, and my fat friend was a Sydney proprietor, who accompanied it to see the work was done – the landlord recommended the Menangle Ford road the best, but the other said he would go over the Razorback and return by the Menangle Ford seventeen minutes before nine – Tcht, Tcht, away we went, bowling along for half a mile."

He describes leaving Campbelltown, traveling through forest and climbing two steep hills. After some four or five miles they rejoined the Great South Road.

"Here we had a good road, in the district called the Cowpastures. Very fertile grass country with some good looking farms and houses, we bowled along, the switch tails doing their work admirably well in spite of the tremendously hot sun, but the goodness of our road stopped short suddenly and for something like half a mile went through execrable heavy sand, here and there a wheel slipping in a rut, or striking against some impediment that

could not be seen. One moment one switch-tail putting his foot in a hole and as soon as he recovered himself, into another.

We got through the sand and at last crossed the Nepean River at a place called Cowpasture Bridge. Here were two blacks, natives, one with a hatchet on his shoulder, well made fellows but with ugly faces and with long lanky hair which made their heads look like mops, they were considerably astonished, but one waved his hand in a very civilized manner. Up the river were a whole tribe of native women and children, bathing and splashing about.

Our road continued over roots, ruts, stumps, and there were jolts, jolts, first one side, then the other, as if everything should be shaken to pieces. A half dozen miles brought us to the Razorback. A long steep hill, from the top of which we had a very beautiful and extensive view, the descent on the other side we were obliged to affect the same method of crawling down one step at a time. The coachman pulling back the horses heads.

At length, by perseverance, we reached a little hamlet of about a dozen huts, romantically placed in a hollow among the hills, called Stonequarry Creek. We had accomplished with great exertion eighteen miles and a half in three hours and a half. The day was intensely hot, and I thought it was high time for a fresh pair of cattle, but I found the switch-tails were to go eleven miles further. Here was a gaol, or rather a wooden cage and a post office. The same person exercised the officers of gaol and postmaster – like the Lord Chancellor – who is the judge and principal court of Equity and also Speaker of the House of Lords. The Stonequarry officer might possibly be a very good gaoler, but he wanted experience in the management of the post.

We had nearly reached the top of the hill about a quarter of a mile of the other side of the little river or creek, when out ran two or three men, with the postmaster at their head, shouting and signaling vehemently got us to stop. We signaled to them to come and overtake us as we were walking slowly up the steepest part of the hill, and the postmaster came out of breath, bearing in his hand loose a lot of letters and newspapers where were to go on, and formed part of the contents of the bag we had just delivered: he said it was quite by accident he had found out in time they were to go on. He did not give it a thought to open the bag, but had happened to do so by good luck, and when he had brought them, the fat proprietor looked them over and returned him about half a dozen, which were to remain at the Stonequarry office.

Our road continued very hilly and very much cut up, till we came to a little rocky river, which we forded, called the Bargo, there we entered a comparatively drivable road, only requiring to steer clear of stumps