

Bathurst in the 1830s

The Journey Up	2
First Impressions	4
The First Bank in Bathurst	6
The Great Drought	8
The Old Hospital and a River Story	10
The River	12
Bushranging Memories	14

BATHURST IN THE 1830's

*by an anonymous widow in the Bathurst Times
From the Bathurst Times, 1 December 1901*

The Journey Up

The lady who steps into the train at Redfern at ten in the morning, and, after a bracing trip over the mountains, leaves it at Bathurst in the early evening, just tired enough to enjoy her night's rest, can hardly imagine what the journey meant to her sister of 70 years ago. This was the manner of our coming. From Sydney to Penrith was the first stage of our journey, and even that required changing of vehicles, for the first portion to Parramatta, was traversed in the mail coach, and then we transferred to a gig. At Penrith we were hospitably entertained by Mr. James "Smith" superintendent of convicts, and on the arrival of horses from Bowenfels next morning, we started, Mr. Smith escorting us. We got our first taste of mountain roads when we reached old Lapstone hill, with its three zig-zags. The hill was covered with loose waterworn stones of varying sizes, much resembling the lapstone of the shoemaker, hence the name. At the top of the second zigzag I came within an ace of ending my journey. A dray loaded with wood was rounding the corner, and the wheels skidding at the turn, the load struck my horse violently on the legs. He reared and turned with a spring, landing with his forefeet on the very edge of the precipice down which rattled the stones struck as he came to a stand. My brother and Mr. Smith were horror stricken, but the latter, with the quick resourcefulness of the bushman, was off his horse in a twinkling, and had mine by the bridle ere I well knew what was happening. At the top of the hill our genial host and guide handed us over to the mailman, a mounted policemen, who carried the whole of the weekly mail in a small piece of leather strapped on to the front of the saddle. The postage from Sydney to Bathurst was then one shilling per letter. The Sydney Morning Herald was issued weekly and was not half the size of one our Bathurst dailies. We reached Springwood without further incident and were glad to rest there that night. Next day we made the Weatherboard our terminus, and but for the excessive heat—it was in the month of February—would have enjoyed the journey. The Weatherboard, in those somewhat unimaginative days, took its name from the house of accommodation which was its outstanding feature—a most uncomfortable place, where the holes in the walls, which one could hardly call windows, were closed at night by rough shutters, kept in place by a couple of logs leant against them from the outside. The next day Mount York was reached, and the following day we set out for Wallerawang. Our police postal escort had

gone ahead of us, so we were put into the care of a stockman going west. The descent of Mount York was most exciting. We dismounted, of course, and horses and riders skidded down the hillside, sitting down when the pace became too fast. At Wallerawang we were the guests of Mr. Andrew Brown, who, in the morning, provided us with fresh horses for the last stage of our journey., The road from Wallerawang was not too clearly defined; several new tracks and deviations were in process of making, and our stockman in charge seemed somewhat mixed in the matter of roads. Towards midday he got very uneasy, and finally declared that we had lost the way, and, admonishing us to stay where we were galloped to the top of the nearest rise to take his bearings. In his absence we heard a sound like an avalanche tearing down the mountain side, and ere we were aware of what was the cause of it, a mob of wild cattle were about us, surveying us in that wild, noisy way which is not indicative of friendly intent. However, before they had decided on any source of action, our guide galloped down brandishing his stockwhip and they vanished as quickly as they had come. Our friend assured us that his heart was in his mouth when he came in sight of us and our visitors. he was very certain I was the first lady they had very seen, and astonishment, not chivalry had prevented their stampeding over us. We spent a quiet Sunday at Sorn Bank, Green Swamp singing like the Psalmist the "Lord's song in a strange land"; and on Monday Mr. Campbell escorted us to Kelloshiel, where we were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Ranken, till our quarters in Bathurst were ready. On the way we called at Kelso rectory, and were kindly received by the Rev. Mr Keane. We were not sorry to complete our journey, for the whole experience was too novel to be pleasant. The heat, the loneliness, the sombre colouring and monotony of the bush, the discomforts of horseback travelling, and the painful shock (to those not inured to such spectacles) of coming upon chain gang after chain gang of convicts, making and mending the road, all tended to give the experience a depressing tone. This was certainly believed by the great kindness of those whose hospitality we enjoyed on the way. And the well known and regal kindness of those at this end made us quite forget the trials of the road.

BATHURST IN THE 1830's

*By an anonymous widow in the Bathurst Times
From the Bathurst Times, 14 December 1901*

First Impressions

We stayed at Kelloshiel till suitable quarters were secured for us at Saltwater Creek, behind Kelso, in a house latterly used as a woolwash. Kelso was then the "city", and Bathurst the penal settlement. Kelso boasted of two public houses—one at each end of the village—and a number of straggling, low-roofed cottages. The only shop in the whole district was carried on in a small end-verandah room of one of the public houses, and prices ran decidedly high. The name, so full of memories, to a Scot, of one of the sweetest of old world towns, seemed most inappropriate; and yet there was pathos in the very inaptness, for it suggested pictures of the unknown early settler who named it Kelso—either, homesick and disappointed, shutting his eyes, and letting imagination play, until the untidy village of the wild west became the city of his dreams; or hopeful and strong, taking the wilderness in hand to subdue it, and plant in it a new Kelso, more glorious than the old, in the land of undimmed sunshine. There was no church building. The Rev. Mr. Kean lived in a cottage parsonage, which occupied the site of the present handsome rectory at Kelso, and celebrated Divine Service in an old barn behind the parsonage. In this year (1831) the ministry and worship of the Scotch church were established in the district, the chaplain being the Rev. Mr. Thompson. The spiritual needs of the Roman Catholics in the district were attended to by the occasional visits of Father Terry (a brother of Judge Terry), from Sydney. Bathurst consisted of six brick cottages and two mud houses, occupied by the military, police, and government officials, the hospital, and Government officials, the hospital, and the convict establishment, with its lumber yard. The main building was on the site of the present police barracks, and was a two-storied building, with the barracks above and the gaol below. On the other side of the road—the stump of a tree, which grew in the middle of the garden, still marking the site—was the building which, under one roof, combined court House, Post Office, and quarters of the Police Magistrate, and Colonial Surgeon. Adjoining was the stockade, and quarters of the mounted police. Major Croaker was commandant, and Dr. Busby surgeon. At least one of the officers was a scion of a noble house, and there were five ladies in the "City of Bathurst". As all lived almost under

the same roof, visiting, even in the summer time, was not an arduous duty. The commandant's wife was a singularly sweet and amiable lady, universally beloved. The little community, however, was not confined to its own resources, for the families who resided in the surrounding districts (many of whose descendants are still with us) were the embodiments of hospitality. The pleasant occupation known as "shopping" took a strange form in those days, for, unless on our rare visits to the metropolis, it meant sending an order to Sydney and then waiting, perhaps, two months of longer till the goods arrived (often much damaged by the war and tear of road and weather). Up to-date fashion could hardly be adhered to under the circumstances, and winter clothing had to be ordered in midsummer, and vice versa. There was no bridge over the river, and often, in flood times, considerable difficulty was experienced in getting mails and supplies across. One occasion comes to memory, when the bread and meat contractor, who lived at Kelso, being suddenly cut off by a flood, hit on a novel method of delivering his stores. A blackfellow threw across the stream a boomerang, to which was attached a string. This was the guide to a rope, and soon a washing tub was being pulled across, the contractor steadying it by a rope fixed to its side. This original cable punt crossed the water several times, till the whole of the bread and meat supply was safely landed. A similar method was frequently resorted to in the transmission of the mails. The servants were all convicts, and considerable difficulty was experienced in the way of getting suitable female servants, as at that time they had to be got from Sydney. A woman's factory was, however, added later to the penal settlement at Bathurst. A lady, the wife of one of the officials had an excellent servant, who had one filing, a lining for strong drink. She was frequently found in a state of intoxication, and on one occasion set fire to a child's cot. Where she got the drink was a mystery, till she was carefully watched, and then a romance was revealed. She was seen to steal out and take up her position at the closely barred gate; shortly, a man came along with a pannikin, and the woman, producing a long straw thrust it through the bars, the man holding the pannikin as close as possible. After a long pull she withdrew the straw with a sigh of satisfaction and the watcher came forward to smell rum, and detect a male convict outside his yard. It turned out that the man, almost nightly, managed to slip out of his quarters and secure some rum, which he gallantly, and under difficulties and danger of discovery, shared with the distressed damsel. The story ought to finish with their release, a wedding, and a joint pannikin for the rest of their lives. But; as a matter of fact, I am happy to say the girl, on her release, married a decent man with no liking for rum, gave up the rum herself, and became a in an old township in a neighbouring district.

BATHURST IN THE 1830's

*by an anonymous widow in the Bathurst Times
From the Bathurst Times, 14 December 1901*

The First Bank in Bathurst

No sooner was Bathurst laid out, and allotments sold and building commenced, than the need of a bank made itself felt; and, with that splendid spirit of enterprise and self-help which has ever characterised the City of the Plains, the inhabitants determined to have a bank of their own. The project was greatly assisted by, and, indeed, could not have been carried out without, the help of the late Mr. A. K. Mackenzie, of Docharne, who had been a banker in England. The commissariat having been removed to Sydney, the building used as a store was secured for the bank premises, and the old iron chest, which had done service for many a day for Government money was the first "strong room". a provisional board of directors started operations, shares were readily taken up, and in no time the Bank of Bathurst was in full swing, and the notes—of one, five and ten pounds—were in general circulation. Even those who were dubious of the result of the experiment did what they could to help such a useful institution; and a gallant officer, of exalted rank in the Imperial army, who resided in the district, in handing a large cheque to one of the directors, intimated that he knew he would never see it again, and wished to make a gift of it at once to the bank. "You will burn your fingers", he concluded; "this is all the extent to which I will burn mine". He, however, had cause to change his opinion, and found the bank not only a temporarily useful, but a profitable, institution. Among the first directors of the bank were Mr. Mackenzie and Dr. Busby; and Mr. T. M. Sloman was one of the earliest officers. At first specie was brought from Sydney in strange ways; and consignments of "table salt", "millinery", and casks of "corn", carried at their heart parcels of gold, silver, and notes. The bank prospered and paid splendid dividends. At length the Union Bank sent up an agent, who bought over the business of the Bathurst bank, at a sum which gave the shareholders their money back with interest almost cent per cent. Mr. Lee (of Claremont), one of the directors of the old bank, built the house (which still stands at the corner of Howick and William streets, and is known as "The Duke's Corner") for the new bank, and the "Union" opened its first branch in the west with the late Mr. David Kennedy as manager. Later on it opened a branch at Orange, and, when the Bathurst business was sold to the Commercial Banking Co., Mr. John Busby, who had been trained in the Union Bank, was brought from

Orange (where he was in charge of the branch), and managed the Commercial Bank in Bathurst till his death. When the Union Bank took over the business of the Bathurst Bank it paid all the notes of the old bank as they came in, for a time, and then put up those that remained to auction. An enterprising citizen secured them, getting a good price from the bank; but he had cause to regret his bargain, for, for years, £1, £5, and £10 notes dribbled in upon him, and several years after he thought all must be paid, a belated £10 note reached him. He demurred at making a payment as so long a time had elapsed, but, finding that no time limit had been set, he reluctantly paid over his, ten sovereigns for the grimy piece of paper, and for many a day was haunted by the dread of other such unwelcome visitors. The Bathurst Bank just sold out in time to save itself, for the drought followed, and was of such a character that no local financial institution could have borne the strain. The Union Bank, on the other hand, with large resources elsewhere, and local advisers, had no difficulty in getting through that trying time. The story of the scarcity then must now be told.

BATHURST IN THE 1830's

*by an anonymous widow in the Bathurst Times
From the Bathurst Times, 11 January 1902*

The Great Drought

The cycle theory of the seasons, was of course, not known in Bathurst seventy years ago, but the same alternation of wet and dry spells, with runs of good seasons between was experienced then as now. The early thirties were in a rainy cycle, when grass flourished and man perished! The prisoners working on the mountain road were housed in rough bark huts, very suitable for dry weather, but, as events proved, most disastrous to their inhabitants in long-continued rain. The protracted wet weather of the period of which we write, reduced the prisoners, especially in the Mount Victoria district, to great distress, and the mortality rate was very high. The Government doctor at Bathurst had a round, embracing the whole of the Cox River and Mount Victoria districts; and the Bathurst hospital was full to overflowing—as many as fifty patients being housed at a time; passages, wash-house, and the mortuary all being used as wards. The prevailing sickness gave a good many idle men the opportunity to sham sickness; and most amusing and ingenious were some of their devices. One man rolled up his trousers legs, and showed the medical officer a foot and ankle all the colours of the rainbow. The doctor said he should like to see the leg above the knee, but the patient stoutly asserted that such was quite unnecessary, as his limb was perfectly healthy from the knee up. Eventually, force revealed a strap so tightly fitted round the leg as to be embedded in the flesh. It is needless to say he went to a less comfortable place than the hospital. so large was the death-rate that the making of coffins of the simplest sort was impossible, and mortal remains went to their last resting place between two sheets of bark. The drought, which commenced in '37, stayed the unhealthy conditions caused by the wet seasons, but it brought its own troubles with it. One of the first of these was the breaking up of the Bathurst Carrying Company, an association of citizens and settlers who had purchased their own horses and drays, and organised a better system of carriage of goods from Sydney. At first the "Conveyance Company" thought to weather the drought, but the price and carriage of fodder, and the losses among the horses, necessitated its selling out. This was done, and the shareholders had to meet a considerable deficit. Many of them paid up with reluctance, looking upon the call as not only burdensome but unjust—ample evidence of their ignorance as to the responsibilities of public companies. The

effect of the drought was to reduce the price of stock to almost nothing. Sheep went down from £2 to 4s. a head, and a number of settlers in the district, who had borrowed the money to buy large quantities at the former price, suffered greatly, many of them never being able to recover from the loss. Later, when most of the stock had died, prices rose—milch cows could not be had for money, and a resident gave £5 for a goat to provide milk for a young child. Food became scarce, and prices for all food stuffs went up to famine rates. Many of the settlers sought to send back their servants to the authorities, but were told that they had them in the times of plenty, and must keep them through the period of scarcity. Children suffered perhaps most of all, and it was the custom of people, visiting with their children, to carry their children's bread with them, knowing how small might be their friend's store. Most of the flour to be had was almost unfit for human use, and could not be baked into palatable bread. It was made from American wheat, which, thrown loosely into ship's holds, malted on the voyage, and at the end had to be washed before being sent to the mill. For three years not a shower of rain fell in Bathurst. Early in the '40s, however, the clouds, which had often gathered, but always dispersed without rain, brought copious torrents, which flooded the river, and turned the wilderness into a garden.

BATHURST IN THE 1830's

by an anonymous widow in the Bathurst Times
From the Bathurst Times, 18 January 1902

The Old Hospital and a River Story

Reference has been made in these reminiscences to the old hospital which was a plain four-roomed building, without even a fence round it, standing on the site now occupied by the swimming baths. In the thirties it was looked after by the Government doctor, an overseer dispenser, assisted by two wardsmen, a man cook, and a washerman. The patients were prisoners, but one small ward was reserved for soldiers. The female prisoners, when attacked by illness, were attended by the surgeon at the places in which they were employed, but this being often very inconvenient, the woman's factory was established, and a room set apart as a ward. Patients frequently reached the hospital in strange and terrible plights, and on one occasion, a scurvy patient was sent in from the Junction with his irons embedded in his flesh, cutting him almost to the bone. The surgeon (Dr. Busby) sent for the lumbyard blacksmith, and had the irons struck off, immediately reporting his action to his superior in Sydney.

He in time, brought the matter before the Governor, and the surgeon was sharply called upon to give reasons for his act. He forthwith reported that ordinary humanity and professional requirements alike necessitated the course he took. This hardly satisfied the authorities, and when the man, shortly after made his escape, and was never heard of again, further correspondence took place.

One good result, however, came of the whole matter. For some time the surgeon had been urging less iron and more guarding in the case of sick prisoners; and regular sentry duty was now commenced at the hospital, the sentries going on duty in turns of tow hours throughout the day and night.

During all the years of his service, and notwithstanding the fact that he often had to send up for punishment men who were shamming illness, the surgeon was only twice molested, and, on one of these occasions, he was taken for someone else. This took place on the Sydney Road near Fryingpan, on a dark night, when two men rushed out upon him, seized his horse, and bade him "Bail up"! but, on discovering who he was, disappeared as suddenly as they had appeared, exclaiming, "O, it's the doctor"! Fryingpan took its not very æsthetic name from the one article of use in a hut at that place, built in the first instance for the accommodation of soldiers on escort. The floor was innocent of furniture, and the walls of adornment, save a useful frying-pan which hung in a conspicuous and

convenient place, and did duty for all and sundry. The other occasion on which an attempt was planned on the doctor's person, was when a prisoner, whose pretence of illness was not sufficient to delude the eye of the surgeon, borrowed a pair of scissors with the avowed object of cutting out an article of dress, "forgot" to return them, and, in the middle of the night, had a very bad turn. The doctor was hurriedly summoned from his quarters, but the gaoler, whose suspicions had been somewhat aroused, insisted on preceding him in entering the cell. He was not wrong in his surmise that the prisoner meant mischief, for the moment he entered the "sick" man leaped at him, and struck him viciously with the pair of scissors. The weapon passed through his hat, but glanced off his head, inflicting nothing worse than a scalp wound. On finding that it was not the doctor he had struck down, the prisoner expressed great regret for his "mistake".

Tow river matters were much talked of in those days—one has been satisfactorily settled in the Denison and Ranken Bridges; the other has been frequently dealt with, and is at the time being once more coped with, and that is the encroachment of the river on the rich lands on the Kelso side.

In the thirties, on the Kelso side, opposite the site on which the Denison Foundry now stands, there was a pound, with a comfortable residence and a beautiful and productive garden. Bit by bit this garden was swept away, until but a narrow strip stood between the bank and the house; and then came the end, when a slight fresh undermined the bank, and the house followed its fruit trees and flowers down the river.

The first bridge, an unpretentious wooden structure, suffered the same fate, and, in its career down the river, struck and carried away the Eglinton Bridge, which had been planned and built by Mr. George Ranken, the proprietor of the fine estates known as Kelloshiel, Saltram, Westbourne and Osborne. The construction of Mr. Ranken's bridge gave rise to a good deal of criticism, and one day a young man, (who afterwards became famous as Sir Saul Samuel, and who then represented his uncle, a Sydney gold buyer), ventured to air his ideas on the subject, in the presence of the engineer himself, in the Royal Hotel. Mr. Ranken bore with it for a time, and then addressed the critic: "Young man, that bridge is strong enough to carry all your race to Jerusalem, and it will stand till your great Bathurst bridge carries it away".

The story of the destruction of the bridges and Mr. Ranken's gallant rescue of a distressed couple needs a chapter to itself.

BATHURST IN THE 1830's

by an anonymous widow in the Bathurst Times

From the Bathurst Times, 1 February 1902

The River

The most ardent admirers of the City of the Plains can hardly claim to-day that the river, in the vicinity of the town, is a thing of beauty. In the thirties however, and for long after, fringes of the fine swamp oaks on both banks gave it a charm which one must now travel miles up or down to find. The trees disappeared in time through the encroachments of the river, but not before they had been sadly disfigured by the ravages of soldiers and citizens, who tore down the branches to provide themselves with cheap and effective brooms. Long after most of them had disappeared a huge one stood almost in the middle of the river all by itself. During a flood a young clerk attempted to cross the stream on horseback. The horse was swept of his feet and drowned, and the youth with difficulty reached the tree, where he put in the greater part of a night and day before he was discovered and rescued. In great floods, the Vale Creek and river, between them, shut the townspeople in. One of these floods gave an expanse of water extending from the bottom of Hereford Hill to Esrom House. This was the great flood of '44, when Mr. George Ranken did his splendid piece of rescue work. An old couple, of the name of Dwyer, lived on the bank of the river, not far from the site the Ranken Bridge now occupies. The old man, Con., had a small tan pit, and his wife, Mary, had been nurse in the Ranken family.

Besides the Saltram Creek, there was a millrace on the Kelloshiel side, some two and a half miles long, constructed by Mr. Ranken in what must have been an old bed of the river running through Kelloshiel, Saltram, and part of Alloway Bank. In flood time this made a second stream quite as strong and deep as the river itself. Between these two streams the old folks were hemmed in, and as the waters continued to rise, it was evident that in a short time there would be but one stream, which would sweep before it the frail cottage and its occupants.

Mr. George Ranken, accompanied by his son, Mr. James (then a lad of 17), planned a rescue for his imperilled tenants. On the further bank of the millrace stream stood a huge and solitary swamp oak, between which and the cottage there lay a hundred yards or so of water of varying depth, but without much current. Mr. Ranken saw that if a rope could be fixed

to this tree, the work of rescue would be comparatively easy.

A man in his employment of the name of Hollandsworth volunteered to swim the current, and, with a rope tied round his waist, plunged into the seething waters. Strong man as he was, the stream was too much for him, and shortly he gave up and went under. Willing hands quickly dragged him ashore. He was landed more dead than alive, and died three days later.

After Hollandsworth's attempt no one seemed anxious to volunteer, so Mr. Ranken tied the rope round his own body, and, disregarding the expostulations of the crowd on the bank, essayed the raging current. After a hard struggle, he reached the tree, fixed the rope to it, and, partly wading, partly swimming, in the quieter waters between the banks, reached the cottage. He found his old nurse sitting on a bed, with a candle in one hand (busy with her prayers) and a quart-pot in the other, bailing the water out of the window, the good woman's motto evidently being *Ora et labora*. Both were landed safely, the only mishap being that the old man, in his transit, went under once or twice and swallowed more water than he cared for. Mr. Ranken, none the worse for his exertions, came up to Kelso, and rescued another man from a watery grave the same day.

In '55 the Denison and Eglinton bridges were opened, and in June, '67, the Denison Bridge was swept away, and in its career down stream, carried away the bridge on which Mr. Ranken had expended much time and money.

The destruction of the Denison Bridge was a most dramatic thing, and just escaped being most tragic. It was crowded with people watching the racing flood and the labours of the men who were trying to guide the great logs, that came down, past the supports of the bridge. Suddenly the middle arch cracked ominously and began to give way, the crowd parted, and rushed to the nearest bank. They were hardly on land, when the whole structure went with a thundering roar. Those who, in their hurry, made for the Kelso side, had to remain there two or three days till it was possible to get back to Bathurst.

BATHURST IN THE 1830's

by an anonymous widow in the Bathurst Times

From the Bathurst Times, 8 February 1902

Bushranging Memories

My earliest recollection of bushrangers is at once heroic, tragic, and comic. A band of desperate escapees appeared in the district, and made a raid on the inhabitants of Perth, George's Plains, and Rockley. They commenced at the home of a settler, by the name of Johnstone, on the Vale road. Mrs. Johnstone was lying very ill at the time, and they were humane enough, desperadoes as they were, to leave the place quietly at the supplication of the husband. The gang contented itself by pressing Johnstone's man servant into their service. At George's Plains they encountered a gentleman, I think of the name of Payne, an army captain, recently settled on a property in that district. The captain was shooting ducks in the creek, and on being called on to stand and deliver, refused to give up his gun. The gang threatened to shoot him. The brave, but perhaps, not too tactful soldier, intimated, as he faced them that cowards of their stamp were not game to shoot a man who looked them in the face. At this they shot him where he stood, and galloped off leaving him dead. They next visited Brownlea, where Captain Brown and his wife, not long from India, had settled and made a home. With the Browns was a lady, a neighbour, who had come over hurriedly to warn them that bushrangers were in the district. Captain Brown, after hiding the ladies in the garden as best he could, met the gang as they invaded the house, but, being powerless to stop them, he let them have their sweet will. Their first business was to smash everything breakable, then they ransacked the debris of wardrobes and drawers and decked themselves and even their horses, in the wonderful treasures of Indian needlework Mrs Brown had brought with her. Discovering a store of wheat, then at 8s a bushel, they threw it all into the yard and put their horses in amongst it to eat and trample at will. Their wanton destruction of property, instead of satisfying them, seemed to madden them, and notwithstanding the unwillingness of her host and hostess, the lady visitor determined to speak them fair; for according to her own account, she had wonderful powers in quietening savages. Just then her opportunity came when the Captain, in a bullying tone, demanded needle and thread to fix some Indian spoil upon his hat. "Allow me", said the tactful lady, with a curtsy, as she drew out her pocket needle case; "Allow me to sew it for you, Sir". "I want none

of your curtseys, and none of your 'sirs'" was the surly response, "but I'll take that handkerchief about your neck". Certainly, I am most happy to give it to you; and I hope you will not go near my place (naming it), for my husband is an invalid, and the shock of a visit from your band would kill him". The captain, not quite so surlily, assented to this, as well he might, considering that, as afterwards appeared, he had been there already. The bushrangers then took their departure, and shortly a bullock dray (drawn by one bullock) arrived to take the lady home, and reported the visit of the gang to her husband. She was greatly distressed; and especially bewailed the fact that there was no stimulant in the house to help the invalid over the shock. Captain Brown hastened to remedy this, for the visitors had not discovered his rum cask, but no vessel could be found to put the spirits in, so great had been the breakage. Eventually an unbroken saucepan was discovered, and the good lady in her curl papers and great leghorn hat, took her seat on the bag of straw prepared for her on the dray, with the precious saucepan in both hands, and a most anxious face bent over it, lest the jolting of her springless carriage should spill the reviving fluid. It is pleasant to relate that she found her husband not much the worse for his exciting experience. At King's Plains the gang encountered the police, killing one of the constables in the engagement. Eventually they were hunted down by a body of military and police; and ten of them were hanged in Bathurst, on a gallows erected where the School of Arts now stands - six on one day, and four the next. They were attended in their last hours by Rev. Mr. Kean (of Kelso) and Father Thierry, who came from Sydney for the purpose. One desperate fellow advised Chaplain Kean to stand well clear of him on the gallows, or he would take him with him; and addressing the crowd, gathered to witness the execution, said that his mother had warned him that he would die in his shoes, but she was wrong. At which he kicked his shoes off amidst the crowd. The bodies were buried in the old cemetery, at the corner of George and Lambert-streets, the other nine as they fell, this man's body with his shoes by his side. Years afterwards, when the laying out of the city necessitated the removal of the remains in the old cemetery, the grave-digger brought back the whole story by telling of the nine skeletons with shoes on their feet and one with the shoes placed one on either side of the body.

Another gang, several years later, scoured the Glanmire district to the terror of the inhabitants. One day news came to Mr. Ralston, of Yarrows, that the bushrangers were approaching. Other two families were gathered at Yarrows for mutual protection and company - the Leightons, of Glanmire, and Mr. Arthur Ranken, his wife and child. Mr. Ralston, whose cart, coming from Bathurst the day before, with supplies, had been rifled

and the horse stolen, had his arrangements complete; and, in the news arriving, ordered the ladies to their hiding places under a bed, where stray shots might not reach them, and with the stirring cry to his tutor and guests, "To arms, Horniman, and gentlemen", rushed out.

It was a false alarm, however, and the gang crossed country to Evans' Plains on their way to Bathampton, the overseer of which property they had threatened to shoot. Mr. Park, of Bathampton, was from home, but his wife, a gallant little lady, the daughter of a high officer in the British army, hearing their approach, left the house by a pantry window, and made her way to the overseer's house to warn him of his danger, and stayed with his affrighted wife till morning. she carried with her from her own house a carving knife, which she declared she intended to use on her assailants, and finally on herself when all hope was gone. Fortunately she did not have to put her threat into execution, for the bushrangers, either changing their minds or getting alarmed, went on without attempting to visit the manager's house.