

M.H.S.

**MORWELL HISTORICAL SOCIETY NEWS**  
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The Society meets every 3rd Tuesday of the month at  
7.30 pm

Secretary: Mrs. C. McMaster phone 34 1149

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WELCOME TO THE MAY NEWSLETTER

Sadly, this month, we record the death of Andy Coleman, one of our staunchest and most valued members. Andy and his wife, Mavis, were among the first to join the re-formed Morwell Historical Society and have been enthusiastic and supportive members since that time. We will miss his cheerful participation in our meetings and his ready help with our projects.

HOW WE FOUGHT THE SMALLPOX.... (cont.)

But the troubles of the committee were not yet over. What was to be done with the cottage and its inhabitants? A deserted diggings called the Britannia, some three miles from the township, had remaining in it a few houses; one of these was prepared with every comfort and the nurse and boy, bathed and disinfected and clad in fresh garments, followed the policemen to their new home. The most original agreement was then entered into between Hanks and the committee. The committee undertook to build him a new house and to give him £75 towards furnishing it, he undertaking to destroy all his property. Nearly all the township turned out to see the end of this extraordinary scene.

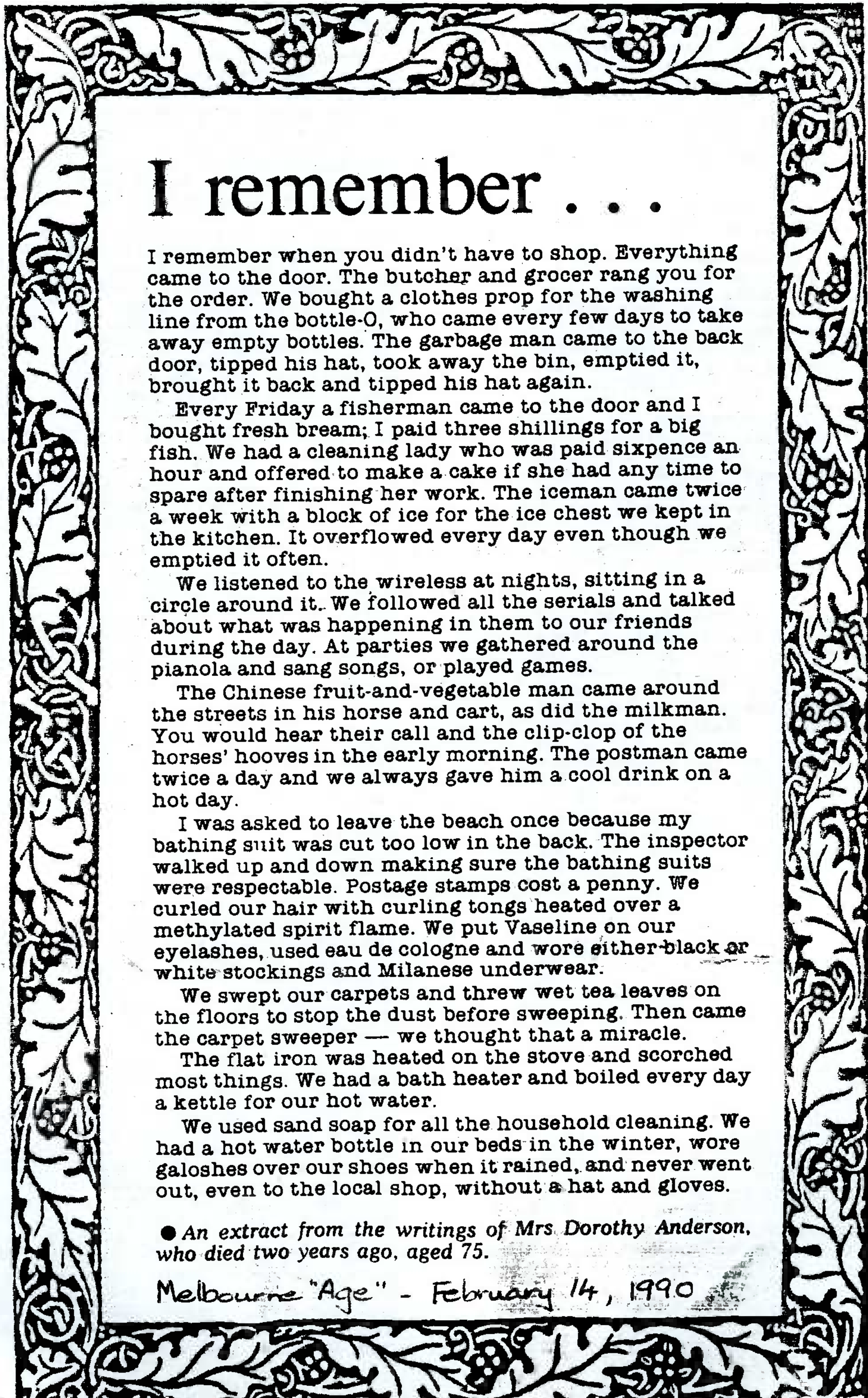
were supplied with every comfort for six weeks longer.

People outside Walhalla laughed and sneered at what they called a useless waste of property that might have been disinfected, but the inhabitants of that township never regretted the heavy expense for having the dread disease thoroughly conquered.

No second case of smallpox ever occurred in Walhalla.

HENRY THOS. TISDALL

Hanks, in his enclosure, commenced by gathering all the clothing and loose property, and placing them in the cottage. He then lit a fire in several places and had to stay in the grounds until all was burnt; everything about the place, house, sheds, and the fence were reduced to ashes. Then, thoroughly disinfected with water and carbolic, and changed into new clothes, Hanks followed the nurse and boy to the Britannia, where they



# I remember . . .

I remember when you didn't have to shop. Everything came to the door. The butcher and grocer rang you for the order. We bought a clothes prop for the washing line from the bottle-O, who came every few days to take away empty bottles. The garbage man came to the back door, tipped his hat, took away the bin, emptied it, brought it back and tipped his hat again.

Every Friday a fisherman came to the door and I bought fresh bream; I paid three shillings for a big fish. We had a cleaning lady who was paid sixpence an hour and offered to make a cake if she had any time to spare after finishing her work. The iceman came twice a week with a block of ice for the ice chest we kept in the kitchen. It overflowed every day even though we emptied it often.

We listened to the wireless at nights, sitting in a circle around it. We followed all the serials and talked about what was happening in them to our friends during the day. At parties we gathered around the pianola and sang songs, or played games.

The Chinese fruit-and-vegetable man came around the streets in his horse and cart, as did the milkman. You would hear their call and the clip-clop of the horses' hooves in the early morning. The postman came twice a day and we always gave him a cool drink on a hot day.

I was asked to leave the beach once because my bathing suit was cut too low in the back. The inspector walked up and down making sure the bathing suits were respectable. Postage stamps cost a penny. We curled our hair with curling tongs heated over a methylated spirit flame. We put Vaseline on our eyelashes, used eau de cologne and wore either black or white stockings and Milanese underwear.

We swept our carpets and threw wet tea leaves on the floors to stop the dust before sweeping. Then came the carpet sweeper — we thought that a miracle.

The flat iron was heated on the stove and scorched most things. We had a bath heater and boiled every day a kettle for our hot water.

We used sand soap for all the household cleaning. We had a hot water bottle in our beds in the winter, wore galoshes over our shoes when it rained, and never went out, even to the local shop, without a hat and gloves.

● An extract from the writings of Mrs Dorothy Anderson, who died two years ago, aged 75.

Melbourne "Age" - February 14, 1990

HELP WANTED

The last twenty years have seen the publication of a number of books on Gippsland history but none of these has really highlighted the tremendous contribution made by women to the development of this area.

In order to fill this gap, we are planning a book of pen portraits of women who lived and worked in the Morwell area in the period up to 1939.

Most were home makers who, in addition to rearing families, growing and preserving much of their own food, making their own clothes etc., often had to do much of the farm work while their husbands took other jobs to try to make ends meet. Most were also very active in local groups such as Red Cross, C.W.A., Mothers' Clubs, church guilds etc. They often endured isolation, harsh conditions and lack of medical treatment due to poor transport and distance from hospitals. Some made careers for themselves in an age when a woman's place was definitely considered to be in the home.

We aim to pay tribute to the immense courage, persistence and achievement of these women. If you have a mother, grandmother, aunt etc. who was resident in this area during the period 1870 - 1939 (approx.), we hope that you might write down what you know of her. This may simply be recollections, anecdotes and so on, but if, by any chance, there are diaries, letters, personal documents or photographs which would give a greater insight into her life, we would greatly appreciate being allowed to see them.

If you have something to contribute but don't feel equal to writing it down, we would be pleased to talk to you and take notes, and perhaps put your information on tape.

If the response is great enough, we hope to produce a book of, perhaps, thirty pen portraits, hopefully in time for the Shire Centenary. Anything written about your lady would, of course, be submitted to you for your full approval before publication and we would hope to work as closely as possible with contributors to build up as accurate a portrait as possible of each subject and to produce a fitting tribute to the women of our district.

Please give the above request your consideration. Even if you haven't much information perhaps you would forward this letter to another member of your family who might help.

We look forward to hearing from you.

Yours sincerely,

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## CORRESPONDENCE FROM QUEENSLAND

The following letter, from Mrs. Gwenda Booth of Nerang, Qld. may be of interest to readers: (the letter is slightly edited).

"Dear Elsie McMaster,

First I must congratulate the Morwell Historical Society on their book "Glimpses of Our Past"- a great job well done. Enjoyed seeing my Great Grandmother, Christine (nee McRae) Tucker - Greenwood on page 77 and what memories it brought back seeing the photo of the Reverend Mr. Crocker. When I went to the Jeeralang North school, 1934-1935, Rev. Mr. Crocker used to give us religious instruction at school. I still have a book he gave me as a prize. My mother still has a photo of his horse and this contraption that had two iron wheelbarrow wheels and two saplings for the shaft and on a small tray between the wheels he had a bag of potatoes. The Rev. Mr. Crocker would sit on the potatoes to drive the horse. He said it was a great way to break a horse in before one put a new horse in a jinker.

Rev. Mr. Crocker always arrived at our place when we were busy milking. I can remember one church service he gave. Each month he held the service in a different home but this night it was held at the home of our neighbours, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Russell. At the time, Australia was playing test cricket in England and the Russells had a short wave wireless, and being English, they wanted to listen to the cricket. I can remember everyone was trying to hurry the Rev. Mr. Crocker to finish the church service so he would leave early so all the neighbours could listen to the cricket before they went home.

I was in Morwell for a visit in 1948, then didn't see Morwell again till 1967 - what a change I saw after 20 years absence. And the Boolarra Butter Factory - we lived just up from it in 1930-33 and one of our favourite playing places was down on the creek behind the butter factory - so the book brought back a lot of memories.

Mum said the story of how Blowfly Road got its name, in Mrs. Joan Tanner's letter, (M.H.S. Newsletter Nov. 1989) is right. Mum was born in Jeeralang in 1898 and as a child she was told that that is how it got its name - the horses would "blow" all the way up, being a very steep road, but would "fly" coming down. "

Mrs. Booth goes on to mention that her father, David Henry Jones, held a Soldier Settlement block at Hazelwood for a time but was forced to give up farming because of health and economic problems. He died, aged 29, of health problems probably caused by his war service.

## THE KOENIG LETTERS

"THE KOENIG LETTERS", launched on April 20th at the Morwell R.S.L. Club, is of particular interest to members of Morwell Historical Society. Three of our members, Dorothy Fogarty, Lorna Williams and Gwen Medew, are the daughters of Charlie Koenig and our Vice-President, Eric Lubcke, is the nephew of Charlie, Tom and Tillie.

In his address at the launch, Eric told how the letters came into his possession and gave a little background to the three main "characters" in the book - his uncles and aunt. Here, in edited form, is Eric's address:

"For those who may not know, I am a relation of the Koenig family. My mother, Mary Koenig, was the eldest of the family of eight, with Auntie Tillie being the second eldest.

When, at the age of eighty-eight, Aunt Tillie was unable to look after herself, we arranged for her to go to the Morwell Community Hospital and it was decided to sell the home. While I was cleaning out a back room I found a shoe box full of old letters written by Tom and Charlie, Auntie Tillie's two brothers, who went overseas during the First World War. There were also some that Tillie had written to Tom before he was killed at Polygon Wood, Belgium in 1917.

Now, as John Pearson was doing some research on the men from Morwell Shire who had served in the First World War, he got to know about our family letters, came to see me and thought they were very interesting. He showed them to friends at the Gippsland Institute who suggested he should put them in a book - so that is how this started.

Now I will relate to you some of the life of Matilda Henrietta Koenig. I think we may call her Tillie or Auntie Tillie as that is how she was known to her friends and the people she mixed with.

I will also try to tell a little about Charlie's life before and after he returned home from active duty.

Tillie Koenig was born at Valencia Creek although her parents were farming at Narracan. It was the custom of Tillie's mother, Mrs. Ann Koenig, to return to her mother's home at Valencia creek for the birth of all her eight children. Tillie was living at Narracan until she was five years old when her parents decided to take over some virgin country up in Jumbuk. That was in 1891, they being some of the first settlers to go into the top end of the Jumbuk area.

Tillie said they drove up to Jumbuk in a single horse buggy, through the Moe swamp area, before any proper roads were made. The four children had often to get out and walk so as to make it easier for the horse, particularly when going up the hills.

When they got to their block there was no house to move into, only tall timber everywhere. They pitched a tent to live in at first, later building a slab hut, and when more settlers came into the area they used to help each other to build better houses.

There was no school until 1900. By this time, Tilly would have been fourteen years

## THE KOENIG LETTERS

old and she would have been lucky to have had one year's schooling but it did not stop her having a good business head in looking after her affairs.

Tillie and the rest of the family had to help with the outside clearing of the farm and later the milking of the cows. She said snakes and fires were the worst enemies.

Tillie later went to work at the Yinnar Coffee Palace when she was in her early twenties. She worked with May Page, who was later to marry Albert Deppeler of Yinnar South. Later on she went to work in Melbourne, telling of the times she used to ride a push bike down Bourke St.

It was while she was working in Melbourne, at Glenroy, that the First World War broke out and her two brothers, Thomas and Charles, joined up on 9th July, 1915 for active service. Tillie then took on the job of writing regularly to the two boys when they left to go overseas. The letters in the book are the replies of Thomas and Charles to Tillie's letters.

Unfortunately, Tom was killed on September 26th 1917 at Polygon Wood, Belgium. Charlie was repatriated home in 1918, after losing the lower part of one leg and having the kneecap of the other leg damaged.

Tillie came home after the War and married Albert Drayton, one of the neighbours' boys, in 1921. They lived on Albert's father's farm, which looked down over the Koenigs' property to the west.

Tillie took over the Jumbuk Post Office in 1936 and ran it until she sold the farm in 1955 and moved down to a small property close to Churchill. When she had the Post Office she was in touch with everybody in the district and knew everything that was going on around her. She was a very human person who liked to help people, no matter who they were.

Though she had no children of her own, she liked children so she fostered three children and reared them until they were able to go out and look after themselves. When Tillie moved down to near Churchill she enjoyed people calling on her so she could give them cups of tea, and scones. She had a habit of being very friendly with the Morwell doctors. As she had no way of getting to the doctor's unless somebody took her, she would ring and ask the doctor to come out and see her. When the doctor arrived she would have the table set with scones and cake and a cup of tea laid out for him.

Tillie's husband passed away in 1960. She lived by herself until 1975, she then being eighty-eight years old, and finding she could no longer look after herself, the doctor arranged for her to go into Morwell Community Hospital. She stayed there until she passed away on 20th January 1979 at the age of ninety-two years.

## THE KOENIG LETTERS

The Life of Charles Koenig. (Eric Lubcke's address cont.)

Before Charles joined up for active service, he helped his father on their farm and did work for various other farmers in the district. It was while he was helping one of his neighbours, Andy Ritchie Jnr., that a very serious accident happened.

While Andy and Charlie were picking up sticks on a very steep part of Andy's farm, close to Middle creek, Charlie saw a rock that had been dislodged from further up the hill come rolling down towards Andy. Charlie called out but Andy didn't hear him as he was bending down trying to lift a log. The rock hit Andy on the back of his head, killing him instantly.

Charlie immediately went up and told his parents, this being about 7 o'clock in the evening. He then rode his horse twenty miles into Morwell to get a doctor and notify the local policeman. When the doctor arrived he could do nothing but verify life extinct.

It was about six months after this that Tom and Charlie Koenig volunteered to join the services.

On returning from the War he did a rehabilitation course in boot repairing at the Melbourne Working Men's College. He then opened up a boot repairing shop in Tarwin St. Morwell in 1920 and later shifted to Commercial Rd. Morwell (where King and Heath's offices are now.).

In October 1920, he married Ruby Lowe (daughter of John Lowe, a wheelwright in the town). Charlie and Ruby bought a house in Station St. Morwell (where the Ampol Service Station is at 233 Prince's Highway Morwell). This was his only home in Morwell, where he lived with his wife and later his three daughters, Gwen (Mrs. Medew), Dorothy (Mrs. Fogarty) and Lorna (Mrs. Williams).

He always played an active role in the community. He was a member of the Morwell R.S.L.; a welfare officer with the R.S.L. during the depression years; a member of the Presbyterian Board of Management and served on it until his death in 1952; a member of the Commercial Rd. Primary school committee whilst his daughters were in attendance there; office-bearer of the Morwell Scout Committee; member of the Australian Natives Association; member of the Royal Orange Lodge; uncle to many nieces and nephews in Morwell and district.

He never complained of his disabilities, just got on with life, be it on a walking stick, crutches or in a wheel chair. He was a much respected husband, father brother and uncle who was part of Morwell for many years.

In conclusion: Tillie kept these letters for sixty years and now they have been published for everyone to read. The only information on Tom is here in the letters where we can learn of his experiences and reactions to war service. The letters reveal the war experiences of two young men from Jumbuk and how it was for their sister - a very close and caring family.

# THE KOENIG LETTERS:

## Insight into

## a 'deadly'

## adventure



**L**ike many other young Australians at the time, two young brothers from Jumbuk set off in 1915 on what was to be a great adventure.

Two years later, one of the brothers was dead and the other seriously wounded. Charles David Koenig, 23, and Thomas John Koenig, 25, left their parents' property at Jumbuk, in the Strzelecki hills south of Morwell, after volunteering for overseas service in the First World War.

During the time they were away, the brothers and their sister Tillie, whom they left behind, wrote as often as they could. This correspondence is the basis for a book 'The Koenig Letters' produced by the Centre for Gippsland Studies at the Gippsland Institute and edited by John Pearson.

The letters are a moving account of the close and loving bond between the three. At first, reading them is like an intrusion. But this feeling soon passes as you become part of their lives - the initial excitement, the horror of war, their concern for each other, courage and finally sadness.

"The letters are simply written," says Mr Pearson in his introduction. "They often contain 'creative' spelling and expression which has been retained here."

Charles and Thomas left Melbourne on HMAT A62 Wandilla on 9 November, 1915 and disembarked at Suez on 7 December, 1915. After further training in Egypt, they left Alexandria for France on the Horata on 16 June, 1916. A week later, 23 June, they left the ship at Marseilles and were taken by train to the Western Front in northern France.

"The 31st Battalion went into action in July 1916 and endured many bloody battles that year near the River Somme, including the battle of Fromelles in which the brigade lost over 1500 men," Mr Pearson writes.

"Thomas was wounded in this battle on the 20 July. He was taken to England the following day and admitted to the Ontario Military Hospital. After hospitalisation and rest, he rejoined his unit (at Etaples in France) at the beginning of October 1916.

"Thomas remained with the battalion. He was involved in important actions at the front at Bapaume, Bullecourt, Ypres, Meun Road and Polygon Wood during 1917."

Thomas was killed in action near Polygon Wood on the 26 September, 1917 and was buried there.

Charles was seriously wounded on 2 April, 1917, probably in action to the north east of Bapaume. His right foot was amputated and he suffered serious wounds to his left leg. He was discharged on 15 February, 1918 to board Llanstephen Castle for the voyage back to Australia.

Some of the letters are reprinted in part below:

**From Tom: 23 June, 1916:**

"My Dear Tillie, just a few lines to let you know we have left Egypt at last I was never so pleased to get away from a place, we have arive safely at our new country and had a bonzer trip over. we were not a bit sick I didnt care how long we were on the boat we enjoyed ourselves all the way these cards you sent us came in handy we were playing all the way over. From your ever loving brother Tom."

**From Tom: 28 June, 1916:**

"Well dear Tillie, we are off the boat now, we had a bonzer journey on the train we travelled about a thousand miles I can tell you we had a bonzer time I think this is the prittiest place I ever seen and all the french people along the (way) gave us such a good cheer I think they think a lot of Australia. Well Tillie dear it will not be long before we are in the firing line now as we can hear the big guns and on a clear night you can see firing, so dont expect letters very often now. Well dear this is all the time so I will say Goodbye with fondest love from your ever loving brother Tom."

**From Tom: 18 June, 1916:**

"Well Tillie dear we have just come out of the front line of trenches this morning we had two days there I can tell you I was glad to get out for a rest we havent had any sleep for four days we are only out for a day or two. The germains sent over a few shells yesterday they were bursting all around us but there was not many of the boys got hit one poor fellow was killed near me and another one was wounded between our trenches and the germains I went out and brought him in I will now close with fondest love to all Tom."

From Tom (who was wounded and recovering in England): 6 September 1916:

"Well Tillie I was supposed to go back to France on the 1st of Sept but they told me I had better way till the 9th so that is on Saturday I dont like the idea of going back but as poor Charlie is there I am going back as soon as I can get away. all my letters was in one big envelope, they had been sent from the bace and there was an envelope in with them toren in half and the letter was lost it was from poor Charlie I could tell his writing it broke me up when I got the envelope and no letter I have been very anxious about him ever since I left him I havent had any word from him yet I enquired through head-quarters about him last week and got word back last night saying he was not reported wounded or killed so he must be alright it was a great relife to me to get word back. Well Tillie dear try and cheer poor old Mother up dont let her worry about Charlie and me we are alright. I remain your ever loving brother Tom."

**From Charles: 28 Sept, 1916:**

"My Dear Tillie, I got a parcel from you just the other day dated May 26 and the contence was apples and of cause being so long coming they were wroten but thanks all the same. With fondest love from your ever loving brother Charles."

**From Tom: 17 December, 1916:**

"My Dear Tillie. the other night when we were in the front line one of the fritys men came over to our trench and gave himself up he couldn't stand it any longer when we got him in our trench he said than God he was so pleased to get away from his own lines. we gave him something to eat and drink they must be having it hard when they come over and give themselves up there has been a good few come over. I remain your ever loving brother Tom."

Tom's last letter to Tillie was on 5 August, 1917. He was killed on 26 September. Two days before he died Tillie sent him a photograph of herself (wearing the colors of the brothers' Battalion) and wished him a bright and happy Christmas.

She continued to write throughout October unaware of his death until the family received the tragic news in the last week of October.

• Copies of 'The Koenig Letters' are available from the Centre for Gippsland Studies for \$6.





## "How we fought the smallpox in Walhalla"

In November 1868, the "Avondale" arrived at Port Phillip Bay but shortly afterwards the mate of the "Avondale" sickened of smallpox and died; a man named Beadle, who had nursed the mate during his illness also died. A number of the passengers was then placed in emergency barracks and all were attacked by the dread disease. In the meantime the Melbourne doctors differed as to the nature of the sickness, some saying it was variola or true smallpox, whilst others asserted that it was only varicella or chickenpox. However, by whatever name it might be called, there could be no question that the utmost precaution ought to be taken to prevent its spread. Tents were pitched in the Royal Park and the immigrants were removed to that district in spite of strong protests by the northern suburbs. The excitement increased when the disease broke out in Greensborough where two men died. Then cases occurred in the city: a woman died in Latrobe Street and a man in Queensberry Street.

The whole country was by this time worked into a state of intense excitement. Anyone arriving at a country town from Melbourne was looked upon with suspicion and watched anxiously for many days afterwards. In the house in Latrobe Street, where the man died of smallpox, lodged a Mrs. Hanks, the wife of a quartz miner residing at Walhalla; her husband came to Melbourne to fetch his wife home.

Now, at that time, the fertile part of Gippsland from Berwick to Traralgon, was

covered with dense almost impenetrable scrub. Through this, a track was cut, uniting Melbourne with Sale, and along this track one of Cobbs' coaches would take the weary travellers to distant Gippsland. An old Gippslander, as he sits gazing out of the train which takes him the whole distance in a few hours can hardly help thinking of the old coaching days when two long weary days were taken up, crawling at a snail's pace through the "Glue Pot" and other delightful mudcovered parts of that wretched road. At times, the coach would be completely stopped, and the monotony of the journey enhanced by the passengers having to alight and help the vehicle out of the mud hole, and then to tramp along the heavy road uphill with the rain pouring in torrents: this is no fancy picture; it was a hard fact.

Over this road, Mr. Hanks, his wife and boy travelled as far as Shady Creek, a small settlement twenty miles from Walhalla; the remainder of the journey being performed on horseback. By the time they had reached Walhalla the woman was quite broken down and became delirious. Hanks immediately called in Dr. Hadden, an old veteran of medicine who had passed his apprenticeship on the frightful fight-for-life between the unfortunate of Skibborn and the dread scourges of hunger, fever and smallpox during the Irish famine. Dr. Hadden at once pronounced her disease to be smallpox. You can all understand the terror created amongst the inhabitants when the announcement was spread abroad.

It is requisite to explain that Walhalla was then quite isolated from the rest of the world, a township of about 2000 souls, the houses huddled together in the bottom of a deep gorge: only two tracks to it: one from Shady Creek (20 miles) and the other from Tocneabbie (20 miles distant). So close were

the houses that it was quite certain that, if the disease were allowed to spread, no one could hope to escape. A public meeting was held, at which a committee was nominated with full power to take what steps they might deem necessary. No expense was to be spared, all present guaranteeing to be responsible for the money. A number of young men were told off to prevent anyone from entering or leaving the Junction Hotel where the Hanks were staying.

From: "A TALE OF OLD WALHALLA" - H.T. Tisdall

The next morning Dr. Hadden went to visit his patient, but found that the Hanks family had managed to escape during the night. Consternation reigned through the township. The infuriated miners were so wild with the landlord that it was with great difficulty that they were restrained from wrecking the hotel. It was soon discovered that the Hanks family had gained their own cottage situated in the centre of a quarter acre allotment up the left hand branch of Stringer's Creek. The committee immediately had the whole allotment surrounded with a closely boarded eight foot fence. At the end were placed two small sheds, one on the inside and one on the outside of the fence. When the doctor visited his patient, he stripped in the outside hut, hung up his clothes, stepped through into the inside shed put on some old garments, and made his visit. He reversed the order of procedure when leaving. The sheds were inundated with carbolic and other disinfectants.

Food, clothes and firing were supplied with the greatest precautions, the constable alone leaving them at the sheds, where Hanks had to fetch it, and carry the water from the creek. The policeman and two of the committee were always on the spot, night and day. No one who had heard, as they did, the screams of the unfortunate woman would have doubted that hers was the worst kind of virulent smallpox.

Then the boy became seized with a fever, and poor Hanks had to wait on both patients till he too had to give up and take to his bed. It became absolutely necessary for the committee to find a nurse for the patients, but no one would undertake the duty at any price. At length one of them thought of an old woman who gained a precarious living by fossicking for gold out of some alluvial clay up to the right hand bank. She was interviewed by some of the committee; she bargained for £20, and a free passage to Tasmania.

It was agreed that all the inhabitants should be vaccinated. There was a firewood tramway cut out of the side of the hill about 150 feet above the surface of the creek; it extended along the opposite side from Hanks cottage. Along this tramway crowds of people, with one arm tied up, were to be seen walking along, timidly even at that distance, and gazing down at the tainted house. This continued for three weeks, during which time Hanks recovered, when the town was again thrown into consternation by his wife's death.

The committee hardly knew what to do about the funeral. In the first place, the cemetery was at the other end of the township from Hanks' house, and as the hills rose up abruptly from the side of the creek, it was evident that the body would have to be brought through the township. This, the miners were determined to resist to the uttermost. Secondly, no one could be prevailed upon at first to carry the corpse.

However, liberal offers of reward overcame the second difficulty, and four men agreed to carry the corpse. But the trouble was, where? The miners remained firm in the determination of not allowing the funeral to go through the township, and as the last extremity, it was arranged that the four men

should get the coffin up the hill directly above the cottage. The last resting place of the unfortunate woman was dug and surrounded by a strong picket fence which stands to the present day. The four men, well primed within with whisky and without with carbolic acid, commenced the feat of conveying the corpse to its destination up the almost inaccessible mountain, and performed their task after hours of strenuous toil. Hundreds of the inhabitants were collected at a safe distance on the opposite tramway gazing at the unique funeral with bated breath. When the men returned they entered the shed at the gate of the cottage and after bathing in water saturated with carbolic, reclad themselves with an entire new outfit.