

The Morwell Historical Society News.

(Produced by.....I. T. Maddern, 12 Avondale Crescent, Morwell, Victoria, 3840)

Volume 11.....1972.

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The Morwell Historical Society News.

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Membership Fees.

Annual Subscription.....\$ 1-00  
Life Membership.....\$10-00

Treasurer.....Mrs. G. Taylor, 17 Denise Street, Morwell, 3840.

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Mr. A. Ludeke, Morwell, 3840	Mrs. A. Wiens, Morwell, 3840.

We also gratefully acknowledge the generous donation of \$10-00  
(to help pay our postal expenses) from Miss C. L. Dossiter, of 8 Alfred Street,  
Kew, 3101. Miss Dossiter, also one of our life-members, has been one of  
our strongest supporters for many years.



Latrobe Valley Historical Groups.

Moe Historical Society...Secretary - Mr. A. Ringin, 3 Carbine Street, Moe.

Moe National Trust.....Secretary - Mr. T. O'Callaghan, 21 Fowler St., Moe.

Morwell Historical Society...Secretary - Mr. A. Ludeke, 437 Princes Hy., Morwell.

The Annual General Meeting of the Morwell Historical Society will be held at Morwell High School, Monday, 27th. March, commencing at 8 p.m.

Traralgon Historical Society...Secretary - Mrs. V. Plant, 114 Grey St., Traralgon.

The Annual General Meeting of the Traralgon Historical Society will be held at the City Reception Rooms, Traralgon, Tuesday, 28th. March, commencing at 8.00 p.m.

Programme for 1972.

We give below the programme for 1972 arranged by the Traralgon Historical Society, inviting the members of all the other Latrobe Valley Historical Groups to take part.

Tuesday, 28th. March, 1972.

Tenth Annual General Meeting of the Traralgon Historical Society, at the City Reception Rooms, 8.00 p.m.

Dr. T. A. McLean will give an address on "The Journeys of Angus McMillan."

Sunday, 16th. April, 1972.

Excursion to Tom's Cap, the height from which Angus McMillan first saw the coast, and the site of Port Albert, February 1841.

Cars leave the Traralgon Post Office at 11.30 a.m. Bring your own picnic lunch and afternoon tea.

All parties are asked to assemble at Tom's Cap at 2.00 p.m.

It is hoped that we will be able to visit Cansick's Lookout, also.

Monday, 17th. April, 1972.

Monthly Meeting of the Traralgon Historical Society at the City Reception Rooms, 8.00 p.m.

Guest Speaker.....Mr. Kenneth Cox of Melbourne will talk on "Angus McMillan, the Man."

Tuesday, 23rd. May, 1972.

Monthly Meeting of the Traralgon Historical Society at the City Reception Rooms, 8.00 p.m.

Guest Speaker...Mr. Terry Rogers -- "History of Currency".

Tuesday, 3rd. June, 1972.

Monthly Meeting of the Traralgon Historical Society, 8.00 p.m.

Guest Speaker...Miss Jean Galbraith -- "Tyers".

Tuesday, 25th. July, 1972. ....Monthly Meeting.

Guest Speaker... Mr. D. Macreadie -- "Covarr and District".

Tuesday, 22nd. August, 1972....Monthly Meeting.

Topic....."The Swing Bridge in Sale."

Friday, 22nd. September, 1972...Annual Dinner at Phelan's, Traralgon.

October, 1972.....Still to be arranged.

November, 1972.....Excursion to the home of Mrs. Ormond Foster, Boisdale.

December, 1972 ....Christmas Party, Tuesday, 12th. December.

The Morwell Historical Society News, Vol. 11; No. 1 .....15/2/72.

Melbourne to England, by Sailing Ship, round Cape Horn.

The Diary of W.H.W. Payne, 1893.

Preliminary Comments.

William Herbert Webster Payne, 1875-1926, was the eldest son of Captain Herbert William Glendining Payne and Mrs. Elizabeth Amy Cathcart Payne (nee Webster), the first settlers at Budgeree, near Boolarra, south of Morwell. He was born at sea, as his young parents were on their way from Japan to Australia. Something of the story of the Payne family was given in the Morwell Historical Society News, Volume 5 (1966), Pages 7 to 10.

The Diary, 21/4/1893 to 12/8/1893.

The diary is simply a day by day account of the journey to England, by William Payne, a young man 18 years old, and a passenger on board the sailing ship "Loch Garry", travelling the route round Cape Horn.

The diary is incomplete, stopping at the last page of the exercise book, the last entry being dated Friday, 28th. July, 1893, when the vessel was still in the North Atlantic Ocean, somewhere in the vicinity of the Azores, and approximately 2,500 miles (or 15 days) from its destination, England. The original diary is held by Mrs. Keat of Morwell, a grandchild of the diarist. She also holds a second book, which is merely a more carefully written transcript of the original, but it also includes an introduction, which indicates that the diary was continued right up to the end of the voyage. It seems likely, therefore, that the final part was written in another book, or, perhaps, on loose sheets of paper, and that this section has been lost.

The Route.

In the daily entries, William Payne gives, religiously, every day, the latitude and longitude, and from these bearings we can plot the course taken. After leaving Bass Strait, the ship was taken a long way south to Latitude 52, close to the Auckland Islands, and about 400 miles south of New Zealand. From there, the course was approximately due east to Cape Horn, and then along the eastern coast of South America until the North Atlantic Ocean was reached.

The best progress made was on Monday, 15/5/1893, when the ship covered 244 miles in the one day. On the other hand, there were bad days, with little wind or unfavourable winds, and the ship travelled less than 100 miles - distances of 80, or 62, or 45 miles; and on one occasion, there was even a negative result, and they were driven backwards for 35 miles.

The Ship, the "Loch Garry".

William Payne says that the "Loch Garry" was built in Glasgow and that this was its eighteenth voyage. It was a vessel of 1,490 tons, with Captain James Horne in charge. He adds, "It is said to be the finest sailing ship afloat!"

The Passengers.

He lists by name only the saloon passengers, seven in all, consisting of three ladies and four gentlemen. They were:

Miss J. Holms	Mr. W. Holms
Miss M. A. McComas	Mr. H. Sabine
Miss A. McComas	Mr. J. O'Niel
	Mr. W.H.W. Payne.

There were 11 second-class passengers - six adults and five children, but their names are not listed, and they are seldom mentioned again, after the introductory page giving the general details of the ship.

The Ship's Officers.

Captain.....	James Horne
First Mate.....	Mr. McIntyre
Second Mate.....	Mr. Moet
Third Mate.....	Mr. Wilkie ( a young man of 19)

Preparations for the Departure.

Tuesday, 18/4/1893...First day on board at the Pier. Got my things arranged.

Wednesday, 19/4/1893...This morning I got my first instruction in the game called "Chess", which is intricate but nice.

The Payne Travel Diary, 1893.

Thursday, 20/4/1893....Lovely weather for the start. The Captain was on shore till 5.00 p.m. When he came on board, the Loch Garry was pulled away from the Pier by the steam tug, "Racer", and we are now lying in Hobson's Bay, some little distance from the Pier. I had a walk in Williamstown in the forenoon - my last walk in Australia for ever, I hope. Mr. Howes, true to his word, was on the Pier at about 11.00 this morning to see me off. There were many people watching our departure, and, as I had only one friend in that throng, all my attention was taken up in waving to Mr. Howes, who, in return, was waving back to me with his hat, until we could discern each other no longer.

Several people bidding farewell to their friends in the Saloon were almost too late in quitting the ship. The sailors sang songs and cheered loudly during the whole process. A boat, with a sail set, came alongside at about 4.00 p.m. with all our precious livestock, which the Captain had procured for our sustenance during the voyage. There are, I think, some dozen sheep, half a dozen pigs, five large coops of poultry, and one of ducks. The tug, "Racer" is due to return at 1 a.m. tomorrow.

Friday, 21/4/1893. I finished a letter this morning ready for the Pilot to post. I was awakened by the singing of the sailors, last night, so got up, after two hours sleeping, went on deck, and saw that we were on the point of starting. After we had been travelling down the Bay for an hour or so, and since it was so foggy that there was nothing to see, the Captain advised me to turn in again, and to get up at daylight to see the Heads, still 40 miles away. I did so, and saw Sarrento and the Heads. I joined with some of the passengers in pulling some ropes to hoist the yards. The sailors were hauling the rope to a Jacobite song, which started with the lines:

"Victoria sits in Charlie's chair;  
We know she has no business there."

A little distance outside the Heads, the tow-line was cast off, and the tug left us. The Pilot, taking the mail, left in a small boat for the Pilots' cutter, lying at some distance from us, with her sails set. The Pilot was rowed across by two men. The sea was rather rough.

I went below and had a hearty breakfast with the Captain, the officers, meanwhile, seeing to the setting of the sails, since we were under bare poles when cast off by the tug.

We had a good view of both sides of the Heads as we passed through, sighting Queenscliff and other places - about 8.00 a.m. At the Heads, there was some rough water, which Captain Horne said was known as "The Ripples". At this point, the ship pitched and tossed violently. I liked it very much. We sighted Cape Schank this morning, sailing along at a moderate pace, for the wind was in a good direction, our course being east by south all day. I have been using the Captain's telescope at intervals during the day.

At the "Ripples", Mr. Holms put a line overboard, trying to catch some barracoota, but was unsuccessful. I saw what Captain Horne called a sea-serpent, but it soon disappeared. Miss Holms has been sick, and in her bunk, ever since we came on board, but came on deck, this afternoon. It is stormy tonight, with vivid flashes of lightning to the south, over Tasmania. I find I like the sea very much, and I am enjoying myself immensely. The barometer is rather low - 29.89.

Saturday, 22/4/1893.... Distance travelled, 200 miles. Last night I had a momentary feeling of being about to vomit. I quickly undressed, got down a lemon, went to bed and felt better. But this morning, I thought it prudent not to take any breakfast.

Captain Horne took the route through Bass Strait instead of the one south of Tasmania, because the wind was favourable. We passed Wilson's Promontory between 10 a.m. and 12 noon. Through the Captain's telescope, I could see the lighthouse and the keeper's residence. This will be our last view of any part of Australia, the land fading from sight about 4.00 p.m. this afternoon. This evening, I was the first to sight a large ship, travelling north, probably to Sydney. Like us, she had three masts. Presumably, she was travelling from Tasmania. We passed the Kent Group of islands this morning, and several other small islands and rocks, one very treacherous one being called "The Devil's Tower". We got through Bass Strait this afternoon. Cold outside, but not inside, by the stove.

Sunday, 23/4/1893....40.26S; 150.30E; 202 m.; B. - 29.87; Temp. - 64.

No land seen today. I did not want any breakfast this morning.

23/4/1893 (cont.) As it was not very cold, I had my first cold bath. None of the others are bathing yet, not even the Captain. We saw an albatross this morning. We had a very nice service at 11.00 a.m. conducted by the Captain, who read the 13th. chapter of St. John, and preached from the first verse. The second-class passengers and all the sailors except those on duty attended the service.

Monday, 24/4/1893... 41.21 S; 152-54 E; 200 m.; B - 29.96; Temp - 70

Our food is very good. Yesterday, we had six courses at dinner - soup, two varieties of meat - fresh roast and boiled corned-beef -; two kinds of pudding - plum duff and blanc-mange; two sorts of nuts and dried grapes; and finally wine, for anyone who wanted it.

A lovely day; the ocean is quiet and blue; many albatrosses about.

I had another cold bath today before breakfast.

One of the Misses McComas gave us a little music this evening - playing the piano and singing. The Second Officer, Mr. Moet climbed to the top of the mizzen mast to see if any ships were in sight, but there was none. Our little company has been playing chess, draughts and cards. I have slept wonderfully well, these last few nights.

Tuesday, 25/4/1893... 42.46 S; 154.35 E; 165 m.; B. - 29.95; Temp.- 66

Wednesday, 26/4/1893... 44.55 S; 157.00 E; 164 m.; B.-29.94; Temp.- 64

Thursday, 27/4/1893... 45.30 S; 157.42 E; 48 m.; B. -30.08; Temp.- 80 to 60.

Becalmed for 12 hours. Water as smooth as a mill-pond. A dense fog about midday. Mr. Holms shot a Cape Hen, a bird which is very numerous on the ocean, as also are Moley Hawks, which are types of sea-birds. Today, we have been playing a card-game called "cribbage".

This evening one of the Misses McComas gave us some nice piano music.

Two of the sheep died today. After a post-mortem, they were thrown overboard, where the birds eagerly devoured them. The crew could find no cause of death, so the Captain, thinking that my farm experience might be a help, asked me to examine the dissected sheep. I came to the conclusion that they were too fat, and had died for that reason.

Friday, 28/4/1893... 47.50 S; 157.14 E; 141 m.; B.- 30.18; Temp. - 56.

Weather cold but sea smooth. Mr. Holms and Mr. McIntyre (First Officer) did some shooting today, firing shot from pistols at the birds hovering round, killing several. We saw three porpoises this morning.

The cook killed a sheep this morning, and dressed it.

Saturday, 29/4/1893... 49.30 S; 158.56 E; 120 m.; B. 30.19; Temp.- 54.

A rather cold, miserable, very cloudy day. Slept in my cabin during the afternoon, waking up at supper-time, feeling very cold. The weather has been extraordinarily calm. The Captain says that the longest daily run he has had in this vessel was 336 miles, when outward bound for Australia last time, when he had splendid winds.

Sunday, 30/4/1893... 50.33 S; 159.48 E; 71 miles; B.- 30.10; Temp.- 56

Very foggy this morning; very cold this afternoon. Becalmed for eight hours, and then moved at a slow rate. Mr. McIntyre heard and saw a whale, early this morning. I saw another after breakfast, close to the stern. The ocean is very smooth and quiet.

Divine Service at 11.00 a.m., Captain Horne reading Joshua, Chap.3.

Monday, 1/5/1893... 51.09 S; 160.44 E; 54 m.; B.- 30.13; Temp. - 54.

A little sunshine, this morning, but generally it is cold and cloudy. A heavy fog surrounds us tonight. I had my first shave on board ship today. The Boatswain and several sailors have been sick, and the Captain has been prescribing for them

Tuesday, 2/5/1893 .. 51.55 S; 163.42 E; 120 m.; B.- 30.04; Temp. - 51.

Cold and cloudy, and a very foggy, damp atmosphere. Captain Horne could not get a view of the sun with his sextant, so the ship's position had to be worked out by dead reckoning, which is not very accurate at times. Mr Holms has been sick but is now improving. I am sorry to say our case of eating apples is all finished. Had a long talk with Captain Horne We are gradually getting near the south of New Zealand.

Wednesday, 3/5/1893... 51.48 S; 167.24 E; 138 m.; B.- 29.84; Temp.- 52.

Rather cold, and very cloudy and foggy, every day now. The ship is going along canted to one side, just now. Wind northerly. We are now abreast the Auckland Islands, south of New Zealand, but 100 miles away from them, so cannot see them.

Thursday, 4/5/1893... 51.48 S; 172.07 E; 180m., B.- 29.78; Temp.- 53.

A very thick fog has developed; we are unable to see more than a ship's length. The fog-horn is blown every two minutes all through the night. Because of the damp fog, it was too wet to venture on deck today. We are now in a straight line for Cape Horn, 4,000 miles away.



4/5/1893 (cont.)...We are at a standstill just now, for the wind has died away. The sailors have been rolling up the sails in case of a sudden storm, as the weather in these latitudes changes suddenly.

Reading today, and cribbage in the evening. Captain Horne says that Thursday on board ship is called "Rope-Yarn Sunday". It is the custom to have a better dinner that day than on the other week-days. So, today, we had roast duck, nuts, and dried grapes extra to ordinary fare.

Friday, 5/5/1893...51.48 S; 174.35 E; 85 m.; B.- 29.47; Temp.- 53.

A poor wind from the south. Not so cold today, but a constant drizzle of rain, making it very disagreeable on deck. We saw some Cape Pigeons flying past today. We saw a large patch of seaweed in the distance.

Saturday, 6/5/72...51.24 S; 179.41 E; 192 m.; B.-29.61; Temp.- 53

We crossed the 180th. meridian this afternoon, or, as Captain Horne put it, "the top of the hill". So, we repeat a day, tomorrow being Saturday, 6th. May again, instead of Sunday, 7th. The time in Australia is 12 hours ahead of us, and the time in England 12 hours behind us.

Saturday, 6/5/1893 (repeated)..51.00 S; 177.10 W; 122 m.; B.- 29-92; Temp.-50.

A lovely day; the fog has cleared away. The Third Officer, Mr. Wilkie, killed a pig after dinner. Mr. Wilkie is only 19 years old. A lot of albatrosses followed us today. The ducks were let out for a run, but when being rounded up for the coop again, one 'escaped' overboard.

Sunday, 7/5/1893...52.00 S; 173.35 W; 144 m.; B.- 29.86; Temp.- 51.

Rather a nice day. A service at 11.00 as usual, but things a little awkward and service short, on account of the ship lying over to some extent. Sometimes, when the ship gives a lurch at meal-times, everything slips over to one side of the table against the "fiddles". One is liable to receive someone else's soup over him. However, I am learning the balancing business pretty well.

The Captain read from Chapter 8, St. Mark, Verses 28 to 34, and preached on the 34th. verse. He has a book of sermons to read from. Miss McComas played the accompaniment on the piano for the hymns.

The elder Miss McComas is an inland missionary in India, away for her health just now, but will probably return.

Monday, 8/5/1893...52.29 S; 170.36 W; 115 m.; B. 29.61; Temp.- 52.

Cold, wet and foggy. Unfavourable winds have driven us 180 miles south of our course. The fowls have been dying off wholesale, probably due to the cold. Talked with Miss Holms and also the Carpenter. We are 3 weeks away from Cape Horn. Sand is sprinkled on the decks when wet.

Tuesday, 9/5/72...52.31 S; 168.33 W; 75 m.; B.- 29.40; Temp.- 52.

Cold and cloudy day; very foggy evening and decks are wet.

Mr. Holms caught a large albatross with a bait and hook, and killed it. The two largest wing bones were over a foot in length. Mr. Holms has a little hair-cutting machine, for which he paid four shillings, and which one can easily use on oneself.

Mr. Wilkie, the young Third Mate is a tremendous laugher. It seems strange that one so young should be ordering about experienced men of 40 and 50. Becalmed for eight hours today, when, suddenly, a gale sprang up at 8.00 p.m. We are rolling about 12 degrees from the perpendicular. Foaming billows are lashing up against my port-hole. The Captain had forecast this change, and ran on deck at once, calling on all hands to furl the sails. The wind is now howling through the shrouds.

Wednesday, 11/5/1893..53.41 S; 165.07 W; 141 m.; B. - 28.95; T. - 50.

Thursday, 11/5/1893...52.18 S; 161.40 W; 150 m.; B.29.06; Temp - 47.

I like this rough weather, although I could not sleep soundly through being rolled about in my bunk. There is also the constant creaking of the walls, and the straining of the floors, until one would imagine the ship was going to break in pieces. The ship is rolling 12 degrees each side of the perpendicular. The highest of the breakers landed a quantity of water on the main deck, which is now frequently flooded. This evening, as we were seated round the fire, our chairs began to slide, and carried us away to the other side of the room. A big wave swept over Mr. Wilkie, up on deck on the four-hour watch. Mr. McIntyre said the Captain of the "Frieda Mahn" (which we saw lying at Williamstown), on the way out last voyage, was washed overboard by such a squall, and drowned. His brother, who was First Mate, brought the ship safely into Melbourne. I have an extra blanket on my bed; the cold is getting a little sharpish, now.

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Friday, 12/5/1893...49.56 S; 156.48 W; 233 m.; B. - 29.57; Temp.- 49.

Our longest daily run so far. The ship was rolling 14 degrees this morning, and 13 tonight. Wind still strong but abating. Jimmy Ducks was knocked down by a big sea, while carrying two binnacle lamps. The lamps were washed overboard, but Jimmy saved himself by clutching at some ropes.

Saturday, 13/5/1893...48.30 S; 152.33 W; 188 m.; B.- 29.82; Temp.- 57.

A nice day, and some welcome sunshine at noon. We should reach Cape Horn in 15 or 16 days. The sea birds follow us for the kitchen refuse. The Cook killed a pig today. More of the fowls are moping and dying.

Sunday, 14/5/1893...48.03 S; 147.18 W; 214 m.; B.- 29.66; Temp.- 55.

Very good service as usual - 43rd. Chapter Isaiah, and Verses 5 and 6 of Proverbs, Chapter 3. A ten degree roll each side, today. I just escaped a wetting when the vessel shipped a big sea on the main deck.

Monday, 15/5/1893...48.30 S; 141.16 W; 244 m.; B. 29.56; Temp. 54.

Our longest daily run so far. Vessel rolling about 12 degrees. I pulled ropes with the sailors today, for exercise. The Captain says he may be starting to condense water, tomorrow, since fresh water is getting short.

Tuesday, 16/5/1893...48.52 S; 136.35 W; 186 m.; B.- 29.49; Temp.- 52.

Heavier rolling today - 25 degrees on one side; 15 on the other. The other day, Mr. O'Niel was sitting on a stool by the fire, when suddenly, he found himself hurled unceremoniously, over and over, past the fire, from one side of the ship to the other. A huge sea had struck the ship, broadsides on. There was a terrific hail-storm this afternoon. The ship plunges violently, so that it is impossible to write in ink. I must use pencil till the weather becomes calmer. Three of us went up on the poop deck to see the awe-inspiring, mountainous waves. Miss Annie McComas emerged from the saloon, just as the ship gave an extra big pitch. She would have had a nasty fall had not we caught her. She might even have fallen overboard. After that, the passengers were ordered below. In the afternoon, when I was in my cabin, I saw the sea drop away, and immediately, there was a tremendous roll, my port going under the water for some time. The roll did much damage, for the ship took in a monstrous sea, which flooded the main deck, stove in the Cook's galley, smashed the door in, and completely destroyed the food he had been preparing for supper. It put out the fires and nearly drowned the Cook and his assistant. Most of the sailors on deck were caught unawares, hurled on deck, and washed about from side to side, finally appearing like a lot of drowned rats. I saw one man nearly torn from a rope to which he was hanging for dear life. Mr. McIntyre was knocked down and his cabin flooded with eight inches of water, as also was the pantry opposite. The apprentices' cabin came off worst of all, for it was simply deluged, the door burst in, and all their things afloat.

It is now blowing violently, and there are two inches of sleet on deck. The poor sailors have been served with rum to keep their spirits up, for they cannot sleep. There is a lot of lightning ahead, which makes the Captain think that worse weather is to come. We are about half-way between Cape Horn and Melbourne.

Wednesday, 17/5/1893...48.58 S; 131.29 W; 201 m.; B.- 29.22; Temp. - 47.

Cold, the temperature on the poop at noon being down to 37 degrees. We experienced our biggest roll yet, today - 20 degrees each side, making us think she was going over altogether. A huge wave crashed upon us causing confusion in the saloon. Mr. Sabine fell with a crash. Miss Annie McComas was thrown, almost flying, from one side of the saloon right into Mr. O'Niel's cabin, the chair on which she had been sitting, tumbling after her. It was very dark this afternoon, and it rained, hailed and snowed the whole time.

The Carpenter always has plenty to do. He is also condensing water.

Thursday, 18/5/1893...48.26 S; 127.38 W; 155 m.; B.- 29.00; Temp.- 46.

Squally last night, and a high sea. This evening we had one enormous swing of 40 degrees altogether from side to side. Snow clouds about. I have a bad cold and did not get up till midday. One lurch today threw Miss Holms with great force against the panelling. Lamps are lit at 4.00 p.m., since it gets dark so early in these latitudes.

Friday, 19/5/1893...48.26 S; 122.36 W; 200 m.; B.- 29.51; Temp.- 50.

Dead reckoning today, for the sun has not been sighted. Not so cold today, for the wind is coming from the north

Saturday, 20/5/1893...48.29 S; 117.34 W; 200 m.; B. - 29.68; Temp.-51.

Weather much warmer allowing us to be on deck with pleasure. I read an interesting book, today - "John Holdsworth" by W. C. Russell.



Saturday, 20/5/1893 (cont.) I find Mr. Sabine, a barrister, is a very obstinate man. He is about 30 years old, and is an invalid, suffering from some weakness in the legs. He also seems irritated by anyone coming close to him.

Some time ago, when we were playing cards with the two Misses McComas, I said something and he complained, saying, "Now Willie, we don't want any talking while we are playing cards". He had also been insulting at other times. Two nights ago, he began chattering during a card game, and I used his own words to him, "Now, Mr. Sabine, we don't want any talking while we are playing cards". He looked very confused and said, "Don't be rude". And I answered him that the pot cannot call the kettle black. He tries to be unpleasant to me, and to humiliate me before the ladies.

Sunday, 21/5/1893... 49.57 S; 111.18 W; 262 m.; B.- 29.26; Temp.- 51.

Our longest run for a day, so far. A gale sprang up early this morning, causing the taking in of nearly all the sails. There was no service, since the crew was so busy at work.

Monday, 22/5/1893... 50.11 S; 106.22 W; 190 m.; B.- 29.82; Temp.- 49

Captain Horne says we are 11 days behind - or about 2,000 miles.

Tuesday, 23/5/1893... 50.57 S; 102.23 W; 159 m.; B.- 29.56; Temp.- 49.

Another gale sprang up this morning, with the wind from the S.W.

Wednesday, 24/5/1893... 51.37 S; 98.00 W; 167 m.; B.- 30.09; Temp.- 49.

Nice day, not at all cold. Did some sewing this morning. The water makes the indian rubber come off my shoes, so I had the nails ground down.

Thursday, 25/5/1893... 52.17 S; 93.19 W; 178 m.; B.- 30.10; Temp.- 49

A beautiful day, not a bit cold. Did not have to shift a sail. The water-condensing engine is working every day. A fight today between the Boatswain and a powerful apprentice boy, named Morrison. The boy was washing his clothes in a wooden bucket in front of the Boatswain's door, when the latter caught up the bucket of dirty water and flung it over Morrison.

Friday, 26/5/1893... 54.19 S; 88.16 W; 220 m.; B.- 29.60; Temp.- 49.

A wet day, but not cold. A westerly gale blew up during the night but I slept through it. Then, we were nearly becalmed this evening. Played chess with Mr. O'Neil; read a book called, "The Life of a British Sailor"; and played chess and cribbage in the evening. A beautiful, clear night. One of the second-class passengers is nearly dead with consumption.

Saturday, 27/5/1893... 53.59 S; 82.30 W; 204 m.; B.- 29.9; Temp.- 47

A strong gale again, early this morning, the ship rolling 15 degrees each side. High seas flooded the main deck up to six inches, but the greater part rushes out at the next roll. It sinks the ship a few inches for the time. Captain Horne says this is nothing, and that he has had a flooding of four or five feet. My book is very interesting.

Sunday, 28/5/1893... 54.45 S; 77.24 W; 181 m.; B.- 30.03; Temp.- 47.

A pleasant enough day. Service in the morning (Isaiah 55). Straight after dinner, there was a cry of "Sail", and we saw a barque - the masts and sails first, and then the hull came into view - travelling westwards. She was six miles away and making slow progress against the wind, so we altered course to come within 2½ miles and to signal. It was the "Thetis" from Dundee, apparently making for some American port. She asked us what the longitude was, and then altered course. It was in sight between 2.00 and 4.30 p.m., when it began to get dark. The Captain, who has a book on ships, says this one is about the same size as ours.

Monday, 29/5/1893... 56.50 S; 75.00 W; 150 m.; B.- 29.27; Temp.- 47

A strong gale last night and all sails taken in but one top-sail. So, this morning, we were at a standstill, having gone a long way south in the night. The wind was too strong to make any headway under it, and we were just lying-to a while until the heaviest of it was over. We are not moving forward at all, but being blown, bodily, a little sideways. We experienced the heaviest rolling yet - 44 degrees altogether. It was a N.W. gale and blew for 12 hours, taking us a long way further south than the Captain wished. We are now in the same latitude as Cape Horn. Some water came on board today, the worst, about a foot all over the deck. It has been not at all cold, today, but quite mild, just like the climate of Gippsland. The days are short now. The lamps are lit at 4.00 p.m. and kept on till 9.00 a.m.

Tuesday, 30/5/1893... 56.02 S; 68.06 W; 241 m.; B.- 29.44; Temp.- 46.

We are fully a week behind. Captain Horne says he has never experienced such a bad start in all his voyages as we had at the beginning.

30/5/1893 (cont.)

On deck today, the thermometer registered 43 degrees, which showed that it was not very cold. Another indication of the continuing warmth is that I have not had to use my rug or cap or gloves, so far.

Let me tell you where we are. About 9 o'clock, this morning, just after breakfast, we sighted the Diego Ramirez Isles, east of us. Land was seen soon after that on our port side, and as we got nearer to it, we could distinctly discern, with the field glasses, against the very pale-blue sky, high and rugged snow-capped mountains. They were very white with snow. It was the coast of the southern part of South America. In half an hour or so more, we discovered the long looked-for, formidable rock, called Cape Horn. The wind was not favourable to us, having driven us much further from the Cape than the Captain wished to be. The distance at which we passed the Cape was about six miles, and this was at five o'clock in the evening. The moon was shining - but we had looked at the Cape, with glasses, before it got dark. As we came nearer to it, it appeared like a huge lion. Captain Horne says that there is an island close to it, on which is the figure of an old man leaning over the rock. There is a rock on the east side of Cape Horn called "The Cloven Cliff". So, we are round Cape Horn at last.

We saw a beautiful sunset this evening, far away over the distant, snow-covered peaks. It was most lovely, and lasted till six o'clock.

About this time, we saw a large ship, about our own size, come into view, on our port bow. She had no lights out visible - but we had ours hung out. She passed our ship about a mile and a half from us, between us and the Cape. She was coming from the opposite direction, and we could plainly see all the hull and masts, with the glass, although it was a little dark. I watched her recede; we parted very quickly.

They have finished condensing water now, because the supply of coal has run short. Just enough is left for cooking with, and for the stove.

Miss Holms has had a bad headache, and has not been well for two days. She was not able to come up on deck to see the land.

Wednesday, 31/5/1893...55.53 S; 63.43 W; 150 m.; B.- 29.42; Temp.- 48.

We are steering north with a light, easterly wind. The water is very black owing to the proximity of the land. Sighted just the top of Staten Is. this morning. Mr. McIntyre sighted a ship about 4.00 a.m. going in the opposite direction

Thursday, 1/6/1893...54.21 S; 61.45 W; 100 m.; B.- 29.50; Temp.- 45

This morning was the loveliest morning we have experienced since we left port. We are now about 100 miles off the Falkland Islands.

I had some games of chess with Mr. O'Niel, and one with the Captain, but was beaten badly.

Friday, 2/6/1893...54.43 S; 59.30 W. 82 m.; B.- 29.32; Temp.- 46.

We travelled our 82 miles from 12 noon yesterday to 12 midnight, when it came on to blow from the N.E., or right in our teeth. We have only the three lower-top-sails set ever since the wind began. The helm has been headed for the north, but we have made no progress the whole day. In fact, the gale has driven us farther back than we were last night. The ship has been rolling the worst we have had so far. We have all stayed indoors today, because it has been so squally and absolutely dangerous on the poop.

Saturday, 3/6/1893...54.32 S; 60.25 W; 33 m. back; B.-29.44; Temp- 44.

Our run today is absolutely nothing ahead; the wind has driven us 33 miles backwards towards the south. But this afternoon, we were able to get a start again. There is a quantity of snow on the poop just now. Mr. O'Niel has been making up some poetry about me, for Mr. Sabine to read. So, I composed 13 verses about Mr. Sabine.

Sunday, 4/6/1893...52.16 S; 56.47 W; 188 m.; B.- 29.34; Temp. 43.

We have had squalls of hail, sleet and snow all day. This afternoon, there was an extra heavy snowfall, leaving three inches of snow on the poop and main deck. The sailors indulged in a snow fight.

Divine service, as usual at 11.00 a.m.-- Psalm 145. The text was from Samuel, Chapter 1, Verses 2 and 30.

The sea has abated, and the Captain says the ship has reached 11 miles an hour, today. The water just seems to be flying past us. Foggy outside, tonight.

Monday, 5/6/1893...48.54 S; 55.17 W; 210 m.; B.- 29.50; Temp. - 44.

One of the finest days we have had, yet. Sun out in a blue sky. We are some hundreds of miles N.E. of the Falkland Is. We are in the Atlantic Ocean at last. Phosphorus in our wake makes the water look illuminated.

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Tuesday, 6/6/1893...46.00 S; 53.19 W; 192 m.; B.- 29.71; Temp.- 48

A lovely day, with clouds about. Steering N. by E., with the wind from the west all day. All the sails are set and we are going along gloriously, but not so quickly as she did coming out, Captain Horne says. The weather is getting quite warm now, and I shall begin my bathing again shortly.

Wednesday, 7/6/1893...43.17 S; 49.31 W.; 230 m.; B.- 29.64; Temp.- 51

The finest day we have yet had, and quite warm. A moderate sea this afternoon, but one monster wave came over on to the main deck, flooded it, and knocked down a sailor. I did some needle-work this morning - sewing on buttons and so forth. Miss Annie McComas has been suffering from neuralgia, the last couple of days. Very clear tonight, with stars shining brightly.

Thursday, 8/6/1893...41.45 S; 47.26 W.; 130 m.; B.- 29.77; Temp.- 52

Becalmed from early morning until 1.00 p.m. Mr. Holms caught a Moley Hawk with a bait on a line. It was admired by all passengers. These birds cannot raise themselves to fly without being in the water, and this one, alone on the deck looked a pitiful and helpless object. We let it go again over the side.

Friday, 9/6/1893...39.10 S; 44.09 W; 216 m.; B.- 29.18; Temp. - 56

I got my hair cut today (by one of the sailors), and also had a shave. Mr. Wilkie produced my poetry to the company, for me, tonight, and we had a great lot of fun over it. Miss Annie McComas wrote upon it, "Examined and found correct". She has been a school-teacher. I am just cutting one of my wisdom teeth - the left one in the upper jaw. We had some nice music last night, with Miss McComas at the piano, and Mr. Holms playing the flute. We are now in the same latitude as Melbourne is.

Saturday, 10/6/1893...36.51 S; 40.05 W; 237 m.; B.- 29.88; Temp.- 60

At times the ship was travelling at the rate of 12 miles an hour, today. The two Misses McComas gave us some very good music tonight, playing the piano and singing.

Sunday, 11/6/1893...34.04 S; 36.40 W; 236 m.; B.- 30.08; Temp.- 62.

Lovely day and beautiful sunset. Divine service today, and singing good. The fire was stopped this evening, and will not be used again, for a while, since it is becoming so warm now. We shall soon have to take to our light clothes. Captain Horne says we are now in the track of ships bound from Europe, by way of the Cape of Good Hope.

Monday, 12/6/1893... 31.28 S; 33.36: 219 m.; B.- 30.00; Temp.- 63.

Sticking very close to our N.E. course, with the wind, today, from the N.N.W. Most of us began bathing again, this morning; the water being at the temperature of about 60 degrees, which we can all enjoy. We had a game of throwing rope rings on to a stick in a stand, at a certain distance off. It is a Scottish game called Quoits.

Tuesday, 13/6/1893...30.12 S; 31.52 W; 118 m.; B.- 30.21; Temp.- 65

It has been very calm since the small hours, this morning - hence, the short day's run. The ocean was as smooth and as quiet as a mill-pond. The weather was so warm that I had to take to my silk coat for the first time.

Wednesday, 14/6/1893...30.09 S; 30.06 W; 92 m.; B.- 30.22; Temp.- 66

Still calm, and not a ripple to be seen. Sighted a ship this morning at six o'clock; it was a "homeward bounder". Not close enough to signal to.

Thursday, 15/6/1893.... 29.59 S; 28.17 W; 95 m.; B.- 30.25; Temp.- 68

Still very calm; the weather warm; the sky blue. We have been on deck all day, passing the time away under a large sail that the Captain rigged up for us, for shade. The days are getting much longer.

Friday, 16/6/1893.... 30.13 S; 26.80 W; 57 m.; B.- 30.22; Temp.- 66

Again the sea is calm and placid, and likely to continue so, says the Captain, who is not at all pleased with this weather - but it is splendid for the passengers. Owing to the head wind, we find we have been driven about 45 miles further south than we were three days ago, which is a sad loss. The run of 57 miles today was towards Africa.

Perhaps the most eventful day of our passage today, on account of the ships we saw, and the large whale which followed us.

When I got up this morning, two ships were in sight, one on our Port side, and the other to Starboard, both outward bound. The latter seemed to be a small barque, and was some distance away. We could see her masts and sails but not the hull. We are now right at the junction where outward and homeward bound ships are likely to meet. Immediately after breakfast, we went on deck and found the ship on our Port side, within half a mile of us.



16/6/1873 (cont.)

She turned out to be the "Cimba" of Dundee, from London, and bound for Sydney. She was sailing quickly and crossed our bows at about 8 chains distant, ahead. We were waving handkerchiefs to each other. We signalled that we wished them a pleasant voyage, and they answered, "Thanks". We crossed their wake in not less than two minutes. She is a ship of 1117 tons, and is commanded by Captain Fenister. When he could get a nice view of her, Mr. Holms, who has a camera and can photograph, took a photograph.

They asked us from the "Cimba" if we had spoke any other ships. Just then, another ship appeared on the Starboard bow. In about half an hour, the "Cimba" was drawing up to this other ship, which seemed to be homeward bound on the opposite tack to us.. She appeared to be a Flegilator on account of her having a tall chimney, which every now and then belched forth black smoke. A Flegilator is a ship that carries frozen meat, and this one, Captain Horne says, would very likely be from New Zealand.

We could pretty nearly understand the conversation between her and the "Cimba", which asked the "meat carrier" to report her all well at London. The "Cimba" was 44 days out from London, today.

I was standing close to the man at the wheel, when he turned suddenly and said, "I am not sure, but I think I hear a whale! Sure enough, in our wake was a monstrous whale, not far off in it, -- about 5 or 6 chains away. There was a general rush to see him when he came up to blow next, which he did in a few minutes. When he got quite near to the stern of the vessel, Mr. Holms took a photograph of him. He gave us his company for about two hours, when he seemed to make for the other ships. Captain Horne says he was fully 90 feet in length and about 16 feet in diameter, which are huge dimensions, but this is no exaggeration. He was a monster, and no mistake -- just like a small ship turned upside down. Mr. Holms got out his rifle and had some fun shooting at him, but he took no more heed of it than if they were mosquito bites. He is the largest living thing I have seen. Once, he came right under the stern of the ship, and we could see his form on both sides in the water. He came up alongside of the ship and showed us all his full length. He went backwards under the ship from the one side to the other, several times.

Saturday, 17/6/1893... 29.51 S; 25.27 W; 95 miles; B.- 30.14; Temp.-67.

The calm spell was broken this morning by a stronger N.E. wind. The run for today was 95 miles nearer Africa. I won four games of chess today.

They have been putting new rattlings on the ship, and will not be finished for some time yet.

I finished reading an Australian book today, entitled "Robbery under Arms", a first-rate story about bushrangers called Marston and Starlight's Gang. No ships or whales today.

Sunday, 18/6/1893... 28.48 S; 23.08 W; 137 m.; B.- 30.11; Temp.-68

Service as usual at 11.00 a.m. Miss McComas, who is a very nice lady, is going to hear me reading the Bible to her, every day.

All through this last week, we have not made 300 miles of latitude, the Captain says -- but the passengers would like to live here.

Monday, 19/6/1893... 27.27 S; 21.22 W; 131 m.; B.- 30.18; Temp.- 69.

The head wind is still prevailing. The run today is 131 miles, but of course, it is not much good, as we are not going enough to the North.

Tuesday, 20/6/1893... 26.32 S; 19.10 W; 127 m.; B.- 29.16; Temp.- 69

A repetition of yesterday; we have been steering East all day. We saw another whale last night.

Miss McComas, as well as instructing me in the Bible, is going to teach me the Catechism. She belongs to a Mission in India.

Wednesday, 21/6/1893... 26.18 S; 17.36 W; 90 m.; B.- 30.17; Temp.- 68

We are going straight for St. Helena now -- but I suppose this can't last much longer.

Thursday, 22/6/1893... 25.38 S; 16.00 W; 95 miles; B.- 30.17; Temp.- 69

A glorious day throughout. A dead calm tonight and the ship as still as possible. We are now within 700 miles of St. Helena, Captain Horne says, but I do not think we will get much closer, as we are about to meet the wind the Captain has been wishing for.

Friday, 23/6/1893... 24.45 S; 15.24 W; 62 m.; B.- 30.18; Temp.- 68.

During the night the wind changed right round, died away at noon, but started up again this evening, and we are moving at 4 knots in the right direction. We have been detained in these latitudes for a fortnight..

We will be in the Tropics tomorrow. A small whale was seen near the ship this morning.

Saturday, 24/6/1893... 22.50 S; 15.32 W; 116 m.; B.- 30.16; Temp.- 68.

Another glorious day. I played Chess with the Captain tonight, and for the first time won a game against him.

Miss McComas says that she does not expect to live long in India, when she goes back, because the climate there is so trying.

Sunday, 25/6/1893... 19.58 S; 15.54 W; 173 m.; B.- 30.13; Temp.- 70

Another beautiful day. Our course has been North. A good service this morning, and better attended than usual.

Monday, 26/6/1893... 17.43 S; 16.43 W; 143 m.; B.- 30.11; Temp.- 71

A little stronger wind today. Course is North by West. Notice that the latitude, longitude and distance all end in 43 today. The Carpenter is doing the poop up with pitch. We are making great preparations for fishing. We have not seen any flying-fish as yet.

Tuesday, 27/6/1893... 15.10 S; 17.54 W; 167 m.; B. - 30.10; Temp.- 72.

A little rain during the day, and heavy rain this evening. I wore today, the silk coat Uncle Hugh gave me.

Wednesday, 28/6/1893... 12.40 S; 19.12 W; 170 m.; B.- 30.07; Temp.- 73.

It rained very heavily last night. We have been steering N. by W. with the wind from the East. About 3.30 this afternoon, about 14 or 15 tremendous whales began to follow us, and did so for about half an hour. They were of a different shape from the others we saw.

A little while ago a bird called a "Boobie" was perched on one of the yard arms - resting, I suppose. One of the apprentices went up and brought it down. It must be a very sleepy sort of bird, for it made no attempt to fly away, when it was approached. The Captain thinks it has been blown from land out to sea. It will be released in the morning. It has a long beak and is about the size of a turkey.

Thursday, 29/6/1893... 9.30 S; 20.48 W; 213 m.; B.- 30.00; Temp.- 76.

Rather close and hot today. The whale that we saw yesterday spouted a great deal. I played two games of chess with the Captain, this morning, and won both games. They are painting the ship up ready to take into port.

Friday, 30/6.1893... 7.28 S; 22.00 W; 142 m.; B.-30.00; Temp.- 78

We had a large covering of canvas over the poop today to shelter us from the sun. I saw a whale in the distance, spouting. I also saw some flying fish today. They are only small things - about the size of a herring.

Some good music tonight. The Misses McComas sang and played the piano, and Mr. Holms sang and played the flute to accompany the piano.

Saturday, 1/7/1893... 5.35 S; 22.37 W; 120 m.; B.- 29.98; Temp.- 80.

We played cribbage tonight. The Captain had a 29 hand, which is the highest you can get. The Captain had a hammock swung under the spanker boom in the shade of the awning, for the ladies. It is about the greatest luxury that one can have on board ship in hot weather. We saw some large shell-fish today called the "Portuguese Man-of-War".

Sunday, 2/7/1893... 3.58 S; 24.06 W; 132 m.; B.- 29.96; Temp.- 79

I guessed the run right, again, this morning, the second time in succession. A beautiful day, somewhat cloudy, which is an advantage. The wind today is in the South-East, and we have been steering North.

A nice service on the poop, where it seems to be much cooler. Most of the second-class passengers were there, and also the apprentices were present.

We saw a lot of flying fish, this morning, and also a great number of jelly-fish called the "Portuguese man-of-war". Mr. Holmes and Mr. McIntyre each caught one. They have very long feelers on the under part of them. With one of these purple string-like things, one of them stung Mr. McIntyre. He said it felt like an electric shock. They sting like nettles. When they are in the water, they have a high sail, something the colour of the Portuguese flag, and it is from that they have received their name. They are just like a bladder with a thin, filmy skin for a sail on top, by means of which they seem to travel. They roll over now and then to wet the bladder and sail, which are above water, to keep them from drying up, I suppose. The bladder seems to be full of air, and is about the size of a large tumbler, tapering off at one end. Miss McComas got a sting, and I did too, to see what it was like. It was not very pleasant. They have brilliant colours when first taken out of the water, but the colour then soon goes. The sea yesterday morning was dotted all over with these tiny creatures. The feelers underneath are just like the roots of a plant and are about two feet long, or more.

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The Morwell Historical Society News.

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Editor.....I. T. Maddern, 12 Avondale Crescent, Morwell, Vic. 3840.

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The "News" for the Cost of Postage.

As we explained in our first issue for last year, the much higher postage rates now charged, even for non-profit making publications such as those produced by historical societies, have made it impossible for us to distribute our "News" so widely and so lavishly as in the past.

However, our suggestion that those who like to read our journal, and are members of some other historical society or group, would be put on our mailing list, if they sent us three stamps (or 20 cents), was well received, and in fact, something like 200 interested readers did exactly that.

This small sum just covered the cost of printing and posting the copies of the four issues for the year.

We make the same offer for this year. Members of the Traralgon Historical Society, for example, might prefer to pay their 20 cents to their President, Mrs. Court, or their Secretary, Mrs. Plant. Readers from further afield will find it easier to send three stamps.

Of course, members of the Morwell Historical Society (membership fee = \$1-00) will receive their copies without extra charge, and certain libraries and other public institutions will still receive their free copies.

Annual Meeting, Morwell Historical Society. 27/3/72.

The Annual Meeting of the Morwell Historical Society was held at the Morwell High School, on Monday, 27th. March, 1972, commencing at 8.00 pm. The following Executive was elected for the ensuing year:

- President.....Mr. I. T. Maddern.
- Vice-President..Mr. G. Taylor.
- Secretary.....Mr. B. A. Ludecke.
- Treasurer.....Mrs. G. Taylor.
- Committee.....Mrs. S. Walker.

The members decided that, rather than draw up a separate programme for the year, it would be better to give our support to the senior and most efficient historical society in the Latrobe Valley - the Traralgon Historical Society - which has already drawn up a most attractive programme for the year.

Some account of the successful activities already carried out this year by the Traralgon Historical Society, and notices of future activities are given overleaf, on Page 14.



Excursion to the Sale Swing Bridge, Sunday, 19/3/72.

This excursion, organized by the Traralgon Historical Society, attracted a large crowd of people on a beautifully sunny day, to see the bridge swing open for the first time, and probably the last time, for many years, and to hear the story of the bridge, as told by Brother Marcellin, Principal of St. Paul's College, Traralgon. Brother Marcellin's father, Mr. Tom Kivlighon was the bridge-keeper for many years.

Some people may think that the name "swing-bridge" is a misnomer and that it should really be called a "pivot bridge", for that is what it actually is. It pivots on a centre platform, just like a railway turn-table, pivoting through an arc of 90 degrees, so that instead of spanning the river, it points along the river, allowing river traffic to pass on either side.

The Thomson River, which joins the Latrobe River further downstream, passes through Sale, so, in the beginning, Sale was a river port, with boats from Lakes Entrance, using the Latrobe River and the Thomson River as waterways to take them to Sale.

The original Sale wharf was some miles from Sale, just below where the Thomson flows into the Latrobe, and also just below the swing-bridge. There used to be a fixed bridge at this point, on the road from Sale to Port Albert, blocking any boats from going further up the river to Sale.

This fixed bridge was replaced by the swing bridge, built between 1880 and 1883, and opened to traffic in September, 1883.

The designer of the bridge was John H. Grainger, father of the great Australian musician and composer, Percy Grainger.

The last boat of any size to dock at the port of Sale was the "Tambo Princess" in the early 1960's.

The President of the Traralgon Historical Society, Mrs. Jean Court, compiled a very useful and interesting little history of the Bridge, which gave the occasion much greater meaning. Such historical outings are always so much more enjoyable and profitable, when the fullest information is so readily available.

Excursion to Strathfieldsaye Station, 26/3/72.

Strathfieldsaye Station, on Lake Wellington, was taken up by Odell Raymond in 1842, and is therefore, one of the original Gippsland cattle runs. It has been in the hands of the Disher family for nearly 100 years, and the present incumbent, Dr. Clive Disher always makes us welcome. Whenever we visit Strathfieldsaye, it is one of the highlights of our year's programme.

Angus McMillan.

The month of April was devoted to further study of Gippsland's great explorer, Angus McMillan.

1. At the Annual Meeting of the Traralgon Historical Society, Dr. Trevor McLean, gave us a full account of McMillan's three main exploring thrusts into Gippsland.

2. An Excursion to Tom's Cap. Tom's Cap, so named by McMillan, because of some fancied resemblance to the cap of Tom Macalister, a young member of his party, is the slight eminence from which McMillan saw the coast, which he reached a day or two later, 14th. February, 1841, at the site of Port Albert. A cairn was erected there in 1927, but it bears the wrong date of McMillan's arrival - 19/1/1840, which is premature by a little more than a year.

The excursion was most enjoyable and will remain as a memorable occasion for many of us.

3. Address by Mr. Kenneth Cox. "Angus McMillan, the Man"....17/3/72.

As indicated in the title of the address, Mr. Cox did not touch at all on McMillan's explorations, but told us of his early life in his home territory, the islands of Skye and Barra, and his voyage to Australia. It was an absorbing story, well told.

Coming Events.

Tuesday, 23/5/72...Address by Mr. Terry Rogers on "The History of Currency".

Tuesday, 3/6/72...Address by Miss Jean Galbraith, "History of Tyers".

Tuesday, 25/7/72...Address by Mr.D.Macreadie, "Cowwarr and District".

The Diary of W.H.W. Payne, 1893 (continued).Melbourne to England, by Sailing Ship, round Cape Horn (continued).

Monday, 3/7/1893. ... 2.11 S.; 24.32 W.; 110 m.; B.- 29.95; Temp. - 78.

We have been steering north with the wind from the S.E. It is very light just now. The crew has been holy-stoning the poop all day, ever since six o'clock this morning. It is nice and white now, and is to be varnished before we reach home.

As I do every morning, I got up at six, and had my bath. My iron medicine is all done now.

A ship was seen on our Port bow this morning, early at five o'clock. She bore down and crossed our bows about eight miles ahead - too far away to signal. She seems to be a homeward bound ship like ourselves, though not as big as the "Loch Garry". She remained in sight until half-past one, (dinner-time). She was on a different tack from us. We soon left her far away on the starboard side.

It is a beautiful night tonight, with the ship moving very slowly.

Tuesday, 4/7/1893.... 0.50 S.; 25.20 W.; 94 m.; B.- 29.96; Temp.- 77.

The ship is moving only 2 miles an hour just now on account of the slight wind, still from the S.E. The ocean is as quiet as a mill-pond.

I have been playing chess this evening with Captain Horne but won no games. We spent all day on the poop, on which the carpenter has been putting pitch, after the process of 'thundering'.

This morning, at half past eight, just as the breakfast bell rang, we saw a strange sight - about an acre of water thickly dotted with a whole lot of very large, black fish, (something like small whale) with rat-shaped noses - albacore and benita. Some of the albacore sprang fully four feet out of the water at times. They followed us for some little distance. We had a line and hook, with some lead on the end of it, put over the stern, but they did not seem to fancy our leaden bait good enough to sample.

A ship was sighted by one of the men from up aloft, about five o'clock, this afternoon, but we could not see it from the deck. The Captain says she is most likely an outward bounder. The ship we saw yesterday seemed to be sailing towards the Gulf of Guinea.

The sailors were cleaning the outside of the vessel today on a stage put over the side.

The Misses McComas and Mr. Holms gave us some good music, this evening.

Wednesday, 5/7/1893.... 0.27 N.; 25.55 W.; 84 m.; B. 29.97.; Temp. 80.

It has been warm, all day, as usual. Yesterday, I went up on the fore-castle head, for the first time since I have been on board.

Mr. Sabine and I are still at enmity. Last night, he tried to drive me from the poop. However, I get on very well with all the others and with the Captain, - all except Mr. Sabine and his crony, Mr. O'Neil, an Irishman, who is a filthy, and dirty man.

I had three games of chess with the Captain tonight, winning one.

This morning, between four and five o'clock, we crossed the Equator, while travelling about three miles an hour.

This afternoon, we saw a great shoal of porpoises and various other fish. The whole ocean to the south-west seemed to be alive with them, for miles - as far as you could see. They followed us for a while. We could not catch any, as the porpoises will not take a prepared bait.

We have seen three vessels today. Early this morning, we saw the first one, going the same way as we are, maintaining the same distance from us, on our port bow.

The next was an outward-bounder, which came between us and the other ship, and soon disappeared to the south-west.

The third one hove into view about 12 noon, She was also outward-bound, and followed about 30 miles behind in the wake of the second ship. None of them appeared to be as big as the "Loch Garry". They were all too far away to signal.

We may signal our companion ship tomorrow, if we get close enough. We could see the masts but not the hull, this evening.

The ocean is about the same temperature as the air now. The bathing is excellent, and helps to keep one alive this weather. It was very hot indeed, in the saloon, this evening.

The Captain says we will soon see the North Star.

Thursday, 6/7/1893... 2.27 N.; 26.17 W.; 121 m.; B.- 29.94; Temp. - 79.

It has been a very sultry day. We have been steering N.E. by North, with the wind a little stronger than it was yesterday, and we have gone fairly well since midday.

Our friend was not in sight from the deck, this morning, but they could see her from aloft. As the wind was favourable, we kept off her two more points, so she is completely out of sight now.

I know the names of all the sails, and a lot more about the ship now. I learnt them after I was on board a short time, and I also know about all the bells and watches. I strike the bells occasionally during the day.

We saw many flying fish today - several shoals with hundreds in each. We also saw a few more of yesterday's black fish.

Mr. Sabine swore at me today and told me that I ought to be thrown overboard.

We are getting a little short of water, so the Captain had the rain awning spread today to catch the first rains. He says that it will not be very long before we are in the Doldrums. It is a terrible thing to be short of water.

The wake of the vessel is just like a streak of silver, about 20 feet wide and half a mile long, caused by the great amount of phosphorus in the water. In fact, tonight, the sea looks like a large plain on fire.

Friday, 7th. July.... 4.54.N.; 25.13 W.; 160 m.; B.- 29.93; Temp.- 78.

Cloudy all day, with very black clouds to the north. This afternoon the wind changed from the South to a strong breeze from the S.W. - called the S.W. Monsoon. It seemed quite refreshing to be sailing at 8 miles an hour, and to have the ship canted a little after the long, quiet spell we have had.

Some porpoises were playing about the bow this afternoon. Someone tried to harpoon them but did not succeed. The wind did not last long. It was only a gust that lasted for about three hours.

Miss McComas, whose father is Irish, and whose mother is Scotch, belongs to the Church of England. She got up a concert tonight to which the second-class passengers were invited, but it was not a very successful affair. Miss Annie played the piano.

Saturday, 8/7/1893... 7.30 N; 26.26 W.; 156 m.; B.- 29.96; Temp.- 77.

Very close again, today, with some heavy showers. The wind has been gusty causing a great deal of alteration of the yards, sails and the helm. We managed to catch three large casks full of water in about half an hour off the poop, it was raining so hard.

About 8 o'clock this morning, a ship was seen astern, and a large steamer ahead crossed our bows - but we saw nothing of these two ships during the rest of the day.

I played two games of chess with Miss McComas, winning one; and I beat the Captain, tonight, after a hard struggle.

Sunday, 9/7/1893... 8.51 N.; 25.22 W.; 81 m.; B.- 30.00; Temp.- 78.

It has been a beautiful day on deck, though rather close in the saloon. The ocean is a perfect sheet of calmness again. Sometimes the wind springs up and off we go at about 6 or 7 miles an hour, but only for about a quarter of an hour, at a time.

About 2.45 this morning, during Mr. McIntyre's watch, a steamer was sighted on our starboard side. They did not see the hull, but the lights were plainly to be seen. It was about ten miles away.

It was too cloudy to see the sun yesterday, so our position had to be made out by dead reckoning.

We saw, on our starboard this morning, myriads of those large, black fish, exactly like the ones we saw last Tuesday, frolicking about in the water.

We have been looking at the spots in the sun today. This is the year that they appear as they do every eleven years, so I believe. We saw them through Mr. Holm's and the Captain's sextants, through smoked glass, and with the telescope at five o'clock, with some sextant glass to protect our eyes. The Captain and Mr. Holms saw eight spots, but some of us saw only three. I could only see the two large ones, which are connected by a bar between.

There was a good attendance at the service, today, held on the poop for the sake of being cool. It is a beautiful, starlight night. The Southern Cross is getting lower.

Monday, 10/7/1893... 9.56 N.; 25.12 W.; 66 m.; B.- 30.00; Temp.- 79.

The Captain says we are beginning to meet the N.E. Trade Winds. The Doldrums - or heavy, steamy rains, which the Captain has been longing for, are only met within the Latitudes 9 to 12 North. The water is very low, indeed.

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Monday, 10/7/1893 (cont.). We have been examining the sun again for spots. The Captain discovered 16; I saw 8; someone else found 21. It appears that the whole face of the sun is literally riddled with these so-called spots.

Tuesday, 11/7/1893... 11.14 N.; 24.20 W.; 94 m.; B.- 29.33; Temp.- 80.

This afternoon, the wind chopped suddenly round from the N. W. to the East, so suddenly that the ship was driven backwards about three of her own lengths before she could be stopped. So, this evening, we are on the other tack but the wind is not yet settled.

We do not play cards so much in the evenings now; it is too close in the saloon. We are mostly all on deck after tea until about 9.00 o'clock.

Mr. Sabine and I had another tiff this afternoon.

Wednesday, 12/7/1873... 11.43 N.; 23.55 W.; 38 m.; B.- 29.93; Temp...79

The most sultry day we have had yet. The run for the last 24 hours is a paltry 38 miles. It has been quite calm all day until 6 o'clock this evening, when she began to move at the grand rate of about one mile an hour.

We are now over 700 miles north of the Equator. The doldrums did not come on, as the Captain expected, much to his regret. It has become a serious matter for all on board, as we are all put on a half-allowance of water, now. Today, the last drop was taken out of the big tank. It only filled a tub of about 30 gallons, of which a lot was iron rust. It was like pea-soup, and had to be left to settle. Besides that, we have the two casks which were caught in that shower of rain, and there are also two little casks put away in the boats in case of emergency.

I did not go to bed until midnight. About 11 o'clock a steamer's light hove in sight right astern of us. She must have been travelling very quickly -- about 12 miles away on our Port side. I am told she disappeared about 1.00 a.m.

This afternoon I spotted a large column of black smoke about 15 miles to our stern. She was an outward bounder. The one that passed us last night was homeward bound. This is the second time I have been the first to sight a ship. The other time was when we were still in Bass Strait.

The Captain does not know what we will do for water, if we get no rain, of which there is no indication, as yet. It is a bad job not having a good supply when leaving Port, there is no doubt.

The skylight was being holy-stoned all of today.

Thursday, 13/7/1893... 12.09 N.; 24.18 W.; 30 m.; B.- 29.94; Temp...80

We were becalmed all last night until eight o'clock this morning, when a gentle breeze sprang up, keeping us going at about three miles an hour. But, we are becalmed again this evening.

Lost four games of chess this evening, one against Miss McComas, and three against the Captain.

Mr. McIntyre sighted the lights of another steamer last night, 7 or 8 miles on our Starboard side.

Friday, 14/7/1893... 12.53 N.; 24.12 W.; 44 m.; B.- 29.96; Temp...80

Last night about 2 o'clock it commenced to rain heavily -- a regular, tropical downpour, pouring down in buckets. Of course, the Captain was up on the deck giving orders to collect as much water as possible. The water, running off the nice, clean poop deck is very good. It was caught in a large cask, and then emptied into the empty tank. Two hundred gallons were collected. This should be enough to see us home.

This morning we sighted a sailing ship, 15 miles away on our Port bow. She appears to be a homeward bound barque. Our ship, the Loch Garry is a splendid sailor indeed, and we had caught up to the other ship by evening. She had her side-lights on the rigging, as we came abreast of her. Captain Horne loaded a pistol with powder and fired it off in her direction -- to which they waved a light. She was not close enough to signal. Another ship was seen this morning,, but we have not seen anything of her during the day.

Saturday, 15/7/1893... 13.13 N.; 24.34 W.; 30 m.; B.- 29.96; Temp....80.

We are now right abreast of the town called Bathurst on the coast of Africa. We are now right in the track of ships and steamers.

This morning we could not see yesterday's ship from the poop, but from aloft, she was seen a long way astern.

This evening, at 8 o'clock, we were all up on the poop deck in the cool, when, all at once a ship's light appeared in sight on our Starboard side -- an outward bounder running before the wind. She raised a light high up, and then lowered it down, which meant that she saw us. The Captain signalled with his pistol like the night before. Another ship has just been seen, on the Starboard side, also outward bound, about 3 hours behind the other. It is now 11.00 p.m.



Sunday, 16/7/1893...13.51 N.; 26.32 W.; 121 m.; B.- 29.93; Temp....79

Not so warm today; the north wind is very cool.

About a week ago, we saw a beautiful meteor flash across the sky to the westward. There was no moon at the time, and consequently, it made a lovely spectacle, but of course, only for a second or two. It was about the size of a half-moon - the largest meteor that I have ever seen. It lit up everything like a full moon, because it was so bright.

The Misses McComas say that they knew Captain Payne when he was living in Melbourne, some time ago. They knew him very well before he died.

A nice service today, held on the poop deck.

Monday, 17/7/1893...14.51 N.; 28.08 W.; 110 m.; B.- 29.94; Temp....78.

A cloudy, pleasant day. The crew has been oiling, varnishing, and painting the poop and its surroundings, the whole day, and it is not finished yet. So, we have been confined to the saloon and the main deck, and will be, during the process. It will be all completed this week, making the poop look quite new again. The skylight has to get several more coats of varnish, before it will be in good order.

The sea has been a little rougher today but the ship is not travelling very fast since the wind is at the side, pushing the ship over a little bit.

This afternoon, about 4.30 p.m., the man at the wheel discovered a ship on our Port side. Through the telescope, we could see plainly that she was a large barque, homeward bound. She was about ten miles away, and abreast of us. She kept up with us very well until dark. The Captain says that we shall probably see her again tomorrow, and perhaps be able to signal to her.

Tuesday, 18/7/1893... 16.44 N.; 29.20 W.; 133 m.; B.- 29.98; Temp....77

The ocean has been rougher today, but the ship is still steady, on one side, with the wind from the N. E. quarter.

This evening, Mr. Sabine started to grumble and sneer at me at tea-time, but the Captain admonished him, saying: "Mr. Sabine, I will not permit you to talk in that disagreeable way; it makes it uncomfortable for all of us." He then got up and went to his cabin.

Yesterday's ship could be seen from aloft on our Starboard quarter, and well astern of us.

At the same time there was a brigantine on our Port bow, about five miles ahead of us. This was at seven o'clock, this morning. She would be about 300 tons burden, and was dancing about in the water like a ferry boat, while we were quite steady. After breakfast we viewed her through the telescope. Mr. Holms was the first to make out the name. The Brig's name was "Chance", from Christiana in Norway. As we drew near to within about a mile of her, she tried to get out of our way, but Captain Horne wanted to get as close as possible.. We passed her on his Port side within two chains. That is to say, we passed on the leeward side, as it is considered very bad manners for a stern chaser to pass on the weather side of a vessel. She only appeared to have a crew of eight or ten men on board. Captain Horne and her captain waved their hats to each other, and our ladies waved their handkerchiefs.

Captain Horne says that she will likely be laden with tallow and hides for a cargo.

At first Captain Horne did not intend to signal, since he thought it was probably a foreign vessel, but then the Brig signalled, "A pleasant passage to you", and that began quite a conversation. The vessel was 45 days out from Rio Grand, near Buenos Aires, South America, and was bound for Liverpool. They were very polite, but finally, we bid each other adieu, and they soon fell astern of us. At six o'clock, they were 15 miles astern. She was very heavily laden.

Wednesday, 19/7/1893...18.41 N.; 30.10 W.; 157 m. B.- 30.00; Temp....76

It has been a nice, cool day. The ocean has been rather rougher today, than for some little time. Unfortunately, the wind is on the Starboard side, which makes the tops of the breakers lash up against the high side of the vessel. There has been a strong wind all day, making the vessel lean over 10 degrees constantly, and sometimes 20 degrees from the perpendicular. The direction of the wind causes showers of spray occasionally, wetting those on deck. One side of the vessel is deep in the water, while the weather side is 16 or 20 feet out. It reminds us a little of our Cape Horn experiences. We were travelling at 10 or 11 miles an hour today.

The carpenter is making a nice little model of a ship in full sail for the Captain. It looks very pretty. Mr. Holms brought out his camera and took a group photo on the deck - but I knew nothing about it, being interested in the carpenter's model ship.

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Thursday, 20/7/1893... 21.17 N.; 33.13 W.; 195 m.; B.- 30.03; Temp...76.

I played chess with Miss McComas this afternoon, and with the Captain this evening, but only won one game. We resumed cribbage this evening and had three games.

The ship is lying over the same as yesterday. An extra large wave slapped up against the high side of the ship this evening, and half-drowned Mr. Sabine, who was on the main deck.

Friday, 21/7/1893... 24.27 N.; 34.24 W.; 201 m.; B.- 30.11; Temp...76.

It is a lovely day. We got out of the tropics some time this morning. We did not use the fiddlesticks on the table very often, since the ship and ocean have been so quiet. The ship has been lying over about 10 degrees today, much the same as yesterday.

There is some seaweed about here called the Gulf-weed. It is bushy stuff with little berries of a muddy lemon colour. I have been catching some today with a thing made of wire (by the Captain's orders) for that purpose. The Captain says that we would have seen great beds of it, had we been more to the westward. It is pickled and eaten, sometimes, by the sailors - and others too, perhaps, for all I know of the stuff. It comes from the Gulf of Mexico - hence, its name.

We had some games of chess, this evening, the Captain and I, but I was checkmated every time.

Poor Miss McComas is suffering from a bad headache, tonight.

Saturday, 22/7/1893... 27.44 N.; 35.23 W.; 204 m.; B.- 30.18; Temp...75

Last night we were bowling along at the rate of about 10 miles an hour. We saw a little more of the Gulf-weed today. The seas have been a little smoother than yesterday.

I won two games out of three playing chess with the Captain - and very nearly won the third also.

Miss McComas is somewhat better today. I lent her my menthol, which, she says, is a great help.

The wind is not so strong today, and the ship is more upright.

The last of the ducks was killed today for tomorrow's dinner. We have ham and eggs for breakfast, quite often now, as the fowls have taken to laying. The Captain got 7 eggs, the other day.

Sunday, 23/7/1893... 30.25 N.; 36.13 W.; 167 m.; B.- 30.27; Temp...75

It has been a lovely day, today - perhaps the best we have had on the voyage. The sun is south of us now, throwing the shadows towards the north, which is altogether quite new to me.

We had a very good service at eleven o'clock, from the poop, as usual. A few of the lads and second-class passengers attended, but we had no singing.

Immediately after the service, we sighted an outward bound steamer, steering her course due south. She was about 7 miles away on our Port side, and we could see the smoke, funnel, and two masts of her, quite distinctly. She was too far off to signal. The hull was not in view.

Monday, 24/7/1893... 32.59 N.; 36.23 W.; 155 m.; B.- 30.33; Temp...77.

It has been another beautiful day. The ocean all day has been peaceful and smooth. Yesterday was my birthday.

This morning, about six o'clock, when I got up, we were astern of two ships, both homeward bound, and about 12 miles ahead on our Port bow. We altered course a bit to pass to leeward of them, as we were fast gaining on them.

The smaller one, and nearest to us, was a barque, about four miles away. The larger vessel was full-rigged and three miles ahead of the barque, whose hull we could not see.

In the afternoon, we hoisted up the British flag, and tried to signal the barque, but it took her half-an-hour to notice our signals, and then the only response we received was, "I cannot distinguish the flags". So that ended our conversation. The flag was Norwegian, and it appeared to be a wooden barque that leaked, for it had a windmill in it.

Then we saw some signals on the bigger vessel, and after a lot of eye-straining, Mr. Holms and Mr. McIntyre made them out to be P.C.J.H. which our code book told us was the sign of the name, "The Buchieu of Aloa", - tonnage 1274, which is nearly as big as the "Loch Garry". More flags were hoisted but she was too far away for us to read them. Mr. McIntyre's eyes are bloodshot, and Mr. Holm's are very sore. She is an iron ship. She is chek-coloured like our ship on the sides. Mr. Wilkie says he was in her for a short time, and that the Captain is a short, stout Dutchman.

We gained on both ships about 12 miles during the day..



Tuesday, 25/7/1893... 34.11 N.; 36.38 W.; 73 m.; B.- 30.30; Temp... 77.

The ocean has been very placid, peaceful, and glassy, today, with hardly a ripple in it. The long Atlantic swell has been the ship's only motion, to which she bows every now and then, very gracefully indeed. There was a little breath of air taking us along at a rate of about two miles an hour.

When I got up this morning, the Buchleu was in sight, about 20 miles off on our Starboard side, and still about the same respective position at dusk this evening. The barque also had not dropped astern more than a mile during the night, and this evening was only about three or four miles astern of us. But we did not attempt to signal them, and for the present we are finished with those two.

For this has been one of our most eventful days, surrounded by ships the whole day long. We have been in the midst of four barques, three ships and one steamer. We were gaining on every ship around us, which were homeward bound.

The ship that we saw on our Port bow had what the Captain says were "cocked-hat sails" above the royals, which is most unusual in a large ship. These elegant sails are more suited for a small brig or barque. We did not signal her, as she was too far away. But we will have passed her by the morning.

We exchanged signals with only one ship, - the barque on our Port side.

It first hoisted a British flag, and we did likewise. But he happened to be on the lee side of our cross-jack sail, which hid our flags from his view. His name was shown as M.P.V.W. which was not in our book. Then he hoisted C.W.J.D. which signified, "Hoist your flags where best seen!" So, we did that, and the signalling went on with the apprentices taking charge, under Mr. Wilkie's direction, while we were at dinner.

She turned out to be a barque from Rangoon, bound for Falmouth, 128 days out - which is a frightfully long passage. Since we could not find her name in the registered book, we asked her to spell it, which was a long job.

She signalled B.L.K.M - which means Rangoon; B.D.T.N. - Falmouth; W.H.L. - 100; W.B.V. - 28. We acknowledged all this by hoisting the answering pennant. Then came the name - C.D.C.S = In; C.S.F.S. = ver; C.F.M.E. = sn; C.B.D.S. = ai; W.T.C. = de. So the name was "Inversnaide" for which we hoisted R.S.J., which signified, "Thanks". Each of us dipped our pennants thrice, which meant "Goodbye", and the signalling was over.

The Captain says that the poor fellow must have been glad to speak to us after such a long voyage. He says they must all have the scurvy.

About nine o'clock this evening, the lights of a London steam tug appeared in view on our Starboard bow. She crossed our bows about half a mile ahead of us, going about 7 or 8 miles an hour, as against our 3 or 4 miles an hour. They waved a large light when they were crossing and again later, but the Captain said, "Take no notice of that coffee-mill!" Ships and steamers hold each other in contempt. The steam tug would be likely to be going to some part of America. We could see the hull in the moonlight. Every now and then some more coal would be shovelled on, as we could see by the sudden columns of black smoke that it would belch forth.

So, we saw nine vessels today, and two steamers.

We are now getting ahead of the ship with the big "cocked-hat" sail.

The barque with which we exchanged signals is a long way astern, now.

We could only see the topmost sails of the "Bucclough" this morning.

Wednesday, 26/7/1893... 35.49 N.; 36.48 W.; 98 m.; B.- 30.25; Temp...76.

It has been rather a warm day, but cool enough under the awning, which is daily spread to give us shade.

The "Inversnaide", which was about ten miles astern, in our wake, this morning, is a new, wooden barque. She was out of sight at midday, from the deck. The Norwegian barque and the Bucclough were out of view when I got up at six o'clock, this morning.

All the vessels we saw yesterday were out of sight this morning, except the Inversnaide, which was 10 miles astern, and the "cocked-hat" ship, which was only a mile away, and with which we exchanged signals. She hoisted a British flag, but her name was not in our book. She was heavily-laden, from San Francisco, and bound for Liverpool. I will say more about her presently.

We saw three other ships, - a large barque, which dropped away behind us; a small, outward bound barque, which soon passed out of view; and an outward bound steamer, apparently making for an American port.

At this point, unfortunately, the diary ends. Or, more likely, the continuation of the diary, in a second exercise book, has been lost.

The Great Circle Route.

One question which will come to the mind of the reader of the diary is why the Captain of the "Loch Garry" should have taken his ship so far south on the first leg of the trip, from Melbourne to Cape Horn.

Professor Geoffrey Blainey gives the answer in Chapter 8 of his remarkably fine book, "The Tyranny of Distance", when discussing the fast journeys made by the famous "clippers". The word "clipper" comes from an American phrase, "to move at a fast clip".

Blainey explains that the shortest distance between two places on the earth is not the straight line between them as drawn on a standard map, but a curve, which is the arc of the great circle taking in these two points.

The world is a ball, but in our Mercator projection maps, we flatten that ball, or rather, the surface of that ball, to make a rectangle and accordingly the shapes, areas, and distances on that rectangle are distorted. On one of these maps, for example, the South Pole, which is merely a point on the surface of the earth, stretches the whole width of the rectangle, making its width as great a distance, as the circumference of the world at the Equator. But let us give you Professor Blainey's interesting explanation.

"The Mercator map, originally devised for seamen in 1569 by the Rhineland geographer Gerardus Mercator, converted the world from a globe to a rectangle. It thus distorted areas and distances, and the distortion grew with distance from the equator. On the Mercator map, for example, Australia seemed much smaller than Greenland, when, in reality, it covered three and a half times the area. On a Mercator map it was also clear - deceptively clear - that the shortest distance between two ports on the same latitude was to follow that line of latitude. Thus the shortest route from Cape Town in South Africa to Melbourne appeared to follow the 38th parallel of latitude; and as mariners could easily pinpoint their latitude (or distance from the equator) they had no trouble in following such a course with a compass.

But in fact, the shortest distance between the two ports was a curved line that went as far south as 66 degrees of latitude, or almost to the Antarctic Circle. If the earth is round, and who can deny it, then the shortest distance between two points is the arc of a great circle.

~~Between the Cape of Good Hope and Melbourne, a ship that forsook the traditional route along a latitude of about 40 degrees, and instead, curved far to the south, could save over 1,000 miles."~~

There were dangers in the new routes, since the seas, there, were largely uncharted, and pioneer ships sailing the Great Circle route to Australia had narrow escapes from total disaster, as they found rugged islands such as Heard Island, unexpectedly in their way. Let us continue with Professor Blainey's account, since this is all part of Australian History.

"On the new sea route far to the south, the racing ships found large islands that were marked on no chart; and so popular was the route that at least four ships discovered the same island before the other ships leaving Liverpool could be warned. Masters and crews must have been stunned, out in the Indian Ocean, and several thousand miles from inhabited land, to hear the lookout suddenly shout his warning from the masthead. The shock lingered, for they realized that their ship could have easily been wrecked in the mists so common in that latitude, or could have run aground while scudding through the darkness.

Heard Island, with its snow-capped mountain, in latitude 53 S. was found by a British sealing ship in 1833, and forgotten for another 20 years, until Captain Heard of the "Oriental" found it again. A few months later, on 3rd. January 1854, the nearby McDonald Islands were discovered by Captain McDonald in the "Samarang". Later that year, the large sailing vessel, the "Earl of Eglinton" (1274 tons) left the Scottish port of Greenoch on her maiden voyage, carrying nearly 400 migrants, but knowing nothing of the uncharted island lying in her path. It was the eve of summer, when the ship reached the Indian Ocean, and her master, James S. Hutton, thought he could follow the Great Circle without undue danger of meeting the icebergs that then drifted north. But it was not an iceberg that endangered his ship. Two hours after the formal beginning of summer, at 2.a.m. on 1st. December, 1854, he was astonished to see land ahead in a place where his charts showed a vast ocean. At once, he called all hands on deck, and ordered them to take in the studding-sails. He steered the ship off course just in time to avoid disaster, and she passed close to the north-west point of the large island. When day broke, the passengers came on deck and gaped at the foaming coast and the snowy hills, brilliantly white in the sun, perhaps the first land they had seen since leaving Scotland - and almost their last. Later that day, the

captain wrote in his log that he had risked the lives of 415 souls, with a valuable cargo, and the most expensive ship of her tonnage built in his country. He vowed never again to sail the Great Circle in high latitudes."

On Page 180 in his book, "The Tyranny of Distance", Professor Blainey has given us a more accurate map than the Mercator Projection kind, and on it he shows the Great Circle route taken by the racing clippers from England to Australia and back. The return route, via Cape Horn, and passing south of New Zealand, and close to Auckland Island, is exactly the route followed by Captain Horne in the "Loch Garry".

#### The Cape Horn Route back to England.

This account of the Great Circle Route, and the consequent saving of at least 2,000 miles on the round trip from England to Australia and back to England again, does not explain why these ships travelled via the Cape of Good Hope to Australia, but via Cape Horn back to England.

The reason, this time, is not distance, but the prevailing winds. It seems that the prevailing winds in the world are all westerlies. In other words, our weather comes from the west, generally. Even in the Northern Hemisphere, this appears to be so. It will be remembered that during the last great war, World War 2, one of the first defence measures taken by Britain was to close down on meteorological information, and weather reports. This was to stop the enemy from knowing what the weather in the immediate future was likely to be, and make it harder for him to plan his operations, - air operations in particular.

The prevailing westerly winds tended to blow the old sailing ships nicely along their way from South Africa to Australia, and then from Australia to South America. It will be noticed that on the long journey from Melbourne to Cape Horn, William Payne's diary does not record encountering any ships travelling in the opposite direction. Such ships would have been beating against the wind all the way. The only ship seen was when they were nearing Cape Horn, and apparently, this ship was bound for some port on the western coast of South America.

#### The Discovery of Australia.

This important fact of sailing ship navigation, that the winds of the earth tend to blow westerly, had much to do with the discovery of Australia. From about the year 1600 onwards, the Dutch mariners trading with the East Indies, found that they could arrive faster at their destinations, not by sailing the shortest distance along a route north-easterly to India and Java after passing the Cape of Good Hope, but by taking advantage of the west winds, and sailing due east for three or four thousand miles, before turning north.

Sometimes they were blown along faster than they knew, and hence arrived at the west coast of Australia. Even today, we have Dutch names along the western coast of Western Australia, such as Dirk Hartog Island, and Houtman's Abrolhos.

Sometimes, they were taken not only too far to the west, but also a little too far south, and then, as they turned north to reach Java, they bumped into the southern coast of Western Australia. Hence, we still have the name Cape Leeuwin there, named after the Dutch vessel, the "Leeuwin" (or Lioness) which arrived there in about 1606.

This is also the explanation for the long delay in discovering the eastern coast of Australia, with its far better impression of our land, than the barren, inhospitable country indicated by our western seaboard. Captain Cook discovered the eastern coast of Australia in 1770, about 170 years after the discovery of the western coast - and he came from the east round Cape Horn, not primarily because he was looking for Australia, but because he wanted to get to Tahiti to carry out a scientific mission.

#### "Holeystoning the Poop Deck"

William Payne was a good diarist, and the meaning of most of his entries is crystal clear. We landlubbers may be occasionally at sea, when he talks of the "poop deck", which is the aftermost and highest deck of a ship, and therefore something like the observation car of a special train. We confess we do not know what "thundering the deck" means, although it might have something to do with carpentry or repair work. A "holeystone" (not "holystone") is a piece of pumice stone, which is soft stone with holes in it, made by volcanic lava falling into water. "Holeystoning the deck" is therefore the old version of sandpapering, or sanding a floor.

The Morwell Historical Society News.

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Latrobe Valley Historical Societies.

Coming Activities.....Organized by the Traralgon Historical Society.

Friday, 18/8/72...Evening at Morwell Art Gallery  
Speaker....Mr. Kees Hos.

Tuesday, 22/8/72..Monthly Meeting of the Traralgon Historical Society,  
at the City Reception Rooms, at 8.00 p.m.  
Speaker....Mrs. Jean Court.  
Subject...Penetration into Gippsland in the 1840's.

Friday, 22/9/72...Combined Societies' Annual Dinner at Phelan's.  
Guest Speaker...Mrs. Marjorie Tipping, President R.H.S.V.  
Booking should be made as early as possible with Mrs.  
V. Plant, Secretary, Traralgon Historical Society.

Saturday, 14/10/72..Bus Trip to Melbourne. Members will be shown through  
Government House. Visits to other historical places.

This month's "News".

The whole of this issue is devoted to the reprinting of some of the reminiscences of the Rev. William Spence Login, the first (and for many years the only) Presbyterian Minister in Gippsland, 1854-1886; and also those of his daughter, Mrs. Jessie Harrison.

Rev. W. S. Login, 1819-1903.

William Spence Login was born at Stromness, Orkney Islands, 26/7/1819, the son of a ship-owner. He went to Edinburgh University in 1834, where he trained for the Ministry. His first appointment was to Papa Westray, one of the Orkney Islands, where he served for nine years.

With his wife and four children, he travelled to Australia on board the "East Lothian", a sailing vessel of 500 tons, which left Leith in Scotland, 11/8/1853, and reached Melbourne, 25/11/1853. He accepted the appointment to Gippsland, and travelled with his family to Port Albert on board the "Meg Merrilies", arriving in the second week of January, 1854. His first service in Gippsland was at Tarraville, Sunday, 15/1/1854, and his first service in Sale was on Sunday, 29/1/1854. For a short time the family lived at Tarraville, but then moved to Sale.

Mr. Login retired in 1886, and died in Melbourne, in 1903.

Mrs. Jessie Harrison (nee Login).

Mrs Jessie Harrison was born in the Orkney Islands in 1849, and was four years old when her family emigrated to Australia in 1853.

Her booklet of reminiscences, supplemented largely by extracts from her father's journal, was published in 1924, when she was 75 years old. She writes very fluently and vividly, and her work now constitutes a very important document in our historical records of Gippsland.



Sale in 1848.

As a supplement to the story told in the following pages by Mrs. Jessie Harrison, who, as a little girl of five, daughter of the Rev. W.S. Login, came to live in Sale, from 1854 onwards, we publish this early map of the township as it was in 1848.

The map was obtained from the Department of Lands, Treasury Buildings, Melbourne, 3002, and is headed:

Plan of the Proposed Township of Sale at Flooding Creek.

Surveyed by Mr. Penrose Nevins, 1848.

Laid before the Executive Council, 14th. March, 1850.

Returned to the Surveyor-General, 25th. March, 1850.

Approval conveyed, 4th. April, 1850.

The map shows two blocks bounded by Raymond Street, York Street, McAlister Street, and McMillan Street, and separated by Foster Street.

There are only two buildings shown, and neither of these is in the two blocks surveyed. They are:-

1. Fitchett's Public House, on the opposite side of York Street, not far from the McAlister Street corner;
2. Dr. Ewing's place, which is about 400 yards south of McMillan St., and on the other side of Flooding Creek which meanders past this end of the two blocks, its nearest point being about 50 yards from the corner of McMillan Street and York Street.

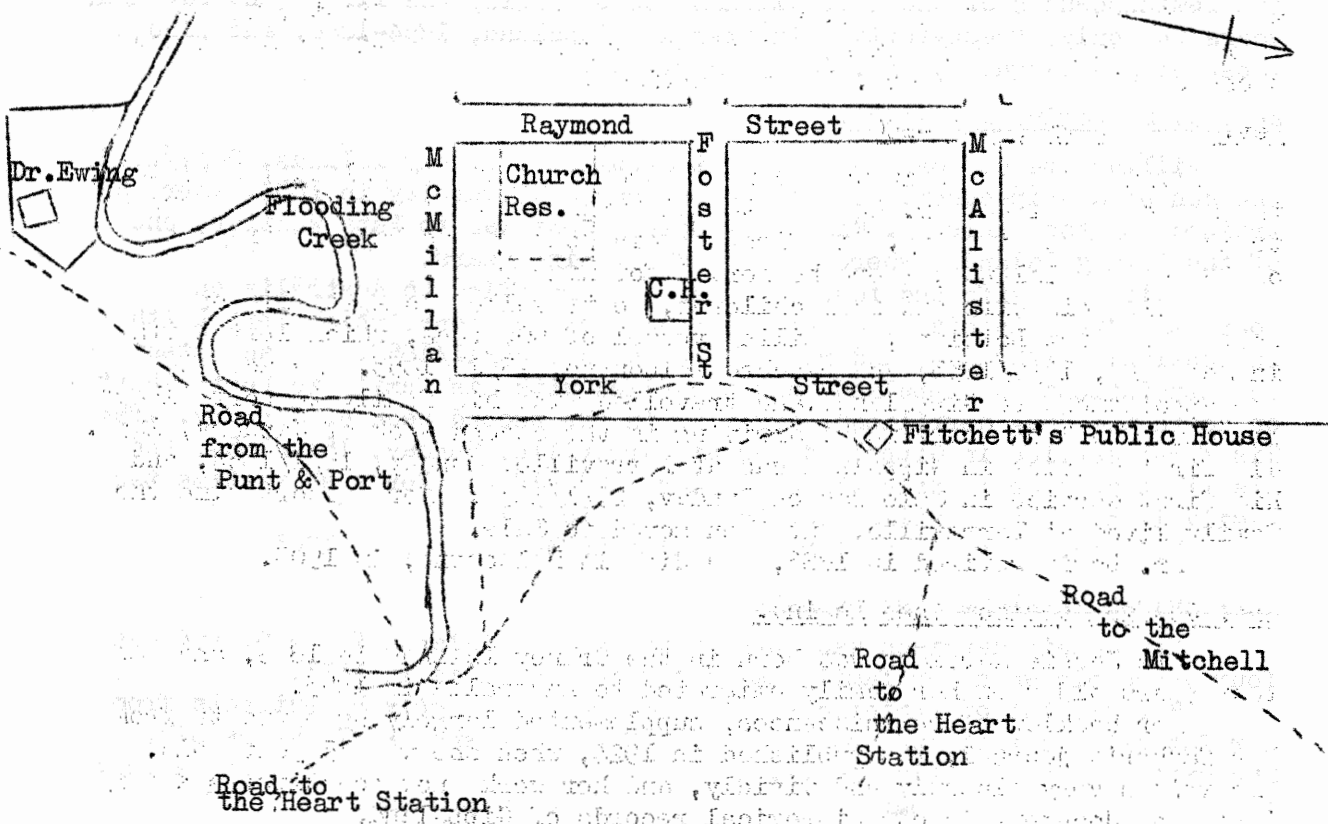
The Thomson River is also shown in this map, flowing roughly parallel to Flooding Creek, with its nearest point to the township being about half a mile or more from McMillan Street.

As might be expected the roads, or tracks, marked in, all lead to, or past Fitchett's Public House, (or Fitchett's Woolpack Inn, as it is usually called). The track towards the north is marked "Road to the Mitchell".

About 50 yards from Fitchett's place, a track branches off to the east and is marked "Road to the Heart Station".

In the other direction from Fitchett's, the track swings to the south-east, apparently to cross Flooding Creek, then returns to the York St. line, and travels south to reach and run along the side of the Thomson River. This track is marked "Road from the Punt and Port". At the point where this track crosses Flooding Creek, there is another branch track swinging east, and marked "Road to the Heart Station".

In Block 1, the south block, are two reservations - one, facing Raymond Street marked as "Church Reserve", and the other facing Foster Street, marked "Court House".



Some Memories of Old Gippsland and Its Earliest Pioneers.From the Writings of the Rev. William Spence Login,By His Daughter, Jessie B. Harrison.....Published December, 1924.Chapter 1.A Pioneer Clergyman Arrives in Gippsland, January 1854.

To our country and to our family we owe our reminiscences, and gladly are they given, for we are passing away. We, who have known these wide plains, unfenced, unbroken, the home of the kangaroo and the emu, the playground of the native companion. We, who remember the tea-tree thicket and scrub on the banks of every creek, river or morass, the tangle of undergrowth, almost impenetrable, the stately forests clothing our hillsides and mountains, dotting our plains, sheltering the opossum, the native cat, the native bear and the dingo; who have not forgotten the Green Wattle Race-Course or Myrtle Bank, true to their original names; who knew the present Market Street, Sale, as a rushing little rivulet through the depths of a dense and dark forest, with diminutive waterfalls and fish to delight our childish hearts. We, who have seen the camps of many scores of old warrior blacks, with their gins and picaninnies on the banks of Flooding Creek; who have listened to their wild and sorrow-laden death wailings; who have seen their weird fire-lit corroborees, where pipe-clayed skeletons danced the strange rhythmic antics of long-past generations, with military traditional precision and religious zeal. We, who have heard the monotonous music of taut opossum skins, drummed by murderous waddies in the hands of practised gins - the musicians of the tribe. They, too, have passed, these strange hereditary owners of Gippsland. Small wonder that they lurked in secret places, and sought to kill the incoming white man, and stay his advance on their happy hunting grounds. How they would have lurked and speared could they but have seen it all! Now Gippsland is a part of "White Australia".

To realise anything about the old days, we must first get into our minds the tremendous difficulties of transit then. When I was just four years old, in 1853, I was told that we were leaving our home in the Orkney Islands, and going to Australia. At once some of these difficulties presented themselves to my infantile mind, for we had no horses, carriages, nor even perambulators on our island, only wheelbarrows, and my very first natural question was, "But who'll 'hurl' us?. When we eventually reached Australia, we found wheelbarrows were scarce, horses plentiful, pack-horses and bullock-drays the principal transport service. And they were horses! Some of their feats should be recorded, these ordinary, grass-fed hacks, bearing unmistakable evidence of their descent from the noble stallions imported by the New South Wales Government. There were no telephones in those days. A man, known as 'The Spaniard', rode his stock-horse from Boisdale to Port Albert, 140 miles, and back again within 24 hours to deliver a message. And my father recalls once being overtaken on the Melbourne Road by a bushman who live 200 miles from town. When he mentioned his business, my father inquired why he did not write. "Man", he replied, "I would sooner ride there and back than write a letter". For these riders were akin to their horses in their grit and staying powers.

At the "Tarra", as Tarraville, in Gippsland was then called, my father, Rev. W.S. Login, was the first minister. Mr. McAnliss was settled there when we arrived, and the Rev. Mr. Bean was also there, minister of the Church of England. Mr. McAnliss was killed, a few years later, through a fall from his horse, being dragged with his foot in the stirrup for some distance. Indeed, in those days, accidents with horses were the most common form of injury. I do not know that my father ever rode a horse before he came to Australia, nearly all his previous life being passed either in Orkney or Edinburgh. "Breaking-in" horses was the pastime and business of most of the young men. I wonder now, how any quiet horses ever resulted from the way that "warrigal" horses were galloped, driven into yards and crushes, roped and starved into submission. There were no towns then in Gippsland, the nearest approach to such being the shipping ports of Port Albert - the Old Port, and "The Tarra", mere clusters of houses round an hotel or two and store. Riding on horseback or driving in bullock drays was the only way of progress through the dense forests and boggy tracks between the far-apart stations, or tramping it on foot.



My father, then a young man of 34, tackled it. A horse was borrowed, and he started to ride from Port Albert to Bushy Park, Angus McMillan's station. The first night, he stayed at Greenwood's Merriman's Creek Hotel, and in the morning, reached Fitchett's Woolpack Hotel at "The Creek", or Flooding Creek, as Sale was then called (Wayput was the aboriginal name), where he had breakfast. Afterwards, Fitchett led him through the thick surrounding primeval forest, and put him on the track that led to the sheep-fold, where Maffra now stands. There, instead of taking a track to the right, he took one to the left, and soon found this growing fainter, and that, eventually, it ran out altogether in a number of small cattle tracks.

"The result may be readily inferred", as he wrote in his journal. "Without a compass, and the sun obscured by heavy cloud, I was at the mercy of my horse, who, as I afterwards learnt, had an instinctive tendency to travel towards his own home pastures in the south-west. For nearly thirty hours I was astray. I, at length, met with a poor, lame shepherd 'hirpling' on a crutch. He was an old man-of-war's man, who had fought at Copenhagen. By his direction I found a hut, where I was hospitably entertained by the wife of John Gibbs, who was subsequently, our church officer for many years. About seven o'clock, in the evening of the same day - Sunday, 22nd. January, 1854 - I reached Bushy Park station, and held a short service. The experience of that day and night was of use to me ever afterwards. Though I have often since traversed rough country and trackless forests, and have sometimes been belated, I have never been wholly astray again, and even though I have, on two or three occasions, slept under a tree, it was on my own choice, with a full knowledge of my whereabouts."

"My first business", my father writes, "was to make myself known to as many of the inhabitants as I could reach, and to announce my intention of conducting service, the following Sabbath, at Flooding Creek. Most of the families within 18 miles were represented at that service, which was held in the largest room of the Woolpack Inn. About 50 adults, all of whom (with the exception of Mr. Tyers, police magistrate, with his family, and the Johnsons, from Mewburn Park) professed themselves adherents of the Presbyterian Church. Among them may be mentioned several well-known Gippsland names:-

McMillan of Bushy Park;	Pearson of Kilmany;
Thomson of Clydebank;	Campbell of Glencoe;
Montgomery of The Heart;	McNaughton of Dutson;
Cunningham of Fulton;	McDonald of Armadale; and others.

I told them that I had come to Gippsland by appointment of the Colonial Committee of the Free Church, and that it depended on the encouragement I received whether I would persevere in the effort to form a pastoral charge in connection with our Church. In the course of that week, I went northwards, visiting most of the families north of the Avon. I preached at Lindenow and Bairnsdale the following Sunday, and went as far as Kilmore Station (now Bruthen) and baptized a child for Mr. John Campbell, who was managing the station. On my return, I went by way of Roseneath (Buchanan's), and after stopping a night at Bushy Park, I found my way, under the guidance of a blackfellow, to Mewburn Park and Heyfield (Macfarlane's), and thence to Mr. John Turnbull's, at Loyyang."

All this, it must be remembered, was through virgin forest and plain, without track or bridge, fording the rivers. My father continues:-

"By this time, my horse had become thoroughly jaded. I little knew then, that while the poor animal was making such long, continuous journeys, he was also starving. There was not a particle of horse feed at any of the stopping places. My horse was turned out in the horse paddocks, which were then as dry as the road, the season being extremely dry. Hearing at Loyyang that one of my children had been severely burnt, I had no alternative but to push on southwards. By the time I had reached Merton (Bayliss' Station), my horse came almost to a dead stand; so, though still early, I was obliged to break my journey, Mr. Bayliss assuring me that, with a night's rest, and a feed in his clover paddock, my horse would be fresh in the morning. On starting, I thought there was some improvement, but on going a mile or two, I found that he was as bad as ever. I was compelled to dismount, but he would neither lead nor drive. I had no help for it, but to shoulder my saddle and valise and carry them to the nearest house (Buntine's at Bruthen Creek), a distance of 12 miles. The day was one of the hottest of the season. Next morning, I was early astir, and walked to Tarraville before breakfast. In the course of the following week, I started on my second journey, getting the use of a horse which I was to leave at Boisdale. A few miles from Tarraville, he threw me, but did not get away. Mounting again with fear and trembling, I went on my way, and reached Clydebank, without further mishap. But there, on making a fresh start, he played me the same

trick. Mr. Thomson would not allow me to continue my journey on him, giving me the use of a fresh and quiet horse. I had the satisfaction of hearing, afterwards, that my horse had served some very accomplished riders in the same way."

"Such was my first experience of Gippsland, and of the sort of some of the difficulties I had to accept in my field of labour. During the next two months I made the acquaintance of almost all the residents in the district, visiting all the stations with scarcely an exception, and a great many of the shepherds' huts. A movement began to induce me to remain, and it soon became apparent that Sale must be my headquarters, arranging for a service there every three weeks. My services were pretty equally divided over the various stations from Traralgon to Bairnsdale, but sometimes I went as far as Omeo."

In the meantime, my mother, with her family of four small children, had been living at Tarraville with her brother, William Howden. But when my father reported that a manse had been built for us near Sale, we commenced our journey thither. Our heavy luggage having been despatched per bullock-dray, we four children, mother, and a married couple, with our lighter necessaries, were all stowed into a horse cart, and with Father on horseback, piloting the way, commenced our royal progress to Flooding Creek. "Royal", it may be called, for we and our retinue were so hospitably entertained at the various stations we visited en route. We travelled via Woodside, Merriman's Creek, Prospect, Glencoe, Dutson, Roseneath, Strathfieldsaye and Bushy Park, but did not reach our destination in the course of weeks. It was a round-about route. One incident, among many, I remember clearly, darkness coming on, and a deep-looking creek barring our way. My mother's terrible anxiety increased fourfold when my father urged his horse into the water. I remember her relief when we heard him reach the other side. Then my memory is a blank, until I woke in a clean, soft bed, and saw people I did not know, with kindly faces, bidding me lie still, which I did. We were at Paddy Buckley's Prospect, from whom my father had obtained help to rescue his family lost in the bush. I think that, after this, we stayed at Roseneath for six weeks. Mr. and Mrs. Buchanan had no children of their own. We all stayed there, Father going and coming. Dr. Jamieson lived there; Mrs. Buchanan's youngest sister and a friend were staying there. Mr. Dawson, and one or two other admirers of those young ladies were constantly with us, as well as the Cunningham family - five of the girls all the time, two brothers coming and going. There were others besides, but I am not so sure about them, only I know that when I saw Roseneath in after years, and recognized it as the same, the accommodation of all these people has been a problem to me ever since. But such problems never seemed to trouble these hospitable pioneers. The more the merrier, and always a welcome. Beds on the floor, and in every corner - verandah and outbuildings - all were housed somehow. I still remember Mrs. Buchanan's well-stocked "store", from which raisins and prunes were brought out on Sundays and distributed among us children. Roseneath was my first introduction to such a station home, but I have enjoyed others since.

The year 1854 was, no doubt, a time of prosperity among the squatters. Gold had been discovered in Victoria in 1851. Previously, about the only available market for Gippsland-fattened stock was Hobartown, and shipping stock from Port Albert was a restricted and not too profitable business. Sheep were shorn of their clip, and simply boiled down for their fat. Wool and fat (tallow) were then sent on bullock-drays to Port Albert, and shipped from there, often at a loss.

But gold had been discovered, and an era of prosperity had set in, when we arrived. Melbourne's population rapidly increased. Through the dense forests that separated us from Melbourne, mobs of fat cattle were, shortly after this time, driven to the market there.

I remember the sheep-yards, and the huge boilers belonging to the Heart Station, on the creek below our present golf-links, always called "The Boiling Down".

The first house in Sale was Archie Macintosh's, a blacksmith, who built his home and forge on Flooding Creek, below where our Police Barracks now stand. My memory recalls his sisters' beautiful flower garden, as well as that of the Misses Duncan at Kelvin Grove (Mr. and Mrs. Andy Gerrard's present home). "Duncan's" was The Store, a bark hut where the Sale Garage now stands, containing many very expensive commodities. The regular excuse for anything not procurable was that it was "on the drays, bogged on the road from the port".

The best trodden spot in Sale was a portion of Mr. Charles Napper's present garden, in front of the Woolpack Inn - a verandah room of which was our Post Office, where our once-a-week mail was distributed.

The mailman had an eerie job, riding through almost impenetrable forests and glue-pots, and over "haunted hills", and was pleased when a stray traveller would accompany him. Our weekly mail, direct from the metropolis, was a tremendous step forward from the previous, less regular ones, via Port Albert, which we knew as our first mail service.

But, to continue with some of my father's accounts:

"My first and second services at the Creek were held at the Woolpack Inn, and my third was in an iron structure in course of erection for a National School. Then, a weatherboard Court House was put up, and we had the use of that for a time. On one occasion, after it had been duly announced that we were to meet there for a service, I found the Rev. Willoughby Bean, Church of England minister from Alberton, in occupation. He had forestalled us by beginning early, though I found, after, that he was the unconscious transgressor. My friends and I, though coming late, joined in the service. A few weeks later, when I had arranged for a service, we found the Court House closed, the police magistrate from home, and the key not to be found. If this was meant for a check to my efforts, it proved, instead, of the greatest service in furthering them. When I next returned to Sale, after an interval of three weeks, I found a church ready for me. My friends, irritated by this opposition, met and resolved to erect a building themselves. Without the loss of a day, they gathered materials, put the work into the hands of a carpenter, and had ready for me when I returned, the first Sale church, a bark building, erected on an allotment belonging to Mr. Thomson, at the corner of Cunninghame and Marly Streets. All this was done without consulting me, or even informing me of what was being done; but these early pioneers were sturdy, prompt and energetic men, as indeed they must be, who pushed their way through the wilds which so long kept Gippsland a terra incognita.

The site of Sale, now so open, was thick forest, and on the south and east sides, shut in with masses of tea-tree. In places, where we now see gaunt, leafless, dead skeletons of trees, there were forests of stately gums in full foliage, interspersed with the she-oak and the native cherry-tree. So dense were they, that tracks had to be cut to approach the rivers, and a traveller could see no more than a gun-shot ahead of him. A track, cut by the explorers who came from the north, led to Port Albert. It might have been considerably shortened by a little labour, but no-one cared to expend that labour, preferring to keep to the old track with all its gyrations. The explanation of one wide detour was that two stray bullocks, with a log behind them, had marked the road in the first instance.

The homesteads of the squatters were generally of the simplest construction, the fireplaces in many cases being made large enough to permit of benches being placed on both sides. The wooden framework of the chimney was carefully guarded from the fire by masses of hardened clay. It was a matter of surprise that the chimney-stack, made of such combustible material as dry sapling and stringy bark, escaped so well the ravages of fire. In the dwelling houses there was generally an attempt at flooring, with either rough slabs or sawn timber, but in the kitchens, the earth where the houses stood, served for a floor, hardened by use and the liberal application of greasy water. Even with these surroundings, it was possible to make a comfortable home, and in those establishments presided over by a lady, the refining influence of her presence was felt in the appointments of the table and the order and cleanliness of the house. The 'domestic difficulty', as it is called, was then felt in all its intensity. Married couples in domestic service are not generally a success, the arrangement seldom working with comfort either to employer or employed. There is a hitch somewhere - but single women were not then to be had.

The work of the station was done by labour obtained chiefly from Tasmania; a few hands were brought from New South Wales. Indeed, at most of the stations there was some 'old hand' identified with the place and more firmly fixed than the owner himself, reminding one of the old Scotch serving man, whose master, in a moment of irritation, said to him, 'Andrew, you and I must part', and Andrew's answer, 'Where'll ye gang that ye'll be better off?' These old station hands were handy men, who could turn their hand to any work that had to be done, splitting, fencing, gardening, bullock-driving, cooking, or waiting at table. They had their weaknesses, with which their masters just learned to suffer. As for dismissal, that was not to be thought of. Most of the stations had at least one or two of these old indispensables."

But to return to my own childish recollections. Very vividly has remained in my mind our first view of our home on the plains - not a fence or sign of any other habitation in sight, but standing on the open plain, encircled by forests, and with a few myrtle trees nearby, stood a tiny wattle and dab cottage.



From its chimney issued a volume of smoke, for my father had ridden on ahead, and lit the fire. The lights and shades of a beautiful summer evening, and my mother's thankfulness at reaching at last a haven of rest after all our wanderings, her simple joy in it as a "home" remain with me yet. It was only afterwards that she was troubled by the loose, rough, redgum flooring boards, not even nailed down, the absence of doors between the five small rooms, or anything in the way of cupboards or conveniences. It was afterwards too, that she noticed how very lonely it was when our married couple left us, while my father was absent, travelling through his wide parish, and a tribe of black-fellows arrived.

Her terror of them I can clearly recall, as well as our own childish curiosity and interest. We longed to investigate thoroughly their ways and doings. Her desire was to hide us from the evil eye, for dreadful tales of their ruthless doings were then rife among the settlers. Even we children feared "Old Morgan" with his murderous and cannibalistic character; but yet strongly desired to see the woman's arm hanging from his neck. This, we never saw, though I have since learned that it was a common fashion. Many of the old men were terrible enough in appearance for us to suspect them of being this arch fiend. And now, it is difficult to recall them all. We have almost forgotten the once well-known names, mostly white-fellow names given them by their conquerors.

But the picture of a long line of travelling blacks is still in our mind's eye - perhaps "Kangaroo Jack" leading, clad in simple 'possum rug secured by a wooden thong, carrying spears, shield and boomerang. Mary followed, dressed maybe in a grey, Government blanket, with a goodly load of grass bags and baskets slung on her back, packed to overflowing with everything the family owned in the way of food or utensils, a picaninny or two surmounting all, in a fold of her blanket. It was a delight for us to see her squat, as soon as her lord and master stopped, and begin to unpack, slipping out first the naked little brown babies, with luminous eyes and crop of curly black hair. Laid on the ground, these philosophic little creatures rarely cried. Then the black billies, pannikins, raw 'possum, or swan eggs were produced; perhaps a carefully treasured small packet of tea or tobacco (the pipes were carried in a band round the head) and preparations began for a meal. "You gibbit me lil bit tchuga" was nearly always the first request, and a match was always a treasure.

Generally, several families travelled together. At times a whole tribe would camp in the neighbourhood. On one occasion there was a large camp near us, on the bank of the Heart morass. A fierce matrimonial dispute was raging, the yells of the angry combatants reaching us, and striking terror into my poor mother's heart. Fortunately, my father was at home at this time, for a terrified gin, with a battered and bleeding head, suddenly appeared, and rushed frantically into our kitchen, to hide in the darkest corner under a table behind some pots and pans. She was followed quickly by a number of excited men, two of them being particularly bellicose and murderous in their attacks on one another. My father, authoritatively separated them, and somewhat overawed them by his autocratic manner. He was a man of tact and resource, as well as a clergyman. He appealed to one well-known susceptibility. "Why not", he asked, "you marry gin like um white-fellow? Fight um no good. You take um gin; you ask um. You say which fellow you want um? You want um this fellow? You want um that fellow?" All this with emphatic gesture, which explained better than words, and even raised a laugh among the more disinterested parties. The tide was turned, the reluctant gin brought forth, and perhaps for the first time in the annals of Australian history, the lady was given a free choice. She promptly decided, and the ceremony, 'like um white fellow' which followed, sent them away, apparently the best of friends, in the best of good humour. I never found out the sequel of this love match.

But the next aboriginal wedding I attended was quite a different affair. About the year 1862, the Rev. F. A. Hagenauer, with Mrs. Hagenauer, came to Gippsland, and stayed with us at the old manse. How we loved them both! Mr. Hagenauer was a Moravian Missionary, whom the Presbyterian Church had sent to befriend the poor wandering blacks here. He had previously been in the Wimmera, but Mrs. Hagenauer came straight from a Moravian home as his destined bride. The charm of their wit and humour and broken English were irresistible. Everywhere they made friends among all classes, and very soon, their own especial charge, the blacks, were visibly impressed, and drawn from their various camps on the river banks, to Ramah-Yuk on the Avon. The scriptural name of Ramah was given by the Rev. A.J. Campbell, convenor of the Aboriginal Mission Board. "Yuk" was added by the blacks themselves, and signifies "our own", or "our home". All the blacks in the district were settled there.



Behind the missionaries' roomy, bark-roofed home soon stretched a little street of neat cottages, with weatherboard church, school and boarding-house for orphans. I have stayed there for a month at a time, and shall never forget those simple services in the church, twice a day, the bright look of the children, the attentive appearance of some of the older members of the congregation, as well as the grotesqueness of costume and behaviour of some others. It was a fascinating place to visit, as was amply testified on this other wedding day that I remember.

I was staying at Ramah-Yuk at the time, and met the brides beforehand. It was a double wedding. Both brides had been brought from South Australia, from a Mission Station there, Christians, to marry two Christian young men here - one pleased and smiling, the other very reluctant. It was a day of great excitement at Ramah-Yuk, for all Sale was invited to be present, and as buggy-load after buggy-load arrived on the opposite side of the river, boat-load after boat-load was brought across by willing oarsmen. The brides wore neat lilac-print dresses. The ceremony was in the church, packed to overflowing with blacks and whites, and everyone was afterwards regaled with tea and cakes in the good "Old Days" liberal style. These brides were accompanied from South Australia by about half-a-dozen other young women from the same station, all of whom later married and remained here. Among them was one, Bessie Flowers, who had been brought up by a lady in Adelaide, and was well educated. For years after, she played the harmonium in the Ramah-Yuk Church, and she could speak French.

At the death of Mr. Hagenauer, Ramah-Yuk ceased to be a mission station, and the blacks from there were transferred to Lake Tyers, greatly to the grief of the older blackfellows. My father's journal tells of other difficulties that he had to contend with, as well as those of the early settlers around him, and of the building and opening of our present church in 1859.

#### Chapter 2.....Old Days.

The "Old Days" are so apt to be gilded by the halo of distance that it is only fair to recall some of the trials and difficulties which beset the path of the pioneers. Here is what my father wrote about the old days:-

"To a new chum", he writes, "travelling through the forest for the first time, there was the charm of novelty. I could not help stopping, at times, to admire a specially graceful tree, or a thicket of varied foliage, composed of low-growing gums and flowering shrubs, which were then to be seen in such profusion, and I often thought, "What would some of our wealthy land-owners in the old country give for a patch of this forest to beautify their parks?" Everything I saw impressed me favourably, for even a very unobservant eye could not fail to discern the great capabilities of the country for settlement. It was all in such striking contrast to my previously formed ideas of Australia as a dry, waterless waste, that it seemed, even then, a land flowing with milk and honey. Macintosh's dairy cows filled me with wonder. I do not think I have ever seen any superior; and Fitchett, in the adjoining Woolpack Inn, took me into his garden and showed me his trees breaking down with the weight of fruit.

When I first came into the district, I felt strongly that there was urgent need for a minister of the gospel. Though, scattered through the country were those to whom the word of God was precious, there was no sanctuary, no form of worship, and little observance of the Christian Sabbath. The marriage ceremony was too often ignored; drunkenness was sadly prevalent - not a continuous imbibing of strong drink, but in violent outbursts of the vice after a considerable period of self-restraint. Strong drink was not generally kept in the houses - perhaps it could not be kept - but it struck me as singular, that in the houses of some men who were notorious for their intemperance, I rarely saw strong drink. Once, when bringing my wife and family to Sale for the first time, we made a call at the house of a Highlander, a respectable old man, who received us with warm Highland hospitality, and produced the whiskey bottle. We thanked him, but declined his kind offer. Taking me for a stern prohibitionist, rather to be shunned than reasoned with, he said no more; but presently, when I had gone into the garden, and my wife was removing her bonnet in a bedroom, he knocked at the door and whispered, 'Tak' a drop now, he is out.'

Coming among these scattered and secluded families in the bush, I invariably received a warm welcome. Any visitor was welcome in those days, and to some, I was all the more welcome, that I came with the old, old story. To bring the Word of God among them was most pleasant and interesting work.

Still, it is undeniable that the work required a certain toughness of mind as well as body to continue at it from month to month and year to year. From the commencement of my ministry the feeling was strongly upon me that I had more in hand than I could do with satisfaction either to myself or the people, and when, after a few months' trial of the work, a representative of the Church of England appeared, in the person of the Rev. P.K. Simmons, I hailed his coming with as much satisfaction as any member of his own church. It was commonly thought that there was no room for us both, and that one would have to give place to the other. I never had any such fear. I knew there was need for both of us, and room for both of us, and that we could work in perfect harmony, supplementing and furthering each other's work. And this we continued to do for more than four years, till he left the district. It is true that neither of us received adequate financial support during these years, but I am persuaded that the presence of the one made no material difference to the other in that respect. We had both to study the strictest economy.

I remember Mr. Simmons saying to me on one occasion, when we were talking of ways and means: 'What better can a man wish for than a crust of bread, and such a luscious bunch of grapes?' Unfortunately, flour was, at that time, not less than £5 a bag - for a short time, it was as high as £7 - and grapes did not last all the year round, even in Gippsland. The Manse family consisted of seven hungry boys and girls, the Glebe family, of eight or ten. Circumstances compelled me for a time to farm some ten acres of land which I had purchased near the manse. We were obliged to keep a married family at high wages - £70 per annum, the man for protection in my long and frequent absences. So, I had to find remunerative work for him. I, therefore, cultivated ten or fifteen acres. It is very undesirable that a minister should engage in any secular business, but in the circumstances, I felt that I was justified in doing as I did. Only by supplementing my income to this extent could I retain my position.

From the opening of the bark church at Sale, the church-door collections were appropriated, first to its improvement, and subsequently to the formation of a fund for the erection of a new church. In this way, there was raised, with the addition of a few subscriptions, in the course of four years, the sum of £600 or £700 - sufficient to defray half the cost of a new church. Meanwhile, I trusted wholly to the goodwill of the people handing their subscriptions to the stipend to our treasurer, the late James Duncan who, from the delicate state of his health, could do little more than hand them on to me. A minister cannot plead for his own interests. I failed several times in an attempt to form a Committee of Management. The Church of England minister complained from the pulpit of the treatment he was receiving. He was misunderstood and misrepresented, and did himself more harm than good. I made no public complaint, and perhaps carried my reticence too far, preferring to work with my hands to being burdensome to any. I fear this conveyed to many that I was more independent of them than I really was. In the course of the first five years, the stipend fell short of the amount promised (£300 a year) to the extent of one year's stipend. This, I am willing to confess, was owing in part to my own bad management, as well as to the remissness of the congregation.

On the last Sunday of 1860, I met with an accident, which, at the time, was thought would prove fatal. My friends discovered that I had hardly received a penny of stipend for the year then closing. This became generally known, and the result was a very speedy collection of arrears. It is right to add that, during this period, an annual grant was received from the State Aid Fund, which, beginning with a little more than £100, was suddenly reduced to £30. Later, it was altogether withdrawn.

In the year 1859, there was a great change for the better. The congregation had been steadily increasing. The old bark church, supposed to seat 100, was proving too small for the attendance. I delayed the building of another, even against the wish of many friends, for I knew that the longer we delayed, the better would be the building we would have in our power to erect.

The estimated cost of a brick church capable of seating 300 was £1200. That was simply the shell, without a seat, and with plain, unplastered walls. I insisted that half the money should be in hand before a brick was laid. Obtaining the plans and specifications from Messrs. Crouch and Wilson, architects, Melbourne, we laid the foundation early in the month of March, 1859 - or rather, Mr. James Macfarlane of Heyfield did so. The whole structure was finished and ready for occupation on 5th. July of that year, when the opening service was conducted by the Rev. A. Kelly of Tarraville and Port Albert. As the building proceeded, contributions to the building fund came in very freely, and the Board of Management, which had now been constituted, felt justified in proceeding immediately with the seating. This brought the whole cost of the church to £1600.

Had this been the whole cost to the congregation, the price would have been exceedingly moderate, considering the price of labour and materials, but, unfortunately, the clearing, enclosing, and planting of the church ground was left in the hands of a treasurer of extravagant ideas, who expended £330 on these works, and the result was that the congregation found itself involved in a debt of £900. It is but fair to add that our treasurer induced nine gentlemen of the congregation to put their names conjointly and severally to a bill for the whole amount. The balance of the debt was gradually paid off.

Immediately after the opening of the church, the Board of Management raised the stipend to £400 a year. This was of no pecuniary benefit to me, but it did enable me to procure the services of an assistant. I had all along felt that the services of one minister of our church for so wide a district were quite inadequate. Now that the congregation had grown so much at Sale, I felt that it was not right that the pulpit should be occupied only on alternate Sabbaths.

My first assistant was the Rev. W. Soutar, for many years afterwards, Chaplain of the Presbyterian Church to the gaol, hospitals and benevolent institutions of Melbourne. But, after ten months' experience of the work in Gippsland, he gave it up, as did one or two successors, and it was not until the arrival of the Rev. John Roberts in 1865, that I had any real help in my work. Mission work in the bush requires strong men, mentally and physically, and a power of adapting themselves to existing conditions, though not necessarily pulpit gifts of a very high order.

Maffra, Stratford, Bairnsdale hived off separate congregations as towns grew, and later, Rosedale, Traralgon and Morwell, until, where I had stood alone as the representative of the Presbyterian Church for so long, I had the satisfaction of seeing, after 32 years' work in Gippsland, churches built throughout the area.

### Chapter 3. .... Some of the Pioneers.

My father's journal has this to say about our Gippsland pioneers:-

"These pioneers were men, often with marked peculiarities of disposition and character, to which their secluded lives gave prominence. The success which has followed some of the early settlers has produced the impression that they were a very fortunate class of men, but only those conversant with the conditions of life in those days can realise their difficulties and struggles. Many, far from being successful, were compelled to abandon all.

I have no intention to enter into details or to give a connected narrative of the occupation of Gippsland by its first settlers, but merely to give a few sketches of what came under my own observation, or what was related to me by the early settlers themselves.

The first to take up a run in the central part of Gippsland was Angus McMillan of Bushy Park. He was one of the fourteen sons of Ewan McMillan of the Isle of Skye, and landed in Sydney, 26th. January 1838, with letters of introduction to Captain Macalister. McMillan was just the man for such an enterprise. He possessed a kindly spirit mixed with much determination, and those two qualities were necessary to induce two Omeo natives, Coboan Johnny and Friday to accompany him; for it required great reliance on their leader to give them courage to enter the dreaded country of the dreaded Warrigals - that being the name given to the so-called wild natives of Gippsland, who had so often carried death and destruction to the more peaceful natives of Omeo. Starting from a station in Manaro belonging to James Macfarlane, McMillan, early in 1839, found his way to another station belonging to the same owner, and which he had taken up the year before, the well-known and beautiful station of Omeo. Proceeding southward, and crossing the range which separates the waters of the northern rivers from the southern, sighting Lake King from the top of Mount Haystack on 3rd. June, and also noting the bearings of all the most remarkable hills, he returned to report his doings to Mr. Macalister.

On the 23rd. December, McMillan again formed a party consisting of Matthew Macalister, Cameron and Bath, and once more succeeded in getting a sight of the Lakes, but returned to the depot at Numlarmunji, later called Ensay, which station he took up for his employer, Macalister. On the 11th. January 1840, McMillan started again, the party this time consisting of Matthew Macalister, Cameron, two blacks and himself, with a four weeks' supply of flour and beef, and a three weeks' ration of tea and sugar. They managed, clearing their way in some places inch by inch, to reach the Tambo River. Crossing the Tambo, and continuing to steer an E.S.E. course, they came upon beautiful, open forest country, and reached the banks of a lake which they called Lake Victoria.



Myriads of swans and ducks were upon it. McMillan and his party then reached and named the Nicholson River, and following it up to the ranges, crossed it, calculating they were twenty miles from the beach, by Flinders' chart. They came to and named the Mitchell River, and Clifton's Morass (named after McMillan's horse, Clifton, who nearly lost his life, disappearing in a deep hole concealed by ferns).

In his journal, McMillan mentions the delightful country on the banks of the Mitchell, luxuriantly grassed as it was, up to his saddle-girths, and beyond anything that he had previously seen. Pushing on, the party reached the Avon, and easily fording it at a spot below where Stratford now stands, they continued their journey until they reached another fine river, which McMillan named the Macalister after his employer. They crossed the river, and despite the shortness of provisions, and the difficulties of penetrating the scrub and the growth on the banks of these rivers, sighted another, which McMillan named the Glengarry (now, the Latrobe River).

The morasses on either side, as well as the scarcity of food, compelled retreat. After days of arduous work, and of constant watchfulness for the presence of hostile blacks, the explorers reached their base at Numlamunji (Ensay), and subsequently returned to Monaro for cattle to stock their recent discoveries. But McMillan's objective was the sea-coast, so, on the 9th. February 1841, from the station he had formed at Nuntin, on the Avon, McMillan made his third attempt to reach it and on the 14th. February he sipped the salt water at Port Albert out of his Highland bonnet.

These few lines simply record the fact that Angus McMillan, between the dates of 28th. May, 1839, and 14th. February, 1841, succeeded in establishing himself in Gippsland, with a road to a shipping port. His followers were a devoted band and they toiled on, following McMillan when he had only a few inspiring words in Gaelic to give in lieu of wages. For two years and more, no wages were paid. The names of these men should be recorded. In addition to those already mentioned, there were Thomas and Lachlan Macalister, Junr., Alexander Arbuckle, John McDonald, Colin Maclaren, Edward Thomson and Jimmy Lawrence.

For prudential reasons, McMillan and Macalister did not publish the news of McMillan's discoveries, and allowed Count Strezlecki the honour of broadcasting the existence of such fine country.

Some few weeks after McMillan had blazed a track to the Mitchell River, Strezlecki followed. His party consisted of James Macarthur, the prime mover and purser of the expedition, James Riley, and a blackfellow named Charlie Tarra.

Crossing Mt. Gibbo, they came down upon Macfarlane's station at Omeo, and following McMillan's tracks pretty closely until reaching the Mitchell, they then took a more westerly course, and crossed the Latrobe a little above the site of Rosedale. Here they left their horses and pushed the rest of the way on foot. After a most arduous journey they reached the settlement at Western Port, and by easy stages found their way to Melbourne. For weeks they had to live on the flesh of the native bear, and by the time they reached Western Port they had only a few rags to cover themselves.

Another party, about the same time, with Edward Bayliss as leader, had found its way to Buchan and taken up country there. One of these men, Andrew Hutton assured me that they had penetrated as far as Tambo Bluff, and had seen the Lakes, but in consequence of the number and fierceness of the blacks, scattered through the lower country and in the vicinity of the Lakes, they were forced to retire and withdraw the stock they had with them.

Count Strezlecki published the news of his discoveries immediately on his arrival in Melbourne, and asserted his right to be considered the discoverer of Gippsland, for which he received the Founders' Medal of the Royal Geographical Society, London, in 1846. The Count passed through Gippsland, but McMillan got here first. The lurking blacks were always a menace, though the genial McMillan invariably sought their friendship. On one occasion, laying down his rifle, and with only a green branch in his hand, he went forward to meet some blacks, accompanied by his own black boy. Another Omeo native, Ingebira, watching them from a distance, detected an advancing Warragul, dragging a spear through the grass with his foot. Perhaps it was Ingebira's warning cry that saved McMillan's life, for immediately he retired, the spear was thrown, but missed its mark. In the first slab hut built at Nuntin, for many years a spear remained embedded in the solid wood, proving the force and skill that the native could employ. McMillan's Highland followers, also carrying firearms, hating the wily ways of the blacks, and not as patient as their leader, often brought trouble upon themselves.



In the end, McMillan's peaceable ways prevailed. The blacks became quite friendly, and when McMillan was appointed Protector to the Gippsland Aborigines, and took charge of Government supplies of tea, sugar, flour and blankets, Bushy Park (McMillan's Station) was a most popular rendezvous and distributing agency, where McMillan's smattering of native lingo soon made him a hero, and a brother among them, too.

Although Gippsland must have been occupied by the blacks for thousands of years, how slight and trivial were the marks they left - the remains of camps; trees notched in the act of climbing, native fashion; trees with a natural curve stripped of their bark for the natives' canoe; a few brush fences across the narrow shallows of lakes. Corpses of the natives, or grass enwrapped skeletons were sometimes seen stuck up in the branches of the trees. Although, around the lakes and mouths of rivers, the camps of these Warragul blacks appeared numerous, it was estimated later that there were not 1,000 in the whole of central Gippsland. They were, at first, treacherous and mischievous. No white man felt safe without his gun close at hand. The river scrubs enabled them to move through the country without being seen, and now and then a dead bullock, with spears in it, would prove their proximity. Worse than that, sometimes a shepherd was murdered in his lonely hut, or a traveller alone in the wild jungle. But these were exceptional cases, and swift retribution almost always overtook the murderers.

Yet, beneath a dark skin may beat a warm and affectionate heart. Charlie Tarra, commemorated in the Tarra River, and Tarraville, accompanied his master, James Macarthur (one of the Strezlecki expedition) through his strenuous journeys and severe illnesses, and but for Tarra's tender care could not have survived his ordeals.

The history of the "Old Days in Gippsland" would not be complete without some account of the Search for the White Woman, supposed by many to be living among the natives. Following numerous depredations by natives, a party of police, or blacktrackers, was sent out under the charge of a Mr. Walsh to make arrests. Some natives, including a woman, were seized, and in the evening, discussing the events of the day, the blacktracker who caught her said, "She smelt like a white woman". The story spread, and in Melbourne was greedily caught by the journals of the time. It so happened that the schooner 'Britannia' had some little time before been wrecked on the Gippsland coast, and it was considered possible that a lady passenger had been saved from the wreck. Under Government instructions, the poor blacks were hunted for two years in the vain hope that the woman would be found. A young boy, Thackewarren was caught in the bush and taught some English. Using him as an interpreter, the natives were told that the woman must be found. To the great delight of Mr. Commissioner Tyers, the Warrigals promised to bring her. A day was named, great excitement prevailed, preparations were made, clothes were provided, when, to the astonishment of all who had assembled, the natives appeared carrying the figurehead - a roughly carved female bust - of the long-lost 'Britannia'. An old legend is hard to kill. Not one of the earliest pioneers believed that this figure-head was the true solution of the phantom earliest Gippsland white woman.

The Heart Station received its name from a heart carved on a tree near where the old station homestead stood. There was also said to have been found a Bible in its vicinity - as well as a piece of a woman's chemise found stopping a leak in a canoe in South Gippsland. I have seen the tree, but the heart was effaced in 1854."

When the community was so small, we might imagine that social life whenever possible would be gladly kept up. But my father assured me that this was not so. Distance may have been the main cause of this lack, but not the only reason. There were disputes and differences amongst some of the leading men. In the undivided state of the runs, where boundaries were undefined, and the mingling of herds unavoidable, a good deal of friction and suspicion was aroused.

Of this my father wrote:

"In visiting from station to station, I could not help knowing of the state of feeling. Coming as I had done among a people who had been for twelve years without any of the public ordinances of religion, it was not surprising that I should encounter much indifference and much irreligion. Still, everywhere and among all, there seemed to be a desire for a better state of things. They subscribed for the support of a minister of religion among them. Gradually, a change for the better was visible. One of the most degraded drunkards became a sober man, and ultimately a staunch abstainer, and being a man of education and position, his influence for good was felt. I married many couples, the exigencies of whose position had prevented an earlier marriage ceremony. The feuds and differences gradually died out. The meeting together for public worship contributed to this, and when the boundaries of the runs were clearly defined, and dividing fences built, one great cause of irritation was removed.

Chapter 4.....Gippsland Nomenclature.

My father's journal continues:-

"The year 1838, and part of 1839, were long remembered by the old colonists as years of drought and famine, with little or no rain for eighteen months or more. The stock was starving, and the stores of grain and flour were reduced to such an extent that the price of flour in New South Wales rose to £100 per ton, and was hard to find even at that price. Consequently, the news of a fertile district abounding in lakes and rivers, invited many adventurous spirits to follow in McMillan's tracks. James Macfarlane of Omeo despatched his manager, Malcolm Macfarlane of Glenmaggie, to occupy Heyfield. George Curlewis took possession of the Heart. His manager, McLennan, a Highlander, added another to what was almost a Scotch colony, and gave his name to the Straits. McDonnell, chief of the Glengarry clan, established himself on the banks of the Tarra River, among whom must not be forgotten, James Neilson, his butler.

A hospitable Highland table was spread, under his direction, as far back as 1842. Gaelic songs, accompanied by the bagpipes and the highland dress, might have led a traveller to suppose that he had come into the Highlands of Scotland. The two McLeans and Simon Gillies arrived in Gippsland early in 1842. Mrs. McLean was the first white woman to cross the Glengarry River, and her son, Alister John McLean, was the first white child to be born in North Gippsland. William Pearson of Kilmany Park, assisted by James Rintoul, were amongst the earliest pioneers. The Imlays of Twofold Bay sent Jack O'Shea to occupy what is now known as Fulham, though in 1842 it passed into the hands of John and Arthur King. Loughnan and Taylor, from India, occupied the Mitchell River country - hence the name Lindenow. Frederick Sterling Jones, to gratify his friend, Taylor's, Indian proclivities, and to express his own hope that his luck was now in the ascendant, called his station Lucknow. In the same year, 1842, John Reeve pitched his camp at Snake's Ridge, so called because McMillan and Colin McLaren found here a freshly-killed snake, out of which the fat had just been taken by the natives. William Odell Raymond, assisted by Richard Brinsley Sheridan, from New South Wales, came to Stratford on the Avon River (although McMillan had named the river, earlier, after that Scottish River in the Grampians). Sparks from Monaro occupied Swan Reach. Thomson and Cunninghame, also from Monaro, settled at Clydebank, and D.P.Okeden, at Old Rosedale. John Campbell and Fraser took up a position on the Hill Top and across the Longford Morass at the foot of this hill. Many a traveller was indebted to them for assistance in crossing this 'bottomless' quagmire.

The Latrobe River although straddling the most frequented track of early Gippsland, was long without punt, boat or bridge. Archie Macintosh, the first man to settle on Flooding Creek, was nearly drowned while being dragged or pulled through the river at the end of a rope.

Lake Wellington was so named by W.A.Brodribb in honour of the great Duke, and Lake Victoria by McMillan in honour of the Queen. Lake King was called after Admiral King, the first Australian to reach the rank of Admiral. McLennan's Straits and McMillan's Straits were named by John Reeves, in his first exploration of the Lakes in 1841, on which occasion the Lakes' Entrance was found. Jembuck Point (aboriginal for Sheep Point), now called Jimmex's Point, was named during this cruise, because a live sheep, carried for provisions, got away from here. It had been turned out to graze. The Mitchell River was named after Sir Thomas Mitchell, Surveyor-General of New South Wales. Providence Ponds was so called by McMillan, because, in the long stretch of country between the Mitchell and the Avon Rivers, it was providential that such fine ponds were there situated. Macalister River was McMillan's tribute to his employer. The Thomson River was named after Sir Edward Deas Thomson, Chief Secretary of New South Wales, and the Glengarry River after the chief of that title. McMillan called it the Glengarry; and Strezlecki, the Latrobe, (after Governor La Trobe). Later, a compromise was effected by giving this name only to the stream after the junction of the Glengarry and Thomson. Eagle Point, selected by Commissioner Tyers as the site of his residence, was so called after a large eagle's nest found in a tree on the cliff. Jones' Bay was so named after Jones of Lucknow, and Ben Cruachan was another Scottish name bestowed by McMillan."

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Editor's Note. The next part of these reminiscences, dealing with the wreck of the "Clonmel" in Corner Inlet, 2/1/1841, the exploration by sea of this section of the coast line, and the arrival of a party of squatters at Port Albert, by sea, is historically incorrect in some details. Rather than disseminate these errors, we will combine reminiscences with facts to give the real story, a condensed version of which was given in our Vol.2; Chap.25.



Chapter 5 .....Discovery by Sea.The Wreck of the "Clonmel", in Corner Inlet, 2nd. January, 1841.

On the 30th. December, 1840, the mail-boat "Clonmel" (a steamer), set out from Sydney on her second voyage to Melbourne. It is said that the captain thought that Wilson's Promontory was an island, and was looking for a passage between it and the mainland, but, in view of the mapping work done by Bass and others from 1798 onwards, this is hard to believe. At all events, the ship did keep too close to the shore and was wrecked in the shallow waters of Corner Inlet, 2nd. January, 1841. No lives were lost, and all on board were safely landed on Snake Island. From there, six men, with D.C. Simpson in charge, sailed the ship's boat (or one of them) to Melbourne, 200 miles away to seek help. Two relief ships were sent and brought the passengers and mail to Melbourne.

The Gippsland Company of Squatters.

About this time, there was much interest in Melbourne in the story Strzelecki had to tell of his Gippsland journey, 1840, and this interest was heightened by the "Clonmel" incident. A group of squatters - Messrs Hawden, Orr, Rankin, McLeod, W.A. Brodribb, Kinghorne, Kirsopp and Dr. Stewart - formed the Gippsland Company with the express purpose of establishing cattle stations there. They chartered the vessel "Singapore" and left for Corner Inlet, 6th. February, arriving at Snake Island, 13th. February, 1841. For a fortnight they probed the coast without finding a suitable place to land. At last, using their longboat, and two smaller boats of the wrecked "Clonmel", they discovered a navigable channel leading to two rivers, which they named the Albert, after the Prince Consort, and the Tarra, after their valued aboriginal companion, Charlie Tarra. They unloaded their horses and stores, built a small cottage, called their settlement Port Albert, and divided their party into three. Stewart, Rankin and Orr returned to Melbourne in the "Singapore", whose chartered time had run out; an overseer named Macfarlane and three men were left at Port Albert; and the remaining five squatters with Charlie Tarra explored further to the east, and then returned overland to Melbourne.

It is indisputable that Angus McMillan arrived at Port Albert, on the 14th. February, 1841. Mrs. Harrison herself states this in her reminiscences, (see Page 33). But then, she goes on to say (Page 33 of her booklet) that this party of squatters left Melbourne in May 1841, and discovered Port Albert. On Page 34, she says this party returned to Melbourne, and then made a second trip to Port Albert, where, while they were busy setting up a camp, they were startled by the blast of a bugle, heralding Angus McMillan's arrival. It is very probable that the two parties did meet at Port Albert, during the year, 1841, but this would be as a result of a later visit by Angus McMillan, not his first visit.

Chapter 6. ....Sale in 1924.

To end her booklet, Mrs. Harrison gives a brief account of the town of Sale in 1924, seventy years after she first saw it, and first lived there. She lists as the main buildings, the churches of the several denominations - the Anglican and Roman Catholic cathedrals, the Methodist and Baptist churches, the Presbyterian Church "standing where it has always stood", the Salvation Army citadel, the Roman Catholic convent and presbytery, the Anglican Bishop's Palace; public buildings such as the Post Office, Law Courts and Land Offices, the State School, Technical College, High School, Catholic schools and college, the Church of England kindergarten, and so on. Some business places she mentions are the foundries, coach-building establishments, the butter factory, flour-mill, brick works, and woollen mills.

In this brief, final review, the following paragraph is perhaps the most interesting and instructive:

"The course of our flooding Creek has been changed. A canal from the Thomson River leads into our town, on which our great Lake boats come and go. Wireless installations may yet make our fine telephone and telegraph systems as obsolete as the railway has made our Cobb's coaches; or flying machines retaliate on the railway. For, to one who has walked across the dry reedy bed that is now Lake Guthridge, waded in the forest swamp where the Anglican Cathedral now stands, and has seen Sale take the place of blackfellows' mia-mias, nothing is impossible."

Final Notes.

Mrs. Jessie Harrison and her father, Rev. W.S. Login both consistently spell the name of Gippsland's greatest explorer as Angus MacMillan, whereas we write McMillan. Similarly their Macfarlane and Strzelecki have become McFarlane and Strzelecki in modern spelling.

The Morwell Historical Society News.

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Excursion to the Holey Plains Homestead, Residence of Mr. E. M. Crooke.

Sunday, 19th. November, 1972.

The final excursion for the year, again arranged by the Traralgon Historical Society, will be to the magnificent old homestead at Holey Plains, on Sunday, 19th. November, 1972. On this occasion a charge of 50 cents each for adults will be made, with children free.

This excursion is for members only, and their immediate families. Another group will be visiting Holey Plains the same day, and considerations of space make it impossible for us to make the occasion anything like a public treat.

Cars will leave from the Traralgon Post Office at 1.30 p.m. but those who find it more convenient may join us at the Holey Plains Gate at 2.00 p.m.

We wish to thank Mr. E. M. Crooke for the courtesy of his invitation, and for suffering this wholesale invasion of his home for the cause of History.

A Brief History of Holey Plains and the Crooke Family.

The Holey Plains Cattle Station was first occupied by W. Curlewis in 1842, and he held it briefly until 1844 or 1845, when he sold out to Mr. E. C. Crooke. The property has been held by the Crooke Family ever since - for 127 years, the present Mr. E. M. Crooke being the grandson of the original owner, third in his family line.

Edward C. Crooke, 1810-1879 was born in the same year as Angus McMillan. In addition to his tenure of Holey Plains, 1845-1879 (34 years) he held Hinnomungie, 1841-1859, and also Bindi, Tongiomungie and Lucknow, at various times.

Edward Jolly Crooke, 1861-1940 was the son and successor of Edward C. Crooke. He is, perhaps, the most important of all the past and present residents of the Shire of Rosedale, since he represented the district in the Legislative Council of Victoria for 30 years, 1893-1922, and since he was a councillor of the Rosedale Shire Council for 46 years, 1890-1936, and President of the Council for four terms, 1892-93; 1895-96; 1922-23; and 1923-24. He held Holey Plains for 61 years.

Edward Menzies Crooke, the present owner of Holey Plains, was born in 1915, the son of Edward Jolly Crooke, and the grandson of Edward C. Crooke. He has held Holey Plains for 32 years, but still has thirty years to go to beat his father's record. He has followed the family tradition of community service, representing the Rosedale Riding in the Rosedale Shire Council, from 1950 to 1961, and holding the office of President of the Shire, 1955-56.

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The Login Family of Sale.

Our last issue (Vol.11, No.3..15/8/72) was devoted entirely to the reminiscences of Sale's pioneer clergyman, Rev. William Spence Login, taken from his diary, edited and published by his daughter, Mrs. Jessie Harrison, in 1924, under the title of "Some Memories of Old Gippsland and Its Earliest Pioneers".

In the meantime, we have done a lot more research into the Login Family, and in particular, into the life of Mrs. Harrison, a keen observer, an interesting writer, and a very good historian.

None of our usual sources, such as the La Trobe Library, could help us very much, in our search for more information about Mrs. Harrison, until we suddenly struck gold, discovering that a grandson of Rev. W.S. Login, is still living in Sale.

We are very much indebted to Mr. Charles C. Login, 10 Joseph Street, Sale, who was not only able to give us much valuable information himself, but also made available to us, some of the manuscripts of Mrs. Harrison, including her own diary. Information leads to more information. We were able to get the death certificates of various members of the family, with their wealth of accurate detail, and turn back the pages of the "Gippsland Times" to read the life story given in obituaries. Let us begin our story of the Login Family with the basic facts given in these death notices and certificates.

Rev. William Spence Login, 1819-1903.

He was born at Stromness in the Orkney Islands, off the north coast of Scotland, 26th. July, 1819, the son of John Login, a ship-owner, and his wife, formerly Margaret Spence. He entered Edinburgh University in 1834 (at the age of 15) to study for the Presbyterian Ministry. His first charge was at Papa Westray, one of the smaller islands of the Orkney Group, 1844-1853.

In 1845, when he was 26 years old, he married Miss Annie Millar Howden, and their children were:-

- |                         |                      |
|-------------------------|----------------------|
| John James, b. 1847     | Charles, b. 1855     |
| Jessie Bellary, b. 1849 | Marian Ihra, b. 1857 |
| Margaret Helen, b. 1851 | Alice Anne, b. 1860. |
| Alfred William, b. 1853 |                      |

With his wife and four children, he travelled to Australia on board the "East Lothian", a sailing vessel of 500 tons, which left Leith, in Scotland, 11/8/1853, and reached Melbourne, 25/11/1853. He accepted the appointment as Gippsland, and travelled with his family to Port Albert on board the "Meg Merrilees", arriving in the second week of January, 1854. His first service in Gippsland was at Tarraville, Sunday 15/1/1854, and his first service in Sale was on Sunday, 29/1/1854. For a short time, perhaps a year, the family lived at Tarraville, but then moved to Sale, probably in 1855.

After 32 years in Gippsland, and 31 years in Sale, Mr. Login retired in 1886, and moved to Melbourne, where his wife died on New Year's Day, 1893. For the last six months of his life, he was back in Gippsland, living at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Harrison, at Copeford, near Sale. He died there, 27th. June, 1903, and was buried in the Sale Cemetery

Mrs. Annie Millar Login, (formerly Howden), 1818-1903.

Annie Millar Howden was born in Edinburgh, the daughter of James Howden, jeweller, and his wife, Jessie Howden (formerly Bellany).

She married William Spence Login at Edinburgh, in 1845, and died at her home in Cromwell Road, South Yarra, Victoria, 1/1/1903

Hezekiah Harrison, 1848-1933. (Husband of Mrs. Jessie Harrison).

Hezekiah Harrison was born, 4/12/1847 in Tasmania, the son of George Thomas Harrison, farmer, and Mrs. Harriet Harrison (formerly Keach). He came to Victoria in 1869, and engaged in farming in Gippsland, first as the Manager of Airly Station. Later, he purchased part of Airly, and named his property Copeford.

On the 31st. March, 1875, he married Jessie Bellany Harrison, and their children were:

- |                          |                               |
|--------------------------|-------------------------------|
| George William, b. 1876  | Rowland, b. 1880              |
| Hector Gillespie b. 1877 | Campbell b. 1881              |
| Charles Keith, b. 1879   | Violet Airlie Helen, b. 1888. |

He died at "Copeford", Sale, 21/7/1933, and was buried in the Sale Cemetery. His wife survived him by a little more than ten years, dying 8/9/1943 at the advanced age of 94 years.

Mrs. Jessie Bellany (Login) Harrison, 1849 - 1943.

Obituary Notice, Printed in the "Gippsland Times", 9/9/1943.

Mrs. Hezekiah Harrison passed away peacefully at her home, "Copeford", Sale, yesterday, 8/9/43, at the age of 94 years.

More than anyone else, she had watched Sale grow. When she came here in 1855, there was but one house, that of Mr. McIntosh, situated on Flooding Creek, near the present Police Station. As she leaves it, Sale is on the verge of being proclaimed a city.

Born in the Orkney Islands, she came to Australia in 1853 with her parents, accompanied by two brothers and one sister, their first home being at Port Albert (or Tarraville). Her father was the pioneer clergyman, Rev. W.S. Login of the Presbyterian Church. Leaving his family at Port Albert, he came on to Sale, and was engaged in ministering to and organizing the district for a year, before he could transfer them here.

In 1875 (31st. March, 1875) she married Mr. Hezekiah Harrison, who, at that time, was manager of Airly Station. Later, he purchased portion of Airly, named it Copeford, and there, made a permanent home for his family, in 1889. The family consisted of George, Hector, Keith, Rowland, Campbell, and Airlie. Of these, Hector was drowned in the Avon River at the age of 7½ years, (January, 1885); George died at the age of 36 (26/11/1912) after a long illness; and Campbell was killed on active service in France, 24/6/1916. This latter son lived a life of adventure. It may be remembered that he, and another man, Captain Voss, left Australia in a 3 ton vessel, 20 feet long, named the "Tillikum", and crossing the ocean, about 1903, landed at Pernambuco, in America. Later, in the same craft, they crossed the Atlantic, and entered the Thames River in England. He survived the dangers of the sea to be hit by a shell, in the service of his country.

A private interment will take place at the Sale General Cemetery, tomorrow morning.

Four Generations of the Login Family.

Generation 1.

John Login, ship-owner,  
of Strommess, approx. 1770-1840  
m. Margaret Spence,

James Howden, jeweller, of  
Edinburgh, approx. 1780-1850  
m. Jessie Bellany.

Generation 2.

William Spence Login, m. 1845, Annie Millar Howden, 1818-1903.

Generation 3.

Jessie Belany Login  
1849-1943, m. 1875  
Hezekiah Harrison,  
1847-1933.

Charles Login,  
1855-1931,  
married  
Margaret Mouritz

1. John James Login, 1847-1919.
3. Margaret Helen (Nellie)  
1852-1889, married  
Dr. J.A.Reid, 1851-1908
4. Alfred William Login, 1853-
6. Marian, b. 1858  
(Mrs. Sillett)
7. Alice Ann, b. 1860

Generation 4.

1. George William Harrison, 1876-1912.
2. Hector Gillespie Harrison, 1877-1885.
3. Charles Keith Harrison, 1878 -
4. Rowland Harrison, 1880-
5. Campbell Harrison, 1881-1916
6. Violet Airlie Helen Harrison, 1888-

1. William Login, m. Catherine  
d'Ombrain
2. John Login
3. Charles Login, married  
Margaret Lynch.

Notes on Generation 3, the Family of William Spence Login, and Annie (Howden) Login.

John Login, Alfred Login, and Alice Login never married. John was a bank-manager in the National Bank; Alfred was a journalist at Toora, Gippsland, and is buried in the Yarram Cemetery; and Alice Login died at Copeford, and is buried at Sale. Margaret Helen (Nellie) married Dr. J.A.Reid. Both died before reaching old age, Nellie, 22/3/1889, aged 37 years, and her husband, 20/6/1908, aged 57 years.

The Harrison Family.

Although Hezekiah and Jessie Harrison had six children - five sons, and at last, one daughter, it seems that they had no grandchildren - except the baby son of Keith Harrison. The child died, 24/6/1920, only one day old, and his mother, Mrs. Morrison Harrison (nee Foster) died six weeks later, 9/8/1920. George, Hector (drowned when a child of 7½), Campbell (killed in the First World War), Rowland, and Airlie did not marry.

The several family tragedies are recorded in Jessie Harrison's diary. Here are the relevant entries:-

January 8th, 1885. My little Hector was drowned in the Avon on Monday, 5th. All my life, I have had one agonizing dread of the first death amongst my dearest ones - and now the blow has fallen. It is still terrible for me to think of the details of that afternoon, when it happened.

My little boy seemed particularly happy that Monday morning. He got up late and breakfasted alone with his father, after we had finished - Hez having been up early harvesting. Hez just remembers him saying, "Shall I pour you out a cup of tea, Father?" - but he did not speak much. He was generally a very quiet, little fellow. After breakfast he got his little bay pony to ride down to Mr. Palmer's with a message. I asked him to wait while I mended a hat for him, and when I gave it to him, he thanked me and said, "Yes, that's the very hat I like." When he returned, Georgie and Percy went to Sale, and Hector and Alec Reid played together very quietly and happily in my little garden, catching grasshoppers, I think. About eleven o'clock, Hector came and asked if they might take their dinners outside. I agreed, but said it was too early yet. After twelve, he came to ask if I could get it then, and I left my sewing to do so. I found ants were getting into my jam. Hec said, "Shall I take those ants out for you?" and he took the pot away, and brought it back with every one picked out. I packed the basket for him, and he started off so happily. "We're all agreed to have it under that myrtle by the garden," he said. "All right", I replied, "but don't come home too soon, before we have our dinners", - and he never came home again. Campbell and Rowie came back and said they had not had enough dinner, and we heard the other three, Hector, Keith and Alec down at the mulberry trees for some time after. Then they disappeared, and I, supposing that they had gone down, as they usually did, to where the men were cutting the crop, felt little, or no, anxiety. It was not until the men came in without the children that I felt anxious.

A minute or two later, Alec came to the verandah with the basket, looking very much scared, but I thought he was just afraid of being punished for being so late. I said, "Where have you been, Alec?" "At the river", he replied. "Bathing?" "Yes."

"Oh, I am angry with Hec," I said, and Alec turned round and went away.

Then, it struck me I had not seen Hector. I ran to where Keith was sitting with the other children.

"Where is Hec?" I said.

"Drowned", he answered.

I ran, screaming for Hez, and called to the girls to bring blankets and ran away down to the river. Alec pointed out the place. Hez went into the water, and in a very few seconds saw the body.

In the afternoon, Mr. Howitt came and held an inquiry. They must, I think, have been playing in the water for a long time. Then Hec said, "I am going over to that stump" - and when close to it, disappeared and never came up again.

September 22nd, 1911.

George has been quite ill, but there is uncertainty and indecision about what the trouble is. Now, Alex thinks, and both Dr. Hagenauer and Dr. Macdonald agree, that it is a tumour (they say, a small one) forming on the kidneys.

Christmas morning, 1911. George was operated on in September. We are very worried.

June 29th, 1912. George is, I hope, sleeping. He has been very ill for the last two days.

September 22nd, 1912. George is very ill again.

November 27th, 1912. Our darling George left us yesterday. We have had fourteen months of sore anxiety. For the last few weeks he gradually grew weaker and weaker - and the dreadful sickness for the last week was terrible - so terrible, with the continuous pain, until I could only thank God, when my boy was taken.



The Morwell Historical Society News. Vol. 11; No. 4. ....15/11/72.

22/9/1914...The War is now in everyone's mind.

29/11/1914..I have had letters from Cam telling me he was going to Brisbane to enlist. It seems right that he should.

17/1/1915...Yesterday, Cam returned from Queensland, in order to volunteer in Melbourne - but has first come home to see us all. He has made arrangements to have his banana and pineapple plantation looked after in his absence. He had bought 20 acres at Woombye, Queensland.

6/6/1915...Cam has sailed on the "Port Macquarie".

19/9/1915...Our dear Cam is, we believe, at the Dardanelles - or rather, at Suvla Bay, on the other side of Gallipoli. We are grieved to hear of the death of one after another of soldiers we know. It is a terrible time.

9/12/1915..This is dear Cam's birthday. He is still at Suvla Bay, still under shell-fire, living in a dug-out. His unit, the Naval Bridging Train, is with the British, so he sees no Australian friends, though he knows they are not far away.

12/7/1916..Our dear Cammie died of wounds, 24th. June, 1916. He met his death at Bois Greniers, in the north of France. He and a comrade were walking along a road, when a shell burst beside them. Cam was carried to hospital and died there, without regaining consciousness. His companion had both legs shattered.

Urgent Telegram, received at Sale, 12/7/1916, addressed to Rev.W.W.Smith.

"Officially reported Gunner C.L.Harrison died of wounds, 24th. June. Kindly inform mother, Mrs. J. Harrison, Copeford, Sale, sad news and convey regret and sympathy King and Queen and Commonwealth in loss sustained. Wire me when you do this. Colonel Hawker."

1919....After finishing his work with the Education Scheme in England, and visiting his dear brother's grave at Bois Greniers, France, Keith crossed to America, and on 10th. June, 1919, was married at Melrose to Ethel Morrison Foster. After a honeymoon tour, and a business tour in the United States, they sailed for Australia, 9/9/1919, reaching Sydney on 30th. September, and Copeford, on Saturday, 4th. October.

(Then, in the diary are two small cuttings from a newspaper). They read:-

HARRISON.- On the 23rd. June, 1920, at Sister Annear's Hospital, Armadale, the wife of C. K. Harrison - a son.

HARRISON.- On the 24th. June, at Armadale, John Foster Harrison, infant son of C.K. and E.M. Harrison, died. Lived one day.

9/8/1920...Today, the dear mother also left us. Morrison died at St. Ives Hospital, East Melbourne, after more than six weeks of patiently borne suffering.

#### The Last Entry.

14/9/1924. This life story of nearly fifty years must end here. It is a true record - and through all the many bitter sorrows through which we have passed, I can truly say, "Hitherto, hath the Lord helped me."

Within the last year, I have had a most serious illness and operation, followed by a surprising, complete and unexpected recovery. Hez still suffers much from rheumatism, chiefly settled in old injuries. Keith is battling on with his Reverro-Rug business, bravely still, and, I hope, making a success of it, though not very prosperous financially. Row's farm does him credit, and has kept us all these years. Now, the Woollen Mill, he is so deeply interested in, promises to become a really valuable asset to the district. His name is prominently inscribed on the Foundation Stone - as his father's is also on that of the Sale Butter Factory.

Our dear Soldier Son's name is on the Soldiers' Memorial, and if dear George's is on no stone but his grave-stone, it is still precious in loving hearts, beyond his own family.

Hector's name is deeply graven in his Mother's heart.

Our daughter, Airlie is still blessing us with her most loving, thoughtful and unselfish consideration for others.

I thank God for my children.



Beginning the Diary.

The diary is written, along with other material such as quite a number of original poems, in a very big (or fat) exercise book with a hard, imitation marble-grained cover.

It was begun by Hezekiah Harrison, Monday, 14th. September, 1874, six months before his marriage to Jessie Login, but was discontinued after a very short time, and less than five pages of rather unimportant farm-business details.

Apparently, the book was handed over to the young wife, and she used it, first for some of her scribblings, such as a letter to the "Argus" in defence of women, reading very much like the work of a modern women's liberationist, and some short essays, of which by far the most important is a description of her wedding day, 31st. March, 1875. This really is a gem of a description and we give it in full below.

The diary proper began in June 1877, when her eldest son, George, was eighteen months old, and her second son, Hector, was an infant of six weeks. The diary is entitled, "My Children", and throughout the fifty years during which entries were made, that proves to be the real subject of the diarist. Indeed, the last entry, "I thank God for my children" closes the diary on the same note as it began.

My Wedding Day.

The 31st. March, 1875.

We had been engaged long enough, - nearly two years - to have passed through the stage of little doubts and forebodings, which seem to visit some people on their wedding day. I had no doubts at all about my loving Hez, and few forebodings of his ceasing to love me.

So, at six o'clock, out of bed I sprang, too happy to rest, although I had been kindly pressed by my affectionate relatives to breakfast in bed. It was a lovely morning, and though the wedding breakfast was laid, and everything was, as far as possible in a state of readiness for the great event, a good many little finishing touches of decoration remained to be done. Everybody was up and everybody was busy. We took our very slipshod sort of breakfast on the back verandah, and again adjourned to work.

Alfred and Charlie were despatched on messages to Sale, to see after borrowed buggies, etc. Nellie beat up her froths for custards, turned out her jellies, and gave some finishing touches to the breakfast table. I finished a festoon of flowers for myself and my husband!! to sit under, and also attempted a bridal bouquet in case the one which was coming from Melbourne, should not arrive in time. Marion and Alice gave their valuable assistance to both Nellie and me. Mama fussed about everywhere. Papa commenced dressing at an early hour, and continually exhorted us all to do the same. Finally, he walked off to the church, and we began our titivations.

What a pleasure to dress when everything is laid out in readiness, and every article is new and pretty! How well I remember Nellie's unselfishness in helping me to dress, although she did not leave herself much time to don her own bridesmaid's gown! What a bother my veil was to fix!

At last, I was dressed - and they all laughed at ME, the bride. I did not get great respect, the accession of dignity due to my position, as I tucked up my dress and ran about to see if the bridesmaids were coming.

And oh! when Alfred appeared in his bell-topper, how we did laugh!

The bridesmaids came, all but the Sibbalds, whom we intended to pick up at Mrs. Bushe's - so off we set. I hadn't time to think.

Alfred and I laughed so much all the way in. Ian was riding Papa's highly-mettled steed, Don, and all the bridesmaids were convulsed by the sight of his flying coat-tails, and manly attempts at trotting.

All down the streets, people were hurrying to the church, and Alfred and I had a warm discussion as to whether etiquette demanded our cutting all our acquaintances, or honoring them with a friendly bow.

Arrived at the church, all the bridesmaids got out and stood in the sun, while I sat still in the buggy, and Alfred made two or three trips to the vestry to see whether it was time for us to make our progress up the church.

Then, gracefully hanging on this volatile brother's arm, and with my eight beauteous bridesmaids behind, I enter the sacred edifice. Yes, it is full of people - and yes, almost more than I could have hoped, Hez is in his place waiting for me. Alfred makes a frantic plunge up the first aisle - but I am well aware that that one is blocked up by the harmonium, and try towards the other. Alfred yields, and we both smile.

Dr. Reid, the best man has not got his gloves fastened yet - and Hez's necktie is above his collar at the back. So much I see, and I feel that a lot of eyes are upon me.

The ceremony commences. Papa is nervous. My breath comes quickly, and I feel slightly tremulous. About the middle of a prayer, I hear a bustle, feel a tug at my elbow, and Nellie hands me my bouquet which has just arrived by coach. Then, Hez has my hand in his in a light, strong grasp, and Papa is saying, "Will you, Hezekiah Harrison, etc., and I think about Hez asking him last night not to shout his name very loud. Hez says, "I will", very clearly, and I am pleased. Then, it is my turn, and I feel sure my voice is husky. So it is. Hez puts on the ring. I know he won't drop it - he made up his mind firmly on that point when he saw a bridegroom perform that feat at a wedding last week. Next thing I know, Papa is shaking me by the hand and kissing me, and I begin to realize, dimly, that I am married. Then, Hez takes me in his arms, and kisses me before the whole church full, and I feel sure that I am.

We are in the vestry. Dr. Reid has bashfully kissed me too. We have signed our names with very bad pens, a great many times. We are passing towards our buggy through the people. Congratulations on every side.

We are in the buggy and off. We both laugh and say, "Well, how do you like being married?" I believe we are both very happy.

We have driven on rapidly to the "Heart" to see Mrs. Montgomery, who has been ill. She is surprised and pleased - but we are in a desperate hurry not to keep the people waiting at the Manse. Arriving at the Manse, we find all the guests assembled on the verandah to welcome us. I have an indistinct idea of being much kissed by females, and seeing Hez, bashfully, undergoing the same treatment. One glance in the looking-glass to refix myself, after all this kissing, and we have taken our seats at the breakfast table.

I am sitting between Hez and Dr. Reid, both of whom are trembling as they look forward to their speeches. I earnestly admonish them both to be short, but I have little to fear from Hez's discursiveness. There is a pleasant clatter of knives and forks, a clinking of glasses, and I am glad to hear a perfect babel of tongues. Everybody seems jolly, excepting, I think, Janie Montgomery, who is sickening for the measles, poor girl. I am addressed on all sides as Mrs. Harrison. I take no notice, but when I hear a remark made to Nellie, as Miss Login, I instantly reply. Then, there is a slight pause, and I know my neighbours are shaking in their shoes with laughter.

Somebody, Mr. Batinby, I think, proposes the health of the young couple. It is drunk, and my poor, dear husband is on his legs, holding grimly to the table. He has made his speech; it is beautifully brief - to the point, and pleasantly spoken. I feel relieved.

Before sitting down, Hez proposes Mr. Alfred Login's health. That gentleman instantly responds with great gusto.

Then, the bridesmaids' health is drunk, and Dr. Reid commences the speech which he had rehearsed in bed last night. In the middle of the first sentence, he finds himself hopelessly bogged, and flounders on to the end, inwardly vowing that he will never again prepare a speech beforehand.

More speeches, more drinking, and then a general rising. I jump out at the window; the bridesmaids follow. We go to the kitchen to shake hands with the Munroes. When I re-enter the drawing-room, Mr. B. declares that he never yet has been at a wedding without enjoying the privilege of kissing the bride. I am too good-natured to refuse, so smile with inward loathing while he bears down upon me, with both arms outspread.

Then old John Lazard comes out from having his breakfast to give me his blessing. It would probably have been less garrulous had it been bestowed before the breakfast.

But now, we must hurry away, or we shall never get to Traralgon by daylight. I am hustled off to change my dress. Everybody helps me to put on my travelling dress and to pack my portmanteau.

Once more, I am beneath an avalanche of kisses. The tears are coming now, but there! I am with Hez. One glance back at the dear, old house that will never be my home again, and it is lost to view in a shower of shoes. Off we go with a whole train of buggies behind us - through Sale, with some people peeping and others staring boldly at us. The Catholic school children raise a faint cheer as we pass. Just past Wurruk, we stop to bid a fond farewell to our friends in the buggies behind us - and we two are launched out into the world as Husband and Wife to find our all in all in one another for life on this earth.

Below this, is Mrs. Harrison's poignant note, dated 21/7/1933, 58 years later. "Hez passed on this morning, before me. I live to miss him, but not to grieve".

Summary of the Diary Entries, 1875 to 1924.

- 31/ 3/1875...The wedding of Hezekiah Harrison and Jessie Login.
- June, 1877...Having read of a lady who derived great pleasure in after life from a biography which she kept of her children in early years, I am going to attempt to do the same.
- As yet, I am afraid I have little to record of my two sons, the eldest being only eighteen months old, and his brother, ten weeks.
- Georgie was born on the first of January, 1876, a very, very small and puny baby. He was christened George William after his two grandfathers. Hector, born on the 26th April, 1877, is altogether much stronger
- 22/ 3/1878...We had a trip to the Entrance, this summer, which appeared to do both boys a great deal of good. They are both fat, and well.
- 16/ 4/1878...Hector is very nearly a year old now, and the rowdiest young person of that age, to be seen, I should think.
- 2/ 6/1878...Georgie is a much more obedient and pleasant boy than he was a month or two ago. He declares himself to be "a good, big, ole man". Hector can toddle about pretty well, and attempts to say words.
- 4/ 8/1878...We took Georgie to church (at Clydebank) for the first time.
- 12/ 8/1878...Little Alick Reid is staying with us just now in consequence of the arrival of a little brother, Georgie and Hector stayed at the Manse for nearly a fortnight, recently, as Sarah had diphtheria.
- 1/10/1878...Georgie is promoted to knicker-bockers, and looks well in them. So far, neither has developed the slightest idea of tune.
- 13/ 3/1879...We have another son, nearly seven weeks old now, but as yet not named. When the baby was born, Georgie stayed at the Manse for a fortnight.
- 7/ 4/1879...It is washing day, and Lizzie is in the wash-house, while Maria attends to the kitchen.
- 28/ 6/1879...We have named our third son, Keith Charles. (called Charles, sometimes)
- 15/ 6/1880...Just about a year since I last wrote - and we have actually got another son, Rowland, about eight weeks old now.
- 13/ 3/1881...Georgie and Hector are learning to ride (and in fact, so is Keith). They are not timid, but as they generally have old Janette to practise on, I do not feel nervous about them. Keith seems to be the most intelligent one, and Rowland the handsomest.
- 1/ 6/1881...Georgie is able to ride quite well.
- 4/10/1881...Georgie and Hector have school for an hour every day. They can read short words, spell a very little, and write clumsily. Georgie was in Melbourne for a few days recently, with his father. Georgie has ridden to Sale several times, and Hector to Clydebank and Mrs. Macalister's.
- 15/ 3/1882...Our fifth son was born on 9th. December, 1881, and his name is Campbell Login Harrison.
- 12/ 9/1882...George and Hector now go down to Mrs. Caverny every day, to school.
- 25/ 3/1883...Georgie is promoted. He now stays at the Manse, and goes to Miss Geoghegan's school. Hector and Keith attend Mrs. Tom's classes.
- 26/ 6/1883...Hector was in Melbourne with me recently, while I was getting some dental treatment. He was simply delighted with everything - a Christy Minstrel Show, the Royal Park Zoo (and especially, the monkeys) and also the dentist's surgery.
- 14/11/1883...George has ridden in to the Manse and out again, several times, by himself. Last Friday, he had a holiday, and surprised us all by walking in, just after breakfast. He had come out most of the way with a wood-carter, and walked the rest.
- 15/11/1883...Show Day. (Sale?).
- 2/ 3/1884...Alice now teaches George, Hector and Keith at home. Keith does not like school. Hector promises to write well. Alice is quite surprised at how much George learnt in the nine months he was at Miss Geoghegan's school. The children were all depressed by Jim Macmannus's death, last month - a boy not so very much older than George.



- 25/ 7/1884...I was away for a month, lately, for a change of air, after an illness. I took Keith with me, as it was his turn to visit Melbourne. We were in Melbourne about a fortnight, and then, at Killeen. The children have got the loan of two dear little ponies, "for as long as they like".  
The children's cousin, Douglas Harrison, is staying with us now. Douglas, though younger, is much taller than Georgie.  
The children were all at a party at the Manse, last Monday, to celebrate the 38th. wedding anniversary of their grandparents.  
They were playing near the creek beside Mrs. Tom's hut, the other day. She told them to come away for fear they might fall in and be drowned.  
Maggie Sibbald was nursing Rowie, the other evening, and having quite a conversation with him. Hector will, I fancy, be the most studious of the family. He rides very well too - better than Georgie.
- 27/12/1884...Another Christmas past - very like the previous one. All the Manse people, and Nellie and her children came to dinner, and the Thomsons to tea.
- 8/ 1/1885...My little Hector was drowned in the Avon, on Monday, 5th. January. I am so grieved that I have no photograph of Hector since he was a baby. Aunt Lucy who was on a visit here, liked him the best of the boys.
- 19/ 2/1885...Today we heard of poor little Paddy Bruce's death, accidentally shot by Alick Gooch. Poor Mrs. Bruce's trouble brought my own all back. Paddy and Hector had been together almost the whole of an evening we spent at Mrs. Macalister's a few days before Hector's death.  
Alice now teaches Keith and Rowley with George. Nobody can bear to mention Hector's name except me - and I could bear anything better than his seeming to be forgotten.
- 7/7/1885...I shudder to think how often the children have been in danger with the water - but I always was terrified of it, and punished them for going near it. It was only the creek near the hut that they ever visited, until that dreadful afternoon.
- 19/8/1885...A man came out today to mend our pump. I took Cam in to be photographed, yesterday. Campbell has a young possum which he dearly loves. Kate - the girl - feeds it, but it belongs to Campbell.
- 4/11/1885...George is most anxious to learn to play the piano, and strums away at a five finger exercise.  
Keith and Rowley were riding without a saddle, double-back, on old Zed, on Saturday, and both fell off. Keith was stunned, and did not recover for some time. I was terribly frightened.
- 26/12/1885...Our first Christmas Day without dear little Hector has passed. All our happiness last year came back to me so vividly - it was just heart-breaking.. We all dined at Nellie's this year. Brothers John and Alfred were there, and I was glad Papa and Mama had all their children together once again, before they go to Scotland next February.
- 26/2/1886...The Manse is let, and Mama and Papa are in Melbourne, preparing to leave for London, on Friday next - 5th. March. They expect to be away for nine months. Aunt Marion is at present at Airly.
- 26/4/1886..Marion went to Melbourne and lives with Uncle John. This is little Hector's birthday - he would have been nine today. I did want to go to the cemetery today, to plant some violets on his grave, but could not. Tom Peck is staying here, and also Gilbert Reid.  
Cam was with me in Melbourne lately, and was so delighted with everything there, that he did not want to return home, but wished me to write for the rest of the family to come to Melbourne. Everybody was amused with him - and I am afraid, spoilt him. He and Aunt Alice had a terrible scrimmage in Sale, the week after he returned. He ran away from her from Iona, and got as far as Mr. Little's shop in Raymond Street, before she could get hold of him with the hooked end of her parasol.  
Lydia Johns has left us after two years; Christina Croucher has taken her place.
- 10/ 8/1886...Georgie now goes to the Stratford State School. Alas! for his music; he has no time to practise.
- 5/12/1886... Twenty-three months since Hector was drowned. This morning when I woke, the weight of sorrow seemed just as oppressive and heart-breaking as ever. I can only look forward to Christmas and New Year with pain.  
Just now, we have Aunt Lucy with Douglas and Vivian Harrison staying with us. We expect Uncle Fred tomorrow. Douglas has been here for some months, and now, rides to school at Stratford with George.

8/ 5/1887...My parents have returned from Europe, well and happy, and have settled in Melbourne. Aunt Marion is married, and Aunt Alice and George have gone to Melbourne to live with them for the present. George goes to Mr. Craig's school at Toorak, and from all accounts is getting on well. Aunt Alice could scarcely bear to leave Airlie, but seems, now, to be more reconciled to town. We miss both her and George, very much. I teach the three younger boys myself, and do not find it an irksome duty as yet.

11/12/1887...I am ashamed to think how long it is since I have given the children any lessons. Airlie has been sold, and our unsettled plans made me feel as if school was an impossibility. George has had measles, but is well again now.

Christmas coming so near again brings all our three years ago trouble back so clearly again. Christmas 1884 seemed such a specially happy one - and yet, our great sorrow was so near to us. Now the happiness of Christmas time seems inseparably linked with the bitterness of our loss.

20/ 8/1888...Poor Keith has measles at Hawksburn. Cam and I were down there lately, visiting the Exhibition, and taking Keith back to the Toorak College, which he has been attending for the last six months.

2/12/1888...Our little girl is a month old today. I am looking forward very much to Keith coming home in about fortnight, and seeing both the baby and our new house at Copeford. The boys want the baby to be called Violet Airlie. Aunt Alice is staying with us, and is such a help and comfort. Aunt Marion and her little Dorothy came out for a couple of nights recently.

9/4/ 1889...We are all out at Copeford now. Keith is at home, and the three elder boys drive into Sale to school every day. Cam, as yet, stays at home with Violet and me.

A great sorrow has fallen upon us in the death of my sister, Nellie (22/5/1889). All last year, Georgie lived at Dr. Reid's place and went to Mr. Sillett's school, and dear Nellie was so kind to him.

12/1/1890...What a long time, since I have added anything to this record of my children. Since dear Nellie's death, I seem unable to write anything.

13/1/1890...Christmas and New Year still remind me of those who have gone - Nellie, now, as well as Hector. Papa and Mama came from Hawksburn on Christmas Eve. On Christmas Day, George drove in, and brought out Aunt Marion, Uncle Bob, Dorothy, and little Winifred, and also Mr. Sands. Dr. Reid drove out Alfred, little Alice and Charlie. Uncle Charles also came. In the afternoon, Douglas and Vivie Harrison, and Maxwell Bruce came and stayed for tea.

Violet Airlie Helen Harrison is our baby's name. All the children, except Rowley had whooping cough in the winter, and were really very ill with it. Poor little Boodlie (Violet) still coughs very badly.

Tonight, Cam is staying with the Goochs - and is homesick. The boys are all so useful now, helping with the milking, but I fear it is almost too much for them, when they are going to school - having to get up so early.

27/7/1890...George is still attending his Uncle Bob's school. The younger boys all go to the Sale State School.

4/11/1890...Violet is two years old today. Last year we invited several of her compeers (and their mothers) to afternoon-tea - Jean Thomson, Laura Paterson, Dorothy Sillett, and Malcolm Borthwick, but this year we had no-one.

6/1/1892...Seven years yesterday, since our little Hector was drowned. The boys have been working hard, stocking hay, as well as milking. On Christmas Day, we had the Silletts and Mrs. Marsland, Dr. Reid and his children (except Alec), and Uncle Charlie, to dinner - also Percy who was staying here. I had no servant, so was very busy.

On New Year's Eve, we all went by steamer as far as Metung. We all thoroughly enjoyed it, even Airlie. (She calls herself Airlie, so we have dropped the name of "Violet")

22/4/1892...Last night, when George came in to tea, togged up for a dance, Cam condemned the whole proceeding as frivolous. It was election day, two days ago.

18/11/1892...Airlie is four. Her babyhood is passing, and I have recorded so little of it. Aunt Marion has had a little son.

For months, a little girl named Tettie has been living here with our servants, and Airlie is very fond of her.

George has been in Dalgety's office, Melbourne for more than two months. He lives at Thornlea, and likes the work.

- 18/11/1892...Rowley and Cam go to Mr. Shugg's school at Myrtle Bank, and doing much better than they did in Sale.
- 24/12/1892...George is home for Christmas - but he had to come home sooner than he intended, on sick leave. He and the other boys have gone to Sale tonight to buy presents. Percy Harrison and Willie Montgomery drove out to see us this morning. Marion and her little son were staying with us, recently. We are all invited to Marion's to dinner, tomorrow, - which is very nice for us.
- 13/4/1893...This is a time of many Bank suspensions, and closing of doors. In February, George, in Melbourne, took ill with typhoid. Six weeks after my leaving home to be with him, I returned with George - a shadow of his former self - whom no-one recognized. Miss White remained in charge here. Three months at home did wonders for George, although he did meet with some retarding accidents - was upset out of the buggy by a young horse; ran a box-thorn into his leg, deeply; and had shingles, also, but at last, early in July, he returned to town and to his work at Dalgety's. Various members of the family have had the measles - Airlie, Keith and Rowley. Miss White is teaching Airlie, now.
- 23/12/1893...I was the last to get the measles and have just recovered. Hez and the boys have gone in to meet George, who will be home for a week.
- 3/1/1894...George seems to like his work and has had promotion. All the boys are away at the moment - George at work in Melbourne, Keith at Granny's for a week or two, Row and Cam at Mrs. Jim Montgomery's.
- 22/ 3/1895...Airlie goes to Miss Purdue's Kindergarten with Dorothy and Winnie Sillett. Today is Jean Thomson's birthday (as well as the anniversary of dear Nellie's death), and the children are invited to a little party at Clydebank. Keith will not be able to get away from Mr. Pettit's office in time to go - but will play in a cricket match in Sale instead. Cam was to commence Latin today - and went away very sad about it.
- 16/2/1896...Row and Cam are back at the College again, after the holidays. Airlie is now going to Miss Beau-sire's. Keith has been for three or four months in Mr. Highton's Condensing Factory. He gave up architecture as hopeless and uncongenial, some little time before Mr. Pettit's death. I was a little disappointed. Now, he is going to leave the Factory and help his father at home. Cam was learning music last year, and making good progress, but alas! our finances do not permit of any extras at present. We have been suffering for some time, from a terrible drought.
- 27/6/1897...The Queen's Jubilee week is just over. George is 21. He spent his birthday with us at the Entrance. He is not altogether satisfied with his prospects at Dalgety's, but feels that it would be foolish to throw them up with nothing better in view. Keith and Row are working on our farm - milking cows, and feeding pigs. I am not very happy about this, but maybe we could not carry on without their help. They both attend Chemistry classes at the School of Mines in Sale.
- 26/3/1898...Last July, Granny was very ill with pneumonia, and I had to be with her, remaining a month, helping Alice to nurse her. While I was away, Keith got an appointment in the Savings Bank, Sale. Mr. Tracy, who is leaving Sale soon, speaks very highly of him. He has just recently recovered from scarlet fever, after an illness of six weeks. George has had promotion in Dalgety's and gets £100 a year now. Rowley works hard on the farm, ploughing, and scarifying, etc. Cam would like to take up a seafaring life, but the premium to get him on a training ship, is too high for us at present.
- We have recently been saddened by the death of Ella Macleod, who used to teach Airlie. Uncle John intends going on a trip to Scotland, soon.
- 25/10/1898... I had a delightful holiday in Sydney with George, who treated me to the trip. We went by sea, leaving 1/10/98 on the "Wodonga". Miss White, and our excellent maid, Ellen Aitken, managed things perfectly here, while I was away. In Sydney, we met my brother John, on his return from Europe and America. Cam is learning machine-drawing at the School of Mines, with the idea of becoming an engineer.
- 16/12/1900...Two years and two months since my last entry. George is still at Dalgety's, and has lodgings in Camberwell. Keith, who was in the Commercial Bank for a year is now with Mathieson and Davis, Auctioneers. Row took Keith's place at the Commercial Bank. Cam is waiting to commence work in some Electric Works in Melbourne. Airlie is growing taller, but is not strong and is dreadfully thin. Aunt Alice went to England last March, by the "India", and we expect her home next month. She had a delightful trip among relatives in England and Scotland, finishing with a visit to Maggie Sibbold in Rome.
- 5/9/1901...Keith sailed for South Africa, working his passage, looking after a ship load of horses. Last May, Melbourne welcomed the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York. Keith and Row, as Victoria Mounted Riflemen, were in the escort party. Alice Reid is now living with us, and also Miss Allnutt, Airlie's governess. Cam is a shipping clerk in Howard Smith's.



5/9/1901...One of our employees, an old man named George Chandler tried to poison us one Sunday morning by putting arsenic in our porridge. I was very sick and so were two of the servants. He was arrested, tried, and sentenced to two years' imprisonment. No-one can understand why he did it since he seemed so fond of us all.

Rowland is leaving the Bank next week to return to the farm. Alice Reid has been living with us for the last six months.

24/3/1902...I have had five weeks in hospital after an operation for hydatids, - in Dr. Moore's Private Hospital, Melbourne.

Keith has obtained a good position as Commission Agent in Natal, and Cam has left Howard Smith's to join him. He sailed for Durban in the "Australia", 19th. February.

11/10/1902. Cam arrived in South Africa to find Keith had given up the agency and was working in the National Bank at Pretoria, at £200 a year. Cam took a position on the Railways (£150 per annum) first in Durban, and then at Ladysmith. Now he has joined Keith in the National Bank and so have two of Keith's friends - Archie Gooch and Norman Scott.

Last year, Hez was injured by a log rolling on him, and was on crutches for eight months. Row is still carrying on the farm; George is still with Dalgety's. Airlie rides, or drives, to Miss Tormatte's school every day. Aunt Alice has just returned from her second trip to England.

28/6/1903...Mother died on New Year's Day, this year, in her 85th. year, and last Thursday night, at 12 o'clock, our dear father died at Copeford. He had been living with us for six months.

24/1/1904....Hez, Airlie and I have been to Tasmania, a trip given to us by the four boys.

28/5/1904....Keith is on his way home in the "Darius" from South Africa.

Cam has left Cape Town with a Captain Voss, in a small craft, "The Tilikum", and is sailing for Pernambuco, South America. We have had a card from him, from St. Helena, and then Pernambuco. George is now a traveller for Dalgety's. Airlie is not going to school now; last June she overstrained her heart - but seems well and comparatively strong again. Aunt Alice lives with us. She has bought back the Old Manse. We had a Jubilee in our church this month - with many reminiscences of Father's days.

15/12/1904...Keith arrived home, 28/6/1904, and is working on our farm. In fact, as we are experiencing a drought, and economy is necessary, Hez, Keith and Row are harvesting our crops, etc. without help. Airlie is back at Miss Tormatte's school, and George is back in the office at Dalgety's.

Cam is in England with "The Tilikum", but is disappointed about the failure of the exhibition of the boat, and has had a sad struggle in England.

3/12/1905...Cam remained in London a year, working in an office. The exhibition of "The Tilikum" at Earl's Court was a fiasco, and Cam severed his connection with Captain Voss, and sailed for Canada. He worked on a farm near Winnipeg for a while, and now is in an office in that city.

2/9/1906...Keith left us last Monday to take up his duties as Government Dairy Supervisor. Row has gone to manage Coon-moor for Archie McArthur, and to gain experience with sheep. Cam is still in Fairbanks Co.Ltd. Winnipeg.

24/12/1906...After two or three days of tremendous heat, today is cool and damp. All the family at home, excepting Cam. George took Airlie to the Cup this year. George is now a land and sheep-owner, having bought 545 acres near Fernbank, which he calls "Wirang". The boys, Keith and Row rent nearly all of Copeford now. Recently, we sold 200 acres of the back paddock, paid off some of the mortgage, and bought a hooded buggy.

25/1/1909...More than two years since I last wrote, and not much change. Hez is having some trouble with rheumatism in the ankle he injured in 1902. He can only get about with a crutch. We have been very much tried by a severe drought - ever since the Harrison Bros. (George, Keith and Row, with Row as manager) have taken over Copeford and Wirang.

On the 8th. June, Dr. Reid passed away after a year of intense suffering with cancer. The home at Iona is broken up. Alex has taken his father's place. Marion and her family have left Sale to live in Devonport, Tasmania. Poor Airlie is getting quite desperate about our poverty, and is, at present, getting the fowlyard ready, to take to fowls, once more.

31/10/1909...Hez has had treatment for his rheumatism and seems quite renewed in health and vigour. I have had my third operation for hydatids (Dr. Hagenauer, and Sale Private Hospital), and am now quite well. This is a most bountiful season, so different from the years of drought we have had.

The Morwell Historical Society News, Vol. 11; No. 4. ....15/11/72.

- 14/7/1910...Gilbert Reid was married last week to Annie Baxter in Sth.Africa. Cam is still in Canada (Vancouver). We are again suffering from drought; we do not seem to better our financial position much. I have had another operation for hydatids (May, 1910). Rowland and Hez, and Aunt Alice have all driven off to a Golf Tournamnet at Kilmany. Hez is so enthusiastic about golf - in fact, all are a little mad on the subject.
- This record always seems to be very curt and superficial but perhaps it has some value. I, myself, have found interest and benefit in reading the introspective diaries of my mother and grandmother.
- 25/12/1911... George was operated on for a tumour on the kidneys, 22/9/1911.
- 4/1/1912....Cam arrived on Saturday, 30th. December, after nearly ten years' absence, in South Africa, England and Canada.
- 29/6/1912....George is at home, very ill. Cam has an appointment at last - with Moss and Co. and may have to go to Sydney, next week.
- 22/9/1912...A year today since dear George was operated on, and our anxieties are still heavy. He is staying just now at Caulfield, but is again ill.
- 27/11/1912...Our darling George died yesterday.
- 26/2/1913....I wonder if it would ease my heart to write of my darling, George. He is in my thoughts, always, and I cannot speak of him. If I do, a quietness falls on every-one.
- 26/3/1913...Four months, today since George died.
- 10/4/1913...I have been re-reading George's letters over the years, and now realize that his illness must have been of long standing, but carefully concealed from us.
- 15/5/1914...Yesterday Cam left us to go to Queensland. He has left J.W. Moss and Co, and wants to try his fortune in Queensland. He came home last Monday week to pay us a farewell visit, riding from Melbourne on his motor-cycle, which he has left with Rowie.
- Rowie has been appointed Assistant Land Valuator for the State, to help Mr. A. Johnson. Alec Reid is engaged to Maud Grattan.
- 22/9/1914...The war is now in everyone's mind.
- 17/1/1915...Our Christmas this time, was the quietest I have known. Hez, Alison and I dined in the kitchen on tinned fish, tomatoes and bananas. Yesterday, Cam returned from Queensland to volunteer in Melbourne. Keith sailed for San Francisco by the "Ventura", Tuesday, 22/12/15 in charge of Victorian exhibits for the Exhibition there.
- 16/6/1915...Cam has sailed in the "Port Macquarie" in the Naval Bridging Train, for Egypt. Quite a public row about Keith's appointment as Acting-Secretary to the Australian Pavilion, vice Mr. Edwards, recalled. The war is overwhelming.
- 19/9/1915...Our dear Cam is, we believe, at the Dardanelles, - or Suvla Bay. Keith is talking of enlisting from America.
- 9/12/1915. Cam's birthday. He is still at Suvla Bay. Keith is coming home, leaving San Francisco, this month.
- 29/6/1916...Hez and I are alone at Copeford (except for help). Keith is in camp at Seymour - a corporal with the 20th. Light Horse. Rowie has gone to the Farmers' Conference at Port Fairy. Airlie is attending Burnley Horticultural College.
- 12/7/1916...Our dear Cammie died of wounds, 24th. June.
- 25/10/1916...Keith sailed for England, with the 12th. Reinforcement of the 13th. Australian Light Horse, on Friday last, 20th. October.
- 12/3/1917...We received messages from Keith (letters, cards, cables) from Durban, Cape Town, At Sea, and England. He is now at Sidworth, Wiltshire. The voyage took 12 weeks. His boat and others were detained at Sierra Leone.
- 17/12/1918...The Armistice signed on the 11th. November. . Keith is on an education scheme. Charlie Reid died of bronchial pneumonia, in England, 24th. November.
- 31/1/1919...Dear Alec Reid died at Iona of Pneumonic Influenza.
- 15/5/1919...Marion Sillett passed away, 23/3/1919, and her daughter, Winnie, 14th. May, 1919.
- 20/8/1920...My brother, John, died on Christmas Day, 1919. After finishing his work with the Education Scheme in England, Keith went to America, married Ethel Morrison Foster, at Melrose, 10/6/1919, and sailed for home, 9/9/1919, reaching Copeford, 4/11/1919. Their child, John Foster Harrison, born 23/6/1920, died the next day. The mother, Mrs. Morrison Harrison, died 9th August, 1920.
- 14/9/1924....The final page of the diary was written on this date, and has been given earlier.... on Page 41 of this issue of the "News".

Other Writings of Mrs. Jessie (Login) Harrison.

Obviously Mrs. Jessie Harrison was a highly intelligent person, keenly observant, and gifted with considerable literary ability. In other circumstances and given the opportunity, she could have been one of Australia's great writers. In 1939, when 90 years old, she wrote this comment in her diary book, above the first chapter of a novel she began (but never finished) 64 years earlier:-  
"My dear husband gave me this book, soon after our marriage. Here, I began to write a book, in 1875. Now, I can only smile at it, in 1939"

But it should have been a smile of satisfaction, not of amusement.  
Below, we give some examples of her little articles and poems.

The Old Coaching Days....(Written in 1925).

I remember the giant trees of Shady Creek and its surroundings. Twenty-four and even thirty-six hours or more we could spare from our lives then, to travel from Sale to Melbourne. We entrusted our portmanteau to the boot, and ourselves to the box of that mud-encrusted, leather-swinging, creaking, rattling, red old coach. A trip to Melbourne and back cost about £7, (£3-10-0 each way). There were stopping places for refreshments, and a change of horses, every ten or twenty miles. The principal stopping places were at Rosedale, Traralgon, Moe, Shady Creek, Bunyip, Berwick and Dandenong. Breakfast was at Moe, after a long night drive.

One coaching journey stands out in my memory - it was in 1868. We climbed into the coach on a lovely November Saturday morning, in company with two girlfriends, their mother, their father (manager of the Sale branch of the Bank of Victoria), and two policemen. Two other policemen sat on the box with the driver. Two more, well-armed troopers, rode before, and two behind. Boxes of gold were at our feet. We reached Shady Creek without mishap and spent the night there. Long before sunset, the gloomy shade of great trees darkened everything most lugubriously. We tried to accommodate ourselves to the accommodation, and to sleep. But the proximity of our precious cargo, the tramp of armed men, and their all-night muttered conversation, were far from soothing - to say nothing of the broken-hearted sobs of a woman in the next room, and our haunting thoughts of the murdered man and the murderer, both of whom had lived here.

But morning came at last. Through the dense forest, the sunlight crept in and dispelled our gloom.

We were now facing the really dangerous part of our trip. On either side was bush almost impenetrable - a dense, dark cover for bushrangers, and the clearing, by courtesy called a road, was a deep ditch of the stickiest mud that can be imagined, and was familiarly known as "The Gluepot". Sometimes, we came upon a piece of corduroy road, which consisted of saplings laid across our "ditch".

Thus, eventually, we reached Melbourne, careering gaily along the metalled roads, and dashing up to the door of the Bank of Victoria, Collins Street, splashed with mud from head to foot, and box to boot.

Note.. On the 23rd. October, 1868, Nicol Brown, who conducted the Drovers' Rest Hotel, at Shady Creek, shot and killed William Laughton, a mailman who carried the mail between Shady Creek and Walhalla.)

A Choice.

(Her son, Hector, was drowned in the Avon River, 5th. January, 1885)

Rowdy boys and a terrible noise;  
Sox all worn, and coats all torn;  
Patches on pants, and a thousand wants,  
While my head aches.

or

The noise to cease, and perfect peace;  
The house all neat. The quiet feet  
Beneath the sod - the boys with God,  
While my heart breaks.

War.

1. When we believe and comprehend  
That everybody is a friend,  
Then, possibly, may come the end  
Of war and strife.

2. We must not ever say, or think  
That nations cannot forge a link,  
Nor hint that Europe's on the brink  
Of war and strife.

3. But can we say that all is well,  
While all the people that here dwell  
Make of God's earth a place like Hell  
By war and strife.

4. Nor simply, truthfully, pretend  
Christ's Kingdom comes; behold the end  
Of all that hinders this, dear Friend?  
This war and strife.

5. Can we not even now begin  
To stop at once this mortal sin?  
No virtue can we ever win  
By war and strife.