



# THE KOGARAH HISTORICAL SOCIETY

## NEWSLETTER

OCTOBER

1975

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Our next meeting will be held at 8 p.m. on Thursday, 9th October, on the Second Floor of the Civic Centre, Belgrave Street, Kogarah.

At the suggestion of several members, after the conclusion of our business session, we'll have an "Open Night" in order that members may have a chat. Wear your badge and name-plate, won't you.

Members are kindly requested to bring some item of interest. Perhaps, in your home, you have some old photos of the district or of an old home. Or perhaps you have an old clock - an old piece of china - an old garment or teapot. Or an umbrella probably used by Queen Victoria. We are sure that you have something of interest. Just bring it along, and we'll be interested.

How about bringing a photograph of yourself (when younger!) and after the pictures are mixed up we'll try to identify them.

This is our first "Open Night" and we are sure that you can do something to make it more enjoyable. Will you?

SUPPER - Each lady is kindly asked to bring a plate on this occasion.

RAFFLE - The prize for the Raffle has been kindly donated by Mr. R. Mitchell.

#### SOCIAL SECRETARY'S REPORT.

As usual, our Tulip-Berrima Tour has been most popular and the coach is booked out. It will leave from outside the Civic Centre at 8.30 a.m. on Sunday, October 12th. Bring a picnic lunch.

Almost anything you can think of will sell on a STREET STALL. Our Stall will be in Belgrave Street, opposite the old Post Office on Friday, 24th October and we are appealing for goods to sell.

Cakes, Cakes, Cakes are demanded by eager buyers and we can't have too many. The trouble is, as we have said before, our ovens are far too small to cook the quantities we need - so we really want your help. You cook it - we'll sell it!

White elephants, handicrafts, books, toys, clothing, jams and pickles -- or anything else you can think of will be thankfully received.

If it isn't possible to bring your articles to the October Meeting, or direct to the Street Stall, please contact one of our Committee Members and we will have the goods picked up.

We need helpers too! If you can spare even one hour it will be very much appreciated.

CHRISTMAS SOCIAL NIGHT. - At Caras' Cottage -- on Thursday, 11th December. This will be the usual happy event we all enjoy so much! It's time to get your name on our list! There are lots of Raffle Books for our Christmas Hamper. Please get your's at the October Meeting.

Sylvia Kelly  
Social Secretary.

MUSEUM CONVENER'S REPORT.

Among the Society's recent acquisitions for the Museum, postcards and prints have been quite a feature, in addition to other interesting items. All donations are acknowledged with thanks and articles on loan are much appreciated.

From Miss G. Coxhead we have received a donation of fifty two postcards of great variety. There are designs for Christmas, Easter and St. Patrick's Day Greetings, some early views of Sydney, studies of children, and beautiful young ladies of the era, including the popular Miss Carrie Moore. One card has a miniature bag of wool mounted on it, dated 1909, with "Greetings From Australia" and the following verse, printed in gold lettering -

"This bale of Golden Fleeces,  
From our sunny Austral clime,  
Comes with sincerest wishes,  
For a joyous Christmas-time".

Many of the cards bear stamps of N.S.W. or Queensland, the postage rate at that time being one penny!

It is of interest to note that the introduction of Post Cards, for use in the Colony of N.S.W. took place on 1st October 1875, having been approved by His Excellency the Governor, with the advice of the Executive Council, a specially printed, facsimile of the first type issued, is being released on 1st October, 1975 to commemorate the Centenary, by the Philatelic Association of N.S.W. These early Post Cards were simple correspondence cards, with imprints of the penny postage stamp, featuring Queen Victoria's portrait (1864 issue). The vogue for "picture postcards" came later, also those of the humorous variety.

Recently, when an old fireplace was removed, a number of items were found and donated to the Society by Mrs. A. Bellinaso, of English Street, Kogarah. These are greeting cards, envelopes addressed to Mr. J. Ehricht and Pte. H. Ehricht, Webber's Road (now English Street) and several other post cards, one relating to a Snooker Tournament at the Kogarah School of Arts, and one showing three young Dutchmen on a world tour, early in 1914. They had left Brussels (Belgium) without money, and "must earn their living by the sale of Postcards" -- quite a challenge! Also found with these cards was a 1911-12 Syllabus of the Loyal Captain Cook Lodge, M.U.I.O.O.F. Cribbage and Euchre Tournaments appear to have been popular with members. Advertisements on the cover, record the names of local shopkeepers and tradesmen.

From Miss C. Kent and Miss J. Taylor, we have received donations of a certificate for Infant Nursing, in the name of Clare Lilly Kent, dated 20th March 1923, Lady Edeline Hospital for Babies, Sydney; also a collection of thirty five large black and white prints of well known historic buildings.

From Mrs. Fowler of Penshurst, we have received, on loan, a Holy Bible, printed in 1865 by George E. Eyre and William Spotteswood for the British and Foreign Bible Society, and sold to subscribers at Blackfriars, London. Also a book containing pressed and mounted flowers, ferns and mosses, poems, postcards and engravings. On several pages there are sketches of various steam vessels, including the "Illawarra" and "Woniora". The name "K.M. Hewlett" appears in decorative lettering, and many old style glossy "scraps" add colour to a charming little book. Both of these books belonged to Mrs. Fowler's Grandmother, who was born in 1843.

Other items include a Chiming Clock, in a timber case, manufactured in Connecticut U.S.A. by the William L. Gilbert Clock Company, with several small beaded mats and milk jug covers, all donated by Miss G. Coxhead.

We have obtained eight prints, from Colour Slides, showing Judd's Brickworks at Mortdale during demolition. Mrs. D. Kingston provided the slides for copying.

During September we have had one special inspection of "Carss' Cottage". On Wednesday, the 3rd, Mrs. D. Hatton and Mrs. M. Grieve welcomed a group of children from Southern Birright. They were very interested in the exhibits and enjoyed their visit to Carss' Park.

Our garden at the Cottage is looking quite attractive and the wistaria has added old world charm and perfume to the scene.

#### Museum Roster.

October	5th	Mrs. A. McOnie and Miss M. Foley	(Mr. W. Wright to open)
"	12th	Mrs. M. Grieve and Mrs. D. Hatton	(Mrs. D. Hatton to open)
"	19th	Mr. and Mrs. J. Howard	(Miss C. McEwen to open)
"	26th	Mrs. S. Kelly and Mrs. E. McIlroy	(Mrs. S. Kelly to open)
November	2nd	Mr. and Mrs. E. Schweikert	(Mr. J. Veness to open)
"	9th	Mr. and Mrs. J. Lean	(Mr. J. Lean to open)
"	16th	Mrs. J. James and Miss D. McLean	(Mr. W. Wright to open)
"	23rd	Mrs. G. Johns and Mrs. G. Taylor	(Mrs. G. Johns to open)

Please 'phone me as soon as possible if date given is inconvenient.

G. Lean - Convener.  
(57-5940)

In May, 1869, an unknown writer in "The Sydney Mail" contributed this vivid description of his "Gipsying" on the shores of the Georges and Woronora Rivers.

#### "The Days When We Went Gipsying".

Gipsying in a boat! Well, why not? There are water gipsies as well as land gipsies. The former love to wander in the straits and rivers of the Indian Archipelago, and may be almost ranked among our neighbours. Besides, we went a gipsying on the 19th of this present month of April, and did not return to the comforts of civilised life until the evening of the 24th, passed a considerable portion of our time in camps of a true gipsy character ashore.

The "we" who did this were the writer of this paper and his three sons. Three of the party needed change of air, and change of scene, and knew by experience that nothing could be better for people accustomed to mental toil than a few days of rough life, afloat and ashore. The fourth was a school boy and ready, of course, for anything in the shape of a holiday. The course of our wanderings was across Botany Bay, along part of George's River, and to the head of boat navigation in the Woronora. Many and beautiful were the scenes we saw. Twice the time which we were able to devote to this trip might very well be spent on George's River and its tributaries.

About sixteen months ago I, the writer of this paper, and two of my sons, went with several other persons on a similar expedition in a five-ton shell-sloop, chartered and scoured out for the occasion. But we were the most unfortunate in our weather, for we had barely time to reach a large cave near the entrance of the Woronora ere the rain - which had visited us from time to time during the day in



the form of light showers - came down in such right good earnest that to go any distance from the shelter of our "gibber gunyah" was out of the question, and we were penned up there until it was time to return home. Yet, even with these draw-backs, we managed to be very jolly. On this last occasion, however, the weather was beautiful. I am told that it rained hard in Sydney one of the evenings that we were away, but not a drop of rain fell in the neighbourhood of our camp.

The owner of the sloop beforementioned had abandoned the shell-trade and taken to himself an omnibus, or I would certainly have secured the services of himself and his vessel. As it was, no satisfactory arrangements could be made of a similar kind, so we determined upon starting by ourselves, in a boat hired from Joe Hilton, of Cook's River - something between a jolly boat and a skiff; an excellent kind of craft for navigating the rivers, or even Botany Bay, in fair weather; but not the thing to feel comfortable in if caught in a "southerly buster" in the latter place. We took as little luggage as possible; still the impedimenta necessary - or which we thought necessary - to make us comfortable during a five days cruise was rather considerable. There were shooting tackle and fishing tackle of course, and, as usual, much more than enough of eatables and drinkables. For camping we had a large spare sail, and a small calico tent borrowed from a friend, with blankets, cloaks, and many little etceteras. Then there were mast, sails and sprit of the boat, which, as we had very little wind from first to last, were generally lying across the thwarts; also the boat's anchor, a five gallon keg of fresh water, a pair of small oars, a pair of sails, and a light 3-pronged spear, carried by the advice of a sporting friend in the hope - a delusive one - of transfixing therewith an indefinite of flounders in the sandy shallow waters of the Woronora.

On the day we started it would have been high water at the Cook's River Dam (at Tempe) at about half past 1 p.m. but <sup>by</sup> the advice of Joe Hilton we left early in the morning, so as to have the advantage of the flood-tide in ascending George's River. We meant indeed to have got away by day-break, but our "good resolutions" in this respect went to increase pavement in a certain place supposed to be hotter even than is Sydney in the summer months. What with the delay for a cup of coffee and a biscuit, and the various little matters that had to be looked to at the last moment, it was more than half past seven before our boat was fairly clear of the dam. We had brought with us, as a guide, a tracing from Bishop's Map of the Country of Cumberland. This we found strictly correct. The formation of the land was so clearly indicated that we were never at a loss as to our whereabouts. But a "Map" is not a "Chart". As to the banks, rocks, and shallows which were so often to be encountered during our trip we were completely in the dark. At the very outset, even, we were a good deal bothered; for the channel of Cook's River from the dam to the bay is very narrow and tortuous. At high water, indeed, the river may be safely traversed in most places: but when the tide is low a stranger must exercise extreme care either in ascending or descending it. Joe Hilton accompanied us part of the distance, and after he left we managed, by keeping a sharp look-out to get into the bay safely, and with comparative speed. I cannot attempt to give directions to strangers like myself who may be taking boats out of or into Cook's River. A sharp look-out is everything. There are bushes stuck up here and there as guides, but they rather bother than guide the tyro, who does not know on which side of them to take his boat. With a few plain directions, however, from some of the men who know the river, and with a sharp look-out ahead, no material difficulty need ever be apprehended. At the mouth of the river, near the water works, three more positive guide marks - two buoys and a strong framework with a basket

on it. These must both be passed on the right hand side when leaving the river, and of course, on the opposite side in entering. When the wind is from the southward, and there is much of it, there is, I am told, broken water all about the entrance of the river, and no boat can enter or leave it with safety. Once clear of the river, you come to the seven mile beach, which forms the western shore of the bay. This beach appears to be a beautiful one. Judging of my view of it from the boat I should say it is much the finest beach within a convenient distance from the metropolis. I have been told by those who have traversed it that it is quite as beautiful as I have supposed it to be. Persons who go to Sans Souci on Horseback often take that route in preference to the high road but beautiful as was this beach we were all very anxious to see the end of it as on our outward journey, we made for George's River. We tried to sail but there was not wind enough to send us along at the rate of a mile an hour, and strike out for Doll's Point with which this beach terminates. The point almost seemed to recede as we advanced. But the longest seven miles - and the seven miles of this beach are certainly long ones - must be conquered at last; and so we at length got round Doll's Point, and fairly entered George's River. We found ourselves compelled to give the point itself a very wide berth, in order to avoid an extensive flat which lies off it. Some fishermen who were ashore shouted out directions to us to keep off, but we could not quite make out what they meant until the rapid shoaling of the water interpreted for us. Once on the river, our sails helped us a little, and we got up slowly to the ferry without further aid from the oars. We had a call to make at the ferry house, where a message had been left for us. This place is on the property of the Hon. Thomas Holt, M.L.C. of whose magnificent estate in this quarter I shall have a few words to say by-and-bye. The ferry runs to the opposite point of the river, properly called Koggerah, but better known by the unclassical designation of Tom Ugly's Point. A little further along and on the north bank of the river is the property known as O'Connell's. This site is singularly beautiful. The house -- when there was one -- stood upon a high grassy knoll fringed with magnificent trees, and commanding most extensive views of the river, both up and down. On either side of this knoll there are bays, and in the background there is some fine scenery -- small grassy flats, noble trees, and grotesque rocks. Once, I am told, there were good gardens and an orchard here. Some of the paths can still be traced but the only vestiges of cultivation which remain -- so far as I saw -- are a few scattered and straggling rose bushes. When I first saw this place, the house, a single storied building with two little towers - a sort of compromise between a cottage and a castle - was still standing although a good deal damaged. When I next saw it, some months afterwards, a great part of it had been cleared off and a good deal more lay in ruins, but the form of the original building was clearly traceable. When I paid my last visit to the place, a few days ago, there was nothing left but the foundations and such stones, bricks, and scattered timbers as were too heavy to carry off, or as were probably not thought worth stealing. The available material had all been taken away to assist in the erection or repair of more humble structures.

At the head of one of the pretty little bays near this place, we landed, made a fire, and took our first meal ashore. Hungry enough we were, for it was between one and two o'clock and a good deal of hard work had been done since we started. We had had, indeed, "a bit and a drop" in the bay but our stomachs longed for the "pot-o-tea", without which -- or some other beverage of the same genial but innocent kind -- a meal in the bush is wholly incomplete. The necessary refreshment, the clearing up and re-packing of the traps and the bailing out

of the boat -- a piece of work, by the way, which had to be done every two or three hours -- brought us well on into the afternoon, and it became necessary, ere going much further, that we should find a good camping place for the night. We had been advised to halt at what was called the old crossing place, a point where a punt used formerly to ply across the river. This place we found without much difficulty, reaching it about 5 p.m. A prettier spot, or one more suitable for a bivouac, could not well have been taken.

The general aspect of the place was so much like that of the outer grounds of a somewhat aristocratic residence that we at first looked about to see where "the house" was. A South Sea Islander came along with a bag of quinces on his shoulder -- the only human being we met ashore that day -- and from him we learned that there was no house in the immediate vicinity of this place. Thus we became assured that we were really at "the old crossing place". It was a low point from which most of the timber had been cleared, and which, being covered with grass and ferns, had a most cheerful look. There was a wharf in tolerably good preservation, to which the punt had in former times been drawn up. From this wharf there was a roadway running into the woodland. It was grass grown, indeed, as are the roadways to many country mansions; but it was well defined. On one side of this point a small creek emptied itself into the main stream, having a little bay at its mouth. In that bay a boat was moored, which we at first thought must have belonged to someone resident close at hand, but of which, we were subsequently told some woodcutter who lived a considerable distance off, was the owner. The bay, as we afterwards found, became, when the tide was out, a mud flat, through which, by a circuitous little channel, the waters of the creek made their way. The banks of the river beyond the point were rocky but with a rich fringe of mangroves. On the banks of the creek, and on the higher grounds behind the point, were some fine trees. Near all the creeks, in fact, the vegetation was peculiarly rich and varied. There was an abundance of fresh water in the bed of the creek, at the "old crossing place", within two or three minutes' walk of where we pitched our tent.

This we did on a small level spot close behind the landing place. Two sapplings, with forked ends, having been cut for upright supports, and a third for a cross-piece or ridge-poll, the spare sail was laid over and stretched to pegs on either side. The oars and sculls were set up like inverted V's at either end, so as to give additional firmness and shapeliness to the work. The old calico tent was drawn over at the back, and the sails of the boat were so disposed of as to "fill up the corners", which seemed to require such care. Thus we had a tent some nine or ten feet square at the base, and more than five feet high in the centre, but sloped to the ground on either side, like the roof of a house. In the front, where it faced the water, it was quite open, but it was very warm and comfortable, nevertheless. All our chattels that were likely to suffer from the night dews having been carefully stowed at the upper end of the tent, we proceeded to make our "dispositions" for passing the night. A sufficient quantity of small ferns was gathered to cover the ground pretty thickly. Over these were laid our cloaks, and over these latter were spread our blankets. Finally our lantern was slung to the ridge poll with a lanyard, by which it could be raised or lowered at pleasure. If it had come on to rain hard in the night, I daresay this temporary habitation of course would have been rather damp; and a gale of wind might have tried its stability rather severely; but with such fine weather as we were blessed with, a more truly comfortable resting place could not have been desired.

It was getting rather dark ere all this work could be done, and the boat securely moored for the night; but in the meantime a fire place had been made up with



stones at a proper distance from the tent, and a good "billy" of cocoa, with a due proportion of eatables, were done ample justice to.

How beautiful was the scene on this first night of camping out. The noble river in front of us -- stormy and turbulent enough at times -- was as still as a mill pond. In the deepening shadows of the evening distant objects became mingled, until the opposite shores (which had not in fact any great elevation) looked like a frowning range of hills, and seemed to be much nearer than they really were. Presently, as the moon rose higher and cast its beams upon the waters, there came a silvery streak across the stream, just in front of our camp, of such surpassing brightness that the tide ripples shot forth gleams of reflected light like so many diamonds. The night was still, but its stillness was frequently broken by the cry of some bird, or by the leaping of the fish in the river. This latter sound was almost incessant. Many seconds seldom elapsed without such a splash as might have been caused by throwing a good sized stone into the stream. It is chiefly the mullet that leap in this way -- fellows that are not to be hooked, be the bait as seductive as it may and that can only be prevailed upon to come ashore by means of a net. But there are plenty of other fish in the river that are less hard to please.

Just when the night seemed more still than ever, there came across the waters a most ghostlike sound. At first we did not know what to make of it, but after it had been twice or thrice repeated we arrived at the conclusion that either on the shore or in some approaching vessel a bullock's horn was being blown, by way of signal, by someone whose lungs were in first rate order. For a long time we could see nothing, but the noise of oars gradually became perceptible, and at length a fore-and-aft schooner, of a respectable size for a river craft, came slowly out of the darkness into the space which fronted our camp, and there anchored, to await a favourable tide. She looked to us if she were close to the opposite bank, but I daresay, her real position was about mid stream. Distant as the vessel was, we could distinctly hear the voices of the two men (I think there were but two) on board of her. We saw no light on her deck. As our camp must have been plainly seen by the schooner's men, we thought it very likely that, after having made all snug, they, or one of them, would have been ashore in the dingy to have a nearer look at us, and to get a glass of grog; but they did not do so. I daresay the poor fellows were tired enough with using their heavy oars or sweeps, and were glad to get to sleep as soon as possible, particularly as they had not too many hours to rest. The schooner was scarcely anchored ere a boat, pulled by several men -- fishermen, beyond doubt -- came also out of the bank of darkness above us, and, having first laid alongside of the larger craft for a few minutes, proceeded down the river. Soon after this, the moon having risen higher and higher until nearly all the surrounding scenery was lighted up we retired to our tent and slept soundly -- more soundly, perhaps, than if the ferns had been feathers, and the tent a well furnished dormitory. I may remark, en passant, that, from first to last, we were not troubled by mosquitoes. From my own experience, and from all I had heard of the numerical strength and vigour of these wretched little insects this year, I had feared that when encamping, as we necessarily do, near the banks of the river, and with fresh water creeks and thick foliage in our immediate neighbourhood, we should be half devoured. The disappointment in this respect was a most agreeable one.

Although it was very late ere we retired to rest, we were up at daybreak. Some of us had awoke earlier, and had seen a sloop pass down the river. The schooner had started ere we turned out. After a very slight snack, the boat was baled out, and we pulled off into the stream to get some fresh fish for a more substantial

breakfast, but even before this the youngest of our party, who had never, ere that morning caught a fish, had tried his line from the wharf, and had astonished himself and us by pulling up two black bream. They were not very large certainly, but it was a good beginning, and his delight maybe more easily imagined than described. Our fishing in the stream was not strikingly successful; but, after moving to one or two spots, we caught as many as we wanted. These we had for a late breakfast, to the enjoyment of which we brought excellent appetites. One of the things which gives zest to this gipsying way of life, is, that many queer dishes (if dishes they can be called), are got up. In most of our meals there were combinations that would have astonished Soyer. At this breakfast, for instance, we had a kind of oyster sauce with our fish, and most excellent it was.

It was about midday ere having restowed our luggage, we started to ascend George's River a little further. We did not intend to proceed far, as we were desirous of getting back to the Woronora, and encamping at "the old woman's bonnett", in good time. We took a good look, however, at Salt Pan Creek -- a broad tributary -- and at the scenery near its junction with the main stream. There are several other creeks above, but there was evidently, no such diversity of scenery as to tempt us to change our plan of making a thorough examination of the Woronora the chief object of our trip. At the entrance of Salt Pan Creek we met a fisherman with his wife and family -- an interesting group -- in their boat, and chatted with them for sometime. The fisherman himself was a celebrated character in these parts known as "Snake Joe", from his possession of the power of snake charming, supposed to be peculiar to the people of India. Of late his gift in this respect has diminished. After parting from this family we turned our boat's head and made for the Woronora, managing to keep clear of the extensive flats which lie in its vicinity, and arrived off "the old woman's bonnett" with just enough daylight before us to make ourselves comfortable for the night.

"The old woman's bonnett" (some people individualise the old woman whom it is supposed to fit, and call it Sally's bonnett), is a cave of irregular shape some thirty feet in length and of various widths, lying at the top of a steepish bank, on Mr. Holt's side of the Woronora, about three quarters of a mile from the mouth of that stream. It is no mere overhanging rock but a veritable cave opening into a heavy mass of grey stone and affording fair shelter on all sides but one where a lot of bushes may easily be set up. It is large enough to shelter a considerable party, and was the place where I and seven others had to make ourselves as comfortable as we could in January, 1862, when the rain kept us from stirring abroad for nearly two days. Of course, therefore, there was ample room for our party of four. The bringing of our "traps" up the bank, and the arranging of them was a stiffish job. Then there was wood to be got (and it was scarce near "the bonnett"), ferns to be cut, and all other little arrangements to be made. We had no occasion to set up our tent, but this and the spare sail were useful to make all snug on that side of the cave which lays most exposed. We were not long there ere we had a visit from an old acquaintance of mine -- a man who formerly lived and had a pretty little garden on the opposite shore, but who now, according to his own account, leads a wandering life. He only stayed long enough for a drop of grog and a gossip. He had scarcely gone when, just as we were preparing for our evening meal there were loud cooees from inland, and soon afterwards there came upon us two men who had travelled a considerable distance, and were bound for the opposite side of the river. Their calls were intended for their friends in order that a boat might be brought for them. One of our visitors - a very respectable man as we

afterwards ascertained, although a stranger to us then, had a sort of station -- a Sanatorium for milch cows -- on the banks of the river; and the other a coloured man was in his employment. The "modest quencher" which we gave the latter person -- not observing at the time any symptoms of his having been "moistening his clay" before -- proved to be just the last drop in the bucket, and he began to be rather troublesome. His employer was a teetotaler, and was very quiet and civil. The boat soon came over, but our dark friend seemed scarcely inclined to go away, and it was not until after repeated calls that he could be prevailed upon to embark. We were glad when he was fairly off, and nothing further occurred until we retired to rest, sleeping as soundly as on the previous night.

In the morning there was some more fishing, in the course of which we were unfortunate enough to get our boat's anchor fast under a rock. After repeated attempts to get it loose, which only seemed to have a contrary effect, we were compelled to cut the cable and leave it with a piece of wood fastened to a line as a buoy. Ere we had prepared to start we were hailed from the opposite shore by two men who wanted us to bring our boat over for them. We could not very well make them out but conceived them to be our visitors of the previous night. Their call to do our ferryman's work, addressed to an amateur gipsying party, was rather cruel, but we should have been glad to oblige our teetotal friend. Our experiences of the darker gentlemen, however, were not such as to lead to a desire, just then, for his company. Besides we could not see why they should not resort to the boat which had taken them across the previous night. One of our party, therefore, shouted across that we had something else to do. We were rather sorry for this afterwards, but thought at the time that we were acting rightly.

At a later hour the tide being then rising, we started for the head of the Woronora, or rather for the head of boat navigation on the river -- a good ten miles pull. Our intention was to encamp for the night somewhere near the head, and, having taken a good look at the place, to return next day, to leave the Woronora, and to encamp at some eligible spot on the banks of the George's River. But, as will be seen, our plans were changed by circumstances. To us, who knew nothing of this river, the navigation was very difficult. There were numerous flats, and the channel is in many places very serpentine. About a mile or two up, where the river is very wide, there is a crossing place only to be passed even in a boat, when the tide is pretty high. Here we stuck for a short time. There were many other difficulties. It was only by one of us keeping a constant look out ahead and directing the steerage that we managed to get on so well. Beyond the crossing place, and some flats which lie in its vicinity, the river narrows and deepens, and the banks grow higher and higher until they become almost precipitous. The scenery in this part of the river is bold and fine, the rocks being clothed with timber to their summits. Here and there, too, the monotony of cliff and forest is broken by the appearance of a sandy point, or a small belt of mangroves with a green flat behind it. Several miles higher up, where the water is very deep, and the hills on either side cast a dark shadow on the stream, there are several rocks in this bed of it -- a row of sharp stony teeth, planted right across, which are just covered at high water, and which would stave a boat in a moment if run sharply upon any one of them. Of these rocks which are called "the needles", we had been warned and approaching them at a time when their heads were above water we ran no risk. The channels between them are very deep. After passing the needles, the water, which had already been found changing from salt to brackish began rapidly to freshen and tasting it again after a little more pulling we found it to be perfectly sweet. Soon after this the noise of falling



waters became audible, and ere long we found ourselves amongst a mass of rocks which no boat could pass. Making our little craft fast we went ashore, and after some scrambling along the banks came to a series of little falls and rapids, along which an immense body of water, beautifully fresh and cool, and clear as crystal, was being poured out from among the dark hills to make its way to George's River and thence to the sea. I was not prepared to see a fresh water stream of such magnitude. At the time of our visit the discharge was no doubt much greater than it often is, for there had been rains not long before. There were, however, unmistakable signs around that the river was occasionally very much higher. Looking at the stream which I then saw, and comparing it in my mind's eye with that at the Botany swamp, from whence the supply for the city is drawn, it seemed to me that if that was enough for Sydney, the Woronora in its then state would then have sufficed for two Sydneys. But as to this "water question" more anon.

There was no place in this neighbourhood suitable for camping, and the afternoon was wearing rapidly away. We could have got back to one of the sandy points before mentioned without much trouble, but hardly in time to make ourselves quite snug ere the darkness would have been upon us: and amidst the heavy woods around, the moonlight would not have helped us much. We determined, therefore, that as we had now become better acquainted with the navigation of this river we would make a long day of it, and push on for "the bonnett" -- our camp of the previous night -- without halting. After taking a little refreshment, and filling our keg with fresh water from alongside the boat, we started on our return. This time the needles were covered but knowing their whereabouts we kept clear of them -- and by dint of a sharp lookout got safely over all the flats and through all the tortuous channels without once touching, although most of the journey had to be performed in the dark. On our way up we had seen a small sloop which came up the river for saplings. On our return we passed this sloop at her moorings and hailing her people, who were ashore, enquired as to the probability of our getting over the flats. We were told that unless we made haste we should not be able to do it. We made haste accordingly, and as already stated, we did it. Right glad were we all, however, when we found ourselves once more at the Old Woman's Bonnett, and very welcome that evening was a "billy" of strong cocoa and a due proportion of eatables. Our arrangements for the night were soon made, and as may readily be supposed, we all slept well.

The next day was the fourth that we had been out. We determined to make a very short journey on that day and to camp early, so as to have a good rest, and, if possible a little fishing or shooting ere we started for home, which we were to do on the fifth day. It took sometime to get a light breakfast and to make all ready for leaving, yet we were afloat pretty early. We determined, however, to make a parting call on our opposite neighbours, and to tell them of the anchor, so that it might if possible be subsequently got up. On making this call we met not only the coloured gentleman and his employer, but the other still darker gentleman -- a native of the New Hebrides who we had met at the "Old Crossing Place". -- and two coloured ladies, the wife of one of the coloured gentlemen and the daughter of the other. Here we learned that it was the employer and the New Hebridean who had hailed for our boat the day before, and not the coloured gentlemen by whom we had been previously visited. The latter complained of being rather unwell, but seen by daylight and quite sober looked a quiet, respectable, and well-behaved personage enough. On mentioning the anchor, the New Hebridean -- who it seems, is a diver -- undertook to look for it. A bargain was soon struck, and we pulled him back to the place where it had been lost. The strength of the

tidal current had forced the buoy underwater so that it could not be seen; but after a couple of dives -- one of some length -- our Islander came up with the buoy in his hand, and with an intimation that he had cast the anchor loose from the ledge of rock beneath which one of its flutes had caught. The anchor was soon in the boat again. The temporary loss of it, and the slight inconvenience which it had entailed, were fully compensated for by seeing this man dive.

After restoring our amphibious assistant to his friends, and some friendly chat with the whole party, seasoned with a little grave talk amongst the seniors about the resources of the river for a fresh water stream, we resumed our journey. We were soon clear of the Woronora, and with a fair wind although there was but little of it.

After leaving the Woronora, we sailed easily down the Georges River for a short distance, making for the Bay, where we had halted for our first meal, after entering that river. We arrived there soon and were not long in selecting a place for our tent, in putting it up, and in getting our traps ashore. The day was still young, but we desired a much needed, good rest, ere we started for our homeward journey across Botany Bay. The scene around us was a very beautiful one. A fine Bay in front, with the broad river beyond it, and beautiful forest glades in the background. Some magpies were screaming around. One of these was almost immediately brought down and the rest directly took the hint and made off. But this one magpie, with various other little odds and ends, made us an excellent pot of soup. Some folks I have heard have a prejudice against magpies, but such people don't know what is good for themselves. This fellow was delicious. He had just been gorging on wild figs, with which his stomach was fairly distended when he was brought to the ground.

After this there was some fishing in the bay, a good supper on the result of that fishing (with a few etceteras from our still ample stores), a pleasant evening and a good night's rest. In the morning after a bath and a substantial breakfast, we reloaded our boat. The loading this time was conducted with greater care than usual, as the boat was not to be again unloaded until we reached Cook's River dam, and brought our excursion to a close. Some extra care, too, was rendered necessary, because there were sundry spoils and specimens which we had gathered together, and which had to be stowed as to guard against their being wetted by salt water. All was done at last, however, and off we started, but without little wind to help us.

Our first halt was a brief one. It was at the landing place opposite Koggerah, or Tom Ugly's Point. I have already mentioned that we called there on the first day to receive a message from a friend, and we now called to send a message to that friend in return. I should have liked to have walked a little inland, and seen something more of Mr. Holt's Estate; but time would not admit of it. And a large portion of the five days already taken up by this our gipsying excursion had been passed in skirting some of the shores of that estate.

Few, perhaps, are aware of the nature and extent of Sutherland -- the property of the Hon. Thomas Holt M.L.C. although it lies so near to the metropolis. It is of truly princely dimensions, containing about 12,000 acres of purchased land. It has a water frontage following the curvatures of the coast and streams of nearly one hundred miles. This includes the whole of the south side of Botany Bay, and of George's River to the Woronora. Also the shores of the Pacific Ocean from Botany Bay to Port Hacking. There are likewise extensive frontages to the Woronora, Port Hacking, Port Hacking River &c. Two Bays - Gawley and Weeny -- have been wholly purchased from the Government by Mr. Holt, with a view to the

breeding and fattening of oysters. A man is constantly employed in collecting oysterlings, of which many millions have been laid down in Gawley Bay where they are doing exceedingly well. Of the 12,000 acres, it is estimated that 8,000 are of first class soil, 3,000 middling quality and 1,000 very poor. The mountain of sand on this estate, which fronts Cronulla beach (and can be seen from Newtown and many other parts of the suburbs of Sydney) contains a large portion (full 70%, it is thought) of pulverised shells. Strenuous efforts are being made under Mr. Holt's direction, to get it covered with grasses of various kinds. About one thousand acres of rich alluvial soil, hitherto covered at spring tides, are being embanked with a view to their being planted with grasses and white clover, and must ultimately form a very valuable portion of the estate. The whole property is divided into paddocks, and is most abundantly watered with excellent water. Full grown sheep fatten rapidly in these paddocks but after they have been there for about six months have been observed to fall off. Cattle, on the contrary, not only become very fat but keep up their good condition so long as they are suffered to remain. Nay, they even cut up better than they look -- a fact which had been frequently remarked. Mr. Holt has therefore determined to make Sutherland chiefly a fattening station for cattle. But it must be of great value in many other ways. The shortest road to Illawarra is directly through it. From the ferry at George's River to Wollongong is but about thirty one miles, and by a good and picturesque road. From Sydney to the ferry is about twelve miles. Some first rate stock yards for the collection and classification of cattle were, at the time of our visit, being erected near the landing place from the ferry. The scenery on many portions of this estate, such as Cronulla Beach, Port Hacking, Kurnell, George's River and the Woronora, is exquisite and could hardly be surpassed. On the banks of the Woronora are some very singular caves, one of which that wherein we camped for two nights has already been described. Ironstone of good quality abounds on the estate. Mr. Holt has managed, in the interest of his sheep, to poison off all the native dogs; and kangaroos, both large and small, have consequently become pretty numerous. Sutherland possesses many other attractions to the sportsman. I don't know whether Mr. Holt has moved any rabbits there from his park at the Warren (his private residence) but if not, he will probably do so by-and-bye and they will doubtless thrive well. Fish abounds on the coast of this estate, especially on the Port Hacking side. At Kurnell, close to the spot where Captain Cook first landed on these shores, Mr. Holt is about, at his own cost, to erect a monument, in the form of an obelisk of considerable size, and with a suitable inscription. He purposes to inaugurate it on the 28th April, 1870 -- the centenary of such landing.

After leaving the ferry wharf we made leisurely towards Sans Souci (Rocky Point), and were not long in reaching. The state of the tide rendered a short half expedient, and at no more beautiful or convenient spot could a halt be made than at Mr. Rust's hotel. I have been several times at this place, and the more I see of it the more I admire it. From our previous knocking about, afloat and ashore, we were rather a rough looking set, no doubt; but we were as civilly received as if we had come there in our best toggery. Our stay was short, but we had time for a little conversation with Mr. Rust, who added some valuable information on the "water question" to that which we had already obtained. While we were there the bus which now runs daily, arrived. When I heard of this regular mode of conveyance, I saw plainly that we should have saved ourselves a deal of hard work if, instead of starting from the dam and working our way with



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with great labour down Cook's River and across the Bay, we had made Sans Souci our point of departure and return. The bus would have brought us and all our luggage, and have taken all back again, at a comparatively trifling cost. By following this course a great deal may be seen and done in two or three days, or even in a single day. I strongly recommend it to any who may be disposed to follow our example.

After leaving Sans Souci and making our way into the Bay, we observed signs of a change of wind, which made us a little anxious. I have already mentioned that the entrance to Cook's River is a very dangerous place in a southerly gale; and the Bay itself is anything but safe in weather of that kind. With the apprehension that some such change of weather might be impending, two of the party went to the oars with a will, while a third steered. Such good speed was made that the Bay was crossed and the river entered in an unusually short space of time. But it was hardish work, and when fairly inside of all the buoys, we were glad enough to anchor, to take a small snack and to indulge by way of a rest, and for the benefit of the "home department", in a little fishing. There was no change of wind on that day, as it happened, but the apprehension of it, while we were still far out in the Bay, had been anything but pleasing, and had served to impress upon me still more strongly the wisdom of making Sans Souci the point of departure and return, in any such expedition as ours.

Our fishing in the river produced tolerably large returns, and kept us rather later than we had intended, so that darkness set in upon us while we were yet at a considerable distance from the dam, and the tide being high we were fairly puzzled to find our way. But we inquired it of another fishing party, and when they started soon after on their return to the dam, we followed close in their wake. Thus we reached the end of our journey speedily and safely. Joe Hilton was in attendance. The boat was soon unloaded, a dog cart, which was also awaiting our arrival, was made, by a little careful packing, to hold our general luggage, and the spoils and specimens aforesaid. This done, we all started for a walk home.

Thus closed the fifth and last of "the days when we went gipsying". We were all very tired when we reached home. But a couple of days' rest set us right in this respect, and we have since felt very much the better, both bodily and mentally, for having spent our holidays in this way.

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