



THE KOGARAH HISTORICAL SOCIETY

NEWSLETTER

NOVEMBER

1975

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THE KOGARAH HISTORICAL SOCIETY

(Sponsored by Kogarah Municipal Council)

President:

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Hon. Treasurer:

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KOGARAH, 2217

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Hon. Secretary:

Mrs. N. Butters,
36 Louisa Street,
OATLEY, 2223

'Phone 57 6954.

OBJECTIVES: To promote interest in the history of Kogarah Municipality and Australia in general.
To give support to the preservation of historic buildings and other objects considered to be of historic value.

MEMBERSHIP: Any enquiries regarding membership should be directed to the Hon. Secretary. Visitors are especially welcome.

Subscriptions - Ordinary Members: \$1.50 per annum.
Pensioners: \$1.00 " "
Students: \$1.00 " "

MEETINGS: Meetings are held on the second Thursday of each month, commencing at 8 p.m., in the Exhibition Lounge, at the Civic Centre, Belgrave Street, Kogarah. (Take lift to Second Floor and turn to the right).

PARKING: Cars may be parked on the ground floor parking area, the entrance to which is in Wick's Lane, at the rear of the Civic Centre. Post Office Lane alongside the Civic Centre has one-way traffic and it is necessary to enter at Montgomery Street end. From that lane you turn left into Wick's Lane and use the first entrance into the parking area. An alternative way is to enter Wick's Lane from Kensington Street. In such case, use the second entrance into parking area.

CARSS' PARK MUSEUM: Open Sundays and Public Holidays from 1 to 5 p.m.
Admission: 20c Adults, 10c Children. (Maximum 60c for one family).

DONATIONS FOR MUSEUM: Donations of items of historical interest suitable for inclusion in the Society's Museum will be gratefully received by the Museum Convener:

Mrs. J. A. Lean,
24 Victoria Ave.,
PENSHURST. 2222

'Phone 57 5940.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO NEWSLETTER: Contributions of articles and information of local interest for publication in this Newsletter will be welcomed if forwarded to the Publications Officer:

Mr. V. S. Smith,
26 Prince Edward Street,
CARLTON, 2218.

'Phone 587 2938.

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Our next meeting will be held on the second floor of the Civic Centre, Belgrave Street, Kogarah on Thursday, 13th November at 8 p.m.

An interesting address, accompanied by slides, will be presented by Messrs Alf and Fred. Midgley of the Sutherland and District Historical Society. This address is entitled "The History of Bangor." "Bangor" is the original name of Menai, where the Midgley family has resided since the 1890! Their original home was constructed with handmade baked bricks to which were added two "wattle and daub" rooms.

The "wattle and daub" method of construction has been thus described by Mr. Alf Midgley -- "Firstly, a quantity of clay was dug, then "puddled" and activated into a stiff consistency, while Kangaroo grass which was mixed in from a nearby pile. This was to bind the clay as it was placed in the wattle slats and rammed in from the ground level to the roof. Bush adzed poles, placed in the ground about 24 inches apart, formed the uprights. When nearly dry the walls were rendered over, inside and out, by a mixture of lime and a small amount of cement mixed with skim-milk. This served to waterproof the walls."

The Sutherland Society is indeed fortunate in having Messrs Alf and Fred Midgley who, with great skill, illustrate many of the articles which appear in its quarterly journal.

OUR OCTOBER MEETING.

Our last meeting took the form of an Open Night to which members could bring some item of interest which, together with others brought from our Museum served as talking points for the extra-large number of members who attended.

When the business portion of the meeting was concluded, all had the opportunity to see the large collection of photographs displayed. Two albums of large photographs of old homes in the district were kindly loaned by Mr. R.J. Gough (our official photographer) and created a great deal of interest -- as did youthful pictures of members (taken in past years!) and many were the (often incorrect) guesses as to their identity.

Many years ago the late Mr. Hyem (of High Street, Kogarah) then a keen photographer, passed over the fence a number of glass negatives to young Ian Taylor, who lived next door (and whose Mother is one of our Members) in order that Ian could use them as a base on which to mix his paints! Fortunately, some of the negatives escaped this fate and Ian has selected two which he has greatly enlarged to provide excellent clear photographs depicting picnic groups, perhaps in National Park, taken in the early 1900's. The costumes of the day make these photographs most interesting and the pictures are so clear that, as someone said, you can almost describe the filling in the sandwiches resting on the cloth spread over the fern-covered ground, around which the picnic-party are seated.

It is not possible to describe all the interesting objects which members brought -- nor to mention others which were promised for a future occasion.

Altogether a most excellent night which, by popular vote, will be repeated in our syllabus next year.

DEATH OF MRS. EMILY SINCLAIR.

It is with sincere regret that we report the death of Mrs. Emily Sinclair, the respected Mother of Mr. Don Sinclair, our Honorary Auditor.

Apart from suffering from arthritis, Mrs. Sinclair was apparently enjoying good health, but on the 21st October she died peacefully in her sleep.

Mrs. Sinclair, prior to her marriage, was a school teacher, and such was her interest in education that she was an active member of the Carlton-South Parents and Citizen's Association for the record period of 45 years and was the popular and well-known President for 30 years until her retirement about 10 years ago.

It is of interest to note that Mrs. Sinclair's great-great-grandfather came to the colony of New South Wales in 1796.

I attended the funeral at Sutherland Crematorium and conveyed the sympathy of members to Don and his Father, Mr. Claude Sinclair.

V.S.S.

SOCIAL SECRETARY'S REPORT.

This time luck was with us and it was with great admiration that we viewed the tulips which were in full bloom. What a picture they made - cameras everywhere were busy catching the beautiful shades of the tulips plus the spring flowers and fruit blossoms. As Mrs. Beryl Butters has kindly described our Coach Tour I will content myself with an expression of thanks to the forty-one extra nice people who supported us on this occasion - and, I'm sure, were not sorry they came!

OUR STREET STALL. Miserable weather with heavy rain failed to put even a small dent in the enthusiasm of our ladies who so capably conducted our Street Stall, even though we had to close down early. We had a very good day. Cakes are the very best sellers and they came by the dozen (thanks to our generous ladies) and were sold as soon as they were unpacked. Our thanks go to Alderman Ken Cavanough for arranging the loan of the Council tables, and to all the ladies who came along to help, and to those who made the day possible by donating so many articles. It is always a fun-day working on the stall. So many things happen -- such as the lady who wanted a nice cake; not a chocolate one, not an orange one, no lamingtons as they worried her dentures, no crunchy ones, these had the same effect, not a large sponge, but not a little one either....After 20 minutes or more, the dear little old lady decided she would buy a cake at the nearby shop and thanked us for our trouble.... Oh well, win one - lose one - all in the days work.

Val Burghart, in charge of the clothes section, never gave them a chance to change their minds. Once they hesitated they were gone'. Good work Val.

The plants were most popular. All were sold very early and made a nice display while they lasted.

Our profit for the day was over \$175.00 -- well worth while, don't you think!!

CHRISTMAS NIGHT AT CARSS' COTTAGE.

It would be appreciated if all butts for the raffle could be handed in at the November meeting, and if you intend to come to our Christmas Night make sure your name is on our list so that catering arrangements can be made. A Bar-B-Q with Christmas Cake, coffee etc. plus delightful entertainment by Sutherland Light Orchestra, all for \$2.50 per head. (Children \$1.50). Cocktails 6.30 p.m. Bar-B-Q 7.15 p.m. Payment will be appreciated at the November meeting.

Mrs. Daphne Kingston kindly presented the Society with a very beautiful painting as a raffle prize for the street stall and this will be drawn at the November meeting - tickets will be on sale then.

As these will be my last notes for the year I would like to take the opportunity of thanking all the ladies of the Social Committee who have been so pleasant and willing to join in and work. It has been a pleasure to be associated with you all.

Sylvia Kelly.

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MUSEUM REPORT.

On Wednesday, 1st October, a special inspection of Carss' Cottage was arranged for the Women's Association of the St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Fairfield. Mr. and Mrs. E. Schweikert and Mr. V. Smith were in attendance on this occasion, and the party of thirty four ladies expressed enjoyment of the visit, and complimented the Society on the Museum's presentation of displays.

Dr. C. F. Laidlaw, of Rose Bay, found much to interest him, when he visited Carss' Cottage on Sunday, 5th October. His Mother was a member of the English family, and lived in the home known as "The Laurels".

Mr. and Mrs. V. Smith reported a good attendance of visitors on Monday, 6th, Eight Hours Day Public Holiday, and most Sundays this month have been quite busy, with much interest, many favourable comments and good sales, especially those of Mrs. Grieve's wildflower paintings, and about fifty jars of Carss' Cottage Jams. A new order of jam has arrived, so there is a good supply available, once more, in all varieties.

Our recent acquisitions include, two blue Castor Oil Bottles and two Medicine Bottles, also a Booklet of Local history from Barcaldine in Queensland. These were kindly donated by Mr. W. Scott, in response to a letter from our Secretary, Mrs. Butters. In August a visitor to the Museum had suggested we contact Mr. Scott and this has led to the additional items for our display. Appreciation is expressed to all concerned, with special thanks to Mr. Scott.

From Mr. G. Mann, of Penshurst, we have gratefully received, on loan, a most informative book titled "Australian Men of Mark", Volume 1, illustrated with Authentic Portraits. This work deals with "the lives and careers of all classes of prominent colonial men, presenting a reproduction of social and political conditions in the first hundred years of Australian history (1788-1888)". Many thanks to Mr. Mann, for making available this interesting record of a past era.

Mr. E. Upton has donated a stand for a gentleman's pocket watch. The base is made of wood, the top of padded red velvet. We appreciate this gift, and also thank Mrs. E. Schweikert for her donation, a ticket for a Select Dance, held in the Twon Hall, Leichhardt, on September 12th, 1917. Proceeds were in aid of the "Motor Car Funds for the Wounded Soldiers in the Broughton Hall Hospital". Price of tickets, one shilling each, including light refreshments!

Another item has been sent to us from Mr. Parker of Oatley. This is a leather razor strap. Our thanks to Mr. Parker!

Further donations have been received, and will be acknowledged next month. Our collection grows continuously, and the variety of gifts adds much interest to our displays.

Gwen Lean.

Museum Roster.

This is a busy time of the year for everyone, and no doubt some will be going away during the holiday period. If date given is inconvenient, please contact me as soon as possible (57-5940)

November	16th	- Mrs. J. James and Miss D. MacLean	(Mr. W. Wright to open)
"	23rd	- Mrs. G. Johns and Mrs. G. Taylor	(Mrs. G. Jones " ")
"	30th	- Mrs. A. McOnia and Miss M. Foley	(Mr. J. Veness " ")
December	7th	- Mrs. D. Hatton and Mrs. M. Grieve	(Mrs. D. Hatton " ")
"	14th	- Mr. K. Grieve and Mr. J. Wright	(Miss C. McEwen " ")
"	21st	- Mrs. S. Kelly and Mrs. E. McIlroy	(Mrs. S. Kelly " ")
"	28th	- Mr. and Mrs. E. Schweikert	(Mr. J. Lean " ")

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TULIP TIME COACH TOUR.

After a lot of rain the previous night, Sunday 12th October dawned brightly. The 8.30 a.m. start was a little much for some of the bleary-eyed members who had been revelling the night before - however, all 41 passengers were aboard the bus in plenty of time for a punctual start. Geoff, our Coach Driver, was a pleasant guide who went out of his way to please.

We made a detour to the Rotolactor at Menangle for our morning stop - of course it was not the right time to see the very interesting "merry-go-round milking", however, the countryside was very green and we saw some beautiful horses - and delightful little foals.

After leaving Menangle we had a pleasant - but slower trip to Bowral - we had to share the road with many many more cars etc. on their way to "Tulip land". I have never seen the tulips in such glory before -- the display in the Corbett Gardens was truly magnificent. Tulips of all colours, Waratahs, Cherry Trees, Rhododendrons, Azaleas, were included among the beautiful flowers which everywhere met our gaze. The only trouble was there were so many other people in the park that it was very difficult to take photos. It was very windy and cold at Bowral - we feel sure by the next Sunday the Tulips would have been nearly blown to pieces -- we were very wind-swept ourselves -- but felt exhilarated with the fresh unpolluted air and the beauty of the flowers.

Once again we had our picnic lunch at "Westwood Girls' Home" and the gardens there were really beautiful too. There was quite a Carnival atmosphere there too -- with band-music -- stalls -- and even some dancers in clogs and dutch costumes. After leaving Westwood we drove around to see some of the privately owned homes and gardens, which of course are very nice too.

Then on to Berrima -- we had had a full day so didn't waste any time. Mr. Wrightson of the Historical Society there was very obliging and had much to tell us. We saw his own home - one of the oldest in the area, from the outside and from inside the front door which allowed us to see one large room extending right across the house. (Unfortunately his home and many others - as well as private gardens at Bowral, are no longer open for public exhibition because of vandalism. What a pity!) We drove past the gaol and other old buildings but visited the old Church of England -- also an antique shop. What an interesting place. Some of us came away thinking we must have a fortune poked away in cupboards -- i.e. odd plates, dishes etc. However, Mrs. Kelly - and no doubt Noel -- was delighted with the mounted gun she bought for him. Mr. Wrightson (or Pop as he said he was called) was reluctant to let us leave - in fact most of us would have liked more time in Berrima, but our Bus Driver was anxious to

to get going in case the traffic was too bad. As it was we arrived back at about 5.45 p.m.

Everybody enjoyed the day --- we felt we could have a whole-day trip to Borrima --- or even spend a week-end down that way sometime in the future.

Beryl Butters.

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R.A.H.S. CONFERENCE OF AFFILIATED SOCIETIES.

Each year the Royal Australian Historical Society arranges a Conference of Affiliated Societies and that for 1975 was held on the 17th 18th and 19th October.

On Friday night we met at History House, Macquarie Street, Sydney, and were welcomed by Mr. Justice R. Else-Mitchell, the President of the R.A.H. Society (who, it will be remembered, addressed us on the occasion of the opening of the Carss' Cottage Museum). The opening address was by Professor Bruce Mansfield, Professor of History at Macquarie University.

On Saturday the Conference resumed at the very suitable Blue-Bird Rooms at Newtown. The theme was "The Spread of Churches and Religions in the local Community".

The very clear and able Speakers were -

Church of England	- Associate Professor K.J. Cable - University of Sydney
Roman Catholic	- Dr. James Waldersee - Sydney University
Presbyterian	- Rev. A.A. Donegan, former Principal of St. Andrew's College, Sydney University.
Methodist	- Dr. J. D. Bollen - Macquarie University.
Jewish Faith	- Miss Nancy Keesing, Chairman, Literature Board, Australia Council.

On Sunday there was an excursion to Elizabeth Farm and Hambleton Cottage at Parramatta. Unfortunately I was unable to be present.

In my mind I had (wrongly) thought that the theme of the Conference was "How the development of the Colony was affected by the spread of the Church...." and, as an example, how the work of the Presbyterian Minister, John Dunmore Lang had a tremendous affect upon the development of the young colony. (Even our Society is indebted to him. -- No J.D. Lang - no William Carss; no William Carss - no Carss' Cottage; no Carss' Cottage - no Carss' Cottage Museum). But while the influence of J.D.L. in the Colony is fairly clear-cut, his work in the Presbyterian Church is much more complicated and, at such a Conference, is more difficult to describe one less able to be understood.

But, to be fair, I must admit that many other delegates appeared to be satisfied and this was borne out by the number of questions addressed to the Speakers.

For myself, I would prefer to remember a magnificent address presented at the 1974 Conference, by Miss Dianne Rhodes (who is Senior Librarian in charge of references and research at the Mitchell Library, concerning the manner of using the facilities of the Library. This was an address that concerned the needs of everybody present and could be delt with within the time allotted -- which was not-always the case at this Conference. I am sure that I, personally, received a greater benefit from the 1974 Conference.

As a consolation, the food was really excellent and as our other delegate, Mr. Jeff Veness was unable to be present, owing to illness, I had an extra helping for him. He has expressed his appreciation.

V.S.S.

We are indebted to The St. George Call which, in its issue of 8th September 1906 printed this description of events which happened near our district in 1854

THE ESCAPE

REMINISCENCES OF THE EIGHTEEN FIFTIES

by G. Ellis.

Sitting here on the front verandah of my Hurstville home and looking around at the innumerable villas, gardens and homesteads covering the undulating surface of this progressive suburb my thoughts go back in time when I had my first experience as a colonial debutant for it happened not far from this spot.

I see in the distance the blue waters of Botany Bay and beyond this to the southward towards Port Hacking, the shining sand hummock which fringe part of the coast and I can almost make out the outlines of Weenie Bay on whose shores I spent the first six weeks of my sojourn in sunny N.S.W..

That was over 52 years ago. For it was early one morning in February, 1854 that I started afoot from Sydney in company with two shipwrights, our destination being Cook's River. They had taken a contract to repair a small craft engaged in the shell-carrying trade between Weenie Bay and Cook's River at which latter place there was a kiln for burning shell into lime.

I carried a caulking-box slung over my shoulder and my attire was as near an approach to that of a short-lad as we could make it. It was mutually arranged that I was to pass as the son of the elder of the two men. Although in reality I was nothing of the kind but simply a deserting midly from a large ship then lying on the harbour from which the whole crew had cleared.

We had started on the journey this early in order to incur the least possible risk of encountering any of the numerous Police agents employed in those stirring days of the gold feverin hunting up deserters from the merchant service. Many a ship had to wait for months before a crew could be got to man it for the homeward voyage.

However we reached Cook's River without molestation and Curtis, the owner of the craft was entrusted with the secret which he honourably kept.

The men proceeded to their work on the boat and I was employed in boiling pitch for the canvas. At night I slept in Curtis' slab hut which stood on the slope a hundred yards or so from the kiln and the little pier to which the craft was moored. The job occupied a week and while the two men were finishing up on the afternoon of the last day I was away with axe and barrow among some big trees getting some firewood for Mrs. Curtis and was on the point of turning back with my load when a horseman rode up and asked my name and occupation. He did not appear satisfied with my replies and dismounting accompanied me to the hut. We met Curtis just outside who, on being questioned by the constable (for so he proved) as to my name, antecedents and business in that locality upheld that my name was Hamilton and that my Father was at that moment engaged with another whipwright in affecting repairs to the boat near the kiln. After an examination of some papers which he took from his pocket and sundry suspicious glances at me he mounted his horse and rode off.

Before Hamilton and his mate left on their return to Sydney it was arranged that I should go over in the vessel with Curtis to Weenie Bay on the following day. So as soon as it was dark I went on board and remained during the night. Curtis came at daybreak and we at once got under way and were through the channel

among the mangor flats and into the open waters of Botany Bay before the sun was an hour high.

In beating across we happened at one time to be pretty close in shore (as far as I can remember) somewhere near the spot now occupied by Brighton-le-Sands and had just got around on the track when we heard a loud cooco and saw a man emerge from the dense scrub. He begged to be taken on board so we lay to, dropped the dinghy and took him in. He turned out to be a shipmate of mine named Branch. He had spent the night and previous day among the mangor swamp and had suffered terribly from thirst and mosquito bites.

We reached Weenie Bay about midday and I was turned over to the care of "Longned" the boss of the shell getting concern who lived with his wife in a slab hut near the shore. The next day we loaded Curtis's boat and on the following morning he was able to get away on his return trip to Cook's River.

I do not know what Weenie Bay looks like now, but the time of which I write we had full opportunity of making acquaintance with the Australian bush in its primeval state and also with some fine specimens of humanity who were to be found here and there frequenting it.

We had made a point of always having a load of shell ready for the craft and in the intervals between her visits we had an abundance of leisure which we employed mainly in bee hunting, fishing and shooting. Wild honey was plentiful in the surrounding bush and we were seldom without a keg of it in the hut. Shoals of bream, flathead and mullet frequented the deep water of the bay and an hour's sport in the dinghy with a couple of lines would furnish all of us with a two day's supply. There was a middle aged woman, hard faced and weather beaten wife of a neighbouring settler who invariably accompanied us on our excursion. She could wield an oar or manage a boat with the best of us and was always attired on those occasions in an old soft shirt, pea jacket, slouch felt hat and heavy brogues. She could beat us all at stepping a tree with her tomahawk.

Blacks were more numerous than whites in the vicinity. I have a vivid recollection of a trip we once made over to Port Hacking side and of meeting on our arrival there with a fine looking well built man with a large black beard. He had a whale boat manned by aboriginals in which he took us up the Port Hacking River to an old deserted orchard where we all ate the delicious ripe fruit to repletion and took away with us as many as we could.

And so the days passed merrily between work and play during the six weeks of my stay at Weenie Bay under Longned's kindly roof.

The time at length arrived when I was to bid farewell to Weenie Bay and the good folks who had given us food and shelter there in return for the little service I had to render. The Royal Stuart had sailed. The news was brought across by Curtis who told us that she got away on March, 20th, somewhat short handed of course, as was the usual thing in those days. But she was gone and that was enough for me.

I considered now that it would be fairly safe to venture back to Sydney. Besides I was anxious to spend more time than I could help in digging shells from the mud flats at Weenie Bay. My shipmate Branch however, decided to remain. On the 28th crossed the Bay with Curtis reaching the little wharf at Cook's River the same evening and passing the night with the Curtis family.

I was told that the detective who had previously interviewed me lived in a house on Cook's River Road and that it would be as well to make a detour across the flats at that particular spot to avoid if possible again coming in contact with him.

I started off the following morning accompanied by Curtis's son who piloted me by a circuitous course over the swampy flats covered with a profusion of wild flowers

coming into the main road again near St. Peters Church where my companion left me.

All had so far turned out well and I set off in high spirits along the road to Sydney. There was at that time a toll gate somewhere along that road. I cannot now locate its position although I have occasion to remember it well. There was always a hitching post near it on the edge of the footway to which in passing I noticed that a horse was attached by the bridle. I thought nothing of it at the time and had got about 50 yards past the toll gate when a hand was laid on my shoulder and turning around I beheld my interviewer of the Cook's River episode. He asked me in a jocular manner as I thought if my ship had sailed where upon I gave him a true account of the whole matter together with the name of my ship and my status on board. Then mounting his horse and bidding me keep to the foot-way he escorted me to Sydney and to the Water Police Station where I was furnished with an entree ticket to the Calaboose. The old Water Police Station was situated somewhere near the site now occupied by the Ordnance Stores and a wretched den of a place it was. Its occupants at the time of my visit were representatives of almost every nation under the sun and as motley a crowd as well be got together. Besides the usual compliment of run away sailors there were negroes, chinamen and a whole batch of scantily clad South Sea Islanders and the odour emanating from the perspiring crowd was something to remember for a lifetime.

How I managed to get through that horrible night I scarcely remember. I certainly did not sleep for there was no room, the raised platform which constituted the sleepers place being packed with prostrate form as closely as peas in a pod or pigs in a sty.

The hours dragged slowly from daylight to a few minutes before 10 o'clock when a door connecting with the court was opened and I was conducted before the bench. Mr. George Thornton was the presiding magistrate and I have cause to remember him with gratitude as a good kindly soul who made things easy for me.

On hearing the charge read he asked who was the prosecutor and being informed that my ship had sailed he replied that such being the case there could be no prosecution and ordered my discharge.

After getting outside in the fresh air again I lost no time in making my way up to the Hamilton's house where I was received with open arms by the whole family. They had no idea until I enlightened them that I had passed the night in that Filthy Old Water Police calaboose and I then had to give a full account of my adventures during the preceding six weeks.

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An 1865 "Sydney Mail" description of
THE WAY TO SANS SOUCI.

A more charming place than Sans Souci would be hard to find and the number of visitors during the last few months shows that its beauties are appreciated. If the district were better known those who live in the southern parts of Sydney would not care to seek for secluded spots more highly favoured by nature than those which are to be found on the shores of Botany Bay and the banks of Georges River.

Sans Souci is situated on a point of land running out its an arm of Botany Bay near to the mouth of Georges' River and is distant about eight miles from Newtown. The road to Cook's River Dam is in excellent condition, but beyond this the way is sandy and heavy. There are, however, no serious obstructions to a moderate rate of progress.

There is another road by the beach but this can only be traversed on foot or in the saddle. It leads to scenes of beauty equal to many which English tourists make long pilgrimages to behold.

A hundred yards from Cook's River Dam the equestrian must turn his horses' head to the left, and ascending a slight elevation, proceed along Muddy Creek Road. This is sandy and easiest to traverse after a heavy rainfall. It is a bush road, and the country on either side bears all the characteristics of bushland in the County of Cumberland; - eucalypti - flowering shrubs - beautiful ferns - oaks - with here and there knotted and gnarled trees of the primeval forest, some still standing but most of them laid low by enterprising, horny-handed men, who are fast converting the wilderness into fruitful fields and market gardens.

Proceeding about a mile on this road the traveller will reach the head of Patmore Swamp. He must leave this to the right and take a bridle-track, which some two hundred yards farther on leaves the road at a right-angle. This track goes through country which twenty years ago was visited by city sportsmen in quest of Kangaroo and Wallaby which at that time were abundant.

A quarter of an hour is sufficient to reach the eastern boundary of the bush. There is at Stadley Park in Yorkshire, an elevation called "The Surprise". The view is intercepted until the summit of the hill is reached, when the beauty of the surrounding country is suddenly opened up to the astonished gaze of the tourist. Here, however, nature has arranged a surprise on a scale more magnificent.

On reaching the limits of the bush, the wall of sand which shuts out the ocean is the only object which presents itself, but when this is scaled the traveller is filled with admiration. Like an oval shield the lake-like bay lies before him, clearly defined by the margin of white sand which makes the water appear more intensely blue. Beyond is historic ground. There, the great navigator Cook first stepped on Australian soil. There the first plot of land on this vast continent was cleared by a civilised people. There, too, where formerly dwelt a people who never set one stone above another, a monument is reared to the memory of the illustrious Frenchman, La Perouse.

But irrespective of the more pleasing historic associations connected with the place, the magnificence of the scene could hardly be surpassed. The beach is sufficiently wide to allow a good passage at high tide, and half an hour's canter along the sand will suffice to reach Sans Souci.

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