



Braidwood & District Historical Society

PO Box 145 Braidwood NSW 2622

Newsletter

Number 11 December 2018



Society Volunteers Lunch

Our Annual Volunteers Lunch will be held at the Reidsdale Cheese Factory on **Sunday 2nd December at 2pm**. It will consist of a Ploughman's Lunch and all our wonderful volunteers very welcome.

Sir Henry Parkes and Braidwood

Excitement reigned supreme in Braidwood for the visit of our Premier Sir Henry Parkes. The whole length of Wallace Street was set out with flags. Two triumphal arches were erected. One across the bridge over Jillamatong Creek and a grand one with a wide span and two wings was set up across the street opposite the Court House. These were covered in ferns and flowers surrounding the word "Welcome". Flags and bunting were drawn across the street from Allens Hotel to McDonald's buildings. The day had been declared a Public Holiday for Braidwood.

Superintendent Orridge, Stewart Mowle (Usher of the Black Rod) and his son Aubrey Mowle (grandson of Dr Thomas Braidwood Wilson), Alexander Ryrie and James Gordon, boarded John Wallace's drag drawn by four horses and driven by Rowland Hassall. Sir Henry sat beside Rowland on the box seat. Henry Maddrell drove his own coach and Batty Moran steered Pooleys coach and five horses.



Henry Maddrell and wife Louisa



Pooleys coaches

Leaving the train at Tarago on Monday morning, the party, consisting of

One of the advance escort troopers, Snr Constable Gale fell from his horse and joined Sir Henry for the trip to Braidwood. The party stopped at Manar for refreshments, fowl, ham and chicken pie washed down with champagne and served by Mrs Gordon in McElroys old home by the side of the road, while the horse team was changed.



Stewart Mowle

Three miles from Braidwood they were met by a cavalcade of buggies and horsemen driving "as closely as a tin of herrings" who escorted them to the Albion Hotel where Sir Henry took the address of welcome from a crowd that filled Wallace Street and every vantage spot. Robert Maddrell read the illuminated address which was produced by John Sands of Sydney. The children of Braidwood, Majors Creek and Little River then sang the National Anthem, conducted by Alexander Kilgour, headmaster. In the afternoon Sir Henry was entertained in the Police Paddock with the children's sports picnic and races.

The Premier to Visit Braidwood.

Sir Henry Parkes will leave Sydney at 11 o'clock on Sunday night by special train on a visit to Braidwood. He will be accompanied on the occasion by Mr. Ryrie, the member for Braidwood, and ten or a dozen other members, and the party will reach their destination about half-past 12 on Monday. They will be entertained at a banquet, when Sir Henry Parkes will deliver a speech, and return to Sydney on Tuesday.

From Evening News 6.12.1898

It had been 24 years since his last visit to Braidwood. In February 1864, nominations were taken for a member to serve in the Legislative Assembly to represent the electorate of Braidwood. Robert Sindel proposed Henry Parkes, and James Rodd seconded the nomination, but Henry was defeated by Henry Milford.

Sir Henry Parkes
Courtesy NSW State Library

MONDAY, 10th DECEMBER,
 Will be proclaimed
A PUBLIC HOLIDAY
 In honor of the
VISIT OF SIR HENRY PARKES, K.C.M.G.,
 TO THE
BRAIDWOOD DISTRICT,
 and the Committee appointed by the residents of the District to make
 the Demonstration a success cordially invite
THE CO-OPERATION OF THE PUBLIC,
 who by their presence in large numbers will show that each and every
 one has the interest of this our District at heart, and are sensible of the
 high honor conferred upon it by this visit of the Premier.

—o—

Sir Henry will be accompanied by the Member for the Dis-
 trict, Alex. Ryrie, Esq., and numerous Members of
 Ministry and Parliament, and the Committee
 trust to the general public to give them
 a Right Royal Reception.

—o—

The party are expected to arrive in Braidwood about noon on Monday,
 and will be met out of town (say at Two-Mile-Creek) by a large caval-
 cade of horsemen, in which all are invited to join, and on arrival at the
 Willow Tree Inn.

At 8pm Sir Henry was feted at the banquet held in the Hall of the Literary Institute (the current Museum). Caterers and waiters were brought from Sydney and the cooking was done at the Albion Hotel. It was estimated 120 gentlemen filled the hall and women were only seated on the stage. William Forbes Gordon proposed the toast to The Ministry, John Wallace the toast to the Parliament, and Sir Henry the toast to "the interests of Braidwood". The next morning peace returned to Braidwood: the visit was over.



Moruya – Deua River – Araluen – Braidwood

by Jess Martin

from *The Sydney Bushwalker Magazine*
January 1972

In 1936 Gordon Mannell and his uncle Jack Lynch (2 years Gordon's senior) were visiting a policeman relative in Braidwood, and during their stay they browsed amongst old papers in the convict built gaol, which recorded details of early settlement in the area when convicts were incarcerated in the gaol or assigned to work for property owners in the district. Amongst these old papers they found a sketch map of "George's Pack Track" across the ranges from Moruya to "Bendethera" (owned by the George family) on the Deua River the upper waters of the Moruya River.

The boys made plans for a later holiday and after consulting Myles Dunphy, who had visited the area some years before and then later returned from the Krawarree side with his sister Cora to holiday with the Rankins (a few miles downstream from "Bendethera"), Gordon wrote to old Mr. Rankin advising him of the planned trip and asking for permission to pass through the property.

At the last moment, unfortunately, Jack Lynch and Nanette Gorringer dropped out and Jean Travis, Gordon Mannell and I caught the train to Bomaderry one Saturday morning early in March, and were driven by Mr. Con Bartlett to Moruya. We had to wait for the vehicular punt at Batemans Bay and arrived in Moruya just in time to buy some bread, parcel up our home going clothes and mail them to be collected in Braidwood a week later. We walked a short distance out of the town on the Araluen Road to camp for the night.



Bendethera house

On the road early next morning, and crossing the bridge near the Kia Ora butter and cheese factory we began to watch for the mouth of Burra Creek. Just then we were hailed by a man with an Irish brogue, who told us that Mr. Randolph George had ridden out to "Bendethera" the day before and he was expecting Mr. Alan Rankin to follow him, to look at some cattle running on the river banks. "Tell him Dinny Millkin said that Alan Rankin had a poisoned foot and would not be out". He described the beginning of the Pack Trail, where it went up the spur behind some old fruit trees near an abandoned farmhouse. When replying to Gordon's letter, Mr. Rankin had advised him to be sure to take the right hand fork in the track near the top of the ridge, because only on that track would we come to water.

We came to an enclosure on the ridge, in which stock were penned when they were being walked to Moruya for sale, and in a shallow gully below this Gordon found water, and as it was near 4 p.m. we decided to stop for the night, not knowing where the next water would be found.

Shortly after leaving our camp spot next morning, we reached the top of the range and the track dropped steeply down to Diamond Creek, one of the loveliest creeks I have seen, above a fine waterfall. Wading up the creek for a short distance and crossing to the right hand side, and then downstream for a few yards, we again climbed up and up and then down to Coondella, a really lovely grassy spot, ideal for a camp. This place, we were told later, was used by the family when crossing to the coast on horseback - a ten-hour ride.

The track wound its way round the hillside and then we saw "Bendethera - or what remained, just the kitchen which, as was usual with so many of the old homesteads, was separate from the main house. Mr. George welcomed us, thanked us for Dinny's message, and showed us a good spot to camp, and suggested we come over in the evening to spend some time in front of his fire, a large open fireplace in which we sat toasting our toes. It was cold enough for a good fire, too.

An enjoyable evening was spent listening to Mr. George's tales. He was 78, and could remember the police coming to the house when he was a small boy, hunting the bushrangers of the Clark/O'Connell gang. They used to hole up in the Nerringundah country near the Deua source. Near Braidwood later we met one of the Rankin girls who had married a member of the Clark family.

Mr. George told us of a good fishing hole - next day Gordon caught three fair-sized perch also an apple tree, the fruit of which we thoroughly enjoyed.

We listened and yarned late into the night and Mr. George told us that quite a number of University people had visited the Bendethera Caves in earlier years; and then he said he would show us the entrance to a cave next morning. Con Creek runs into the Deua near the house and, riding his horse, Mr. George took us up Con Creek until the bed of the creek became dry, with the water issuing from a hole in the hillside. Thereon we were on our own, being advised to take the right-hand creek where it forked and we would find the cave entrance behind a fig tree on the right-hand hillside of a blind gully. Mr. George told us that the aborigines in that district always planted a fig tree to screen such places.

We entered the cave and found a wire rope descending into a sinkhole, screened by ferns, at the back of the cave. However, our torches were not very reliable and, not being keen on dark holes, we went no further.

Next day we said good-bye to Mr. George and wandered down the river, the water so clear that 15-ft of water looked shallow. Plenty of wildlife

- kangaroos, huge goannas and small and large birds, also a few snakes; there were many wildflowers and tree orchids.

Mrs. Rankin and her two daughters, Irene and Kathleen, welcomed us, insisting we have lunch with them, and then we made our camp on the river bank. Mrs. Rankin had come to the river as a bride (at the time of our visit she was in her late seventies) and they were practically self-sufficient, growing their own vegetables and fruit. Poplars had been planted when they first made their home, and these and the almond and walnut trees were magnificent.

Mr. Rankin and Mr. Jim George had ridden to Krawarree to a cattle sale. In the afternoon the two men returned. Mr. Rankin, a fine looking white bearded gentleman whose looks belied his age of 84, did not seem tired by his long ride. Mr. Jim George was Randolph George's younger brother, and was living with the Rankins.

The Rankin womenfolk showed us many of their handicrafts. Snow lies on the ground in winter, and the girls had made quilts of rabbit fur, piecing the different coloured skins into beautiful patchwork patterns. The house was slab built with a bark roof and the interior walls lined with periodicals and newspapers a large open fireplace in the kitchen and all their cooking, including bread and cakes, was done in camp ovens. The brick fireplace and oven outside had fallen into disrepair. The family were hoping to persuade the old couple to move to Moruya, which they did a few years later.

We reluctantly refused a pressing invitation to stay all our holiday with the Rankins and after a couple of days set off down the river towards Araluen. We next met and lunched with the Blanchard's, father, mother and daughter who was home on holidays from training at Royal Prince Alfred Hospital. Their house was near the track leading out of the valley to Krawarree. Further down river we met Mrs. Davis and her daughter Nita, and the two children, Myrtle and Vernon. The two women had built their own cattle drafting yards and worked the place themselves. After an afternoon talking with the Davis' we went on to Neringla Creek.

Up Neringla Creek to “Yang Valley”, a property owned by a Mr. Bensley who lived out from Braidwood. Mr. Huggett, the manager, came down to our camp and said we were to come to the house as the creek was rising and would isolate us. We stayed in the house overnight.

Into Araluen, where we bought more food. We planned to go to Major's Creek and from there to the Shoalhaven River, but were warned there had been a steep rise in the river and what we planned to do would be impossible.

The publican at Majors Creek., one Syphrene Turnbull (delighted to have a now audience), regaled us with gossip about all the people we had met, showed us his aviaries of birds, drove us to a goldmine where we were invited down the shaft for an inspection but as we would have had to stand on one foot in a bucket to be lowered, 70 declined and then he drove us some miles across flat, scrubby, uninteresting country to near who Shoalhaven.

We looked at the river and as it was running a banker, we decided it was not attractive, and headed for Braidwood. We lunched in a paddock where a herd of Aberdeen Angus cattle became too interested in us, and hurriedly set out for our next camping spot, on a creek just out from Braidwood.

After dark we entered the town and as Joan and I considered we were both too dishevelled for public gaze, we waited in the doorway of a shop while Gordon visited the mail-car office to pick up our “town” clothes. Unfortunately, the town's electricity supply had been inaugurated the night before and the local policeman noticed we girls and he returned, accompanied by the sergeant, just as Gordon was pulling his trousers up over his shorts and we were fastening our skirts. “Hm, dressing in a public place!” We were then questioned as to our identity, ago, and where we were staying.

When we called at the police station next day to obtain directions to the Bensley's on the Braidwood-Nerriga Road, and Gordon mentioned his uncle who had been stationed in Braidwood, the sergeant was very affable. After referring to the previous night's encounter, the

sergeant told us they wore on the look-out for some escapees from an Institution.

We inspected the town, including the old gaol and some of its records, and then on to the Bensleys, whom Gordon had met on his previous visit.

On the Saturday the Bensleys drove us into the town, and Gordon was interviewed by the local newspaper, and account of our “intrepid” trip appearing in the next week's paper.



Tarago Station

The evening mail car drove us to Tarago, where we boarded the train for Sydney, after a most successful holiday.

The Opening of the Convent

From The Catholic Press

25 November 1909

The Sisters of the Good Samaritan Convent was opened by his Eminence the Cardinal Patrick Francis Moran on 21 November 1909. He arrived at Goulburn by train, stayed with Bishop Gallagher at the episcopal residence, and arrived by Robert Maddrell's car to Braidwood. For the last two miles, the road was lined with cars, buggies, waggonettes and sulkies whilst the people of Braidwood welcomed him and followed him in. They congratulated him on attaining his Australian Silver Jubilee . Four Masses were celebrated in St Bede's on Sunday.

At about 1.30pm he proceeded to the convent school room where a banquet was set up. Before his Eminence's carriage marched a detachment of Hibernians in regalia and a body of red sashed school boys. In his speech he did say that he did not see many signs of progress since he was last here 25 years ago, and that this was due to successive governments not providing Braidwood with a railroad.

Afterwards the Convent which was surrounded by garlands, bunting, and a guard of honour of Hibernians and Children of Mary in blue cloaks and white veils, school boys in red sashes, girls in white dresses in which were pinned cardinal favours, was opened. The building had cost £2,107 and was built with day labour under the supervision of Archdeacon Murphy



Mystery Braidwood Bridge.

In 1858 entry to the town was a contentious issue as it required a bridge over the creek on the south western side. The local paper reported that "before the last flood a rather rickety and dangerous heap of logs were thrown over Thistle Creek and was dignified with the name of Potter's Bridge. This structure which had been erected at the sole expense of the party whose name it bore, was carried away by the flood, and since, great difficulty has been experienced in fording the creek – not in consequence of the volume of water, but on account of the steepness of the banks, which are above twelve feet at the usual crossing places. A few years ago the then Government Surveyor recommended Coghill Street as the most desirable spot for a bridge, and, in consequence, some land was reserved for a crossing place. Should heavy rain come, all communication must inevitably be cut off." It was not until August 1860 that government tenders were called for its construction.

MEMBERSHIP RENEWAL REMINDER

Memberships are due as at the date of the AGM which was held in September.

Fees are
Annual
Single \$10 Family \$15

5 Years
Single \$40 Family \$60

Please check if you are a current member

Join us at the museum to help out and learn about the many ways you can contribute.

See our website at

www.braidwoodmuseum.org.au

Museum Opening Hours
Friday-Sunday 11am-2pm

Address: 186 Wallace Street, Braidwood

Telephone: 4842 2310

Admission: \$5.00 adults \$1.00 children

Email: help@braidwoodmuseum.org.au



And a Merry Christmas to all

Our Members