

A
HISTORY
OF THE
WAUGHS

Part 8
Appendix 4

Words of Waugh
Chris Honeyman



Appendix

4

WORDS OF WAUGH



Chris Waugh 1893-1987
Wrote "Words of Waugh"

This was originally
a separate book by
Chris Honeyman

*The stories relate to the "Aussie" Alexander line.
It is a good read, characters come to life,
our thanks to Chris for getting her dad to write so much down.*

WORDS OF WAUGH

A Brief History of the Waugh Family

Chris Honeyman (nee Waugh) is the grand-daughter of “Aussie” Alexander Waugh 1814-1894. Her father was William Napier Reeve Waugh 1853-1945 (he was known as Reeve). The following section was compiled by Chris from hand written letters and notes. Rosemary Waugh who is a niece of Chris provided a list of errors in the original text (mainly spelling of places and names) and suggested expansion of notes to identify some individuals and places.

I have extended this editing by adding dates, rearranging some of the sections, adding explanatory notes and deleting parts that have been covered in the book elsewhere. The list, the DESCENDANTS of William Waugh “Wealthy William” on the following two pages provides the relationship for the people covered by the Words of Waugh. It is a list showing “Aussie” Alexander and includes his parents, brothers and sisters, and his children, but extends only as far as his grandchildren. (Note that the identifying names that have been given to some people, like “Aussie” where NOT names they were known by, but rather names we have added to help in identifying them. All such identifying names are in “ ”).

Neville Maloney 1996

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

I wish to add to these papers a tribute to my friend, Ernie Miller, who has been responsible for so much of the order and comprehensibility of these records. Without his patient help in deciphering the faded and difficult letters of both Waughs and Schraders and his skill in typing, I doubt whether I could have persevered.

But apart from this assistance, he has, even more valuable to me, taken a warm and sympathetic interest in the stories of the Waughs and Schraders as they are unfolded in their letters, their sorrows and delights, their financial struggles and disappointments, the tragic deaths and their unity of deep family love. Thank you, Ernie, in the names of all those Waughs and Schraders, past and present.

Christian Honeyman
Cremorne, 1974.

Table of Contents

A letter To My Family by Chris Honeyman (nee Waugh)	5
Evelyn Waugh 1903	9
Extract from 'A Little Learning' by Evelyn Waugh.....	9
Dr. ALEXANDER WAUGH D.D.....	11
WILLIAM ALEXANDER WAUGH (Wealthy William) 1788 - 1866	13
“Aussie” ALEXANDER WAUGH 1844 - 1894.....	15
An Appreciation of The Late Mr. ALEXANDER WAUGH	18
THE JOURNAL of WILLIAM NAPIER REEVE WAUGH	21
THE STORY OF THUNDERBOLT by W.N.R. WAUGH.....	41
Family List	47
LETTERS from ALEXANDER WAUGH 1814-1894.....	48
Address to R. Waugh Esq. Sept. 1900.....	63
THE WAUGHS of TALOUMBI	65
The Waughs of Wild Taloumbi.....	73
Station Homestead Destroyed by Fire.....	74
DEATH OF POPULAR GRAZIER.....	75
LETTERS from LAURA Robinson (nee Waugh) 1867.....	79
LETTERS from MARY WHITE 1892-.....	88

Parent
 |
 Child
 |
 Grandchild
 |
 Great-Grandchild

William Waugh (Wealthy William) (1788-1866)
 +Ann Harvey
 - William Neill Waugh (1813-1881)
 - Alexander Waugh (Aussie) (1814-1894)
 +Isabella Grieve Smith (1819-1840)
 - Elizabeth Annie I G Waugh (1839-1919)
 +James Johnston (1832-1919)
 - Alice Isabella Johnston (b.1859)
 +James Lyon
 - Margaret Emily Johnston (1861-1948)
 +Thomas Henry Oakes
 - William Alexander Johnston (1863-1914)
 +A.M Ducat
 - Mary Elizabeth Johnston (1865-1935)
 - Leila Agnes Johnston (b.1867)
 +Frank Scott
 +Elizabeth Gallone (b.Ab.1820)
 - William Alex Harvey Waugh (1849-1901)
 +Lucy Symonds Nicholas
 - James Harvey Waugh (1878-1954)
 +Jeanette Isabel Johnston (b.1878)
 - Albert Alexander Nicholas Waugh (b.Ab.1880)
 - Leslie Gordon Waugh (1883-1957)
 +Gertrude Goble
 - Francis (Frank) Gilbert C Waugh (b.Ab.1885)
 +Lucy Layton
 - William Napier REEVE Waugh (1853-1945)
 +Marie (MOLLIE) Caroline Schrader
 - William Napier R Schrader Waugh (1880-1962)
 +Minna Morris
 - Christian Ulric Deyclef Waugh (1881-1953)
 +Norma Freeman
 - Alexander Stanley Johnston Waugh (1883-1968)
 +Dorothea Nicholson
 - Eva Alexandra Reeve Waugh (1884-1967)
 +Tom Haley
 - Sydney Madaline Waugh (1888-1973)
 +Eanest Vaughan
 - Christian Marie Harvey Waugh (1893-1987)
 +Tom Honeyman
 - William (Will) Waugh (1854-1924)
 +Rosa Spencer (b.Ab.1850)
 - Charles Waugh (b.Ab.1880)
 - Dora Waugh (b.Ab.1881)
 - Walter Spencer Waugh (b.Ab.1882)
 - Spencer David Waugh (b.Ab.1883)
 - Hugh Gordon Waugh (1892-1967)
 +Nellie Agnes Johnston (b.03APR1873)
 - Isobel Dorothy Waugh (1896-1988)
 +Reuben Olsson
 - William Waugh (b.1901)
 +Connie ?
 - Thomas Waugh (b.1898)
 - Colin Roy Waugh (1906-1982)
 +Irene Mahoney
 - Donald Waugh (1910-1980)
 +Dawn ?
 - Mary (Manie) Waugh (1857-1943)
 +Charles Spencer (b.Ab.1850)
 - Winifred Spencer (b.1883)
 +Nathaniel Scott
 - Jack Spencer (b.Ab.1885)
 - Monica Iona Spencer (18FEB1891-10JUL1967)
 +Douglas George Patterson (d.1945)
 - John Neill Jamieson (JACK) Waugh (01SEP1859-06APR1944)
 +Louisa Justine Agnes Schrader
 - Justin Douglas Neill Waugh (1885-1956)
 +Doreen Main
 - Nina Evelyn Louise Waugh (1886-1956)
 +Mort Chandler
 - Louise Keena May Waugh (1888-1977)

DESCENDANTS of William Waugh (Wealthy William)

- +Alexander Gillespie
- Winifred Marie Waugh (05FEB1891-23OCT1967)
- +Harry Main (d.08AUG1944)
- Louise Robina Mary Waugh (1894-1961)
- +Arthur Snodgrass
- Arthur John Clarence Waugh (1895-1981)
- +Elsa Simond
- Eva Alexandra Waugh (1863-1956)
- +Fredrick (Frank) G Panton
 - Vera Panton
 - Mabel Panton
 - Apsley Panton
 - Alexander Panton
 - Eric Panton
- Laura Elizabeth Waugh (1867-Abt.19??)
- +Frank Robinson
 - Laura E. Waugh Robinson (b.1892)
 - Philip Joyner Robinson (b.1896)
 - Pauline Robinson (b.Abt.1898)
- Alexander Gordon Waugh (b.1867)
- +Francis Nicholas
- Mary Anne Waugh (1815-1892)
- Jeane Neill Waugh (b.Abt.1816)
- John Neill Waugh (1818-1900)
- Thomas Pasfield Waugh (b.Abt.1820)
- James Waugh (1821-1894)
- Henry Waugh (1822-1909)
- Margaret Waugh (1823-1906)
- George Waugh (1826-1850)
- **Isabella Jean Waugh (1827-1833)**
- Harvey Waugh (b.Abt.1828)
- Sarah Emily (b.Abt.1829)
- Josiah Harvey Waugh (b.Abt.1831)
- Harvey Waugh (b.Abt.1832)
- Elizabeth Neill Waugh (1833-1912)

Notes: Alexander Waugh (Aussie) _____

This Alexander came to Australia, thus the tag "Aussie" to identify him. The descendants of his formed the basis for the reunion at Port Macquarie in 1996. He was educated at Harrow and Oxford. He came to Australia in 1848 and became the headmaster of his own school at Port Macquarie.

Notes: Leila Agnes Johnston _____
Lived at Macksville.

Notes: James Harvey Waugh _____
A grandson of Alexander (1814-1894) & Elizabeth Waugh (nee Gallone)

Notes: William Napier REEVE Waugh _____
This is the "Taloumbi" line from around Maclean.

Notes: William Napier R Schrader Waugh _____
Married for the first time when he was 70.

Notes: Christian Marie Harvey Waugh _____
Chris was the author of the notes and letters "WORDS OF WAUGH" that are interesting and valuable source material for the family history.

Notes: William (Will) Waugh _____
The "Cloverlea" line.

Notes: Nellie Agnes Johnston _____
Buried at Toowong, Brisbane.

Notes: John Neill Jamieson (JACK) Waugh _____
He is D23 on the lists another of the Taloumbi line

Notes: Eva Alexandra Waugh _____
She is D25 on the lists

Notes: Laura Elizabeth Waugh _____
Birth could be 1865. She is D27 on the list.

Notes: Alexander Gordon Waugh _____
He had 3 adopted children who are not included in the family tree.

This is the beginning of Chris's notes it takes the form of a "letter" to her family. It explains the history of her line and details the life of Dr. ALEXANDER WAUGH D.D 1754-1877. He is the son of Thomas Waugh 1706, the common ancestor for all the Waughs this book is about. (NM)

A letter To My Family

1st July, 1957

My Dear Family,

It is the first day of the International Geophysical Year, and the sun has celebrated by some fine violent explosions, so I am told.

I cannot promise you such interesting fireworks in this journal of some 200 years of the Waugh and Schrader families from whom I derive, and who make some of the strands of your own inheritance. The object in writing a family gossip is not in the hope of unearthing the remarkable or important to impress following generations, but to give them a picture of those men and women who have already travelled the road and finished the journey and who have contributed to their own make-up. If you look at the Family Tree of the Waughs only, you will realise that such a wide-spreading plant must bear in its fruit most of the virtues and vices, strengths and weaknesses that mark the human race itself, and there is no room for smugness - only gratitude for what was worthy; and understanding for what was not.

I am now in my sixties which is a pleasant enough interval before 'old age', and a time when the judgement should be ripe and much rubbish swept out of the mind. There is a tendency today to applaud too much or to deride too much the pioneers who planted the roots of our Australian Society. But this land demanded a degree of independence and adventure that only men and women of courage and initiative could fulfil, and I respect them. There comes a time when one grows curious about, and interested in one's own background, and when that time comes for you, you may be glad of even this incomplete and sketchy collection of family fact and myth.

I am beginning with the Waughs as I have my great-great-grandfather's Life, written by two of his contemporaries, to draw on. Thomas and Margaret Waugh, my great-great-grandparents, were farmers near East Gordon, Berwickshire, Scotland, and both came from families who had lived in the border county for generations. The farm was called 'Caldron-brae'. There were three children; Thomas, who inherited this farm, and eventually owned a beautiful farm at 'Ancrum Cross' on the banks of the Tweed River - Elizabeth, of 'tender sensibility and ardent piety', who had 'numerous children' and died in 1809 - and Alexander, my great-great-grandfather, the subject of the Life. Of his elder brother Thomas we are briefly told that he was a 'man of acute and vigorous intellect, simple manners and unbending integrity, wedded to old forms and customs'. The peculiarities of his manner, though numerous, were perfectly inoffensive and under a rough exterior he possessed much kindness of heart. No two brothers could have evinced generally dispositions more striking and contrasted than did Thomas and Alexander Waugh - (quote from 'Life') - from which I deduce that Thomas was a dour old Scot, but my great-great-grandfather a laddie of spirit and charm. The story goes that in Alfred the Great's time, Waldemar Waa (now spelt Waugh) a Dane, killed the owner of 'Ancrum Cross' and married the daughter. In a published account of Peebles, Dumbries, Roxburgh, there is a lot of Border Landholders who were summoned to swear fealty to Edward at Berwick in 1292, and in this list occurs the name Thomas Waugh of Ancrum Cross - then spelt Alne Crumb (in the crook or bend of the rivers Alc or Ale) showing that long ago a gaelic-speaking race lived in the dale.

From now on I shall refer to my great-great-grandfather as Dr Waugh, as that will place him clearly in his own story and time. He is very dear to my heart and by repeating his life in modern terms you will at least know something of him, as I feel sure you will never carefully read the old book. One often

smiles and stumbles over the flowering and excessively pious phrasing used by the two writers who collaborated in his 'Life'. They were of the time when the discussion of spiritual matters was far more usual than it is today. To quote from one of our modern writers (E.V. Rieu) nowadays it is less natural to talk of God; it is embarrassing to mention sin, and no one, when discussing his neighbour, assesses him in terms of righteousness. We have long been preoccupied with subjects other than religions, and our daily concerns are reflected in our daily speech. That the Rev. James Hay D.D. and the Rev. Henry Belgrave D.D. loved Dr. Waugh is evident in all they record. You would perhaps feel a deeper interest if he had been a doctor of Science or Medicine, a Philosopher, a General, an Earl, or a pirate - anything but a 'parson', but to me there is no one I'd choose rather than this sound old churchman of ours. Character is more than Career - in any generation. He was born at East Gordon, Berwickshire, on August 16th, 1754 - educated at Earlstoun Grammar School, and then at Edinburgh and Aberdeen Universities. At school he was a spirited and lively boy with a passionate love of the beauties of nature, which was to be a leading feature of his mind all his life. When at boarding school he would be up early and out into the country. When asked where he had been he would say "I've been seeing Foxy and hearing the linnets sing". Twice during these years he nearly lost his eye, once whilst birdnesting and again when he fell into a 'peat bog' from which his brother Thomas rescued him. He survived small pox which he caught at school. And, believe it or not, his father rode over to Earlstoun and took him home behind him on his horse - with snow a foot deep on the ground! Dr. Waugh used to say in later years that journey through the snow was why he had so few pox marks. He learned to play the violin and loved it. He was a brilliant scholar with great proficiency in Latin and the classics, to which was attributed his facility of expression in both speech and in writing. His Greek was excellent; not so much so his Hebrew - so say his biographers in rather reproving tones. There were no half measures in the education of these budding Ministers. The system was that 'There is no branch of knowledge from which a minister may not derive advantage!' There had to be four years training in Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Logic and Natural and Moral Philosophy had to come first. It was argued that 'he whose office is to instruct others should have his own mind richly stored with Knowledge. Few persons would be willing to employ a person without literature and experience as a physician or a judge, so how much more important such requirements for a spiritual teacher?'

It is very interesting to trace the part played by a succession of highly gifted, highly educated men in those troubled days of the Church of Scotland. The two writers responsible for great-great-grandfather's Memoir are always stepping aside to record something of the professors and teachers in the Universities and outside them who influenced their students, and they take time off too to deplore the fast crumbling 'moral edifices' of their Society - the increase in delinquency of the young through leaving the farms for factories and so on. It all sounds so familiar except for the weighty and prolix style. I suspect, though it is not explicitly stated, that Dr. Waugh in his youth loved the sister of his greatest friend, John Anderson. But these two young people died within a few days of each other of T.B. We find his writing of them, in later years - 'Their memory is still fragrant' - and, 'I held the cord that let her down into the grave'.

At Edinburgh University (1770) he began with a strong predilection for moral philosophy, being greatly influenced by the famous lecturer, Professor Dr. Ferguson - so much so that his friends and other tutors feared he would lose his ardour for the Church, and he was not spared very blunt warnings and criticism. He, himself, went through periods of painful doubt as to whether he was fitted for his calling. He doubted his ability to preach, for one thing. He was gifted, he longed to excel but he was extraordinarily diffident. That he became one of the finest preachers in any Church in London is witness to his deep faith and dedication to his calling. I find myself liking him most for (in the words of a friend) 'his cheerfulness of disposition, mildness of temper and an utter aversion to everything harsh and censorious in creating the character of the absent. There was not an atom of fixed animosity in his whole composition.' Another says, 'All gloom, quarrelling, selfishness and meanness were banished whenever he appeared, the most beloved person I've ever known. A high feeling of honour far beyond most of his learned, as well as unlearned, associates, and in this respect as well as in

demeanour and address was a perfect gentleman.'

In spite of all the cheerfulness he would have, as most sensitive natures do have, periods of deep depression, and he knew acute physical suffering, but he always came out on the right side. For four years he was a minister in a small country parish at Newtown St, Boswells (Scotland) and I can sense the apprehension of his mother that her brilliant son should get such a humble appointment. After all, he had graduated from Edinburgh University, and obtained his M.A. from Aberdeen, and she had some right to a feeling of disappointment, even though one or two visits to London to fill a vacancy at Wells Street Church had proved his exceptional gifts. However, all was well when, in 1782, he was established at Wells Street Church, London, where he remained for the rest of his life. In London he found the environment that was to liberate his rich gifts of mind and character. For the first years he spent a great part of his time in reviewing his classical studies and in wide reading of scriptural and general literature, and in later years he was always to encourage others to a 'course of diligent and labourious study' which he himself found so advantageous. Dr. Philip is responsible for this quotation: "I never met a man of genius who had been introduced to him, even though he had seen him but once, who did not, when his name was mentioned, recur to the interview with delight. There was an irresistible and all subduing charm in his conversation." - which is all very nice to know, but who were the geniuses and eminent literary and public men with whom he was so constantly meeting? So discreet are the references that we have Mr. F.... and Dr. J.... and Lord M..... It is maddening to later generations who'd like to know if their worthy ancestors ever had a word with Wilberforce or Blake or Cowper or Jeremy Bentham. There is so much testimony to his qualities that I find it hard to leave off choosing, as I want to show him in the round. There are many happy phrases such as 'His nature and principles alike taught him to be happy and to make happy' - again, 'He had his personal trials in addition to many fluctuations of religious experiences, but a serene and cheerful light seemed ever to irradiate that open countenance.' But disappointingly again, we are not told what trials and fluctuations. He kept a diary and wrote many letters, but I have never seen either, so that we are denied any light on his inmost thoughts. In 1786 when he was 32 he married Mary Neill, a girl who had come to London from Scotland to live with her wealthy merchant brother, John Neill. In the good old-fashioned way of those times they had 10 children. John Neill was a generous uncle to his sister's children. He was a coal and corn merchant in Surrey Street London. He is reputed to be the first man to have brought oatmeal to London by boat, where, you may be sure, he landed it proudly at his own wharf on the Thames - thereby greatly improving the stamina of mere Englishmen. (I refer you to the story of Dr. Samuel Johnson and Lord _____).

Dr. Waugh was to know the agony of losing his beloved and promising son Alexander, who died at the age of 28. Like Jacob he was made to say, 'I shall go down into the grave, unto my son, mourning'. It was perhaps as a comforter he was most distinguished, his practical and understanding advice mixed with tenderness. To one who had lost an only child he writes, 'Beware, my friend, of suffering your mind to succumb and sink into a state of tender melancholy. If you could get a small farm which would give employment to your industry, though you did not make a shilling profit from it, it would gently agitate without fatiguing, your powers, and leave you leisure to do good in the way of encouraging pious and humane institutions on which I know your heart to be greatly set. It would give suitable employment to your wife and make the evening of your united lives tranquil and useful.' To another he said, 'melancholy will grow into a disease unless you check its progress. It enfeebles the mind to bear, while it adds to the burden. Exercise in the open air, cheerful conversation and a habit of dwelling on the luminous spots of our lives; dwelling with God in reading his blessed word.'

In 1815 Dr. Waugh received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Marischal College, Aberdeen, a literary distinction that did him great honour and pleased him greatly. He was one of the founders of the great London Missionary Society, established in 1795, and there is a minute of great value in his own handwriting preserved in the records of the Society. He was described by a colleague at the first meeting as 'tall and well-proportioned, his countenance benignant and majestic and yet retaining the

glow of youth; his bushy locks mantled his athletic shoulders, his large dark eyes beamed with poetic fire, his mind bore the fruit of a ten years abode in the academic groves of his native land while it was still richer in theological and biblical storage.' What a description! But I think he is a noble looking man, and I rather love him across the years. He travelled in England, Ireland and France, and his letters are full of interest. I feel as though I could touch Napoleon on the shoulder just because my great-great-grandfather tells in a letter how he 'attended the Review in Place de Carrousel. Much princely pomp in Bonaparte's entrance in a Chariot and Six, preceded by trumpets and followed by the consular guards; dressed very plainly no gold but his epaulets; Moreau, Bertier and his other generals had an astonishing profusion of gold on their clothes. Troops - strong, clean-made bold- looking men, horses slender and approaching the make of the Arabian. Bonaparte a grave and rather melancholy-looking man about 5 feet 6 inches; thin and very sallow in complexion.' He goes on to say in the same letter from France - 'I witnessed a Roman Catholic Baptism, and truly when you see a priest performing for almost twenty minutes the mummery of putting salt on the poor infant's tongue, a candle in its hand, anointing with oil its ears and other places I cannot put down in writing, mumbling over exorcisms in Latin, waving his hand over it to keep away the Devil, etc. etc. - it is no wonder that any thinking person should become sick and long (as they said) for a religion that will engage the understanding and direct the virtuous movements of the heart!' Just another quotation from the letter. 'The scaffolding where Louis was decapitated is in part standing with a sentinel placed over it. There was an account of other scenes given by our friend, which made me ill. I hurried home and went to bed.'

In 1823 great-great-grandfather was injured when scaffolding collapsed at the laying of a foundation stone, and he never really recovered, though he did not give up his work. He died in 1827, aged 73. His wife, Mary, was a loved wife and mother. She must often have found his habit of inviting people to meals at any old time, and to stay, rather trying to say the least, with all those children to look after. Their house was a refuge for family and friends from Scotland. When Mary was young she was painted by Opie in an elaborate dress, pink ribbons in her hair - curling over her shoulders - and a tiny waist. (There is a photograph of the painting among my papers). It seems rather unusual to have a minister's wife posing to a fashionable portrait painter, but I believe this was a wedding present from her wealthy brother, John Neill. It is strange and disappointing that little is ever recorded of the female side of any family, and yet the paramount influence of a mother on her children is recognised. It is, therefore, comforting to read in one of Dr. Waugh's letters to a daughter that, 'there are few women that possess your mother's strength of understanding or unfeigned piety of heart. I only wish she would more frankly give you the advantage of both.' I wonder what family incident prompted this observation? Once again the gossipy interest is withheld. On the Waugh Family Tree you will see the row of sons born to Dr. Alexander Waugh and his wife Mary. From the youngest son James the two writers, Alec and Evelyn Waugh, are descended, and from George - the lively Diana Holman Hunt of the book 'My Grandmothers and I'.

The son who most concerns us in Australia is William Alexander, who married Anne Harvey. From her comes the family name Harvey, and it is said all the bearers of that name are good fellows.

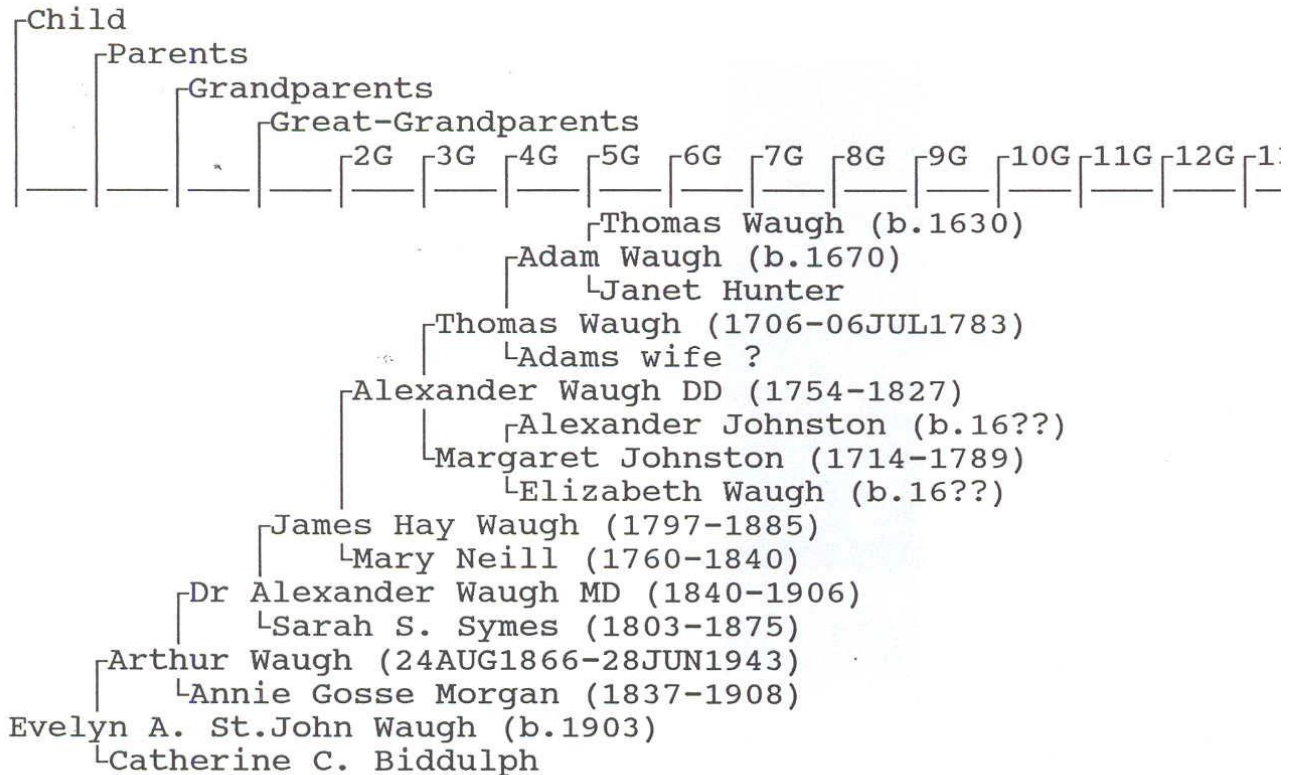
So just here and for the time being, I leave Dr. Waugh and take up the briefer story of the next generation, his son William, my great-grandfather.

Christian Marie Harvey Honeyman
nee Waugh

Evelyn Waugh 1903 was, and still is, a popular writer. *Brideshead Revisited* is now probably his most well known work

His relationships and place in the Waugh family tree is set out below.

ANCESTORS of Evelyn A. St.John Waugh



Evelyn Waugh's books can be great fun and certainly had a tremendous vogue. I felt the picture he gives of Dr. Waugh should be included for the interest of descendants. His elder brother Alec in his book 'Early Days of Alec Waugh', though he paints himself 'warts and all' comes out as a more likeable and refreshingly companionable character. The two brothers were entirely unlike but remained friendly. Their father, Arthur Waugh, the publisher, in his book, 'One Man's Road', is a warm, delightful personality.

Extract from 'A Little Learning' by Evelyn Waugh

The Reverend Alexander Waugh D.D. (1754 - 1827) was a minister of the Secession Church of Scotland, a body which came into being in 1733. It consisted for the most part of scattered yeomen and labourers who believed that the hard won establishment of Presbyterianism in 1690 had betrayed the revolution of John Knox by laxity in doctrine and the acceptance of patronage in church appointments.

Alexander's father, Thomas, joined the Secession. He held the rather bleak upland farm of East Gordon, near Greenlaw in Berwickshire, as had his forebears for four generations certainly, probably longer. But he was the last to do so. His elder son, also Thomas, on his succession sold up and bought a larger farm in the far more clement district on the banks of the Tweed, and his son emigrated to Australia.

My great-great-grandfather was educated for the Ministry at Edinburgh and Aberdeen. In 1782, at the age of twenty-eight, he was sent to London to the chapel, now demolished, in Wells Street, off Oxford Street, which he served until his death. He became one of the most prominent non-conformist preachers of his day. Among

other activities he helped found the London Missionary Society and the Dissenter's Grammar School at Mill Hill. His biography, compiled by two colleagues, enjoyed considerable popularity. It is a work designed purely for edification, consisting of extracts from his sermons, letters and diaries, and the testimony of many admirers. I cannot conceive of anyone not actuated by family piety reading it today, but it is possible to discern through all the unqualified eulogy and the effusive evangelical diction an admirable and entirely likeable character. There was nothing dour about this staunch Calvinist. He was tall and handsome, athletic in youth, patriarchal in age. Everyone spoke of him as genial, hospitable, open-handed, affectionate, humorous and scrupulously charitable in judgement. He played the fiddle, enjoyed sea-bathing and wine; on his travels he was a keenly observant sightseer. He was widely read in the classics and in his own brand of theology. When in Paris during the Peace of Amiens, he seems to have had no trouble in conversing in French. He was rightly faithful to the tenets of his sect, but quite without rancour. He was wholeheartedly dedicated to the ministry. It was computed that in total he preached 7,705 sermons. His private prayers were long and fervent. His congregation was drawn from all over London, mostly from recent immigrants in humble circumstances. These, whose employment made them inaccessible during the day, he visited regularly in their homes, tramping the streets at night from lodging to lodging. His sermons and lectures are all in pure English, but in private he delighted to resume the dialect of his youth, remaining fervently Scottish throughout his long exile. Almost every year he visited his homeland, travelling by sea. In London his house in Salisbury Place was the centre of the expatriates to whom he acted not only as religious director, but as banker, employ agent, almoner and host. One of his daughters records, with the sole touch of irony which the biography admits, 'My father it may most truly be said that he was given to hospitality, and that at times not strictly necessary nor convenient. His home, though small and scarcely affording accommodation to his own family, was ever open to his brethren, specially those of his own communion, from Scotland; and no sooner was he apprised of their intended visit to London, then if at all consistent with previous domestic arrangements (and he was not very particular on this point) he hastened to offer them, with all the sincerity of invitation that could not be mistaken, a place at his family board and a bed under his roof, though his pressing avocations necessarily called him so constantly from home during the day that he himself seldom enjoyed the pleasure of their society, or was able to press his kindly offices on them till late at night on his return.' How many tedious days spent in trying to entertain the rough and dazed immigrants of the Secession, find their memorial in this sharp little record. His stipend was small, but he had a childless brother-in-law, John Neill, a Scotchman also, who came to London at the same time as himself, set up as a corn merchant in Surrey St. Strand, and did well. To him my great-great-grandfather was indebted for what his biographers describe as 'constant and delicate attention to his domestic comfort'.

The beauties of Scottish scenery were something of an obsession with Dr. Waugh. He seems seldom to have spoken in public without introducing some rhapsodic passage on the subject. He sent all of his sons but one to Scottish schools and universities, but none returned to farm in his homeland; only one went into the ministry and he died prematurely. The three remaining became Anglicised and married English women. My great-grandfather, as will appear later, became a clergyman of the Church of England. His brothers went into commerce and prospered. One, trained for medicine, rightly decided there was more money to be made in pharmacy, set up on a large scale in Regent Street, kept house in Kensington, and a villa at Leatherhead, adorned by three beautiful daughters, one of whom married Woolner the sculptor; the other two successively (and in the case of the younger in defiance of English law) married Holman Hunt. A study of her widowhood appears in Diana Holman Hunt's (Mrs. Cuthbert) delightful book of memoirs, 'My Grandmother and I'. I do not know the other brother's business. He must have been a solid citizen, for he was Master of the Merchant Tailor's Company in 1849. Thomas Carlyle came first to London when my great-great-grandfather was aged and ailing. Forty years later he wrote to congratulate Thomas Woolner on his engagement, 'In early times I used to hear a great deal of Dr. Waugh, oracle of all Scotchmen in that strange London and much talked of at home among Dissenting Religious circles; an excellent, reasonable, solid kind of man, I do understand.'
(End of Extract)

NOTES Evelyn Waugh became a Roman Catholic at the age of 27 years. With aristocratic associations and social aspirations at Oxford University, he seems to have been of a rather morose and difficult disposition, as he reveals in his autobiography.

Christian Honeyman (nee Waugh)

Dr. ALEXANDER WAUGH D.D.

A photograph of the grave of Dr. ALEXANDER WAUGH D.D. shows a HEADSTONE of white marble bearing inscriptions. The ends of some of the lines are obscured by a Sarcophagus.

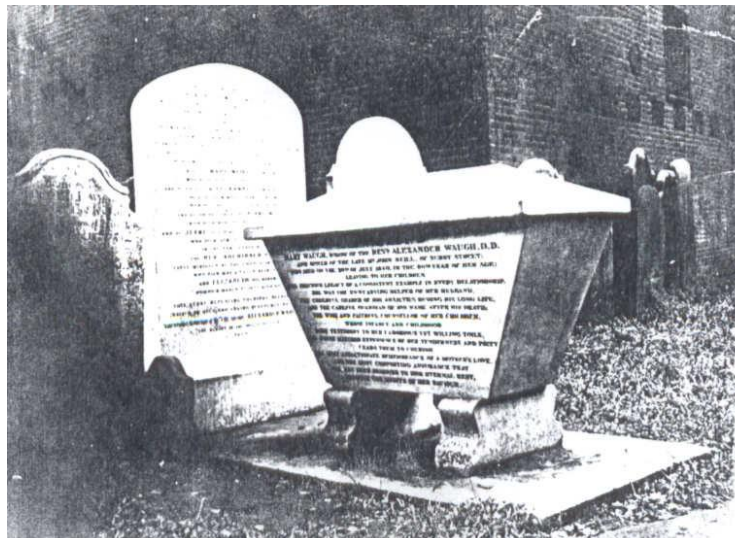
The SARCOPHAGUS appears to be approximately five feet long and two feet wide at the top, tapering to three feet long and one and a half feet wide at the base, in the height of three feet.

It is surmounted by a cover which overhangs the sides by some three inches all round. It is supported on a pair of sculpted cradles, some nine inches above the flat, ground-level tombstone.

The visible side of the Sarcophagus bears an inscription.

INSCRIPTION on the SARCOPHAGUS

**Erected to the Memory of
MARY WAUGH, widow of the REV. ALEXANDER WAUGH, D.D.
and sister of the Late Mr. John Neill of Surry Street;
who died on the 20th. of July 1840, in the 80th year of her age,
leaving to her children
the precious legacy of a consistent example in every relationship.
She was the unwearied helper of her husband,
the cheerful sharer of his anxieties during his long life,
and the careful guardian of his name after his death,
the wise and faithful counsellor of her children,
whose infancy and childhood
bore testimony to her labourious yet willing toils,
and whose matured experience of her tenderness and piety
leads them to cherish
the most affectionate remembrance of a mother's love
and the most comforting assurance that
She has been removed to her eternal rest
through the mercy of her Saviour.**



HEADSTONE

Here lies
All that was mortal of
the REV. ALEXANDER WAUGH. D.D.
One of the founders of the London Missionary Society
and one of its most labourious and
persistent advocates,
Born at East Gordon Berwickshire, Aug. 16th, 1754
Ordained at Newtown Melrose. A.D. 1780
Translated to the Scots Secession Church Wells St. London
May 9th 1782. Died Dec. 14th 1827 in the 48th year
of his most loving and faithful ministry
Also of MARY NEILL his widow
who died July 20th. 1848 aged 80
Also of their son ALEXANDER A Minister of
the church in Mile's Lane London
who died Aug. 2nd. 1824 aged 30
And of their daughter JEANE NEILL
who died Nov. 19th. 1839
And of JEANE sister of the
who died Jan. 12th
In the same grave are
The REV. ARCHIBALD H
First minister of the church in
who died May 6th. 1775 aged 4
and ELIZABETH his widow
who died March 3rd. 1822 aged 84

This stone replacing previous record
Raised in deep and loving reverence by
surviving children of the above ALEXANDER WAUGH
"The Memory of the Just is Blessed"
1869

Chris continues her notes, writing in the first person, she describes her great grandfather.

WILLIAM ALEXANDER WAUGH (Wealthy William) 1788 - 1866

Second son of Dr. Alexander Waugh D.D. 1754-1827

My great-grandfather William entered his Uncle John Neill's merchant house and became very rich. He married Anne Harvey, and they had 16 children, 8 of whom lived and 8 died in infancy. Of the five sons living, one, Alexander, came to Australia and became my grandfather. There were three daughters. Great-grandfather William lived at 37 Essex St. London, where at that time the waters of the Thames almost lapped the steps of his house. A daughter has told how she used to go to dances



with her brothers, and in those days they had to be home at 11 o'clock, and no excuses.

They would take her by the arms and race her down the Strand, to arrive breathless on the doorstep as the clock at St. Clements Danes struck the hour. Following on that story, St. Clements Danes became my family church when I was in London in 1961-1962.

I loved the beautiful voices coming from the choir in the Gallery behind me. 37 Essex St. had four storeys, and in those days there were no amenities like hot water systems and sewerage. Hot water in buckets was carried by the maids up three flights of stairs for the children's baths. Great-grandfather William - who looks rather John Bullish in his photo - had a kind heart it seems, and was known to carry some of that water upstairs himself.

That old house eventually became the publishing house of Chapman and Hall. My English cousins told me that the attic was substantially as it used to be, and I should

ask to go up and see it. Regretfully now, I was too shy. Silly me! Great-grandmother Anne is described as sweet and gentle. Poor darling, I should think long-suffering too. The little white china coffee set on my cabinet, and the small partitioned vegetable dish, belonged to her. They were given to me by my cousin Margaret at Bournemouth. Great-grandmother Anne must often have used them in bed. Think of all those pregnancies! The two punch ladles and the little silver candlestick belonged to great-grandfather William, and came to me by my father. On retirement he lived in Hornsey near London, and there is a photo of the house with some of the family, in my album. I cannot identify the charming members of the group, except my great-grandparents. Some of William's fortune was inherited from his Uncle John Neill, but he was a successful merchant himself. Not so his son James who inherited the business, and who was 'more interested in other things' - such as music. When the sad truth was disclosed, James' daughters are described as marching down to the drawing-room, exclaiming dramatically, "We are ruined!" Members of James' family emigrated to Canada, and I believe only produced daughters, so the name Waugh vanished there. Not so in Australia, where there are numerous Waughs descended from my grandfather and from his brother Dr. John Waugh of Brisbane.

William and Anne and members of their family are buried at Norwood, London, in a private vault. It will be less confusing if I tell you here some of the troubled times and family alienations concerning George, the brother of William, my great-grandfather. George was the great-grandfather of Diana

Holman Hunt, who wrote the experiences of her childhood in 'My Grandmothers and I', and later the biography of Holman Hunt the painter - 'My Grandfather, His Wives and Loves'. George Waugh had five daughters, two of whom successively married Holman Hunt, and one who married Thomas Woolner, the sculptor. The George Waughs moved in a social and cultured circle in London, and the girls were suitably equipped to fulfil their aspirations. As Diana Holman Hunt tells much of the story of the George Waughs, read her two books if you are interested. Holman Hunt first married Fanny Waugh and took her to Italy, where she died after the birth of their son Cyril. Cyril was eventually taken to England to live with his Waugh grandparents. When 9 years had passed, Holman Hunt married Edith, the younger sister of Fanny. Edith, it seemed, had been in love with him since she was 16. There was bitter disapproval in the Waugh family, as it was illegal at that time to marry a deceased wife's sister. Holman and Edith lived in Italy, and Hilary (the rakish father of Diana) and Gladys were born. Years later when Gladys became aware of the circumstances, she never forgave her mother, or so it would seem from the hostility shown in Diana's account. Gladys married a noted eye specialist, Michael Joseph. I feel it is only fair to record here that my cousin, Zarita Mattay, who lived among these relatives in her youth, has told me that Diana's description of her grandmother is one that could be expected from a lonely, sensitive, intelligent child's memory, but that Edith Holman Hunt was a woman quite remarkable in her talents, loyalty and humanity. It seems that Evelyn Waugh was about to write a book about her when he died, and that is why Diana carried it through, partly in her biography of her grandfather.

The names William, Alexander, and Reeve occur often in our branch of the Waugh family, and it now seems an appropriate time to enter into its origins. William Napier Reeve, after whom my own father was called, was a lawyer and prominent citizen in Leicester in England. He was a close friend of my grandfather, and they corresponded regularly. William Napier Reeve wanted my father to go to England and live with them, as he and great-aunt Bessie only had one child, a daughter, Isabella. All was arranged for the sailing when my father became engaged to my mother (Mollie Schrader) and he cancelled the arrangements, and married her instead; a very, very wise decision. There was a fine photo of 'Uncle Reeve' at Taloumbi, very imposing in a frock coat, gold watch-chain across his corporation, and his hand resting on a large volume. Among my books are several slender volumes of his lectures, given to the Literary and Philosophical Society of Leicester. He kept a diary which has much of interest of his times, but it is now in the possession of the Ashwins of Adelaide, another branch of the family. As my father was his godson and namesake, I have felt that it should have come to us.

Aunt Laura Robinson (my father's sister) told me that when she was in England many many years ago, she called on Uncle Reeve's daughter Isabella. She was then an old lady living in Leicester among beautiful possessions, including a fine library of books. She had married a widower with sons, and having no children of her own, much of what should have been Waugh heirlooms must have gone to her stepsons. It is a common enough story. Australia was a long way off, and it is not so surprising we received so little. Aunt Laura, who had a sharp and witty tongue, relates to me in one of her letters (copied) this description of her visit to Isabella: - 'Isabella was very kind, very small, and must have been very pretty when young. The table was set with blue cut glass in filigree silver; knives matched with blue and white silver handles and the cruets and salt cellars were very beautiful; the tablecloth had grandfather's crest woven into the damask with serviettes to match. Two maids waited on the table - and now, what do you think we had for lunch? Boiled neck of mutton and carrots! Well, as I said, the little lady was very kind and charming.'

Evidently Isabella thought she was serving appropriate food for a 'colonial relative'. So now that Aunt Laura enters the family gossip, it is time for me to move on to the days and ways of another Alexander Waugh, my grandfather who came to Australia.

"Aussie" ALEXANDER WAUGH 1844 - 1894

Life in Australia

Two of great-grandfather's (William Waugh's) sons came to Australia, Alexander, who became my grandfather, and John Neill Waugh who practised medicine in Brisbane for many years. Dr. Waugh's descendants live in Queensland, and I do not think the two brothers in those days of difficult travel, ever saw each other - at least that is nowhere mentioned by the New South Wales relatives. In 1848 grandfather Waugh came to Australia with his second wife and a young daughter Annie of the previous marriage. As became the son of a wealthy merchant in England in the 19th century he was well educated (presumably Harrow, but I have only heresay for this) - and fortunately so, as he turned School Master in Australia for some years. But he began his life in England on the land at North Earle Estate, leased from Lord Rodham. His first wife died in childbirth and nine years later he married Elizabeth Gallon, and left with her and Annie in the "Woolner Castle" for Australia. He would then have been in his thirties. His photo shows a kind looking bearded man. Grandmother Elizabeth in old age is beautiful I think, with her deep-set eyes and delicate worn features. Both she and grandfather were fine riders and always beautifully turned out in their English clothes. For years relatives in England sent out boxes of beautiful materials, clothes and gifts, and the excitement of getting them was intense. One box, with a sewing machine, went down in the wreck of the "Dunbar". Another sewing machine arrived when the family were in Walcha, and Aunt Laura said it was the very first in the district, and people came from far and wide to see it. The greatest interest and mystery was in the needle that threaded through the point - the opposite of the ordinary sewing needle. After landing in Sydney, grandfather accepted an appointment as Superintendent of Mr Eales Berry Estate on the Hunter River - to learn the way of the land in the new country. My father used to tell me that his father left Berry Estate because he disapproved of the treatment given to convicts employed there. He accepted an appointment under Bishop Tyrrell of Newcastle, as teacher of the Church of England School, and landed at Port Macquarie in 1849. He subsequently opened a 'private academy' in Horton Street, Port Macquarie, and then removed to Beach House on the Harbour. The birth of a son, Harvey, was followed by the birth of my father, Reeve, in 1852, and the family lived in Port Macquarie until 1856. It was at this time that the Day family became friendly with both the Waughs and the Schraders, a link that has lasted until today, between you, Harvey and Geoff Day. In his diary my father relates some stories of the well-known Police Magistrate Mr. Denny Day. Boys came to the school at Beach House from well-known families in Sydney and the surrounding districts. Among my papers there is a newspaper clipping of my grandfather Waugh's death, and also an article about him by one of his old boys. He writes, "very many young men and not a few young ladies who had already passed their teens and who have since and are still occupying prominent positions in Society had the benefit of Mr. Waugh's singularly apt mode of conveying knowledge and forming character. More a friend and companion than a teacher, his extensive reading, kindly disposition and high chivalric bearing, exercised a more impressive and lasting influence than mere lessons, and made "Beach House" an institution quite unique among private scholars of that period. The special qualities which rendered Mr. Waugh such a favourite seem to have been inherited from his grandfather, the Rev. Alexander Waugh D.D."

It must be admitted, however, that grandfather Waugh seems to have been rather indifferent in the matter of educating his own children. Aunt Laura has told me that her father believed that higher education in Australia was unnecessary in the bush and a man needed only knowledge and experience of land and stock. Aunt Laura said that as a girl she learned all she knew by clinging to her mother's skirts and following her around the house as she worked. Poor grandfather, he probably thought and felt his own superior education was a handicap rather than an advantage in the raw, isolated society of the emerging nation. He was inclined rather, so Aunt Laura remembers, to close his study door on the noise of the children and bury himself in his books. Like grandfather Schrader, he must often have longed for the associations so irrevocably left behind in the older civilisations. When he left Port

Macquarie he went for a short period to the Upper Manning on a property called "Bungay Bungay" into tobacco growing, but this was a failure and he moved up to Walcha to a property which he called 'The Lagune'.

Here he and his growing family of sons raised sheep and pigs and grew potatoes. It was a struggle in the early days and grandfather Waugh got into debt. He offered the family silver, which he brought with him from England, as security until he could repay, but when he went to this man (by name Erratt) he said he liked the silver so much he would keep it in payment. Poor grandfather was very angry and tried to recover his silver, but found Erratt had had his crest and initials removed and his own monogram engraved. Aunt Laura records that 'The Lagune' was built up into a good property and a nice comfortable home with a lovely flower garden and orchard. They bred good sheep (Cotswolds, Merinos, Lincolns) and also fine horses 'in quite a big way' both blood horses and ponies. Here they grew to know the country people and really enjoyed life. Eventually they sold 'The Lagune' for a good price and moved 6 miles to the other side of Walcha



where they again set up 'free' selections and the property was called 'Spring Creek'. There they stayed 7 years and then the family all shifted to the Barwon River and again settled on the land, near Walgett. When grandfather Waugh bought 'Spring Creek', Dr. Schrader came to Walcha and bought a property he called 'Holstein' for two of his sons and built himself a nice home in the township, where he practised. My father Reeve Waugh married Mollie Schrader, and Jack Waugh married Louie Schrader. When the family decided to sell out at Walgett and split up - these two brothers and two sisters stayed together and bought 'Taloumbi Station'. So now we have arrived at the time and place where I was born. Grandfather Waugh and Grandmother Elizabeth retired to the Macleay River after the family all left the Barwon River. They are both buried at Frederickton.

The Late Mr. A. Waugh

Extracted from: The Town and Country Journal Date ? page 20.

Mr. Alexander Waugh, whose portrait we give, and who recently died at the good old age of 79, arrived in New South Wales in 1848. He was a grandson of the Rev. Alexander Waugh, D.D., a well-known Presbyterian divine. On arriving in Sydney in 1848, Mr. Waugh undertook the management of Mr. Eales's Berry Estate on the Hunter. After a time his attention turned to teaching, and, accepting an appointment under the late Bishop Tyrrell, of Newcastle, as a teacher of the Church of England school, he landed at Port Macquarie in 1849. He subsequently opened a private academy in Horton-Street, Port Macquarie, and to provide for the increasing demands for accommodation for boarders, who came to him from Sydney, the Manning, Hastings, Mackleay, and other parts, he removed to Beach House, facing the harbor. Among those who were educated by him may be mentioned the Hon, Horace Tozer (Colonial Secretary of Queensland), his brother, Vivian F. Tozer (surveyor of Temora), Robert Gray (Railway Commissioner, Queensland), D.C. Oakes, Henry, Edward, and Raymond Day, James, Adam, and Thomas Johnston, W.D. Scott, O.O. Dangar, and James Mc'Inherney (ex-Mayor of Port Macquarie). Leaving Port Macquarie in 1856, he resided for a short time on the Upper Manning, but eventually removing to New England, he entered upon pastoral pursuits, selecting in the Walcha district, and subsequently (in conjunction with his sons) on the Barwon, where he was highly esteemed. Finding the climate of the interior too trying, he removed to Macleay in 1886, and resided at Frederickton and Clybucca till his death. His son, Mr. Harvey Waugh, owns the Guy Fawkes Station, New England, where also his brothers William and Gordon, reside; While two other sons, Reeve and John, are occupied in pastoral pursuits at Taloumbi, Clarence River.

Died May 18th 1894 Aged 80 years.

I do not know who the author of this section of notes is, no doubt a friend who knew "Aussie" Alexander very well.

An Appreciation of The Late Mr. ALEXANDER WAUGH

By an Old Beach House Boy

During the last eight years there has lived in the quiet retirement of his family at Frederickton and Clybucca a gentleman who for a considerable time occupied a prominent position in forming the character and shaping the lives of men and women, some of whom have themselves passed off the stage of this world's action, while others not occupying inconspicuous positions in the colonies are fast ripening into the sere and yellow leaf.

The life of Mr. Alexander Waugh (the subject of this memoir) while possessing a peculiar attraction to his family and a large circle of friends is not without interest to the general reader. The special qualities which rendered Mr. Waugh such a favourite with those closely associated with him seem to have been inherited from his grandfather, the Reverend Alexander Waugh D.D. who had the honour of being the founder, in the year 1795, of the fundamental principles of the London Missionary Society, and who, during a 45 year ministry in connection with the Presbyterian Church in London, was associated with Wilberforce, Dr. Morrison and others of equal note in nearly every great philanthropic movement of his day.

Mr. William Waugh, the father of the late Mr. Alexander Waugh, was a corn factor, foreign and army contractor at Surry St. London. On the completion of his education Mr. Waugh was placed with one of the leading gentlemen farmers of Northumberland, a Mr. Smith, of Buckton and Goswick, with a view to his acquiring a thorough knowledge of practical farming. He subsequently married and for many years carried on agricultural pursuits on a large scale on the North Earle Estate, leased from Lord Roddam, and here his eldest daughter (Mrs. James Johnston, of Frederickton) was born. Adverse seasons led him to determine on coming to Australia, and with Mrs. Waugh and child he landed in Sydney on October 28th 1848.

His first engagement in this colony was as superintendent of Mr. Eales' Berry Park Estate on the Hunter, where his eldest son, Mr. Harvey Waugh was born. After a time his attention was turned to teaching and accepting an appointment under the late Bishop Tyrrell of Newcastle, as a teacher of the Church of England School, he landed in Port Macquarie in 1849.

He subsequently opened a private Academy in Horton Street, Port Macquarie; and to provide for the increasing demands for accommodation for boarders who came to him from Sydney, the Manning, Hastings, Macleay and other parts he removed to Beach House, facing the Harbour.

During his residence in Port Macquarie very many young men and not a few young ladies who had already past their teens and who have since and are still occupying prominent positions in Society, had the benefit of Mr. Waugh's singularly apt mode of conveying knowledge and forming character. About twenty boarders and a large number of day pupils were under his care. It was in the class room, the play ground, and the social circle that the genial qualities of Mr. Waugh shone with greater lustre. More a friend and companion than a teacher, his extensive reading, kindly disposition and high chivalric bearing exercised a more impressive and lasting influence than mere lessons, and while these tended almost imperceptibly to quicken the energies and form the character and deportment of his pupils, it caused them to regard him with feelings as sincere as lasting and joined to the amiable and gentle character of Mrs. Waugh (who was with all pupils a great favourite) made Beach House an Institution quite unique among private schools of that period.

Passing over the names of quite a large number of ladies who were under the care of Mr. Waugh, and omitting the names of many boys and young men who have been lost sight of mention may be made here of the Hon. Horace Tozer (Colonial Secretary of Queensland) and his brother Vivian Tozer, (surveyor of Temora) Robert Gray (Railway Commissioner of Queensland), D.C. Oakes, Henry Edward and Raymond Day, James, Adam and Thomas Johnston, W.D. Scott, O.O. Dangar and James McInherney (ex-mayor of Port Macquarie), as pupils who as Beach House boys (and men) have much to justify the high feelings of respect and esteem they entertain for the memory of Mr. Waugh. His gentlemanly bearing and open hospitality made him a general favourite among the leading gentlemen of the district, most of whom have now passed on.

Leaving Port Macquarie in 1856 he resided for a short time on the Upper Manning but eventually removed to the New England, he entered upon pastoral pursuits, selecting in the Walcha district, and subsequently (in conjunction with his sons) on the Barwon, where he was highly esteemed.

Finding the climate of the interior too trying he moved to the Macleay in 1886 and resided at Frederickton and Clybucca ever since, and there in the bosom of his family he passed to his rest at the age of 79.

Present among the mourners at the Frederickton cemetery where his remains were interred on the following Sunday (the Rev. John Taylor conducting the service at the grave) were five of his old pupils, viz. Messrs. James, Adam and Thomas Johnston, D.C. Oakes, and O.O. Dangar, and the many beautiful wreaths which covered the coffin attested in a slight manner to the high respect in which Mr. Waugh was held.

Mr. Waugh had few relatives in Australia. One brother Dr. John Neill Waugh of Queensland (whose daughter was lost in the ill-fated Quetta) survives him. His son, Mr. Harvey Waugh owns the Guy Fawkes Station, New England where also his brothers William and Gordon reside, while two other sons Reeve and John, are occupied in pastoral pursuits at Taloumbi, Clarence River. We have already referred to his eldest daughter Annie (Mrs. James Johnston) of Frederickton, the other daughters being married to Mr. J.C. Spencer of Clybucca, Mr. F.G. Panton of Elsinore and Mrs. Robinson of Sydney.

THE JOURNAL
of
WILLIAM NAPIER REEVE WAUGH
being a Record Of His Family from
1844 - 1940

Written
1939-40

FOREWORD

History Of My Life

**Which I leave to my three daughters
Girlie, Sydie and Chris to read over
and revise, cut out where they think
necessary and also correct spelling,
and then, if they think worth it, to
type it and each keep a copy from
their father.**

W N Reeve Waugh
88 years old on 15th Jan 1941

"Eloora"
32 Bligh St
South Grafton

24th Feb 1941

THE JOURNAL of WILLIAM NAPIER REEVE WAUGH

Chapter 1 Start in Australia

I am going to try and write a short history of my life. I will keep as close to the facts as my memory will permit. Adhering to the dates will prove difficult as I will have to record different happenings that occurred 80 years ago. I am now 86 since my birthday on 15th January 1939. I will also have to record different things that happened during my father's life, together with some other names which come into the story.

My father, Alexander Waugh, and my mother left England in a sailing ship, the "Woolner Castle". The voyage from England to Australia took 7 months, and they landed in Sydney in 1848, shortly after a prohibition had been established against further convicts being sent to Australia. My father, hearing that there were good prospects in Australia in the sheep and farming industries, was anxious to try his luck. He brought some £6,000 to £8,000 out with him, and carried an introduction to Bishop Tyrrell of Newcastle and Maitland. The Bishop introduced him to Mr Dennis Day, the police magistrate for Maitland and Newcastle and far off surrounding districts. He also introduced my father to the Clift Bros., but only stayed for a few months as he found the station was mostly worked by aborigines, and there was no society for his wife.

On his return Mr Day introduced him to John Eales of Duckenfield Park on the Hunter River, who wanted a man able to keep and audit his books and also to boss and take charge of some 8 convicts. He had to record their doings in a book each day, and the convicts were allowed a little money. Two of them had to drive two teams of bullocks in Maitland and bring back rations to the station. On one occasion they were a few hours late and had had a few drinks. For this they were fined. On another occasion they got drunk again, and were fined and ordered a few lashes. Father could not stand this cruel punishment and left Mr Eales.

While in the Upper Hunter district Father invested money in a station called, I think, "Wingen". This was not a good investment, and he lost his money, some £5,000.

My father was a well educated man, having been to Harrow and Oxford. Bishop Tyrrell said there were very few University Scholars in the country at that time, and that there was a good opening for a boarding school, which the Bishop called an Academy, when Father established one at Port Macquarie. He had to take children that had finished - or rather left - State Schools, and he was to teach them English, Manners, Deportment and Pronunciation. Father said that he found the young Australians that he met spoke much better than many in the Counties of England, and their manners were very creditable.

My brother Harvey was born at Morpeth, and I was born at Pt. Macquarie, being some 7 years younger than Harvey. A child, born between us, died.

Father was doing very well with the school at Pt. Macquarie. He had a good number of boys - so many that some had to be boarded out.

After some six years he was induced to 'Bungay Bungay' on the Manning River near Wingham. He was anxious to go as it was thought tobacco growing was going to be a great success there. He had a little money left and would invest it in tobacco land. When he got to 'Bungay Bungay' the owner Glets, had not left the house and so rented him a house in Woolar Woolar for a few months until the Glets got out. Twelve of his boarders from the Macleay area continued with him, so he opened his own "Academy" there. He again failed in his speculation as tobacco growing proved a failure.

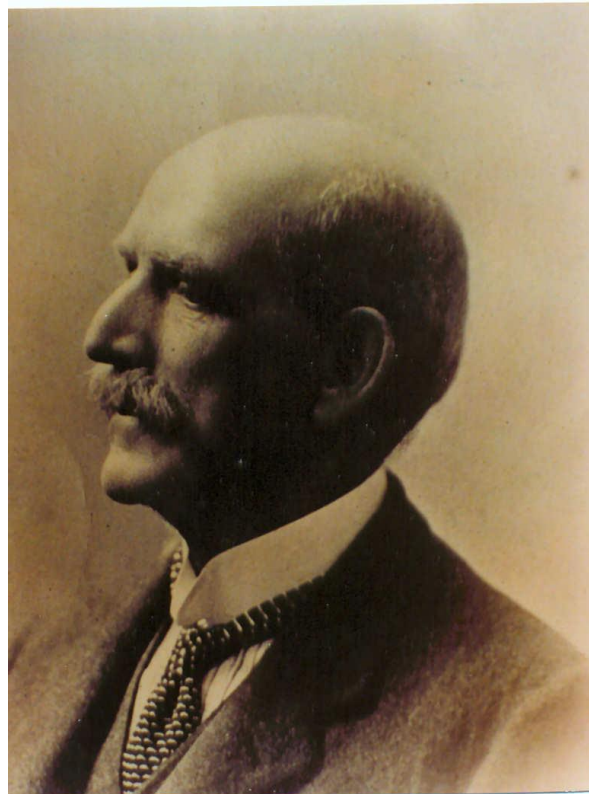
When I was living at Bungay Bungay and was seven years old my eldest sister Annie, fifteen years older than I, was married to James Johnston of Rosedale on the little Dingo Creek. Some weeks after the marriage Tom Johnston, James' brother, put me on a pillow on the pommel of his saddle. In crossing a river the horse put his head down and made a loud snort. I got a great fright and wanted to go back to Mother, and Tom had a great job to persuade me that we would soon be up at sister's (as we called her, she being so much older) home. So then I quietened down and was very happy to see her. I quote this as showing what a long time one can remember back, some 80 years.

Another incident I can remember from back in my teens. I lived a good deal of my early life with my sister Annie. Father kept his school going for some six or seven years. He was then persuaded to go to Walcha and open the first denominational school in Walcha. He travelled up in Cobb & Co Coach (the Royal Mail). He only kept the school going for four years when Raymond Day, son of Mr Denis Day, took his place.

At the Academy at Bungay Bungay there were four Fletcher children: Agnes, Maggie, Tom and Jim. Their father, John Fletcher, and Father became very good friends. Mr Fletcher advised father to select on Ourandumbi, and said he would show him a first class piece of country six miles out from Walcha. So Father decided to try 'on the land' again. Mr Fletcher also said, "I will help you start to stock up with sheep; and if you decide later on to sell, give me first offer."

It was agreed, and we took up three selections of 320 acres each; and two of 960 acres each of 'Conditional Lease', making 2880 acres in all, and called it 'The Lagune' as there was a pretty lagoon close to the cottage. Fletcher sold Father some 500 merino ewes cheap, and advised him to join them with Leicester rams. All proved successful.

The selections were taken up by Father, Harvey and myself. Harvey was 7 years older than I was. A child in arms could take up land then, and was expected to do 'residence on the selection'. This was about 1861-62 when Sir John Roberston passed his Land Act. As potatoes were a good price we decided to grow a lot.



REEVE WAUGH (1853-1945)

Chapter 2 Potatoes

One year we had about 50 tons of potatoes. Every farmer had big crops, and you might say "you couldn't give them away". As they were reported to be selling at 6 a ton in Tamworth, Harvey and I with five others - August Schrader (Dr Schrader's son), Tom Livingstone, William Case, William Hook, and Alfred Jones, all farmers, decided to load up drays of potatoes and take them to Tamworth. Each dray carried 3½ tons of potatoes, and was pulled by a team of 10 bullocks. A horse was led behind each dray, and the spare bullocks - one to each dray - were made into another team. August Schrader had a 'Vernon Boy' (boy trained on a ship called the Vernon) called Dick Turpin to drive the team of spare bullocks.

We travelled via Bendemmer, down the Moonbi Ranges to Tamworth. Here we heard that at Narrabri - about 100 miles on - potatoes were bringing 9 a ton. We decided to push on to Narrabri to get the higher price.

When we came to Gunnedah from Tamworth, Andrew Johnston, owner of Mac Station came to us and asked for the Waughs and August Schrader. Father was his cousin and had written to him. Hearing that we had passed Tamworth he had kept a look-out for us. He came forward, shook hands with us, and pressed us to go and have tea with him. So we put on our neckties etc., and polished ourselves up a bit. While we were doing so he asked the others for 'camp money', please, of 1/- a team - we three being left off. The other fellows laughed at us the next morning, and were a bit envious.

Mrs Johnston made us quite at home. We were told in the town that Andrew was known as "Hungry Johnston" on account of his collecting camp money.

In writing to Andrew Johnston Father told him that Harvey was a good rider. Johnston said, "You are a good rider, I hear, Harvey. I have a buck-jumper and my stockmen have given him best." Harvey said he would try to ride him.

Next morning the horse was yarded and Harvey said, "I'll catch him and saddle him myself."

Johnston said, "You'll have to blindfold him to mount."

But Harvey replied, "No. My mate will hold the horse by the ear."

Johnston asked, "Is it to be in the bare saddle?"

"Yes"

Johnston then said, "If you can stick him, Harvey, I'll give him to you."

Harvey mounted the horse fairly easily and drove the spurs into him. The bucking started in earnest for about half a mile; often by bucking sideways and touching Harvey's foot, first on one side and then the other, and jerking his body back. Harvey brought him back exhausted; laid the whip into him and got cheers from all. Then the horse was tied to the dray and Harvey took him along and eventually back home. He was a good nag, but never could be trusted.

At Narrabri a man in from on the Barwon River advised us to go on as potatoes were bringing 11 a ton there. "but" he said, "sell about a ton from each load before going on as the Goolalbera Plain, which is 50 miles across, is all black soil and there has just been a few inches of rain." We sold some potatoes, and could easily have sold the lot.

On arriving at the river was running a banker, so we decided to stay a few days and allow it to drop.

A man from the other side of the River came over to us and asked what we were loaded with. We told him we had potatoes, which we were intending to sell on the other side where we had been given to

understand they were bringing £11 a ton. He told us his name which was, I think, Canning. He said he was managing two stations on the Moonie and Balonne Rivers for G K Mackay, and that if we would go on some 200 miles to these stations he would guarantee us 25/- a cwt. for our potatoes. He would show us how to get across the river. He would also give us six weeks work helping at the Shearing Sheds, before loading us up with wool for delivery to Morpeth at £1 a cwt. We were unanimous in saying, "Yes!"

The next day he came over and gave us instructions for crossing the river.

"First unload your potatoes. Spread your tarpaulins inside the drays, Reload the potatoes in the drays. Then yoke your bullocks up in pairs and swim them across the river. Hook all your chains together and attache one end to the pole of a dray. Then take the other end over the river, put a team of bullocks on and haul all the drays over, one after the other." This we did and it was all successful.

Now I must report a sham fight which took place. It was about a hundred New South Wales blacks against a hundred Queensland abos, in their different styles of paint and their different hair plaiting. They were an athletic looking lot. There were a lot of Gins sitting down at each end of their tribes, "hurrayng", and so on. The men were armed with woomeras to throw their spears, which were about six feet long, shields to protect themselves, a nulla for close work, and their boomerang. The throwing of this is a very skilful performance. The boomerang, thrown away from them high into the air could be made to return and land at their feet, if they desired.

We journeyed on out to the Balonne. The country was all flat, the grass immense, and all the stock - cattle, sheep and horses were fat. We passed a few station homesteads on the way - all interested and hospitable. Of course they would have like to have a few potatoes, but when we explained the circumstances they were satisfied. There were abos at every homestead.

When we arrived on the Moonie River one of the G K Mackay stations took some potatoes. I have forgotten the name of the station. Then we went on out to the Balonne River to another station of the Mackay's. Here we found a pub and a store and unloaded about half of our potatoes, and other stations around took a lot. We went on to St. George Bridge where there were a pub, store and blacksmith, besides a few other buildings - quite a town after the trip from Narrabri. We sold the rest of the potatoes and returned to the Mackay's shearing shed, near which we camped.

Work was cheap then, the pay being about 15/- to 20/- a week, and found (in food etc.) The pay for shearing was 15/- to 20/- a hundred sheep. The climate was very hot. It was a dry heat, very healthy. They were still getting nice rain. I don't think we knew what a thermometer was. I never saw - or even heard of - fly strike. There were no diseases among the sheep.

After some five or six week at the Balonne Station we loaded up with the wool bales. There were twelve or fourteen bales to a dray, each bale going for about 400 pounds. I know Harvey and I got about 90.

There was nothing of any interest to relate about the journey down to Morpeth, a distance of approximately 600 miles - except that when we got to Maitland Mr Day rode out to our camp and asked for the Waughs and Schraders. When we appeared he said, "Now, lads, get your horses as it is about two miles into town, and you are to come in and have dinner with us. Mrs Day and the family will be pleased to see you."

Harvey started to make excuses, but Mr Day said, "None of that. Just come as you are. I'll be back in half an hour."

We, of course, polished ourselves up as best we could. When we arrived no one could have been more kind to us than Mrs Day, and all of them. Mrs Day said to me, "Your mother and I were such good friends you are to feel just as if you were in your own home." We soon did, and enjoyed our good dinner.

After delivering the wool at Morpeth we loaded up each dray with about three tons of all sorts of stores and station supplies for our return to Walcha, then on to the Ourandumbi Station.

Part of the supplies Harvey and I brought were for ourselves, and the rest were for Mr Fletcher. We passed the Lagune on our way to Ourandumbi, and my father and mother walked about a mile to see us on the way, my Mother throwing her arms around my neck, the tears running down her cheeks "Oh Reeve, my son! You've come back at last. I was so afraid when you wrote, that you were going on to Queensland amongst all those blacks, that you might get killed."

When we got to Ourandumbi Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher gave us quite a banquet and complimented us on going out such a long way and into Queensland and also on the success we had made of the journey generally. I was 16 - 17 at this time. Mr. Fletcher did admire good old Harvey so very much, and often had long talks with him about the country and stock.

Chapter 3 Droving

After we had been home about a month we started with 150 head of cattle for Wingham on the Manning. We took a black boy names Jacob with us, and went via Tiara Station, Murphy's Scrub, Nowendoc, Cooplacurrapa one of G K Mackay's properties, No1 and No2 stations, and on to Wingham. We sold the cattle at a satisfactory price. When we got to Nowendoc Mr Tom Laurie's place, he always sent a man with us about ten miles, to the top of Cooplacurrapa Range. It was only a blazed track in those days. No vehicle had ever been down the Range then. Next day we went on to Cooplacurrapa Homestead and met Mr Mackay there. He always treated us well and gave us a paddock for our cattle at night.

Harvey and I took cattle down to Wingham every year for some four years. Our largest herd being 200 head - more than half of those being 'bought' cattle. James Johnston* was the auctioneer and we always stayed with our sister for a week, or sometimes more.

***James Johnston is the husband of Elizabeth ANNIE Waugh 1839-1919. Annie was the daughter of "Aussie" Alexander Waugh and his first wife Isabella Grieve Smith 1814-1840**

Chapter 4 Bushrangers

At this time 'Thunderbolt' the bushranger was reported to be about Nowendoc and Walcha, and it seemed too great a risk to send our money by the Cobb & Co Coaches. There was no Bank in Wingham or Walcha. So James and Sister thought it safe to sew the notes into the back shoulders of Harvey's shirt.

On one of our trips back we were camped at Murphy's Scrub. We always hobbled and 'belled' our horses. At about sunrise, down the Range to a cattle yard, we saw a well dressed man on a fine looking horse, riding up to us. He said, "Good morning, lads."

Harvey asked him to have a pint of tea.

"Righto! But boys, I want you to tell me this. You have come up from the Manning via Cooplacurrapa and Nowendoc?"

We said, "Yes."

"Who did you see at Nowendoc?"

"Just Larons the boarding house keeper and Mr Laurie."

"No police?"

"There is no police station there."

"No. But did you not see a policeman there?"

"No."

He asked us many more questions as to where we lived and our names. Harvey dropped to it and I was suspicious. Then he said, "Now, boys, I daresay you know who I am - Thunderbolt, the Bushranger. Listen to me and promise me that for at least a month you will not say a word to anyone that you saw me. If I find you've kept your word I'll never molest you during your lives. And tell that darkey there (shaking his fist at Jacob) that if he ever speaks of me, I'll do for him. Now goodbye boys.", and he cantered off into the scrub. Jacob, our black boy, said, "Me very frightened. I see his revolver under coat." We cautioned Jacob, you may be sure.

That night we arrived home and told father and mother what had happened. Father said, "Keep your promise, my sons, and don't mention anything about him, at least not for a long time."

I might as well report the next and last time we saw him. He stuck up Jack Hamilton's Hotel in Walcha. The first thing he did was to find the policeman. He got him about fifty yards from the lock-up, pulled out his revolver and said, "I am Thunderbolt! Throw up your hands and go straight for your lock-up. Obey, and I'll not harm you. Now, give me the keys of the cell." He locked him up, saying, "In about two hours I'll instruct Hamilton to let you out."

Then down to the hotel he went, and shouted all hands - and others he could see about - telling them it was Jack Hamilton's shout. They could have two rounds if they liked. Of course they dropped to it that it was Thunderbolt. He kept his revolver in his hand. He did not demand much money from Hamilton - about a fiver, I think. He then handed the lock-up keys to Hamilton, telling him that he was not on any account to let the policeman out for two hours.

Harvey and Father were working close to the house at Lagune when they saw a man canter up to the four foot high chock and log fence, and over it to where they were working.

"Good day, my lad! I did not expect to see you here - and that's your father, I suppose."

Father spoke to him as Harvey told him it was Thunderbolt, and said, "My sons will keep their word. I am sure of that."

"I'm in a hurry, and must away. Where is the Black's camp?"

Harvey said it was just over the Ridge at the Stockyard.

As Thunderbolt passed the camp he cautioned them not to talk about him. He was not heard of again for some months.

We had a few well bred horses of "Whalebone" stock at the Lagune. The Johnstons on the Manning owned Whalebone who was an imported horse. they bought him as an aged sire. James Johnston gave Harvey our Whalebone horse. His progeny were very good police horses. Sergeant Walker from Armidale used to come and buy them at £12 to £15, whenever we had any ready.

Sergeant Walker pursued and shot Thunderbolt, and got the reward of 500, which had been offered for him, dead or alive. It was quite justifiable.

Thunderbolt, I think, was the fairest, most popular man that ever took to the bush. He treated women and young people with every courtesy, and never robbed a poor man. Some people wondered what he did with all the money he took. He never did take much money, and no doubt he did give poor people money to hold their tongues about his whereabouts, and so on.

Now I will relate what Mr Denis Day told us of how he captured the bushrangers called 'The Jew Boy Gang'.

On one of his rounds as police magistrate he was going up Tamworth way. The Jew Boy gang was reported to be about Waldin Bay Range. He always took a policeman on his trips, and so had one with him on this occasion.

From the top of the Range he saw smoke rising from a hollow and decided to ride down and see what was there, as he suspected it might be the gang. When he came fairly close he saw three men. He returned to his orderly and outlined his plan of action.

He, himself would creep up behind trees until he was close enough to cover them with his revolver and order the men to throw up their hands. To make them think there were several men with him he would say, "You are covered on all sides. I will order men to fire if you move."

Mr Day explained to his policeman that he would then call out, "No1, come in. No2 and No3, keep them covered."

Then Mr Day crept up under cover of the trees, and called out just as he had planned.

"No1, come in, and you No2 and No3, keep them covered. Now, No1, you handcuff them." When this was done he told No1 to get the horses and saddle them. He ordered the gang to mount, and took them to Murrurundi (if I remember correctly), and handed them over there. I have forgotten what happened to them.

The hollow they were captured in was afterwards called Doughboy Hollow, as the gang were making doughboys at the time.

Chapter 5 Spring Creek

We sold 'The Lagune' to Mr John Fletcher of Ourindumbi for between 3,000 and 4,000 - as far as I can remember.

We then settled on the boundary of Ohio and Burgen-op-zoon Stations, taking up five selections of 960 acres each - Father, Harvey, Will, Jack and I (Reeve).

Father's home facing the Apsley River was a pretty, comfortable cottage, and we called the place Spring Creek. It was here that Harvey married Lucy Nicholas (Captain Nicholas' daughter), and moved into a cottage of his own.

A few years afterwards I married Molly (Marie) Schrader, Dr. Schrader's daughter. We were married by the Rev. Dr. Spooner. Henry Day and his sister, 'Missie' Day, as she was called, and other friends were at the wedding. I had a nice horse and sulky turnout, and we travelled about 20 miles to our own little cottage home, or hut rather, as it seemed after Dr Schrader's fine house 'Anglia' in Walcha.

I may mention here that we built all our own cottages except Father's. He employed a good carpenter. We keep a carpenter to help with buildings on the place - a well arranged small woolshed and woolpress. But we became pretty handy carpenters.

Mr brother Will, shortly after this, married Rose Spencer from the Clybucca Estate, Macleay River, and brought her up to his property that adjoined Conje Station.

We did not do so well on these properties, and became discontented, thinking of the land out west near the Barwon River.

We sold out rather cheaply. I think it was to Mr Boulton of Ohio.

Chapter 6 Barwon River

Following our longings we all decided to go out to the Barwon River district.

Now I can't remember very well how we travelled. We started, loaded up with our household goods, using teams driven by Tom Livingston and Billy Case. The distance was about 300 miles. We had a buggy, sulky and a spring cart, and mostly camped on the way. We had a rough time getting started here, with only huts to live in.

When we arrived in this area Thomas Cook of Glinbell Station near Waldin Range owned three stations. The first, as you come from Narrabri, was called Oreel. The next was Merriwynbone, and the other one Pakataroo, on the Barwon close to Collarenabri. The three stations comprised some 350,000 acres of good western country. They ran some 1,700 head of cattle, a hundred horses, and 15,000 merino sheep.

The year after we took up selections there, Walsh, Elliot & Rennie bought the stations from Thomas Cook. I think the price was about 70,000. Walsh, Elliot & Rennie were the big wholesale butchers of Sydney, being owners of Riverstone and Botany Meat Works. They also had two stations on Coopers Creek in Queensland. They stocked their properties with sheep and cattle.

We held nearly all the good water country, and when a very dry season set in other properties were very short of water. We had about 8,000 sheep and a few cattle.

Mr Walsh, the head of the firm came up from Sydney. Explaining that we had cut them off from nearly all the water on Pokataroo he offered to buy our stock, and lease our country. He arranged also, some time later, that if we would improve the selections in accordance with the Land Act. he would help us, and buy us out afterwards, if we would sell. We considered his proposal, and decided we would say "Yes".

He also offered to find us work droving and assisting with the mustering of their stock etc. Father liked Mr Walsh, and they reached an agreement. Mr Walsh brought along his head manager and introduced us. Langhorn was his name, and we got on well together.

A few years later 'free selection' was going on strongly in the area, and 'dummying' was rife. The firm sent up from the Head Office in Sydney, sixteen men. Eight of them were put into the charge of Langhorn, to take up selections of 2560 acres each, at the Moree Lands Office. The other eight, under Harvey were to take up selections of 2560 acres each on Oreel and Polataroo. We helped build their huts. In one case a hut was built on three blocks, three men living in the one hut. Two of the old men died and were buried near their huts.

Once when my brother Jack and I were building a hut a large centipede got up Jack's trousers and bit him on the thigh. I sucked the bite for 10 minutes, got our horses and we rode home some 30 miles. Jack never felt any ill effects from the bite.

Jack, Will and I did, as you might say, all the droving onto, and off, the three stations. Our largest mob of cattle was 1,800 bullocks, aged 3 to 6 years, driven from Pokataroo to Wagga. We were to travel them in two mobs, with a day between the lots. Will was in charge of one lot, and I the other. When we got close to the Namoi I rode on 8 miles to give notice of our arrival, as I knew the manager of the station, Hughie Gare. He asked me to have breakfast. Mrs Gare showed me into a room to have a wash. I pulled off my coat. She called, "Hughie, Hughie, come here quickly. A snake." He came in and found, lying between my shoulders, a jew lizard - not bad fun - it must have gone there for the warmth.

We crossed the Namoi, and all was going well with the cattle, so we decided we would camp the two mobs together. About midnight a storm blew up and frightened the bullocks. There were five men on watch and I was one of them. The 'rush' was terrible - 1,800 cattle galloping at once. One man had his horse knocked down and saved himself by getting behind a sapling. A bullock got his horns fast in my reins and ran one horn into my horse's bowel. It bled freely, but did not kill him. One bullock was killed and four injured. We managed to steady the mob down in about a two mile run. We were 12 short in all. When we got going again I rode back to Gare's place and told him what had happened. He declared that he had heard the rush 8 miles away. He undertook to get the missing bullocks for us. We got on well until we got to Coonamble where one of the men on watch came running in, to say he had been bitten by a centipede, on the thumb. I made him suck it for a quarter of an hour, and then sent him to Coonamble to see a doctor, who gave him a poultice and said I had done the right thing, and he would soon be right.

We went on to Dubbo, Wellington, Orange and on to the head of the Macquarie River, and down to Wagga. The owner of the bullocks came out to us and took charge, saying he was well satisfied. He told us to sell the bullocks as we returned. There had been splendid green feed all the way and the bullocks had picked up in condition. Mr Gare found the lost cattle, and we sold them to him.

While droving, such as on the trip to Wagga, the conditions for our camping were sometimes very rough. For instance the trip from Namoi to the Castlereagh River was about 100 miles - say ten days travelling. We always carried one keg of water (about 24 gallons) under each cart. We also bought two water bags, holding about 2 gallons each, to be fastened round the necks of the spare horses. The weather was very dry and there were no running creeks between the rivers - only dirty yellow holes where the cattle, horses, dogs, etc. drank and rolled. We carried two tents 6ft. by 9ft., two pieces of canvas 8ft. by 6ft. to lie on at night, and of course rugs to cover us, using saddles for pillows. The waterholes were too dirty to let us do more than wash our hands and rub a towel over our faces. When we got to the Macquarie River at Dubbo we, of course, were delighted to all plunge in and have our quarter of an hour swim and put on clean shirts. We had not been able to undress for ten days.

On our return we found Mr. Walsh had been over the Barwon and bought 10,000 ewes on the Narran Lakes, on the border of Queensland, about 100 miles from Walgett. We were sent out to take charge of them - Will, Jack and I, with 5 men. We took them over after they had been counted by Will. (He was considered to be one of the best sheep counters in the district.) We travelled them in two lots, moving about 8 miles a day.

All went well until we got close to Walgett. I sent one of my men, a new chum, on to give notice that the sheep would be in to Walgett Station next day. He did not return that night, so we thought something must have happened to him. There was no sign of him next day, so I rode into Walgett and reported it to the police. That night they had a black tracker out and found the man about 20 miles away from our camp. He had had nothing to eat for two days and nights. The police had some tucker with them, and they said that when they gave it to him they had to steady him for fear he would choke himself. He had had plenty of water. However when we reached Walgett I discharged him saying that I would not take any further responsibility for him, and that I'd provide him his fare back to Parramatta, where his parents were in business. I gave him £5 and he gave me his parent's address, and said they would refund the fare money. However no money came, so I wrote to them explaining what had happened. I never heard from any of them.

When we got to the boundary of Pokataroo, Langhorn's superintendent named Spilsbury, a new chum, was sent to count the sheep. He did so with Will and said they were right, but Will made them about 150 short. However he said nothing. About a week after we returned, a manager on one of the stations wrote to me saying he had found 150 sheep that we must have dropped, so we should come and get them. We slipped off quietly, got them, brought them back, and let them go on the run, with

no one any the wiser.

We did all the droving to and off the stations. Harvey took delivery of 2,500 head of mixed cattle, all good Durhams, from a station owned by the Moses Bros. I have forgotten the name of the station. We delivered the cattle to Oreel.

I took delivery of 250 fat bullocks from a station, close to Moree, owned by a Mr Crowley, and delivered them to Oreel, about 150 miles away.

In the drought Will took 1,000 head of cattle from Pokataroo on to New England for grass, about 250 miles away. They never returned to Oreel.

Harvey became responsible for keeping the books, paying wages to the station hands, and paying the shearers. Will, being such a good sheep counter, was made manager of the men employed about the wool shed, and also from 50 to 60 shearers at times. I can assure you they could be rather a rowdy lot to manage, though good, merry fellows. The shearing rate in those days was 20/- per 100 sheep - all done with had shears. A crack shearer could do about 150 fairly well per day.

One year we put through 256,000 sheep. The shearing lasted 6 months and one week. One man, Pat (I have forgotten his other name) was the 'ringer', as they called the fastest shearer. He was continually 'second cutting' his wool. Will cautioned his several times, telling him at last, that if he went on doing it he would have to give him the 'sack'. He swore at Will, and showed fight. So Will said, "Come on, then."

He called out to the other shearers to stop work, so all hands did, and they went out into the yard.

The first round was slow.

The second round was better, as they warmed up.

In the third round Pat got it rough.

Fourth round. Down went Pat from a hard right punch on the left jaw. That ended it.

Will said to him, "I'll give you the sack, and will pay you with my own money, and keep back your money for shearing to repay myself." Will was considered a good boxer and had had some lessons from Rodney Minniary, a crack boxer and fighter.

The living on the Barwon was expensive in those days. We kept a Chinaman gardener - a good man - and we paid him 25/- a week. He had to keep five homes (Father's, Harvey's, Mine, Will's and Jack's) in vegetables, and he was allowed to go into Collarenebri twice a week with baskets on his shoulders to sell, and did pretty well. Collarenebri was a very common bush pub, store, police station and a few huts. No telegraph wires, no doctor etc., but had a parson at times.

We were all of us at the opening of the Show in Walgett. My sister Laura rode my hack, Bandmaster - a Whalebone given to me by Dr. Schrader. She won the high jump at 5ft. 4ins - a big jump in those days. The President presented her with a gold bracelet for the best rider on the ground. She also won - or Bandmaster did - the prize for the best Ladies Hack.

Another jumping event was over brush hurdles and water. Father would not allow Laura to ride in this as it is considered dangerous. The manager of Gandabline put in a tank sinker's daughter considered to be a good rider, astride his horse. She won the prize of 4, the judge saying she sat like a bag of flour.

We were out on the Barwon for about 10 or 11 years, altogether I think. After being there some six years Mr. Walsh came up from Sydney. Harvey, Will and I met him at Father's house, called "Main Camp". He stayed the night, and was satisfied with all we had done generally. He said he had come up as they had decided to buy us out, if we could agree to their offer, and asked us what we would take. We put £18,000 on the property of 17,920 acres. He made us an offer of £15,000 advising us strongly to take it as they were just about insolvent after three years of drought - the worst ever known in the history of Australia. That is about 1882, 57 years ago now. As far as grass was concerned 100 acres would have kept alive 50 sheep, as there was only a little saltbush to eat - no scrub to cut. There were thousands of acres without even saltbush to eat, and the only water, you may say, was that in the Barwon River. Just about all the cattle died except those that had been sent away to the Tablelands. The few working horses that had to be kept had to be fed on corn and chaff mostly, and when that had to be hauled by horse teams to the stations on the Barwon, it helped to ruin many people.

I remember in one dry year a few years before this that the ground cracks opened wide enough to let you put your hand down to the depth of a foot. Then we had one or two heavy storms and centipedes came up - or rather were washed out drowned, in heaps. The centipedes were as big as one's hand, and there would be about 20 to 30 in a heap. As we never hear anything of these horrible things now, it is likely they have all been drowned.

Well, we decided to accept Mr Walsh's offer of £15,000, as he had proved to us honest, and had treated us well.

Chapter 7 Return to Walcha

We left the Barwon with some £8,000 including £8,000 we had earned by droving etc.

We sold all our things except what we could carry in buggies, sulkies and spring carts.

Father and Mother left some months before the rest of us. I have forgotten who went with them, or how they travelled. They went to my sister Manie (Spencer) at Clybucca, and soon after shifted to Frederickton near Kempsey.

Harvey, Will, Jack and I (and I think Gordon, my youngest brother) travelled up to Walcha. Jack and I, of course, stayed with Dr. Schrader at "Anglia". My children were Napier about 8, Dey 6, Stanley 4, Girlie 2, and Syd 1. Chris was born at Taloumbi. Jack had Neill, Nina, and Keena.

Harvey and Will got the offer of Guy Fawkes Station owned by Major Parkes, who had died a little time before the offer. They bought it together with about 2,000 head of cattle, a few horses and plant. With the cattle valued at £2.15 a head the price was £6,875. The cattle were good and there was a very nice pretty homestead, with some secured land freehold, I think about 40,000 acres leasehold.

Jack and I came down to South Grafton. We had an introduction to John H. Munro, stock and station agent, Grafton who had Broad Meadows and Taloumbi for sale. We decided to inspect Taloumbi, owned then by John F. Small Jnr. In the particulars of the property there were 1,200 head of branded cattle, 10 horses and plant (plant not much good), 300 acres of freehold land around the homestead, 400 acres of C.P. (Conditional Purchase). The Freehold was valued at 3 an acre - the C.P. at 30/-. There was also about 15,000 acres of leased land from the Government. This included 10,000 acres of Forest Reserve. I think they had a price on the property and stock of £8,500. We offered £7,500. Small accepted, and we paid £6,000 cash, the balance to be paid in instalments. Small was 150 head short of the stock promised. Jack and I returned to Walcha for our families, and did not get back for about six weeks, so Small had the chance of buying 200 good mixed cattle coming in from Queensland. We were satisfied and paid him the same price as for cattle on Taloumbi.

Note April 1996

Rosemary Waugh relates "It appeared that for the sale "Taloumbi" was salted by the agent with New England fattened bullocks to make the country appear better than it was" Rosemary says her father Alexander Stanley Waugh informed her of this devious deed.

Chapter 8
Taloumbi

We travelled down from Walcha to Taloumbi. I think we had a four-seated buggy, two sulkies, and spring carts. We took three days on the roads, which were very bad then. We stayed at Harvey's at Guy Fawkes. Will and Gordon were there too, getting along first rate, quite satisfied with their purchase. We stayed at Walker's Hotel in South Grafton. It was just a long, low building with roof shingled. Everything was very clean, and we were very well treated. None of Jack's or my families have stayed at any other hotel in South Grafton since. It must be 53 years ago. The Hotel is now a large two storey, fine looking place, and kept perfectly. The old lady (Mrs Walker) is still living. She is very frail and never comes down stairs now. I am told she was offered £22,000 for the business, and refused the offer. A Miss ????? has been managing the hotel for many years and very well kept it is still.

We did not know at the time that we bought it that Taloumbi was mortgaged to the ES & A Bank, where Mr Ted Maplestone was Grafton Manager. As our instalments had to be paid to the ES & A we joined up with them. In a few years we found Taloumbi was not stocked up enough to pay well, and I asked the Bank to advance £,000. They refused, saying that if a property had a bad career with them they would not advance money. Ted Maplestone did his best to get them to take us on but they refused, much to his disgust. He advised us to raise money by selling cattle etc., and then it was likely that the Commercial Banking Co of Sydney would take us on.

We sold cattle and were only 50 short of the required amount. I was in Grafton at the last sale and called on Maplestone and told him about it. He got out his cheque book and wrote R & J Waugh a cheque for 50. I was very surprised, and did not want to take it.

"You must take it Reeve," he said.

I answered, "I must be on my feet before I pay it back."

"Don't worry about that. You need never pay it back."

A friend in need is a friend indeed. We became the best of friends; and so did Mrs Maplestone and my wife Molly. Until they left Grafton they used to come to Taloumbi with their son Lindsay, and have holidays and weekends with us. He liked shooting parrots and quail, and at times Black Duck. Molly used to make the former into pies, which they liked very much. They went to Queensland and Jack kept in touch with them. I think both the old people are dead now. I must write to Jack and enquire. We paid him the 50 as soon as we got going with the Commercial Bank.

We applied to the Commercial Bank for some 2,000 to stock up with, and are still with them.

For the first few years we did very well indeed, cattle being a good price - 2 a head over what we paid for them. I became very friendly with Will Small Jnr. He was then part of the firm Hawthorne & Small, and I did a lot of dealing between Richmond and Clarence. Small was my advisor in much of this, and I made a lot of money. A £100 profit or so was nothing unusual for us to make on a transaction. All our dealings were in Durham cattle - fat bullocks supplied to the butcher at up to 5/10/- or 6, and cows up to 2/15/-.

Hawthorne and Small were sequestrated owing us some 200 for cattle sold. Will Small said, "Don't you put in any claim, Reeve. I'll soon get going again, and I'll pay you in full."

I agreed. Will separated from Hawthorne.

Will Small got the offer of about 300 head of cattle and gave us first refusal. He said he had seen the cattle and they were a good mixed lot at 60/- a head. I bought them and also the pony stallion

"Llewellyn" for £15. All proved satisfactory and Will Small paid up the 200 he owed us.

The Hon. I.H. Smith, owner of Gordon Brock Station decided to sell out. Charles Bundock of the was the manager at the time, and Will Small was to conduct the auction. Will asked me to attend the sale. He advised me to buy the lot, and he would guarantee to sell any I didn't want, afterwards.

I attended the sale and bought the whole of the Devon Stud. I also bought 300 Devon steers aged 3 years; they averaged about 70/- a head. As buying the whole stud made me the biggest buyer at the sale Mr Bundock presented me with the Devon Stud Book - amongst cheers from the audience at the sale.

After the sale Will Small sold some 5 year old Devon steers and a few old cows with heifer calves at a profit. We did very well indeed out of these cattle. Napier has the Stud Book at Harrington Paddocks.

Some few years after this my best friend Will died in Clarence House Hospital. We had a meeting in South Grafton and decided to erect a monument to his memory. The Mayor of South Grafton said that Small's death was a great loss to the River. Fred McGuren, Lawyer, said, "Not only to the Clarence, but to all the Northern Rivers."

One time Mr Maplestone asked me if I would let Napier go over to Kempsey to take delivery and count some 1,200 cattle that the Es & A Bank had a mortgage over. I said he was too young, being only 17 years old. But Maplestone said he knew they could trust Napier; so I agreed. He took delivery, counted the cattle, and the Bank was well satisfied.

One thing I must record:

After the First World War*, we sent to Sydney 70 odd Devon and Durham bullocks, all bred on Taloumbi and fattened at Harrington (Ulmarra) Paddocks. A very good lot, about 4 years, together with 24 cows. They travelled from Harrington Deep Creek to be loaded on the train to Sydney, and Pitt Son & Badgery sold them. The pick of the lot brought £39; and the balance averaged £33; and the cows brought £23. I considered this a record for the Northern Rivers, and not likely to be beaten in a generation. I have the papers in my drawer showing the sale. We also sold to Walter Fitzgerald six bullocks for £26 a head.

* First World War: From August 1914 to November 1918.

Chapter 9
Balance Sheet of Taloumbi

Now I'll show what Taloumbi cost us 32 years ago (1888).

It comprised 300 acres of Freehold land around the Homestead; 400 acres of Conditional Purchase (C.P.); and about 15,000 acres of Crown Lands.

The Crown Lands boundary on the North ran into the Maclean Municipal boundary - the East Side of Shark Creek - South side by the Crossing and up Oak Flat to the Wild Dog. Summervale adjoined on the South Side, from Wild Dog along the Summervale Range to the Old Bookrum Hut and down on to the Sandon - down the Sandon on to the sea, running by the sea coast along by Broome's Head and in to Yamba, taking all the Crown Lands there - then along the Lake to Griffith's block of 100 acres which we bought at 30/- an acre.

The improvements there when we bought were:- Cons Paddocks fenced; the Horse Paddock of about 50 acres plus the Weaning Paddock of about 100 acres fenced; the Wire Paddock of about 200 acres fenced; the Old House; the Old Stockyard; and a Stockman's Hut.

We bought the station with 1,200 head of mixed cattle - just fairly good quality - and 10 to 12 Stock horses.

The 300 acres of Freehold, valued at £5 an acre	£1,500
400 acres Cons Paddock at 30/- an acre	£600
The owner asked £8,500; walk in, walk out.	

We offered £7,550, and he accepted on the basis of £6,000 down and the balance in yearly instalments.

Present Position (1940).

The property consists of 7,000 acres of Freehold land; 40,000 acres of leasehold, with a Forest Reserve of 10,000 acres included.

The boundaries are along Shark Creek Range to the Crossing, up the Oak Flat along the Summervale Range to the Wild Dog - along the Summervale Range to the old Bookrum Hut, then down the Sandon to the sea - along the sea shore to Angowrie and down Blacks Paddock to the Lake. All the boundaries are fenced. The third of the 40,000 acres was all secured by taking up special leases and complying with all conditions.

There are 7,000 acres of Freehold; the Big Swamp of some 3,000 acres ring-barked and all dead, with a lot of undergrowth cut out; a cultivation paddock of 10 acres fenced and cleared; a good new house in good repair; a new stockman's cottage and yard, with the necessary out-buildings; a new stockyard at Sandy Camp; and the old yard still going and useful.

All the paddocks are growing good Paspalum, clover and swamp couch - all making a very valuable property.

We bought at Harrington (Ulmarra) two dairies of 100 acres each, at 20 per acre; 40 acres on Bank for 7 per acre.

Dairies	£4,220
40 acres @ 7 per acre	£280

	£4,500
The balance - 375 acres cost	2,800
	£7,300

I will show what Taloumbi will be worth in four or five years, after the War*, when drained: -

Land	3,000 acres swamp land, 60/- per acre	£9,000
	4,000 acres flats and low ridges, 40/- per acre	£8,000
	40,000 acres of Crown Lands	£3,000
		£20,000

Stock

	1,400 head of well bred Mixed Cattle @ 60/-	£4,200
	20 horses @ £6	£120
	150 Romney Marsh Sheep @ 30/-	£225
	Plant	£100
		£24,645

We; Jack and I (Reeve) 53 years ago
bought Taloumbi for £7,550
Deduct £7,550
Increase in Value £17,095

These figures show an increase in value at today's rates (1940) of £17,095.

* The Second World War commenced in September 1939; ended in August 1945

Chapter 10

Last Words

1st October 1939

I have not felt very fit lately and so neglected my reporting and now feel I can't go over what I have written, so hope I'll not be repeating myself.

Now I feel I'll have to cut all as short as I can.

We(*notes missing*).

Yamba 15th October 1939

It is about time I ended all this. I get so tired and feeble. I see very badly, but otherwise am well, so must battle on.

All my sons and daughters are well and doing fairly well now, as stock and produce get fairly good prices. We should be thankful to our God for all this.

Only this - only this cursed war* is getting worse and gives all thinking people in the world a lot of worry. And to think that the last War# was to stop all war. All money and might! Ruining this lovely World. The Great God of all Nature; and the whole of this Universe was given to us to live in. It is ruined by the greed, unfairness and selfishness of man. God Help Us. (enough)

Will record here that we - Girlie, Madge, Tom and I came down here (Yamba) on Wednesday last and return to Grafton tomorrow, Monday, in the evening. Found the cottage in very good order as Girl had been down here in the week while I was in Hospital. Madge stayed in Grafton seeing me every day, quite cold, and Madge is going in the surf twice a day. Last night and today were quite warm.

Girlie and I have written letters of sympathy to Mr Wray on the loss of his wife - a very good woman and a friend of ours.

Yamba is looking pretty. Coming down from South Grafton we put pretty flowers on my darling Mollie's grave as we passed - as we always do.

W.N.R. Waugh.

*Second World War #First World War

Yamba
Now 18th April 1940

It is 9p.m. and I am tired, so off to bed and to sleep, lovely sleep.

We came down to Yamba cottage last Friday, and are likely to return on Tuesday.

I have never, since we built this cottage, been troubled with so few mosquitoes.

It was very cold yesterday. This morning it was 69 degrees in my room, and 58 degrees outside. It must have been nearly freezing. Though rather cold, it is better than the heat in South Grafton. I feel very well indeed for 87 last 15th January.

It is such a very nice place for walks, all very pretty, with pretty views. I have had two walks in the last three days, about a mile and a half in the two walks.

I saw and had a chat with little Jack Powell. He is very simple, and I am sure, sincere and honest.

God bless you all, my dears.

I had a chat with the Campbells. They say they have been on the Clarence for 40 years and have never known such a cold April before, and so few mosquitoes.

Now, it is about time I got on with my History.

The change has done us all good, and I feel very well. It seems I thought I was writing a letter. Old Ass.

Now, my dears, you will know as much, and likely more than I do about our lives on the Clarence River, so I will stop writing, as I will only be making a mess of it.

THE STORY
of
THUNDERBOLT
alias
FRED WARD

Written by
a Contemporary
from his personal
Knowledge & Experience

W.N. Reeve Waugh
1853 - 1945

Written
1942

THE STORY OF THUNDERBOLT by W.N.R. WAUGH

FOREWORD by C. Honeyman 1972

It was evidently some article on Thunderbolt in the Grafton "Examiner" of the day (circa 1941) that aroused my father's interest in his early recollections of the Bushranger. He seems to have disapproved of some things written on the man, Fred Ward, who had made a romantic impression on his youth. He wants to right what he considers a wrong. And it can well be imagined so, to one who knew my father as a just and very thinking man in his maturity.

As he relates incidents of a long, long time ago there may be, as he says, some unimportant mistakes. He often told the story in almost the identical words he uses in the written version. He has preserved the colloquial "yarn" rather than any journalistic or literary wording. For example, he could not have known the exact words used by Thunderbolt in the Gloucester Store incident yet he captures the exact flavour of what must have taken place.

The names of places have been difficult for me to decipher. My father's hand writing at all times was hard to read and in old age when this record and his "journal" were written it becomes even more eye-straining.

Of his good faith in what he puts down there is "no possible doubt whatever" so I leave the brief records of long ago to my grandchildren.

INTRODUCTION

To and for my Daughter Christian, 1941

This is a true sketch of the life of the Bushranger Thunderbolt. It is written as I knew him personally and, also, my brother-in-law James Johnston employed him and knew him well. He truly was the gentleman bushranger, made so by a false imprisonment.

He never stuck up the Royal Mail owned by Cobb & Co. Coaches, and said "Your money or your life," as some say he did.

The woman who lived with him was a half-caste and was often seen riding about with him.

It has been said that the police should have got a black tracker and trailed him to his usual haunt - the Cells. The reason for not doing this was likely that they knew the desperate man they would have to take. He would have been sure to shoot and wound one or more of them before being taken. Others have said that they did not want to take him as they had sympathy for him.

My father said that he must have been an unusual man to give himself such a grand, suitable name. I think he gave himself the name when he first stuck up the Gloucester Store.

No doubt the policeman Sergeant Walker did deeply regret having to shoot him. No doubt he felt it very much; and perhaps it is true, as a woman from Grafton has written, that his hair turned grey soon afterwards. I am sure, as I knew the policeman, a manly fellow, that he did not shoot him for the reward of 500 that had been promised to anyone taking Thunderbolt - dead or alive.

I knew something of the Bushranger - and will try to write of it later on.

I am tired now, and will be 89 years on the 15th January next.

W.N. Reeve Waugh. 1853-1945

THUNDERBOLT

"Eloora"

Yamba

1st January 1942

My Darling Christian,

As there have been a good many reports in "The Examiner" lately re Fred Ward, known as Thunderbolt, which are far from being true, and as I believe I know more about Thunderbolt and his doings, I'll write a short summary of his life. Ward, who wrote his life evidently did not know much of interest about him.

He was born on the Patterson River, I think. A few years afterwards his parents shifted up and secured a small property on the Upper Elinburra River adjoining a station called Bunya Bunya with the B Mountain situated on it. It is the highest mountain on the Eastern Coast of Australia.

Bunya Bunya belonged in those days to my brother-in-law James Johnston, where he ran about 1,000 head of cattle.

The first time I saw Fred Ward (Thunderbolt) my brother Harvey and I had just brought down from The Lagune, our property about 7 miles from Walcha, a hundred head of cattle for sale, and Fred Ward had just arrived with about a hundred from Bunya Bunya.

James Johnston introduced him to us saying - "Fred is my drover and stockman." I was about 15 and Fred, I should say, about 20; a rather good looking fellow, just the cut of a good Australian stockman. Fred returned to Bunya.

Harvey, who was 7 years older than I was took the cattle on to East Maitland and they were sold by Pitt Son & Badgery. We returned to The Lagune, Walcha.

Now, in those days there was a habit of 'Sweating a Horse' - a very common thing done by many of the station holders and (I think) by the Johnstons and many others. Now, to explain what it means, - when your horse went lame, got a sore back or knocked up, you would take one of the settler's horses, work him until your own horse recovered, then let your neighbour's horse go near his paddock and get your own horse back.

This is what Fred Ward did. But a man came through from Yarrwick through Yarras Station. He called at one of the settler's homes and said, "I saw Fred Ward riding your horse."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, I know him well."

I have forgotten the name of the owner of the sweated horse, but he said, "I have lost him for about three weeks. I told the police that he must have been stolen."

The police arrested Fred Ward and took him to Port Macquarie. One or two of the settlers who knew Ward went to Port Macquarie and gave him a good character, and explained to the Police Magistrate what 'horse sweating' was. However it was proved to the satisfaction of the court that it was 'horse stealing' and Ward was given (I think) 5 years with hard labour on Cockatoo Island.

Ward, in a few months got a boat and escaped to the mainland. He walked about 100 miles getting or begging his meals as he went along until he came to a roadside store. I think it was a place called The Gloucester Store.

Ward ordered some things that he required, among them a revolver and some cartridges. He loaded the revolver and ordered the storekeeper to come out and put the things on the verandah. He then said, "I may as well tell you who I am. I am Fred Ward the man the police are after, who has escaped from Cockatoo Island. Come along now and catch that bay horse in the yard." The storekeeper brought the horse to the verandah.

"Now, strap those things on," and Ward mounted the horse,

He said, "It will pay you well to say nothing for some months about me."

I think it was here that he first called himself "Thunderbolt", and said "I shall never be taken alive."

My father said he was wonderful to call himself such a noble, suitable name.

Ward then rode to a place called 'The Cells' a few miles from where his parents lived, and he got rations and horse-feed. The Johnstons did not know he was there. His parents asked him to give himself up and said that when it was clearly explained what 'horse sweating' was he would likely only get a light sentence and be free again. He refused.

The next place he was heard of was at Tia Station, owned by a man called Murphy, a married man - no family. It was said that Thunderbolt knew Murphy and I think he did. He got some rations and was not heard of for some months. It was there, I think, he became acquainted with the half-caste woman who lived with him. There were a lot of blacks living about Murphy's Station, which was often called Murphy's Brush - about 7 miles through, and ran straight up to Dorrigo.

He was often very quiet for some months. The shepherds on Bunya and others reported that he was seen about Callaghan Swamps and Nowendoc.

Now Harvey and I, with a black boy, at different times took from 100 to 150 cattle from The Lagune (a property that we owned 7 miles from Walcha) down to Taree on the Manning River. They were sold by our brother-in-law, James Johnston, an auctioneer. One mob we got £350 for. As this trip Thunderbolt was reported to be about Nowendoc my sister said to James, "I will sew the money into the shoulders of Harvey's shirt."

"No," said James, "they only have to tell Fred that I am their brother-in-law, and he won't rob them."

However my sister Anne was doubtful and she sewed the money in. We returned to Nowendoc Station, called at Larounse's Boarding House, and saw Mr Tom Laurie. Then we went on to Murphy's Scrub and camped.

Early in the morning we were having breakfast when a well dressed man riding a good looking horse rode up to us.

"Good morning! Having your breakfast lads!"

"Yes," said Harvey, "Will you have a drink of tea?"

"Thanks" and he sat down, "Where have you come from?"

"Just returning from Taree."

"Which way did you come up?"

"By Cooplarcarraba and Nowendoc."

"Did you see a policeman there?"

"No." said Harvey, "None ever there."

"But didn't you see a policeman there as you passed?"

"No."

"What is your name?"

"Waugh."

"Was Mr. Waugh on the Manning your father?"

"Yes, he is."

"Often heard of him but never seen him."

Now the black boy, Jacob, pulled me by the coat and pointing to him whispered, "See revolver under coat."

"No doubt you are getting suspicious as to who I am. My name now is Thunderbolt; it was Fred Ward. Now boys, listen to me. If you hold your tongues and not say a word about me for two or three months I will never molest you or any of the Waughs during my life. And you caution that black boy there, if he ever says anything about me I'll do for him", and he shook his fist at Jacob who did look frightened. Then Thunderbolt bid us good-bye and cantered away.

When we arrived home we told father and he said we were not to say anything about him at any time, but to forget about him.

After that we would just hear about Thunderbolt. One swagman passing our place said he had met a man on horseback who asked him the shortest way to R?????, and other things, and who gave him a £1 note. Another time it was reported that he called at Branga Plains, an out-station which belonged to John Fletcher of Ourandumbi Station. He got rations there and some other things.

I may have missed some things, so now I'll add. I think Fred Ward called himself Thunderbolt when leaving the Gloucester Store as a few months after he was known as "Thunderbolt" about Nowendoc. He never in his life stuck up the Royal Mail saying, "Your money or your life." I most assuredly would have heard of it, if it had happened. Nor did he say that to anyone.

He was always kind to women and children. A young man, for some time joined him. When Thunderbolt heard that he had been rude and unkind to some women and children he at once dismissed him. No doubt this youth told lies about Thunderbolt.

How very much fairer and better it would have been if the authorities had reprieved him under condition of his taking an oath that before his God he would never break the law again, or go bushranging. What a grand Australian soldier he would have made; saying to his men under him "Follow Me!" and not saying "Go where I tell you."

Now all I have written and also all my brother-in-law has told me is true. So Help Me God.

I may just have made some little mistakes, but nothing of importance. You may, Dear, if you like use my name or James Johnston's.

Do not let this interfere with your important work now. Perhaps better to leave it until after the War.

W.N. Reeve Waugh
Nearly blind.

Some
LETTERS
from
ALEXANDER WAUGH
1814-1894
and
His Wife
ELIZABETH
to
their son
REEVE WAUGH
and his wife
MOLLIE
(Nee Schrader)

Annotated
 by
 Christian Honeyman
 1968

25th October 1968

I am making copies of a few letters my Father and Mother have never destroyed. They are from Grandfather and Grandmother Waugh.

I never had the privilege of knowing any of my four grandparents, and I am reluctant to destroy these letters which my own parents evidently valued so much that they held them all the years of their lives.

The letters, apparently were written during the difficult financial years just after my Father (Reeve) and Uncle (Jack) had bought Taloumbi.

The Waughs were a singularly united and devoted family of five sons and three daughters. They had all shared many years on the land, keeping together at 'The Lagune', and at 'Spring Creek'; Walcha; and at 'Murilla' on the Barwon River. It was only after the Barwon days that they separated, bought their own properties, and Grandfather and Grandmother went to live in retirement at Frederickton. The sons then all contributed to an income for their parents, as Grandfather had invested his money with them.

The letters give me a feeling of warmth and tenderness. They speak for themselves.

Christian Honeyman
 nee Waugh.

PERSONNAE
Family List

ALEXANDER WAUGH, came to Australia in 1848, with his daughter, **ANNIE**, aged 9, who married James Johnston; and his second wife, **ELIZABETH** (nee Gallon), who bore 12 children, rearing 8.

Their children: -

HARVEY, husband of **LUCY** (nee Nicholas) father of Albert, Harry, Leslie, and Frank
WILLIAM NAPIER REEVE, husband of **MARIE** (nee Schrader) (Molly or Marea) parents of Napier, Detlef, Stanley, Eva (Girl), Sydney and Christian
WILLIAM, husband of **ROSA** (nee Spencer), father of 4 children
MANIE, wife of **CHARLES SPENCER** (brother of Rosa)
JACK, husband of **LOUISE** (nee Schrader, sister of Molly), father of 6 children. Remarried to **GERTRUDE** (nee Lydiard) after 9 years - no children.
EVA, became Mrs. Panton, mother of 3 or 4 children
LAURA, wife of **FRANK ROBINSON**, mother of Richard and Laura (Kookie)
GORDON, husband of **FRANCES** (nee Nicholas, half sister of Lucy).

Dr. CHRISTIAN ULRICH DETLEF SCHRADER, came to Australia in "Alster" on 20th September 1853, with his wife, **CAROLINE CHRISTINA** (nee Voolstedt), and 2 boys and 2 girls, and settled in Pt. Macquarie. A further 9 children were born in Australia, the first being **MARIE**, who became the wife of **W.N. REEVE WAUGH**, and the sixth, **LOUISA**, who became the wife of **JACK WAUGH**.

The Schraders lost their eldest daughter Sophia when she was about 20 years of age. No doubt she had contributed a lot of help and "mothering" to her younger brothers and sisters, and her death was a great loss to her parents.

The old Doctor also had the further loss of two more children in early adulthood; a son and a daughter died in their twenties.

These letters were written by **ALEXANDER & ELIZABETH WAUGH** to their son **WILLIAM NAPIER REEVE WAUGH**, and his wife **MOLLIE**, who kept them for the remainder of their lives.

LETTERS from ALEXANDER WAUGH 1814-1894

This letter, written to my Father, Reeve Waugh, by his Father, Alexander Waugh, shows the earliest date of any such letter that I have, and is not complete. I only wish I could find the rest of it. Obviously my Father was on holiday. (C.H. 1968)

The Lagune
Nov. 28th 1873.

My dear Reeve,

I am writing English letters but cannot let Will leave without a line.

What a stay you have made! I have reason to hope your visit has been agreeable to yourself and friends at the "Dingo", and only hope that at least dear James and Annie, who cannot afford any tax on their means, however well they may incline to practice hospitality, it has been also profitable. If I should not be able to write to them this time, give them and the little ones my very kind love.

Will will tell you by degrees as you converse together all our plans and news. Neither Mamma nor I are very hearty, but we are not so young as we were, and care tells more upon us. We require more means, you see, to enable us to do better by you all, and constant thinking about the future of our family wears us down.

It is a matter of grave and sincere thankfulness that you are good, steady lads, and can only pray that you may always, through your whole lives, merit the name of honest, trustworthy men. I have observed the career now of many men, and seen that a reputation of this kind secures a man happiness, and the respect and confidence of his fellows to a much greater degree than either wealth or brilliant qualities, and I know that I would rather see my own lads distinguished in that way than in any other.

I wish, my boy, you would show resolution to master English spelling, because until you do it, you will always feel yourself at a disadvantage. I will give you ten guineas, and Will also the same, when- ever you show me you have mastered Guy's Exposition.

In this favoured land men of your stamp who keep steady will be almost certain of at least moderate fortune, but you know well that more than wealth is needed to ensure the respect of others, or indeed to enable us to enjoy the society of those our position would entitle us to associate with. You have one advantage in fortunately being clear of vulgar pronunciation, and let me tell you the manners and speech of a gentleman are a valuable possession which none but boors, envious of what they can never obtain, ever disparage.

I have known intensely vulgar people well up to all the rules of etiquette, and have seen gentlemen who never heard of them. One of the best definitions I know I met with lately in a paper, 'A gentleman is one who combines a man's courage with a woman's tenderness'.

Letter from my Grandfather (Alexander Waugh) to my Father (William Napier Reeve Waugh)

Sept. 26th 1877

My dear Reeve,

Your note informing us of your engagement with Miss Schrader has just been given to me by Mamma. From all I hear of the young lady, and my own estimate of her good qualities, you are to be congratulated on your success. I'm sure I sincerely wish you both all the happiness you promise yourselves.

With regard to your settling apart from Spring Creek after your return from England* that must, as you say, depend upon circumstances. I certainly do not see how you can, consistently with the terms of our agreement, withdraw before we are in a position to divide our property. If I did, I might perhaps remove, myself.

I heartily agree with your proposal that Will should accompany you as far as Sydney and see you off. Indeed I have always told Mamma of my wish that he do so. I would have liked if Jack and poor Ludwig (Schrader) could have gone also.

You will give my love to Maria (Molly) and assure her of a warm welcome from your father as one, at least, of the family circle, of which we hope she will form a link.

And now, my son, take in good part one word of counsel. Bear in mind that this young lady, in engaging herself to you, casts herself upon your manly support for life; that your fate is the mirror in which hers will be reflected; that her happiness depends upon you, and you must not disappoint her.

God bless you, my son.

Your Loving Father

Alex Waugh.

* My father, Reeve Waugh, had been invited to England by Uncle William Napier Reeve, and all arrangements for his voyage had been made when his engagement to my Mother proved stronger than the desire to travel. (C.H. 1968)

The following letter is not dated (C.H. 1968)

My dearest Marie,

We only received intelligence of poor Ludwig's* death at sundown, last night. At the time Reeve was some miles from home, or he would have been down with your earlier, to do anything to assist you all. I cannot tell you, my dear, how very, very much we feel for you in this sad distress. It is very sad for your sisters to part with a brother, but who knows the bitterness of grief in a mother's heart, to part with a child. Poor, poor Mother! How truly I mourn with you all.

Oh Marie dear, be tender with her and kind. But what am I saying; I know how kind and good you daughters all are, but there never was a daughter yet, who lived to be a mother, who did not look back, and wish she had been kinder, and more tender with her mother. Accept my kindest love and sympathy one and all, in which Mr Waugh very sincerely joins.

Believe me,
very truly yours

Elizabeth Waugh
Spring Creek

Saturday Morning.

*Ludwig Schrader, brother of Marie Schrader, later Mrs Reeve Waugh

NOTE: This letter was written before my own Mother was married, evidently she was engaged to my Father, and he was at Spring Creek, Walcha, and she at Holstein, Walcha. (C.H. 1968)

This letter was written by my Grandmother, Mrs. Alex Waugh, (Elizabeth) in 1883 whilst on a visit to Clybucca.

The sons and wives had evidently all settled in at 'Murilla' on the Barwon River, where Grandfather and Grandmother were to join them later. (C.H. 1968)

Clybucca

Jan 9th 1883

My dearest Reeve and Marie,

At last your most welcome letters came to hand last night dated Dec. 15th 1882; so you can see what a time they were on the road.

You are severe upon me, Reeve, about not keeping my agreement (to write), but, as you see, I have more than done so. When you get all our cards and letters about Xmas you will say I have not been so bad. I will not harp on that string any longer.

I was truly rejoiced to hear that you are all well; but what is that about my dear, beautiful little Napier? I can understand you about cutting off his hair, but I can't make you out as to what you say about a rash on his face, and what you did made it run into one great sore. I hope to goodness, Reeve, you have not been trying medicine that you know nothing about - don't, for goodness sake, do anything but give them simple cooling medicine, and not too much of that. Children don't feel the heat as grown people do. As long as their appetites keep pretty fair, they will do very well.

You did not say anything about your own health; nor you either Marie, so I conclude you are both pretty well.

We have had no hot weather here, indeed it has been rather the reverse, and we have had a great deal of wet. Xmas Day was very wet, and kept us prisoners all the day. It rained more or less every day during the week, and it poured New Years Day.

The creeks and rivers go so high that a flood was looked for, with dismay, for it would ruin many thousand pounds worth of corn on the banks. The people have seldom had such crops, and it would be grievous for them to lose it. They kept telegramming to N. England, and as it kept dry and fine there, they knew they had not very much to fear. The roads are still too dirty to go out.

We got a great shock when we heard about dear little Harry's* accident. What a mercy to us all, that it was no worse. Oh, my dears, only think, if it had been your Napier. In your terror and terrible alarm, what would you have done - surely you would at once have applied to Harvey and Lucy. Oh, if I could only make that coolness right, by any means in my power, how gladly I would do it. I would be overjoyed to hear that at Xmas time, you had made it right. Reeve, my son, it is you who ought to make the advance. Lucy's trial** is fast approaching - a hard trial upon all us poor women. I know well, dear Marie, how glad you would be to offer her your sympathy, at least, and be glad to do your best to forget all the disagreeable that are past and gone. I know it would be impossible for you ever to be with Lucy as you were, but at least you could be friends, in the common sense of the word. Lucy's faults are certainly not of the heart. A kinder hearted woman never lived than she is. When I think of how dependant we are upon each other, in that far away region, my heart yearns to be back with you all again. I do hope you may keep clear of those sore eyes. I hear poor Lucy has been very bad with them already.

You will both rejoice to hear Annie*** did take a favourable turn, and is now a good deal better, and is able to be about again. She is still very weak, but quite cheerful, and hopeful of getting pretty well again, which I pray God she may, poor thing. We have not seen as much of her as we could wish. At first we couldn't go near her, for it always made both her and me ill, and now she is better I can't leave Mainie, but as soon as she gets over her trouble we will go and stay a while with Annie.

We had Mary and Leila, and Alick here all night, and were perfectly delighted with Alick's singing. I should say that he is, by far, the handsomest young fellow on the River, and a realy manly, nice boy he is, so altogether different to most of the young men we meet.

My poor Marie, I have just been looking over your letter again dear, and I do so long to be with you again, and it shan't be so lonely for you, in future.

Reeve, dear, is Papa's and my house begun yet? In the building, Reeve, stick on a room for Marie, which, whenever you are away, she is to inhabit - it can just be a part of her home.

*. Harvey's son.

** . Another baby.

***. Annie Johnstone was the first child of Alexander Waugh by his first wife.

I would very much like to fetch my little buggy home with me. What if it did cost a little to fetch it home, and if it did sustain a good deal of damage on the Barwon, it would give us a good deal of pleasure, in taking us about here and there. What do you think, Reeve? It is a real good one, the wheels excellent. The way to get it home, I think, would be to put it on the train at Armidale to Narrabri. And as Cuffy to Greybeard, I think we ought to get a few more, and Jack (if he comes for us) and Gordon to run them on to Narrabri - that would be the plan if we can manage it.

The girls* go out whenever they have a chance, but Papa and I live the same quiet life we did at 'Murilla' - very seldom going anywhere.

Charley has a very nice boat, and this is certainly a very beautiful creek. It is fresh just now, the first time for three years.

Did we tell you that we, or at least the girls, had been lucky enough to hire a piano for three months for 30/- - very reasonable. They take lessons from Mrs Spencer who is an excellent teacher. They seem to be getting on very well. Papa teaches Gordon himself, and he is doing well.

Have you heard of poor James Craig's death? It gave us quite a shock. I fear it will break his poor Mother's heart. Oh, how I feel for her. I don't quite understand the particulars, but he had been away from home for some time, at a diggings, and fell down a shaft - 50 feet. He only lived three hours after. How little we know what is in store for us!

I don't give in, Reeve, that I haven't kept my bargain and more. And so I think you will acknowledge, if you get all my letters. Your second letter received last night. I have answered this morning promptly, writing you two in between. I was rather huffy with you for not writing, which I am sorry for now; for I can see how very long it takes before we can expect another. And now, my dear children, good bye. Kiss my pets, all four of them, and tell them Grandma and Grandpa are coming home to kiss them for their pretty Xmas card. I think I have said all I have to say this time. Take care of yourselves.

As for the dear children, I am afraid you, at any rate, Reeve, take too much care of them. If you leave them a good deal more to nature, you will find her a good, old nurse for children.

*. Eva and Laura, daughters of A. & E.W.

God bless you all. The hot weather will soon be over, and do keep writing, Marie dear. Never mind if it is only a sheet full of chat. It will let us know you are well.

I remain, as ever,
Your loving Mother.

P.S. My dearest Reeve,

Last night when we read our letters we had so much to talk about we never noticed a little crossed piece on Lucy's saying you had been up loading a wagon, and how between you, you had made up the coolness. Oh Reeve, how happy I was dear boy. I am so glad, but I knew if you had the chance, what you were to do, for although you a hot-headed enough for anything, your heart, is in the right place. I send you 30 good kisses for it, you dear old boy.

Mother.

Frederickton
27 December '87

My Dear Reeve,

It seems to me that I have treated you very badly as to letters and that you have borne with me very patiently. I fear you all have good cause for complaint, but I must cast myself on your mercy as a poor old man whose companionable qualities (poor at the best) have died out. Such is truly the case, and my friends will kindly forgive my sending messages of good will in place of letters.

It is fortunate for you that you have in dear Mother such an efficient proxy. Within the last fortnight we have received excellent letters from all the houses; delightful in their way as budgets of home news, by which we learn that all the families are in good health, and that everything in the way of business is progressing favourably.

Will tells me the wool, when scoured sold fairly; and I shall be glad to hear any news of our affairs generally, as our time is so nearly up. We have had heavy rain here all the week, and much loss has been inflicted on the low lying farms.

The two Spencers are away to see if their division of the property can be arranged by the executor, which all their friends sincerely hope for. When our time comes I do earnestly hope we may all strive to act in a spirit of generous forbearance and brotherly kindness, giving each other credit for good motives.

We have had a great Xmas at home here with Mary, and her Winnie and Eva and Fred and little Vera; and did not forget to toast in old English fashion "All absent friends". Where shall we be next Christmas?

I was writing to Harvey last week and expressed a hope that we might be able to get a station and hang on together. Time will soon settle our movements at any rate, and whichever course we may adopt let us determine that we remain fast friends at heart.

Did you hear that Woolomumby was in the market? I heard it was in Garvans' or Jas Johnston's, for private sale. I remember when Fletcher bought it people thought it dear, and that he did wrong in putting sheep upon it. Perhaps he feels the weight of interest and rent too heavy - poor old boy. If so, I wish the load could be shifted to less worthy men's shoulders.

Well, dear old son, you will all know my own ideas about joining the noble army of Squatters. That is the life you understand, and the occupation that, better than any other, gives positions to your families; and that I don't at all believe in your abasing yourselves, now that you have the chance of rising - if you will only grasp it. Farming is an awful lottery. So is Chaffey's Scheme for you, because you have not been brought up to either. But on a station you are on your own ground; and plenty of right people know it, and would back you if you want, into a promising thing.

Kindest love to the wife and bairns, from
Your loving father A.W.

NOTE: This letter relates to the time when the family sold out their joint holdings on the Barwon River, with the home called 'Murilla'. Grandpa and Grandma had already left to stay at Frederickton. There followed the splitting up of the Waugh family, two sons buying their own properties:- Reeve and Jack - Taloumbi; Harvey and Will - Guy Fawkes Station. C.H. 1968

Frederickton
19th June 1888

My dear sons,

At length we seem to really approach settlement of our affairs. I hope the completion may result in the possession of a good mixed sheep and cattle Run, owned and managed on the co-operative system.

We must all feel grateful to Harvey for his pilot ship in the past, and he will be amongst the first to see and admit that time has so altered circumstances that considerable change in details is now necessary and wise. Harvey's letter to his partners is admirable, and at the proper time will, I trust, be acknowledged by some well-merited memento of the respect and affection we entertain for him.

Will and I have been very busy amongst the papers. I have got steadily more and more stupid since we began, and am now capable of entertaining but one idea, and that is, that amongst you, you will have to try and allow us £200, per annum, as we cannot make ends meet with less.

I will copy in a note I handed Will at one of our consultations, which will show you the tone of my feelings on the matter generally - viz. "I view the case in this way - details of money matters we shall not differ much about - but I protest against ignoring our leading object during so many years - the purchase of a RUN. Secure that, and subdivide as you like into separate squattages, within your own ring fence - a little Empire in fact, whose government is managed by different heads on a co-operative system."

Dear old boys, we may not be quite unanimous, but we don't wish to act knowingly against your interests. If we do get a Run in a healthy part within reach of Rail, it will take something more, I reckon, than Rent to hinder our (or should I say your) making fortunes, and leading happy lives during the process of accumulation. There are plenty things I might discuss, but, as I said before, you will manage them better without my unpractical meddling - amongst them Laura's and Gordon's interests, which Mamma and Will assure me are well considered.

As this may be called a business letter I had better bring it to a close or I may find myself as usual pouring forth floods of eloquence requiring another sheet to absorb them.

With kind love to all four wives and families, and earnest hopes for a happy future for yourselves.

I remain, my dear sons,
Your loving Father

Alex Waugh.

NOTE: Poor Grandfather! This was his final effort to keep his sons all together, but those days were over with the sale of the land on the Barwon, which they left (according to my Father's Journal) with £28,000 C.H. 1968

Frederickton
15 - 12 - 1888

My Dear Lads,

I have just written to Guy Fawkes, and must not make them better than you, so will wish you and yours a very happy Christmas and New Year.

When you wrote last you were at the Guy Fawkes waiting for the weather to clear up. We are now looking out for letters from Taloumbi, where I hope you are all domiciled in good health and spirits, and rejoicing in your commencement of life on your own station. Is it as nice a place, girls, as you had imagined, and how do the children like it?

Napier will be quite a help now he can ride, but he must not go too far afield before he has learnt the Run in his father's company.

What a blessing it is that we sold out at 'Murilla' (Barwon River). What escape from utter ruin! In spite of the rains the Western district is in an awful state.**

It is warm here with daily thunder storms which have done great good. We have Lucy and the four boys at present, all jolly.

Dear Mother wants to write a line or so with much love to all

I remain,
Your loving Father
A.W.

*. Reeve and Jack

** Described in my Father's Journal C.H. 1968

Grandma adds the following to this letter:-

Dec. 16th

My dearest Reeve and Marie,

I will now fill up the sheet. We hope you are safely at Taloumbi by this time. We will look anxiously for letters next week. We were so glad you had Rosa's* house at Guy Fawkes to shelter and comfort you all on your journey.

It is as you say, dear Marie, Rosa makes people feel as if they were really with a friend. I can fancy how glad the children would be, all to meet again.

What a grand season we are having. Why, Reeve, your bullocks will get too fat - it is really enough to make one rejoice to know you are not in that horrid, west country, where so many poor fellows will be ruined again.

Your last letters were not as cheerful as we like, dear Reeve, but it was easily accounted for. You were not, perhaps, in the best of health after all your knocking about, and the parting at 'Anglia'** must have been very hard, after all the poor dear old people, after all their hard life. But I must not allow myself to dwell upon so distressing a subject. You know we love them and feel for them most sincerely.

Here is Christmas again close upon us. You may be sure, dear Reeve and Marie, that you and your dear children will be in our thoughts all that day, and sincerely will I ask God to bless you and prosper you in your new undertaking. Now that you are all once more at home under your own roof, contentment and happiness is sure to follow, and when once you have got a good round price for those fat bullocks, and another lot in, you will begin to feel you are on the right road.

Laura and I are preparing a few little presents to send with Harvey. I wish you, or rather the dear children, could have got them at Xmas, but I don't suppose Harvey will be here before February.

Give my love to Jack and Louie. I will write to them next week. I hope you got the letters I sent forward to

Taloumbi - not that there was anything much in them, only you would be glad to see the old familiar hand to welcome you. And now my dears, my paper is full. Don't forget your promise Marie - a long, good description. So Good bye.

I wish you all a cheerful, loving, good Xmas and New Year.

Papa and I are quite well.

Ever and always your loving Mother.

*. **Rosa was Uncle Will's wife.**

****. Anglia was the Schrader's home in Walcha. C.H. 1968**

Frederickton

7 - 8 - 80

My dearest Reeve,

Your very despondent letter I received a week ago, and I have never been able to make up my mind to begin your letter. I was really very angry with you for giving in apparently without a struggle. From all I hear from everyone, your place is well worth the struggling for. You are just going through the experience that men mostly have to go through in this world.

Thank God, I say from my heart, that your trial has been so light. You have NO sorrow, Reeve, my son, you don't know what that word means. Ask the poor old Dr.* He knows far more truly than even I do. Your lovely children are all so healthy, and your wife, Reeve, your dear true-hearted partner, ever ready to help all she can, but if she sees you gloomy and hopeless and despondent, what then? I am certain it is the very worst thing for one of her disposition - far worse for her than all the hard work she can do. I know it from sad experience.

Reeve dear, how can you say already when you have not been one year on the place**, that ruin is certain. Good Heavens, Reeve, throw such an idea aside. Is it like a Waugh to knock under without the pluck to show fight? Never! And you won't either. Try the butchering! Try anything, so long as it is honest and straight forward, and never give in until everything is tried. And, Reeve, have you no brothers to stand by you? Will it be like them to see you fall for want of a little backing up? No fear, and we, Papa and I, will help too. We have never been the people to say die, and never will. Harvey told me he could get down to see you this winter.

We have just read the Dr's*** letter, and it has made my heart sad. I can see you are doing all you can, dear, and cheer up, my son. All will go well yet. Only don't let your heart fail you, and don't say you hate the place. It will be a grand place if you can only hang on to it for a few years. The colony is going ahead so fast that those that have land near population are the people who are lucky. We see it everyday. People who were poor selectors a few years ago, are now the wealthy people. And so it will be with Taloumbi.

I won't write any more for my head is only too full of what is not an agreeable subject. God bless you and yours, and let me soon hear from you again. And, Reeve, dear, do keep up your heart and make yourself cheerful.

Ever and always,

Your loving Mother.

*.&***. Dr is Dr. Schrader, Reeve's father-in-law, and the trouble refers to the crippling sorrow he and Grandma Schrader went through in the deaths of two of their young daughters and their son Ludwig.

****. Taloumbi station.**

NOTE: No wonder my Father kept this wonderful letter from his Mother. It refers to a very bad and disappointing period, just after Taloumbi was bought. C.H. 1968

Frederickton
9th June 1889

My dear old Reeve,

Everybody seems to be writing to somebody, and as I have no doubt I owe you letters without end, you shall not be left out in the cold. The Doctor* sent me a long letter last mail, for which you will please thank him kindly, and assure him of an early reply.

You seem to me, my dear son, to be taking a gloomy view of things; surely not justifiable by facts. All men have trials to bear, but in most cases men with your object in view, indeed with far less, find their spirit of resistance rise in proportion to circumstances, and do not acknowledge defeat whilst there is a shot in the locker.

As to Ruin before you have fought one good round - hang it all, Lad - I won't believe it. Before you will be justified in speaking thus, I think we will call a parliament, and get rid of a place that is so uncommonly bad.

God bless us all Reeve, let us hear of your starting a rattling good wholesale and retail butchering establishment, such as Fenwick drove years ago, or as young Geo Johnston does today, with a capital result. Anything, my boy, but the white feather. Let us hear, cheerfully, old Man.

Ever your A.W.

*. **Doctor Schrader.**

NOTE: Grandpa adds his encouragement, faith and good advice to my Father, who probably implied more in his letters about Taloumbi than he intended. C.H. 1968

Frederickton
9 - 8 - 89

My own dear Reeve,

I have only today received your letter with cheque enclosed, which has made me feel so much happier - I mean the letter - for I was feeling awfully down about you. We had had a letter from the Doctor, of such a depressing nature that it made me feel you were all going to the dogs, pell mell and without striking a blow for yourselves. Just letting yourselves sink, without striking out for land at all. Of course I didn't believe it all, it was so altogether unlike my boys. Poor old Doctor - he means well, but he is very unpractical, and rushes at things without looking at both sides of the question.

And now, my dear boy, you need not trouble your head about us for a long time. If you all keep in good health, I won't expect to hear from you till you come. If Marie has a spare half hour, I hope she will drop me a line, but I won't expect it, for I can see how busy you are. Far from giving in or sitting down looking at your fingers. So unlike my boys: they never have been beaten yet; and pray God they never will.

Go on persevering as you are doing, and success, I hope, will be the result. No man can do more than his best; and I can see you as well as the others, are doing your best. You, as well as the others, knew you would have a great struggle to get through and now, dearest Reeve, I will say good night. We are all as jolly as we can be, with dearest love to one and all, in which your dear old Dad joins.

Ever, believe me
Your loving Mother.

P.S. My dear Marie, long ago I knitted Girlie a comforter and pair of mittens, and as I have not seen Mr. Johnstone for a long time I think I will send them so that she has some good of them before the winter is over. The frocks can wait until Reeve comes over. I do not know when you will get this, for the country is all under water, and the mails are irregular. Give dear Girlie Gran's love. I would so much like to see her. I am so sorry to hear about your Mother's eyesight. Alas, how poor human nature has to suffer, some in one way, and some in another. E.W.

Frederickton

17 - 6 - 89

My own dear Reeve,

I have had a bad fit of remorse. To get rid of it I must write to you to ask you if you really thought I was 'cruel and heartless'. I don't remember exactly what I said, but ever since I have felt I was too hard on you, my son.

Putting myself in your place I would be far worse. I do so wish I could take a part of your burden upon me, but I need not say that, for whatever hurts my children hurts me so much. You, dear, are never far from my mind, night or day. I am always with you - not much consolation or help, still it is true.

If this butchering does not succeed, then I agree with you, it would be the best thing to sell, but it seems difficult to find a purchaser. But Oh; I hope it won't come to that. Let us hope it won't.

I was so glad to hear that the old Doctor* was so well again. How game he is under all his trials, poor old boy! I hope to hear very soon that Mrs. Schrader's eyes are well again. It would be too dreadful to think of her losing her eyesight.

The weather has been dry here for the last fortnight, which, after so much wet, has been quite pleasant.

I suppose you have seen how the poor fellows on the Hunter have suffered. We on the Macleay escaped the bad flood. And that awful calamity in America is something to make one shudder. Do you still take the 'Sydney Mail'?

We had yours and Marie's kind little notes last post, and was very glad to see the tone brighter and more hopeful. Take care of yourself, dear Marie. I know well what you must have to do, but somehow dear you will get through. You have a brave heart, and while you keep a hopeful spirit it is really half the battle. A battle life is, in whatever station we are placed. We are so apt to say, "Oh, if I were as such and such a one!" All a mistake, Marie, the inner life of all has its trials and troubles. Your father* said in his letter your family were lovely, and so strong and healthy. I would so like to see darling Girlie again.

My sheet is full so I won't inflict crossing. My special love to you Marie dear; and a warm kiss for you my dear old boy. Write to me and tell me all and everything, whenever you can, and let me see that my letter hadn't frightened you from confiding in your Mother who, you know, has the warmest corner in her heart for you.

Mother.

*. Doctor Schrader.

NOTE: Grandfather Schrader was staying at Taloumbi during this time. The warm friendship between the Waughs and the Schraders is evident in all their letters. But especially my own little Mother (Marie, Maria, Marea, Molly - her name was used different ways) seems to have been the comfort, strength and central character in both families. C.H. 1968

Frederickton

11 - 8 - 89

My dear Lads*,

We heard from you yesterday, and lose no time in acknowledging your welcome letter with remittance for £10, on account of 'Parent's Fund', due July 1st; said remittance not being first in our estimation by any means, as compared with the cheering intelligence that station matters are growing better.

We had been very much depressed by unfavourable reports, which now we will dismiss from our minds. It will not do to harp upon nasty subjects - when bothers arise one must sing "there's a good time coming, boys". What a jolly fact it is, that even if you did buy too dear**, time will remedy that, and that if you find you have to sell, you will still have enough for another start. Think of how many are in worse plight than yourselves, and of how many who have gone through worse times are now enjoying well-earned rest.

Dear sons and daughters, good old Mother and I, who have tasted deeply of the joys and sorrows of long years together, warn you that you must be prepared for experiences that will be heavier to bear, by far, than any you suffer now, but your silver cloud will not be wanting.

God bless you all. A.W.

*. **Reeve and Jack.**

. **Taloumbi Station. C.H. 1968

18 - 12 - 1890

My dear old Reeve,

The letters from dear Mother and others are being got ready for posting and I must, amongst the rest, wish you and yours happy Xmas Greetings, and many of them. You are provided with cares enough; but don't despair, my son - 'tis a long lane that knows no turning. I wish you may have some good news to impart presently; that is what you want, old boy.

I have seen Mother's letter and endorse all she says about money matters. Glad of a little when you can spare any, but quite able to wait if you really are the better for it.

God bless you, my son, and all your belongings.

Kindest love to all, from

Your loving Dad. A.W.

This undated letter must be sometime in 1899-1891 C.H. 1968

My dear Reeve,

We've had the weather so wet for a long time. It does make everything so uncomfortable.

I am so glad to hear Charles Schrader* keeps so straight, and he seems a clever fellow too. As for Sydney**, there is no fear for him - he will get on wherever he is. I am truly sorry to hear about August's broken life. Poor fellow; it has been a hard world for him, as indeed it is for most. But while a man has the love of wife and children, it smooths away many a rough place.

The poor old Doctor, too, has had to bear a very large share of suffering - no wonder he is bitter and hard. The wonder is that he has sprung up so well, after the bitter blows that have been dealt him and his dear old wife, of whom I am truly fond. What she has had to suffer in her life - a thoroughly good woman. We all have our peculiarities, but her heart is always in the right place. We are, all of us, so apt to think when a little worldly check overtakes us, that our case is so hard to bear. But Oh, Reeve, while those that are dearer to us than life itself, are left to us in all their health and beauty, and with loving hearts, should we not be contented and thankful and happy? But of course you are, dear, as I am.

It was quite right, dear Reeve, to make such a plain statement of your affairs to us, just to let us see how things stand, so that if the worst comes, we are prepared for it. I do hope Mr. Small accedes to your proposal. There is no saying, but times may mend, they surely can't keep on being so very bad, for very long.

We have Eva*** with us just now, and her two dear little girls. She has not been down since before Xmas. When she comes she gets what she calls a 'rigout', and we make them for her.

There is a bacon factory started near Port Macquarie. The people are selling their pigs to go there, and getting good prices, too.

We have not heard from Harvey* since he was with you, but Will wrote us a long letter. You are quite right Reeve, it wouldn't do for us to go to Guy Fawkes. I could bear the cold badly, but poor old Dad couldn't bear it at all. Times must be very bad indeed, before we think of that.

Laura* has an idea in her head, that may never come to anything. Still if she can carry it out it would answer well. She has done many rash things in her time, but this last is the rashest, and one can do nothing - as a person makes their own bed etc. etc. I don't like to think of it.

Now my paper is full. God bless you all my dear ones.
Mother.

* See Personnae.

NOTE: August's broken life is referred to in Aunt Laura's letters. He married a Miss Stockbridge - to the disapproval of his parents. After eight children and twenty years of marriage she left him for a Clown in a Circus.

Frederickton

Sept. (Possibly 1889-1891)

My dearest Reeve,

Friday again, and I must write you a few lines. I got yours and Jack's letters on Monday, and I can only say, my dear, That I am very, very sorry for all your troubles. If I could lighten them by any means of mine, I would so gladly do it, but you know how it is with me; I can't do it. Heaven knows I wish I could. You must just hope for the best, and if the worst comes you have your youth and good health, and a willing heart to do what man can.

I have not told Papa of any fresh troubles - it would only grieve him. He is still keeping so much better, Reeve, far better than I ever hoped to see him again. He can walk about again as well as he used to, and Gordon* has not had to carry him in for the last week. His appetite, too, is excellent, and we will go on dieting him as we have done. The Dr. changed his medicine this week, too. Our weather is perfection, and we just nearly live on this lovely verandah.

Give my love to dear little Girlie. The troubles, dear, will pass away. I know you have a brave heart, and help your dear husband all a wife can.

Thank God you all have good health. Your dear Father, too, keeps better. Goodbye. God bless you all.

Mother.

NOTE, by C.H. 1968. Inserted on the same page are a few lines from my Grandpa, Reeve's Father, Alex Waugh:-

My dear Reeve,

You will be glad to see this old hand-writing again, merely because it is such and we thought it - let it be - etc etc and etc

NOTE by C.H. 1968. Grandma, Reeve's Mother, concluded with:-
Papa wanted to write you a little. This was all he could do.

*. Youngest son of Alex and Elizabeth Waugh.

NOTE: These last two letters indicate that trouble still existed at Taloumbi, and that Grandfather, Reeve's Father, A.W. had been very ill. He died in 1894, aged 80.

I now copy the last little letter of hers that I possess. (C.H. 1968)

Sydney
January 15th 1896

My own dear Reeve,

This is your birthday, and how sincerely I wish you many happy returns. I wanted to write you a good letter today, dear, but I am not quite well, and can't. A sort of reaction from the hot weather. How it reminded us of the old Barwon days. We had it here 108 and 110 degrees, but I daresay you have seen it all in the papers. How did the dear children stand it? Our little one* is as white as paper, and so languid today. I hope Marie stood it pretty well. She didn't much like it on the Barwon.

Laura is still going about. I made sure I could tell you it was all over** - but no. Eva is still here, and I am very well in general. It was only the heat took it out of me, and today the air is thick, muggy, and very close.

When last I heard Mainie*** was still in Hospital, but was getting on very well. Poor girl she has had a bad time of it.

I heard from Gordon yesterday, and he got home all right. Country looking splendid there.

Good bye, my dear son. I wish I had something better to send.... but you will take the will for the deed.

Ever and always your loving
Mother.

*. **Laura's daughter, Laura Robinson, known as 'Kookie'; mother of Colin.**

. **Laura had a son, Richard.

***. **Another daughter of the writer of the letter.**

NOTE: After my Grandfather, Alexander Waugh, died in 1894 my Grandmother, Reeve's Mother, went to live in Sydney with her youngest daughter Laura Robinson in Watson's Bay. She died in June 1896, and Aunt Laura took her back to Frederickton, to be buried near her husband.

I like to think these two united hearts shared the same resting place in the country, so far away from their own homeland. C.H. 1968.

Address to R. Waugh Esq. Sept. 1900

Ladies and Gentlemen,

I have been deputed on behalf of the "Taloumbi" musical and Terpischorean Society (although you don't see us in our warpaint that is burnt cork and blacking the usual Christy minstrel appendages) to take advantage of the golden opportunity afforded by our meeting tonight, to present the leader of our Domestic Orchestra (Reeve Waugh Esq) the head and high priest so to speak of all our revels with the gift of this new Accordion to testify a few fathoms of our unfathomable esteem before and behind the foot-lights. It has been well & simply said by one of the ancient philosophers of Maclean that the Accordion is a sovereign cure for all human ills and in all probability was first invented by the angel Isiafel, the God of Harmony. However that may be we feel assured that in the hands of a master such as the recipient of tonight's meeting it will soothe into the calmest gentlest being, the wildest human tiger in the jungles of N.S. Wales, and if necessary even to drag a hornpipe out of the sole of a wooden legged mummy or an Irish jig from a Chinese mandarin. We cordially believe that the recipient will quickly prove the accuracy of those statements by his performances for he has already established his ability on that abbreviated Accordion, the Concertina. It is with particular pleasure that we make this presentation believing it to be the forerunner of the early formation of a Christy Minstrel troupe combined with an immense variety show which starting from "Taloumbi" will travel the whole known world & if they are in time will speedily settle both the Chinese & South African difficulties. With my whole soul vibrating with visions of the merry days to come when the Accordion will be heard by the crowned heads, of Europe, Irope, Aurope, Europ and Syrup. I have the honour on behalf of all here present to hand our genial friend Mr. Waugh this instrument in the hope that he will favour us with an initial performance before we rehearse the preliminary business of our prospective theatrical organization.

Signed.

M. Waugh

K. Goddard

E. McKinnon A Governess

J. Waugh

D. Waugh

S. Waugh Hon. Secretary & Treasurer,

N. Waugh Girlie Waugh

S. Waugh "Taloumbi" St.

K. Waugh

G. Waugh

THE WAUGHS

of

TALOUMBI

by

One of Them

Christian Honeyman
nee Waugh

1957

&

1964

THE WAUGHS of TALOUMBI

Origin: William Napier Reeve Waugh 1853 - 1945

Marie Caroline Schrader (Mollie)

John Neill Waugh

Louisa Schrader

According to my father Reeve, he and Jack, with their families, travelled to Taloumbi in a four seated buggy, two sulkies, and a spring cart. Reeve and Mollie already had five children, Napier, Detlef (Dey), Stanley, Eva (Girlie), Sydney; and Jack and Louie three, Neill, Nina, and Keena. The roads were dreadful and some of the children were sick. It must have been a comfort that the two brothers were together, and that their wives were sisters.

On Taloumbi they lived close together, but in separate houses. Three more children were born to Jack and Louie, Winnie, Beenie, and Clarence; and there too, I was born. In those days and circumstances most children were born with the attendance of a midwife only. Mrs. Plater, a neighbouring settler and herself the mother of fifteen children, made an experienced and accomplished midwife, and here I am to vouch for it. I was teased later by my older brothers and sisters that I was brought in a flourbag, as Mrs. Plater arrived with her 'equipment' bulging out of that universally useful receptacle. (Empty calico flour-bags were never wasted. Opened out they made excellent tea towels or could be used for such things as aprons.)

After a few years, tragedy came in the death of Aunt Louie at the age of 36, leaving six young children. So there were twelve of us, cousins, brothers and sisters, brought up together until Uncle Jack married again years later (Gertrude Lydiard). With a division of the property the John Waughs moved, with their family, to 'Oakdale' 8 miles from Taloumbi, and later to 'Prairie Lawn' in Queensland, near Clifton.

Taloumbi continued to be my home until I married (Thomas Honeyman) in 1917, and went to live first at Holbrook, four years later to Nyngen, six years later to Orange, twenty five years later to Dee Why, and in 1960 to North Sydney. Two places remain in my innermost heart, 'Taloumbi' and 'Akka' (Orange).

Allowing for all the 'growing' pains that plague anyone's youth I can see, with that special eye of approaching old age, the pattern of happy lives in the early days at Taloumbi. My father was tall, fair and handsome, and my mother small with lovely curly hair, a wide mouth and clear olive skin. As I remember them best my father was already bald, and mother's hair was snowy white. My father was hot tempered and impatient - a born "Boss", but just and kind. He had a good brain and would have been an able man, in any walk of life. My mother had the lines of thought and wisdom running across her fine brow (the lines that run downwards denote bad temper. Did you know?) She was gentle, patient, with a cheerful undefeatable spirit that supported my father through those hard times that occurred in the lives of most pioneers on the land.

Taloumbi was a bitter disappointment and burden in the early years. After the harsh dry West this coastal country looked so green and promising, and the stock so fat and contented, in the eyes of the two brothers. But they were to find that the man from whom they bought Taloumbi had imported the cattle from other districts and that much of Taloumbi was unsound country. It took years of hard work and worry to clear the scrub and drain the swamps, but these two brothers did have their reward in turning Taloumbi into a fine property. Their growing sons remained with them and became "good men on the land" - every one of them.

The early Taloumbi Homestead I remember was a long, timber cottage, iron roofed, with curl- over iron roofing over the verandahs. There were two porches with lovely lavender bignonias over them

and broad leafed variegated plants, in painted tins on the verandahs. Maiden hair and fancy ferns hung in wire baskets lined with tea-tree bark. Buffalo grass made the lawns which had to be scythed - as there were no mowers at that time. A very tall Bunya Bunya tree grew at the one corner of the house and a Queensland Bean tree at another, while fig and mulberry trees spread outside the garden enclosure. An ant-bed tennis court, that was much used and enjoyed, was laid out on one side of the house. Taloumbi was a home of many visitors and, as was traditional in those days, tennis, riding, picnics, dancing and sing-songs round the piano were the chief amusements.

Taloumbi Homestead was built on a gently rising hill at the foot of which ran a chain of water holes, shallow ones and deep ones, known as The Creek. Lemon and mandarins trees grew there and banana trees. Wild duck and little shy water fowl swam the brown sweet water. Coral trees grew everywhere and the stockyards were really picturesque with these planted at the corners. Close to the stockyards were the barns and stables - full of buggies and sulkies and horses. It wasn't until I was grown-up that a motor came to frighten the wits out of the horses.

At one side of the Homestead there was a small cottage of three rooms and a verandah, known as The Boys Cottage, and there my three brothers slept, and put-up their bachelor friends for the night. There was a dairy room with a churn, and further away a 'Meat-house' where great casks of salted beef stood, and where the big bags of flour, sugar and groceries were stacked. Two rooms attached to the meat-house.

One of these served as the 'incubator room' for hatching chickens. The incubator was a lovely piece of furniture like a sideboard where there was a long drawer into which eggs were put in separate cells. A little kerosine lamp burned like a warm red eye under a water tank to keep the temperature just right in the water that circulated through the pipes near the eggs. The eggs had to be turned twice a day, just as a hen herself does on her nest. That is all a long time ago, but I can remember the excitement of seeing the chipping of the egg shells by the little peeping chickens inside, and the final hatching where the fluffy little creatures were gently lifted into another drawer compartment, and kept there for a day or so, until they were dry and strong enough to go under a broody hen. This always had to be done at night, the better to deceive the prospective mother who, as like as not, had been sitting hopefully on some china eggs for a day or two. Some hens were cross and ruffled, and some were born to be mothers of any alien little fledgling tucked under their wings.

The second room attached to the meat-house was a bathroom with a large shallow tin bath into which you stepped and hand-pumped water over yourself from a kerosene tin full of hot or cold according to your hardiness. Mother and Father had their own bathroom with a chip heater, which was most luxurious. Large galvanized iron water tanks flanked the house and, as there was never an over-supply of water, the bath water was usually saved to water the garden and pot plants.

Every country house, of course, had to have its wood heap and great logs would be drawn by bullock teams or horses, from the bush and stacked ready for saw and axe. Near the wood-heap was a blacksmith's shop, complete with forge and hand-operated bellows, anvil etc. where the horses were shod. Beyond the forge stood the 'Servants' Quarters' and the Laundry. The Laundry was several steep steps above the ground and our household helps had to carry great baskets of clothes up and down to the lines strung over the green grass.

A feature of the times were the little wooden rooms called 'closets' - or by the rude little boys 'dunnys' - set far away from the house - one for the women and children; one for the men; and (take my word for it) for the servants. It was the day of class distinction - anyhow in all eating, sleeping, bathing and dunnies.

The first irons I remember were heated on a fuel stove or ironing-stove - a kind of red hot iron box

with a ledge all round to hold the irons while heating. It was a big step forward when these flat irons were made with a detachable handle and you no longer had to grasp a hot iron handle with a felt holder. "Mrs. Potts" irons they were called, bless them. Of course when, much later, benzine irons came - that was positively avant garde.

The servants were usually a married couple sent from the office of an employment agency in Sydney. I suspect now, that they were often marriages of convenience made at the agencies. The curious thing was how monotonously they turned out to be such ill-assorted couples. If the women were good and efficient the man would be lazy and incompetent. They were mostly immigrants from England and Ireland, with an occasional European thrown in. I can remember a gang of handsome, turbaned Indians who were engaged to clean up paddocks of fallen timber, and who were always given a live sheep as they never ate meat killed by alien hands.

Hawkers were an event, and no fascination of a modern shop could equal the excitement of seeing the contents of these horse-drawn vans which circled the country:- silks and cottons, pins and needles, frocks, stockings, boots, hats, men's shirts and trousers, brooms and saucepans, cups and saucers, curtains, sheets, blankets, tablecloths and bed linen.

It is odd the unimportant detail one recalls from the depths of childhood especially faces and voices. One lean little man, a trifle "looney", was a casual but regular employee for years. When Jimmy felt restless he just disappeared and only months later would he turn up again. As he always did the 'washing up' after his odd-job day, we children rushed the 'drying up' for Jimmy was a singer of songs of the most sentimental kind. One comes to me now, word for word:-

"Oh I loved that girl
As I do my life
And a golden ring
Made her my wife
'Till a stranger came,
My story told
She left me for the love of gold."

Perhaps there was some truth in it. Poor Jimmy - one day he left, and never returned.

Another 'odd-bod' used to turn up and much to our interest sit down after his long walk and unwrap lengths of dirty rag from his feet sighing all the time, "Poor Manly got sore heels".

I can see again a huge Russian returning from Maclean terrifyingly drunk and full of fight.

My brothers were all taught to box as we 'young ladies' learned to dance, sing and play the piano. The boys in their teens had a tutor, an Irishman called Mr McAlister, and I am told they also taught him many things. There is among my papers a printed poem written by him on "The Waughs of Wild Taloumbi". I haven't the slightest remembrance of this romantic Irishman who was referred to by my mother and father as 'poor George McAlister'.

I can remember a Taloumbi lit only with kerosene lamps and candles. The big lamps were covered with wide shades and an attached wire lever to lift the heavy globes up for lighting the wicks. Then there were squat lamps with china bowls; lamps with brass bowls; and many with glass bowls, which were the nicest of all, for there was no trouble in seeing the level of the kerosine when they were being filled. But they all suffered from down draughts of air that blackened the globes, and myriads of night insects would be drawn to the light and trapped inside. 'Doing up the lamps' was a chore relished by none of us, but it had to be done each day, in preparation for the night's use. It ranked with the other detested job of cleaning the table knives.

What a wonderful thing was the stainless-steel invention! No more rubbing with a dampened cork dipped in emery powder, or swishing a knife backwards and forwards on an emery covered board.

There were no refrigerators, but 'drip safes' (Coolgardie) came in all sizes and design. A simple one could be an ordinary tin or wire safe surrounded by water into which a cloth was hung, and drawn over the whole safe so that the evaporation provided a cool storage for butter, milk and meat. More elaborate ones, feet high could be bought from Anthony Horderns, but the principle was always the same. Then there came a day when we acquired that new invention - an ice chest - with a side tank and tap for water. Every little town in those days graduated to an ice-works, and it was part of the weekly shopping to make the last call at the Works and receive large blocks of gorgeous ice, which were then transported to Taloumbi in wrappings of thick blanket.

My father, always forward looking, was one of the first to install a system of incandescent lighting in the house. The gas for the lights was generated from benzine held under pressure from huge weights hauled up a tall tower by a wire rope. The benzine was fed to each of the lights by piping, where it was turned into gas by the heat of the light, in a vaporizer close to the incandescent mantle. As soon as there was a visible lessening of light one of the men would disappear to 'wind her up' again.

And Father, too, was one of the first men to own a motor car on the Lower Clarence, and I the first female to learn to drive it. A model T Ford, bless its jumping bumping heart! But that was later when I was grown-up.

We all rode horses, to the manner born as befits the young who began riding 'bare-back' as soon as they could be sat astride a quiet nag. I well remember the day I first rode in the local Show - not side-saddle - but astride, in a divided skirt as it was called. This was a long free- hanging skirt reaching to the stirrup each side of the saddle. There were letters to the Maclean "Advocate" on such immodesty. But I won a prize all the same.

The two families of Reeve and Jack were five boys and seven girls, and they divided into the older group and a younger group of the four born at Taloumbi. This meant that the seniors enjoyed their grown-up amusements. Meantime we younger ones followed our own ways, and did a good deal of spying and prying. This produced good copy for a Journal to which we devoted much time and giggles - if somewhat less literary talent. Within the conventions of our time we were a wonderfully free group and we moved in and out of each others circles of interest without self consciousness. When we were very young we had our meals separately, and we were sent to bed early, but I never remember feeling excluded by, nor resentful of, the older members of the families.

Education was a matter of local schools, convents, tutor and governesses, until some of the girls at least, went to boarding school in Armidale or Sydney. We had music teachers and dancing instructors from Maclean and indeed all the advantages available in a limited country environment of the time. Music was as obligatory as reading and writing, and we all 'made a stab' at playing some instrument - right down to the mouth-organ. Considering the community of lively boys and lovely girls you can imagine it was a coming and going throng of young folk, with dancing, riding, tennis and sing-songs, and much falling in and out of love.

We had very little formal religion, being too far from a church, but we were regularly, if infrequently, visited by the clergyman, who would hold his service in our home. At these services the surrounding Church of England settlers would also attend. We were prepared for confirmation and we sang our hymns on Sunday evenings.

Christmas was our "Holy" time and I, for one, have carried that early happy observance in my heart right into my old age. It was a different Day to any other, waking up on Christmas morning. I cannot

remember at what age we no longer believed in Santa Claus, and I carry no scar of rude disillusionment. We hung up real stockings, and Santa filled them without even waking us. So there was no need to doubt. Then early we children would climb on our ponies and ride to a paddock where the Christmas bushes were bowed down with their red and white flowers. We rode home looking like equine Christmas bushes ourselves, to decorate the dining room and fill every vase. It was a custom that everyone dress in white - men, women and children. (Which reminds me that I don't remember my father or brothers ever coming to any meal coatless, but always in a special white or tussore coat kept for the occasion. A pleasant habit to look back on from these careless and unbecoming days!) There were always visitors at our Christmas Dinners. The Bank Manager and his wife from the CBC were, without fail, among the guests, as were the bachelors from the CSR Mill at Harwood. It is a sign of those associations that of the seven girls two - Winnie and Chris - married into the CBC; three - Girlie, Syd and Beenie - married into the CSR; and two - Nina and Keena - married men on the land in Queensland.

As up to 30 people sat down to dinner we were sensible enough in that hot climate to serve the first course cold with delectable salads, but the plum pudding was hot and blazing, laden with silver coins, thimble and button. The winner of the thimble ran the risk of being an 'old maid' and the button denoted a confirmed bachelor. As we all married I can only think no one ever accepted the fatal portion. The usual drinks were 'whisky', 'beer', and 'claret cup' made with the lemonade from those dinky bottles that had round glass marbles as stoppers, which had to be pressed down into the neck to open them. Later in the day, in sulkies and buggies and on horseback we set out for Broomeshead where the camp, for six weeks holiday, had already been prepared. My own particular memory of this was once recorded as an entry for a correspondence course in journalism, and on it I was accepted. I will go to all the trouble of copying it out from an old typed sheet, as it is a very faithful account.

The Place You Would Most Like to Re-visit

"Tumble out" Father would say, which meant all of us except Mother, who remained beside him to 'go over the Gap', in the buggy. We had come to the foot of the high barricading sandhills which ran between the deep-rutted wheel track and the sea. We ripped off shoes and socks to get the feel of the hot sand, and not again until we recrossed the Gap six weeks later, would we prison up our holiday feet. We could hear, but not yet see, the long green rollers curling over on the beach. The low continuous murmur kept swelling with our mounting excitement and anticipation as we ploughed up, up to the top, where it seemed to burst into a roar of welcome simultaneously with our shouts of "I see the sea-e, I see the sea-e!" The buggy and the following sulkies sank deep into the sand, white as flour and fine as table salt that sprayed off the glinting iron rims and wheel spokes. The horses having stubbornly got their loads on to the hard, wet beach, bowled along smartly, bridling and sideling away from the spent waves that came rippling up round their hooves. All along that spanking 3 mile run the sea-horses kept pace, too, rearing up and tossing their white manes as they raced each other over the surf. At the end of the Beach, before the headland which flung its rocky boulders far into the sea, was the camping ground, a flat strip of springy buffalo grass rising comfortably into a sofa-back of long green hill from the side of which came sweet spring water. A tin spout thrust into the earth trickled off the water into a sunken wooden box, and here we came to dip our buckets three times a day.

The dining-fly awning the long plank table and benches was pitched with the tents grouped at either end, their flaps thrown back to the sea and the rising sun. From the "pantry" handy to the tinned-in fireplace, the smell of bacon and new damper and cinnamon biscuits mixed and stole out to smite the ever-hungry. Honeysuckle trees clutched at the sandy bank leading on to the beach and between their root claws, half out of the earth, we rested as if in chairs; one special "chair" upholstered for Mother with rug and cushions.

Clad, by colourful forethought of Mother, in bright red turkey-twill bloomer the better to see us among

the hazards of our semiaquatic life, we played the live-long day beak by jowl with the sea gulls and little snipe at the waves edge and around the rock pools, accepted by them as just another contingent of sensible busy crabs come to share their haven. But only if the sea could wash down the sands of years to uncover the foot-prints of childhood again would I dare to go back to the place I would most like to re-visit.

One of the highlights of this camping time was to see the men ride their horses into the surf for a swim. Once over their prancing fear of the foaming waves the horses loved the sport and rose up on their hind legs to defy the heaving sea.

Men and women did not swim together but used different parts of the beach, and because that was a habit of the times it did not appear as a deprivation or prudery, but a quite natural reticence and modesty; making the girls, I suspect, much more desirable and the men more like the favourite lovers in the novels of the day. The people of each generation are creatures of their own moment in evolution and nothing in the habits of their time seems extraordinary except in the light of another time, past or to come.

At night under the dining-fly, with hurricane lamps hanging from the ridge-pole we played cards, especially cribbage when a long bar of yellow soap stabbed with matches might serve as a scoring board. All the tents were furnished with bunks made of sugar bags stuffed with straw or grass, and suspended between horizontal poles placed in forked tea-tree poles at head and foot. Very comfortable too - or was it just the exhausted sleep of childhood to the murmur and surge of the sea.

Of course, in spite of enveloping rag hoods, we suffered from sunburn and the panacea for that was a lavish cover of the thick cool cream from the milk pans. There being so many of us a cow was kept paddocked close by. There was condensed milk, too, for emergencies, and no treat was greater than the stolen spoonfuls.

Our toilet tables were kerosene cases placed on their sides, one on top of the other to make shelves. We prettied them up with cretonne and a bowl of Christmas bush or bells, perhaps. (In those times there was no bulk handling of kerosene or benzine. It was all packed in four gallon tins. A pair of tins fitted into a kerosene case. By removing the slats from the top of the case access was obtained to the tins which could be lifted out by their handles. There was never a dearth of uses for empty cases. Benzine was not handled in bulk, via bowsers, until motoring became well established, after the end of the first world war.)

Mother's tent was always bigger and more royal than any other. She had a strip of carpet beside her bed, a swinging mirror and a comfortable canvas deck chair.

The necessary little far-away closet was built from the thick brush of the coast and hessian. There were morning treks like the busy ants, intent on their nests.

There was no need for alarm clocks with the magpies, the kookaburras, the butcher-birds and the seagulls.

Music of course - there had to be of some sort. My father was quite a player of the concertina and accordian and someone could strum away on stringed instruments; and lift up our voices we did in Annie Laurie, Swanee River, Old Black Joe and Home Sweet Home. And then (Oh pure Romance) on New Year's Day the Highland Bagpipe Band from Maclean would come to Broomeshead and march up and down swirling in their kilts. If you've never heard the bagpipes in your childhood played by the seashore you've never been stirred to the depths by music and the man that twirls the mace. So much, and so much more that could be told.

Then in a flash the six weeks were over and we trailed back over the Gap to the strange deafness without the sound of the sea; and crossing the heath begged to be allowed to get down from the vehicles to pick the last bunches of the small pink and white heaths, the blue bells and the Christmas Bells. There could be a kangaroo or emu poised for the few seconds before loping away; and the curtain fell on paradise for another year.

On days of celebration great bonfires of logs used to be built by Uncle Jack who was gifted, in every way, to amuse and delight children - the most lovable of men. He would make a tar-baby for our fireworks. The tar-baby was a long stick wound with thick rag or bagging at one end, which was then dipped in tar. After being lighted in the fire it was swung round and round to flare and spark like a Catherine wheel. Uncle Jack had endless stories to tell us, that went on night after night, and he had a fine singing voice.

He married again years after the death of his adored Louie, and it was then the two brothers divided up Taloumbi, and Uncle Jack built a home on his property which he called Oakdale. His wife was Gertrude Lydiard, a sister of Mrs. Lysaght, (the wife of the manager of the CBS bank in Maclean) the mother of Royce Lysaght who was to become Chairman of CBC.

Oakdale was about 8 miles from Taloumbi, and I used to stay there through the week to go to school with the Jack Waugh's governesses (a series of them) and return home for the week end. Then one day, when we were all away at Broomeshead, Oakdale home was burnt to the ground. This brought about the parting of our two families as the Jack Waughs moved up to Queensland and bought Prairie Lawn, a property out of Clifton on the Darling Downs.

A year before this Beenie and I had commenced attending day classes at Riviere College, Woollahra. We lived with Aunt Keena in Woollahra. Beenie did not have the same enthusiasm for this as I did, so when her family moved to Queensland she discontinued her attendance at Riviere. I continued to attend for a further three years, now as a boarder. The only way of travelling to Sydney was by the North Coast Steamship Company's Small Steamers. We would board these mixed cargo ships at Maclean and take two days to reach the Sydney Heads. One of the indispensable articles of travel on these sea-worthy, but unsalubrious, vessels was a bottle of eau-de-cologne to overcome the appalling smell of pigs, cattle and poultry aboard. A schoolmistress with a hansom cab would meet me at the wharf, for safe, chaperoned transport to Riviere. The trip home was conditioned by the tides over the bar at Yamba and rough weather was little to be desired.

How well I remember one dreadful night when I was at home and Mother was returning from a trip to Sydney. A gale blew up and the "Kallatina" could not cross the bar at the mouth of the Clarence River. The Captain put out to sea again and the hurricane continued. Life belts were given out and it seemed as if the little ship must founder. At Taloumbi we waited in agony and I can see my father now, crouched over the fire, with his head buried in his hands. We lived through the night as we must live through so much on the journey of life, and this time there was a happy ending. The battered little steamer weathered the peril and everyone said that surely the "Kallatina" and her brave Captain were the finest on the whole coast.

On the very much lighter side there is an episode which can still make us cousins laugh when reminiscencing, and is a reminder of how irresponsible childhood is, until experience teaches:-

A bunch of the girls were riding home at dusk, including sweet Nina, who was not the best of riders. Her brother Neill, waiting for their return, thought he'd have a bit of fun and hid behind a bush near the road. As they cantered by he suddenly whooped out. Nina's horse, taking fright, bolted for home with Nina now in a most peculiar position on - or rather off - her saddle and flapping dangerously. Neill, now as terrified as the horse, raced desperately after the fast disappearing animal, shouting imploringly,

"Hang on Nina, hang on!" That episode must have had a dramatic climax, but I cannot now remember what it was.

After the Jack Waughs went to Queensland our joint lives rapidly changed. Syd married Ernest Vaughan, and Girl married Tom Haley.

In 1914 World War 1 broke out and suddenly our happy, united personal life was gone forever. I was a lonely puzzled girl in a circle of older people (my parents and three much older brothers) trying so hard to understand why the bitter tragedy had happened. One by one the young men I knew left Australia. At that time my father, always an open-minded, thinking man, subscribed to the New York Times, as America was still neutral and reported both sides of the War. I pored over both British and German versions, accusations and denials, and all too often both sides seeming equally convincing in their claims of truth and justice.

In 1917 I married the dear man from Scotland who had come to Australia as a boy of 19 to enter the Commercial Banking Co. of Sydney.

ORIGINAL POETRY

The Waughs of Wild Taloumbi.

Here in the genial nor'ward, far girt by th'rolling sea,
 And inward, wide-expanding miles on miles,
 Taloumbi broad and breezy, Taloumbi wind and free,
 By greening vale, and upland swells, and leafy forest
 aisles,
 Weirdly stretches westward; by ferny flat and fell,
 And lonely glens and gullies, and scrub land ravelled far
 By stock-pads dimly running 'mid haunts of vine and bell,
 And hidden ways scarce over tinged by gleam of sun or
 star -
 A coastal cattle station, and, as OUR days are told,
 An ancient run, and early, whereon the Pioneers
 Who found Australia's pastures, toiled and bought and sold
 And revelled in the dim, historic years.
 But not now of the Ancients, the early pastoral Kings,
 But of Taloumbi's present I fain would seek to write,
 And of a fold who're human thro' the right and wrong of
 things -
 The Waughs of wild Taloumbi, the whitest of the white

I think of misty mornings, when, anear the ocean shore,
 Out riding in wet saddles mustering kine,
 Ere sunrise tinged the surges, we hear the brooding roar
 Portending stormy weather o'er the brine.
 When nearer yet the seabord in the hazy light we stirred
 The startled coast-bred cattle that had lain
 Amid the stunted heather, 'mid haunts of bee and bird;
 And in mine ear the stockwhips ring again
 As when thro' the oak-boughs crackling, the wild-eyed
 cattle rushed,
 And madly thro' the scrub line to the west,
 Taloumbi's ga'lant stockmen, with wild excitement flushed,
 Each steed and every rider at his best,
 Followed thro' the thickets upon the pikers fleet,
 The last close up, the foremost nigh the head;
 The youngest there a Centaur, as certain in his seat,
 For the Waughs of wild Taloumbi are bushmen born and
 bred;
 And think anew of merry morns when 'mid the open gums
 The Waughs of wild Taloumbi tamed the fiercest of the
 brums.

I have met good men, and many, 'mong the toilers of the
 towns,
 And on the ocean highways found them too,
 And by the drover's campfires in the heart of the Darling
 Downs,
 And e'en among the "whaling" tribes out by the wild
 Barcoo;
 In shearing sheds, and digger's huts, and e'en in places
 where
 You're prone to think a tragedy is near,
 And real WHITE men I've sampled whose language "rare
 and square"
 Would fill a ranter's soul with craven fear;
 And bad men, too, BIG bad men, versed in the tricks of the
 law
 (Exclusive of the "brutals", victims oft of need),
 The Pharisees who'd haply strive to cheat at Heaven's
 door,
 A legion such a child might find, if so a child might heed,
 And thus discerning, thro' years of toil and play,
 By the hopes I've cherished I swear, by night and day,
 By the runics of true manhood, and the faithful sense of
 right,
 The Waughs of wild Taloumbi are the whitest of the white.

And memories that are sacred of a home life sweet and
 dear,
 A world wooed by the Graces, come to me,
 For sprites of blithest kindness reign o'er the happy sphere
 Of Taloumbi's joyous household near the sea;
 And courtesies forgotten by th' baneful world without
 The portals of the homestead old and grey,
 Alike th' green vines clinging to the gateways roundabout
 E'er greet you at Taloumbi day by day;
 And by my simple idylls, and by my humble prayers,
 Abhorring adulation; by the light
 Of faith and hope Australian; by mankind's noblest cares,
 I swear; and by each wind that blows by morn and noon
 and night,
 The Waughs of wild Taloumbi, whatever lights by their's
 Are straight as shafts from Heav'n, the whitest of the white.

Dec., 1900 G. McAlister (Family Tutor).

Station Homestead Destroyed by Fire

MACLEAN, Monday. - Taloumbi station homestead, a 16-room building erected about 70 years ago was destroyed by fire late last night.

Maclean Fire Brigade was called to the homestead, about seven miles from town at 10.30 last night.

Within 20 minutes Captain H.B. Apps, accompanied by a couple of firemen, was on the scene.

They travelled in a private car to ascertain the location of a water supply. The fire engine arrived four minutes later, although a heavy fog was encountered on the road.

The 16-room residence of Mr. and Mrs. Stan Waugh was ablaze from end to end, and nothing could be done to prevent complete destruction of building and

contents.

There was a plentiful supply of water from a dam close by. The firemen would only concentrate their efforts on preventing the fire spreading to other buildings nearby.

During the evening an odour of smoke was detected in the home, and Mr. Waugh made an inspection of the rooms, but nothing amiss could be discovered.

Miss Rosemary Waugh was the first to see flames and she aroused her parents. Within a few minutes the old home was engulfed, and the flames and heat were so intense that practically nothing could be saved.

It is estimated the homestead was built between 60 and 70 years ago, but very considerable improvements had been made during later years. It was furnished with

all modern appointments.

Iron and glass melted in the heat of the fire. One side of an enamel bath had completely disintegrated.

A slow combustion stove in the kitchen was the probably cause of the outbreak.

There was comparatively small insurance on the home and contents. The loss of treasured articles and records is believed to be heavy.

The family have residences in Sydney, Maclean and Red Rock, but the homestead was the central pivot of work on the station.

Sergeant R.A.B. Allen is in charge of inquiries.

May 1957 (Apparently a country paper)

HISTORIC HOME DESTROYED

GRAFTON, Monday.

Fire late tonight destroyed historic Taloumbi station homestead, on the coast 42 miles from Grafton.

Mr. and Mrs. Stan Waugh and their family occupied the homestead, a 16-room red mahogany home built 70 years ago.

Maclean fire brigade travelled seven miles to the fire, which had completely enveloped the building when they arrived.

They concentrated on saving nearby buildings with water pumped from a big dam.

The blaze destroyed historical articles,

valuable records, and old oil paintings of Australian scenes.

Mr. Waugh, an elderly man, and his wife and daughter had to flee in their night attire from their home, which was a well-known landmark. They rescued several pet dogs, but one died - a kelpie pup called

McTavish.

Extract from the Sydney Morning Herald, Tuesday 28th May 1957

DEATH OF POPULAR GRAZIER

Mr. Dey Waugh (71), prominently associated with the cattle industry of the Clarence since 1927, died yesterday at his residence, Oliver Street, Grafton.

He was born at Walcha, N.S.W. At an early age he went with his parents, the late Mr. and Mrs. Reeve Waugh, to Barwon, and later to Taloumbi Station.

He lived in the Ebor district until his marriage to Miss Norma Freeman, after which he settled in the Toowoomba area. Later he established an auctioneering business under the name of Beynon, Waugh and Doolen at Inverell and Gravesend.

This business was carried on successfully for some years.

After removing to Casino, where he conducted a stock and station agency, he purchased, and moved to Numboida Station in 1927.

Here he resided until some months ago when ill-health developed and necessitated his admission to the Grafton Base Hospital for treatment.

A few weeks ago a home was purchased in Oliver Street, Grafton, where he received special care and attention from his devoted wife and family in addition to special care by trained nursing sisters.

The late Mr. Waugh was one of the original directors of the Clarence River Co-operative Meat Society. He took a leading part in the establishment of an active branch of the Graziers' Association at South Grafton to which he gave his wholehearted support. He was appointed a delegate to the Clarence District Council of the Association.

He was actively interested in the timber trade in the Nymboida district and helped in the development of the industry generally.

All his life Mr. Waugh was a faithful adherent

of the Church of England and was formerly a people's warden in the parish church at Nymboida.

He was always willing to lend a helping hand to those who sought practical advice in land management and animal husbandry.

He is survived by two sons, Eddie (Walcha) and Reeve (Nymboida) and one daughter, Heather (Mrs. Gordon MacDougall, Ebor). There are nine grandchildren.

Brothers are Messrs. Napier Waugh (Ullmarra), Stanley Waugh (Taloumbi), and sisters, Mrs. T. Haley (South Grafton), Mrs. Vaughan (Roseville), Mrs. Honeyman (Dee Why).

The funeral will take place to the Nymboida cemetery after a service in St. Matthew's Church, South Grafton, today.

8th April 1953

PASSING OF PIONEER

Mr. Dey Waugh

The recent death of Mr. Dey Waugh of Nymboida deeply shocked all sections of the community including a host of personal friends and admirers.

Born at Walcha, Mr. Waugh moved with his parents to Taloumbi Station on the Clarence River, where he lived for a number of years. Dey Waugh was well known, his word was his bond and always reliable. Together with the late J. Beynon and Mr. Ray Doolin, the auctioneering firm of Beynon, Waugh and Doolin was founded at Inverell and Gravesend. Later, Mr. Waugh moved to Casino where he again established a successful auctioneering business.

In 1927, he purchased his present Nymboida Station and has carried on successfully in the grazing industry.

Always interested in anything vital to the grazing industry, Mr. Waugh was the instigator of forming the successful branch of the Graziers' Association at South Grafton. He foresaw the need for, and was one of the instrumental figures in purchasing the

Clarence River Meat Company, of which he was a director for many years.

His interest in the timber trade, in which he represented Messrs. G.L. Briggs and Sons was widely known and brought a great deal of employment to many who meant so much to the district.

To those who enjoyed the intimate friendship his passing caused a great sense of grief and loss. His sound judgement was recognised, sought, and freely given.

The deceased is survived by his wife and two sons, Eddie, of Walcha, and Reeve, of Nymboida, and one daughter Heather (Mrs. Gordon MacDougall).

The sad event removed one of the widest known men in the grazing industry and the large concourse of sympathisers who attended the service at South Grafton was a spontaneous tribute from genuine admirers of a truly admirable character.

Country Life N.S.W. 28th August, 1953

Deep Regret at Mr. Waugh's Death

CANBERRA, Thurs. - The Minister for Health, Sir Earle Page, expressed his deep regret at the death of Mr. Dey Waugh, who he said was one of our great pioneering families who had kept the flag flying in Government and in grazing interests all his life.

He would be long remembered for his continuous public work, which would remain a permanent monument to him.

8th July, 1953 (Probably Sydney Morning Herald)

Some

LETTERS

from

**AUNT LAURA
Laura Robinson
(nee Waugh)
1867
Dealing with**

THE

WAUGH

&

SCHRADER

FAMILIES

Collated

by

**Christian Honeyman
1968**

October 1968 Chris Honeyman (Nth Sydney)

I have copied out Aunt Laura Robinson's letters, just as she wrote them at my request.

Like my Father, when he wrote his Journal, she was in advanced age when she wrote them. Laura was the youngest of the eight Waugh Children who were reared from the twelve Elizabeth Waugh bore. She must have been a good many years younger than my Father, Reeve, who was the second eldest of the eight.

From the little bits in other letters, and from what she said herself, she must have been a young rebel; a dare-devil rider - small, smart, and quick of tongue.

She married Frank Robinson, an Englishman, and they had two children, "Kookie", whose real name was also Laura, and Richard. I remember her as a slip of a little figure; independent and energetic; large grey eyes losing their sight.

"Kookie" was a good musician - indeed the Waugh family seem to have had some real gift through the generations. She married twice, but died before her old mother did. My last visit to Aunt Laura, subsequent to "Kookie's" death, was a very, very, sad one.

God Bless her - as her old Mother used to say so often in her letters, which I have also copied.

PERSONNAE

ALEXANDER WAUGH, came to Australia in 1848, with his daughter, ANNIE, aged 9, who married James Johnstone; and his second wife, ELIZABETH (nee Gallon), who bore twelve children rearing 8

Their children:-

HARVEY, husband of LUCY (nee Nicholas) father of ALBERT, HARRY, LESLIE, and FRANK

WILLIAM NAPIER REEVE, husband of MARIE (nee Schrader) (Molly or Marea) parents of:- NAPIER, DETLEF, STANLEY, EVA (Girl), SYDNEY AND CHRISTIAN

WILLIAM, husband of ROSA (nee Spencer), father of 4 children

MAINIE, wife of CHARLES SPENCER (brother of Rosa)

JACK, husband of LOUISA (nee Schrader, sister of Molly), father of

6 children. Remarried GERTRUDE (nee Lydiard) after 9 years - no children

EVA became Mrs. Panton, mother of 3 or 4 children

LAURA*, wife of FRANK ROBINSON, mother of RICHARD and LAURA

(Kookie), grand-mother of Kookie's son COLIN

GORDON, husband of FRANCES (nee Nicholas, half sister of Lucy)

Dr. CHRISTIAN ULRICH DETLEF SCHRADER, came to Australia in "Alster"

on 20th September 1853, with his wife,

CAROLINE CHRISTINA (nee Voolstedt) and 2 boys and 2 girls:-

AUGUST, SOPHIA, LUDWIG, CONSTANCE; and settled at Pt. Macquarie

A further 9 children were born in Australia:-

MARIE, wife of W.N. REEVE WAUGH

CHRISTINA

CATHERINE

APHRASIA

MADELEINE (Marde)

LOUISA (Louie), first wife of JACK WAUGH

SYDNEY

CHARLES

DOUGLAS

EDWARD

Sophia, who no doubt gave her sisters and brothers a lot of "mothering" and was the "apple of her father's eye", died at about the age of 20.

This sad loss by the old Doctor was added to when two more children died in early adulthood; namely Ludwig and Marde in their twenties.

Subsequent to his death, about 1891 or 1892, two more died relatively early; Aphrasia and Louie both died in their thirties.

*. This was Aunt Laura, the writer of these letters.

LETTERS from LAURA Robinson (nee Waugh) 1867

22nd April 1945

Dear Chris,

I have thought so much over the notes you want for the Sketch of your father's life and many things have become clear to me, or clearer than they were the other day when we had so little time. You have it pretty right up to the time he left Port Macquarie with his parents. They travelled in a bullock dray.

My Father kept the Public School in Walcha for, I think, four years; then he was persuaded by John Fletcher of Ourandumbi Station, to take a free selection on Ourandumbi, four miles out of Walcha, on the River Apsley. He shifted there with poor Mother and five children, and lived in a tent made of four large English linen sheets. It was very strenuous for Mother who caught a bad cold, and Dr Adams said that if she lived in this tent through the winter she would probably not live: so Dad got a house built and they shifted in. (Jack was born at Walcha and so must have been a baby in arms at this time.)

The place was named The Lagune - spelt that way, not Lagoon. They got some sheep and two cows. Mother made the first leg-rope, and taught the boys how to do round plaiting, and make stockwhips. When Jack was two years old Mother had another baby who died. Then Eva was born - four years between her and Jack. Then in due time Gordon and I were born.

Dad was good at gardening and soon had plenty of vegetables and an orchard, and with the help of the boys put in a lot of potatoes. He also got pigs. As the years went on they did well with the sheep and pigs, and made hay for the cows and pigs.

They grew potatoes in much larger quantities and thought a lot about sending them away for sale. This they did in the year 1888 or 1887*. I know where they took them to and will explain in my next letter.

Dr. Schrader came to New England just after our family settled at The Lagune. He bought a farm with an old house on it, and left his two eldest sons, August and Ludwig, to live there and learn farming. He named the farm Holstein. Dr. Schrader returned to Wallsend, (he shifted there from Pt. Macquarie soon after Dad left.) He had a practice there.

Dad got into the general storekeeper's debt (at Walcha). George Erratt (Or Evatt) was the man's name. He pushed Dad for money and accepted all Dad's table (family) silver, and promised that he would return it as soon as Dad was able to pay the debt. Finally Dad got his usual allowance from England and went to settle with Erratt - but Erratt said he liked the silver and would keep it in payment. Dad was terribly angry and did all he could but found Erratt had had Dad's crest removed and his own initials put on. It was very beautiful, Mother has told me, and when I say all is meant with the exception of a cruet and a few spoons.

August and Ludwig had a terrible rally, at Holstein, and spent a lot of time with my brothers. Holstein was seven miles from The Lagune. Dad told Dr. Schrader it was a great mistake to leave the lads so much alone, but the Dr. only realized it when August married Miss Stockbridge. He was terribly angry and poor August was cast adrift. I think he had a family of eight - after living together for 20 years (and she proved herself a good wife and mother for that time). But she ended up deserting August. She cleared out with a circus clown. This marriage (August's) took place after August went with my brothers to sell potatoes.

I have sent Kookie** for the name of the sailing ship my parents came out on, and hope soon to hear from her. I hope you are well, and that you found all in order and your husband well when you returned.

Love from
Your Aunt Laura.

"Yulparra"
Salisbury St.
Watsons Bay

*. Aunt Laura is wrong about this date.

** Kookie was the daughter of the writer of the letter. C.H. 1968

"Yulparra"
 Salisbury St.
 Watsons Bay
 8th June 1945

My dear Chris,

You will think I've turned you down. I'm very sorry to have been so long in writing. I just could not help it. Aunt Eva (Panton) was here for two months and her daughter for the latter part of the time. They continually had visitors which kept me busy all my time to cater for them. They left last Monday for their home at Gunnedah. I have nearly got the poor little flat tidy once more. The visit did Eva a lot of good which is satisfactory for me.

I'm afraid I have forgotten now how far into the business I got. So if I repeat some you must forgive me. I am so very sorry to say I cannot tell you the name of the sailing vessel yet, that my parents came out on - the writing has faded out. I am sure of the year - it was 1844. Now just think how science had gone ahead in that 100 years.

John Fletcher did not give my Father assistance, nor had he the first offer to buy The Lagune. It was sold by auction, and Fletcher got it at the highest bid.

My Father continually got help from his Father in England, who was a very wealthy man. In all Father got £25,000, including the £5,000 he landed with. In addition his people continually sent what we called "London Boxes", filled with all sorts of clothes, etc. My Mother got lovely dresses and bonnets, and there were riding turn-outs for them both. They were both very good horsemen, and soon got to know all the "Swagger" around, and really enjoyed life.

Dad put additions to the house and it was very comfortable, and so pretty with a lovely flower garden, orchard and vegetable garden. They had sheep of very good breeds, Cotswolds, Merinos, and Lincolns. He gave Fletcher a start with these good breeds, and started several small settlers with sheep that were called Crossbreds. Father also had good dairy cows and bred a lot of fine pigs. He had horses in quite a big way, both blood horses and ponies.

He got a good price for The Lagune, and shifted to the region about six miles the other side of Walcha, where he, Harvey, Reeve, Will, Jack and Gordon took up selections. The place was named Spring Creek.

Dr. Schrader brought all his family from Wallsend to live at Holstein soon after we moved to Spring Creek, and it was there that your Father first met your Mother. Dr. Schrader practised at Holstein and also in Walcha where he had a surgery. Your Father married Molly at Holstein. We were at Spring Creek for seven years, and then sold out privately to Mr. Boulton.

We got a good price and shifted out to the Barwon River district and took up a lot of land there on the Merrywinebone and Pokataroo Stations. The properties belonged to the firm of Walsh, Elliott & Rennie. They owned these stations together with Oreel. All these stations adjoined.

We pretty well spoiled the properties by our selection, as we took all the best water - a chain of lagoons Thallaba Creek. The firm came to terms with Waugh & Sons, and made Harvey their land agent. They sent 20 to 30 men up from Sydney and took up dummying selections for each man. Harvey had huts built for them. Eva, Gordon, and I, Hughie Spencer, Billy Case, and Tom Livingstone were also dummies for the firm.

The firm then rented all our land for seven years and gave my brothers all the stock droving to

Narrabri, the nearest railway station. In the season (after shearing) they used to truck 40,000 sheep a fortnight to the Sydney market. Walsh, Elliott & Rennie had very extensive meat preserving works at Botany and canned a great quantity for export and for Australian use.

At the end of seven years Waugh & Sons sold out to the firm for £10,000 and shifted to the New England and the Clarence River. My Father retired, giving Harvey and Will, and Reeve and Jack, each a share. Harvey and Will bought Guy Fawkes Station from Major Parkes, and they worked as Waugh Bros. Reeve and Jack bought Taloumbi and worked as R & J Waugh. Dad gave Gordon a share later and he got Donnybrook Station near Guy Fawkes station. Now you know all that happened on from there.

Now a little more about the Schraders. When I was thirteen I stayed quite a lot at Holstein, and Mrs. Schrader and I used to have great yarns in her bedroom, while she would spin wool or knit. She was also a very great friend of my Mother. She always called her husband Doc Schrader, or Mr Schrader, and he called her My Lena. She said Dr. Schrader belonged to a very high and old family.

They first met when she was picking cowslips in the fields one morning. It was a case of love at first sight. They soon got married, and August was born in Germany before they came to Australia. Dr. Schrader had gone through the Prussian War as a Surgeon. Many years afterwards Mrs. Schrader, through correspondence with her people in Germany found out that the Doctor was entitled to a pension through serving in that war. It had accumulated to over £3,000. He got that and a pension up to the time of his death. This happened before they left New England to live at Glebe Pt. Sydney. They lived at Glebe Point before going to Sans Souci, where Dr. Schrader built a nice house - their last home.

Mrs. Schrader was also a very great friend of my Mother. After the Doctor's death, and after my Father's death, my Mother came to live with me at Waverley. I had a jinker and pony, and often drove my Mother to Sans Souci to see Mrs Schrader, right up to the time of her death.

Mrs Schrader must have been a very lovely girl. She was very small; had a lovely complexion, beautiful blue eyes, and curly golden hair. She was a pretty old lady as I remember her, but rather stout.

They had fourteen children, and reared thirteen. The Waugh family was twelve, with eight reared. I can tell you, if you wish to know, what the Waughs and the Schraders died of.

Chris, Dear, I hope you can make these pages out and is there anything I can explain more clearly? I know you do not want half of what I've written for your memoir, but I thought you would like to know all I do, and if we meet again I can more fully explain things.

I can so well understand how much you would like your dear parents back with you, to love and cherish, but they are far better off, Dear.

This awful war* would have broken your poor little Mother's heart.

Good bye, Dear; love and all best wishes from
Your old Aunt
Laura (Robinson)

* Second World War 1939 - 1945.

"Yulparra"
 Salisbury St.
 Watson's Bay
 (undated)

Dear Chris,

This is in reply to yours of 17th inst. I received one from Girl of the same date. I feel sure you will turn out something worth the trouble you are taking in making a record of the (Waugh's) early days. I shall very much like to have a copy for my Grandson Colin.

* * *

You may wonder how I got some of the facts I have given you. One in particular, viz. of my Father's having so much money from his Father. I got some of the facts from Aunt Bessie (his youngest sister) who was living when I went to England in 1912. She was a dear old lady, and died before I left. I asked her why it was that my Father did not receive his share (£25,000) at his Father's death. She said, "Well, my dear, it was because he had it in dribs and drabs up to the time of his Father's death, but you should have received a share at his Mother's death, of £2,000." I can remember when she died. It was when we were at Spring Creek, and I think it was £1,000 that Father received. Aunt Bessie asked me if he got a share of family silver, pictures, etc. I said, "Definitely not!" She said he should have. "Uncle Reeve made the parcelling out of these things and," she said, "kept the lion's share for himself."

Uncle Reeve was a cousin of the Waughs, and he married a cousin, Mary Anne (my Father's sister). They had one daughter, Isabella, who married a Mr. Francis, a widower with two or three children. Isabella got all Uncle Reeve had - a very nice home in Liecester; beautiful furniture and the best private library I have ever seen; beautiful pictures; Stacks of old china, ornaments, and table silver. This certainly came from my Grand-Father's home, for I can remember my Dad telling me of it - a set in particular of dark blue cut glass, set in filigree silver and the knives had blue and white silver handles to match. The cruet and salt cellars were very beautiful.

Isabella died six year or seven years ago, and the home was sold and the library. With the exception of a few legacies to cousins she left everything to her step children. Another cousin in England told me this.

When in England, Frank (Aunt Laura's husband) and I went to Liecester on our way to London from Scotland. I wrote to cousin Isabella saying the day we would call and see her, and gave her the name of our hotel. She wrote asking me to lunch and we went. She was very kind, very small and must have been pretty when young. The table was set with the silver I have mentioned and a willow pattern dinner set. Serviettes and tablecloth with your great grandfather's crest woven into the damask. Two maids to wait at table, and now, what do you think we had for lunch? Boiled neck of mutton and carrots! Well, as I have said the little lady was very kind and charming - but made a nasty remark about the photo she had received of your Mother. She had a grand piano and played very well. She said she also sang well when younger.

She invited us to visit her again and later I went back and took Kookie and a cousin of mine, Ruth - Uncle Harry's daughter - a charming woman. Her hair was snow white but her face looked fresh and young. We used to call her The Duchess. Uncle Reeve's name was William Napier Reeve, and that is where your Father got his name.

When in New Zealand I met a Miss Reeve and found out she was a sister of Uncle Reeve's. She was very nice and sang beautifully. I think she made her living out of her voice.

Uncle Reeve and Aunt Mary did invite your father to England, and if he liked it he was to stay

indefinitely. But this happened when we were at Spring Creek where your Father met your Mother and fell in love. The trip to England fell through, he would not go after meeting Molly Schrader. Harvey is a family surname, but I do not know how it came in* There was a Dr. Alexander Harvey in Edinburgh. He was Knighted. I meant to ask Aunt Bessie about him, but unfortunately did not. He (Dr. Harvey) was probably a cousin of ours. My Father told me both Harvey and Gordon were family surnames.

Dr. Schrader sold Holstein to a Mr. Goas soon after we left Spring Creek. He bought a piece of land in Walcha and built a very nice house and called it Anglia. Your Uncle Jack was married to Louisa Schrader at the Church of England in Walcha. I stayed quite a lot with them in Walcha - once for nearly three months. The father and mother were then living in Sydney, and they came to Walcha on a visit, too, whilst I was there. We three went home to the Barwon from there.

Dr. Schrader sold Anglia and went to live at Glebe Pt. Sydney. He rented his home there whilst he had a house built at Sans Souci.

* * *

I hope you have good news of Harvey**. We got a cable from our Colin*** yesterday. He has been promoted again, and also granted home leave so we may see him again after five years. Poor Kookie is beside herself with excitement, and we can scarcely believe the good news.

Love from
Aunt Laura.

P.S. I have written to my cousins in England asking her to find out if Bunfields Cemetary+ (Where Dr. Waugh, his wife and some of his family were buried. They had a tomb there.) had been bombed (1939), and also if she knows or can find out the relationship between the Waughs and Dr. Harvey of Edinburgh; and if any of his family are living, etc. etc. +This should have been "Bunhill Fields"

*. Aunt Laura evidently did not know that her Grandfather William Waugh married Anne Harvey, but this is recorded in the Family Tree.

** . Second World War 1939 - 1945.

***. Aunt Laura's grandson, Colin. C.H. 1968

Letter from Aunt Laura; not dated; not headed.

Chris, your Great Great Grandfather was Dr. Waugh D.D. Your father has a book of his life. If you read it you will get a good idea of his character.

The Waughs, many generations ago, were Scotch, and spelt the name Wauch. Dr. Waugh was a Presbyterian, but his family, being born in England, eventually became Church of England. Dr. Waugh is buried at Bunhill Fields in the East End of London, where he did much good work. His funeral was the largest known in London at the time. He had many sons and daughters. The eldest son William Waugh (your Great Grandfather) formed the first corn exchange in London on the Thames at the foot of Essex Street. Mr Neill (your Great Great Uncle) was his partner, and it was known as the firm of Neill and Waugh*. The Corn Exchange was a great success - a banquet was given to the firm at which the then Prince of Wales presided. The firm was presented with a solid silver salver (engraved) and this, with a marble bust of Uncle Neill was put into the London Guild Hall. The same Guild Hall had been badly bombed during this War (2nd World War), and most of the pictures and old relics are destroyed. The firm of Neill & Waugh became very rich and your Great Grandfather William Waugh died worth half a million pounds.

When your Great Grandfather retired he went to a lovely old home called Hornby House in a London suburb. His son, William Alexander (your Grandfather) lived in the North of England on an estate called Earle. He married a Miss Grieve-Smith, who died with the birth of their daughter Annie. Your Grandfather married again nine years after, Miss Elizabeth Tallon, who became the mother of us first generation Australians, and your Grandmother.

Your Grandfather sold Earle and came to this country in the year 1848. One of his brothers (John) also came to Australia some years later, and practised all his life in Brisbane. His son is (or was) a solicitor there.

When I went to England in 1912 your Great Aunt Bessie was the only one of your Grandfather's family left. She died before I returned to Australia. She had two sons and one daughter. The eldest son Lonsdale Webster was Clerk at the Table at the House of Commons and was Knighted (Sir Lonsdale Webster). Hugh, the second son, managed his uncle's estates. His uncle, Lord Alberton, was Aunt Bessie's brother-in-law. Lord Alberton was very kind and good to Aunt Bessie. I met him there. Aunt Bessie's daughter died twelve months ago from shock caused by an air raid that wrecked her home. Aunt Bessie (Mrs. Webster) and Aunt Edith (Drew) my father's sisters - and your Great aunts - and their children and Uncle Harvey (Father's brother) and his two daughters and your cousin Isabella Francis of Liecester were the only relatives on your Father's side that I found in England.

*. Aunt Laura has reversed things here. Great Grand Uncle Neill was the head of the firm, into which his nephew William Waugh entered and became a very rich man. C.H. 1968

"Yulparra"
Salisbury St.
Watsons Bay
30th June 1949

Dear Chris,

This is in reply to yours dated 7th May. Sorry to have been so long.

I had rather a trouble to get the Waugh Family Tree back from Victoria. I had given it to my grandson Colin. However I have it now, and Dick* is going to copy it and make some prints. He will alter it somewhat as I've got more details from England; and we will make a much better list of the Australian descendents. Will you please send me the maiden name of your son's wife, and the names of their child or children. It will likely be some little time before Dick can get it finished, and when he has I will send you one**.

We are not very comfortable just now - what with the cold weather and the strike. I hope you and yours are well. I am rather amused that you should mention me in your Waugh record. I could give you a few priceless bits to liven it up - as I am no saint - but sure, I should not like to shock you, or maybe spoil the book.

Love
Your old Aunt
Laura Robinson.

*. The son of the writer, Richard Robinson.

** I have one. C.H. 1968

Some
LETTERS
from
MARY WHITE
to
Her "Cousin"
Christian Honeyman
1962

Mary White is the daughter of Edith Honorine Harvey 1857-1943, who was the daughter of Margaret Waugh 1823-1906 (Margaret being the daughter of William Waugh "Wealthy William" 1788-1866 and his wife Ann Harvey 1791-1875.)

Mary lives in England and is 104 this year 1996, she was born in 1892. Mary is in fact Edith Mary White (nee Drew) and is known as May.

LETTERS from MARY WHITE 1892-..

16 Broomleaf Road
 Farnham
 Surrey
 February 2nd 1962

My dear Chris,

Thank you so much for your welcome letter of Jan 20th, which I should have answered before this, but last week I had to go away unexpectedly on business, and I just had to leave my letters. Now I am sending this to you c/- Margaret, as I am not sure whether, with uncertain posts, you would get it before you leave Palace Gate.

I am so interested to hear you have been to see the outside of 37 Essex St. Margaret will tell you how we ventured inside, but it is all changed except the caretaker's flat at the top, which must have been the maid's bedrooms, or the night nursery.

Yes, it was Mill Hill your grandfather's (Alexander 1814 - 94) brothers attended, but there is no mention of Alexander in the Mill Hill Register. Margaret and I wonder if he was educated at home with a Tutor perhaps. But some of the Australians seem so sure he went to Harrow that I put this in the Family Tree. Perhaps the Bursar, or Secretary of Harrow would look up their Register for you. I don't think the British Museum Library would be of much help, but there is a chance they might.

Alexander was your grandfather. John 1818 - 1900, the one who went to
 (Pages 3 & 4 missing) (Pick up on page 5)

I am very sorry to hear you have been bothered with hay fever. It is such a wretched thing - I do hope it will go before long. I hope you haven't found this heat too trying. It is abnormal for us, some of us make rather heavy weather of it!

We are all well here. Dog Thor is attending Dog Training Classes on Tuesday evenings, so are Olive and I.

With much love, dear Cousin, take care of yourself -
 yours affectionately

P.T.O. Mary.

P.S. You will remember our gt. gt. Uncle John Neill had a business in Surrey St. Strand; a counting house and a wharf - (the Thames then ran at the end of the street before the Embankment was made,) he and his brother William lived there, and I believe their sister Mary Neill kept house for them there, before she married Dr. Alex. They must all have attended Dr. A's church in Wells St. - long since vanished. We don't know the number.

If you are near St. Clement Dane's in the Strand, No. 37 Essex Street, Strand was where our gt. gt. parents William and Ann Waugh lived and brought up their large family. It is now quite altered (except for the attics turned into a caretaker's flat) and is a Publishers, Charles Dicken's Publisher, I think.

Some of the old houses in that street must be just like the Waugh's house. I think some are not altered a great deal inside and perhaps not at all altered outside.

Love M.

Broomleaf
 16 Bromley Rd.
 Farnham
 Surrey
 Jan 13th 1962

My dear Chris,

I am so sorry not to have answered your letter to Margaret and myself before, but it went to Bournemouth and then followed me here. I do hope it has not been awkward for you about dates. I am sorry I can't manage January 15th. Olive is not well, she had had a sort of gastric flu - April would really be best for me, better than February if you could manage it. I do want to see you here, and have some good talks, so do hope some time in April will be all right for you, before you return home.

I am so delighted to hear that you have seen so much in London, and enjoyed it all. It is a wonderful chance to go to Europe again, and I am so glad you are taking it, and hope it will be most successful.

Diana Holman Hunt's married name is Mrs. Cuthbert, and her address is: - Beaufront Castle, Hexham, Northumberland. I wrote to her about some dates for the Family Tree, and had a nice answer back with the dates. I have all her Family's dates and relations in the Tree. There was a terrible row in the family because Holman Hunt married his deceased wife's (Fanny's) sister Edith (Diana's strange grandmother,) and Edith's Waugh Mother and Father, Mary and George broke off all relationship with their daughter Edith (who by English Law was not legally married,) and had nothing more to do with Holman Hunt, or her.

His two children Hilary and Gladys found when they were grown-up and returned to England from Italy, that they were illegitimate by English Law. Gladys was very distressed about it, which may account for her being so severe with her mother in the book (Gladys died a few years ago - she wrote me a very kind letter inviting me to go and see her. She had kindly produced a photo of a picture of Mary Waugh, our gt. gt. Aunt, for me to have photographed, but I was not able to go then, and she died soon after.)

All the above was told me by a dear old cousin who died two years ago, Phyllis Woolner. Her Father was Thos Woolner the sculptor, and he also broke with Holman Hunt. Phyllis was Edith Waugh's own niece, so she naturally knew all there was to know about the family row. I wonder if you already know all this?

I do hope you are keeping well, and am so glad you got through that extreme cold safely. Margaret and I did not go out at all for about a week - we were afraid of the icy slippery roads.

With love, dear Chris, and the best of New Year wishes. I look forward to seeing you in April.

Yours Affectionately,

Mary

**This concludes the notes and letters that comprise the "Words of Waugh" by Chris Honeyman
 I hope I have done justice with my re-editing to this interesting history.
 Neville Maloney May 1996**