

THE MEMOIR'S OF MARTHA MACKENZIE

Her Sketches of Australian Life

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Martha Mackenzie was the daughter of Captain John Murchison and his wife Mary Ann Murchison (nee Roberts).

Martha was born in 1828 and married Farquhar Mackenzie on 23rd October, 1846.

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Sketches of Australian Life.

My father was an Officer in the Royal Scots' Regiment. He next moved into the 3rd Foot Guards, afterwards joining (much against his inclination) the 96th Regiment.

He went out with that regiment to Halifax, North America. There my Grandfather's Regiment the 81st, was quartered, and there my father first met my Mother in 1824 or '25. She was a very beautiful girl of eighteen.

My Grandfather's first regiment the 3rd Buffs, was a very celebrated regiment having served and fought bravely through the whole of the Peninsular. The 3rd Buffs also served in the celebrated expedition to Holland. For all of these numerous battles Grandfather gained medals. I have often had the battle names on the Flags of that dear regiment, the Buffs, pointed out to me. They were the names of **all** the battles the regiment had fought in.

I may mention that Sir James Kemp was Governor at this time, a very gay young man.

My father married in 1826 and went to Bermuda to join his regiment after a short leave of absence. There on the bright sunny island of St. George, I was born, in 1828. The island is I think, fifteen miles in circumference. I believe a sailor, who once was imprisoned there for a short time, made the remark that he would scuttle the island.

I have no recollection of anything that took place there. My father's regiment having been ordered to Halifax we boarded a vessel called 'the Ringdove' and set sail. We subsequently arrived in America where we remained until I was five years old. There my mother's sister and father lived with us for a year or so. There my aunt became engaged to a cousin of my father's, an officer in the Royal Marines. He came to America on the Admiral's ship, "Winchester".

My sister, Jeanetta was born. It was a fearfully cold winter during during the time mother's sister and father were with us. I have heard my mother say 'it was one of the happiest times of her life'. We were nearly six years in Halifax.

During the time the "Winchester" was in Harbour the Captain, Lord William Paget, a great friend of my cousin, Captain Urquhart, and also of my father's, took a great fancy to we children. We were both asked to breakfast on board the ship. It was a great delight to me. I have never forgotten it. I remember sitting beside Lord William and he taking me on his knee, He gave me a beautiful carnation and placed it on my dress. My aunt was just about to be married to Mr. Urquhart, who soon gained promotion and rose quickly to the rank of Captain. I may mention, he afterwards joined the regiment and went to India and China, where he distinguished himself. After service he left and came out to this country. He was made one of the first gold commissioners of the Castlemain Gold Fields.

My aunt and the Captain were married in the Round Church, by the Rev. Mr. Musich. I well remember her wedding breakfast. My aunt then returned to England with her father, her husband not being able to accompany her. He had to remain with his ship for the time she expected to stay away. My father decided to leave his regiment but could not leave it at once so decided to remain until the sale of our beautiful cottage and furniture. He had a kind offer from the Admiral, Sir P. Maitland for us to travel to England in the transport taking invalid officers home.

To Bermuda.

It was too good an offer to miss, so we left my dear father to follow us later. We went direct to Bermuda where my mother showed me the house in which I was born. My old nurse, a Negro woman, walked many miles to see me and when she saw me she cried and laughed alternately. She brought me some beautiful little ornaments made from the breakwater stone, also some pretty little nicknacks made from the white coral. We were at anchor in Bermuda for three weeks.

During this time we were out a great deal, for where ever my mother and cousin were asked, we had to go also. I stayed for some days on board the Hulk, the residence of the Superintendent of Convicts. At that time Bermuda was a Penal Settlement.

I remember seeing the convicts, chains on them, being sent into their cells at night. They wore white duck overalls branded 'convict'.

We once spent a day at Dr. Middletons, very nice people. I think he must have had something to do with the Settlement Hospital. Also whilst at Bermuda we went out boating. Bermuda is favoured for its coastline. During the time my father lived here he kept a beautiful yacht. It was used constantly for boating by Col. White, of my father's regiment. His wife was my mother's greatest friend. Bermuda coast was a great place for picnics, the Moors Caletash tree being a favourite spot. The water was so clear, and the sand at the bottom so white, that one could see everything. I can remember seeing the most exquisite sea anemones and thinking I could lift them off the rocks I put my hand down into the water only to find they were far beyond my reach.

We had some beautiful things made by the convicts from the breakwater stone and the coral - a pair of ear-rings which I still possess.

We left Bermuda under difficulties, having to go through a place called the Sister's Two Rocks. It was a most dangerous place, only one ship I had been told, had ever passed through before. She was a French ship that had been taken prisoner during the war of Napoleon. Although a fort is there and a garrison also, this French man-of-war, despite the watches kept, went through the Sister's Two Rocks in the night or the early morning. As she went she fired her guns. We passed through under the guidance of a negro who had been Pilot of the Bermudas for years.

We took South a box containing 60 lbs. of arrowroot, the chief product of the Island and some other valuable articles. There were a great many officers on board and only one lady beside my mother, the

wife of Col. Gardner. We had also on board, the Colonel of my father's regiment.

#### Portsmouth Bells.

We landed in Portsmouth and were awoken in the morning by the chiming of the Portsmouth Bells, a sound which I have never forgotten.

We intended to go at once by stage coach to London to join my grandfather and my cousin Urquhart. My cousin's wife had by this time a little son to present to her husband. He was called Douglas Johnston and was since killed in N.Z. We were however, detained by the Customs House. They seized our box of arrowroot and a very valuable chest of silver. The silver had been paid for by what is called a 'drawback', and therefore had no right to be seized. We had to wait until we received a letter from London to vouch for this being the case. No telegram nor train in those days otherwise we would not have had the delay.

My mother had to write to an old lady Mrs. Pippin, an officer's wife, in whose charge she was left during the time of her schooling in London. Mrs. Pippin had taken care of the money left to mother by her grandmother, an old officer's wife, who was ninety years old. On hearing of the birth of mother, came I think, from England to Halifax, Nova Scotia, to see her. However she took cold and died before her return. This money or part of it, was taken for the purchase of the silver, about which Mrs. Pippin was the only one to know. When my mother signed her name, which was Mary Ann, she put it as "Marianne". Hence no end of troubles and wrath from the old lady who said it was a silly school-girl's idea!

However, all settled, we started for London. We had been taken to see some of the finest shops in Portsmouth and then travelled all night by stage coach. My cousin made a bed for my sister and me with his Military cloak, but no sleep for me. I was far too excited at the idea of meeting my grandfather and aunt. We arrived in London just as the lamps were fading out and reached my grandfather's lodgings (for soldiers seldom possessed homes of their own,) just in the early morning. An old woman was cleaning the steps.

#### With Grandfather Murchison

We all rushed upstairs into my dear grandfather's room. "You must have heard the horn blowing," I said. "I suppose you knew we were coming?" Which of course he did and replied, "Oh yes, I knew you were coming".

My aunt and baby Douglas were next visited.

We remained with my grandfather Murchison until my father returned to England from America. I do not remember our moving, but we took temporary lodgings in a house somewhere near Westminster Bridge. However, they were such horrible people my father could not let us stay. He took me with him and we went to see an old lady. My father had been told she would like to let part of her house. She was a Miss or Mrs. Clyde, a dear old lady. She had living with her, two n~~eces~~ces. One, called Miss Phillips was a most accomplished woman. We all stayed there for as long as we were in London.

During our stay here my grandfather took me to Church at Westminster Abbey. I also went to see the animals kept at that time in the Tower. Grandfather often came to see us also Col. Urquhart. I saw many other places such as Kensington and Wallcot Place. My little brother was born here and here he died, much to my great grief. I was taken out a great deal whilst staying here.

#### Captain Murchison decides to Migrate.

During the time of living at this house, I went to a small school. I was very often ill, being a martyr to earache. This prevented my joining the family on a visit to Scotland. About this time my cousin Mr. Urquhart was ordered to Chatham with his regiment. My father announced he had quite made up his mind to migrate to Australia. He heeded the advice of his cousin R.I. Murchison, afterwards Sir Roderick, also that of his two great friends, General McDonald and Lord Fitzroy Somerset. I have often been in their company with my father.

My father occupied himself daily making arrangements for our departure. He and I often went to see R.I.M. I suppose about these arrangements. He told my father he would give him ten years to make his fortune and return to England. My father was with him a great deal during the time he spent in England. My uncle, James Murchison came to see us. He was in the army in India.

My grandfather Murchison was very angry at my father's plans to migrate to Australia, saying he never thought a son of his would have to go to Botany Bay to make his fortune. It was thus arranged that my father and sister should go to Chatham to see my grandfather and aunt before their final departure. My mother and I were to go after they returned.

This we did and remained a fortnight with them. No doubt a great pleasure, but at the same time a sad visit for her. Grandfather took me every morning to see the various regiments and hear the band play. This I had been accustomed to do with him in Halifax. The greatest charm for me was the Grand Highland Regiment, quartered, I forget where, but I think the 92nd. Even now I feel quite a thrill of excitement run through me when I think of them. It was there I first remember picking nuts and seeing the hops growing. I also went to Rochester Castle and Rochester Cathedral. We returned to London after our visit and from there embarked aboard a ship called the 'Henry'.

I must mention that my father and mother went over many ships to secure a good cabin as my mother suffered very much from sea sickness. A ship named 'The Persian' appealed to them very much, but the cabin was too small. My father paid £10 extra to have special luxuries brought on board for use on the table. The captain promised to put in to the Cape of Good Hope for supplies.

#### My Last Look at England.

We sailed from Gravesend, my dear old grandfather coming to see us off and give his blessing to his daughter. We watched him waving his handkerchief as our ship pulled away. We continued to watch until the sight of this dearest and best old man disappeared in the dimness of distance. I remember my mother becoming very upset and breaking down as we

passed Lands End. She told us to take a good look at the last of England. It was the last for me.

The voyage was a pleasant enough one until we began to get short of water. The Captain was a most unpleasant and ungentlemanly man and a great tyrant to his men. My father was very angry. Had it not been that my father provided a great quantity of good things of all kinds for our use we would have nearly starved. He had brought on ship a beautiful Persian goat. This goat gave us milk all the way. My father shared his meals with her. You can imagine my father being so very annoyed having received a promise from the Captain to provide us well and then never put in at any port so that we were unable to replenish our food supply. My father has often said had the ship put into the Cape he probably would have stayed there as we had many relations there. However we did not and I am thankful to say to Australia we came.

I must stop in my narrative to mention a rather extraordinary dream. It was a dream my father had. A very vivid dream that he saw the ship 'Persian' at sea, and many particulars which I cannot remember. But in his dream she was on fire and everything was destroyed. He told this to the Captain in the morning. The Captain thought it a very peculiar dream and said he would put it down in his log book. This he did, date and month, and on our arrival in Port Jackson the Pilot came on board telling us at once of a very sad thing - 'The Persian' had been burned to the water's edge. The Captain referred to his log book in which father's dream with date and month were recorded. They were exact with the actual occurrence.

#### A U S T R A L I A I N 1 8 3 3

I remember well our first glimpse of Australia. Botany Bay as it was called. We all lined up on deck to see the new land as it came into view. We landed in Sydney and went to the best hotel, but of course we could not stay there very long. It was far too expensive, so father took a small cottage in Castlereagh Street. Here we stayed a short time, my father's friend Henry Ferris coming to see us. Some other friends who were assisting my mother to settle, also came.

We visited Mrs. Fenniss, an old friend of my mother's - her first husband being General Cameron. Her daughter was Mrs. Dutton. I must mention that my father brought letters to the most influential people here. Hannibal McArthur, Capt. King, Mr. George, Mr. Celey, and many others. One of whom for a short time acted as Governor. Sir Richard Bourke was Governor at the time we arrived. My father was advised to go to a very pretty town called Parramatta to reside with his family until he could see about taking up his land.

Prior to travelling by coach to Parramatta we all dined at Mr. Ferris'. It was arranged that my father and mother were to go on first to Parramatta with the man servant carrying my sister and the nurse girl following with me. But when my father and mother arrived I was not to be seen! It so happened that as the girl and I were passing a house an old lady looked out and called me in saying she was sure I was Mr. Murchison's little girl! We went in to her house and she kept on talking to me and the silly nurse girl

never told her we had to be at the Coach Office by a certain time. When we ~~did~~ reach there Mamma and my sister had gone ahead, father staying behind to look for me. My poor mother was in a dreadful state, not knowing what had become of me. However Papa and I arrived safely by a later coach and stayed the night at Mr. Cooper's. He was Adjutant in the 17th Regiment quartered in Sydney.

"Rose Cottage".

My father rented a pretty cottage called "Rose Cottage" close to the Government Domain and we all went there.

My mother was visited by all the nicest ladies, Mrs. McArthur, old Mrs. King, wife of old Governor King, father of Captain King R.N., Mrs. Leth, Mrs. P. King, Capt. Gore R.N. afterwards Admiral Gore.

Soon after our arrival at the Rose Cottage I went to stay at Captain King's estate, at South Creek. I spent some weeks here. It was here I saw for the first time the blacks of this country. I soon came to know a great many of them. Many were employed husking the Indian corn. A large quantity of corn was grown here, also tobacco, a beautiful plant. During my stay on the estate my brother was born on 15th March, 1834. My father shortly afterwards thought it time to make a start for the country.

Parramatta was indeed a pretty town. The Governor's home was in the Domain with pretty walks which my sister and I often trod in company with our nurse girl. One day we were walking there and came to a large dairy. I suppose it was the Government dairy. We were invited to come in and have some milk. We met a nice old woman called Betty Heckles and spoke to her. She told us she was a hundred and five years old! The next day we took our mother to see her.

She then told us that she came out here in the first convict vessel to come to the Colony. She described how the blacks were standing, spears in hand all along the beach, as the people disembarked from the ship. She also said that she owned a great deal of land including the Domain and the land on which Government House stood, but that the Government made some arrangement with her to let them have the land and in return she should be provided for as long as she lived. However she said she was most uncomfortable - not even having a comfortable bedroom and no room with a fireplace where she could sit. We often went to see her and took her little dainties. Years afterwards I saw her death in the papers.

The Women's Factory was close to where we lived. I often used to walk there when we were children. A beautiful spring lay close by and this is where we would go for water. I have seen women breaking stones. They were dressed in short brown petticoats and short - what was called a bed gown, and caps. These of course, were the worst of the women. They were called the third class. They always had their heads shaved. It was from this place, the Factory, we got our female servants.

Mrs. Kirk and her daughter's lived not far from us. The present Mrs. Ryder was one of her daughters and another was named Mrs. Flower. Mr. William Rutledge, Billy R., as he used to be called, had the contract for supplying the Factory with bread and meats. This was one of his first starts in making his fortune.



My father, accompanied by Capt. Gore R.N., and Capt. W. F. Baker went on an expedition to the interior, fully equipped in bushman-like manner. They had quart pots, saddle bags, tether ropes and all the necessary paraphernalia of a bushman. The party rode as far as old Mrs. King's. There I think they had breakfast. When my father was leaving Mrs. King hung a beautiful gold compass round his neck which she said, had been constantly used by her husband on similar expeditions. Father and his party journeyed through vast forests and on to the Goulburn plains, where they met several gentlemen.

#### ARGYLE - LAKE GEORGE.

My father went on about eighteen miles from Goulburn and selected his grant of land to which he was entitled for his services in the Army. It was about 2000 acres. Captain Gore took his selection further up towards Lake Bathurst. Captain Baker chose his near Braidwood. My father called his place Taradale after the Estate held by the Murchisons. Captain Gore called his place after his wife's maiden name, and Captain Baker called his place Bronte. They then returned.

I do not know where they separated, however my father came back alone riding along late in the evening. It was nearly dark when he came to a place called the 'Dog Trap' Road. This place was famed as a resort of bushrangers. They were convicts who had left their lines and had no other means of existing except by robbing the unsuspecting traveller.

It was here my father came across a rope which was thrown for the purpose of tripping his horse, but fortunately his mare passed quickly over. My father spurred her on and she galloped as fast as she could to reach home safely. He had a narrow escape.

#### To Taradale.

My father's next business was to arrange for men to go to his land. Gentlemen were allowed a certain number of men according to the acreage of their land. How many I do not know, however father commenced by applying for six men. Mr. H. McArthur kept them at his beautiful home 'The Vineyard' on the Parramatta until my father was ready to start the journey to Taradale.

I think it was about the end of '34 or '35 when we all made a start. Two drays, six men, a kind of 'omnibus' in which we travelled with a prisoner woman servant and a young son of Capt. Baker's. The young boy was left in my parents' charge during the time that Capt. Baker was in England arranging to bring out his family.

We went as far as Mrs. King's the first morning and had breakfast. She and my mother had been great friends. She gave my mother much good advice on first going up into the bush. She herself guarded very much about allowing careless ways to develop in the matter of living when one was in the bush. Ladies often did so when they were many miles inland. My mother was the second lady who had gone so far afield. Mrs. Latter being the first. You can imagine as we passed the Dog Trap Toad we felt a little nervous of being attacked by bushrangers. We camped out every night for weeks, stopping at places bearing strange names.

#### Murdering Hut.

One place we were putting up our tents for the night and it was very cold. A woman came and asked us into her hut to get warm until our fires were lighted.

We went but whilst there, the woman and her husband began to fight. They terrified us so we rushed back to our own party. We were afterwards told it was called the Murdering Hut.

We reached the Bong Bong River, and came to an Hotel. My baby brother was taken ill so we had to stay at the Hotel for four days. During this time the floods rose and carried away the bridge. It was most dangerous for anyone to venture across. Major L. who was also at the Hotel said he must go across. He started in his gig with his man, but was washed some distance downstream and they were both thrown out. However they were saved with assistance and then had to wait a few days longer for the waters to go down. Major L. made another start taking me with him as a little help to my mother and father. We nearly met with a similar mishap in Paddys River.

Major L. was a fine old soldier who had several daughters married. I forget if he had any sons, but I am told there is a relation of his in Melbourne.

We arrived safely at his station and soon my father, mother and party arrived. We stayed there a few days then went on to Goulburn where we were met by Francis McArthur, then Police Magistrate. He took us all to his place, Notwood, where we were to stay while my father was to erect a building for us. Later we went to Mr. Howes. It was a pretty place on the Wollondilli. Here we stopped until father came for us and took us to our new home.

#### New Home.

Our new home was a large slab hut. The cracks were visible between slabs and had to be closed from the weather by a particular cloth. This cloth was hung around the walls. We lived in this hut for some time, by degrees adding to our primitive bush house until we had a comfortable dwelling. We also had a very fine garden and a great many assigned servants. They were the men and women prisoners who behaved well when kindly and justly treated. In most cases where gentlemen have been robbed and murdered it has often been because of their treatment of these convicts.

The convicts could not go off the place without a pass. These men were obliged to serve a certain time before they were given tickets of leave. Amongst these convicts we had some very good women and some so bad we turned them back to the Government. One woman we had for many years. She was out for life. She was very good and Papa gave her ten pounds. He also gave a man the position of overseer and special constable.

My father was accustomed to great discipline, having been a soldier. He applied discipline in the running of his place. He treated the men with justice but at the same time insisted on obedience. He was a 'wonderfully cool brave man' and all came to respect this fact. We never had any bushrangers attack our home. They were constantly close to us and I have heard shots firing at our neighbours station which was only a short distance away. However this man, our neighbour, was wont to treat his men with too much familiarity, and then flog or punish them for trifles.

The prisoners, at the time of which I speak, were only allowed a set ration. It was 8lbs. of beef or other meat, one pack of wheat which they had to grind to make into damper. Tobacco and tea, also sugar, being only a luxury. Clothes were given or supplied some three or four times a year.

We were fortunate to have several soldiers who had been sent out here

for desertion. They thought a good deal of themselves and as a rule were more reliable men. We had men from England, Ireland and Scotland. The Irish, I think, were the best workmen.

#### "S e t t l i n g."

Father had a convict as overseer but later acquired an older man, also a convict. Father being a novice at settling found the older man could give him greater assistance. This man had served his time with a Mr. Bowman, a well known early settler. With my father was Mr. William Bradley of Goulburn who later became member of Parliament and a very rich settler. He was a great friend of my father's. His wife also being a friend of my Mother's. Mrs. Bradley was the only child of the explorer, Mr. Hovell of Hovell and Hume.

Among other friends were Mr. and Mrs. Stucky and daughters. Also Mr. Savage and his family. There were others who were more congenial friends, Francis McArthur, Police Magistrate of Goulburn. Dr. Gibson and his family, who a few years after died leaving his wife and family all his property. Mrs. Gibson is still living on the same place. The name of their place is Teranna.

#### Captain Sturt.

Well-known to my father was the great explorer Captain Sturt, who stayed with us giving us some pleasing history of his journeys through the colony.

Frequently my father had to leave us in charge of the convict servants. Mother always made them feel she had thorough confidence in them. This produced a very good effect for they were then most anxious to do their best. I have often sat up in bed at night listening to the dogs barking. One night mother heard the paddlock wrenched off the cask of beef which stood outside, as we had no store. Next morning a great deal of the beef was gone. Slight things like this often occurred.

My father let a good deal of his land to small farmers who paid a small rent. One night our horse was not to be seen. Next morning it was still not in evidence. This caused great alarm as it was a very superior horse. Horses at that time were bringing very high prices. However, about 12 o'clock our horse came galloping home into the yard! It had evidently been ridden all night. Apparently, because the master was a favourite with his men, whoever took the horse sent it back when they were finished with it.

#### Frights at Night - The Intruder.

We did have one fine Clydesdale mare stolen. It was a common occurrence to receive frights at night. One night a tremendous noise was heard at our glass door in the sitting room. We all started up terrified. My father rushed to the door and opened it. A man immediately tried to push his way in but father knocked him down. The man began struggling to get his knife. My sister and I rushed to our father's drawer where he always kept his pistols ready. We rushed with the pistols straight to father standing close beside him as he ordered the man to his feet.

The intruder was locked up in the harness room, a large stone building. The man had a dog which kept barking outside the door. My father shot at the dog not intending to hurt him, but the man called out 'I am shot.' Before this he kept shouting and making horrible noises.

Next morning when my father went for his prisoner, intending to take him to Goulburn. But the man had gone leaving every bit of our carriage

harness, saddles and bridles cut up into shreds! He had also upset a large cask of beef. One of his fellow prisoners must have let him out in the night.

#### Bushranger Terror.

Bushranging was the terror of those times. We heard of fresh depredations every day. It would fill a book were I to tell them all. I may mention a few. Mr. Stucky's place was attacked one evening, or rather afternoon. A party of men came in armed. The men on the place seldom rendered assistance. However the bushrangers bailed them all up and placed Mr. Stucky and Mrs. Stucky, one in each corner of the room insisting they go on their knees and say their prayers.

They then made one man guard the Stuckys with a loaded pistol and ordered one of the Miss Stuckys play the piano. The other Miss Stucky was told to get luncheon and wait on them. They said 'We will have a pretty girl to wait on us'. After this the men took all they wanted in the way of clothes and horses before leaving. It was the second or third time they had been to Mr. Stucky's. At another place the bushrangers fired into the wheatfield where the men and gentlemen were reaping. They set fire to the wheat and wounded many of those in the field.

They visited the station homestead of Mr. Curlewis' during his absence. Mrs. Curlewis was made to walk before them as they opened doors and cupboards. After this they changed their clothes, leaving their old ones for Mr. Curlewis. One of these men was the celebrated bushranger called Hall. They made Mrs. Curlewis take her watch off her neck and give it to them. She did so making the remark that she wished they would not take it as Mr. Curlewis gave it to her before she was married. Whereupon Hall returned it to her. One of the men commenced using bad language but Hall called him to account saying he would blow his brains out. The men then mounted their horses and rode off. Some time later on they were taken by the Police and Hall was hung as he had committed some dreadful deeds.

There was a party of these bushrangers about our place constantly. My sister and I were in terror always expecting them to come. However they never did.

#### Attack and Death

One time when my father was in Sydney our drays came up with spirits, tobacco and provisions. My mother felt quite sure that we should be attacked because the bushrangers always knew when the drays were expected and waited on them. Advice of drays movements depended upon the bushranger's informants. One of the most noted parties of bushrangers, I think Hall was the leader, committed all kinds of depredations, and at last went to a house of Mr. Hume, who was I think a brother of the Explorers, and there a desperate fight took place. Mr. Hume would not allow the bushrangers to take what they liked. He at once attacked them. The firing continued for some time and Mr. Hume climbed up the outside of the building, then onto the roof where he removed a sheet of bark intending to fire down upon the bushrangers inside. But one of the bushrangers saw him, fired and shot Mr. Hume through the heart.

This act caused great horror as Mr. Hume was a great favourite and a brave man, and brave men are not plentiful. These bushrangers then went to an Hotel at Goulburn, where the landlord, named Grovenor also fought with

them and bravely took them. They were of course locked up until the Police arrived.

#### Short Visit.

Rather an amusing event occurred to a Doctor and his wife who had only been a short time in the colony. They were sitting taking their dinner when two men rushed in suddenly. They were told not to disturb themselves but to sit still. One of the intruders stood guarding the doctor and his wife with a double barrelled gun whilst the other robbed the place. They were anything but comfortable. The doctor had a valuable double barrelled gun standing behind the door which the intruders took saying - 'This is a better gun than ours we'll exchange it.' So doing they left theirs and took their departure much to the pleasure of the doctor and his wife. When they had gone the doctor looked at the gun and found it had no lock. So they were nicely taken in. They got such a fright they left the colony shortly after. The doctor and his wife were somewhere near Monaroo when this occurred.

I must not stay too long, I must hasten on to the more interesting part of this history. Time went on and our dear home improved. Our garden became pretty, we had a first rate gardener and we had fine horses for riding. My father bought a beautiful pony for my sister and myself. A shipload of ponies had just arrived in Sydney. The delight and charm of this pony none could describe. We nearly lived on his back. Oh the pleasure he gave us!

We frequently rode into Goulburn, a district of 18 miles and stayed at R. Bedley's. My father being a magistrate he nearly always attended the bench every Tuesday so one of us nearly always went with him. My sister and I spent days on the pony, taking our dinners out and his feed. Some time passed and spring was in it's glory when one day two travellers arrived here.

#### Martha Meets Mr. Mackenzie.

Travellers are rather an interesting subject in this history as one of them had much to do with my life and indeed, with that of the family. However, these gentlemen for such they were, it was impossible to make a mistake for they had come of 'high degree'. They arrived just at the dinner hour. My father had been working the paddocks and told me to go out and see what they wanted. Also to ask them their names. I of course went, the tallest addressed me and said they were thirsty and would like a little water. They gave their names as Mr. Galwin and Mr. Mackenzie. My father told me to ask them to come in and had their horses taken away to the stable. They came in and during conversation my father asked Mr. Mackenzie if he had any relations in the 96th Regiment. Whereupon he said he had a brother Alexander, who was or had been my father's greatest friend. My father would not hear of his leaving, so Mr. Galwin went on his journey and Mr. Mackenzie remained to be the one to make a thorough change in the whole course of our life, for from that time all kinds of changes took place.

He, Mr. Mackenzie came from Britain and brought money for others and also himself for the purpose of investing in the colony. Unfortunately, everything at that time was an enormous price. Sheep were selling at 30/- per head. Bullocks at £16 and £20 per head, horses at £40, £50 and £60 per head. My father had one or two for which he paid £70, so money was precious.

"Early Pioneers - Murchison...Mackenzie."

In the early days of our history and of the 19th Century in order to help populate and make this outpost of the Southern Hemisphere better known in the world the Home Government offered free grants of land to Army Officers willing to migrate with their families.

Among the first to take advantage of this was John Murchison, of the 96th Regiment who landed in Sydney in 1833. With him were Admiral Gore and Captain Baker, old friends. Gore's son later left with the ill-fated Arctic Expedition under Sir John Franklin, and was never heard from again.

Murchison's first friend in New South Wales was Captain King, and others to whom he brought letters of introduction were MacArthur, Campbell, (of Campbell's Wharf) and Terence Aubrey Murray.

Proceeding to Parramatta, Murchison rented a cottage near the first Government House. He left his family there and went to the Goulburn district. He took up land about five miles from where Goulburn now stands, prepared a home, and settled down to farming, calling his place Taradale.

Beautiful cedar was plentiful in those days and later he built a fine residence.

In 1837 Farquhar Mackenzie arrived in Sydney, and travelled with another man looking for suitable country in which to settle, and soon afterward arrived at Taradale. Later Mackenzie entered into partnership with Murchison, and purchasing sheep from the famous Macarthur flock went with men to Monaro. He found the climate too cold after long residence in Java, and decided to go to Victoria (which had lately been proclaimed a separate colony) with a party, amongst whom were Kent Hughes, Peter Snodgrass, Melbourne Campbell, and others. Leaving the rest of the party, he went some five miles further on and found a creek, which he called King Parrot Creek. He decided to settle there and called his place Kerrisdale, after his Scottish home. There he was joined some years later by Murchison, whose daughter he married.

Farquhar Mackenzie was the younger son of Captain Kenneth Mackenzie of Gairloch, Scotland, who served in India, being present at the siege of Singapatan under General Sir David Baird.

Later Mr. Murchison, on going to see the Victorian property had an exciting experience with bushrangers. He himself drove the first gig tandem over the lonely bush roads, being accompanied by Captain MacLachlan. On the first day after leaving Taradale, in the dusk of evening, when approaching Gunning, a gang of bushrangers appeared, intending no doubt to intercept the vehicle. Missing that they fell upon Captain MacLachlan, who was armed with one of the first revolvers brought out - one of the old pepper box pattern.

He charged into the bushrangers, but missed. Mr. Murchison handed the reins to his servant and hastened to his assistance, when the raiders made off apparently thinking that in the darkness they had come upon a party of police.

He afterwards decided to sell his Goulburn property and join Mr. Mackenzie at Kerrisdale, trekking there in a caravan specially built for his wife and

family, the servants travelling in bullock-drays.

While Mr. Murchison had been stationed at Halifax, Nova Scotia he married a daughter of Quartermaster Roberts of the 81st Regiment, a woman who proved to have the true pioneering spirit and who accompanied him through all the trying experiences of those early days - a faithful and energetic helpmate, leaving behind her, to carry on the good work about fifty lineal descendants, all living in Australia.

At the time of Mr. Murchison's death he was the oldest magistrate in the colonies, having been made a territorial magistrate of N.S.W. in 1836.

Farquhar Mackenzie married one of the daughters. Of their six sons, three have passed away - namely Hector, Farquhar (at Bloemfontein, South Africa) and Charles Edward. Those surviving are Kenneth (a prominent official in banking circles in this state and Qld.) and John, (a station manager) both retired. While Sturart is an orchardist in the Gosford district. Four daughters are living."

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\* from The 'Pastoral Review and Graziers Record.' 16th. Sept., 1947.

#### John Mackenzie.

Mr. John Mackenzie died in Sydney 4th August in his 90th year. He was born at Kilmore, Victoria in 1858 and a son of the late Farquhar Mackenzie who arrived in Australia from Scotland 1837, while his mother was a daughter of the late Captain Murchison who landed at Sydney with his family 1832.

In 1874 Mr. Mackenzie joined the staff of the Union Bank of Aust. Ltd., Melbourne, but a few years later he went to North Gippsland and about 1880, to West Darling, N.S.W. district of Wilcannia, where he was overseer and subsequently manager for the Kennedy family, who owned large stations in this area, one being Nuntherungle. Some years later he took over the management of Trida, in the Ivanhoe district, then owned by Messrs. Williamson and Wilson, the property carrying about 300,000 sheep at that time.

In 1889 Mr. Mackenzie assumed the management of Goorianawa, in the Coonamble district, for Mr. Cuthbert Featherstonehaugh, after which he managed Gournama (Warialda) and Yanda (Bourke) for Aust. Mercantile Land & Finance Co. Ltd., In 1902 he became manager at Gragin (Inverell) for Mr. G. H. Gordon, after which he was in charge of Calga (Coonamble) for A.M.L. & F. Co. Ltd.

Mr. Mackenzie in partnership with his brother-in-law Mr. Archer, bought Glencoe in the Tamworth district, in 1912 and retired in 1920.

He is survived by his widow, a daughter of the late J.R. Black of Wallangra, N.S.W. whom he married in 1896, and by two sons - Farquhar, of the A.M.L. & F. Co. Ltd. and John, who is manager of a large property in Queensland - and two daughters, Mrs. H. Loveband, Coonabarabran and Mrs. A. Wolstenholme, Mildura.

