
The McCaffrey Family of Illawarra.

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(By Frank McCaffrey).
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In the even of his days, as he is now over 80 years, and a sufferer from rheumatism, our old friend and Illawarra's historian, Mr. Frank McCaffrey, as he sits by the hearth in the home of his brother, John, at Haberfield, hears the call of the past.

This constrains him to record the life story of his father, the late Charles McCaffrey, one of Illawarra's pioneers. By so doing he hopes to set an example to others whose parents helped to make the district what it is to-day. That it will be read with interest by all who peruse it, goes without saying, and we appreciate the honour of publishing it.

May the pen of Mr. McCaffrey not falter, or his mind weary, before he puts into historical shape also his own memoirs, which include much of moment in dairying annals of, this State and Queensland, especially where the Illawarra cattle are, concerned, as already two fine volumes give evidence.

--Ed "K.R."

My grandfather, Thomas McCaffrey, married in County Fermanagh, Ann McAulay, who came from a Norman-Scotch family. They were the father and mother of live sons, Michael, Francis, John, Charles and Thomas. In due time, Charles, my father, was married to Mary McGuire in the Tubberet Catholic Church, County Fermanagh, by Father Mullins, in 1837. A child was born (a girl) in 1838, and my father took his passage for Australia. When ready to sail, the child died, and circumstances following detained my father -

in Ireland until 1840. In the meantime, another child was born, and my father took his passage in the ship "Glenswillie," which took some six months for voyage. My father and mother and one child, a girl eighteen months old, landed in Wollongong on 17th March, 1841. Henry Osborne was in Wollongong that morning, and seeing my father with his trunk on his shoulder moving quickly up Crown Street, he hailed him. His first question was, "Are you looking for work?" My father replied, "Yes sir." "What sort of work do you want?" "Any sort of work" came the prompt reply. Sundry enquiries came from Henry Osborne as to what his name was and his birth-place. Henry Osborne came from Tyrone, and my father was from Watylalus, County Fermanagh. An engagement quickly followed, and my father's home was at Marshall Mount until 1846, without a written guarantee of any sort.

Now we must realise as far as we can that, as Crown Street, Wollongong (the aboriginal name of which was "Wullungra" a kingfisher) was only then being formed by convict labour, very few people were living there in 1841. My father's first night in Illawarra was, to him, a great shock. Five bullock teams, each hauling a dray, loaded up with sundries, two drivers in attendance with each team. An occasional halt was made for light refreshments. Much loud talk would follow, until one man with a powerful voice would whisper, "Keep quiet, don't you know there is a blanky emigrant on Osborne's dray." This, with the howls of native dogs and the screams and screeches of

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night birds, native cats and marsupials, gave my father such a series of shocks that he often said to me, "If I were back in Ireland that night with my short experience of Australia, all the teams on the road would not pull me out of it alive. Yet in the course of a very short time, I became acquainted with all the bullock drivers and their associates,"

Better friends and more reliable men could not be found. They were certainly rough men, but their hearts were kindly. The man with the powerful voice was known as "Long Frank." It was he who, shortly after he got free, captured a notorious criminal single-handed, and was then made a constable in Sydney. Men of this class did not remain long in any centre. They formed themselves into small groups and went inland, where they got in touch with the black population, who guided them into new lands. Then, by it system of co-operation, they would get hold of stock and one after another, in turn they would develop into small squatters. Such was their idea of democracy. Few of those who had got a free passage to Sydney and afterward to Illawarra, remained after they got their liberty. They drifted to other parts and became good settlers. It is to the credit of those who remained that they were useful to the military officers and men of money who got large grants of land in Illawarra without the necessary knowledge of turning their holdings into practical use. Australian history is full of the good works of those men. Illawarra has benefitted, and the great work they performed, has been recorded in many directions.

When my father settled down at Marshall Mount, he found that he had three things to learn, according to well-defined Colonial rules, namely, to milk cows, drive horses in a dray cart, and ride horses in rough country. He got used to these things straight away. Being a North of Ireland man, he took a very keen interest in good horses and dairy cows. In this,

if he was "not the man for Galway," he was the man for Illawarra. Early in 1842, he was put to the test. The Woodstock (Jamberoo) Mills and Brewery people owed Mr. Osborne £50, and one evening he was told to get a horse early in the morning and ride over and get it.

It commenced raining early in the night, and next morning the Macquarie Rivulet was a banker. My father, having been born and reared on the banks of the river Kich, in County Fermanagh, saw no fear ahead, especially as he was an expert swimmer. He was however, no sooner into the stream, than his horse lay down. My father rose and saw a tree swirling in the flood-water about fifty yards down on the opposite side, so he struck out for it and made a safe landing, and without looking to see what became of the horse, he started for the Mills and Brewery. A tree was across Turpentine Creek when he arrived there, on which he crossed.

At Captain Hart's office, he surprised all hands, but he soon explained himself by means of a small oiled bag which contained Mr. Osborne's letter. As he would not sit down, the money was carefully placed in the oiled bag, and he returned by means of the tree-bridge, and then over Mount Terry to the rivulet. He moved quickly along until he saw where he could swim across, so he plunged in and got to the other side safely. There was great rejoicing at Marshall Mount, as his good wife had been stricken with grief and anxiety for his safety, but dry clothing and a good meal, together with a warm fire, restored him to normal. Mr. Osborne pretended to be very angry with him for so risky an act as swimming the flood, but the sight of the, £50 soon restored him to equanimity.

I might say here at once that my father had charge of the Marshall Mount dairy, and as Mr. Osborne had the contract of supplying the Government institutions in Wollongong with dairy produce, he had to deliver it twice

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weekly. As he had been reported as drowned, he was welcomed on all sides on his arrival next day, hale and hearty, and happy, with his load of butter, bacon, cheese, eggs, etc.

My father carried out those duties for three years, by which time he knew everybody, rich and poor, bond and free. He sold to those in the gaol, the stockade, the road-gangs and all the Government. He often said to me, talking at the fireside at Jerrara, "If the rich could have been made as honest and honourable as the poor struggling people of Wollongong, no one would have had to complain."

My father's next jaunt after money was to George Riley's estate, Bloomfield, Bong Bong. A horse race had taken place in Wollongong between George Riley's "Vixon" and Henry Osborne's "Vanity" for £50 a side early in 1843, and my father was instructed to collect the money. He was mounted on a good horse, so he went to Dapto and on to the Bong Bong road through Molly Morgan's swamp to the Riley estate. On the gate was a notice, "Beware of the Dogs." On making his presence known, the housemaid came along and unlocked the gate and showed him where to put the horse. When he got inside the parlour, he saw the dogs, real huntsman's hounds (Riley kept a small pack). They were on chairs, sofas, couches and all over the place. The housemaid took the letter into Mr. Riley who, after some time came out with the money and hospitably insisted on my father having a meal. The horse got some hay. After the meal, Mr. Riley came along to have a yarn, and before my father could get away he had to answer fully a score of questions, and they parted real good friends.

Getting back to Marshall Mount did not take very long, as the horse was, according to Mr. Riley, a good English roadster, and when Mr. Osborne got the money he started off late in the evening, as was his habit, for Sydney, to be all ready to go on the job next morning,

before others got there. This helped him to become a successful man.

Mr. Osborne's first real start in dairying was with cattle purchased in 1841 from Captain William Howe, of Glenlee, Campbelltown. They were dairy cattle so he decided early in 1841 to buy some more. Glenlee cattle, and took my father with him to make the purchases. Parramatta, Liverpool, Campbelltown and Wollongong were closely associated in those early days, owing to the fact that many of those people who first settled in Wollongong came from those centres. Money had been spent in improving a new track. For years the only approach to Liverpool, Campbelltown and Appin from Wollongong was either from Mount Keira or Bulli, and was just a mere track, with no claim to a road. Mitchell's road enabled the mail, cart to reach Wollongong by crossing George's River, and reduced the distance to Sydney by miles and avoiding Watercourses to Mt. Kiera, but cattle men still travelled their stock by the old Appin-Campbelltown track, a connecting link between Parramatta, Liverpool, Campbelltown and Wollongong by means of the Bulli Pass.

On this route safe paddocks for stock were available and food and shelter for the persons in charge. Mr. Osborne knew the business and arranged for accommodation on his way to Glenlee. At Glenlee he made a careful inspection of the heifers offered for sale, and selected fifteen head of nice, even type. As it was then late in the evening, my father had to remain there for the night. After the meal Major Howe had a long chat with my father over sundry subjects, during which, he was informed that my father's eldest brother, Frank, fought at the Battle of Waterloo under General Pleton. This interested him greatly and he became quite friendly and promised to send his man to help with the heifers at the first stop. Accordingly, an early start was made, and everything went very well. Next

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morning my father was alone and the sun very hot. The cattle became troublesome and broke company. In the battle to get them together again, my father lost his hat and dare not, turn back for it, so on and on he went with the sun burning his head and ears. At last he saw a woman near a house and he offered her money for a hat. She had none but her own which she would not sell, but gave it to him, so he fastened it on his head and got some relief from the blazing sun. Thus, on he went, and with the help of the dogs at last got the heifers fixed up secure for the night. Next morning a boy went ahead, for which he was paid, to see that the track down to Bulli was clear in case of danger from the stock coming up the track. The cattle went down quietly and once at the bottom, he had no more trouble.

At Towrogin, Gerald Anderson and his son were ready for the little mob, so on to Fairy Meadow, which my mother called by the Irish name of "Cluain Slithe," as she had stayed there a week, after landing in Wollongong. From there to Marshall Mount was without mishap, and the good woman who saved my father from sunstroke, was sent her hat back with the price of a new one.

Relative to the origin of the cattle brought that long journey by bush track, it is interesting to note, they were from stock that on June 26th, 1818, were sold by Mr. Bevan, auctioneer at his yards, Haymarket, Brickfield Hill, Sydney, as Captain Richard Brooks' cattle. Captain William Howe was then a young man, establishing himself at Glenlee, where he had, obtained a largo area of land as a grant from the Crown.



BULLI PASS

The first track down to Bulli was that cut by Dr. Throsby. Mr. Chas. Throsby Smith came out a mere youth to New South Wales from England to his uncle, Dr. Charles Throsby, of

Glenfield, Liverpool. He claimed to have done much pioneering for his uncle, and no doubt he assisted in many ways, but Dr. Throsby's chief guides were three experienced servants, John Walt, Joseph Wild and John Rowley. It was these three who brought the first cattle into Illawarra overland from Liverpool for Dr. Throsby. It was John Walt, or as he was sometimes called, Jack White, who had entire charge of Dr. Throsby's cattle in 1813. Jack White's Gap may be seen to this day on the South Coast, or Illawarra range. The old Bong Bong road passed through that old gap. Mr. Charles Throsby Smith may have helped to drive cattle up and down that old track for his uncle afterwards. Mr. Charles Throsby Smith was born in England in 1800, and arrived in Sydney on 2nd February, 1816. It is plain, then, that he was at school in England when Dr. Charles Throsby's servants brought the first draft of cattle down the Bulli track into Illawarra.

Mr. Charles Throsby Smith, however, did this. He married Miss Broughton at Parramatta as his first wife, and obtained a grant of 300 acres in what is now the town of Wollongong. He called his farm, "Bustle Farm" and took the contract from the Government to provision the garrison at Red Point, Port Kembla. Floods occasionally interfered with his operations, and he had often to pass round by Spring Hill to avoid the Lagoon. He after a little time got influence enough at his command to have the stockade and garrison removed from Port Kembla to Wollongong, and hence we have Crown Street, Wollongong. The gaol and soldiers' quarters were situated at Lower Crown Street. Speaking of early Illawarra, Mr. Charles Throsby Smith, says "Dr. Charles Throsby, of Glenfield, Liverpool, was my uncle, and when I first started for Illawarra with a mob of cattle, two white men and two blackmen were in charge of the cattle. We reached Appin on the first day, and next day we took an easterly

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direction for four days. When we reached the top of Bulli Mountain, we rested there overnight. Next day we came down the range to where the township of Bulli is to-day." Speaking of Wollongong, after he had commenced farming at "Bustle Hill" Mr Smith said "half the land between what is now Crown Street and the Lagoon was thickly covered with a honeysuckle and ti-tree scrub."

Mr. Charles Throsby Smith's death certificate states that he was born in Cambridgeshire, England, and at the time of his death was 78 years old, 60 years of which he had lived in New South Wales. Dr. Charles Throsby's cattle were brought into Illawarra by the three trusted servants in 1813, Jack Walt, J. Rowley and Joe Wild, aforementioned, who were expert bushman and knew all the pathways into and out of Illawarra. The stockyard was erected on the site of the Catholic Church, on the north side of Tom Thumb Lagoon, where there was plenty of good ti-tree for fencing. Gregory Blaxland was promised by Macquarie 1000 acres, there running up towards Mount Keira, but being an undecided-minded man, he displeased the Governor very much by abandoning his claim. In 1815, John Ritchie came to Illawarra in charge of Gibbs' cattle. Gibbs had to do with the Government cattle with William Smith and had a stockyard on the south side of the Tom Thumb Lagoon. Reverting to my father's duties at Marshall Mount. He continued to visit Wollongong with dairy produce until the end of 1845, by which time Mr. Osborne's contract was completed. It was not an easy job for my father, as Mullet Creek often gave him trouble. On several occasions, a jibbing horse stopped in the stream, when it was necessary for my father to get out and carry the produce, out to the opposite bank on his shoulders. Nevertheless, there were many strange events from the viewpoint of to-day which took place in

Wollongong. For instance, one day my father saw a woman sold by auction in Crown Street. The owner put a halter round her neck and led her into the street. She brought £2. I could give the names of seller and buyer, but won't do so. The woman made a good wife for the other man.

In 1844, my father made two trips for dairy cattle, one to Appin and the other to Bringelly, and a third trip to the top of Bulli Pass to take charge of a mob that came from the A. A. Coy's station at Stroud. The long arm of coincidence was evidenced many years afterwards. My father told me that he took delivery of those particular cattle from a man named Daly, who had a son helping him, about 12 years old. When I was lecturing for the Department of Agriculture, I visited Dungog, and a tall aged man called to see me, because he saw my name in the paper. It turned out he was the boy of whom my father had told me. The cattle purchased at Appin by Mr. Osborne were known as Hamilton Hume's breed. They were deep-bodied, with graceful, middle-length horns, colour red, with large udders and very large teats. Mr. Hume removed his herd later to his Yass property and went in for cheese making, milking once a day and rearing the calves on their dams. The teats of the cows were so large that the young calves could not suck them. Ayrshire bulls of an inferior quality were introduced to remedy the fault and ruined the most beautiful herd of dairy cattle ever seen in New South Wales. A few of this breed went to Kangaroo Valley.

Mr. Osborne went in for both butter and beef separately in order to supply dairy farmers and station men. He therefore, reserved the Howe bred cattle for his own dairy requirements and would not allow any men to pick their fancies. He placed before prospective buyers what he had to sell, put on his price per head, with the remark "Take them or leave them." Mr. Osborne carried out this system until he died in 1859. He left

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instructions that all his imported cattle, together with their progeny, mostly beef Shorthorns, were to be sold at Martyn's bazaar, Sydney, and the dairy cattle that were at Kangaroo Valley and in Illawarra were to be sold at Homebush. When the sale day came round, no pedigrees were available, although his sons stated that they had made an exhaustive search for them. The stock were sold without reserve, as was Martyn's rule.

I made many enquiries about the dairy cattle from men who were dairying in 1860, but I only succeeded in tracing two bulls of the Howe strain. One was in the possession of John Tate, who got him from his father, John, before he was proprietor of the Jamberoo Arms Hotel, was dairying near his, father's Broughton Village home, and the bull came from the Valley. John would not say more than that he was a bull of great dairy quality. He began to trouble his neighbours, so he was converted into a bullock. About two months later, Mr. Ben Osborne called, enquiring about the bull. Ben burst into a violent temper, and said "Tate, you are a madman to do such a thing, I came prepared to give you a hundred guineas for him." As John Tate said to me, "£100 would have made me up at the time." The No. 2 bull was sent to Waldron's sale yards at Kiama, with a few heifers for sale by Alex Osborne, James Mann, of Curraghmore, Jamberoo, bought three heifers and the bull. John Tate, then in Jamberoo, got his eye on the bull, and told the Cole Bros., who set out to buy him, but Mann would not sell. About two years later he sold to Cole Bros., who called the bull "Creamy Jim", owing to the fact that he was yellow roan in colour. It was this bull that was mated with the cows which Cole Bros, had tested for the old Kiama herd book during the late seventies and early eighties. Should anyone care to see the proof of this statement, I can show it to him over the Signature of the late Mr. J. T. Cole. Many may say, "Why did you not mention the fact in

your book?" My reply is I never alter copy as it is a dangerous thing to do so.

As for the breeding of those Howe cattle, I must refer you to the report of Mr. David Williamson Irving's sale in "History of Illawarra" (page: 28, Column 2). By studying that sale, one can easily form the opinion that it was Evans bull that gave all the character that was claimed for the bull "Major." There was at all times quite a lot of this sort of thing going on in old Illawarra. Few men had a better reputation as a breeder of high class dairy stock in the Kiama part of the district than Mr. Thomas Black. The Blacks and Somervilles and my father were close friends in Ireland as well as in Illawarra. In 1838, they decided to leave for Australia in the same ship. The death of my father's only child caused him to stay behind for over twelve months and they came together later in Illawarra. Thomas Black bought his early stock from Mr. Jones (Merchant Jones) of "Fleurs," who had purchased David Allan's grant and sold it to W. C. Wentworth, known as "Illawarra." Jones sent a considerable number of cattle to the Five Islands estate of mixed breeding. Among the breeds he had what Scotch dairymen to this day call the "Bassan" Shorthorn. According to Professor Robert Wallace they were always kept separate from the beef Shorthorn breeds. The first bull that the late Mr. J. T. Cole purchased when he separated from the brothers, was of that strain, bred by Mr. Thomas Black, who got the blood from "Jones" Five Islands cattle. I was years getting Mr J. T. Cole to admit these facts. It was a bull called "Blencher," colour red, with slight black stripes, that made Andrew McGill's herd famous. John Russell, of Croome used to say that two bulls, Henry Osborne's strawberry bull and John Terry Hughes' Bally bull, sired the foundation cattle in Illawarra. My father always said "Such was not true; the best dairy cattle had no connection with those bulls." Mr. Osborne

was not a believer in pure bred cows for the dairy. Consequently he had two other bulls at Marshall Mount, one of them, a deep red bull, with horns hooped and turned downwards. This bull was full of Devon blood, with a yellow skin, the fleshy part of the nose and the fleshy part round the eyes, a golden yellow, brush of tail white. The other bull was spotted red and white with strong, upturned horns. William Timbs and his son, Gabriel, had full charge of them. A better man among cattle than William Timbs, according to my father, could not be found. The old gentleman was our friend and neighbour on the banks of Jerrara Creek, where I had many chats with him about the H. O. cattle. Of the Bringelly cattle my father knew but little, beyond that they were described as Robert Lowe's breed and were a mixed lot of various colours. Robert Lowe, it will be remembered by New South Wales readers, after being here for a few years, went back to England and became Lord Sherbrooke.

Although the first road or horse-track was made to Illawarra by Dr Throsby in the year 1813, and a large number of persons settled in the district, no roads were, surveyed or laid out by the Government through the district until 1834. Up to that time there were only bush tracks made by bullock drays, and horse or bridle tracks. The latter were principally along the sea beach over places where bullock drays could not travel. The track from the foot of Bulli Mountain pass to Wollongong was for the most part from Bulli Point via Bellambi, crossing the mouth of Para Creek and over the cliff where the North battery now stands at Wollongong harbour, thence between the Brighton Hotel and the harbour, to what is now Harbour Street. From thence the track led along the coast, crossing the mouth of Tom Thumb Lagoon and across the mouth of the Lake southwards. This track, however, was seldom used, except by horsemen. The principal dray track was from Wollongong via

Spring Hill to Dapto, thence to Jamberoo, Kiama which in the early days was called "Figtree" and Shoalhaven. This was a short road from Wollongong to Dapto, and although it passed over some swampy ground it was level and avoided such pinches as the Cobbler's Hill and the Colonel's Hill at the cross-roads. It also avoided many creeks and streams, and the erection of some costly bridges and culverts. The district in the early days abounded in cedar. Every bush on the low-lands as well as the mountains had its cedar trees, and large quantities of this timber were obtained by cedar getters and settlers and forwarded to Sydney via Wollongong and other shipping places along the coast. It was drawn from the stump to the place of shipment on bullock drays. Such was the custom in the late twenties.



KANGAROO GROUND IN 1846.

In the spring of 1846, Mr. Henry Osborne went to Kangaroo Ground, now known as Kangaroo Valley. Captain Richard Brooks had taken up Barrengarry and held it as a cattle station from 1818 until he sold it in 1835 to James Osborne, who in time, shortly afterwards sold it to his cousin, Henry Osborne, who kept it as a cattle run until the spring of 1846. On his return to Marshall Mount, he consulted my father in whom he evidently had much confidence. The result was that my father undertook to face the management of the holding. Preparations were soon completed. My mother remained at Marshall Mount until her fifth child was born in October 1846. In the meantime my father had made arrangements for her journey over the range into the valley of peace. Early September he started for the Kangaroo Ground with a heavy load in a horse dray drawn by two powerful mules. Others came along with pack-mules and horses and

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they stayed the first night with Mr. Robert Miller, at Gerringong. It was the intention to sleep in the dray at night but Mr. Miller's hospitality would not permit of this and he made him comfortable in his home. Next morning at daybreak, when my father started to prepare in getting ready for the track, it was found that the dray had been robbed, which disturbed Mr. Miller very much indeed. My father soothed him by saying "It was my duty to sleep in the dray, so we will say nothing about it, as more damage might be done tonight." Then off he started on the rough and rocky way before him.

The next halt was at Broughton Creek where arrangements were made to leave most of the contents of the dray, and start early next morning for Barrengarry by means of the pack mules and horses, which place was reached during the next day. My father said a cavalcade was never seen in the valley before, as about 50 of the black people, men, women, boys and girls joined in, ready to help in doing anything and everything, owing to the fact that a small convoy of the Lake Illawarra tribe had come to the range to introduce my father to their relations. Another convoy came over the range with my mother. I do not wish readers to think that these black people intruded themselves beyond their kindly acts. Not at all.

They were well within their rights by doing what they did – it was in the best of spirit – and all would then return to their respective camps. At that time there were five camps in the Kangaroo Ground, each camp in a separate gully.

My father's greatest dangers were in the wild zebras or buffalo-bulls that infested the ranges. Mr. Osborne sent him four dogs, two most famous bull-breed and two staghounds. Dogs are man's oldest domesticated animals yet there is nothing that is lasting in their long training when they are permitted to associate with dingoes. The domestic dogs eventually

became worse than dingoes. Be all that as it may, my father's pack had to be controlled by means of the stockwhip. In addition to the four mentioned he had two very excellent cattle dogs. The bulldogs well knew their duty. They could not deal with a bull in the ferns, so they were kept back until a bull was rushed into the open by the hounds and then the battle began. One of the bulldogs, as soon as the staghounds got to him, would instantly grab the beast by the nose and tumble him. Then my father was at him with his knife and would sever the sinews of the hind legs, leaving him helpless to regain his feet. Oh, the poor bull! A gash in the neck ended him. The blacks would not touch an old bull's flesh, as they were convinced there was evil spirit in him. When an encounter with a wild bull ended, the dogs got an hour's rest and a good feed of raw flesh. My father once relieved a black fellow who had climbed a tree to avoid a bull. As the bull had kept him there for hours it can be imagined what a relief the sight of the dogs was to him. The bull was ended the usual way, and for that the black was truly grateful.

My father had killed twenty of those bulls, and the male calves went to the black people. No devil in them – too young. My father never saw an Alderney bull until I drove him to a show on the Longbrush road, Kiama. I drove the dog cart up to the top of the hill. Suddenly I got an order to stop. He then said "Who brought that brute here?" The boy at the end of the halter told him it belonged to William Emery. When Willie Emery came on the scene the fun began. My father said, "Willie, don't take that brute home. I killed at least twenty of those brutes in the Kangaroo Ground. If I did not do so, they would have killed me. He will kill you if you keep him."

The duties of my father in the Kangaroo Ground were, to say the least, constant and strenuous. Yet, he evidently enjoyed the work and left the place reluctantly, as did my

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mother, but her health and education of her children weighed down the balance. Dr. Kenneth MacKenzie, of Bundanoon, who visited her at the time my brother John was born, advised my father to leave the valley of fog. They were making money, and saw their way to make much more. The order was "leave or serious consequences will follow."

The daily routine of life on a dairy farm varies but little. A man named John Gadney brought up the dairy cows by means of a stockwhip – it was an art to wield one of those used in the early days, and it was about fifteen feet long. When he cracked it the sound echoed and re-echoed around the hills, and the cows at once moved towards the stockyard. All loafers were punished by the sting of the lash. John was evidently no horse-lover. Once he was sent across the range to Marshall Mount for a set of trace harness, Winkers, collar and chains were put on a horse and all he had to do was ride the horse over the range. He got no further than Sodby, when he and the horse quarrelled, so he took everything off the horse, turned him for his home, put the whole lot on his own back, and walked over the range to Barrengarry, quite proud of doing without horse aid. John fed all the calves and pigs and he raised very fine heifer calves that, when weaned, were sent to Yalwal, where a man was stationed at the entrance and nothing could get out or in on four legs. The bulls for the herd were kept secure in paddocks.

The heifers, when signs of springing appeared, were drafted out of the gorge and were sold to dairymen. Another of my father's duties was to take the butter to Wollongong over the range. There was a projecting rock that was dangerous to pack-horses, so in order to get past it my father left early in order to reach the spot at daybreak. He would then crawl under the horse's belly and lift the keg while speaking to the horse, moving him on slowly. Once past that spot all was safe

until the same spot was reached on the evening of the same day. A mistake and all would be lost. Mr. George Bullen who was one of Kiama's most progressive men, was living in Wollongong in those days, and he used grow quite eloquent describing the great reception my father got the day he brought the first butter out of Kangaroo Ground.

This must be said, that the track was afterwards known as the "Bullen Track." It was generally a two days job for the early settlers – one day to Wollongong, and next day back to Barrengarry. My father did the double trip in one day. My father was never out of touch with Wollongong. He loved the place, where he first made acquaintance with Australian life, and made many friends there, and never severed the connection. During the five or six years at Kangaroo Ground, he visited the old town at least once every week. In that way he was always well posted up in every development. Many changes had taken place in the treatment of the convict. He once saw a woman in stocks in Market Square, and he frequently met a gang of convicts, numbering 3, 5 and 7 in charge of "Davey the Flogger" being marched to Wollongong to be flogged. All that was being done away with, owing to the constant arrival of emigrants from the United Kingdom and Ireland, 400 emigrants arrived during 1845-6.

The nooks in Kangaroo Ground gave cover in their bark huts and the protection of whom were free men. There were, however, a number who were wanted by the police. In one locality, a score of these mixtures had been at work for over twelve months cutting cedar. I got proof of this from one – his tale was of strenuous endeavour, brought to nothingness – who was a highly respected resident of Jamberoo. He graphically described as the timber was cut, each pair of sawyers would carry it to the foot of the steep cliff, one of them, a very powerful man, carried each lot up, plank by plank on his head

by means of a ladder of poles and vines. He worked day by day from jackass to jackass, stacking it carefully in separate piles. Six teams were coming from Berrima by arrangement to haul it away. A zealous demon stole away and brought the police on the scene, and then the "broad-arrow" was put on each lot. Result, early in the night a fire was lit in each pile. My father said the flames rose so high that the fowls came off their roosts and went picking about, thinking it was daylight. One can imagine the amount of cedar burnt, and valuable timber lost to posterity, when it was ashes the next day. What of the informer? We need not ask – What of the bond-men, about seven in number? No one knows.

Judging by the number of men who stayed with him from time to time, my father was never lonely. Henry and Ben Osborne, as boys, used to visit him often from Marshall Mount. Parson Meares and two other ministers called on him, from time and again. A Lieutenant Henderson also visited him. Henderson was, at the time, writing a history of New South Wales. Mardo Ross often spent a day or two with him, who was a relation of Dr. MacKenzie. He also had visits from John Berry, who was a fine class of man. "What a pity" my father would say reminiscently "to see such a man killed chasing a worthless dingo. My dogs would have killed it in twenty minutes." Henderson admired the picturesque and well-watered Kangaroo Ground and was anxious to purchase the whole of the Valley, but he saw no hope of getting a dray in or out of the place. A few years later Sam Hawley showed the people how to do it, but the pack horse, as the easiest managed mode of transport, survived for many years. In fact many of the old pioneers carried their wares to the market on their backs, and returned home with their provisions in the same fashion.

The dairy cattle at Barrengarry were a mixed lot. They were the culls from mobs bought from small squatters. The custom was to buy cattle on a holding, and the land was thrown in. Mr. Osborne got hold of much land in this way on the Lachlan and Murrumbidgee Rivers, as he was clever when he set out to buy or had cattle to sell, and small farmers were in need of them. From twenty to thirty good cows were milked twice daily, and from thirty to forty cows were only milked once a day. Calves were permitted to be with their mothers during the day, and shut up at night. The dams were milked in the morning, and then the calves were turned out to them. The young female calves from the good cows were sent to Yalwal, and were in due time sent to the Illawarra Lake. There was not much handling of young stock, as the calves, male and female, from the general purpose cows were taken away in due time by the fat stock breeders of the southern coast.

About, 1849 things, took a, bad turn. A great drought was on the coast and business firms were being wound, up by the banks. Men, who were worth thousands in the early forties had to seek the protection of the insolvency court. Need one say more than this? When Sam Terry died, he left his daughter and nephew, (who established the firm of Hughes and Hoskins) £250,000. Yet in the mid-forties they had lost all of it, and later went into insolvency for a large sum. Their debts amounted to. £327,631, assets, landed property, over valued £210,000. Several people in Illawarra went down and others left for "fresh fields and pastures new." Fortunately the Woodstock mills and brewery, both with a good output at the time, gave employment to many. Thomas Wilson and his brother-in-law, left among others for fresh fields and pastures new. Thomas Wilson was a capable blacksmith, and achieved fame in those early days as the first in the trade to shoe bullocks, recognising the need for

protecting the feet of these patient beasts, the greatest proposition in the haulage problems, where main roads were almost unknown. He shod Captain Hart's bullocks for hauling heavy loads from Woodstock to Wollongong and was later on employed at the mills. George Grey, his brother-in-law, was in the employ of Mr. Cave, who had a general store at what was known as Dr. John Osborne's corner in 1841.

Captain Brooks also had a store on his grant adjoining the Lake. It was in charge of Francis O'Brien. For years a fig tree marked the site of that store. Captain Brooks sent his son down in search for good health; and as a business proposition, a small sailing craft for taking provisions to the sawyers. It was in 1833 when the Swans and Neals settled at Dapto. They went in for farming, wheat growing, reaping hooks, wheat stacks, and the grain knocked out with flails. The seed cleaned by hand. Steel mills were used for grinding the wheat into flour that supplied the settlers. This system prevailed from Bulli to the Shoalhaven River, at various centres, Kiama among them.

At the foot of the Bulli Pass, the Gerraty Bros., Patrick and James, had settled for time. Then the Anderson brothers, together with their father, Gerald Anderson, were at Towroldgi. The father kept a halfway-house there. When Dr. MacKenzie sent his sons, Murdock and Hugh, to the King's School, Parramatta, they travelled in a way common to wealthy settlers. They rode their own horses to, James Mackay Grey's farm, got a pair of horses there, and Mr. Grey sent the MacKenzie horses back. The boys then rode Mr. Grey's horses next, day to Gerald Anderson's where they stayed overnight and got a fresh pair from Mr. Anderson who sent Mr. Grey's horses back. Mr. Anderson's horses took them to Appin where they got a coach for Sydney. All the horses were this way safely returned to their owners, and the MacKenzie

boys to school, to be returned home after the school term in the same manner as they came. It would appear that Gerald Anderson was a trusted man with the authorities. He moved to Jervis Bay and left his son Gerald in charge at Towroldgi. At Falls Creek, Jervis Bay, he built extensive yards and worked in conjunction with Dr. McLeod who had a stockyard on his holding. All strategic points were guarded to prevent cattle stealing.

Men who write about Jervis Bay as if it were not a part of the Illawarra are, to my mind, not acquainted with its history, as "Bronlee" as far south as the Moruya River, was established by officials from Wollongong.

REMOVES TO JERRARA

In the spring of 1851, my father, acting on the advice of Dr. MacKenzie, of Bundanoon, decided reluctantly to leave the Kangaroo Ground for ever. He loved the valley, notwithstanding its hardships. He was making money. His wife's health, however, was the final claim for a change of locality. My mother was anxious to get near a school and Catholic Church. Mr. Henry Osborne, always ready for a deal, got my father to buy at Jerrara Creek, Kiama, and later the Longbrush property. The black man's name for the Longbrush farm was "Mullily."

Land had to be felled and cleared at Jerrara for a home, and the children were sent by "shanks' pony" to the Catholic School at Jamberoo. It was the first building erected for the worship of God south of Wollongong, and was built by voluntary labour by mechanics and workmen employed at the Woodstock Mills. The locality was then known as Woodstock. My father found himself among good neighbours at Jerrara. The Longbrush portion was let out in clearing leases to five tenants. Small holdings suited the times.

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At Jerrara – the black man’s name meaning “constant running water” – the MacCaffrey family accordingly settled down. A boy was born, that died in infancy. Later on, on the 22nd February, 1855 at 6 a.m. I shook hands with Dr. Robert MacKenzie. In the following year, to wit 1856 the Jerrara National School was built, and responsible government established in New South Wales.

Shortly after 1852, my father was a dairyman on his own account, as he had brought six young cows and six young heifers from the Kangaroo Ground, together with two mares, one beautiful black animal, sired by Mr. Osbornes imported horse. There was only one good secure paddock in the neighbourhood, he got her into it by paying a stiff price. Shortly afterwards the mare was missing. As luck had it, next day Tommy Noggera, a clever black tracker called at our place and the fact was told to him. After a meal, he set off, previously carefully examining the paddock. He was very angry and indignant as he had broken the mare in for my father. Some days later, the mare was brought back, Tommy being as proud as proud could be. It took my father’s best coaxing to save the life of the man who stole her, and who had her ready to start for the Turon diggings. Next day, as my father was anxious to increase his dairy cattle, she was sold to Henry Osborne who in turn sold her, the following week for £50. My father only got £30, but he bought three excellent young cows and bulls for the money, which in a short time were easily worth £50.

It is generally thought labour was cheap in the early days, but the rush for gold made it difficult to secure it, and my father has to pay as much as £1 per day to harvest his crops, which paid by return, however, owing to the high prices obtained for farm produce. Later on, a Catholic Church had to be erected in Kiama, and my father, being an excellent Irish spadesman, dug the whole of the foundation trenches for the old church as it stands today.

When Jerrara National School was completed, Messrs. John Marks (chairman), John Black (secretary), James Spinks and Charles McCaffrey were appointed as the board of control. That was the only thing of a public nature that I ever knew my father to be associated with. He never joined up with the old Kiama Shows. My brother, Thomas, did for a good few years, working with our neighbour, Mr. John Black and William James, and they succeeded in getting, after a long battle, the judges away from the influences of those who desired to get them under control.

My father enjoyed seeing a good honest horse race on the old Jamberoo course, and also the Kiama Show on the day the cattle were being judged. He also was a great admirer of the old time cricketers. He knew them all.

Early in the sixties my father purchased a bull from Duncan McGill, who was farming on the Green Mountain, above Albion Park. I understood that the bull was a prize winner at the Wollongong Show, as a two year old dairy bull. I never saw his pedigree; dairymen evidently took each other’s word for things in old times in Illawarra. This bull was kept in the Jerrara herd for a number of years. He was not a fashionable colour, but he was an excellent sire. His heifers were models, their dams were by an Osborne bred bull.

At the time this bull’s heifers were milking and springing, Illawarra was in a bad way. It was the time of the moonlight flitting. My father’s tenant flitted and the incoming tenant had his own herd, so my father had to reduce his stock. Common dairy cattle were unsaleable, therefore twelve of the McGill bull’s two year old heifers were taken to Waldron’s yards, Kiama, by my brothers, Charles and John, and sold. Mr. William James, of Shellharbour, was the purchaser. Having to sell them broke up the herd to a great extent. In 1892, I spent two days with Mr. McGill at his home, Kangaroo Creek, near

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Grafton. He wanted me to stay a week. He was an interesting old man then.

To digress a little, I will refer to the others settled nearby.

Mr. James Robb's estate, Kiama, was before the Court of Claims prior to September 21st, 1830. Mr. Robb's case was No. 871 as follows: - James Robb of Bathurst Street, Sydney, builder, by his attorney, John Smith – 1280 acres County of Camden, at Kiama, Illawarra, commencing at the north west corner of Cowell's farm, on the west by the swamp called Terragong on the north by part swamp and the Minnamurra River. This land has been located by order of the Governor, Sir Ralph Darling on the 26th October, 1829, in favour of William John Collie, who it was alleged, sold to William McDonald, who sold to Peter Hayden, who died intestate and whose oldest brother and heir-at-law, Nicholas Fenton, sold to claimant. Inserted in the Government Gazette, of 21st September, 1880, page 1046.



Although my father and mother knew the Grey families in County Fermanagh, Ireland, and had arranged to go to New South Wales with them, Mr. George Grey and his family got away before them, three months earlier, John Sproule and Sandy McRory got away about the same time. To my father's surprise they met on the wharf at Sydney, all bound for Wollongong. Boarding the boat William IV (The Billy), Captain Sullivan (the skipper), and Larry O'Toole (first mate), they started. Heavy rain was falling, the first for three years. It was the break of the greatest drought experienced in Illawarra. My father had no place in view. John Sproule was going to his uncle, James Wallace, at Jamberoo. George Grey had a job in Mr. Cave's store, which stood at what was known as Mr. John Osborne's corner. Mr.

Osborne's hotel, the Commercial, was at the south corner.

Sandy McRory was going to Mr. O. D. S. Meares, at Spring Hill, Kiama, and a man standing nearby, knowing his nature, said "Mac, you are in for trouble." Sandy was a red-headed North of Ireland man. He was no sooner at his employer's place than the trouble began. Sandy would not lift his hat to anyone, and when called upon to do so, he burnt it, and went bare-headed, regardless of all the skin he lost, until his six months' term of hire was up.

Mr. George Grey was snug with Mr. Cave in his store, and remained there until the January of 1844. In December, 1834, Mrs. Caroline Chisholm arrived in Kiama with the following tenants for Mr. James Robb's Riversdale Estate:- Messrs. George Grey, Henry, William Grey, William Vance, Joseph Vance, James Hetherington, John Hetherington, Christy Hetherington, James Irvine, Thomas Wilson, Gerard Irvine, James Irvine, - Lindsay, Donald Robinson, Alex Robinson, Edward Bryant, John Francis, John McLelland, Robert McLelland, William Burless, Tanty Nothery, John Noble, Thomas Kent and Mrs. Martin.

There were four members of the Grey family at Mr. Robb's Estate, viz., George, William, Henry and Hugh. They did not remain together very long. William went to the Barroul Estate. The meaning of Barroul is the scrub wallaby. After Mr. George Grey joined his brothers on the Robb Estate, Kiama, a small store was erected on the top of Spring Hill, and Mr. Grey was placed in charge of the store.

The land had to be cleared and grassed before dairying could be entered upon, and wheat and potatoes grown. Therefore Mr. Robb undertook to supply rations for a year or so. Later on, a Mr. Morris and his wife rented the store. They had been running a school at Burra Bank, now the property of Mr. John

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Harris. Morris and his wife ran a school and store there for several years, right up to the early sixties.

About this time, the township Kiama was being laid out and a road to it from Jamberoo, or Woodstock as it was then first called, had been made under the supervision of Gerard Irvine, who had been reared among those aforementioned settlers from Ireland. It ended at the old figtree, where the boats were tied up, and where their cargoes were unloaded. It was a beautiful sandy beach then and was called "The Beach" (not Kiama) by the old cedar-getter of Jamberoo, or Woodstock, as this locality was known in the early twenties. Among the residents of the rapidly growing township, there was a blacksmith named MacDougal, a celebrated axe-maker. His fame in a country where the standing bush had to be levelled that homes might be made, spread far and wide. One of MacDougal's axes was valued more than any other make of axe. Another blacksmith named Ewing, settled in Kiama in 1832. He was a nailmaker and the settlers kept him going, making nails for the buildings. Most of the nails that put the pioneer homes together were his. When Thomas Wilson was in Wollongong, he, was working for Fowler Bros., of Campbelltown. He, as previously stated, used to shoe Captain Hart's bullocks. He was so successful that he was induced to come over to Woodstock as a general smith. Later, he opened a shop of his own on a block of land adjacent to where the pioneer butter factory was erected, near the old Toll bar, and built himself a home on the Longbrush road.

The old Toll bar was erected by Ewing and my father passed through it on his way from Marshall Mount to the Kangaroo Ground, and brought a bag of nails from Ewing on the same day.

George Tate, who opened a blacksmiths shop quite near to where the Catholic Church now stands in Jamberoo, served several years

with Fowler Bros, in Campbelltown, William Smith in charge. Fowler Bros, erected a blacksmiths shop near the "Swinging Gate" on the main road to Jamberoo. A gate made to swing into position, stood there for years.

Referring to Mr. Henry Grey's position at Spring Hill, Kiama, according to his own statements to me during the years that I had known him. He had done much cattle dealing in Ireland. He had been a constant attendant at the fairs in Ulster, and had attended fairs at Sligo, Cork and Tipperary. He supervised the work on the Robb Estate for a term, then he secured a farm from James Mackay Grey on which he lived until 1859.

The early Kiama A. and H. Society shows always found him an exhibitor. In 1857 he won first prize for the best dairy cow on the ground. She was bred further down on the South Coast, at Ulladulla, and was of the McLeay breed. He sold out (a walkout-and-walk-in sale) to the Love family. According to the Messrs. Love, this prize cow was easily the best cow. Several of the other cows were only beefers. Now, from this cow the Love Bros bred a medium sized red bull from a Thomas Black bull of the Jones' Five Island strain. A she had very curly hair he was named "Curly". "Curly" sired tile foundation cattle of the Moses family of Robertson. I need not go further than remind of Edward Moses' great cow "Handsome."

Anyone doubting these facts may see and read the letters in my possession it the handwriting of Mr. Thomas Love, Silver Hill, Kiama, and Mr. Edward Moses, of Clunes, North Coast. Truths of this nature were suppressed when the Shorthorn advocates were at work ever since 1870.

THE END.