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## **Goulburn District Historical and Genealogical Society Inc.**

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### **Meetings**

General meetings will be held on the 4th Thursday of February, April, June, August (AGM) and October at the Goulburn Workers Club, McKell Place at 10.30am. All are welcome. December Christmas function location to be decided.

### **Access to Archives**

Public access to our archives is available at the temporary research centre situated at 324 Sloane Street between 10am and 4pm every Friday, Saturday and Sunday, or by appointment by ringing (02) 4821 1156.

### **Research**

Research enquiries welcome.

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### **Membership Fees:**

Junior (under 18 years)	free
Single	\$20.00
Family (2 adults)	\$25.00
Corporate	\$150.00

### **Disclaimer.**

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## PRESIDENT'S REPORT

Dear Members

It has been a relatively busy start to the year for History Goulburn with presentations at the Goulburn Show and the opening of Goulburn Seniors Week, on top of increased requests for family and local history research (the latter being a really valuable part of our role). It is so good to know that our services are wanted and appreciated.

We have just learnt that the Tender for Stage 2 of the conservation work at St Clair has been accepted by Council – so there is a real possibility that we will be back home there by the end of this year.

Over the past 18 months or so, a small group of us has been slowly and fairly steadily identifying and cataloguing our History Goulburn collection of thousands of objects stored at Bourke Street. It has been very rewarding with some fascinating finds. Those include an 1891 needlework sampler by Linda Franklin, Miles Franklin's sister, and the register of admissions for our district's Shaw's Creek Public School from 1899 to 1955 – the latter giving names, addresses and occupations of parents, hence a great resource for family historians.

The latest find has been copies of typescripts from chapters in Wyatt's History of Goulburn published in 1941. An initial perusal indicates these have information not included in the published book. It will be good to examine this thoroughly as Wyatt's is our only history of Goulburn – but it was written over 80 years ago, and reflects the social issues and consciences of that time.

There's always something to learn.

*Jennifer Lamb*

### **Another Pioneer Gone**

*Goulburn Evening Penny Post 22 February 1921*

Another of Goulburn's pioneers, Mr. Charles Colburt, died at his residence, Grafton Street, at 6.30 on Saturday evening at the age of 93, succumbing to heart trouble and old age. Though his health had given away during the past month he was bright and cheerful and his memory, sight and hearing remained unimpaired to the last, the veteran even making a jocular request for his pipe the day before his death.

The late Mr. Colburt was born at St. Noad's Huntingdonshire, England, in 1828, coming to Australia when he was 26 years of age. He took the coach from Sydney, passing through the Old Township at the junction of the Mulwaree on his way to Lake Bathurst, where he settled down on a farm for about six years. In 1860 he came to Goulburn and entered the services of the late Mr. William Davies, in the Australian Stores, where he was regarded as one of the most conscientious workers who had ever handled goods.

After a while, tiring of the quiet life of the town, he gave ear to the call of the bush and went to Binda, whence he joined the ranks of the gold seekers at Peelwood and Tuena. He became a familiar figure in the Crookwell district, his reputation of being "straight as a rush" standing him in good stead among the traders of what was then "the outback country." Some ten years passed in adventurous travel through mountain country, and about 40 years ago he returned to Goulburn and opened a shop in Grafton-street, a venture which proved highly successful. Here he brewed his well-known hop beer, which is still sold in the city, the maker having some time since parted with his interests in the product.

Eventually, in 1908, when he was 81 years of age, he retired, still full of pluck and energy, and the evening of his life, though shadowed by the death of his wife, was calm and peaceful. He was always glad, almost to the end, to meet and talk with his old cronies, and his pipe, his faithful friend, was always at hand. A staunch Methodist from his boy-hood the old gentleman never lost his

strong faith, and to the members of that communion he was known as “the father of the church,” and he well merited the honour.

Mr. Colburt’s wife predeceased him ten years ago. He leaves two sons and a daughter, Messrs, Charles Colburt (Sydney) Jabez Colburt (of Neville), and Mrs, E. Grant, of Grafton-street. There are 39 grandchildren and 32 great grandchildren, one of the former, Miss Austin, having for some years lived with her grandfather at his cottage in Grafton-street. The funeral which took place on Sunday afternoon, was largely attended, the members of the Methodist Church being present to do honour to their old friend.

### **Crash Clifford Street Sensation**

*Goulburn Evening Penny Post 20 January 1921.*

Clifford-street, east, close to Auburn-street, enjoyed a brief sensation at noon on Wednesday when the near side driving wheel of the Kent Grove Canning Co.’s lorry crashed through a defective plank in a culvert at the rear of Mr. P. Jackson’s shop, and was held up for about fifteen minutes. Jacks were requisition and under the expert guidance of about sixty onlookers (only six of whom knew a motor from a wheelbarrow) the lorry was extricated without damage.

The incident like the motor was remarkable for its drawing power. Within five minutes of the crash, three motor cars, four delivery carts, a trap, two hundred people, a couple of dozen kiddies, and six interested members of the canine family had assembled.

Curiously enough it was a local medico whose advice was as much to the point as if he was diagnosing a case, and he probably reduced the time devoted to the incident by half an hour.

### **Courthouse Grounds, Did the Policemen Climb the Fence?**

*Goulburn Evening Penny Post 4 January 1921.*

People who are in the habit of using the Courthouse grounds are asking how long the new Courthouse-keeper, Mr. Glover, is going to persist in locking the gates on Sundays and holidays. It would be interesting to know where he gets his authority for blocking people from a public thoroughfare between sunrise and sunset.

For over twenty years the public have used the thoroughfare, and, to say the least, it is audacious on the part of a servant of the public to deter his employers from a right which they are entitled.

Another little piece of information would be interesting: how did members of the police get from the court to the lock-up on Monday morning? Did they simply “bless” Mr. Glover and walk round Montague-street, or did they climb over the fence?

### **Historic Home Hurstville Changes Hands**

*Goulburn Evening Penny Post 11 August 1921.*

“Bulwarra,” formerly “Hurstville,” the beautiful old home which was purchased by the late Mr. William Nicholson, has again changed hands. Mrs. Nicholson finding that the house was too large for her small family, recently bought “Hiawatha,” Hurst-street, Mr. Menzies’ late home, and has now sold “Bulwarra” to Mr. Bracher, who has acquired the news agency formerly conducted by Faulkner and Co. “Old Hurstville,” as it is fondly styled by old residents of Goulburn, was built many years ago by the Rev. Benjamin Hurst, minister in charge of the Goulburn Methodist circuit. For some years Dr. Sly conducted a college at Hurstville. Originally the house stood in more extensive grounds, and when the land was subdivided “Hurst-street” came into being, taking its name from the mansion. Later the name was changed by Mr. R. E. Conolly to “Bulwarra.” The Hurstville garden has always been an attraction, especially since Mr. Hartmann has been in charge of it.



Hurstville Mansion

*Photo Darcy Kennedy 2024*

### **Belmore Park Fence, Work of Removal Begins**

*Goulburn Evening Penny Post 11 August 1921*

The first section of the fence along the Auburn-street frontage of Belmore Park was this morning taken down, and half of that portion of the gardens now lies open to the public gaze. The privet hedge has been cut back and forms a dwarf barrier of greenery in place of the old yellow pickets. The view from the opposite side of the street has been wonderfully improved, and when the remainder of the timbering is removed the park will become far more attractive than it has ever been.

One of the taxi drivers hands out a suggestion. "What is wanted now," he says "is a low concrete coping. The council has good gravel and the cement won't cost much, while I am certain that the car-men will be only too pleased to dig the trench in their spare time. It's not generosity. It will give us something to sit on!"

### **Kenmore Public School Closed**

*Goulburn Evening Penny Post 11 August 1921*

The residents of Kenmore village received a shock on Friday last when the children returned home in the afternoon and informed their parents that the school had been closed. It is hard to understand the method of the Department in this matter, as the teacher had been ordered to take up duties at Tarlo Gap, some three miles away, and the average attendance at the village school was about 18 scholars as against 8 at the Gap. It is understood that a large petition has been signed, and that the Progress Association is taking the matter in hand.

## Council Matters

*Goulburn Evening Penny Post 13 August 1921.*

Referring to Belmore Park matters the mayor stated at the Council meeting on Thursday night that Mr. Hockey, who was leaving Goulburn, had offered a concrete pedestal to the Council to be placed in the park.

The Mayor added that he had seen the pedestal and thought it would look well if placed in the centre of a flower bed. The resolution was carried accepting the gift, and the Town Clerk was instructed to write thanking Mr. Hockey.

## Notices

*Goulburn Evening Penny Post 17 September 1921.*

If the dirty, sneaking, cowardly thief who poisoned my dog, and then came and stole fourteen fowls and a setting of turkey eggs, comes along I may accommodate him with a setting hen.

S. Cooper, Currawang House, near Goulburn.

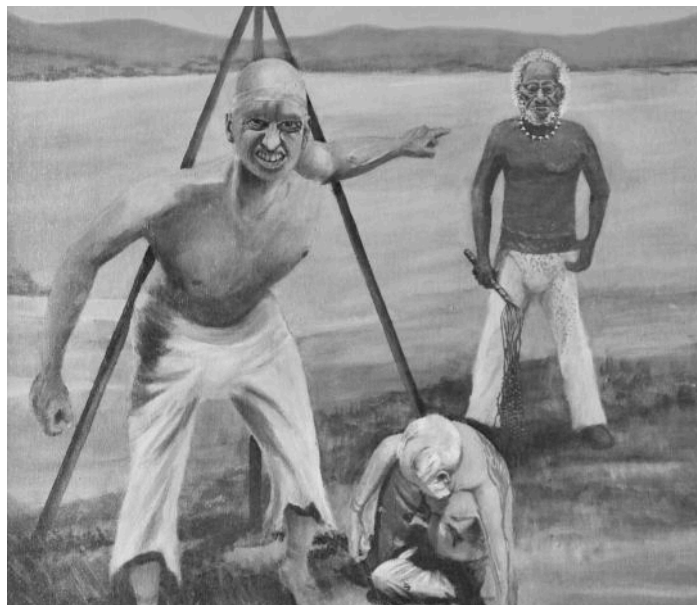
Wanted, kind person, to adopt a girl 10 years of age. Apply G.H., Post-office, Goulburn.

Bring your prescriptions to Jamieson to be dispensed. Years of expert experience combined with the purest of drugs and chemicals, guarantee the best service. Our prices are lower than Sydney. Jamieson & Co., Chemists 220 Auburn-street, Goulburn.

## **Black Francis, the Goulburn Castigator – is there any truth behind the legend?**

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The story of Black Francis is nearly as old as Goulburn itself. It was first recorded by Charles Macalister in his memoirs, "Old Pioneering Days in the Sunny South:"



Towrang Stockade Tryptich (part 3)

Billy O'Rourke and Black Francis.

**The coloured original painting hangs in Rocky Hill War Memorial Museum**

(C) Ken Kenchington, with permission.

*“The Government floggers at the Penal Stations were generally wretches who volunteered for this brutal work, so as to escape the penalties of the Iron-gang, of which they were often originally members. The author particularly remembers two such callous fellows, viz.: - Billy O’Rourke (the Towrang flogger), and Black Francis - a negro - the Goulburn castigator, from 1838 to 1841.*

*“Black Francis used to lay the cat on with savage ferocity Some of the convicts, as may be imagined, were made of the sternest human stuff possible, and men of that type never flinched under the lash. On two occasions I saw men - after undergoing, one a flogging of fifty, and the other, seventy-five lashes, bleeding as they were, deliberately spit, after the punishment, in the flogger’s face. One of them told Black Francis “He couldn’t flog hard enough to kill a butterfly.”<sup>1</sup>*

Macalister goes on to relate how Francis received his just deserts when he was murdered by vengeful victims at Run O’ Waters, and mythmakers have embroidered the legend with the gory tale of a whip-wielding ghost appearing annually at Futton’s Bridge on the night of the 17<sup>th</sup> of August.

The legend has been repeated over and over, but no-one has searched the records to discover the truth. Did Black Francis really exist? Was he really a brute? And what drove him to become a pariah and choose the most reviled job in convict society?

Here are the results of twenty years of research, in which I found that the legend is based on truth, but artfully improved by constant re-telling.

Charles Macalister was nine years old when Francis died, and would have heard the story many times around the family fireplace. He grew up to be a bullock-driver, and would repeat it around many a campfire. Later as a publican he told and heard other versions of the tale over the bar. By the time he published his reminiscences in 1907, the tale had been honed to perfection.

## **Early life**

According to convict records, John Francis was born in 1792 at St Vincent, an island in the Caribbean where English colonial rule was hotly disputed by the indigenous Garifuna people, known by their oppressors as the Black Caribs. The colonists imported slaves from Africa to work on the plantations, so it is impossible to tell which group John Francis came from. All that can be said is that he inherited an uncanny ability for making dodgy decisions, and a knack for being in the wrong place at the wrong time.

Nothing is known of his early life, but it is apparent that he had some schooling, as documents survive in the NSW State Records spanning a period of 8 years, from Melville Island to Sydney to Goulburn, all written and signed by him in the same hand.

How and when he arrived in England is also a mystery. Perhaps he got tangled up in the nearby Battle of Louisiana in December 1814, when he was 22. Piracy was rife in the Caribbean, and when a fleet of 30 British warships sailed into Negril Bay at Jamaica they sought the help of local pirates, under Jean Lafitte, to guide them through the shoals of the Gulf of Mexico. (Francis’s convict description later stated that his ‘ears were pierced for rings’ – a common pirate adornment).

When the battle was lost in January 1815, with a sacrifice of over 4,000 British lives, perhaps young John Francis stepped in (or was press-ganged) to crew a warship back to England.

**Bad move.**

Unemployment was rife in England, and many turned to crime to survive. He was tried at Middlesex General Sessions on September 15<sup>th</sup> 1815 for “larceny in a dwelling” and sentenced to Transportation for Life across the Seas.

**Transportation**

Soon afterwards the ship “*Mariner*” set sail for the bottom of the world with 145 convicts on board. She survived squalls and attempted mutiny to arrive at Port Jackson in October, 1816.

John Francis was described as a labourer, born in 1792, from St Vincent in the West Indies. He was tall for the time at 5’ 9” (1.75 m) with a black complexion, black woolly hair, black eyes, broad nose, and pierced ears.

**Convict Career**

John was assigned to John Palmer and later to William Lawson. At that time he probably gained the monicker “Black Francis” to distinguish him from other convicts of the same name. He kept his head down and his nose clean and worked hard to stay out of trouble.

In 1824 the authorities decided to establish an outpost in North Australia in attempt to encourage trade with Asia and the Pacific Islands, and to pre-empt any attempt at the colonisation of New Holland by the Dutch, who were active in those parts. It was hoped that it would become a trading capital to rival Singapore.

They chose Melville Island in the Timor Sea, about 60 kilometres north of where Darwin would later be established, in an archipelago now known as the Tiwi Islands.

Advertisements were placed in the “Sydney Gazette” for convicts to volunteer for the posting. Skilled workers with a good record of conduct were sought, and 45 applicants were selected for the expedition – carpenters, stonemasons, brick makers and bricklayers, plasterers, nail-makers, plumbers, glaziers, servants, and labourers. “African” convicts were encouraged to apply as they were thought to be well-suited to the tropics. John Francis, hankering for island life, was one of them.

The Union Jack was raised there on 26th September 1824. Fort Dundas was erected, along with a wharf, accommodation, storeroom, and vegetable gardens. Captain Barlow commanded fifty soldiers of the 3rd Regiment to man the garrison, thirty marines to guard the convicts, and a small administrative corps. A tiny vessel, the *Lady Nelson*, was left to supply their needs. A few women and children accompanied the military, but throughout the life of the settlement there were only two female convicts on the island.

All hands were issued with a pint of rum per day to relieve the tedium of waiting for a sail to appear on the horizon, but not a single trading vessel ever dropped anchor. The approach by sea was littered with treacherous shallow shoals, the island was too remote from trade routes, and they had nothing to trade. Dogged by scurvy, disease, and bad relations with the Tiwi, the post was abandoned in February 1829.



"Black" Francis was there for 4 ½ years. He worked hard and in 1825 he earned a Ticket of Leave from the commanding officer, Captain Barlow, but remained on the island. Two years later Barlow's successor, Major Campbell, thought highly enough of him to give him a sheet of paper and allow him to write a letter to the Governor – a very unusual indulgence.

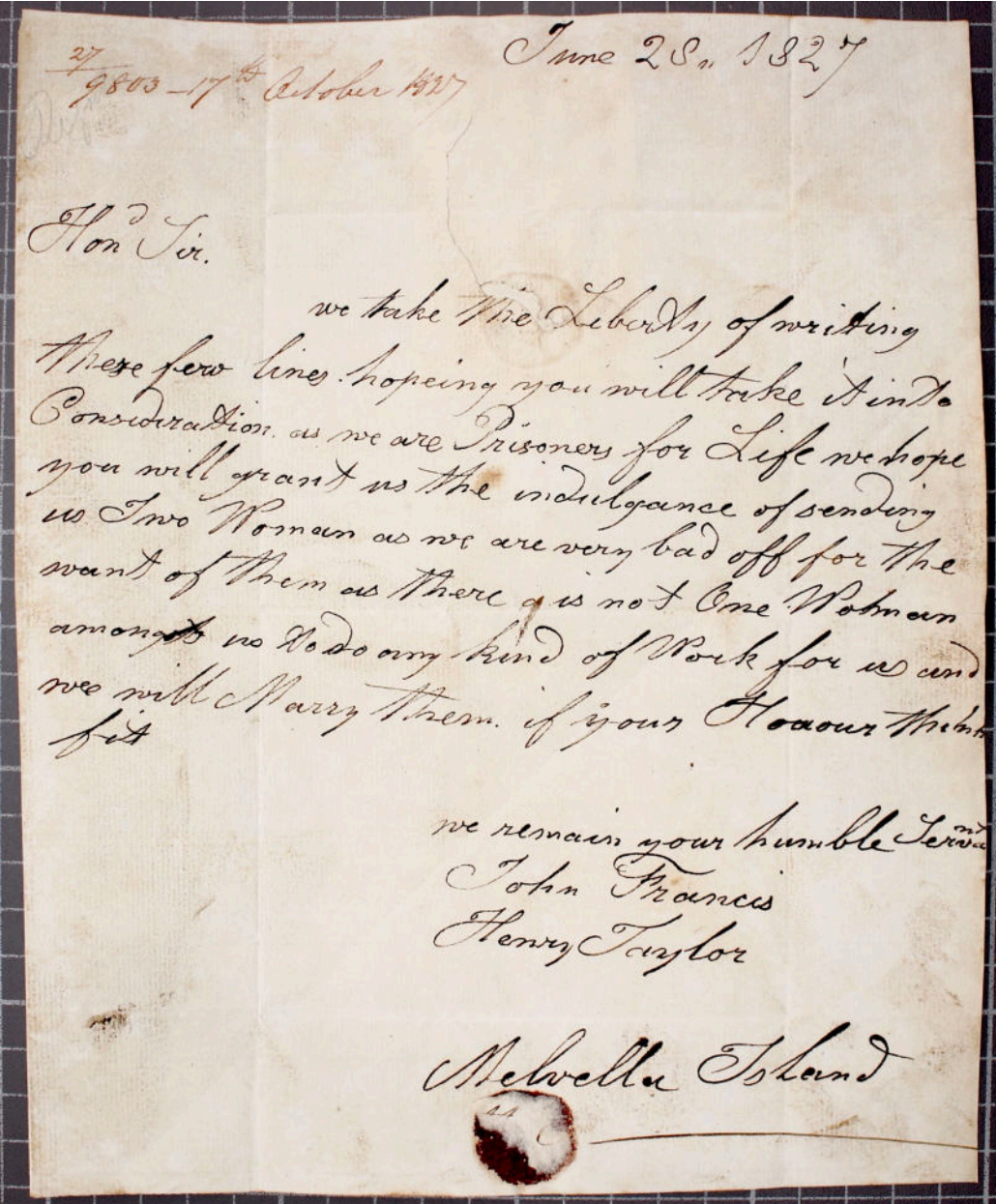
This letter survives in the New South Wales State Archives, dated June 28<sup>th</sup> 1827. It is a plaintive request from two lonely men:

Hon'd Sir,

We take the liberty of writing these few lines hoping you will take it into consideration as we are prisoners for Life we hope you will grant us the indulgence of sending us two women as we are very bad off for the want of them as there is not one Woman among us to do any kind of work for us and we will Marry them if your honour thinks fit.

We remain your humble servants,

John Francis & Henry Taylor, Melville Island



27 9800 - 17<sup>th</sup> October 1827 June 28<sup>th</sup> 1827

Hon'd Sir.

we take the Liberty of writing  
these few lines hoping you will take it into  
Consideration. as we are Prisoners for Life we hope  
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fit

we remain your humble Servants  
John Francis  
Henry Taylor

Melville Island

It was sealed with red wax and the lack of an address on the back indicates that it was included in the mail sack that was sent to Sydney by the supply ship, arriving in the middle of October. Examination of the original document reveals the pencilled comment “refused” in the top-left-hand corner.

Most convicts at this time were illiterate, and relied on others to write on their behalf. This letter appears to have been written by Francis himself, as the handwriting and signature are identical to other letters from him at different times and places.

Major Campbell described him as a 'very industrious man' who had 'generally conducted himself well during the time he has been on Melville Island.'

A picture is beginning to emerge of a diligent worker and a sensitive and educated man who was prone to making bad choices.

He was just about to make another one.

In April 1828 John Francis was approached by a group of convicts who were secretly building a boat to escape from the island, vowing that “it would be death to anyone who was known to have divulged their intention.” Another conspirator didn’t mince his words: “it would be murder if the boat were discovered; and that he would not give a halfpenny for the life of anyone who would lead to her discovery.”

Francis refused to join them, and reported them to the Corporal of the Guard. Another convict, John Probyn, led the troopers to the boat. The enraged conspirators were rounded up, awaiting trial.

The record of John Francis’s testimony on September 5<sup>th</sup> 1828 shows him to be articulate:

John Francis, being duly sworn, was questioned: -

*“Have you lately made any communication to any person touching the intended escape of some prisoners of the Crown from the Island, and, if so, state the particulars?”*

*John Francis answered, “On a Sunday about three weeks ago, I saw Corporal Allen who was on guard, and I told him he had better keep a good lookout, as some of the prisoners were intending to make their escape. Charles Harrington, a ticket of leave man, had come to my hut two days before and asked me “what was the reason I did not join the mob?”; on which I enquired what he meant, and he replied that six prisoners of the Crown had designed to effect their escape on Saturday, 13<sup>th</sup> April, the day previous.”*

*Question: What were the men’s names who intended effecting their escape as represented by Charles Harrington?*

*Answer: Their names were Charles Harrington, and John Sowerby , prisoners of the Crown and bearing Tickets of Leave, and Crown prisoners Martin Sellers, John Phillips, Thomas Martin, and Charles Wilson, not holding Tickets of Leave.”*

But, by a cruel stroke bad timing, Campbell had finished his tour of duty, and the Magisterial Enquiry was chaired by his replacement.

No other witnesses were game to step forward, so the perpetrators walked free due to lack of evidence. Only the ringleader, Charles Wilson, was removed from the Island.

John Probyn was in such fear for his life that he was lodged in the military barracks for protection until he could be evacuated to Sydney. He and John Francis shipped out as medical evacuees in September. According to Major Campbell, Francis was “marked down as an object of revenge when opportunity offers.”

Both men would live the rest of their lives in fear.

Probyn soon disappeared from the public record, and John Francis returned to Sydney broken in body and spirit, spending time in hospital for debilities that may have resulted from scurvy and malaria, or by beatings. The authorities gave him no credit for good behaviour. His ticket of leave was revoked for failure to attend muster, and he was assigned to a labouring gang.

In a letter to the Superintendent of convicts in 1831 he pleads for the re-instatement of his freedom:

*“The humble petition of John Francis a prisoner attached to Iron Cove Gang who has served 16 years in this country – he has kept a ticket for the space of four years, which he had the misfortune of taking pains and weakness in my limbs which occasioned me to go to the G.H. of Sydney and recovered a little there when sent to the poor house where I remained 5 months, during that time I have lost my ticket by some individual stealing it ... it is very hard to lose my liberty for it being taken from me.”*

*The back of the petition contains these statements - “He is a miserable-looking negro,” “Assigned to the widow Howe of Sydney.” “Ticket not to be restored.”*

He won and lost his freedom at least twice more over the next few years, losing it again for “failing to attend muster” in January 1835. What was his aversion to attending muster? Was it due to his fear of recognition and retribution?

By October 1835, John Francis had arrived at Goulburn. It is probable that he was employed as a convict at the Towrang Stockade during the construction of the Great South Road. Credibility is given to this theory by the statement of Stuart Hume, past President of this Society:

*“On one occasion he (Billy O’Rourke, the Towrang Flogger) was relieved by “Black Francis,” euphemistically referred to as “The Goulburn Castigator.”<sup>2</sup>*

That may explain how he came to the notice of the Goulburn Police Magistrate who wrote to the Colonial Secretary to nominate John Francis as the new Scourger at Goulburn:

*“Police Office Goulburn October 16th 1835. ... John Francis/Bond/ “Mariner”/Scourger, vice Robert Knowles (bond) disabled from sickness from the 1st instant, pending the approbation of His Excellency the Governor –*



*As Francis is a very efficient scourger, I beg leave to recommend that he be appointed constable with the usual salary of 1/9d per diem.*

*Francis Allman, J.P., Police Magistrate."*

The Colonial Secretary replied:

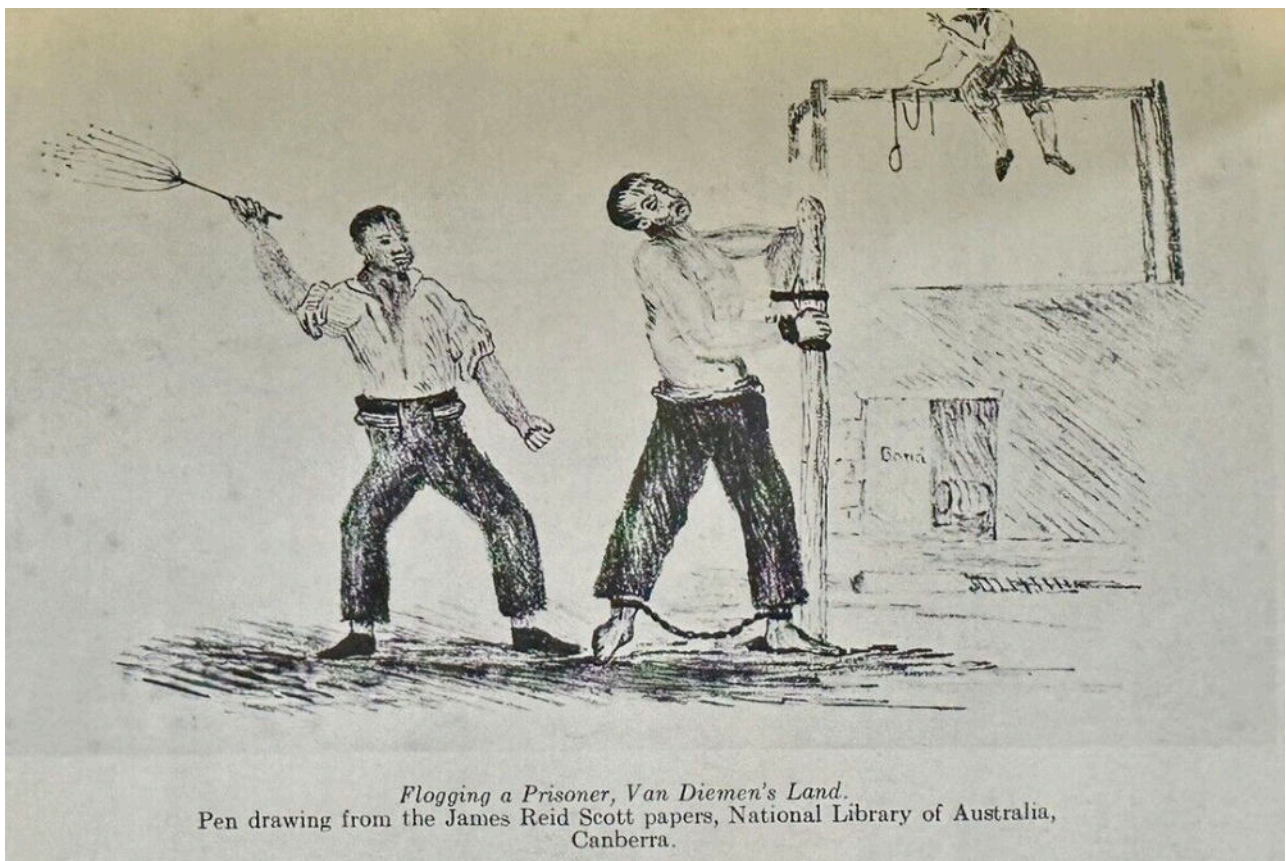
*"There is no objection to the employment of the scourger as constable – but it is not usual to allow more than 8d per day with 9d per day in lieu of rations and clothing until after a year's service."*

As a police constable residing in the safety of the barracks, John Francis could finally relax! But at what price? A scourger was the most reviled of all men in convict society.

He had little choice because his reputation had preceded him. James Moxham, the muscular blacksmith from Melville Island, was now plying his trade at Goulburn, so the cat was out of the bag.<sup>3</sup>

Charles Macalister invokes the attitudes of earlier times:

*"... the triangles were in the courtyard of the old prison; and there "Black Francis" exercised his muscles by laying the cat on the white lawbreakers. What a short shrift would this negro flogger have had in such a State as North Carolina, for instance, and, without going to extremes, we think it is not conducive to racial reciprocity to allow the black to whip the white, either in a corrective or other sense."<sup>4</sup>*



Many a questionable tale has been told about Black Francis, such as these, without verification.

*"It would be fair to say that Black Francis liked his job, for when things were slow in the 'flogging department' he would befriend the "Ticket-O-Leave" men he knew were in the habit of robbing the carriers, taking spirits up north to Sydney.*

*After sharing their plunders he would then inform on them to the magistrate.*

*Black Francis used the cat with savage ferocity and on many occasions treed and flogged the man he'd been drinking with the night before. He more than once flogged unfairly, striking the prisoner on the neck and the calves."* <sup>5</sup>

There is an enduring legend of a man who spat in the flogger's face and enraged him with the taunt "you couldn't flog hard enough to kill a butterfly!" Black Francis set out to prove him wrong, and flogged him to death. His name was said to be Fagan, Fegan, Feagan or Feagon.

A colourful version of the story was published by Colin McJannet in the "Ancestral Searcher", Volume 39, no. 4. Here is an extract:

*"John Feagon was receiving his second 50 lashes in three days. At the end of the punishment, 'Black' FRANCIS laid down the cat and motioned to the regimental surgeon to examine the prisoner. Feagon, an unrepentant hard case agitator, a 14-year man transported for administering illegal oaths, slowly turned his head, spat into the flogger's face and growled, "You couldn't flog hard enough to kill a butterfly".*

I cannot verify the event from any reliable source, but the burial of a convict named John Fagan (per *Minerva*) is recorded at the Towrang Stockade on the 27<sup>th</sup> of August 1840.<sup>6</sup> Remember that date, because it is important.

## **Death**

Charles Macalister infers that "Black Francis" the "Goulburn Flagellator" was shot dead at Run-O-Waters in 1841:

*"... he used to make it his business to inform on some 'ticket-o' -leave" men (after sometimes sharing their plunder), who were in the habit of robbing teams of spirits, that carriers were taking up-country. On several occasions he had "treed" and flogged his man for the offence referred to.*

*But at last Nemesis overtook him, and Francis resigned the gentle art of flogging and everything else on this side of the Jordan. He met with a sudden and tragic end - being found one morning "as dead as a doornail," in the bush near the Run of Water, with three leaden slugs in his carcase."*

This timeline is followed by all later writers, and has even spawned a ghastly ghost story:

*"It is said that the body of 'Black' FRANCIS was taken to the old Goulburn cemetery and buried there in an unmarked grave; unmarked to prevent the convicts from desecrating the spot by digging up his body to feed to the dingoes.*

*It is also said that on dark shadowy nights, 'Black' FRANCIS roams the banks and gullies of Run-O-Waters Creek muttering to himself and stroking his cat o'-nine-tails. Some people also claim that on the 17th of August each year, the anniversary of the death of John FEAGON (flogged too hard and too often), the wraith of 'Black' FRANCIS can be seen chasing FEAGON along the banks of Run-O-Waters Creek shouting, "I'll show you if I can't flog hard enough to kill a butterfly" People who have seen this awesome spectacle say that the Wraith of 'Black' FRANCIS shows a good turn of speed for a person in his Condition (dead) but FEAGON is always just that little bit quicker.*

*My grandfather Harry McJannett told me the story about 'Black' Francis and how his ghost appears from time to time along the Run-O-Waters Creek. There was an incident in 1982 when two young men camped at the creek and saw the spectacle of 'Black' Francis chasing John Feagon. They escaped the wrath of 'Black' Francis only by driving away in their car, extremely fast. 'Black' Francis chased them for several miles. They arrived in Canberra about 4am, and breathlessly poured out their story to bemused police officers. When the police examined the car there were strange scourge marks on the boot."*

Other writers say the ghost appears at Futton's Bridge on the 17<sup>th</sup> of August. I'm sorry to ruin a good story, but this time the mythmakers have got the wrong place and the wrong time, for the Convict Death Register shows that John Francis died three months before John Fagan.

*"Francis, John – Mariner – [buried at] Goulburn March 8 1840 – was scourger." <sup>7</sup>*

An inquest revealed that the cause of death was Apoplexy. (Register of Coroner's Inquests 1834-59).

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<sup>1</sup> MacAlister, "Old Pioneering Days in the Sunny South" p.63-4.

<sup>2</sup> 'Story of the Towrang Stockade', Stuart Hume, Goulburn Evening Post, Mon 12 Nov 1951, p. 5.

<sup>3</sup> James Moxham, gun and breech maker, convicted of uttering forged notes aged 26, 14 years, assigned to Melville Island from August 1827 to February 1829, resident of Goulburn, blacksmith, died 9 January 1848, buried 10 January. [Goulburn Anglican Burials 1833-1856].

<sup>4</sup> MacAlister, "Old Pioneering Days in the Sunny South" p. 108-9.

<sup>5</sup> BLACK FRANCIS - THE FLOGGER - New South Wales :: FamilyTreeCircles.com Genealogy

<sup>6</sup> Convict Death Register 1826-79.

<sup>7</sup> Convict Death Register 1826-79.

## Colonial naming traditions

Our forebears often followed tradition when naming their children, which explains why certain Christian names keep cropping up in a family tree. Knowledge of these patterns can be very helpful to genealogists, especially when working out the seniority of each generation of children.

1<sup>st</sup> son = father's father.

2<sup>nd</sup> son = mother's father

3<sup>rd</sup> son = father.

4<sup>th</sup> son = father's oldest brother.

5<sup>th</sup> son = father's second oldest brother, or mother's oldest brother.

1<sup>st</sup> daughter = mother's mother.

2<sup>nd</sup> daughter = father's mother.

3<sup>rd</sup> daughter = mother.

4<sup>th</sup> daughter = mother's oldest sister.

5<sup>th</sup> daughter = mother's second oldest sister, or father's oldest sister.

## Sure-Fire Cures for Baldness;

"An excellent restorative and stimulant for hair growth; Rub the bald spot with a piece of flannel till the skin looks red, and anoint it with the following tincture three or four times a day for several weeks:

Add ½ ounce of the oil of mace to ¾ of a pint of alcohol. Pour a spoonful or two into a saucer, dip a small, stiff brush into it, and brush the hair smoothly, rubbing the tincture well into the roots.

Another proven hair-restorative is to mix sugar of lead, borax and lac sulphur each one ounce, acqua ammonia ½ ounce, alcohol 1 gill; mix and let stand twenty hours, then add bay rum 1 gill, fine table salt 1 tablespoon, soft water 3 pints, essence of bergamot ½ ounce. Bottle and keep it tightly corked, and apply briskly to the scalp night and morning. This preparation will grow hair on bald heads, but be careful not to apply it with bare hands.

To prevent hair falling out, mix sherry wine ½ pint, elder water ½ pint, tincture of arnica ½ ounce, spirits harts horn 1 teaspoonful, and apply with a sponge every night. Not to be taken internally!

To prevent grey hair, infuse hulls of butternuts 4 ounces in one quart of water for one hour; add ½ ounce copperas, and a little lamp-black; apply with a soft brush every 2 or 3 days.

When sea air turns hair grey, it should be kept oiled with some vegetable oil. Do not enter the water afterward.

The water that potatoes have been boiled in prevents greyness. Allow it to cool before applying it to the scalp, as it may otherwise impart redness to that region and over-excite the brain.

To improve eyelashes and eyebrows, anoint them with a salve of two drams of ointment of nitric oxide of mercury and one dram of cooking lard. Apply the mixture to the edges of the eyelids night and morning, washing afterwards with warm milk and water. If that does not have the desired effect, a good growth stimulant is sulphate of quinine 5 grains, and sweet almond oil 1 ounce, applied with a fine sable brush. Comb the eyebrows neatly afterwards. Use sparingly as vision may be impaired.

**Disclaimer:** History Goulburn takes no responsibility for anyone silly enough to follow the above advice!

[From “2,000 Down Home Skills and Secret Formulas for Practically Everything”].

## Rabbit plagues in the Goulburn District.

“Every farmer and rural worker used firearms as a tool for vermin control and stock euthanasia, and during the great rabbit plague (which coincided with the 1930’s financial depression) many poor families survived by shooting rabbits for the bounty and the pot.”<sup>[i]</sup>

“Ever resourceful, the Crookwell district has sought ways to counter adverse circumstances. In the depression years of the 1930’s when wool prices fell and rabbits took over pasture land, a disused mill was converted to chill rabbits “in the fur”. Exported, these became a delicacy on the English dinner table!” <sup>[ii]</sup>

Some people made a living as rabbit-trappers:

“William Joseph Painter of Mulgowrie - Bill Painter was born at “Silverstream,” Markdale on 20 September 1903. He was the third child of Henry & Alice Painter. He attended two part-time schools, one at Markdale on the property now owned by Bill Branson and another located a few miles down the Mulgowrie Road. Bill lived all his life at “Silverstream” and working in the Mulgowrie area, trapping rabbits and fencing. His whole life was spent working on the land. His enjoyment of this work showed through in everything he did.”<sup>[iii]</sup>

<sup>[i]</sup> Extract from a submission to the NSW Firearms Registry for renewal of the permit for the St Clair Museum Firearm Collection, 2023, by Roger Bayley.

<sup>[ii]</sup> “THE NATIONAL TRUST OF AUSTRALIA (N.S.W.) WOMEN’S COMMITTEE CROOKWELL WEEKEND MAY 20-21, 2000. INSPECTION NO. 507.” © JANET HAY 2000, pps 2-3.

<sup>[iii]</sup> “History of the Binda Parish,” by Garnet Webster.

**Editor’s note:** Prior to the second world war my father in law Jack Hutchins worked as a rabbit-trapper at ‘Kerrawarra’, Big Hill owned by the Thompson family. That’s where he met Eileen Leahy his future wife who worked there as a domestic. (Married for 66 years)