



Diggings



THE JOURNAL OF THE MARYBOROUGH MIDLANDS HISTORICAL SOCIETY
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*The Maryborough Midlands Historical Society
acknowledges the ancestors and descendants of the
Dja Dja Wurrung, traditional owners and carers for
many thousands of years of the land on which we
live and work.*

SUBSCRIPTIONS: 2022-2023

Membership fees fall due in April each year.
Please support the Society's work of recording
and preserving Maryborough's history by
renewing your membership promptly.

If you're unsure of your membership status
please contact us (details opposite).

2022-2023 MEMBERSHIP:

**Individual \$25
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***Although historic Worsley Cottage remains
closed to visitors pending repairs to the wall,
we want to assure visitors that our museum
display room, squatters' hut, wash house and
machinery shed are open as usual. Our
research facilities are also available***

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

To misquote Charles Dickens, the year 2021 to 2022 was the best of times and the worst of times.

Hand sanitiser, QR Codes, vaccination certificates and masks became second nature. Our visitor numbers plummeted, and email enquiries dwindled to a trickle. Covid restrictions meant that our working and research sessions and even committee meetings were held intermittently or even postponed or cancelled. Our Covid 19 file, which documents the effects of the pandemic on the town as well as our volunteers, is now overflowing.

Two years since its forced closure for health and safety considerations, historic Worsley Cottage is still propped up with reinforcing brackets and closed to all visitors pending repairs to the foundations and Bristol Hill side wall. Tenders have just been advertised (March 2022) by Central Goldfields Shire Council for the second time, so we're hoping that repairs might commence within the next few months.

It's very disappointing to advise visitors and potential visitors that there's no access to the cottage that has always been the focal point of our publicity. Worsley Cottage, plus our research and museum collections, are surely an important record of Maryborough's heritage, which will form an essential part of the combined bid by thirteen councils for the Victorian Central Goldfields to be listed as a UNESCO World Heritage site. To quote the World Heritage bid website:

The listing would be against the backdrop of the thousands of other sites and buildings that are already recognised as of great heritage value across the region.

Despite the numerous setbacks, our volunteers have soldiered on, maintaining the much admired cottage garden, sorting and indexing donated maps, cataloguing and scanning our existing photograph collection plus recent donations, indexing newspaper articles and maintaining membership records.

One of our biggest tasks has been the sorting and filing of the two extensive research collections left to us by the late Betty Osborn (author and co-author of our two town histories) and Margaret Walkley, who for many years was our family history researcher. The Osborn family has also donated Betty and Bruce's impressive book collection.

Representatives of our Society have attended WVAHS meetings and conferences for many years. This schedule was also disrupted by Covid, but we look forward to attending the AGM in April.

In early 2022 it's pleasing to receive family history enquiries once again, both via email and personal visits. We're fortunate too, that so many community members (both local and even interstate) resist the temptation to condemn photographs, documents and memorabilia to the tip and are interested enough to send them to us.

We've received a variety of images, ranging from sporting teams to moustache growing competitions to 1920s postcards. A number of families have generously donated copies of their ancestors' journals that detail life in the Maryborough area in the 19th Century and given us permission to print them in our newsletter *Diggings*. Our Society has provided guides for two of the Central Goldfields Shire "Move It" walking group activities, which aim to introduce older citizens to some of the area's historic sites and walking trails.

Sadly, during this reporting year we lost one of our most dedicated former volunteers Lloyd Burns, who was responsible for much of the construction work in the Research centre.

We were delighted to receive notification in August that the Society had been awarded a Local History Grant through the Public Record Office Victoria. The project involves photographing, digitising and restoring Rosa Outtrim's photograph album, which is in very poor condition. The images were taken by local photographer James Weller, who operated a studio in Maryborough from the late 1860s until the 1890s. They depict buildings, work scenes, mines, homes, businesses and groups in Maryborough and surrounding towns. The album was donated by an Outtrim descendant. Three of Rosa's sons had distinguished careers in Victorian public life, particularly Alfred Richard (councillor, mayor and M.P.)

With thanks to our volunteers, supporters and the local residents who so generously share their local knowledge and reminiscences.

Barbara Nielsen March 2022



An image from Rosa Outtrim's Album

CHARITY FETE 1885

When Robyn Ansell, of the Chinese Australian Family Historians of Victoria, spent some time in our Resource Centre earlier this year researching Chinese in the Goldfields, she came across this colourful description of the Chinese Community's participation in an 1885 Charity Carnival.

Much of the language and many of the attitudes reflected in this article, under the guise of humour, would not be acceptable today.

The Chinese of Maryborough held a meeting at the Camp yesterday to consider the proposal that they should make a demonstration at the United Friendly Society's fete to be held in aid of the local charities next month. There was a large attendance, and the proposal was adopted with very great enthusiasm. A desire was expressed that the demonstration should exceed anything of the kind ever previously held in the colony. It was resolved to hold a grand procession of not less than 200 Chinese with fancy dresses, weapons, armour, banners, bands of music, etc., the regalia to be obtained from Sandhurst, Castlemaine, and Melbourne. The material to be thus used is said to be worth over £20,000, and it is expected that the various preparations in connection with the affair will cost not less than £300.

In addition to the procession there is to be a theatre or circus on the ground at which Chinese plays will be represented both during the day and at night, the performers for which are to be professional actors from Melbourne. The meeting lasted for about three hours, and the best possible spirit was displayed. The cost of the demonstration is to be defrayed by subscriptions made among the Chinese themselves, and some of the amounts already promised are on a very liberal scale, being as high as £6 and £10. Mr Ah Yip, the local interpreter, is taking a leading part in the movement, and it is expected that his worship the mayor will head the procession.

Maryborough and Dunolly Advertiser
Monday April 27 1885

THE BENEFIT SPORTS CHARITIES

On Wednesday morning, the weather being fine, doubtless as our Celestial friends believed, under the benign influence of the "Joss", large crowds of people who had assembled on the footpaths of the various streets looked anxiously up and down in expectation of anticipated pageantry. Where all these people came from it is hardly worth while explaining, as every one knows; some being urban residents, necessarily arrived from a very short distance; others, however, being suburban or rural denizens, had journeyed hither by buggy, cart, cab or train, bringing with them

fresh looks and high spirits. At length the source and cause of all this expectancy and juvenile impatience was made apparent by distant glimpses of a large concourse slowly marching along, upon whom the sun shone fitfully, throwing warmth into the gay colours of many brilliant costumes and banners, and bright points of flashing light on pikes and antique halberds carried by military units of the train.

Presently the advanced division came into full view amidst the loud cheering of the spectators, and then about the finest, barbarically splendid procession which has been witnessed in Maryborough filed majestically by. Mr George Jones mounted upon a fiery steed, clothed in bright scarlet, and with his head surmounted by a ponderous ornamental gilt "cadi" (?) half mitre, half crown, form which depended peacock's feathers, caraced (sic) in front of the main body, like the British peers in Iolanthe, "slow and stately". He was followed by Mr Biel's brass band, in uniform, playing agreeable music, and after that orchestral body succeeded a long array of Chinamen.

Mandarins of all orders were there, personages in sober black and in parti-colour, dignitaries of the red button, the blue button and the all-puissant yellow button, followed each other according to their grades, the most aristocratic walking last. Then there were many handsomely equipped noblemen, moving along in beautiful flowered silk robes, like Roman togas, only not all purple, but also celestial blue, golden yellow, amber, brown and scarlet.

Stalwart Chinamen laboured past under the weight of huge, mast-like flag staffs, from which were displayed long and delicate pennants; others carried smaller banners on which grotesque designs were worked of terrible dragons and nondescript animals and birds. There were Chinese women there with beautiful long hair which they wore simply braided.

Dr Wong Ming Cam and another countryman of his bestrode horses and were brilliantly decked as Chinese Emperors. In a curiously decorated palanquin surrounded by four janissaries was a small figure of the Joss, to which great reverence was paid, and here and there amongst the throng of Chinamen were other palanquins containing drums surrounded by practitioners upon instruments which might have represented Nebuchadnezzar's orchestra of old, the world-famed "cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery and dulcimer" with the superaddition of a frying pan without a handle and a pair of cymbals. Queer artistic devices in metal and carved wood, the latter brilliantly painted, were carried on poles, and the Chinese rear guard consisted of the military bearing the implements of death and torture, before adverted to.

Continued on page 4

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“The noble red-man” from the far West, in skins and moccasins, succeeded the Chinamen, mounted on a spirited mustang, and then came Mr Hodkinson’s band, the fire brigade’s ladder carriage, rigged as a ship, drawn by two of Mr Higham’s horses, and surmounted by the brigade with Captain Casey; the German Association, Protestant Alliance and Foresters following with banners and in full regalia.

The fire engine “Neptune” passed by with Messrs Richardson and R. Hubble thereon, dressed in the Fleuss and Duff diving and smoke-breathing apparatus.

The next good feature was a platform erected upon Mr Pascoe’s jinker, and drawn by horses, on which several trades representations were given and a finished buggy was carried. Coachbuilders, blacksmiths, bootmakers and bakers were seated thereon, following their occupations.

Mr Elliott, in a boat rigged with sails followed, then Mr Enticott and an amusing Jack-in-the-Green company passed by, after which came the Chinaman’s Flat band, the Oddfellows, with banners and in full dress, the Mayor (Mr A.R. Outtrim) on horseback, the Carisbrook school cadet corps, under Mr Beilby, the Maryborough State school band, under Mr W. M. Cox, two clowns on horseback, Australian blacks in a spring cart covered with boughs of trees, and finally two identities from County Galway in a market cart, whose appearance caused great fun. The procession, which started in Market square, passed down Havelock and Nolan streets to the station, and returning along the latter thoroughfare, proceeding through High street to the park. ...

Besides the racing and quoits, which went off exceedingly well, the Chinese theatre, a building about 60 feet long and wide in proportion, attracted considerable attention. Mr F. Swan, in an absurd guise, which might do duty for the Mikado of Japan, the Cham of Tartary, the High Panjandrum, or the Great Mogul, was mounted on an extemporised rostrum and enunciated flowers of oratory to induce the gentle public to patronise the show.

Large numbers of people visited the theatre, and were greatly entertained with the appearance of the place and the performances given. All around the walls handsomely worked silk banners were hung, pieces of armour, spears, pikes, halberts, and from the ceiling depended artistically painted Chinese lanterns and four beautifully constructed miniature tableaux in cases. One of these, over the stage, contained a representation of a Chinese palace in the olden days, the centre figure being the Emperor on his throne.

Around him, and issuing from various portals and alcoves in the well-ventilated building were courtiers and enemies, the distinctive features between whom were denoted by the uniform suavity of facial expression characterising the former and the diabolical disfigurements assumed by the latter.

The orchestra was a most remarkable combination. What answers to our “first violin” in a string band was supplied by a musician who performed upon what seemed like a large wooden circular headed mallet which had two strings fastened to it at the head and stretched its full length to the end of the handle, where they were turned around two wooden pegs in the shape of bradawls. The artist who operated upon this conception used a catgut bow, and certainly managed to extract rythmical (sic) although rather shrill music from it. As accompaniment, or second violin, another musician manipulated a lean looking banjo, a third one played with what appeared to be a toy trumpet, a fourth chimed in on a brass frying pan, and a fifth had the control of three instruments, two leather drums and a pair of cymbals, which he attended to alternately.

Nevertheless the music was not bad although scarcely full toned enough, and somewhat brassy; in consequence of this all the singing was falsetto, and in some cases, falsetto with tremolo expression. Chinese recitations were given, dialogues, and in one instance what was announced as a comic song.

One of the audience, a Celestial, was asked what this very comic song was about, and he stated in reply that it related to the death of the singer’s mother. A leading performer made a neat little speech in choice Chinese, thanking the public for their attendance, and the absence of larrikins. He also said that the Chinese had been much afraid of bad weather on the day of the sports, but through the kind intervention of the Joss a fine day had dawned upon them.

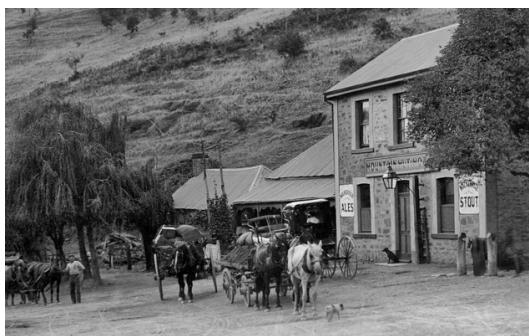
Maryborough & Dunolly Advertiser
Friday May 29, 1885



CHAPPLE FAMILY DIARY: Adelaide to Bealiba in 1855

With the permission of Kylie Chapple, a descendant, we're pleased to be able to reproduce excerpts from the diary kept by the Chapple family, as they travelled overland in 1855 from Adelaide to Bealiba, where they settled. Both John and Ann are buried in the local cemetery.

John Chapple and his wife Ann (nee Oak) of Exeter sailed on the *Spartan* at Christmas 1848, arriving in Port Adelaide on April 15, 1849. They spent the next six years in Adelaide before setting out for the Bealiba area on March 26, 1855. On the 27th they reached the Mountain Hut [Hotel]



Mountain Hut Hotel, Glen Osmond. Date unknown

On Sunday they arrived at the Morning Star Hotel, Mount Barker. The following day they reached a large lake and killed a duck.

Wednesday April 1: Camped on the Murray. Next Day camped at Wellington, five miles down the river. Friday for breakfast turkey soup and to spare for all.

Saturday 4th: Left Murray River and camped in the scrub near Lake Albert, a charming spot.... Cod for supper.

Sunday 5th: Cod for breakfast.

Monday April 6: Four miles down Lake Albert then through 16 mile desert to McGrath's Flat on the banks of the Coorong. A good well of water and plenty of feed... we intend to stay until next day to spell the bullocks who were awfully punished by long journey of 16 miles through heavy sand. All well except Mrs C. who fell on her head getting out of bullock dray and is also suffering from a cold on the chest.

Thursday April 9: From Coorong to She Oak Wells. Camped in the scrub and killed a turkey. Saw kangaroo but could not get a shot. Weather fine but threatens rain.

Friday April 10: Noon at Salt Creek. Sheep Skin Wells. Water brackish. Still on Coorong opposite Martin's Station. Coorong wide but shallow, abounding in all sorts of aquatic fowls.

Saturday 11th: Reached the Policemans's Wells, 18 miles of bad road.

Sunday 12th: Camped 2 miles from the sea. Walked over the sand hills, bought a Japanese cup and saucer from a black and with him brought back 2 baskets of cockels (sic). Had stewed turkey and native apples for dinner.

Monday 13th: Came across Tilley's Swamps to Tilley's Creek. Mountain duck, leg of mutton, potatoes and melon pie for dinner with contents of basket packed by Mr. Tregonin (sic). Did justice to all these good things, were merry round a regular bonfire, drank my son's health who remained at Adelaide... We are over the worst of the road on the journey and find good water and granite rocks, caught a bucketful of black fish in the river and cooked them for breakfast next morning. They are most delicious fish.

Friday 17th: Camped within 2 miles of McIntyre's Station. Plenty of good food for selves and bullocks. Had roast beef etc. Next day left at 8 o'clock, a lovely morning, passed a Chinaman's grave recently made, within a few hundred yards found another lying dead on the road. Dug a grave and buried the body.

400 Chinamen had been landed at Guichen Bay on Monday last and this body could not have been dead more than two days. Sent word to the Station, but no one at home. Within a mile at different spots were 4 other recently made graves. Travelled over swamps and scrub and sand all day, at sundown camped amongst gum trees on a flat with very little feed.

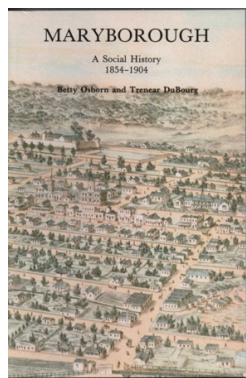
We know we are on the right road from the number of Chinese characters written about every 2 miles on the trees, the bark neatly shaved off about 12" x 18" and then 6 lines of writing neatly executed, I suppose information for those poor fellows ...

Saturday 25th: A bright morning after storm, journeyed on 12 miles to a scrub without water a short way back some beautiful lakes, and are told we will find no more water until we get to Mt Aripelles. (sic) The land is well watered and timbered.

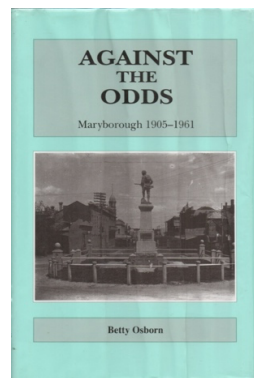
Monday 29th: Camped under Mt. Aripiles (sic) some of the young ones and self ascended the rocks and for our trouble were rewarded with a view of some of the country we had passed over and of that we have to travel over. These rocks are very picturesque, have many logan stones [balanced] on them, natural verandahs some 50 feet long by 30 x 12 feet wide. A deep basin of water in a ravine 12 ft. x 8 ft. of an oval beautifully clean and cool and of excellent taste. The basin is smooth as if polished by art, it is water worn. The plateau on the margin is also smooth under shelter of overhanging rocks, and the land at the bottom of the cliff covered with the most luxuriant grass. This is a spot any person fond of solitude would like to live on. Distance from our first starting place: 308 miles...

BOOKS FOR SALE

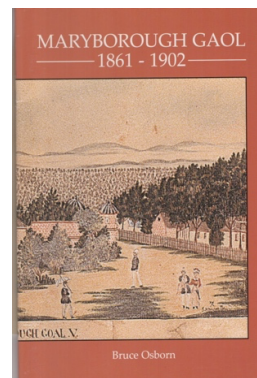
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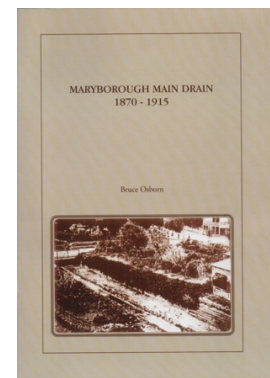
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