

MAITLAND MERCURY
JUNE 24, 1865

TO BUILDERS

TENDERS ARE INVITED for a BUILDING 93 feet x 40 feet, on Tocal Estate, Paterson River. Plans and specifications to be seen on application at Tocal House; at Messrs. Penders, West Maitland; or to Mr. E.T. Blacket, Architect, Pitt street, Sydney, to which letter party tenders are to be sent on or before the 10th day of July, 1865.

The proprietor does not bind himself to accept the lowest or any tender.

[Information supplied by Jack Sullivan]

MAITLAND MERCURY
18 MARCH 1843
PATERSON

On Friday, the 10th instant, Mr Sullivan; our chief constable, received information that Melville and Harry, two Aborigines for whose apprehension a warrant had been issued for the murders at Glendon, accompanied by another black, were concealed on Hog Island, in the Paterson River. He immediately proceeded thither accompanied by constable McGone and several ticket of leave holders; on approaching the island, they were perceived by the blacks, who, on being ordered to surrender, raised war whoop and commenced showering their spears upon the party. After an encounter which lasted nearly an hour the blacks were obliged to surrender. They were yesterday brought before the bench, and Melville and Harry were identified as being present near Bulwarra, aiding at the murder of a black boy, a servant of Mr Boydell's, Allyn river; they were fully committed upon this charge, and will be forwarded to Maitland to appear before Mr Day on the charge of murdering two white children at Glendon, and leaving the mother for dead. Melville is the most ferocious looking black I have ever seen in the country.

This article refers to Hog Island which used to be in the Paterson River, directly east of the College. It is referred to in more detail in the earlier article on page 8 of this Tocal History Notes. The incident with the police would probably have taken place from the Tocal or western side of the river.

“PEEPING TOM” AT TOCAL.

(From the Melbourne Australasian, May 27.)

“What is the matter now, steward?” “Nothing, sir, only blowing off steam, as we cannot enter the river for the fog.” This was very annoying intelligence at 5 o’clock in the morning on board the steam packet Coonanbara, which left Sydney the evening before at 11 o’clock, for Newcastle, and as the train left that coal district, at seven, I was rather anxious, but the best way to do things is to take them pleasantly, so I turned round in my bunk for another snooze; however, the bumping of the engine soon aroused me to a sense that we were again on the move, and as the other passengers came tumbling out of their beds, ranged in double rows round the capacious saloon, I crawled out, too, and inquired what sort of a passage we had. “As smooth as a mill-pond all the way sir.” This is a most convenient arrangement of the A.S.N. Co. Passengers “turn in” as the steamer sails down the smooth waters of the harbour, and on waking up next morning find themselves at Newcastle. The hour of arrival is inconvenient, however, to a stranger, for we disembarked at a quarter to six, on a cold frosty morning, and were left to kick our heels about in the dark until the train left. After stumbling over rails, sleepers, &c., and running up against coal trucks, I found my way to the Great Northern Hotel, a large and well conducted establishment formerly kept by Mr. Winch, where I beguiled away the time over an excellent breakfast. Newcastle is a seaport town, built on the rising ground at the entrance to the River Hunter. The railway runs on a line with the river to the wharf; it is fed by offshoots to the different mines. The coal is brought down in trucks, on each of which is placed double boxes containing from three to five tons. On getting along the ship’s side, the boxes are craned off the truck, and the contents canted into the hold. In this way a good-sized ship can be loaded in a few hours. The town itself is, like all other seaport towns, dirty. The main street, named Hunter, boasts of several good shops, hotels, &c., and is about three-quarters of a mile long, and runs in a parallel line to the more business thoroughfare at the wharfs, where there are any number of shanties, grog shops, bonded and marine stores, barbers, and ship chandlers. The private dwellings, churches, and meeting houses, are on the top of the hill at the back. On leaving by rail for Maitland, the line runs through a densely scrubby country, along the rich flats of the river, and the debris of the late floods was observable everywhere. The town of Maitland lies inland eighteen miles, and is divided into two parts, east and west, the latter portion being built on the lower ground, and subject to floods. There is but one main street, in which nearly all the shops, hotels, and public buildings are. Mr. Reynolds, jun., in his dog cart, was waiting for me as the train stopped at the High street station a little after eight o’clock. We had a pleasant drive along a capital road, through a thinly timbered but well-greased undulating country, being the background to the many farms on the rich flats of the rivers Paterson and Hunter, near Dunmore. After about eight miles’ drive we suddenly came on a more extensive opening than what we had yet passed – a most picturesque spot of bald hills surrounded by thinly-timbered country gradually rising to dark high ranges in the distance. On the top of one of the hills is a large two-storied house, encompassed by a broad verandah, with a range of offices in the rear, an orange grove on one side, with

trees of various kinds around. At the foot of the hill was a small lake or lagoon covered with wild ducks, and meandering through the rich grassy flats was the River Paterson, willows and cherry trees hanging over its banks and reflected in its glassy surface. The country around was neatly subdivided into paddocks or fields. Two ploughs were turning up the black soil in one, and a score or so of fat Leicesters, some imported cows, and several pet mares and foals were grazing in another in front of the house. This was Tocal, the residence of C. Reynolds, Esq., the home of the late departed New Warrior, and the present abode of the far-famed Barb. I was in luck's way, for Mr. Reynolds, sen., was busy in sending off drafts of his well-known cattle to the agricultural show at Maitland. Bulls, young and old, of the Devon and Hereford breeds, rolling in fat, I saw; also, as fine a lot of blood-red Devon cows as could be bred in any part of the world, with beautiful heads, fine in the horn, round in the barrel, deep in the brisket, short on the leg, back and rump straight, flat and broad, and with that highly appreciated quality to judges, skins like velvet to the touch. After doing justice to a second edition of rump steaks and tea, we took a stroll to the stables. As a matter of course, The Barb took precedence in displaying himself, brought out of his box by an old veteran, and one of the institutions of the establishment. "As quiet as a lamb; he won't kick, bless you, sir, he is as docile as a child," said his keeper, as he led the little champion prancing round the yard. A beautiful filly, lately purchased by Mr. Holland of Adelaide, and sister to Juanita, was neighing in the stockyard close by; and as The Barb pricked his ears and proudly looked at her, he presented a picture that even the great Landseer never dreamt of. He has not grown much in height, being rather above 15.2, but he has wonderfully thickened, and his proportions are so perfect that until one takes a second look he appears quite a pony. He is, without exception the xxxx of a horse, and the most powerfully put together animal in the colony. After he was taken back to his box, The Don, another stallion, was led forth, a chestnut son of Cossack, with a great resemblance to his sire, only on a smaller scale; he shows fine quality, good bone and racing points, but he has failed, so far I know, as yet to produce anything very grand. In a long stable, ranged in wide stalls, stood six yearlings, well grown and in fine condition, all by that much-to-be-lamented sire New Warrior. Several had been sold at the late sale in Sydney, but not yet delivered, and two of them, nice bay colts, were bound for New Zealand. In a loose box by himself was a very handsome dark brown colt, by New Warrior out of Keepsake, purchased by Mr. Holland; he shows great quality, and will make a racehorse some day, if he be only lucky. Next to him was a bay colt, by New Warrior from Ida, and brother to The Spy, belonging to Mr Tait. Ida is out of Io by Vanguard. This is a grand youngster but he has one most objectionable fault, bad fore legs; but if these stand a preparation he is bound to be a speedy gentleman. I am afraid, however, that that astute trainer, Jimmy Ashworth, will have an anxious time of it if he trains on. The only foals yet weaned are two young Barbs, out of Countess and Ida, the latter promising to turn out the best of the few of the demon's children that I saw. Foals are a good deal like babies – very much alike and hazardous to give an opinion upon, but I must confess that I was not very favourably impressed with the appearance of any of the young Barbs. There are only about half a dozen altogether, and I believe the horse was in no condition his first season, after he had been so many years in training; and, therefore, it is unfair to judge on his first produce. This season he has had thirty mares put to him, and his next foals will be a much surer criterion of his ability as a sire. Mr. Reynolds, jun., and I now mounted horse for a ride through the paddocks, in which were the brood mares, for Tocal is a large property of above 4000 acres. As we rode along I could not help admiring the beautiful scenery everywhere, especially along the

river side; the dry nature of the soil, the great abundance of feed, and its rich quality. We passed through a herd of about 250 purebred Hereford cattle, all with white faces; I did not see a single exception. They were rolling in fat, and some of the cows could not be excelled in any country. They were all so tame and quiet that they hardly took notice of us, although we rode alongside of several. We now entered the adjoining paddock, more wooded and undulating, containing, I should say, 500 or 600 acres. In this were the greater portion of the brood mares, up to their knees in grass; in fact the feed was too abundant, and going to waste. The first mare we came across was Brown Duchess, the property of Mr. John Tait, with a good foal at her side, the first born to The Barb. Near her was a fine sample of a grey mare, half sister to Pyrrhus, which took my fancy much; she also had a Barb's foal sucking her. Cassandra, an old-looking dame, had a nice filly foal to New Warrior frisking about, and the black mother of Juanita had also a capital chestnut filly lying alongside of her. Carnation, a well-bred, good-sized mare, with a chestnut filly foal to the Don, looked uncommonly well; and Crinoline, a very handsome mare, had a filly running with her to New Warrior. Keepsake, by Emigrant, had no foal, but she is a fine style of brood mare and I like her as well as any. Creeping Jenny, about 24 years old, is one of the good old sort. There was also Turran, a brown mare out of Truth, by Commissioner, that seemed a fine, roomy, well-bred animal; and the dam of The Prophet, although small, showed good bone and points combined with quality. The white mare, Keda, dam of Pyrrhus, quite took my fancy, and so did Rosetta, as being a highly-bred mare by Emigrant. I did not like Phantasy, the dam of Marske, with her white face and legs and greyhound appearance. Edith, the dam of Detective, showed fine quality, and a good looking mare all over, but I fancied Emery better, half-sister to him and The Colonel. Kaylo, a chestnut mare, and half-sister to Pyrrhus's dam, is quite a picture, and put me in mind of the Rose of Denmark, and so far as looks go was one of the best mares in the paddock. Io and her four year old daughter were grazing together at the far end. The old mare has altered for the better since I saw her last at the Champion Meeting, Melbourne, 1859. She has lost all that long, lanky loose appearance she had then, and has now furnished into a most respectable and grand-looking dame; her daughter also looks as if she will be a valuable brood mare. We returned by another paddock, in which was Mermaid, a mare by Fisherman out of Sweetheart, dam of Queen of Hearts, &c. She is a high-class roomy mare, but wanting in bone, and had a very good filly foal at her side by New Warrior. Moselle, last year's Leger winner, was grazing close to her, but I hardly think she is in foal; she has every appearance, however, of being a grand brood mare when she commences. The dam of Comedian was a little way off, playing with Ida; the former is but a punch looking thing, but the latter is of fine quality, nicely shaped, and as she galloped from us showed splendid action. Old Sweetheart, with whose foals Mr. Reynolds has been extremely unfortunate, was at home in a loose box. She looks hale and hearty, but I never fancied her much as a brood mare. In all I saw about 40 mares, in excellent condition, many of whom are in foal to The Barb. It was now dinner time, and after a pleasant hour's talking over the past and the prospects of the future, I drove back to Maitland, highly delighted with everything I saw at Tocal, the management of which establishment reflects a deal of credit on Mr. Reynolds, jun. Everything was in apple-pie order, and a more healthy and better adapted country for the rearing of stock of every description, especially horses, could hardly be selected in the colony. The paddocks are hill and dale, well sheltered, covered with a rich sward of grass, and the flats along the river side must be invaluable in summer time. I heard several remarks made in Sydney as to the scanty supply of feed at The Barb's harem. Such is a most mistaken notion, and must have been formed by

parties who had no knowledge of the place. At Maitland I paid a visit to Mr. Baldwin's establishment, but he had few thoroughbreds there; Yelverton, that I was anxious to see, and the brood mares, were all at his station up-country. He had, however, two very handsome and racing-looking colts in the stable, by Yelverton, one called Winstay, a bay with black points, from Miss Pitsford, being particularly good. He met with an accident previous to the Randwick meeting, otherwise it was intended he should measure strides with the youngest in the Champagne. He looks all right again. We shall therefore most likely hear of him in next year's Derby. The other brown colt, from Duchess, is quite a beauty, with great strength. The bay filly Aveline was taking her exercise in the paddock, but I had seen her before at Randwick; and Idle Boy was idling away his time in a yard by himself preparatory to going into work for the Windsor meeting. He has not grown a bit, and in his poor condition looks anything but a racehorse. After paying a visit to Matt Scott at his house, West Maitland, I returned by the evening train to Newcastle, where I spent the night, and came on to Sydney next day to make preparations for my departure to Queensland the day after, to be present at the Brisbane meeting on the 24th.

[Information supplied by Harry Boyle]

MAITLAND MERCURY
SEPTEMBER 10, 1896
SALES BY AUCTION.
FOR SALE BY PUBLIC AUCTION
AT
Goodyer's Hotel,
CAMPBELL'S HILL
on
Monday, 21st Sept., 1896.
First-class Grazing Property,
Splendidly adapted for Dairying purposes,
and known as

HALL'S MONEYBUNG ESTATE

Adjoining the well-known estates, Tillimby, Tocal, and Eelah.

COMPRISING –

313 Acres C.P. in Land District of Paterson

185 Acres 3 Roods Freehold, Parish of Wolfingham, County of Durham.

E.W.SPARKE has received instructions from the Administrators in the Estate of late John Hall to sell by auction, at Goodyer's Hotel, Campbell's Hill, on MONDAY, 21st September, at Two o'clock.

The above BLOCKS of LAND, described thus:

Lot 1.- 313 acres, adjoining A.A.W. Nivison's Tillimby Estate, and about 8½ miles from the Paterson township. Portion of the land is cleared, and been under cultivation. This would make a capital Dairy Farm: It is permanently watered in all seasons by two creeks running through the property, also by a dam. The soil is very fertile, well grassed, and a large portion could be turned into cultivation, and in every way is very suitable for dairying.

The improvements consist of House, Stock-yards, Bails, etc.

LOT 2.- 185³/₄ acres, and only about 7¹/₂ miles from the Paterson township, is equally well grassed and watered in all seasons by a creek and other sources. It is bounded by Eelah, Tocal, and Tillimby.

This block is also very suitable for dairying, the soil is rich, and well adapted for cultivation.

The auctioneer directs the attention of speculators and others to the sale of the above properties. They are conveniently situated, close to Maitland and Paterson, at either place the produce can be sold at the Farmers' Union, and it is no distance to the Hillsborough and other Creameries. The property is only placed in the market to wind up the Estate.

Persons wishing to inspect can do so by giving the Auctioneer a couple of days' notice.
Terms cash.

[Information supplied by Jack Sullivan]

MAITLAND MERCURY
SEPTEMBER 10, 1896

STOCK FOR TOCAL.- On board the steamer Nineveh which arrived at Melbourne from London yesterday are two Hereford bulls which were purchased in England by Mr. Frank Reynolds's agent there at great expense. The bulls were secured from one of the most noted breeders in the old country, and are full of the most fashionable blood. Tocal has always been famous for the quality of its Herefords and the newcomers will undoubtedly add to the reputation of Mr. Reynolds's herd.

[Information supplied by Jack Sullivan]

TO STAND THIS SEASON

AT
Tocal, Paterson,
THE THOROUGHBRED HORSES
GOLDSBROUGH
And
THE DRUMMER

“GOLDSBROUGH” (the sire of Kamilaroi, Hilarious, Sylvanus (N.Z.), Morpeth, Carmen, Primrose Galata, Decoy, Beatrice, Empress, Tillimby, Dagmar, &c.) is by Fireworks out of Sylvia, by Fisherman out of Juliet, by Touchstone out of Lancashire Witch, by Tomboy out of Kite by Bustard, &c.

“THE DRUMMER”, the sire of The Pontiff (winner of the Great Metropolitan stakes), Drum Major (winner of Tattersall’s Cup), The Drummer, (winner of Hawkesbury Grand Handicap), Baroness (second Maribyrnong Plate), Sapphire, Tattoo, Chorister, Balthazar, Twilight, Maitland, Milbrodale, Comet, Salvator, Masquerade, &c., is by Rataplan out of My Niece by Cowl, out of Vanity by Camel, out of Val by Langar, out of Wire by Waxy, &c.

TERMS:

GOLDSBROUGH 15 Guineas Each Mare.
THE DRUMMER 15 Guineas Each Mare.

Every care taken of Mares sent to the above horses, but no responsibility incurred. Season commences 1st September, 1882, and ends January 1st, 1883, when all Mares must be paid for and removed.

Mares sent by steamer will be received at Morpeth by train at West Maitland, on receipt of reasonable notice.

For further particulars apply to F. REYNOLDS, Tocal, Paterson.

“THE DRUMMER.”- We yesterday received a communication from Mr. F. Reynolds to the effect that the list of his thoroughbred stallion, The Drummer, had closed, but the information reached us too late to be added to his advertisement which appears in another column. And it is indeed no wonder that the son of Rataplan and My Niece was well patronised this season, for racing men and stud masters could no longer keep their eyes closed to the successes of The Drummer’s stock on the racecourses of Australia, as witness the victories of The Pontiff, Comet, Drum Major, Twilight, and many others, illustrations of the axiom that “like begets like.”

[Information supplied by Jack Sullivan]

THE HARVEST 1864

MAITLAND MERCURY

DECEMBER 1, 1864

THE HARVEST.- Harvest operations will commence in this district in a few days. We are sorry to learn that the rust is extending its ravages very rapidly in several places, and the hopes which were entertained a week or two ago, as to the probable yield of our harvest, will not be fulfilled. In some places there is a splendid crop – as good as ever seen in the district. The rust appears to make no distinction as to the description of wheat sown. On one farm, where three descriptions of wheat were sown, all have been destroyed. In some places, where the white lammas was sown, a good crop is obtained, and other places the same description is destroyed; and the same is reported of the red lammas. At Tocal there were a few acres of splendid wheat, which, up to a few days ago, was admired by all, and which had the appearance of yielding a splendid crop, with no signs of rust, and stood nearly five feet in height; but, alas! Within the last few days, the rust has made its appearance, and so quickly extended its ravages, that Mr. Reynolds considers it advisable to cut it down.

[Information supplied by Jack Sullivan]

MAITLAND MERCURY

JULY 3, 1900 - PATERSON.

During almost the whole of last week the westerly wind raged tempestuously here, making life a misery with its cutting blasts. This wind seems to bring all manner of sickness in its train, and its keenness appears to search out every weak spot in the human construction. However, "It's an ill wind that blows nobody good," so this wind has thoroughly dried our muddy roads and sodden country, and we can now walk abroad with dry feet and polished shoes. The wind ceased on Saturday, and Sunday morning dawned a beautiful day, calm and sunny, with just a slight frost to brace things up. A very heavy frost was experienced here this morning with plenty of ice on all the exposed water, but we can appreciate the calm bright days that follow the frosts.

Telephonic communication was established with East Gresford last week. The inhabitants of Gresford are indeed fortunate to have two telephone offices in their immediate vicinity.

The oranges and mandarins are very fine in our district this year. Mr. John Tucker's orchard, our show orchard, is quite a picture with its numerous mandarin and other orange trees heavily laden with luscious golden fruit. We do not think Paterson can be surpassed for the excellence of its oranges.

Some of our townspeople have been unfortunate during the past week. Last Wednesday the Postmistress lost a gold watch and chain while driving from Paterson to Seaham; and Miss Frances Reynolds, of Duninald, lost a blue enamel locket set with pearls, while returning from St. Paul's, Paterson, on Sunday night. We trust the lost valuables will shortly be found and restored.

July 2.

[Information supplied by Jack Sullivan]

MAITLAND MERCURY
SATURDAY, AUGUST 12, 1869

DISTRICT NEWS.
[FROM OUR VARIOUS CORRESPONDENTS.]

PATERSON.

STEALING A WORKING BULLOCK. – During last Tuesday night a working bullock belonging to Mr. Green Smith was stolen out of the Tillimby paddock. The bullock, having a peculiar hoof, was traced thereby out of the paddock, down through this township, and on to Largs, and was apparently driven down by a man on horseback. The bullock was bred by Mr. Smith, at Tillimby, was very fat, and it was estimated would weigh over 1200 lbs. if killed. A strange man was seen during the day previous, walking about in the paddock, but not sufficient notice was taken of him to identify who he was. The loss of the bullock was ascertained early on Wednesday morning, and its tracks immediately followed up, but it is feared that the bullock was killed out of the way at once – as no trace of it has yet been obtained so far as I have been able to learn.

[Information supplied by Jack Sullivan]

MAITLAND MERCURY
SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1889

Preliminary Notice.

SEASON OF 1889

THE FOLLOWING THOROUGHBREDS WILL
STAND THIS SEASON
AT Tocal.

THE DRUMMER

(IMPORTED),

At 15 Guineas per Mare.

Splendor, (imp.),

At 10 Guineas per Mare.

Sweet William

At 7 Guineas per Mare.

Every care taken of Mares sent to above horses, but no responsibility incurred.

Mares sent by steamer will be received at Morpeth; by train at West Maitland, on receipt of reasonable notice.

Season commences 1st September, and ends 21st December, 1889, when all mares must be paid for and removed.

Only a limited number of mares taken to each horse.

For further particulars apply to

F. REYNOLDS,

Tocal,

Paterson

[Information supplied by Jack Sullivan]

MAITLAND MERCURY
MONDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1905
PATERSON.

The Works Department has at last started the much needed regrading of the road leading to the wharf. The road is being made very much wider, and a part of the high bank is being removed, making it easier for teams to negotiate the hill both coming and going. The wharf is in a very dilapidated condition, with great holes large enough for a person to drop right through the decking. It is a miracle that some of the horses have not got their legs broken before now. Some persons refuse to stay on the wharf when the steamer is coming in, being afraid that the steamer will give an extra heavy bump and crumble the whole fixture into the river. It is to be hoped that when the new wharf is being built the authorities will see the necessity of making it fully four or five feet higher than the present one.

It is not an unusual occurrence for the steamer to be stuck on the mud bank down the river, causing great inconvenience to both passengers and shippers. It is not long since the dredge did a little clearing, but as it is only allowed to stay a week or two to dredge about 12 miles it is not nearly sufficient time to have it done right. It is practically so much money wasted, as three months afterwards the river is just as bad as ever.

Mr. Frank Reynolds, of Tocal, had a hard stroke of luck in the loss of one of his mares – Miss Killmany. She was found dead in the paddock on Friday afternoon. There is nothing whatever to indicate what caused her death. She was by Goldsbrough and had a foal at foot by Medallion.

[Information supplied by Jack Sullivan]

MAITLAND MERCURY
MONDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1905

Friday's Storm.- In regard to the storm on Friday evening we have been informed that the Rev. J. Walker, of Morpeth, had a narrow escape of being injured by a flying sheet of iron which had been torn from the roof of a house and blown about by the wind. Also that a large chimney was blown down at Mr. J. Harris' hotel, Morpeth, and smashed in portion of the roof, which will necessitate extensive repairs. At the residence of Mr. I. Church, West Maitland, one of the front windows was blown in, and a number of ornaments destroyed. A woman and her child, which she was carrying, experienced a narrow escape at Bishop's Bridge, through portion of the roof of her house being lifted. The Willow Tree Hotel, at East Maitland, suffered damage to the roof. At Tocal, Mr. Darcy Reynolds had a very narrow escape of being fatally injured. With his father, Mr. Frank Reynolds, and others, he was engaged in assisting to brand calves, when the storm suddenly swept down upon them. The roof was lifted off the branding shed, and in attempting to make his way to the homestead he was severely jammed up against a fence by portion of the shingled roof. With difficulty the heavy material was lifted off him, and Mr. Reynolds was removed to the homestead. Fortunately no bones were broken, but his chest was very severely bruised, as a result of which he is still confined to his bed. When the roof was lifted off the building, one of the rafters struck Mr. Bert Kidd on the head, and he was rendered unconscious for some time. Mr. Frank Reynolds, the genial squire of Tocal, had a very narrow escape of being struck by the roof of a section of the yearling stalls, which was removed and carried bodily for a considerable distance. The property of Mr. George Cole, of Lochend, suffered

considerable damage. His hayshed was almost entirely demolished, and a valuable horse was badly injured by a flying sheet of galvanised iron.

[Information supplied by Jack Sullivan]

Among the Pastoralists and Producers.

[BY HAROLD M. MACKENZIE.]

TOCAL.

13 October 1894

Having travelled continuously in the Hay district and Southern Riverina for the past two years, a tract of country characterized by eternal plains of unvarying sameness and solitude, the welcome change to such fertile English-looking landscapes as one sees in this district is a sight at once pleasing and refreshing.

“What is your idea of a happy life?” is a question I have often put to squatters in the district alluded to, the invariable answer in nine cases out of ten being something of this sort: “To have enough money to purchase a nice little estate, somewhere near Melbourne or Sydney for choice, and breed really good horses.” The idea to any lover of the breed would at first sight leave nothing perhaps to be desired, but what the actual practice of horse-breeding is to those who have served long years of apprenticeship, with its attendant train of worry and disappointments, as in every other pursuit, are facts too well known, to enter upon in detail.

The name of Tocal is a household word throughout the colony, or for that matter throughout our great island continent, and whoever has had the privilege of a chat with Mr. Frank Reynolds will at once be convinced that the time and study which he has devoted to the science of horse and cattle breeding, like his father before him, have been so exhaustive in character, that it would seem strange indeed were the Tocal stud unable to hold its own in the premier rank of blood stock. To say that it does, is merely but to reiterate what has been said a hundred times before by some of our ablest writers in all the leading journals of Australia. Driving through somewhat unattractive country so soon as the precincts of West Maitland are passed, that is to say thickly timbered and rather poor looking soil, the sudden transition to such oasis-like country with the willow-fringed Paterson flowing merrily on its course, and soil that will grow anything, so to speak, makes one feel that it is sometimes good to be alive. The large solid-looking house of the Reynolds family, dating back to the forties, is a conspicuous feature of the landscape, standing boldly forth on an eminence in the midst of an amphitheatre of thickly-wooded hills, whilst as a set-off to its appearance, a miniature lake teeming with water fowl, with green and refreshing-looking willows everywhere completes such a picture that few spots can excel.

The task of describing the Tocal stud in anything like detail or in a manner that would do it justice is so Herculean, which, of itself would occupy weeks, that I hardly know where to begin first, and as regards a limit I might write a volume as large as Webster's Unabridged, and then perhaps have to compile an addendum. A glance at Tocal is all

then that the present article can hope to achieve, and if the art of writing newspaper articles consist in saying much in a small space, I must endeavour to keep that end in view.

The total acreage of Tocal, which in reality consists of three in one, viz: Tocal proper, Glendarra, and Duninald, comprises in all about 5900, and the historical herds of which it boasts were founded by the late Mr. Chas. Reynolds, a Devon gentleman, who came to the colony some 54 years ago, concerning whose zeal and enterprise the facts are too well known to call for comment in this article. The paddocks in which the stock are running vary in size from 5 to 2000 acres, numerous subdivided, well watered, in fact too well for late years, with an abundance of English clover, rye, and other nourishing grasses, and plentifully furnished with red and spotted gum, iron-bark, and box timber. No less an area than 200 acres, inclusive of the three estates, is devoted to the cultivation of maize, oats, barley, pumpkins, and lucerne, which are raised for stock purposes, and go to producing the renowned prize-takers of Tocal. The system adopted of burning off grass in the principal paddocks after the winter does much to ensure a sweet and nourishing supply, as evidenced by the appearance just now, which, aided by the late welcome rain, will soon cover them with a luxuriant growth.

The prizes awarded for blood stock both as regards cattle and horses at Metropolitan and Provincial Shows are innumerable, my first intimation of which was testified by the rows of trophies, and these, as Mr. Frank Reynolds informs me, are but a very small portion of the whole. The cream of the Tocal blood entires are located in roomy loose boxes close to the house, and as Mr. Reynolds steps into one of them and taps Goldsbrough's nose with his hunting crop, the sire of innumerable winners rubs affectionately against him. He who has not heard of Goldsbrough must argue himself unknown, and as to his performances, his debut being made under the careful tuition of that celebrated old "sport" the late Mr. Jno. Tait, whose yellow and black was never far from the winning post, are they not all recorded in the Turf Register? From the year 1879 down to the present time Goldsbrough has produced winners, whose gain in prize money reaches the extraordinary sum of £66,000 – a fair criterion of what his stock can do. "To throw a perfume on the violet or to gild refined gold is ridiculous excess," says the immortal bard, and to say much in praise of Goldsbrough's qualities means that. Anyone, however, who can find fault with his good looks and weight carrying points, his splendid carriage, kind good tempered head and countenance, his magnificent back and barrel, wants to argue, and as this is not my purpose we will close the stable door, and pay a visit to Splendor. The name of this horse does not belie him as he makes for one in rather unpleasant fashion, Mr. Reynolds remarking as he does so "mind he doesn't bite you." Though he means nothing, perhaps, his bite might and a smart rap on his nostrils makes him sit up and look at us in rather a defiant sort of way. Splendor is a very fashionable looking horse and is undoubtedly the coming sire, seeing that everything he gets can race, and although when first imported many "wise" sports shook their heads and predicted little good of him, all with the exception of the Hon. W.A. Long, who stood firm, and a few others have since seen their prophecies unverified, and fortunately too for Mr. Reynolds.

Splendor is by Speculum, from Bathilde by Stockwell from Babette by Faugh-a-ballagh; standing well on his legs with grand quarters, good back, fine shoulders, and denoting lots of substance. His colour is superb, being of a rich golden chestnut, as likewise his

yearlings which were inspected in neighbouring boxes. Of his performances, Splendor ran well up in the Middle Park Plate (England), and has won The Payne Stakes and Bretby Plate, after which triumphs 2000 guineas was offered and refused. During his career under Mr. E.E. Stead it is worthy of note to remark that he succeeded in beating Ossian in The Bretby Plate who afterwards won the St. Leger. Splendour comes of the Blacklock breed which at one time was the *bête noir* of English turfites, but times are changed and the once despised race are now coming to the fore "hands down." Amongst other horses of renown at Tocal I must not omit Sweet William, who is by Yattendon, sire of Chester, out of Lady Hooton. Sweet William took no one's dust in the V.R.C. Brunswick Stakes winning easily in 2mins. 10³/₄secs. The distance being 1¹/₄ miles, there being 17 other competitors in the same race. Sweet William has also run six seconds, and four thirds and close acquaintance with him, proves him to be a good tempered and good constitutional horse, and above all a sure foal-getter.

Irrespective of space, however, I find I am rambling on about one class of stock to the exclusion of others, which in their way are quite as well represented as the horses.

Some enthusiast in sheep breeding has remarked that no man can hope to be successful unless he sit for three hours a day on the rail of a sheep pen and admires their points. The same thing we may suppose, applies to cattle breeders, and although for the past two years I have frequently sat on sheep pen rails, sometimes all day, I cannot say I did so out of respect for ovine beauty so much as to furnish a readable article for the newspaper. In all English catalogues at agricultural shows, it invariably happens that the Devon breed of cattle are placed first on the list, and for this reason it would seem that the *place d'honneur* is by right bestowed on the ruby-coloured cattle of the West. Let me begin then by saying something of the Devon beauties at Tocal, which are kept apart from the Herefords, running on Duninald, whilst the latter have their *habitat* on Tocal and Glendarra. It may be mentioned as a premise, that Mr. Frank Reynolds is an inbreeder, having laid down for himself a very strict course in the scientific rearing of stock which is an art more readily practised by the exponents than explained. Students who have devoted a great portion of their lives to the studs of inbreeders are, when confronted with certain questions as to the why and wherefore of such a thing, unable to make reply. They are endowed it would seem with a natural gift in selecting stock that is to say putting the best to the best in order to produce the best, and this without any defined basis to go upon. The experiment to those unskilled in the art of selection is extremely hazardous and, unless a man have a natural gift for it, his efforts more than likely will be misdirected – if indeed not actually ruin his flocks. To return:

The desired end to which Devon cattle are bred on this estate is for symmetry, bone, weight of flesh and quality, and in this respect the Messrs. Reynolds Bros. have succeeded. The hardiness of this particular is proverbial and in the opinion of Mr. F. Reynolds, no type of beast is better suited to meet the requirements of the Export trade than the Devon. The recent shipment of cattle to London on their feet has resulted in failure simply from the fact that to send stores on a long sea voyage is the height of folly when the Act in force states that of necessity they must be slaughtered 14 days after landing. There seems to be no reason, however, why large shipments say from 10,000 to 20,000 of prime cattle of such hardy constitutions as the Devon, should not give an impetus to this important branch of a pastoralist's business. The Devon cattle are generally known as the "hardy little reds" being very symmetrical in shape with cherry

coloured curly hair, being remarkable for fineness of bone, well turned quarters, with very clean and bright looking skins, and are remarkable for their endurance in time of drought or other hardship, judges affirming that in this respect they are far superior to the Herefords. Such famous sires as Fourth Duke of Flitton, and 24th of the same name have earned for Tocal such a widespread reputation that wherever their progeny may be found the name of Flitton is quiet enough to commend them. As a profitable breed, there are, perhaps, no others to compare with the Devon species, seeing that steers can be turned into cash twelve months earlier than larger breeds, pointing to the fact that the so-called "little" Devon can put on more beef in a given time than any two ordinary short horns. Finally the Devon cattle are staunch travellers, arriving as a rule in good and saleable condition after a journey, maybe, of hundreds of miles, whereas in the case of the short horns for example, they generally lose weight. To sum it up shortly the fact of dispatching fat cattle to market if they won't arrive fat is no more profitable than sending them away as stores, and in regard to Devons if they are not fat at starting, they have by experience proved themselves none the worse at the finish.

As regards the Herefords, it was an invariable rule with the late Mr. Chas. Reynolds, and is so now, in fact, that importations from the best herds in Britain should be made from time to time, so that the Tocal herd which has been building up for the past 50 years has something to be proud of. The Herefords, or commonly speaking, the "whitefaces" shows, as a rule, heads neither too narrow nor too long, wide between the eyes, which are full, prominent, and mild in expression. Throughout the whole of the short-horn mania Tocal has firmly adhered to its conservative principles in the matter of cattle breeding, and what the result has been can be learned by anyone who has seen the stacks of congratulatory letters from cattle breeders in all parts of Australia. Amongst the famous bulls now as the stud may be mentioned "Three R's" who took first and special prize at Abergaverny, Bath, and other important centres, being bred by Mr. Keen, of Monmouthshire. The owner of as aristocratic a breed as may be found in the United Kingdom. "Lord Warden" is another grand specimen of his class who was purchased by the owners of Tocal from the New Zealand Stud Co. at the price of 300 guineas. Lastly I may refer to the celebrated "Sarchedon" bred by H.W. Taylor, Esq., Ledbury, England, who has carried off seven first prizes in Britain, his sire being the celebrated Maidstone who has won no less than sixty-six first prizes at all the principal shows in England.

Looking over my notes I find that I have not alluded to one sixth of the interesting items intended for publication, and am afraid through want of space they must be omitted from this article. I also intended to say something of Mr. Frank Reynolds' charming home on the Paterson, Glendarra, where I passed such an enjoyable time, but this also must perforce be crowded out, hoping at the same time, however, that should some fortunate breeze blow me in this direction, again I may then renew my pleasant experiences. Tocal, October 4th, 1894. (*To be continued.*)

[Information supplied by Harry Boyle]

PERSONALITIES IN THE LAW

Mr Ted Hunt was born on 26th November, 1896. Known to his business colleagues as EA and to his friends as Ted, he was one of the founders of Hunt & Hunt, Solicitors, with his brother Bob (HR) in December 1929. The firm name was a lawyer's compromise as to which brother's initials should appear first, Hunt Bros not being available; the name of the firm suited both.

A boy from the country on leaving the East Maitland High School, EA found himself articled to solicitor Clegg and whilst doing the required S.A.B. examinations was entrusted with a large variety of important legal work including, he proudly claims, work for the Horse Cab Drivers' Union.

In 1918, on 2nd September, his elder brother Sinclair died in battle at Mont St Quentin and EA found himself head of the Hunt Family with a widowed mother, three sisters and a young brother, HR, who also was studying law. He pays a great tribute to his sisters who are all in reasonable health and who have been a great help to him in his career.

On 12th September 1919, admitted to practice, EA joined the family firm of Harold T. Morgan & Morgan of Ocean House, Martin Place and soon became a junior partner. There he did court work for Jack Lang, then Premier of New South Wales, and, becoming interested in the litigious side of the profession, built up a large practice on personal injury cases insurance work and, after the 1926 Act, in Workers' Compensation.

Upon leaving that firm, he commenced practice in 1929 in Martin Place. His brother, HR, also being in practice, they decided to fight the Depression together and founded the legal firm of Hunt & Hunt. At about that period, from their office in Somerset House, Martin Place, together they watched the people of Sydney break their own bank, the Government Savings Bank of New South Wales. Fortunately they survived the very hard times that lay ahead.

EA was married in 1924 to Edna Bell of Scottish ancestry. They produced four children namely, Ian Sinclair, David Edward, Jean Isabel (Baumann) and Margaret Anne (Gibson). During the years of the Second World War EA was involved in patriotic affairs, living at Eastwood, and he was a private in the V.D.C. Shortly after the war he was instrumental in starting up the Eastwood Pre-School Kindergarten which is still a successful institution.

After the war, both Ian and David joined the senior Hunts in the firm and now remain as partners. A great admirer of Robert Menzies, EA was one of the first members of the Liberal Party and stood for selection on several occasions for nomination for the New South Wales Parliament, but was unsuccessful. He claims this was very fortunate indeed. It caused him to be interested in Local Government affairs and in 1962 he was successful in being elected as an Alderman of the New Parramatta City Council. He served in that for eleven years, was Deputy Mayor in 1955 and in 1956 and in 1957 he was Mayor. This meant a very busy and active life. His first wife died in 1956 while he

was Mayor and his elder daughter Jean became the Mayoress. In 1958 he remarried Gladys Stewart, a widow, who died last year. Both wives were wonderful homemakers and gave him a very happy home life.

As far back as 1948 he became the Law Agent, that is the Solicitor for the Presbyterian Church of New South Wales and in 1963 in that position he was able to persuade the Church to allow him to claim a variation of the CB Alexander Trusts to enable the Church to found the Alexander Agricultural College at Paterson, near Maitland. This College is now known as "Tocal".

In 1969 he steered the College so that it became a Government responsibility and under the appropriate Act of Parliament EA was appointed a director for life of the CB Alexander Foundation, an advisory body to the College and to agricultural education generally.

He is proud of his children and his eleven grand-children and claims that the Hunts are still a closely knit family. In 1975 he was awarded the Membership of the British Empire by Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II for services to the community and to the legal profession. Incidentally, he had been elected to the Council of the Law Society but had to resign after a term owing to his business and Local Government activities. His brother Bob Hunt died in 1974 and the firm continued and expanded and EA was appointed a consultant to the firm of Hunt & Hunt. He still attends the Bridge Street office most days, watching over the affairs of old and valued clients, and in his spare time plays a very active game of bowls at his club at Pymble.

He has given a lifetime of service to his family, the profession and the Presbyterian Church although now he is a member of the Uniting Church. His only complaint is that the "boys" are working him too hard in the office and not giving him enough time for his fishing which he loves, for bowls and for his garden at Pymble. In the meantime he busies himself as Member of the Board of Burnside Homes, and of the St Andrew's Boys Home at Leppington.

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[Research by Shirley Threlfo, Paterson Historical Society]

RALPH MILLS CLARKE

Ralph Mills Clarke is an interesting person in the early history of Tocal and Paterson. He served with Phillip Parker King on the *Mermaid* when the Queensland coast was charted. Clarke came to Paterson in the 1820s and for a period lived and farmed on what is now part of Tocal dairy and formerly Glendarra. Clarke was for a period a Chief Constable at Paterson and was also Superintendent of Tocal. He married Ann Pugh and descendants of their children still live in Sydney and the Hunter Valley. Clarke was tragically killed during the building of Tocal Homestead in 1841.

This correspondence is associated with Clarke's representation to the Government to lease and have access to the Church and School Corporation land which was to the south of the original Tocal boundary. This Church and School land as it was called encompassed all of the College campus as well as the Glendarra property and land to the south and west.

The Church and School Corporation was set up at the time the Hunter Valley was thrown open for settlement. One-seventh of the land was set aside for church and school purposes, both for raising funds and for the institutions themselves. The system was quickly seen as unworkable and the Corporation was disbanded by 1830. The question then remained of how to deal with the land. It took nearly 80 years to dispose of the Church and School lands in the Hunter Valley by various means. They were seen as being partly the property of the church but also partly Crown land. Successive administrations and bureaucracies struggled with this, as did would-be farmers, tenants and so on.

The Church and School land saga is well documented by various researchers and many of the papers associated with the issues, particularly of the land disposal, are available in State Records.

The following are transcripts of documents discovered by Brian Walsh recently in the State Records and refer to Ralph Clarke's representations for his land.

State Records, NSW Colonial Secretary's correspondence – in letters, 9/2714, "*Correspondence with the occupants of Patersons Plains*".

(page 4)

12 December 1828

Sir

having been a resident for some time on The Orphan School farm, adjoining the Glebe Farm in this District and having built a house at my sole Expenditure, not having a farm of my own and being in the Service of Gov't had the Permission of the Magistrates to reside there, while in the Employ of Gov't and xxx the section of the Church Corporation respecting the Grounds.

Having been informed that the same is shortly to be disposed of, on Let or Lease would feel particularly obliged if such is the case, if you would inform me in what terms it is likely to be sold or leased.

I should wish to become a Purchaser or Lessee, I trust my having Expended Money on the Ground, that no refusal of the same may be given to me, as I am xxx xxx I can lay no Claim for the Expencc I have been at In the Ereccion of the house I reside in.

I remain Sir
Your Ob't Serv
Ralph Mills Clarke
Chief Constable

J.C. Cowper Esq
Clerk to the Church Corporation

(page 5)

Pattersons Plains Feby 6th 1829

Sir

In reply to your letter, respecting the land I some time since applied for, adjoining the Glebe Farm at this Place and Known by the name of the Orphan School farm, I should wish to take the whole of it on 21 years Lease, or to purchase the same on the terms that the other Church lands have been sold. I believe that the Orphan School Farm contains 200 acres or whether one fourth of a section I cannot tell. I am informed that the Glebe Farm formally in the possession of the Rev G A Middleton, and the Orphan School farm contained one section altogether. A Great part of the Glebe has been cleared and in cultivation, but none has been cleared on the School Farm and very little of it fit for cultivation. I principally want it for the feed of a few cattle. I have asked the opinion of J P Webber and W Dun Esqrs, whose Estates Join, as to the Value of the Land on lease, and the value Purchase. Their Estimation is 2s.6d. per Acre on Lease, and 7s.6d. per acre purchase. On these terms I shall have no objection, either to rent or purchase.

The Land in Question would not suit every person, there being no water on the farm, and the River is so salt that it cannot be used. My holding the situation of Chief Constable and the Ground in question being nearly Central, and not wanting but a small Quantity for cultivation, it would answer my purpose, should the Rev Gentleman of the Corporation approve of my offer would feel particularly obliged by your answer Early as Possible, Informing me the Number of Acres the land in Question contains.

I remain Sir
Your obed't Humble Serv't
Ralph Mills Clarke
Chief Constable

J. C. Cowper Esq.