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and
ASSOCIATED FAMILIES
Society

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The Hungerford and Associated Families Society
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Society Publications

The Journal aims to provide detailed historical information about the Hungerford and Associated Families and the times and places connected with them. Priority is given to the dissemination of documents and stories among researchers.

Articles submitted for the Journal should be typed (double-spacing), and where possible should be supplied on floppy disk. References to sources must be made in footnotes and a comprehensive bibliography ought to be included. Photographs and illustrations are more than welcome.

The Newsletter provides a source of more general family notes and news. It includes a births, marriages and deaths column, space for research questions, and Secretary's letter.

Copy date for the February Newsletter: 31st January 1997
Copy date for the May Journal: 31st March 1997

Editorial

This the twelfth issue of our now well-established Journal covers a wide range of people, times and places. At first I thought there was no common theme, then I discovered two threads, tragedy and personal recollections.

Veronica Hungerford tells the story of her father-in-law, a World War One veteran and farmer who lived in three Australian states and the Malay states in the course of his seventy-five years. This is Veronica's second contribution towards recording her branch of the family, following on from her account of pianist Bruce Hungerford in an earlier edition.

Many of us continue to travel to Hungerford lands in England and Ireland. Anne Conrads records her 1991 trip to Cork, in the process recording her family's memories. Her great-grandfather Henry Jones Hungerford appears to have been a formidable figure; perhaps some other descendants can give us other anecdotes about him. Judith Fitz-Henry gives us some more background into the Society's formation, with the story of how Ian Ellis met our Patron Dr Tom Hungerford.

Tragedy is the theme of the article on the wreck of the *Loch Ard* in 1878, one of the two survivors marrying an associated family. Ron Prentice and Margaret Dunne illustrate how fortunate many of our ancestors were in reaching their destinations safely. The tragedies of Agincourt and some of the Hungerfords of Farleigh and elsewhere are brought to our attention by Diana Mitchell and Ronald Mathieson. We are pleased to hear from Mr Mathieson for the first time in our Journal, he has already presented us with an enormous amount of heraldic research on the Hungerfords which we hope to communicate to you in the future along with more information about some of the incidents mentioned in his article. Finally, Dr Bruce Jones, the current owner of Down Ampney House, shares some of his knowledge of that place.

Frederick Hungerford

Thomas Hungerford of Rathbarry, Cork
married 1640 Mary May
|
Richard Hungerford of the Island, Cork
married c1677 Mary Moore
|
Thomas Hungerford of the Island, Cork
married 1709 Susannah Becher
|
Richard Hungerford of the Island, Cork
married 1737 Mary Cranfield Becher
|
John Hungerford of Burren, Cork
married 1771 Ann Daunt
|
Richard Hungerford of Cappeen, Cork
married 1803 Jane Hungerford
|
Becher Hungerford of Burren, Cork
married 1844 Lucinda Norcott
|
Francis Robert Hungerford of Echuca, Australia
married 1888 Maria Pomeroy
|
Frederick Hungerford
married 1919 Dorothy Bird

Frederick Hungerford 1891 - 1966

by Veronica Hungerford
(Caloundra, Queensland)

Frederick was the second son of Francis Robert Hungerford and his wife Maria Pomeroy. There were eight children in the family and they lived mainly in Echuca, Victoria. In 1903, when he was twelve years of age, his mother died in childbirth and five months later his baby brother, Becher Robert, also died.

Later, his father and the children moved to Kellerberrin, Western Australia, where he remarried. The eldest child, Francis Pomeroy Hungerford, did not go with the family, but stayed with an aunt, Katherine Norcott Hungerford Simonds, as he had started a career in the Shire Clerk's Office.

When the Great War broke out in 1914, Fred, who was a farmer and wool classer, was at Port Hedland and went to Perth in order to enlist. One day he was speaking to the Captain of a ship. The Captain said to him he could go down to Perth on his ship but not to let him see him on board. This he did and on 20 October 1914 he enlistd in the 10th Light Horse Regiment, C Squadron, of the Australian Imperial Force, with the rank of Acting Sergeant. He was promoted to the rank of Sergeant on 19 November 1914. Fred had previously been in the 11 A.I.R. Perth, but had resigned when he left Perth.

Fred's unit embarked at Fremantle for Egypt on 17 February 1915. After some time in Egypt, he received word that his brother William had been killed at Gallipoli on 14 August 1915. He volunteered to go there. A short time later he received a sever wound to the left thigh, which was badly shattered. When he was found his leg wound around his neck.

He was taken from the Dardanelles to Alexandria, Egypt, then transferred to England and finally admitted to a hospital

in Cardiff, Wales. The doctors were seriously considering amputating his leg, however an Irish nurse there asked is she could attend to him and nursed him back to health. He was very grateful to her and, when he eventually had a daughter, named her Patricia in the nurse's honour. Fred was awarded the 1914/15 Star, the British War Medal and the Victory Medal. He returned to Australia on 24 June 1916.

Later Fred decided to go to Malaya where he was manager of a rubber plantation. On 12 February 1919 he married Dorothy Edith Bird at Singapore, and the couple took up residence at Malacca in the Malay States. Dorothy was born at Albany, Western Australia on 1 December 1893, and her brother Murray Bird had also been in the 10th Light Horse Regiment although the two men had not met during the War. In comparing notes after the War, it seemed that when Murray Bird's horse was either killed or missing, he was given Fred's horse as ascertained by the description and other details.

Fred's wife Dorothy returned to Perth for the birth of their first child, Frederick Bird Hungerford, on 11 April 1920. A second son Norcott George was born at Malacca on 16 July 1921. When the rubber industry slumped, the family returned to Australia.

Under the Soldiers Settlement Scheme returned soldiers were offered lived in Queensland for cotton-growing, or they could go to Alberta, Canada. Fred decided to go to Queensland. In 1922 he went ahead of his wife and two sons to prepare for their coming. He travelled to Rockhampton, then on to Jambin, where the railway line ended at that time. He went twenty miles by pack horse to Biloela, then travelled a further nine and a half miles to the property comprising 1,030 acres at Valentine Plains. They called the property 'Birdford'.

The nearest water was at Kroombit Creek in the Callide Valley, so Fred pitched a tent there and went the one and a half miles to and from the farm each day. There were eels, cat fish and fresh water perch in the creek.

The possums loved making a noise on the roof of the tent and sliding down the side. They would raid the sugar and flour bags and take the bread. The bags had to be substituted with barrels and tins. There was a lot of wildlife on the property. This included flying squirrels, large tree-climbing possums, echindas, porcupines, bandicoots, wombats, emus, bush rats, scrub pythons and wallabies.

The family's first house on the farm was a log cabin, the sides of which were made from Crigalow logs and lined with hessian, which was white-washed. There were logs on the ground with boards on top. The snakes, including taipans and large King browns, would crawl through the cracks in the boards, and there was always a large pot of boiling water on the stove to deter the snakes so no-one would be bitten. If the dogs were bitten they died within minutes, however the carpet snakes (scrub pythons) were allowed to come and go at will.

There was beautiful rain forest on the hills at the rear of the property and the bird population was huge, among these being lyre birds, bell birds, whip birds, curlews, finches, twelve apostles, mickey miners, kookaburras, galahs, kestrels, wedge tailed eagles, magpies, butcher birds, currawongs, willie wagtails, double bars, silver eyes, sulphur-crested cockatoos and parrots - rainbow, scaly breasted and crimson - also bower birds and scrub turkeys.

The female scrub turkeys laid their eggs and the males and females covered them with huge mounds. They all helped each other frighten off the goannas and carpet snakes. At night the foxes loved to eat the scrub turkeys. The bower birds would make a burrow under the salt bushes and on occasions teaspoons would be found there, also bottle tops, blue labels from jam tims and on one occasion a missing gold ring belonging to Fred's wife Dorothy. On the plain there were brolgas and bustards (plain turkeys).

A lot of the land was cleared for cotton growing. Rhodes grass was planted for the dairy cattle. Sorghum and cattle pumpkins were grown for the pigs. Corn and peanuts were

also grown. Vegetables and watermelons were grown for home use.

Fred and Dorothy welcomed their third child, born at Rockhampton on 1 September 1929, and named her Patricia Dorothy. Another house was built, but times were hard when there were droughts. The winters were extremely cold - much colder than at present - and outside, the water in the taps would be frozen and there were thick frosts and sheets of ice. The children had long distances to go to school.

Fred had to contend with adversities. Young cotton plants would be wiped out by plagues of grasshoppers. Packs of dingoes would eat the calves, and foxes ate the chickens, domestic turkeys and ducks. Large scrub pythons (carpet snakes) would also prey on the poultry and eggs.

The wound in Fred's thigh always came against him. He would have to leave his family to look after the farm while he went to Greenslopes Military Hospital in Brisbane for treatment. Pieces of bone would seep out of his thigh and he always walked with a limp. Fred Jr. and North helped their parents on the farm until Fred Jr. left to enlist in the A.I.F. in World War II.

Fred sold the property to his first cousin John William Boyle Hungerford, whom he had never previously met. John's father was William Boyle Hungerford, a brother of Fred's father Francis Robert Hungerford.

Fred and Dorothy retired to live in Redcliffe, Queensland. The area where they lived was called Kippa-Ring. This was the name decided upon by the Progress Association, of which Fred was a member. Kippa-Ring is now a thriving suburb of the city of Redcliffe.

Fred, who liked the cold weather, was in Tasmania for a while. Later he crossed back to Melbourne where he took ill and died. His remains were brought from Melbourne to Brisbane, Queensland, where he is buried in the Anzac section of Pinnaroo Lawn Resting Place.

Before concluding this article, I would like to say a word about my husband's mother, Dorothy. I would sincerely like to say that Mothy, as she was called, was one of the loveliest persons one could ever hope to meet. If all in the world were like her, what a wonderful place it would be.

Dorothy died at Redcliffe, Queensland, on 29 January 1978 and is buried in the Redcliffe Lawn Cemetery, where other family members are buried.

Dorothy Bird Hungerford

Dr Thomas Hungerford and Ian Ellis

by Judith M.W. Fitz-Henry
(Balgowlah Heights, New South Wales)

Most members of HAFS would, I imagine, have come across a copy of "A History of Baerami Creek Valley" by Ian Ellis. Perhaps many, like myself, were inspired by this book to discover more about the Hungerfords and the families associated with them both in Australia and overseas, well before the foundation of our Society.

Just how did this seminal work come about? I knew that Dr Tom, our Patron, had had something to do with it, and that Betty and Harry Crowley knew Ian. After a few phone calls, it was arranged that we should meet and find out.

On Tuesday 12 March 1996, Dr Tom and Roslyn kindly invited us to their home "Farleigh", in Wahroonga, so that we could talk and record how it had come about that Dr Tom first met Ian Ellis some forty years ago and what had flowed from that fortunate event.

Neither of them could tell us just when it had happened. It was some time in the late 1950s, they were sure of that; when all of us were young, or not yet born. Dr Tom was then a very busy veterinary surgeon with his own practice at Penrith. Ian was a dairy farmer in the Baerami Creek Valley with little time to spare for his keen interest in researching the history of white settlement there. But meet they did, and the friendship that was forged that day contributed considerably to the eventual publication of the 400 copies of "A History of Baerami Creek Valley" in 1972.

It was Ian who sought out Dr Tom. He, Ian, had grown up in the valley, the son of a farmer whose first holding of 132 acres of good land near the school was purchased in 1926 when Baerami Station was subdivided. For sixty years the Ellis family was to own and farm property in the valley, until Ian himself left in 1986. For sixty years also, in the previous

century, from 1833, this station had been owned by Dr Tom's forebears. His great grandfather Emanuel Hungerford had secured the original grant, which he made over to his sixth son, Thomas, on his marriage to Emma Hollingsworth Wood in 1852. It was this Thomas, Dr Tom's grandfather, who had gone on to build the vast pastoral empire that collapsed in the 1890s depression after a succession of drought years, bringing such hardship to the family after the years of plenty.

As a boy, when trips to town by sulky were exciting, six monthly events, young Ian was always fascinated to see the relics of past times as they travelled slowly down the valley, particularly the remains of the machinery of the previous century. The steam engine that had powered the flour mill could still be seen, and the bits of its auxillary boiler that had blown up so spectacularly people still talked about it. As Ian grew up he had heard many stories of the Hungerford times from descendants still living in the valley, and others. He determined that, one day, he'd record all this history.

It was well known that in 1892 the Australian Joint Stock Bank, precursor of the Bank of New South Wales and Westpac, had foreclosed and taken over Baerami Station and all the other properties acquired over the good years by Thomas Hungerford in New South Wales and Queensland. These were desperately hard times for many people - the Bank had many such properties on its books. A manager was appointed and Baerami Station, comprising some 22,500 acres, was run by the Bank until sold in 1905 to E.R.White whose father was the owner of the adjoining Martindale Station.

In talking to descendants such as the Kilpatricks, Ian realised that the Bank's records of its dealings with the Hungerfords of Baerami could be most useful to him in verifying the many stories he had been told of the old days. He contacted the Archivist of the Bank in Martin Place, in the 1950s; but was advised that he would need to obtain permission from the family before he could be given access to these records. The Kilpatricks then suggested Ian get in touch with their cousin known to us all as Dr Tom, whom they had always known as

Gordon, his second name, to avoid confusion with his grandfather and uncle.

At this time Dr Tom was well aware of and interested in his Hungerford ancestry but he had precious little time to indulge in family history research. He was in the middle of a particularly busy day when his secretary told him that a young dairy farmer on a motor bike wanted to see him not about his cows but about his grandfather's records. He very nearly said no; but on hearing Ian's surname, he relented. Hadn't an Ellis been the Inspector of Stock at Bega, whose duty it had been to confirm the findings when Tom was stock testing for TB and other diseases all over the State for the NSW Department of Agriculture during those 15 years after graduation, before starting his own practice? Ian was ushered in and it was quickly established that the Stock Inspector was indeed Ian's uncle. From then on, as Dr Tom says, "Ian had my ear!" Access was gladly and freely given to all the Bank's records. Financial assistance was offered on the basis that half the print run would be Dr Tom's for distribution as he thought fit, and it was arranged that in due course his secretary would type the manuscript. Ian must have been a happy fellow that day as he sped home for the afternoon milking!

The Bank not only produced all the Hungerford records but also typed copies of them for Ian to keep. He found them as useful as he'd anticipated. Dr Tom visited Ian and his family up at Baerami, giving him every encouragement because he knew that with so many veterinary science text books to write, he himself could never have time for such a work. The book gradually took shape. Eventually it was published by the Muswellbrook Chronicle in 1972.

People gradually came to hear about it. Ian met many of Hungerford descent as they came to him for copies. He discovered that many did not know of the others. He often found himself saying " Why don't you form a family history society? There are so many of you, and you have such an interesting history!" One day, out of the blue, as Ian recalls, Ron Prentice turned up on his doorstep in Kirribilli, after he'd

retired. At that stage in the proceedings, Ron hadn't even heard of Dr. Tom! He was soon put in touch, and given the names and addresses of other people Ian had come across in the process of researching, writing, and selling the book. Things started to happen as more and more people who had independently been researching the family history made contact.

Eventually, on Michaelmas Day, 29 September 1990, in Burran Avenue, Mosman, at the home of Ron and Joan Prentice, Dr Tom presided over the inaugural meeting of the Hungerford and Associated Families Society. He kickstarted the formation of the Committee, as those present will always remember, and was made its Patron. The rest, as they say, is history.

It was not essential for Ian Ellis to have had access to those Bank records. With his enduring interest in history, he says he would have written the book anyway - after all, it succinctly covers the whole history of the Baerami Creek Valley up to the time of going to press. But it would have been somewhat different in content and emphasis with regard to the Hungerfords' part in the story if written without the friendship and cooperation of Dr Tom and other members of the family. It seems to me that these qualities shine through the text and inspire all of us who strive to continue the research, writing and publication of information concerning this continuing family saga. And through the Society we have formed friendships with kinsfolk here and all over the world, people who could so easily have always remained strangers.

Agincourt

by Diana Mitchell (Adelaide, South Australia)

What field be this?
there, over yonder,
why, 'tis a clenched, mailed fist upraised
even in death, defiant.
There a flag - too muddied to recognise,
this large puddle, pink, with blood.
A once proud stallion, head armour still in place,
the open flaring eyes now fly-blown
and gaseous belly with legs extended.
The shattered hilt of sword
standing like a crucifix.
Bodies strung all over
this battered shield with arm attached.
Here two in a last close embrace, together in death
these spurs that tripped and trapped the wearer,
a once proud knight, his chain mail, bloodied and torn.
The breeze brings memory of the drumming of hooves,
and the eerie flight of arrows, . . . screaming horses,
cries from many throats, of victor and vanquished,
the shuddering earth with the rumble of cavalry,
clang of sword, shouts and screams.
The churned mud like an angry sea
over all this, . . . a sour wind now.
Here be a knight with fleur-de-lis on tabard
and there be an English cross and lions.
Rags, fluttering in the breeze, like tethered ghosts

. . . Why . . . this be Agincourt.

The Unfortunate Hungerfords

by Ronald Mathieson (Salisbury, Wiltshire)

In 1414, Sir Walter Hungerford, son and heir of Sir Thomas Hungerford, was appointed Speaker of the House of Commons, the post first held by his father, and, shortly afterwards, Walter proceeded to the Council of Constance to represent the King. In 1415 he was again in Europe, this time at the famous battle of Agincourt. At the time of Agincourt, Sir Walter Hungerford was already aged thirty-five, when most military men were hanging up their armour and retiring to their estates, and took no more part in the Hundred Years' War. This was not the case for Walter, who spent several of the following years in military service but died peacefully at Farleigh Castle in 1449.

The succeeding generations were not so fortunate. His son Walter, at the age of twenty-two, was taken prisoner at the Battle of Patay in 1429 and in spite of all efforts to secure his ransom, including the personal appeal of Henry VI, he remained in prison where he died in 1435. His eldest son, later Robert Lord Hungerford on the death of his father, was prominent under the Duke of Bedford, as was the youngest son Edmund. Both survived

Edmund's son Adelyn blotted the family copybook by falsely imprisoning Ann Thornton in an effort to obtain from her, perhaps by marriage, some property in London.

Robert Lord Hungerford's second son Arnolph was killed in the second battle of St Albans. His eldest son Robert, summoned to Parliament as Lord Moleyns in right of his wife during his father's lifetime, supported the Lancastrian cause and was beheaded at Newcastle having been captured at the battle of Hexham. In his earlier years, he became of ill repute by attempting to take possession of a manor in Norfolk, severely assaulting the rightful owner's wife in the process. However he redeemed his reputation by serving in France and being captured at the battle of Chutillon in 1453. He was

imprisoned for more than seven years before being ransomed by the efforts, at great personal cost, of his mother and grandmother.

Sir Thomas, eldest son of Lord Moleyns, was arrested at Salisbury and sentenced to death by local magistrates 'for being a Lancastrian'. He was hanged, drawn and quartered outside Salisbury on 18 January 1469. He was *de jure* Lord Moleyns: with him suffered Henery Courtenay, *de jure* Earl of Devon. Sir Walter Hungerford, the second son of Lord Moleyns, was captured during the rising in 1483 against Richard III, but escaped whilst being transferred from the Tower of London, later fighting for Henry Tudor at Bosworth. His leader, the Duke of Buckingham, was beheaded in Market Square in Salisbury.

Sir Edward Hungerford of Heytesbury, only son of Sir Walter and representative of the Farley Hungerfords, married Jane, daughter of Lord Zouche. After her death, he married a woman named Agnes Cotell, about whom little is known. She might have been a superior sort of servant, perhaps a housekeeper, at Farleigh Castle. The marriage didn't last long, from 1518 until the death of Sir Edward in 1522. After his death, the story got around that she had poisoned her first husband John Cotell, and had burned his body at Farleigh Castle. She was tried and condemned and, with a man alleged to have been her accomplice, was hanged at Tyburn in 1523. Evidence, as is so often the case, is very sparse and inconclusive. Especially when one looks at the story of Sir Edward, one wonders whether this might have been a 'put up job' prompted by jealousy or politics.

Sir Walter Hungerford of Heytesbury, son of Sir Edward, was a political animal and, as a henchman of Thomas Cromwell, may have been involved in the downfall of Sir Thomas More and the dissolution of the monasteries. In his private life he was notorious for having married three times. It is alleged that he kept each of his wives imprisoned in the tower at Farleigh Castle, and certainly there exists a letter from his third wife, Elizabeth Hussey, petitioning the King for his assistance.

On the rising tide of Cromwell's importance Sir Walter was created Lord Hungerford of Heytesbury on 5 June 1536 (Cromwell became Lord Cromwell a month later and Earl of Essex in 1539). When Cromwell fell, having chosen Anne of Cleves as an acceptable wife for Henry VIII, Hungerford fell too. Cromwell had no trial and was beheaded on Tower Hill on 24 July 1541. Hungerford was tried on a series of trumped-up charges, 1) that he employed a chaplain who said that the King was a heretic, 2) procuring persons to conjure the length of the King's life and the prospects of victory over the northern rebels and 3) committing unnatural offences. He was inevitably found guilty and beheaded four days after Cromwell.

Peace seems to have descended upon the family until Sir Edward of Corsham (who later inherited Farleigh Castle), son of Sir Anthony of Black Bourton, attacked Salisbury in 1643, kidnapped Lady Arundel and two years later attacked Farleigh Castle itself. He survived the Civil War. (He is said to have married, as his second wife, Susan Rich, daughter of the Earl of Warwick, but she does not appear in the Rich pedigrees.) He died in 1648: the magnificent tomb in the Chapel at Farleigh Castle is his.

His half-brother Anthony of Black Bourton was less fortunate. Widely known as 'The Royalist' because, being arrested early in the Civil War, he was incarcerated in the Tower of London from 1644 until his death in 1657.

His son Sir Edward established the Hungerford Market where Charing Cross Station in London now stands, which should have been a splendid source of income. Such was his extravagant life style, however, that he sold Farleigh and Black Bourton and more than thirty other manors and was still finally reduced to penury.

No wonder he became known as 'The Spendthrift'. He became a Poor Knight of Windsor, one of the impecunious ex-military persons whose function, in return for free lodgings within Windsor Castle and a subsistence-level pension, was to

attend daily service in St George's Chapel, and perform other duties which should have been the duty of the Knights of the Garter.

Sir Richard Colt-Hoare's assertion that with him 'terminated the glory and good fortune of the Hungerford family' was not quite accurate.

Sir George Hungerford of Studley is still remembered in and around Great Bedwyn, Wiltshire, for his generosity. He died a year later than Sir Edward, but his great-granddaughter Elizabeth Keate married twice and had an illegitimate son by Henry Smithson, the newly created Duke of Northumberland (he had married the heiress of the last of the ancient line of Percy Dukes). On the death of this son, by reputation a wastrel and confidence trickster, what remained of the Hungerford fortune (part of '105 bags of gold sovereigns valued at half a million dollars') was bequeathed to the United States of America for the establishment of the Smithsonian Institute which has just celebrated its sesquicentenary.

Estate Management, Mismanagement (and Poachers) at Down Ampney

by Dr Bruce V. Jones
(Down Ampney, Gloucestershire)

Editor's Note: By kind permission of the author we reproduce a paper he prepared for and which was published in the *Bulletin of the Cricklade Historical* Society, No. 7 Vol. III, pp.23-26, February 1996. Dr Jones is the present owner of Down Ampney House and in his hands the home has been maintained in perfect order, even restored and improved as is fitting for such an historic home. Dr Jones has become particularly interested in the time that the property passed from the Hungerford line to the Eliot family, and the article shows that were interesting 'goings-on' related to this period.

* * * * *

WHEREAS the GAME in the ſeveral Manors of *Down-Ampney*, *Latton*, *Eiſey*, *Leigh*, and *Eaſtrop* in the Counties of *Glouceſter* and *Wilts*, belonging to EDWARD ELIOT, *Eſq.* hath of late Years been very much deſtroyed by Poachers and others; all qualified Perſons are hereby earneſtly requeſted to forbear killing any Game upon the ſaid Manors during the preſent and enſuing Years, in order that the Game may be properly recruited and increaſed.

And this is to give Notice,

That all unqualified Perſons who ſhall hereafter be found offending againſt the Game Laws upon any of the ſaid Manors will be proſecuted. And all Perſons giving Information thereof ſhall meet with proper Encouragement upon Application to me

JOHN HAWKINS,
Game-Keeper.

DOWN-AMPNEY,
MARCH 20, 1778.

MARLBOROUGH: PRINTED BY E. HAROLD.

The Down Ampney estates were significant generators of wealth for the families who owned them; in particular when they were in their prime in the 1500s and the early 1600s.

At that time the property owned by the Down Ampney branch of the Hungerford family embraced a complex of manors and farms in Gloucestershire, Wiltshire and Oxfordshire. The main source of wealth at Down Ampney had been sheep but as the importance of the wool trade declined there was diversification into cattle and wheat. With this change there are indications that the management, in the later years in particular, was not always of the best.

The 350-year Hungerford tenure at Down Ampney ended in 1719 with the death of Edmund Dunch, MP for Cricklade 1701-10 and son of Hungerford Dunch who had also been MP for Cricklade for many years. The estate was sold to Jas Craggs the Younger, like Dunch a well-known politician and also a London socialite. Craggs was Secretary of State for King George I but was unable to get much enjoyment or profit from his investment in Down Ampney as his notable career was terminated by smallpox in 1721. He was buried with some pomp in Westminster Abbey, sharing a vault with Joseph Addison and General George Monck and having a monument (and full-size statue) placed in St George's Chapel.

The estate then passed to the Eliot family through his three sisters (one of whom was married to an Eliot) and also via his illegitimate daughter, Harriot, who married Richard Eliot and was mother of Edward, first Lord Eliot of St Germans. An interesting sidelight, and commentary on the time was the later behaviour of Craggs's mistress and Harriot's mother, Hestor Santelow. She was a well-known actress and dancer, who apart from also being the mistress of John, Duke of Marlborough, also married an actor, Barton Booth. On his death she had a monument erected to his memory in Westminster Abbey (presumably not too close to that of Jas Craggs). Hestor lived a long and obviously full life being aged 92 when she died in 1773.

Lord Eliot became the owner of the Down Ampney Estate (the manors of Down Ampney, Latton, Eisey, Leigh and Eastrop spread across Gloucestershire and Wiltshire) in 1748. During his lifetime he instituted a significant building and rebuilding programme at Down Ampney, including remodelling the manor house in 1799 using the services of John Soane, later knighted and architect of the first Bank of England.

Following the death of Lord Eliot in 1804 it appears that the family was very rarely in residence in Down Ampney; they used the property as a shooting lodge and convenient stop on their journey to the St Germans family seat at Port Eliot, Cornwall. As a result for over 100 years the estates were run by stewards or agents. From papers and correspondence held in the Muniment room at Port Eliot, and at Down Ampney, it is possible to identify the holders of this office and track the mixed and gradually declining fortunes of the property. Six incumbents dated from 1755 are known-

- **Joseph Matthews, 1755-1773,** was installed by Lord Clare and Elizabeth Eliot from the manor of Thruxton, Hampshire. Matthews was, however, not a notable success and on his death was in debt to his employers who were proposing to sue his executors.
- Under **John Hawkins, 1773-1796,** the decay of the estates was continued. From the Port Eliot papers it appears that he was unsatisfactory with Lord Eliot expressing concern about his financial transactions. Hawkins did leave his mark for posterity in a forthright notice, warning poachers in the manors under his care, of prosecution under the Game Laws (see illustration).
- **John Pinniger, 1796-1800**, a Down Ampney farmer, was apparently appointed hurriedly to replace Hawkins. His main claim to fame appears to be an unsatisfactory arbitration in a dispute between two more Pinnigers, at Latton. Possibly they were relatives and the affair may have been his downfall, the matter was only resolved by his successor.

- **John Steele, 1800-1824 (?),** was obviously a lively character of the yeoman type and also a captain in the Abingdon Volunteer Cavalry. Documents show that he was summoned to appear before the parish priest in 1803 for failing to turn up to be sworn as churchwarden. He did so and was sworn! The Port Eliot papers include voluminous day-to-day correspondence from Steele's time, including an admirable letter from William Spod of Cricklade Wharf (July 3, 1803) -

> Sir, This afternoon, a man of your place, by the name of John Browne came through this wharf, followed by 3 large Dogs, which fastened on one of my pigs and most wonderfully mangled it, and injured three others, & it was with difficulty we made them desist - I fear the one is wounded so much it will die, tho: I cannot say exactly how bad it is wounded.
> I beg therefore to know whether these Dogs are charged in your assessment or not, as I think it is perfectly wrong such fellows should be suffered to go about the country with such vermin following him to do injury to almost every person who has property in their way - if either of my dear children had happened to have been in the yard, they would likely have suffered the same fate with the poor animals. He also behaved very impertinent to me and Mr Rodway.

Unfortunately, Steele's response to Spod was not recorded. A more personal letter of 1802 from one Sarah Evans at Abingdon hints at much more, an unedited extract reads,

> Sir, I take the Libertey to write to you to beg the favor of you to gett me a plase, if you can here of eanything that will sute mee, I have lefte Mr. Morlands this wick an ham a gawen home to Charlebury to see my Father. Nevell as yoused me very ill I dont meane to speake to him any more.

The outcome of that personal tragedy is not known. A short and eminently concise communication from a John

Holmes provides an excellent guide on how to invite yourself to lunch.

> Dear Sir, If nothing particular intervenes I will do myself the pleasure to eat a bit of Mutton with you on Sunday next, the 15th, about one o'clock. Our mutual friend Mr Joseph Lewis will accompany me.

It would appear that Steele also had his failings and it is recorded that "Lord Eliot complains of your not visiting him and he desires that you will make it a rule to write periodically."

- About **Thomas Potter, 1824-?,** there is little in the Eliot papers apart from correspondence relating to a land exchange (that occurred in Steele's stewardship), during the construction of the Thames and Severn Canal which passed through both Down Ampney and Eisey land. The result was that (in 1837) "half-starved sheep from Mr Cook's land are destroying Lord St Germans' fields."
- **Daniel Trinder, 1846-?,** was a Down Ampney resident but there are no details about his activities.

Following this last recorded agent it appears that the property was increasingly broken up, some land was sold and the rest rented out. Down Ampney House and grounds were also let. Earlier records also note the letting of Down Ampney Mill and farmlands - no trace of Down Ampney Mill now exists. Exactly what acreage then composed the estate is not mentioned but in 1832 John Cook rented the farm at £1,112 17s 6d gross, or£856 10s 5d per annum (a very considerable rent for such times).

From the glittering days of the Hungerfords in the mid-1500s it is sad to recite the decay and decline of what had been one of the most notable English land holdings. But life was not always easy for the big landownder as the following contemporary record of a large scale poaching raid at Down Ampney directed at the Hungerford rabbits (connyes) illustrates:

> Divers riotous, disordered and evell-disposed persons, to the number of 20 or 30, in most warlike and riotous manner, armed with force of arms, that is to say, with swoordes, bucklers, bowes, bills, staves, cotes of plate, jacks, stele cappes and sculls, javelinges and picked staves and such warlike weapons, did enter into the grounds of Donamney and then and there about 12 of the clock in the night of October 29th with netts, hayes and such other ingens, did hunte, chase, spoil and kill your subjects connyes and beate, hurte and cruelly entreate one Robert Weste, William Tommes and Edmund Eles, your subject's servants and keepers, that they lay upon the ground for dead, and are yet in great peril and damage of lief.
> (Star Chamber Proceedings LXV1112, No.10, Hilary Term, 1565.)

As John Hawkins found some two centuries later, and even on into today: some things never change.

Note: While several sources have been drawn upon to prepare this note, acknowledgement must be made to the late R A Henderson, Esq, MBE, MC, MA who so freely loaned his research notebooks.

Return to Cahermore

by Anne Conrads
(Boulder, Colorado)

Those of us whose ancestors emigrated from the United Kingdom to the colonies often feel moved and are able, with the speed of modern transport, to visit their places of birth. The first thing to do is your homework. Do as much research within your own area before rushing overseas to the land of your ancestors. Of course, it might not be as much fun but in the end you will enjoy your time overseas much more. Gather all the materials you have, ask questions of all relations, close or distant, use all available government sources and dig, dig, dig.

Try to find a home base in the country you wish to visit. My sister and I did this, making a wonderful contact with Michael and Nuala Harte of Cahermore, Rosscarbery, County Cork, Ireland. His interest in the Hungerford family stems from his ownership of a part of the Cahermore estate on which has a large dairy farm plus wonderful house-keeping cottages, called Lumina Farm Cottages.

Over the years Michael and Nuala have compiled a great deal of information on the Hungerfords of Cahermore. Nuala Harte told us about the many times, during her pregnancies, she would sit in the car while Michael explored old cemeteries.

My sister and I were met a Cork airport by this very hospitable couple. We did not have a car for most of our stay so depended on shank's mare and the very generous help of neighbours and the Hartes. Lucky for us the month of May was one of the driest on record. In June before we left, we did experience how wet Ireland can be and realized what a necessity a car would be in those circumstances.

About a mile or two from the charming town of Rosscarbery, up a hill and along a country road, bordered by stone walls which mark the boundaries of the original Hungerford land, you will find the battered, handsome entrance gate, into the estate which once belonged to the Hungerford family. The land was deeded to this family after Oliver Cromwell subdued the true Irish. The walls are tumbling down and are in a state of disrepair, as we saw in May 1991, the time of our visit. Michael pointed out to us, looking through the iron gates, that the drive can still faintly be seen, curving across the land, now a plowed field, to the site of the house. The years of plowing have not yet obliterated the faint white of the crushed seashells, dragged up from the harbor long ago. At one time this drive had been lined with shrubbery. Now a few magnificent rhododendrons remain along the perimeter of the field to remind one of the past glories.

Of course the house is long gone with barely a hump or bump to show where a great house once stood, facing across the rolling fields to the 'slub' as my mother called it, better known as Rosscarbery Bay and Harbour. The house was burned in the time of 'the troubles' not, as I thought, because the Hungerfords were hated by the Irish for being cruel landlords, but because the owner at that time was planning to let the militia billet there.

Michael Harte said the Hungerfords of Cahermore were well liked by their tenants. On the other hand I remember a story my mother, Vera Hungerford Farnham, told me which gives a different perspective. My mother was about ten years old and it was 1897, the year her mother Margaret Wolfe Hungerford died. My mother was walking with her father, Thomas Henry Hungerford, along a road near Cahermore when they passed a cottage with a peasant woman working in her front garden. When Mr Hungerford called out a greeting to her, the old woman glared and spat at them, muttering what sounded like a curse. So evidently not everyone loved the landlords of Cahermore.

The tenants and other natives could not allow the soldiers to be billeted there so, after removing some of the brass doorknobs and other hardware they desired, the house was torched. Michael cannot remember the date but does have a memory of the house ruins smoldering for weeks. He would see the smoke on his walk to school.

Some of the outhouses were still standing in 1991 when we visited. There is a very handsome curving brick wall marking the back entrance to Cahermore and several of the stables and barns. Michael pointed out to us one stable with a fireplace to keep the best horses warm.

Before I go on, let me comment on the spelling of Cahermore. My uncle Henry Hungerford declared that only an ignoramus would spell the second vowel with an 'e' - it should be an 'i'. The Irish spell it with an 'e' so I do here, feeling it is their language. Michael told us it means little knoll or hill. So spell it as you wish. You will find many different spellings of other words.

Descent from Captain Thomas Hungerford of Rathbarry

Captain Thomas Hungerford (d 1680) m 1640 Mary May
|
Thomas Hungerford (c1663- ?) m 1684 Frances Synge
|
Thomas Hungerford m 1723 Barbara Townsend
|
Thomas Hungerford (1725-1800) m 1756 Sarah Boisseau
|
Thomas Hungerford (d 1789) m 1787 Jane Travers
|
Thomas Hungerford (1789-1861) m 1814 Alicia Jones
|
Henry Jones Hungerford (1825-1905) m 1855 Mary Boone Cowper
|
Thomas Henry Hungerford (1858-1906) to Canada
|
Vera Hungerford Farnham (1888-1985)
|
Anne Farnham Conrads

Peggy and I spent many hours cleaning the Hungerford Altar Tomb trying to read the worn inscriptions. When I returned to the States and went to the Genealogical Centre in Salt Lake City, Utah, I found our bloody knuckles could have been saved with more research. Here, at the centre are pamphlets compiled by the Association for the Preservation of the Memorials of the Dead, Ireland, early this century. Realizing that many inscriptions were being weathered away, Dr Alexander Mann Alcock of Innishannon had gone to many cemeteries and made copies of the inscriptions.

Inside Ross or Rosscarbery Cathedral, St Faughan's (also spelled St Fachtnas) the inscriptions are very clear. There are many interesting inscriptions on the walls, well worth a visit. These give a sense of the history of the Hungerford family, going back to Captain Thomas Hungerford of Rathbarry who died in 1680.

Henry Jones Hungerford, my great-grandfather, was, according to my family, a difficult, cold father and his wife Mary Boone was also very reserved. They never forgave their eldest son Thomas Henry for marrying Margaret Wolfe Hamilton, Argles, a widow with three little girls, instead of their rich cousin, Charlotte Payne Townshend, who later married George Bernard Shaw. When Uncle Ned, Edward Hungerford, heard this family legend, he wasn't sure it was true and wrote, 'my brother, would never have looked at her, she wasn't very handsome. Besides he had always loved Maggie from a young boy.'

Even though they were never invited to Cahermore and lived with her parents at nearby Millein, the Hamilton home, these two truly had a happy life, full of love. It was Margaret who was able to earn money from her novels and in five years they were able to move to Bandon, County Cork to Overton House which they called St Brenda's.

While living at Millein, a son, Henry Fitzjohn and a daughter, Vera Inez Stannus, were born. Shortly after Vera's birth the family moved to Bandon where they all lived very happily, especially after the birth of another son Thomas Henry.

During the next ten years, Margaret wrote many of her novels which were popular around the world, many translated into other languages. Thomas Henry, her husband, during this time was the Baronial High Constable which was a risky occupation because the Irish tenantry opposed paying the rents to landlords. It was his job to collect them.

It was Margaret's death from typhoid which brought such changes to them all. She was very sick for three months during which time the little ones were sent to live at Cahermore. Her death, 25 January 1897, was a tragic blow. Her husband knew they could not live at Cahermore. His three step-daughters were not welcome and his father would not let him handle any of the affairs of the estate or even let him know if he would be the heir. So the family decided to migrate.

Thomas found a place in the Muskoka region of Canada, about one hundred miles north of Toronto, on the Lake of Bays, where he planned to raise shep. He called it 'Lumina' because of the beautiful clear light there. Daisy, one of the stepdaughters did not accompany them but went with a friend to Ceylon, where she met her husband T.H. Fuller. The other two girls learned how to do everything on the farm besides teaching the little ones.

Eventually, the young people left Lumina for school or jobs in New York, Washington and other cities. The sheep in the area wondered if they should search in new fields. Thomas Henry Hungerford was chosen to go west and look at other places. Unfortunately, when the train reached Reno, Nevada, USA, he was taken from the train ill with pneumonia. He died alone in the boarding house 11 November 1906, almost a year after his father Henry's death in Ireland 20 November 1905. His remains still rest in Reno, with a white cross as marker.

In Ireland on the slabs round the bottom of the Hungerford tomb on the ground there is an inscription:

Margaret Wolfe Hungerford wife of Thomas Henry Hungerford died 24 January 1897 "Neither death or life shall be able to separate us from the love of God."
Thomas Henry Hungerford born 8 Dec 1858 died 11 Nov 1906 "To be with Christ is Life."

Of the children of this happy union, none survive today. Henry Fitzjohn Hungerford never married. He was a Doctor of Veterinary Medicine and practised in the Philippine Islands until World War II. He died 18 August 1967 and is buried at Cahermore, Canada, overlooking Haystack Bay in the Lake of Bays, Muskoka. Inscribed on the cairn in the woods looking down to the lake is the following:

Henry Fitzjohn Hungerford of Rosscarbery, County Cork, Ireland, born June 12, 1885, died August 18, 1967. "Sleep after toyle, Port after storme seas, Ease after warre, Death after life, Does greatly please."

The quotation is from Spencer's *Faerie Queen*.

Vera Hungerford went to the Philippines to join her brother Henry. She met Lynn T. Farnham, an American engineer who became Manager of a large Sugar Plantation on the Island of Luzon. After his murder, she and the five children returned to Canada but then went to Buffalo. Vera Farnham died in 1985 at her home in Versailles, New York, where her ashes are scattered in the garden. Her name is inscribed on her husband's tombstone in Canada.

Thomas Henry Hungerford Jr. returned to Lumina. He married Elizabeth Burt from Buffalo and they had two children, Betty and Ted. Under their parents' guidance Lumina became a first class tourist resort. The fourth generation of Hungerfords from Cahermore, Ireland, is continuing this tradition.

Thomas Henry died the same day as his brother Henry Fitzjohn Hungerford, and is buried in the cemetery at St John's Port Cunnington, Lake of Bays, Muskoka.

A Sequel to a Shipwreck

by Margaret Dunne (Maldon, Victoria)
and Ronald Prentice (Mosman, New South Wales)

'Oh hear us when we cry to Thee
for those in peril on the sea.'

The words of that verse have been well known by Christians this century, but in former times, when navigation was largely a matter of hit or miss, those outbound from their homeland undoubtedly had these words indelibly printed on their hearts.

Today it is difficult to imagine the hardships that our forebears faced when travelling by ship. A voyage to North America was fraught with danger but one to Australia, which for decades could last for five or six months, would have been a more frightening thought.

It is believed that Captain Emanuel Hungerford and his wife Catherine decided to make this long and dangerous voyage with their eight young children because he heard from some of his fellow officers who had come to Australia that land was available in abundance to those people who came with the finance and equipment needed to carry on a pastoral undertaking. Like many emigrants then and since, the Hungerfords already had relations established in the new colony, including Catherine's uncle Rowland Walpole Loane and Loane and Connell cousins.

The proverbial hook was well baited but was the strength of resolve sufficient to stand the test? Perhaps Emanuel's fellow officers in their exuberance had failed to inform him of the frustrations and dangers of the route he and his family were to take. Of that point we have no knowledge.

As Don Charlwood wrote in his book *Settlers Under Sail*,

What was the cost in ships and lives? The number of lives lost might never be accurately known, for reports of wrecks are not always specific on the

> point. But it is known that 26 ships bringing emigrants to the Australian colonies were lost . . . lost by errors of navigation, fire, by collision with other ships and with icebergs. All that can be said with reasonable certainty, it that over 2,000 emigrants carried in these ships, perished as a result of these wrecks.

These facts could not have been known in 1828 but they would have been public knowledge, say, fifty years later. With the benefit of hindsight we know that the Hungerford family made the voyage safely in the 299-ton *Alexander Henry* leaving Cork on 14 December 1827 and arriving in Port Jackson five months later on 17 May 1828.

Besides the voyage of the *Alexander Henry*, it is interesting to also consider the passage of another vessel which made a similar voyage fifty years later with a family somewhat similar to that of the Hungerfords among its passengers. This was the voyage of the *Loch Ard*, a 1700-ton iron sailing clipper, one of the last pure sailing ships to be built. Leaving Gravesend for Melbourne at the beginning of March 1878, she carried fifty-one passengers and thirty-six crew under the command of a twenty-nine year old, recently married Scot named Captain George Gibb, a likeable and capable seaman.

There is little similarity in the two voyages either in time or safe passage but there is a link which makes the story of *Loch Ard* interesting to members of the Hungerford and associated families.

The years since 1828 had brought a degree of improvement in safety and speed on this long passage. The British Admiralty had recognised that a route other than that via Cape Town was faster. The use of currents and winds well to the west of the African coastline were favourable and the latitudes south of Cape Town provided constant strong westerly winds, all factors which could halve the time taken on the voyage.

There still remained, however, dangerous obstacles especially in the southern ocean. An experienced Captain and crew, blessed with clear weather may be able to skirt the Antarctic

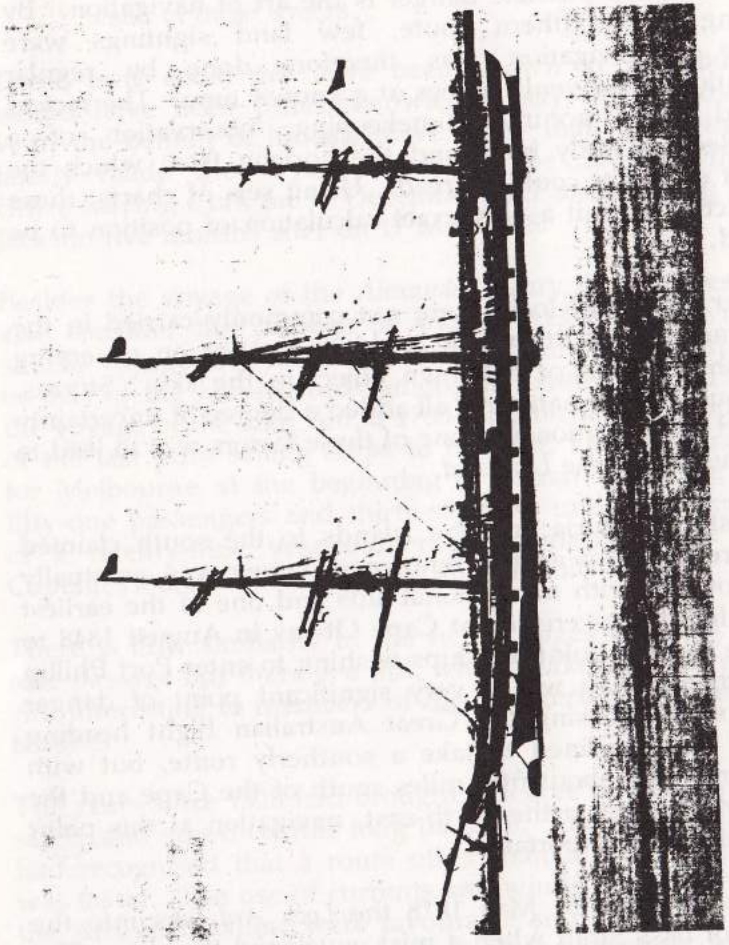
and the associated icebergs but aids to navigation were still not commonly available either on land, reefs or vessels themselves.

The fact of knowing one's position in relation to the route being taken and possible danger is the art of navigation. By following the southern route, few land sightings were possible. Navigation was therefore done by regular observation of heavenly bodies at a known time. The factors involved were accurate timekeeping, observation of a recognised heavenly body and the horizon from which the angle of elevation could be read. Using sets of charts, these three factors permit a very exact calculation of position to be obtained.

However, accurate clocks were not commonly carried in the early nineteenth century nor could one count on observing clearly the horizon or a known object in the sky. Storms, fogs, cloud and human error all added a degree of uncertainty to the art of navigation and one of these factors was to lead to the fateful end of the *Loch Ard*.

The coast of Victoria and the islands to the south claimed many wrecks. This area of renowned danger was eventually to be provided with navigational aids and one of the earliest was the lighthouse erected at Cape Otway in August 1848 to mark the turning point for ships wishing to enter Port Phillip Bay. Cape Otway was a very significant point of danger because ships crossing the Great Australian Bight heading eastward were inclined to take a southerly route, but with King Island only about fifty miles south of the Cape and the port of Melbourne to the north-east, navigation at this point became of critical importance.

On the evening of 31 May 1878 the *Loch Ard* was into the entrance of Bass Strait when a mist enveloped the ship. The sun was clearly visible but the horizon was not to be seen or determined with accuracy and thus the calculated position of the ship was far to the south of her actual location.



The Loch Ard

Captain Gibb was naturally worried. The passengers, however, were enjoying an end of voyage party to celebrate an uneventful, happy voyage. The Captain was not in attendance. Among the fifty-one passengers was a family of eight. This was comprised of Dr. Evory Carmichael, who was emigrating from Ireland with the intention of settling in Queensland for the sake of his health, his wife Rebecca, four daughters and two sons. One son had preceded them to Australia. The passengers turned into bed early in order to be refreshed for their arrival in Melbourne next morning.

The ship edged her way carefully into the darkness. Hands were sent aloft to look for signs of land also to listen for any distant sounds of breakers on a hostile shore, known to be to the north and south. The prime attention of the lookouts was given to sighting the guiding light of Cape Otway Lighthouse which was estimated to be to the north-east.

The coastline, however, was much closer than anyone aboard even imagined. The beam from the Lighthouse was obscured by the intervening cliffs so that by early morning of June, when the light should have been visible, the fog lifted sufficiently for the man aloft to discern the hostile shoreline close on the port bow and call the alarm.

Though every effort was made to bring the *Loch Ard* into the current and up towards the wind, these efforts proved unsuccessful and the rigging caught the overhanging cliffs of Mutton Bird Island with a 'shuddering crash', according to the record of the incident by Don Charlwood.

Charlwood tels that Captain Gibb asked Eva Carmichael as she stood beside him on the poop deck,"If you are saved Eva, let my dear wife know I died like a sailor." The passengers had obviously rushed onto deck in their night attire when the ship struck, whereas the crew, being on duty, were fully clothed.

It is ironic to note that Mutton Bird Island where the *Loch Ard* struck is an important nesting place for the Mutton Bird or Short-tailed Shearwaters. Their navigational ability far

exceeds that of mere humans for these remarkable birds migrate across 20,000 miles of ocean each year, from the northern Pacific Ocean arriving during the last week of September in this and other Bass Strait locations with unerring accuracy.

Of the ninety aboard the *Loch Ard* only two were to survive the wreck of this fine ship, Eva Carmichael and an eighteen year old sailor Tom Pearce.

Each was swept from the deck into the waves where Tom hung onto some floating objects and was eventually washed into the entrance of a gorge now known as Loch Ard Gorge. He clambered ashore under the high rocky cliffs all around his landing place.

Meanwhile Eva, clad only in her nightgown, was hanging grimly onto some wreckage in the cold winter water and was also swept shoreward by the waves. Buffeted in the surf and freezing cold she was exhausted and unable to get ashore, but, being in the same gorge as Tom, her cries of anguish were heard by the lad. Although exhausted and injured himself, he plunged back into the waves to drag the just conscious young girl ashore and up onto a ledge where she would have some protection from overhanging cliffs above her while he went to scout the nearby countryside.

Tracks used by the indigenous people for centuries existed from the higher level down to the beach but young Tom did not discern these. He had found a bottle of brandy floating with the waves and persuaded Eva to drink a portion and had some himself before leaving her as he scrambled up the rugged cliffs, eventually gaining the top. He noted a pathway and followed this inland.

Only a few years earlier this country had been allocated for settlement and several of these folk were to play a part in the rescue operation which lay ahead. A few miles from the point where the young pair were washed ashore stood an early settler's home, 'Glenample', owned by the Gibsons. Two station hands happened to be following the path from

the homestead towards the point on the same trail being taken by Tom Pierce. Seeing him distressed they soon came to him and quickly learned of the tragedy and the fact of Eva's survival. It was hoped that others from the wreck could be washed ashore and found by a rescue party so hastily word was taken to the station and relief parties organised.

Meanwhile Eva lay frightened, sad and cold at the bottom of the cliff. When rescuers eventually reached the point above where she was said to be lying, no sign of the girl or responsive call came to them. Eva, thinking that those above were Aboriginals and being frightened of such a thought, crawled away into some bushes were she lay for a while motionless and silent. She was eventually found, however, and taken to the homestead where she and Tom, over a long period, were nursed back to health.

Other search parties scoured the cliffs and shoreline for days but only five bodies were recovered. Four of those were Mrs Carmichael, one of her daughters Raby, a Mr Mitchell and a Mr Jones. Today a memorial tablet stands nearby their grave site recording their names and another is inscribed with the names of all the people who died near there on that early June morning of 1878.

Glenample homestead has recently been restored and is now open to public. It houses a museum and a memorial to the Gibson family, as well as to the survivors of the *Loch Ard* wreck. Two interesting facts emerged from discussion with the caretaker by Ron Prentice; one being that that caretaker of the house, Terry Barke, is a Hungerford descendant though the connection has not been established; the second point was the story of Eva's life after she was nursed back to health by the Gibsons.

Tom Pearce went to Melbourne where he was feted as a hero, and was given several awards for his bravery in rescuing Eva. He eventually went back to sea and in time became a sea captain. According to Jack Loney, he married a sister of the one of the apprentices who was lost in the *Loch Ard*, and their two sons saw service at sea.

Eva, however, receives further mention in the records at Glenample and it was this fact that began the search for information about her later life. It is now known that she returned to Cork in Ireland, where she married Thomas Achilles Townshend in 1884. The names 'Achilles' and 'Townshend' are well known to us, and our historian Peter Sherlock of Melbourne was able to provide details of Thomas and Eva's connection with the Hungerford, Daunt and Townsend families.

One wonders whether Eva had left behind her, in her former homeland, her real love and five years after the tragedy returned to him, having lost all but one of her immediate family. The question is likely to remain unanswered.

Eva's husband was descended from Thomas Hungerford and Susannah Becher of The Island, through their daughter Mary who in 1739 married the Reverend Horatio Townsend. The fourth son of this marriage, Richard Townshend, married Mildred Daunt in 1772. Mildred was the daughter and co-heiress of Achilles and Ann Daunt of Gortigrenane, and was therefore the sister of Ann Daunt who married John Hungerford and aunt of Captain Emanuel Hungerford who was the founder of the Australian branch of the family.

Richard and Mildred Daunt Townshend were the parents of Samuel Philip Townshend who in 1836 married Frances Helena Newman. Samuel and Frances' fifth son was the abovementioned Thomas Achilles Townshend. The connection with the Australian Hungerford is thus quite close: Captain Emanuel Hungerford was a first cousin of Thomas Achilles Townshend's father. Moreover, Morris Townsend Somerville and Jonas Morris Townsend, two Townsend relations, accompanied the Hungerfords aboard the *Alexander Henry* in 1828.

Thomas Townshend and Eva Carmichael had three sons: Philip Achilles Kingston Townshend (1885), a farmer in Kenya; Francis Horatio Evory Townshend (1887), an author

and poet in China; and Richard Samuel Hungerford Townshend (1888), a professional conjuror.

The Glenample record states that the three sons joined the Army from their family home in Bedford, before embarking on their three very different lives. Eva Townshend died in 1934 aged 73.

We have before us, then, stories of two voyages to Australia, that of the *Alexander Henry* in 1828 and the *Loch Ard* fifty years later. These are but two examples, one happy and one tragic, which epitomise the difficulties of all who attempted the long voyage from England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales in particular, where most of our nineteenth century immigrants originated.

Without Australians of the time being aware of it, the era of immigration by sailing ship was drawing to its close. It is of course impossible to put a precise date to the era's end. Steamships and steam-assisted auxiliaries had been carrying the bulk of emigrants before the wreck of the *Loch Ard*, and a trickle continued to come by sail after the wreck. But this one dramatic event highlights the last days of immigration under sail.

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