

the mail used to be sent overland to Maryborough by the native police. Shortly after the murder Bungarry was sent with the mail. Lieutenant Murray, who was in command of the native police camp here at the time, was a married man, and Mrs. Murray used to be very good to the gins. One day Bungarry's gin came up to Mrs. Murray's place wearing buttons and rings corresponding to those of the dress of the murdered woman, and this led to an investigation which resulted in the story of the murder coming to light. The troopers who participated in the crime were put in handcuffs and lodged in the lockup, which was where the Grand Hotel now stands, and subsequently they were taken out and shot. One of them escaped for a time, but he was shot down by troopers in the bush some time later.

E.M.S. had another interesting story to tell of the pre-Rockhampton days concerning the wreck of the *Sea Belle*, which, it is stated, has not hitherto been published. The *Sea Belle*, it may be mentioned, was one of the earliest vessels to come to Rockhampton for wool. He spoke of the rivalry which existed between the skipper of the ship in question and the captain of another vessel, and how, after the latter had come up to Rockhampton to take Messrs. Archer Brothers' wool, the former made the trip up the Fitzroy in 1857. After taking a cargo of wool on board, he said, she left for the south and what became of her afterwards was not ascertained for many months. From Rockhampton she took as passengers Mr. Norman Leith Hay, of Rannes Station, a

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police officer, who was an old army sergeant, and the captain's wife and two daughters were also on board. Twelve months later information was received which went to show that the *Sea Belle* was wrecked somewhere in the vicinity of Emu Park. Shortly after he (E.M.S.) left Rannes to come down here to build the house for Mr. Wiseman he had some blackboys working for him barking timber. One day they informed him that they were going over the river for a corroboree. They went and remained away for about a week. "By-and-bye," he continued, "they came back, crawling up the hill just about dead beat. I never saw anyone so much cut about as they were. They had great raw gashes across their sides, and the muscles of their arms and their legs were terribly cut about. They were very nearly done,

about. They were very nearly done. They came up into the kitchen there, and Mrs. Wiseman attended to their hurts. She gave them tea and something to eat. Eventually one of them said 'Blackfellow -- rogue. That fellow got him white Mary.' 'What name Mary?' he was asked, and he replied 'Big fellow Mary, two fellow piccaninny,' at the same time giving a description which left little doubt that it was the wife of the captain who had gone on the vessel he was speaking of. That was the first that we knew of the fate of the ship. By-and-bye they told us all about how the vessel was wrecked there. There were none of those on board drowned. They all got safely to land somehow. Mr. Norman Leith Hay, I know, was a splendid swimmer. The blacks captured them all and they had a big corroboree that night, and next day they killed all the men. The blackfellows, when asked about the fate of the men, thus described their death--'Cobbone that fellow been fight plenty. By-and-bye boomerang come. Bawl more fight.' From time to time we used to hear that the blackfellows had a white Mary with them; but although half-a-dozen times parties went out to find her, they never succeeded in doing so. We used to see the smoke from the blacks' camps on the islands, but we could not find any trace of the woman, though lots of blackfellows used to tell us they had two white piccaninies and an old woman with them. After a time the blacks would not say any more about them. I was a little bit inquisitive about this, and used to ask them, but I could get nothing from them. There was a gin who used to come up to the house when we were having dinner. One day I took a couple of chops and told her that she could have them if she would tell me all about the white Marys. She had just started to speak when a blackfellow came on to the verandah and she bolted without waiting for the chops or anything. I never heard of the whereabouts of the white woman after that. The next time that anything was heard about a white woman being with the blacks was when Robert Hewitt, the Emu Park mailman, said that he had seen one with them. This caused great excitement, and people went out straight away, came up with the blacks, and found that the white woman was nothing but the figure-head of a ship that had been washed

ashore. Of course this caused a great laugh against Hewitt, and people used to ask him about his 'white woman' for a long time afterwards."

E.M.S. built and kept the first hotel