THE LOST, FOUND
(A sequel to "Lost in the Bush," in the October Bulletin)

The Lost, Found.—In our last week's issue, we recorded the fact that Mr. Charles Quin had been lost in the bush, and that the efforts that had been made up to the previous day to discover him had been fruitless. We also expressed it as our opinion that he would not be found alive. We are happy, however, to announce that our expectations have not been realised, and that the lost man was found on Friday morning last. For the information of our readers we will now proceed to detail the efforts which have been thus happily terminated. On Monday morning, before daylight, Mr. B. Rixon, —. Brazier, and Constable Saunders started off in search for the second time, and arrived at the spot where they had previously tracked Quin to. They took up his track, kept it all that day, and on the following morning they had followed it to the top of a high range which Quin had ascended on his horse. In descending the other side, however, it would appear by his track, that the horse had slipped and rolled over, the scrub on the hill side being all levelled as if a log had been rolled down it. Some short distance from this place they came to a steep rock, down the face of which were the tracks as if the horse had slid down on all-fours, and in the basin to which this led they discovered the horse, with the bridle tied to the pummel of the saddle. The only means of egress from this basin was through a cleft between two large rocks, and through this opening, Quin had evidently endeavoured to force his way, as there were several saplings broken in the cleft. Here Quin had abandoned his only companion in his wanderings, and, it was thought by the searchers, passed through the opening in the rocks, but no track could be seen; the surface being mostly of rock covered with leaves, which the birds and wind would disturb. Rixon and his companions made every effort to recover the track, but could not succeed owing to these last causes. They therefore determined on at once returning to town, and with great difficulty succeeded in getting the horse out of the basin, and reached town in the afternoon. They rested till the following morning, and then, accompanied by James Rixon, Thomas Barrett and John Swepson, fully equipped, resumed their search. They proceeded to the spot where the horse was found, and succeeded a little before sundown, in coming on Quin's track again. They ran it down for about three quarters of a mile, and then camped for the night. The next morning, they took his track up again at the Cordeaux River which he had crossed by a log. They continued the search with renewed vigor and watchfulness, but, notwithstanding, they lost and found his track four times during the day. After finding it the last time they kept it for two miles, and found that he had endeavoured to ascend a high range, by making sidelong, but finding it impossible, when about half-way up, he had descended again to the banks of the river, and crossed it where it was very deep. On the opposite side they again found his track, and observed that he had now lost
his boots. Further on they discovered by marks on the banks that he had slipped into the river, probably in trying to get water. Night had now arrived, and the hopes of finding him were very high, for they had passed during the day, three places where he had laid at night time, thus showing that he had lived three days, at least, after he had parted with his horse. They had during the day been divided in two parties, and had fired blank charges from their guns to keep up their knowledge of each others movements, and to make Quin aware that parties were in search of him should he be within hearing.

On the following (Friday) morning they came on to his track again, found particles of his clothes, and kept on their way, hallooing, cooing, and firing their guns. After a time James Rixon thought he heard a faint moan, as of a person endeavouring to shout. They fired and shouted again, and then had they inexpressible pleasure of hearing a weak voice say “come here.” James Rixon was the first to observe him. He was sitting on the ground, with his back against a tree, and about 200 yards from a blind creek, which he had been some time trying to reach, for the purpose of getting water. To say that the poor old man was glad to see his rescuers is superfluous. He shook their hands with all the little strength he had. When discovered he had nothing on but his coat and shirt, he had lost hat, trousers, and boots in crossing the rivers and creeks, and in forcing his way through the scrub. His thighs, legs, feet, and hands were most fearfully lacerated and full of gashes and wounds. He had torn a macintosh coat into strips to bind up his wounds, and when these were removed the wounds were found full of maggotts, and the stench which proceeded from them was unbearable. They at once removed him to the water, and washed him and bound up his wounds with clean calico. Saunders’ horse was brought, he was mounted upon it, and the whole party made for Moran’s farm on the Cordeaux River, which they reached about three o’clock on Friday afternoon, nine days after Quin had been lost. After giving him some little nourishment they put him to bed, one of the party remained with him, and the rest came into town. An instance of greater privation and suffering, under the most trying circumstances, we never recollect hearing of than this. An old man—upwards of seventy winters have silvered his head—has existed for nine days in the wild and lonely bush, and the whole time his mind racked and tortured with the thought that he should never again see the faces of his fellowman; such endurance is truly wonderful. But our joy at his recovery, and wonder at his endurance, must be converted into admiration of the conduct of his preservers—more especially Mr. B. Rixon—who has thus added another to the many evidences of his usefulness, his skill, and above all, his benevolence. Such a man as Mr. Rixon and his companions are true benefactors to the public, and it will be an everlasting disgrace to the public if they allow their services to pass unrewarded. This we believe is not likely to be so. A number of influential and earnest individuals have taken the matter in hand, and, at an early day, an opportunity will be given to the public of testifying
their approval and sympathy in a substantial and practical manner with Mr. B. Rixon and his companions.

Recovery of Mr. Quin.—We are glad to observe that a requisition is in course of signature, requesting the Warden to call a public meeting to consider the propriety of presenting some suitable testimony or reward to Mr. B. Rixon and his companions, for their efforts in effecting the recovery of Mr. Quin. This is as it should be, and we have no doubt but that the public will meet the call as promptly as it deserves. It is proposed that the meeting be held in Mr. Johnson’s large room, at the Brighton Hotel, on Monday next, at a convenient hour.

EXCURSION TO ST. GEORGE AREA

The Society excursion to the St. George area will take place on Sunday, 5th June.

The bus will leave Cross Roads, West Wollongong, at 9 a.m. and travel via Crown, Kembla and Bourke Streets, Princes Highway and Bulli Pass.

Fares (bus only) will be $6.50 for adults and $3.00 for children.

We will be met by Mr. Arthur Ellis, a member of the St. George Historical Society, who will take us to Lydham Hall. Admission 50c.

Books on sale.

Following a picnic lunch in Carss Park we will visit Carss Cottage, occupied by the Kogarah Historical Society. Admission 30c.

For bookings please phone Mrs. McCarthy (29-8225) or book at the June meeting.

DR. ELLIS, BOTANIST

[Miss Annette Onslow (Member), writes that she has discovered a letter from William Macarthur to his sister-in-law Emily (Mrs. James Macarthur), dated 1st September, 1854, which makes further reference to “the accomplished medico.”]

William Macarthur writes about the rain-forest brush near Wollongong and Jamberoo, where he was identifying and collecting plants, and says: “I have not got on so fast as I might have done for want of ‘Dr. Ellis’ who has been ill, or is ill, and has not joined me.”

He goes on to write of one particular brush where he had been on an earlier expedition with George Macleay when, after collecting twenty-three species of plants, they thought they had exhausted it. “This time,” he says, “with the aid of an opera glass, I have been able to find 12 fresh species not before got . . . besides these we have got much finer specimens of a good many we had before—but I sadly miss ‘Dr. Ellis’ who could give me the aboriginal names for almost every tree.”

[Dr. Ellis has figured in the Bulletin before (in May 1976, and, less favourably, in October 1981). Major E. H. Weston in his reminiscences said “Dr. Ellis, a pure-blooded aboriginal . . . had received a good education, and was the most intelligent and polished native I ever met.”]