PRG 101/13 History of the Hardy Family in South Australia by Mabel Hardy 1959, which is a photocopied typescript booklet of 49 pages consisting of:

- **The Hardy Family by Mabel Hardy pages 1-35**
- **Richard Grenfell Thomas's personal reminiscences of Charles Burton Hardy and his family dated 16 June 1959 pages 36-45**
- **Family trees pages 46-49.**

This transcript also contains two obituaries and two newspaper extracts copied from another copy of the Mabel Hardy history held by a relative.
Transcribed by Barbara Wall, volunteer at the State Library of South Australia, 2015

Mabel Phyllis Hardy (1890-1977) was the granddaughter of Arthur Hardy, and oldest daughter of his impoverished son, Herbert Mansell Hardy. Mabel won a Government Bursary which enabled her to attend Tormore House School. She graduated from Adelaide University and was awarded the John Howard Clark Scholarship for English and the Tinline Scholarship for History. She began teaching during her University years and continued in different schools for much of her life. In 1926, with Patience Hawker, she opened Stawell School on Mt Lofty Summit Road. After the School closed in 1940 she continued teaching and writing. In 1939 she published A history of Crafers *for the Crafers Centenary Committee and she continued to write about South Australian districts, organisations and public figures until the end of her life.*

[*unnumbered page*]
The Hardy Coat of Arms HARDI NE TEMERAIRE

A HISTORY OF THE HARDY FAMILY IN SOUTH AUSTRALIA
Compiled by Mabel Hardy, 1959

[*unnumbered page*]
HEREDITY
I am the family face;
Flesh perishes, I live on,
Projecting trait and trace
Through time to times anon,
And leaping from place to place
Over oblivion.

The years-heired feature that can
In curve and voice and eye
Despise the human span
Of durance – that is I;
The eternal thing in man,
That heeds no call to die.

Thomas Hardy

[*unnumbered page*] photocopy of photograph with the caption: Thomas Hardy of Birksgate, 1775-1849

THE HARDY FAMILY

The earlier members of the family have claimed descent from Clement le Hardy who was Lieutenant Governor of Jersey in 1488. If this is so they are a branch of the same family as that of Thomas Hardy, the novelist, and of Nelson's bluff sea captain, and certainly a comparison of a photograph of Thomas Hardy with one of Arthur Hardy's son, Arthur Marmaduke, shows a remarkable resemblance which is surely more than mere coincidence.

The branch from which the South Australian Hardys were descended had settled in the North of England where they had acquired much land and other property. In 1732 John Hardy, curate and school master of Kirkburton in Yorkshire, had bought the manor house of Birksgate, and his wife, nee Mary Mokson, had inherited from her Grandfather, John Frith, the nearby manor of Shepley. Thus, both properties went to their son Thomas (1), and, on his death, to his eldest son, Thomas (2) who had no direct heir. At his death in 1836 both Shepley and Birksgate passed to his nephew, Thomas (3), eldest son of John Hardy of Peniston.

Thomas Hardy (3), born in 1775 was the eldest of eleven children, two of whom had died in infancy. Of the others John and Edward were unmarried, William and Joseph were married and both had children, and the daughters, Mary, Sarah, Ann and Martha, married respectively husbands named Alder, Gloyn, Richardson and Booth. John became a Doctor of Medicine and had a distinguished career in that profession. Arthur Hardy's descendants have in their possession his beautiful silver salver which bears the following inscription –

Presented on the 26th day of Sept. 1833
to
JOHN HARDY, ESQUIRE, M.D.
by the
Corporation of Doncaster
in token of
PUBLIC GRATITUDE
For the valuable services rendered by him
in a fearlefs and gratuitous
PROFESSIONAL ATTENDANCE
upon the Poor Inhabitants of their
TOWN
during the late awful visitation
of
CHOLERA

[*unnumbered page*]: photocopy of photographs with the caption: Harriet, wife of Thomas Hardy; Caroline Hardy.]

[*page 2*]
Mrs Alder and Mrs Booth were still alive in 1860, though not in good health. Mr Booth was a medical man and a letter written by his brother-in-law in that year records that, although he had been partially incapacitated by a stroke some years before, he still practised his profession, and had in fact 'lately attended Mrs Topham in her confinement of her third son'. Their daughter, Mrs Coulson, had 'been bereaved of her only Daughter, a lovely girl, and her Mama does not appear as if she would rise above it, they have only one son left.' One suspects that tuberculosis had taken its toll here.

This little group of letters from the husband and son of Anne Richardson (sister of Thomas Hardy) tells the sad story of young Edward Richardson who, having contracted tuberculosis, was sent to South Australia to his Uncles Arthur and Alfred, in the hope that he might recover in a climate that had proved so beneficial to them. The letters express great appreciation of their kindness to the young man whose health improved greatly for a time, but then unfortunately deteriorated rapidly. He decided to return home, although doubting whether he would survive the voyage. He died within a few weeks of leaving Australia and was buried at sea. It is possible that the 'fallen tree legend' referred to by Richard Grenfell Thomas in his memories of Springfield was connected with Edward Richardson.

Thomas Hardy (3) had married Harriet Hurst whose ancestors had taken a prominent part on the Cavalier side in the English Civil War, among them being Sir Nicholas Crispe, a wealthy London Merchant, who had lavishly poured out his wealth in defence of the King. He had been rewarded with a portrait of Charles I as the Martyr King, reputed to have been painted by Prince Rupert, the King's nephew. This portrait was handed down by Harriet first to her daughter, Harriet, and then through Alfred Hardy to his son, Charles Burton and his descendants.

Harriet Hardy seems to have been a charming and intelligent woman. Her husband was often obstinate and difficult and her children headstrong and excitable and she must have sometimes found it hard to keep peace among them. She appears to have been particularly fond of the two sons in Australia, Arthur and Alfred. On hearing from Arthur that he contemplates returning to England on a visit she writes, 'This news fell like balm upon my heart, wounded as it is by this long separation.' She is worried over the Adelaide doctor's treatment of Alfred's recurrence of

[*page 3*]
tuberculosis and asks Arthur to 'urge him against the old fashioned aid to destruction, starvation'. She wishes that Alfred could return with Arthur and adds, 'I have long thought that few persons were ever less fitted both by disposition and character, for a distant residence among strangers'.

Her husband, before inheriting Birksgate, when he retired and settled down there as Squire and Magistrate, had been for many years a successful 'Surgeon and Man-Midwife' at

Walworth, London. He was a Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons and hence a leading man in his profession. Their eight children appear to have all been good-looking and intelligent and all were obviously well educated, the sons probably at the Camberwell Grammar School where Arthur received his education. The father being a Unitarian the sons would not have been able to go to any of the Public Schools nor to the Universities. They would therefore probably have attended a Non-Conformist School, and these were among the best at that time, having a wider curriculum and a more thorough training than the more famous establishments. The Unitarians were a highly intellectual and intelligent community, remarkably free from bigotry, and this must have had a marked effect on the young Hardys.

Thomas Hardy did not get on well with his son Edward or his daughter Harriet and their accounts of him are therefore probably prejudiced and intolerant. Edward was very contemptuous of his father's behaviour at Birksgate and his unpopularity, and in a letter to Arthur, written in 1840 he writes:–

'The Governor is, as John says, more awkward than ever, he has quarrelled with John, they have not spoken nor communicated these six months . . . He is much elated by the circumstances you are both in, and declares that he has made your fortunes, taking care to give me a slap whenever he can. . . .The Governor has contrived to be at daggers drawn with almost all his neighbours, both rich and poor. . . . He is occasionally half cranky.'

Bur Arthur gives a very different picture which shows him to have been generous and kind. In the diary he kept of his return home in 1849 he writes:– 'Dec.25. We had a large party in the kitchen of old people, none under sixty. After a good dinner and as much ale as they could

[*page 4*]
drink and a small sum each in their pockets, they went away.' 'Jan. 1. I was awoke by the waits singing carols. When I got up I saw all the boys from the neighbouring townships, some 300 of them round the gates, waiting for Xmas boxes which John Noble and the coachman were giving them, and which occupied some two hours.'

There is no doubt that he was sometimes difficult and quarrelsome, and his letters show him to have been rather grasping in money matters, but he did finance both his sons in their migration to South Australia and was not ungenerous to them, if a little impatient to get his money back. He was, however, obviously very fond of his wife and children. One likes to think of Thomas Hardy and his wife as their daughter, Harriet Taylor, described them in 1839, 'Papa busies himself in the garden and reading, and Mama is, as usual all warmth and kindness.' His love of gardening was inherited by his son, Arthur, who planted two really outstanding gardens in the early days of South Australia, at Birksgate and Mount Lofty House.

As a medical man he was naturally much interested in his sons' health and wrote frequently to Alfred and Arthur enquiring particularly about their health and asking for full details. A letter of 1841 to Arthur contains this passage, 'I wish you to be particular in telling me in every one of your letters what is the state of your health, and especially whether you bring up any blood at any time. . . I hope you are both at length free from such symptoms.' He was interested

also in their spiritual welfare and writes to Arthur in 1841, 'I hope and trust, my dear boy, that you not only take correct views of religious truth, but that you are careful to cultivate that personal religion to which all speculative opinion is but of secondary importance.' In 1843 he wrote to Alfred enquiring whether any attempts were being made to get up a Unitarian Association in S.A. To this Alfred replied that 'it is not advisable, as the High Church party are all powerful and would, until we have a large number, certainly crush the attempt.'

Arthur, however, had retained his interest in Unitarianism and when an Adelaide Unitarian Congregation was formed and in 1854 acquired a piece of land for a church, through the help of Dr Everard, he was appointed one of the Trustees. From that year until 1863 he took a leading part in the Unitarian community, he attended most

[*page 5*]
of the meetings where he frequently took the chair, was a member of the Committee and of the Special Building Committee and gave generous donations to the Church projects. His wife was a very staunch Anglican and it seems that, after 1863, when he was living at Mt Lofty, he ceased to take an active part in the affairs of the Unitarian Church.

Thomas Hardy died at Birksgate in 1849 during his son Arthur's visit to England. On April 26, when he was at Bideford with his sister Caroline he had news that his father was 'alarmingly ill', and set off at once for Birksgate, where he scarcely left his father's side until his death on May 3, which happened to be Arthur's 32nd birthday. He was buried in the family vault in Kirkburton Church. Only a few months earlier, Arthur had walked to the Church with his father who had shown him 'the tomb of my great great grandfather in the nave, the old oak pew belonging to the Birksgate Estate, and the tombs of my great grandfather and great uncle in the church yard.'

It was fortunate for Harriet that her son was in England, for he proceeded at once to help in settling her affairs, arranging for the sale of outlying properties and superfluous furniture, and seeing her settled at Bideford, near her daughter, Caroline. Here she lived until her death in 1869 at the age of 81.

Of Birksgate itself Harriet Taylor wrote to her husband in 1840, 'I should like you to come and see it, it is so lovely', and in the same year Edward described the place to Arthur as "a neat two storey stone built house, and very nicely furnished and fitted up, within and without. The out buildings, lawns, shrubberies, etc. are all in good taste.' He went on to say that his father kept a good stable and a comfortable closed carriage. When Arthur saw the family home for the first time in 1848 he wrote in his diary, 'Birksgate is exceedingly pretty, far more so than I had expected.'

Of his eight children the two eldest, John and Thomas, who had in turn been apprenticed to him at Walworth, had both died in their early twenties, presumably of tuberculosis. William, who had been a surgeon in the Navy died in Italy in 1840. He seems to have been a fine character, much admired by John Taylor who said of him, 'I have invariably found William most honourable, strict and

[*page 6*]
correct in his business dealings.' Edward, the fourth son, was in his father's eyes the most unsatisfactory of his children. He was extravagant and was frequently in serious money difficulties, and for some time after his father's retirement he remained at Birksgate against his father's wish, causing fierce quarrels and making no attempt to earn his living. To the disgust of the whole family he formed a liaison with a married woman who was working as a servant at Birksgate and took her to New Zealand as his wife.

On this subject Alfred wrote to Edward, 'Of course I have heard of all that has taken place at home, and, as it is a subject upon which I cannot say anything that will be agreeable to you, we will mutually banish it from our correspondence.' Edward, however, was not willing to banish the subject, and so Alfred ceased to write to him, but, to show that he still considered him his brother, he sent him an occasional newspaper.

He appears to have married her later on, perhaps on the death of her husband, and to have brought her back to England when he inherited Birksgate on his father's death. He was unreasonably annoyed to find an empty house. He settled down as a respectable landowner, took his seat on the Bench and said that he 'found himself very popular'. But he was soon in money difficulties and was forced to let Birksgate and retire to Shepley. From then onwards we find him living sometimes in France, or in the Channel Island, and he finally settled at Aylesbury where he died in 1869.

Edward's letters are entertaining and he seems to have been amusing and attractive, although with traces of snobbishness which were not apparent in the others. His sister, Harriet, was very scornful of his desire to emigrate 'as a gentleman', and he, in one of his letters is equally scornful about a cousin John who had gone to the gold diggings in Victoria 'but has done no good and is now a navvy or something of that sort'.

At the time of his death he was separated from his wife and one of his relatives thought it unwise to announce his death in the press for fear that she would appear and try to claim some of the non existent assets or interfere in the lives of the children. There were three children, Wentworth, Emily and Edith. Wentworth and Emily were illegitimate, having been born in New Zealand,

[*unnumbered page*] photocopy of photographs with the caption: Harriet Taylor née Hardy; Caroline Ley née Hardy

Harriet Taylor née Hardy

[*page 7*]
before Edward's marriage to their mother. The third child, Florence Edith, was born in wedlock. It says much for Edward that he gave the first two his name and made no distinction between them and his third child. Both the daughters married, Emily against some family opposition to 'a mere church organist', Corfe, and Edith to a clergyman, Mason. Wentworth came to South Australia and joined the Survey Dept, taking part in some exploration work in connection with far distant surveys. Later on he went to Tasmania and was a member of the Tasmanian Survey Dept for some years. He married there and had three children, Winifred, Gladys and Alan. Towards the end of his life he returned to South Australia, to work in the Survey Office and died in 1919.

Wentworth was in many ways like his father. He also was extravagant and very susceptible to women. According to Herbert Hardy he contrived at one time to become engaged to two girls at once. He fled in a panic to Mt Lofty and threw himself on his aunt's mercy. She extricated him from the predicament by the simple expedient of telling the mothers of both fiancees that he had no money and no prospects.

Harriet, Thomas Hardy's elder daughter, was born in 1807 and at the age of eighteen married John Taylor, a prosperous London merchant, who was eleven years her senior. In 1830 she met John Stuart Mill, the philosopher, and formed a very close friendship with him. This gave rise to much speculation and a certain amount of scandal among their acquaintances, and was probably the cause of the ever-widening breach between Harriet and most of the other members of her family. Arthur alone seems to have at least reserved his judgment on the matter, but perhaps, being so far away, he knew less about what was happening. Harriet appears to have been anxious to keep his good opinion, and was rather disconcerted by his arrival back in London in 1848. He does not seem to have met Mill until after John Taylor's death, when an entry in his diary records that he met James (sic) Mill and conversed with him on economic questions. He kept up a correspondence with Harriet throughout the rest of her life, but it is noteworthy that Harriet always referred in her letters to 'Mr Mill', and Mill, in writing to Arthur Hardy to tell him of Harriet's death, starts his letter 'Dear Sir'.

[*page 8*]
There is no doubt that Harriet was very fond of her husband and children and for the last two months of his very painful last illness she nursed him most devotedly. He was a man of fine character. Arthur Hardy referred to him as 'the best man and the best friend I have ever known' and his brother Alfred in a letter of sympathy to Harriet wrote,'He, of all men that I have known, was kind, generous and honourable'.

Harriet was beautiful and brilliant and helped Mill greatly in his writings. After John Taylor's death she married Mill. She was never very strong and contracted tuberculosis, the 'family complaint'. She died at Avignon in 1858, leaving Mill, as he said to Arthur, with 'the spring of my life broken'.

There were three Taylor children, Herbert, the eldest, carried on his father's business, and he and Algernon were both married and had children. Helen remained unmarried. She had been

her mother's close companion and, after Harriet's death, she devoted herself to Mill, caring for him and helping him with his work.

Caroline was the youngest of the family. The family letters all describe her as very pretty and, according to Ethel Barton, Arthur Hardy's daughter, she was the inspiration of Charles Kingsley's heroine of Westward Ho, the Rose of Devon. She married Arthur Ley, solicitor, of Bideford in Devon, and had three children of whom Annie married Fred Lord, rector of Farmborough. Bath.
Louis was a medical student whose health had broken down. One suspects tuberculosis again in his case. Like his cousin Edward Richardson, and at about the same time, he also was sent to South Australia in search of a cure. He married a Miss Cremer but died a few years later after much ill health and many financial worries. Rose, the youngest, became a nun. This happening is referred to by Arthur in a letter to Algernon Taylor as 'the misfortune which has happened to little Rose'. Caroline died in 1864.

Having lost his two eldest sons, Thomas Hardy became very worried when both Alfred and Arthur developed symptoms of tuberculosis. It had been his intention to equip one for medicine and the other for law, but he

[*page 9*]
decided that an open air life in the new Colony of South Australia would give the greatest hope of prolonging their lives. Arthur Hardy completely recovered, in spite of a most strenuous life and lived to enjoy a remarkably healthy old age, dying at ninety-two, in full possession of all his faculties, except for the very great handicap of almost total deafness. Alfred was not so fortunate; he had become attached to Colonel Light's survey party and must have suffered privations that would not have been good for one in his state of health.

Arthur, accompanied by a South Downs shepherd named Mewett came out in the Platina to try his luck as a sheep farmer. He had his twenty-first birthday during the voyage, but his diary reveals him as an unusually mature and serious young man. He spent much of his time in reading books on history, literature and religion, besides those dealing with agriculture and sheep husbandry, in preparation for his life as a farmer. He was obviously interested in radical views in both politics and religion and read with interest the sermons of George Fox, a leading Unitarian preacher, and also the articles in the London and Westminster Review, the leading radical journal of the day. He was also practical and handy with tools, did some carpentering and made many string nets for his hen coops etc. He practised his guitar and was also something of an artist and made a sketch of Trinidad. Except for a very welcome few days on shore at Capetown, where he nearly succumbed to the charms of a fascinating widow, the voyage was, on the whole, rather tedious and he sometimes escaped from the other passengers by climbing up to the crow's nest, where on one occasion he sat and netted and, rather dashingly 'smoked a segar'.

A voyage in those days must have been a combination of tedium and danger. A letter of John Taylor's records that Edward Hardy's ship, on the way to New Zealand, 'was run foul of by another in the Downs'. For four hours it was expected to sink, and was so badly damaged that it had to be towed back to London for extensive repairs. Arthur's diaries have frequent

references to storms, one being particularly severe when the ship was ‘suddenly taken aback and we were very nearly all lost’. He describes also a mutiny, fortunately quickly suppressed. ‘Got out the pistols and loaded them and the Captain and officers, with the assistance of the passengers, secured the crew.’ On this voyage there was a great deal of

[*page 10*]
sickness among the emigrant children, seven of whom died during the voyage, three to Arthur Hardy’s great distress, being the whole family of one of the passengers. Two adults also died. They must all have been very glad when the ship anchored safely in the Port River on Feb. 9, 1839.

He had introductions to some of the leading citizens and was delighted to find that his brother was happily married to Louisa Newenham, but, although he was a most sociable young man, and eager to make new friends, he did not waste any time in settling in to his new estate. His father had taken up two sections, numbers 333 and 335 on the Torrens, now known as Paradise. Arthur Hardy named the place Shepley, and on his visit to England ten years later was much pleased to visit the old manor house and see ‘Anno Domini 1608’ carved over the doorway

Within a month he had started building a house, largely with his own hands, had the Mewett family settled in a tent, had bought his first sheep and some poultry and pigs and started a vegetable garden. His great love of natural scenery and of adventure led him to seize upon any opportunity for exploring the countryside. Soon after his arrival he visited the Mt Barker district and also made expeditions to other outlying stations. He must have been most efficient and industrious and had also a good head for business, for with the help and advice of his brother-in-law, John Taylor, he embarked on various trading ventures, all apparently with success.

He had not intended to practise his profession but say in his reminiscences that Governor Gawler who frequently rode out to Shepley for a chat particularly asked him to do so, because, at that time the criminal courts were so inefficiently conducted that men who were obviously guilty were avoiding sentence because the indictments were so badly prepared. So he was admitted to the bar and was for a time Crown Prosecutor, until his other activities took so much of his time that he had to give up that work. He continued, however, to practise as a solicitor and did so until nearly the end of his long life.

He was in partnership first with C.J.Cooper, afterwards Judge Cooper, and later on his nephew C.B.Hardy was

[*page 11*]
a member of the firm, but this arrangement does not appear to have lasted long, for the firm than became A.Hardy & Son until A.M.Hardy went to the country to live and Arthur Hardy carried on the business alone.

John Taylor had said of his brother-in-law, ‘Arthur should be successful, because he has steadiness and talent united’, and these qualities are shown very plainly in his early years.

He worked extremely hard in establishing his farm and put up cheerfully with all kinds of inconveniences and difficulties. For some time his house had no floor, no ceiling and no glass in the windows, and he was much troubled by wild dogs and the neighbours' straying pigs and geese. After spending a month in planting his garden he writes sadly, 'Walkers' geese got into the garden and ate most of the things in it', and four days later, 'the geese got into the garden again and finished it.' But a month later he had fenced the place in more securely and was planting a large variety of vegetables.

One of his chief difficulties was with troublesome natives, but, although there had been several cases of assault and murder committed by them, Arthur Hardy did not seem to have any fear of them. On the occasion of the well known attack on Mr Gilles' shepherd who was working on the section adjoining Shepley it was Arthur Hardy who rushed across the river to him when his cries were heard and brought him across to his house while he went into town for help. He afterwards joined the police party who went in search of the attackers.

As a young man naturally would, he thoroughly enjoyed the pursuit of the malefactors, but, in spite of the excitement of the expedition, he could pause to observe the beauty of the scenery, and was particularly impressed by the night scene when they made camp.

He kept open house at Shepley, whether the house was finished or not, and had many visitors to share his 'bush fare'. On one occasion a very severe storm obliged his brother and his wife and sister-in-law, Emily Newenham, to stay the night and he records, 'the ladies took my bed'. He saw a good deal of Emily and seemed very much attached to her, but his brother Edward who paid a short visit to South Australia in 1839 appears to have

[*unnumbered page*] photocopy of photographs with the captions: Arthur Hardy, C. 1875, Arthur Hardy (on a bicycle), c. 1905; Martha Hardy, sitting outdoors, c.1895.

[*page 12*]
supplanted him, for in a letter to Arthur, John Taylor writes, 'Who is this Emily that Edward is always writing to?'

By 1844 Shepley was quite a large and flourishing property. The Almanac for that year credits him with owning 3900 sheep, 22 cattle, 40 pigs and 7 horses, and he had 108 acres under wheat, besides crops of barley, oats, potatoes and lucerne, and a 4 acre fruit and vegetable garden. He was also part owner of a sheep run on the River Light. In the next year he took up land at Port Lincoln in partnership with Henry Price, Charles Campbell, G.C.Hawker and C.L.Hawker. Three years later he returned to England and Henry Price took charge of the Port Lincoln sheep station during his absence.

Arthur Hardy's enthusiasm and energy had made him a wealthy man and he had much business to see to in London, but found time to hasten up to Yorkshire, much enjoying the novelty of a train journey, during which he kept a meticulous record of mileages and times. Here he received a very warm welcome from his mother and father.

In London he stayed at the Reform Club, seeing a good deal of John and Harriet Taylor and many other friends. On one occasion he dined with the poet Wordsworth and later, on a tour of the Lake District, he called on him at Rydal Mount and was pleased 'to find the old gentleman hale and hearty'.

This visit to England was a most eventful period of his life. His father and his very great friend, John Taylor, died. He met his future wife, Martha Price, daughter of Lieutenant Colonel Frederick and Mrs Price of Guernsey, and was engaged to her after a whirlwind courtship. Her widowed mother then died suddenly and this led to their hastily arranged marriage in the Church of St Mary Castel in Guernsey. The honeymoon was spent in Guernsey and two months later the couple set off on a tour of the Continent, visiting Brussels, Liege, Aix la Chapelle, Cologne, Bonn, Mayence, Frankfurt, where they bought some beautiful Bohemian glass, then on to Heidelberg and back to Brussels. They left for Australia by the Mary Ann on February 4, 1850, taking with them Martha's sister, Henrietta.

[*unnumbered page*] photocopy of photographs with the captions: Birksgate, Yorkshire, 1959; Birksgate, Glen Osmond, 1864.

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Arthur and his wife were cultured and interesting people. Arthur had always been much interested in music , had quite a name for extemporising on the piano and evidently was fond of singing, for his sister Harriet had offered to send him any 'pretty songs' she came across. While in London in 1849 he took lessons in harmony, and, as his wife was also very musical, they had much in common. He bought her a piano for the voyage out.

In London both were assiduous theatre goers and both diary and letters show a very intelligent appreciation of acting and music. Arthur remained a wide reader, interested in religion, history, politics, poetry and novels, subscribing to the best English monthlies and quarterlies, and so keeping abreast of the new ideas of the day.

In 1845 Arthur Hardy bought Captain Frome's property at Glen Osmond, naming it Birksgate after the family property in Yorkshire. On his return from England he built a large house in the English style, planted a vineyard and garden and proceeded to bring up a young family. His children were all born at Birksgate, Arthur Marmaduke in 1851, Mabel in 1853, Herbert in 1856 and Ethel in 1858.

In spite of family responsibilities he retained his love of expeditions to new places, and in a letter to his daughter Ethel, written in 1905, he remembers a journey from Goolwa to Second Valley.

> 'About 1853, Mabel then being the baby (who did not accompany us) I drove your mother and Lady Torrens in our old outrigger, Mr Frederick Dutton driving Lady and Sir Henry Young in our old wagonette, and Sir Robert Torrens and Mr Maturin riding, on our return from starting a steamer on the Murray, towards what is now Victor Harbour, but the only residents then were a whaleboat crew at Hart and Hagen's fishery, back to Adelaide via Second Valley. At that time there was no house or buildings at Goolwa or Victor Harbour,

there was not any road further south than Willunga.

We slept in tents; after we had breakfast about seven o'clock the tents were packed on bullock drays and started with the cook. The first night from Inman Valley was at Second Valley where the tents

[*unnumbered page*] one large illustration of the Hardy family: Mabel, Arthur Marmaduke, Arthur Hardy, Ethel, Martha Hardy, Herbert Mansell. C. 1864.]

[*page 14*]

were pitched and the dinner prepared against our arrival near sundown, so it is not surprising we took about a week getting to Adelaide.

In the morning Torrens and myself walked out on the reef to dive towards the sand, Torrens went first and landed all right, and then I dived in and struck out for the sand, when Torrens called out and, on looking round I saw a shark fin following me. I had just got into the shallow water and I never walked through water so fast as I did on that occasion. I saw Torrens snatch up his gun and fire over my head and I saw the shark turn round and start off to sea followed by a stream of blood. The beach at Second Valley is a most entrancing bathing place, but I should be careful how I bathed there again.'

At about the time that Ethel was born he built Mt Lofty House, near Mt Lofty Summit, as a summer residence, but, later on, as the family were all so happy there, he added to it and made it their permanent home, having sold Birksgate in 1863 to Sir Thomas Elder. On June 8, 1857 Harriet Mill wrote thus to her brother 'I had a most tempting account of your house at Mt Lofty from Mrs Cooper, though from your own account it would seem to be 'Bleak House'. I have no doubt it is a delightful place.'

Arthur Hardy was a keen and successful gardener and he planted the grounds of Mr Lofty House and the adjoining 'Walnut Paddock' with much discrimination, importing rare plants and hoping to establish new industries with his cork oaks and his hillside vineyard on the sunny western slopes.

He took an interest in all local activities. At Glen Osmond he had founded a Mechanics Institute and Library for which many of the books had been given by Mr and Mrs John Stuart Mill. This building was also used for Church services before St Saviour's Church was built. He was Chairman and later Treasurer of the Committee set up to make arrangements for the erection of the Church, and was instrumental in having a school provided for the district, and when he moved to Mount Lofty we find him carrying on the same kinds of activities, helping with building of a Church and School, for both of which he gave the land, and taking a keen interest in all religious and educational matters.

[*unnumbered* page] six illustrations of children: Herbert and Ethel Hardy c 1863; Mabel Hardy c 1863; Miriam Cunningham[1]; Arthur M Hardy; Herbert Hardy c 1869; Herbert Hardy

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The family apparently entertained most lavishly at Mt Lofty and lived beyond their means. Arthur Hardy got into debt, but the lavish parties still continued, with the host timing his departing guests, so as to make sure that ten minutes elapsed between the departure of each of them to lessen the risk of collisions on the dangerous hills road. About 1867 he was obliged to sell the place into which he had put so much work, with its vineyard and wine cellars and its lovely garden, though he was able to keep his much loved 'Walnut paddock'. He then built Wonnaminta (not so named by him), further down the Summit Road and endeavoured to live a simpler and more economical life, but not with much success. It seems strange that the 'steady and talented' boy should have become such a spendthrift, but perhaps the fault was not entirely his, for he was a very affectionate man and found it hard to deny anything to his wife and children. Mere personal extravagance is, however, not sufficient cause for the debacle. His ventures as a sheep farmer, alone and in partnership with others, had suffered from bad seasons and falling markets, and he had lost heart, transferring his interests to mining and land speculation, both very risky proceedings. Times were bad and there were many financial failures which seriously affected many who had thought themselves secure. In 1864 he had sent his elder son, Arthur Marmaduke, to England to be educated and this must have been a big drain on the family economy for the next seven years. Towards the end of this period the younger son, Herbert, was suddenly removed from St Peter's College and joined the staff of Elder Smith & Co. where he remained for the rest of his working life.

He rose to the responsible position of Boarding Officer for the P. & O. Company. This was before the construction of the Outer Harbour and passengers and mails were taken from the ship at anchor off Largs Bay to the jetty by launch, often a very uncomfortable and sometimes quite a dangerous proceeding.

Before the coming of the Hills Railway in 1884 Mt Lofty was a very isolated place and the Hardy family and their neighbours seem to have lived in a kind of feudal splendour, far removed from the trials and realities of town life. It says much for their strength of character that they were able to adapt themselves to changed conditions later on.

Arthur Marmaduke returned to Adelaide and became a partner in his father's legal business. He married Catherine Hallett in 1878 and their daughter Mary was born

[*unnumbered* page] photocopy of photographs with the captions: Mabel Hardy; Ethel Barton (née Hardy)

[*page 16*]
in the following year. In 1884 Arthur's younger daughter Ethel was married to Caulfield Barton, the first wedding in the Church of the Epiphany, Crafers. Soon after this the family

[1] Later wife of Herbert Hardy.

finances again deteriorated, to such an extent that there were at one time bailiffs in the house and he was obliged to sell Wonnaminta and leave his beloved Mt Lofty. He rented a large two storey house on the main road at Blackwood, opposite the Railway Station and here they lived very happily for about ten years. Soon Ethel Barton and her son Felix joined them and the two sisters, very enterprisingly, bought one of the newly invented typewriters, taught themselves to use it, and started a copying office, the Adelaide Typewriting Association, which is still being carried on by their nieces, Kate and Margaret Hardy[2]. By this means, and with the help of their brother Herbert, who unselfishly postponed his marriage, so as to be able to contribute to the family funds, they managed to keep their heads above water.

Throughout our childhood 'the Office' assumed great importance. It would have been unthinkable to go to town and not call in to see the aunts. We always received a warm welcome and the clatter of the typewriters was stilled for a short time while we were regaled with 'bought biscuits', a great treat, and had a pleasant conversation with their various helpers. Beatrice and Sybil Hardy[3] learnt typewriting in the Hardy typewriting office, and one gathers from old family references that a gay and amusing time was had by all at that period.

It is characteristic of Arthur Hardy that at this time. when he was so short of money that he had frequently to ask his landlord to be patient in the matter of rent, he somehow found the means to contribute to the education of a clever boy of humble parentage in whose progress he had taken a great interest. His income was limited almost entirely to what he received in royalties from the Glen Osmond Quarries, opened by him in the forties, and at that time heavily mortgaged.

It was a time of general depression and his son and partner Arthur Marmaduke, finding very little legal work in Adelaide, was obliged to go into the country. He settled at Orroroo where times were very bad and there was little work, and in any case no money to pay for it. With the breaking of the drought things improved and he started a legal business in Port Augusta where he remained till his retirement. He died in 1934, his wife having predeceased him by ten years.

[*unnumbered page*] photocopy of photographs with the captions: Miriam Hardy (née Cunningham); Herbert Hardy; Arthur Marmaduke Hardy

[*page 17*]
Herbert Hardy married Miriam Cunningham in 1889 in St Luke's Church. It was a military wedding, for he had for a long time been an enthusiastic member of the Artillery Section of the Volunteer Force, where he had risen to the rank of Major. They had four children, twins (Fred and Mabel), Kate and Margaret. Herbert Hardy died in 1927 and his wife in 1950.

[2] Kate and Margaret Hardy were daughters of Arthur Hardy's son Herbert. They were the sisters of Mabel Hardy who has written this account..
[3] Beatrice and Sybil Hardy were daughters of Alfred Hardy.

About 1898 the Hardys left Blackwood and moved to Glenelg, living first in a house on the Patawalonga, and later at Liverpool House on the corner of Anzac Highway and Sussex St. This rambling old place had once been an inn, the Liverpool Hotel 1866-9. Here they remained until after the death of Martha Hardy (1904) and Arthur Hardy (1909). Ethel Barton had gone to live in Melbourne, her son was teaching in Sydney and Mabel Hardy moved to Byron House in Byron Street, Glenelg, another old rambling place, and here she remained until her death in 1924. About ten years later Ethel Barton returned to Adelaide and lived at St Peters until her death in 1945.

During his long life Arthur Hardy was a good citizen who did much voluntary work for his fellows. He was Chairman of the old Education Board from its foundation to 1875, a Trustee of the Savings Bank for twenty years to 1903, Captain of the Glen Osmond Volunteers, a member of the Adelaide District Road Board, the first Provincial Grand Master of the English Freemasons, President of the Court of Disputed Returns for the Legislative Council, and from 1875-88 he represented the District of Albert in the House of Assembly. He acted as solicitor to the Bank of Australasia from 1939-69 and to the E.S. & A. Bank from 1869-89. His action in preserving the Big Tree at Glen Osmond for posterity by buying it from the Mitcham Council for £5 was typical of a keen gardener and a lover of natural beauty. His own account of this is as follows, 'The Big Tree at Birksgate stands partly on Section 894 and a small part of it on the road from Glenelg to Glen Osmond. About 1852 I bought from the Mitcham District Council for £5 the small part of the tree which stands on the road, and placed a seat, all round the tree, for the accommodation of foot travellers, carrying their swags, by many of whom it was daily used and much appreciated, and I kept the seats repaired until 1864, when I sold Birksgate to the late Sir Thomas Elder.'

Arthur Hardy was enthusiastic and conscientious in everything he took up. He was spoken of as a most hard working member of Parliament, although his speeches tended to be long and dull and were not often relieved by

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lighter touches. In a letter written by his wife before their marriage she referred to his 'characteristic energy', and in 1856 Harriet Mill wrote, 'How you continue to get through such an immense quantity of work is to me a wonder.' He was trusted and much liked by a wide circle of friends. As a young man he was wise beyond his years, for he was never embroiled in any of the fierce quarrels that reft the infant colony. Among the friends that he made in those early days was Captain Charles Sturt, and when Sturt returned from his Central Australian expedition in 1846 Arthur Hardy was one of those who took a carriage to Gawler to meet him. They brought him back to his wife at The Grange, and, as she was welcoming him Sturt heard 'the carriage of my considerate friends roll rapidly away.' In later years he was handicapped in his intercourse with others by deafness, so that his life became lonely and self contained, but he kept his happy disposition and was always cheerful and good tempered.

Martha, his wife, had a very quick brain and was a witty and amusing conversationalist. She was immensely interested in people, was quite famous as a hostess and cook and had

numbers of friends. Somewhat of a matriarch, she nevertheless ruled her household and relatives for their own good and in the friendliest and most affectionate manner.

Alfred was four years older than Arthur. His father had intended to apprentice him to himself as a medical practitioner, but, when Alfred contracted tuberculosis, the idea was abandoned in favour of an open air life in South Australia, and he obtained an appointment to Col. Light's survey party. Unfortunately he was not cured of tuberculosis, as Arthur was, but suffered general ill health and frequently recurring attacks of the disease throughout his life. It is amazing that he was able to do as much as he did with such a handicap.

He arrived at Kangaroo Island in the survey ship Cygnet in September 1836, and was therefore one of the earliest settlers, Colonel Light in the brig Rapid having arrived only one month earlier. The survey party remained at Kangaroo Island until January 1837 when the Cygnet went on to Port Adelaide, to begin the survey of the mainland. Dr Woodforde, the official surgeon of the Rapid party, writes of them, 'The survey party have worked like slaves, sacrificing their personal comfort in every shape to the public weal.'

[*unnumbered page*] photocopy of photographs with the captions: Alfred Hardy Louisa Hardy c. 1869

[*page 19*]
Alfred, like Arthur, was friendly and sociable, but he was not quite so discreet and did occasionally become involved in other people's quarrels, of which there were many in those days, as, for instance when he took the part of the Sheriff, Smart, who in 1838 had quarrelled with Y.B. Hutchinson over some defamatory remarks about Smart which Hutchinson had published in the "Register". The matter nearly came to a duel, with Alfred Hardy as one of the seconds, but the meeting did not take place, because the other second very ingeniously discovered that the remarks were not statements, being in the form of questions, and were therefore not defamatory. Both parties seem to have jumped at the chance of calling off the duel without losing face.

In 1838 Alfred married Louisa, daughter of Charles Burton Newenham, Town Sheriff. C.B.Newenham had three other daughters, Emily who married Sir Charles Cooper C.J. and went to live in England, Annie, who became the wife of one of Col. Light's surveyors, Colonel James Henderson, and Sidney Frances, who married Canon H.O. Irwin of Tasmania. There were also three Newenham sons, of whom Henry and George were both working with survey parties in the Paradise district when Arthur Hardy was establishing his farm there. There are frequent references in his diary to meetings with them and he was obviously friendly with the whole family.

In 1839 Alfred Hardy was appointed Town Surveyor. The most important part of his work was the construction of a bridge over the Torrens. It was hardly finished when heavy rains brought the river down in flood but, as the Register of 24/8/39 says, 'No public inconvenience was occasioned. Mr Hardy, under whose superintendence this important improvement has been effected, deserves great credit for the judicious manner in which the work has been

carried on and completed.' In October the approaches to the new bridge were lighted by kerosene lamps.

For the next two years he was employed as Inspector of Working Parties of Unemployed Migrants. These men did a good deal of road making and other similar work. He was also Superintendent Surveyor for the Central Road Board. Among the roads that he supervised the construction of was the Road to the Government Farm (old Belair Road), and, while engaged in this work he and his family lived at the farm (National Park).

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By 1842 he had three children, Thomas Cecil, Laura and Arthur. The birth of the eldest was announced thus in the Register of 23/11/39 'On Thursday the 21st instant, the lady of Alfred Hardy Esq. of a son.' But things were becoming very difficult for a young man with a growing family. Governor Grey had been obliged to cut down the number of government employees, because of the financial difficulties that arose under Governor Gawler, and Alfred Hardy found himself without employment. For a time he set up as a private surveyor, Arthur having lent him part of his office, but he was in very bad health and had to give up office work. He had started to build his home, Hartley Bank, at Glen Osmond, but it was unfinished. He and his family were living in the house which was cold and draughty and caused much illness among the children, and it was also very isolated, especially for people who could not afford horses or any conveyance. He therefore decided to leave the house in its unfinished state and go back to Adelaide where his father-in-law had offered him a cottage rent free. This may have been the North Terrace house on the site of the present Adelaide Club, or perhaps a smaller cottage on the same property. For the next two years he seems to have earned nothing and the worry of trying to provide for his wife and children from the small rents he was able to collect from various pieces of land, and presumably also from the lease of Hartley Bank, had a very bad effect on his health. In 1843 he wrote to his brother Edward, 'My pecuniary affairs have been one long struggle to manage.' In 1845 he was greatly distressed by the death of his dearly loved youngest child, Arthur, and his unhappiness with the strain of the child's illness and his financial worries, caused a severe haemorrhage.

His father had appeared rather unsympathetic towards his financial difficulties, but, after hearing of this sad happening, he offered to educate the eldest child, if Alfred would send him to England. This offer Alfred and his wife gladly accepted, and, as the child was only six years old, his father decided to go with him, as this would not cost much more than to pay some one else to look after him. He hoped, too, that the sea voyage might improve his own health. He wrote to John Taylor that he would not tell his father beforehand of this plan. This was perhaps not very wise, for, after leaving Adelaide in February 1846 he was back again with the child in March of the next year, so that his father had obviously withdrawn his offer to educate the boy, although it is possible that, as a medical

[*page 21*]
man, he may have considered South Australia a better environment for a child with such an inheritance of bad health. At that time Thomas Cecil seemed healthy enough and in 1850 Alfred described him as 'a fine boy whose schooling will cost me £50 per annum,' but he did not live to manhood. The same letter said that Laura was being educated at home by her

mother. A fourth child, Edith, had died as an infant, and the fifth, Charles Burton, had been born soon after Arthur's death. Richard Grenfell Thomas recalls his grandfather, C.B.Hardy, quoting from a contemporary diary, 'The latest to arrive is Charles. He is very ugly and most unwelcome'. He continues, 'C.B.H. then burst into peals of hearty laughter and took snuff copiously.'

Mrs Hardy remained in Adelaide with Laura and Charles while her husband and eldest son paid this visit to England.

On Alfred's return he seems to have found employment as an agent for his brother, and also for Henry Price and others. He completed Hartley Bank and settled there with his family, being pleased at the prospect of Arthur living nearby at Birksgate. Louisa was no doubt also glad to have her sister, Mrs Henderson, at Netherby House, and her mother and father at Springfield. In a letter written by Alfred to his sister Harriet in 1850 he speaks of the house he is building, 'in the country, in a very romantic and beautiful spot, being high up the mountains that border the plains of Adelaide, in a deeply wooded glen, that by the natives is called The Wild Dogs Glen; these wild dogs, or jackals, are very numerous, and at night their cry is wild and startling.' Two more sons were born to him there, George, who died in childhood, and James, who went to England to study medicine, and married Augusta Young.

Alfred had political ambitions and stood for parliament twice, but was each time defeated, although he polled quite a respectable number of votes.

In 1869, on his brother Edward's death, he again went to England, this time to claim his inheritance, accompanied by his wife and his sons, Charles and George. James was already in England and Laura was by this time married to Dr Corbin. It appears that Alfred had intended to take up residence at Birksgate, but his health was again

[*unnumbered page*] photocopy of photographs with the caption: Hartley Bank, Glen Osmond, 1855; Wonnaminta, Mt Lofty, 1881

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most precarious, and he survived the voyage by only a few months. He died at Cheltenham on March 16, 1870. It seems unlikely that he was in residence at Birksgate at all, although his obituary notice in the Register described him as 'of Birksgate, Esq.' His sons, Charles and James, together with Arthur's son Arthur Marmaduke, who was also in England, agreed to have the family property disentailed and sold. Thus, Birksgate, which had housed so many generations of Hardys passed to others.

Louisa Hardy, with Charles and George, returned to Adelaide where Charles bought his grandfather's property, Springfield, Hartley Bank having been sold about eight years earlier to Daniel Cudmore, who changed its name to Claremont. James remained in England. He had two sons, Kenneth and Noel, of whom the latter had a distinguished career as a Commander in the British Navy in World War I; he took part in the Zeebrugge Raid and was decorated by the French for his gallantry when in charge of a mine sweeper in the Mediterranean.

Charles Burton Hardy married Ellen MacDowell of Tasmania. They had three daughters, Edith, who married Walter Thomas, Beatrice, who married William Robert Woodham, and Sybil, who became the wife of H.G. Evans. Their three sons were Alfred Burton, who married Diana Timcke, Guy, who died in 1916 in England, as a result of World War I, and Thomas, who married Charlotte Gleeson. He became ill, also as a result of war, and died after a long illness.

Guy had studied engineering and was working in the railway workshops at Islington when he was chosen in 1909 as one of a team sent to Scotland to work on two torpedo boat destroyers being built for the Federal Government.

C.B. Hardy, as he was always called, was brought up at Hartley Bank, and Thomas Gill in his History of Glen Osmond quotes him as saying, 'Hartley Bank was quite a wild, isolated place in the early days, the hills being infested with wild dogs, Bronzewing pigeons and other game abounded. Kangaroos and emus were often seen on the plains and natives were constantly camped near the house. When I used to ride to school (St Peter's College) from Hartley Bank with the Boothbys, Stirlings, Milnes, Fosters and others, there was no house on the road

[*page 23*]
between Glen Osmond and the College, except Dr Kent's old house, near where the Kent Town Brewery now stands.' Hartley Bank was sold to Daniel Cudmore about 1862. Ten years before that his grandfather, C.B. Newenham had sold Springfield to G.E. Hamilton and had returned to England. He died at Bath at the age of 94.

C.B. Hardy had studied law, and, after a short time in his uncle Arthur's office, he joined Charles Fenn in 1873 and they practised for some time under the name of Fenn and Hardy. His son, Alfred Burton was for a time a member of the firm, but left to start a practice at Port Pirie. After his father's retirement he rejoined the firm, which then became Grundy, Pelly and Hardy, and later Hardy, Scammell and Skipper. On Burton Hardy's retirement the name of the firm was again changed to Skipper, Thomas, Bonnin and Linn, his nephew, David Thomas being one of the partners.

In 1897 C.B. Hardy sold Springfield to Frank Rymill and went to live at St Peters. He died in 1921. Burton Hardy had bought a house at Mt Lofty and there he lived until his death in 1958.

My earliest memories of my grandparents are connected with Blackwood. Although I was very young I felt sorry for my grandfather because his life seemed so solitary. His bedroom was a small, austere and very tidy room at the end of the upstairs passage and contained, to my childish eyes, one of the most beautiful things in the world, a red paisley bed cover. I always went into the room to look at it when I went past. It was a cheerful and even hilarious household, with a grandmother who was always eager to talk to us and who obviously thought we were wonderful, and aunts who, after a busy day in town, were ready to play childish card games or tell us stories. My grandfather spent his evenings alone, usually

reading, and took no part in the family activities, except for family prayers before breakfast on Sundays. These took place in the dining room, and I can see plainly in my memory the early morning sun shining on the plates and on the fair hair of my brother[4], trying so hard to sit still and not giggle, the stiff and awful calm of the grownups, and especially of the servants in their clean Sunday dresses, so different from their usual cheerful friendliness, and, at the head of the long table, the old white bearded patriarch, reading from the big bible, with its beautiful blue ribbon marker.

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He always read the 84th Psalm, 'How amiable are thy dwellings', and even as a very small child I thought it very beautiful and listened carefully for the phrase 'Lord God of Hosts' which filled me with delight.

At Liverpool House he spent his evenings alone in the dining room, with Pearly, the white cat, purring on his knees. At nine o'clock he had supper, a bowl of bread and milk. He had been provided with a small slate on which he invited us to write of our ideas or experiences or to explain a joke that he had seen us laughing at. This embarrassed us greatly, the jokes and ideas looked so silly written down and then, too, there was always the fear of spelling mistakes.

He used to go to town to his office every day by train, riding his tricycle from the house to the steps of the train, when a porter took it and put it in the station until he came back, whereupon the 'cycle', as he always called it, would be wheeled up to the train steps for him. On rare occasion my brother and I were allowed to take the cycle home and bring it back again in the afternoon, but we were expressly forbidden to ride it. We did this , of course, as soon as we had waved goodbye to grandfather in the train, but fortunately no harm happened to the precious vehicle. He dressed for the expedition in a long fawn dustcoat, with a pith helmet, lined with green and covered with a green fly veil. He walked with the help of a stick and a big fawn silk umbrella, also lined with green. He was very tall, and with his long white beard was a picturesque figure.

My grandmother had been in bad health for years and at Glenelg she became almost a complete invalid and from that time onward had a series of nurse companions, all pleasant and charming women who added much to the happiness of the household. She kept her faculties, however, right to the end, and was always ready to join in any game or conversation. The household had always revolved round her, and it continued to do so and she kept her finger on its pulse right to the end.

I spent most of my school holidays with my grandparents and have many happy memories of them and of my aunts. They had very little money and the house was, I suppose, shabby, but to me it was beautiful and was filled with old family treasures of furniture, silver and glass

[4] Frederick Mansell Hardy, Mabel's twin brother.

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that were much loved and appreciated. One of my most vivid memories is of the gentle care with which my aunts on Sundays washed the silver and glass in a kind of wooden half cask, lest metal should scratch the family treasures, the only domestic work I ever saw them do.

Our holidays at Blackwood were full of delightful experiences. First, there was the train journey[5]. In those days there were no lights in the carriages in the day time and, when we were very small the grown ups lit matches in the tunnels where the smoke and soots and the loud roaring noises were quite terrifying, but we soon learnt to get a fearful joy form the tunnels and even more so from the viaduct which spanned two deep gullies, and over which the train went very slowly and carefully. If our aunts happened to be in the train with us we all played games to while away the journey, the most popular one being called 'Up Jenkins', which entailed a lot of moving about and jumping up and down. They seemed to enjoy it as much as we did.

There were very few houses at Blackwood in those days and the scrub which reached almost to grandmother's house was full of the most beautiful wild flowers. Our aunts took us for walks in the scrub and showed us orchids and all kinds of treasures. It was on one of these walks that Felix[6] and I got separated from the others and I consulted him, as two years my senior and therefore omniscient, as to whether there might be any boa constrictors about (The Swiss Family Robinson had recently been read to us). He thought there might be some, and we joined the others in great haste and kept very close to the grown ups for the rest of the afternoon.

We were all fond of picnics and there was a very special one every year to Hawthorndene, when the hawthorn was in full bloom, and the strawberries were ripe.

There was no Church at Blackwood. Our aunts attended St John's at Coromandel Valley, but it was too far away for us. We were not allowed to play noisy games on Sundays, but there were no restrictions on our reading, and in the evening our Aunt Ethel played hymns on the piano and everyone joined in singing them. There were also some little songs for children, all with some very obvious moral, like one that started 'Hands are made to work with, not to fight with'.

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We children were given our evening meal about five and were put to bed before the grown ups had their dinner, which was a very formal affair, with a parlourmaid waiting on the table and everything conducted decently and in order.

When they moved to Glenelg we had the beach to play on and the high sandhills to slide down, and again there was a train journey. The Glenelg train carriages had an outside platform, with wooden seats round it and it was our delight to occupy these. With great

[5] At the time Mabel's family were living first in Wattle Street, Malvern, and later at 48 Miller Street, North Unley. They went from there by train to Blackwood.
[6] Felix Kingston Barton was the son of Ethel Barton, Arthur Hardy's younger daughter, and therefore first cousin to Mabel Hardy.

kindness our unselfish mother endured the wind, smoke and smuts so that we could have this great pleasure, and took the smuts out of our eyes afterwards without an ”I told you so”. Liverpool house was on the North Terrace train line and the train used to shake the house as it went along the street, clanging its bell. This was very delightful to a child lying in bed at night.

They were most intelligent people. The conversation usually dealt with current affairs, often from an unusual and witty angle, and was packed with good stories of the early days of the colony and the amusing characters the Hardys had come in contact with. They had the courage of their own ideas and were not afraid to voice unpopular opinions or to act unconventionally, and this, with their generous and tolerant outlook on life and their strong sense of humour made them most lovable people. To spend much time with them, as I did, was for a child a liberal education indeed, for there was no attempt to ‘talk down’ to a child’s level, the conversation remained on the adult plane.

The family servants played a large part in our lives. There were two of these, Ann and Barbara. Ann had been with them nearly all her life. I remember her at Blackwood, wearing wooden clogs on her feet and pattering over the cobble stoned yard to the fowls which were her constant care. She seemed to me incredibly old even then, but we all loved her for her kindness and good temper. We also loved Barbara, a delightful Scottish woman, who could be severe to evildoers who took the last bit of string out of the string tin without asking, but who was ready to forgive that and much worse crimes, and also to keep them to herself. It seemed a major disaster when Barbara went back to Scotland, but, fortunately Ann was still left. She became an invalid in her old age and was always in a wheel

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chair. My Aunt Mabel[7] wheeled her to Church every Sunday and did all she could to make her old age comfortable.

My two aunts had much the same interests, they had a very wide circle of friends, did a great deal of voluntary work, specially for the various Anglican Churches with which they were associated, and took a keen and intelligent interest in all that was going on. Mabel Hardy was immensely interested in people, she seemed to know everyone and never forgot a name or a relationship. In youth she had been a most accomplished amateur actress and retained her love of the theatre throughout her life. She was also, like her mother and sister, an enthusiastic card player. She was keenly interested in politics and was a member of the Liberal Union, the Navy League and the Victoria League. She was also one of the founders of the Girls’ Friendly Society in South Australia, and was in turn Secretary, President and Vice President. But the most striking thing about her was her rare and unusual character; she was most unselfish, always kind and thoughtful of others, and at the same time was a most entertaining talker.

[7] Mabel Hardy, Arthur Hardy’s older daughter. She did not marry. Ethel, the younger daughter married Caulfield Barton.

Ethel Barton was extremely good looking, and she, too, was an unusual character, clever, well-read, very musical, with a delightful sense of humour. We were rather afraid of her as children, but we learnt to appreciate her greatly as we grew up. She had a most disconcerting habit of looking at us over her glasses when we committed some shocking breach of table etiquette, saying 'That is not pretty, my dear'. It was far more effective in filling the offender with shame than a more severe rebuke. She was a very fine needlewoman and did most beautiful church embroidery. For some years she was rather uncomfortably religious in a very high church way, being a worshipper at St George's Church, Goodwood, and later at St Peter's, Eastern Hill, Melbourne, in both of which parishes she did much useful church work. She always retained her love of a high church service, but mellowed much in her later years.

At my grandfather's death the 'Walnut Paddock' of about seven acres, bordering the Summit Road below Mt Lofty House, came into the possession of my aunt, Ethel Barton. She, very generously, at the time of the Crafers Centenary Celebrations in 1936[8], gave it to the S.A. Government, on condition that it should be fenced and

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looked after and named 'The Martha Hardy Bird Sanctuary'. The Government accepted the gift, but nothing whatever has been done to carry out the terms of the bequest. We all hope that this beautiful piece of land will some day come into the hands of the National Trust and be used as the donor intended.[9]

During our childhood we did not see very much of our uncle, Arthur Marmaduke Hardy, as he lived in the country, but it was always a red letter day when he and his wife and daughter came to Adelaide on a visit. This meant many outings and much entertaining conversation. The whole family were most kind and friendly, had a great sense of fun and the fortunate faculty of getting amusement from quite trivial things. Their daughter Mary was very musical and was able to contribute much to the enjoyment of those living in the same country district.

We all had a great admiration for our father, Herbert Hardy. He was an exceptionally fine character, with rare integrity of soul united to much intelligence. He was interested in current affairs and in cultural matters, but his greatest interest was in practical things, he was a clever accountant and a very successful gardener. He had a great love of walking and, as children, we were taken by him for long and interesting walks, to the top of Glen Osmond hill on one occasion, to see the sun rise, at another time to Hallett's Cove and back from Glenelg, and frequently to Mount Lofty. He had inherited his father's love of natural beauty and he transmitted it to us.

They have always seemed to me a most unusual family, quite incapable of a mean or petty though or action, tolerant and charitable and never priggish, and, like good citizens, dutifully playing their little part in building a Colony.

[8] A slip. Crafers Centenary was in 1939.
[9] It is now part of the Mount Lofty Botanic Gardens.

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MY OWN FAMILY

Our first home was a villa fronted house in Wattle Street, Malvern, a few doors from the Unley Road, and opposite to the Unley State School, as it was then. I have been told how we used to cross the street, whenever we could escape through the front gate, and join in behind the marching children. When discovered some child would be told to take us home. I do not remember this, but distinctly recollect some snapdragons in the front garden and one of my mother's brothers showing me how to make them open their mouths. I also remember a fascinating gate in the back fence. My brother and I were not quite two years old when our sister Kate was born, and we left Wattle Street soon after that.

We then lived for about 25 years at 48 Miller Street, North Unley. It was an excellent position as we were within walking distance of town and also of our mother's family, who lived at the corner of Kent Street and Cross Roads, Hawthorn. Mother was one of twelve children and we seemed to have so many relatives that there was little time to form other friendships.

Both my parents were keen gardeners and we always had quantities of fresh vegetables and fruit from our own garden, and there were plenty of flowers in the house.

We all started school together when Fred and I were seven and Kate five. We went first to a small school opposite kept by Stella and Elsie Hack, in fact we were for a time the only pupils. Fred and I started music, but Miss Hack gave us up as a bad job after a very few lessons. I was bitterly disappointed, as I could almost play "The Bluebells of Scotland", the height of my ambition at the time. We had no piano and so had to practise at Miss Hack's before school. We much admired the large photographs of the Hack family on the walls and decided it was the correct thing to climb up and solemnly kiss each one before we did our practising. There were cries of "What are you children doing?" and we were terrified of being caught, but we never were, and then the lessons ended, and so did our interest in the family portraits.

Miss Hack did not seem to me to be any keener on arithmetic than I was, but we had plenty of history and

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geography lessons. The history we learnt from a funny little book called "Little Arthur's History of England'; it consisted almost entirely of stories of kings and queens, all conveniently labelled; we were very much shocked by the behaviour of some of them, especially Bad King John, and my brother and I got into trouble for persistently refusing to write his name with a capital J.

Our next school was Gilles Street State School. We did not find it easy to make friends with children whose home environment was mostly so different from ours, but the teaching was excellent and we had interesting and intelligent teachers. At about twelve years old I was sent to the Grote Street School, because my father thought I would have a better chance of winning a Government Bursary from there, and this I fortunately did, and the last three years

of my school life were spent at Tormore House School in Childers Street, North Adelaide. I enjoyed these three years immensely and made many friends. When my school days ended I began evening lectures at the University, and started teaching at Tormore and later at the Unley Park School, which Miss Jacob, the Headmistress of Tormore, had recently taken over from Miss Thornber. The school was in Thornber Street and I often walked past No.4, then Kyre College, and little thought it would one day be my family's home.

The youngest of our family, Margaret or Peg, was born during my schooldays at Tormore. We were all overjoyed to have a baby in the house and of course proceeded to spoil her. By the time she reached school age the rest of us were earning our living, so that times were not so hard, and my parents could afford to have her educated at St Peter's Girls' School. My sister Kate had joined my aunts in their typewriting business and Margaret took a business course on leaving school and went into the business with Kate.

My father had always been very fond of Mount Lofty and when he found that we all loved it as much as he did, he decided to build a holiday house there. We designed the house ourselves and did much of the finishing work. I vividly remember how greatly we all enjoyed getting it ready and buying the simple furnishings and equipment. We spent many very happy times there and delighted in filling the house with our friends. Both my mother and father were most hospitable and, although they were never well off, there was always a warm welcome and a comfortable bed

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and good plain food for anyone who liked to come. My father particularly loved the Cottage, as it was always called and enjoyed pottering about and improving it in all sorts of ways.

Before the service cars started we used to travel by train, sometimes walking from the station burdened by all our week end luggage. When we were unusually affluent, or there were enough of us to share the expense, we would hire the local four wheeler, or, if we were lucky an old Victoria which had (long ago) seen better days. There were no bitumen roads and we travelled along a thick pall of white dust, but that was all part of the adventure of 'going to the Cottage', and added to our enjoyment.

About the time that the Cottage was built we moved from North Unley to a house on the Grange Esplanade. The rent of this was rather high for our slender family purse and for a time we seemed to do nothing but pack and unpack, for we used to let the Cottage, or the Grange house, and move from one to the other accordingly.

In 1926 I went to England and the Continent and was away for about nine months, returning towards the end of the year to start Stawell School with my friend Patience Hawker. Just at this time my father became seriously ill and he died at the Grange in the following March, after a weary and painful illness, borne with great fortitude.

My mother and sisters then bought the house in Thornber Street and settled down there with Bessie Kirby who had been their housekeeper for several years. Mother made a charming garden, and spent her time in reading and sewing, at which she excelled, and in visiting her

friends and relatives in the neighbourhood, as long as she was able to do so. She died at the age of 84 following a fall in which her hip was broken.

These are mere outlines, but it is difficult to write about parents who were so deeply loved and admired as were ours. They gave us a very happy childhood and set us an example of courage and kindness that we have all tried to follow.

Soon after we went to Miller Street Sarah Ashhurst became out family servant. She was a very unsophisticated country girl and was very strict with us but

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but we loved her dearly. Mother took Sarah with us to our first pantomime, the Babes in the Wood. I can still remember Sarah's peals of laughter; she was too inexperienced to realize that the Principal Boy was a girl and the Dame a man, and we were told not to disillusion her, for she would have been much shocked. It was Sarah who, when the statue of Queen Victoria in Victoria Square was first mooted, said to mother, "Well, I hope the poor old queen will have more clothes on that the gentleman in the square," the gentleman being Hercules who now adorns the Botanic Garden. My father's eyes used to twinkle wickedly at the retelling of this old family joke.

Our parents did not believe in corporal punishment for children, but Sarah laid a heavy hand on us sometimes, to our great advantage I expect. We were seldom lectured or given good advice, we could recite the Ten Commandments and My Duty Towards My Neighbour and were expected to live up to these, and tried to do so. We could not have been untruthful or dishonest, with the examples set us by our relatives, although being ordinary children, we committed many minor sins, and we rather quarrelsome. My mother's family were not quite as tolerant of us as were the Hardy relations, and Fred used, quite unintentionally, to annoy Grandma Cunningham by all sorts of petty naughtiness, which were either accidental, or only committed because they were so obviously expected of him. The Cunninghams were, however, very kind to us; they were an interesting family of much character and strong personality. We greatly admired Grandfather Cunningham who was a very well known man, a good citizen, a staunch friend of the Anglican Church, a leading Freemason, and for many years a popular and successful Secretary of the Home for Incurables. We were a little afraid of our Grandmother Cunningham, but learnt to appreciate her kindness and strength of character as we grew older. She lived to a great age, dying in her 99th year, a grand old pioneer.

My brother Fred had inherited my father's skill with figures and, soon after he left school, he began to study accountancy. He worked very hard, studying at night and paying all the necessary fees out of his own small salary. His success in this field is a very great credit to him.

We had very few toys, and no soft one, so that, when we could evade our mother's vigilance, we used to smuggle one of our many cats into bed with us, they were

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much more comfortable bedfellows than our old wooden doll. Books always meant more to me than toys. At about 8 years old I was taken to town at Xmas time, and, as one of the shops had a sixpenny bran pie for the children to dip into, I was allowed to try my luck. I rooted around vigorously until I found a large book and brought it out with triumph. When unwrapped it turned out to be a special number of the Illustrated London News, entitled 'Fifty Years a Queen'. The shop girl kindly said to me "Put it back, dearie, and I'll help you to find a doll." But I clung to it firmly and took it home with great pride. My father's eyes twinkled when he saw it, but he helped me to read its turgid journalese, and we became authorities on the royal family.

As soon as I had learned to read there was for a long time a kind of compulsion on me to read every bit of writing, printed or otherwise, that I came across. I refused to walk past an advertisement hoarding until I had read every word on it. There were no school libraries in those days and we had very few children's books, so I read everything the family bookshelves contained, and found some of the books mighty dull. I read the newspapers that with an elaborately cut out edging, covered the dresser, and, when they were put on upside down to foil me, I very quickly learnt to read them that way. I also read other people's letters, including quite an illicit one to my mother from Aunt Bertha, containing obstetrical details which greatly puzzled me at the time. My love of reading became more discriminating after I grew old enough to spend my school holidays at my grandmother's house at Glenelg, for there I had the run of the excellent Glenelg Library, and was allowed to read all day if I wanted to. In my grandmother's house no one seemed to mind seeing me with 'my head in a book'.

Like my father's family we were all in youth very keen theatre goers, and there were very few good plays at the Theatre Royal that we did not see from the gallery, which in those days contained hard wooden benches. A 'pusher up' was employed to make the patrons sit closer together, so as to fit in more of them. Thus a late comer at the end of a row was often 'shoved' several feet towards the coveted centre. There were not many other public entertainments, except occasional concerts which did not appeal to us as the theatre did. There was a good deal of private entertaining, in the form of musical

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evenings, which we hated, and card parties, and in the day time there were picnics and tennis. We made ourselves a tennis court, of scraped earth, on a vacant block in Miller Street. It did not occur to us to find out who was the owner of the land and ask permission. We used this court for a couple of years and had plenty of exercise as there was no wire netting round it and we had to chase balls all over the paddock. Fred and I had learnt to net and we made our own tennis net, after days and nights of labour. We were very proud of it, and were hurt when anyone remarked that it was a bit skimpy (which it certainly was).

We were extremely fortunate to have such a very capable mother. She made most of our clothes until we were old enough to make our own. Ready made clothes were very poor in those days and most families had a family dressmaker who came and stayed for a week at least twice a year and fitted everyone out with a summer or winter outfit. We did have occasional help of this sort, but mother's work was better than theirs when we were small.

She found Fred's clothes difficult as he got bigger and once made him a pair of trousers with one leg definitely shorter than the other, he realised this, but we all stood stoutly behind mother and declared they were a perfect fit, but she bought the next pair ready made. She was also a very good cook and we were brought up to well prepared and lavish meals, served in a dignified and pleasant manner. Our morals were left to our own good sense, but bad table manners brought an instant reprimand.

It is such a totally different world now from what we knew as children that it is hard for the young people of today to realise what our lives were like. We did our homework by kerosene lamps, went to bed by candle-light, travelled in horse trams, or in four wheeled cabs, and on long journeys in coaches with four or more horses. It is sad to think that the present generation of young people have many of them never had the delight of sitting behind good horses, clip clopping along a white macadam road, on a fine summer morning, on the way to Port Noarlunga, or Mount Lofty. Life was more leisurely and gracious, meals were slow and formal, with beautifully laundered white damask tablecloths, shining glass and silver, pleasant conversation, and no horrid aftermath of washing up. The children of the family were, if present, 'seen and not heard', but more often had gone to bed early

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after a nursery tea of cocoa and bread and butter and jam. Hot baths were special occasions, and we were bathed in a tub on Saturday nights in front of the kitchen fire, and were supposed to have cold showers for the rest of the week. Bathrooms were not very inviting, the baths were either tin, in various stages of rustiness or peeling paint, or dark gloomy cement ones. Very few people had bath heaters. We had a big coal stove in the kitchen and burnt coal also in the dining room and drawing room. My father was always up early to light the kitchen stove ready for the big cooked breakfast which was to lay a good foundation for a hard day's work. Ironing was done with flat irons heated on the kitchen stove, and there was a great deal of ironing in those days, cotton underclothes, innumerable children's pinafores and dresses, men's shirts and much house linen.

We were all good walkers, partly because we enjoyed it and partly because we had not much money for tram fares. Small children were always taken for a walk each afternoon, usually by the family servant, who had already done a hard day's work and had the dinner to see to when she got back. The servants of those days were, however, usually happy and contented and, in good conditions, were trusted friends of the family, as were our Sarah and my grandmother's Ann and Barbara.

This account of the Hardy family is intended for my nieces and nephews and their children, to give them, as far as I can, some idea of the characters of the older members of the family whom they have never seen, or scarcely remember, and also to help them to visualise what life was like two generations ago in South Australia. If they feel proud to belong to such a family I have achieved my purpose.

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RICHARD GRENFELL THOMAS'S PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF CHARLES BURTON HARDY AND HIS FAMILY

My chief recollections of C.B.H., who was my grandfather, are derived from the fact that from about 1910 to 1913 I was boarder at the Preparatory School of St Peter's College, Adelaide. My parents, Edith and Walter Thomas, then lived at Kapunda, 80 miles North of Adelaide.

Each Sunday we boarders at St Peter's College were allowed to visit such local relatives or friends as would endure us and C.B.H. was remarkably indulgent in this regard. Almost regularly he 'phoned the headmaster and asked that I should visit him at his large residence at 36 Payneham Road, St Peters which was within walking distance of the College. I was always invited to bring a friend from school with me. Very frequently I chose my then close friend, Walter Kidman. Walter lived at Kapunda and his father, Mr (later Sir) Sidney Kidman was an important 'patron' of the firm of Coles and Thomas (my father) who had a Stock and Station business in Kapunda and who handled much of Kidman's Central Australian stock and Indian Remount horses etc. This firm later became Coles Bros.

The Headmaster of the S.P.S.C. Preparatory School in this period was one Fred ('Ranji') Ware, an Anglo-Indian of fanatical High Church (cum residual Hindu) affiliations! Usually my outings with C.B.H. resulted in a late return to school and, although C.B.H. was most suave in explaining this, my friend and I were always severely taken to task for our late return – especially as I was in the choir of the chapel. Such trivia leave a permanent mental lesion.

The Headmaster also resented my regular choice of Walter Kidman as my mate on these outings and frequently substituted someone else of his own choice. The result of this was that C.B.H. slowly came to know most of the boarders at the school! I recall that he took all of us to see the funeral of the late Edward VII at a city cinema, and there were other outings of a mass effect to Paradise, Montacute, etc.

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Sometimes he took me to the Springfield area and he would then explain in great detail all about Springfield, Hartley Bank and Birksgate etc., but I regret to say that, to a boy of 12 years or so, it all seemed very unreal and boring! As a result I can only recall fragments. One of these trivia concerned a fallen tree at Springfield which we visited. It was, I seem to recall, cut down by some member of the family who then went to sea and was never heard of again. Later on C.B.H. had someone carve on the dead trunk of the tree these words, which I saw, "Where the tree falleth there let it lie". There was another group of three white stemmed gums at Springfield which was referred to as 'The Three Sisters'. These trees formed the subject of an attractive water colour picture my mother had and which was called 'The Three Sisters' in allusion to my mother Edith, to Sybil and to Beatrice. (The date of my induction into these 'mysteries' would be about 1910)

Many of these Springfield stories, the details of which are too trivial to relate, concerned the escapades of the six children, Burton, Guy, Tom, Edith, Sybil and Bee (or Beatrice). The general atmosphere now seems to me to have been essentially 'English', with French governesses calling 'Venez mes enfants!' and such like imprecations! There was at

Springfield also a Chinese servant called Ah Wee. He seems to have been the subject of many practical jokes, such as “Ah, Wee, are we going for a walk?’ Ah Wee subsequently rushed into the sea, at some resort, in all his clothes and consequently caught some complaint like rheumatic fever. He could be often heard complaining, ‘My legs are no more no good’. For this and other reasons I have the impression that the Hardy menage was run on the traditional ‘English’ grand manner, with diminishing accent on style as finances, for various reasons declined.

I have no data on the transfer from Springfield to No. 36 Payneham Road, St Peters, in which street we afterwards lived.

The menage at 36, Payneham Road, St Peters was, in some respects, a peculiar one. The occupants of the large two storey ivy-covered house varied considerably and somewhat mysteriously, but seemed to be exclusively male. I fancy board was paid, and at one stage lodgers were definitely taken. There are many amusing stories about this period. My uncle Guy seemed to be the most persistent lodger. Tom was often there and his appearance coincided with periods of tension! Wentworth was also a frequent boarder. All of this was never explained to me.
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Guy, who never qualified as a formal engineer, was nevertheless a very competent one, and worked regularly at Islington Railway Workshops. Although of a moody temperament Guy had a keen sense of humour. I recall how an illiterate colleague at Islington said to him on one occasion, “Guy, this bloody place is no good, you get in a grove and you stay there.” We often debated whether a grove or a groove would be preferable. Guy, who frightened me often with his forthright remarks was responsible for an observation which has been of outstanding importance to me throughout my research ‘career’, and which is freely conceded to be the unofficial motto of the Division of Mineral Chemistry of C.S.I.R.O. which I try to lead! The observation is this, “When everyone is looking up, if you look down you will find something.” This has proved so outstandingly correct and helpful that I have always been grateful to Guy for impressing it on me – not that I understood it at the time! As a family we were much given to clichés of this sort, such as “Vegetables are very dear, Mrs Hardy, everything’s fourpence,” said by a boarder. Macklin, a boarder, always scratched the floor with his heels. Gosnell had perpetual trouble with his shirt collar! These names became verbs in the family. All these trivia became established family expressions and I could bore you with many more such. Nevertheless, their persistence indicated certain family traits which may have a value, as witness their transfer to me who never heard the originals! C.B.H. loved such reminiscences.

Guy was always somewhat indisposed. He had ranged the world in the China Seas and elsewhere, and probably as a consequence he never married. For a period he was in partnership with a man called Hayes, the firm of Hayes and Hardy was concerned with boring for water with the appropriate machinery. At this time he was at Payneham Road and had a series of primitive motor cars and other mechanical gear that was a constant delight to me.

Without the least prejudice to Tom he seemed to be frequently in some form of trouble when he intermittently returned to Payneham Road from overseas jobs with the Eastern Extension Cable Company in South America or elsewhere. Money and women were his main troubles

as far as I, as a schoolboy, could judge. He had, of course, excellent precedents in both these difficulties and I refrain from any criticism on these grounds. I had, however, little in common with him.

[*unnumbered page*] photocopy of photographs with caption
[top a large family group in three rows].
[*back row*] R.G.Thomas Guy Sybil W.G.Thomas Wentworth
[*middle row*] Edith C.B.Hardy Beatrice
[*front row*] P.Woodham D.Thomas Mac Thomas B.Woodham c.1910
[below a single man sitting in a chair] Wentworth Hardy, c.1916

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Wentworth was a source of constant enquiry to me as he was often living at Payneham Road. In general I found him immensely intriguing! Nobody would divulge who he was! but I thought he was a cut above them all! He behaved in what I would still call a 'foreign' manner. His wine toasts were usually in French and he dressed in a sort of frock coat and wore nice gloves and had an air of 'savoir faire', despite Burton's stricture that he was an insufferable bore.
So far as I can reconstruct the menage at 36 Payneham Road the procedure was in a faded, but otherwise normal, Victorian manner. Any departure from this limited protocol was frowned upon or diplomatically ignored by C.B.H. I may be ungenerous in this analysis, but I think not. Two rather autocratic maids were kept and there were rooms like the 'drawing room' with its grand piano and objects d'art and a persistently musty smell. Albeit the room was never used except when I, as a schoolboy, irreverently banged on the piano! The postman, who was a cheery soul, always came actually into the breakfast room, via French doors to deliver mail each morning. C.B.H. took porridge in the traditional manner, dry, with salt instead of sugar, and each spoonful was transferred to a cup of warm milk before being eaten. By that same token my mother told me that in the Springfield days C.B.H. when in church always prayed with his top hat over his face while standing. His children always thought he was smelling the lining of his hat! I will tell you how it smelt of Barry's Tricopherous!

C.B.H. used to tell me repeatedly how he had got into various degrees of trouble when he was travelling abroad on a sort of 'Grand Tour' in his early manhood. For smoking on the steps of the Russian Kremlin he was arrested! In Paris, in need of a bath, he requested, "Prenez moi, s'il vous plait[10] un bateau de vapeur." Extreme surprise by the chambermaid was resolved by her explanation that he had asked for a steam boat to be brought instead of a hot bath! As I said earlier it is these trivia that persist in one's memory.

We lived at Kapunda, some fifty miles north of Adelaide, in the days when 36 Payneham Road was the focal point. Sybil and Beatrice lived at Renmark. As a result there were many occasions when an offer of hospitality at Payneham Road would have been more than acceptable. This was very seldom forthcoming and gave rise to something approaching bitterness by the three daughters.

[10] There is a hand drawn circumflex over the 'i' in 'plait'.

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The reason for this lapse may well have been the shrinking financial pool insofar as the male members of the family who had this privilege probably paid for it!

C.B.H. was a partner in the legal firm of Fenn and Hardy. The office was adjacent to the (then) Crawford's grocery store in King William Street. This store afterwards became Beilby's. The steep stairs which led to the office were afterwards converted to a small tobacco shop. C.B .H. always said with emphasis that his approach to the legal profession was to keep people OUT of the law courts!

At about midday on Saturday mornings C.B.H. used to stand at the entrance to his office and greet friends and acquaintances as they passed in King William Street. This was an invariable practice and had a certain graciousness about it that I appreciated even as a boy! Later on, he would make small purchases at Crawford's or elsewhere that were more ritual than necessary in my opinion. A tin of paté de fois gras, some olives etc. would be put in a ritualistic plaited cane basket, which, together with his ivory-handled walking stick, tweed suit, spats, goatee beard and trimmed moustache stained by snuff, contributed to the interesting figure he undoubtedly was. He was by inclination something of an epicure as his diaries of former days show.
When I knew him he indulged a residual connoisseurship that did not go far beyond a liking for St George claret etc. I know nothing of his life at the Adelaide Club. Then, as now, it was forbidden territory!

The sense of smell often recalls the past in a peculiar way and so it was with C.B.H. and myself. He had two outstanding and pleasant odours associated with him invariably. The first, and predominant, one was due to his use of a hair dressing called 'Barry's Tricopherous'. This was a pink alcoholic solution of cantharides with a characteristic smell that I recall very clearly. The second smell, equally characteristic, arose from his constant use of snuff which he always carried in a silver snuff box. He used a bright coloured silk handkerchief to dust his lapels etc. after snuffing! Much of his house had pleasant 'smell associations' for me. These defy analysis, but the dining room and kitchen, particularly, smelt obscurely of 'Blossom Tea', musty toast and hot ironing.

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C.B.H. was a particularly keen gardener and had almost an acre of garden at Payneham Road. His garden expenses were a sore subject with the other members of the family when funds became low later in his life. He was also tremendously keen on aviary birds of all sorts and he had a veritable zoo at Payneham Road, including such rare species as curlews and a koala bear and a turtle! (Guy, who had insomnia, enjoined me to oil two rare New Guinea pigeons who persisted with a monotonous hooting call! This I did literally with a long-nosed oil can, which resulted in the immediate death of both the rare birds!) He had an almost open account with a bird dealer called Foglia in the East end of Rundle Street. Hackett's seed and plant shop in the same street was also a means of relieving him pleasantly of his 'pocket money'. His gardening activities have left a particularly keen impression on me, so that the sound of wet crunching path gravel and the whirring of 'butterfly' sprinklers attached to ever-leaking garden hoses at once conjurs up for me a clear picture of 36 Payneham Road, St

Peters! (I have myself inherited the keen gardening interest and I follow the snuff habit, more as an amusing trait than as an addiction.)

At the Payneham Road establishment a room was set aside for a veritable museum of New Guinea weapons and wood carvings etc. This large collection came, I understand, from someone called Willie Guy whose role in the family tree remains a mystery to me! I gather that Willie Guy was 'persona non grata' with the family at large and that he was chronically short of money, loans of which were repaid by weapons from Thursday Island and New Guinea. This museum was an exciting place for me and my schoolboy friends on our Sunday visits. The S.A. Museum eventually got this collection, much of which was undoubtedly very valuable from an ethnological point of view.
C.B.H. was at one time very friendly with Professor Archibald Watson who was the first Professor of Human Anatomy at Adelaide University and whom I knew very well in later years. Watson was an eccentric but very likeable man and C.B.H. had a number of similar friends. Egerton Warburton, George Hallett (a keen gardener) and Ruthven Smith (who built Ruthven Mansions) were among many others. He also 'collected' attractive girls in what I am sure was a platonic sense, though I doubt whether his sons regarded them in this capacity!

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Guy shot himself in England with a multi-barrelled revolver I had helped him practise with at Payneham Road. He was totally unhappy at camp in England after volunteering for service in the 1914-18 war. This caused a considerable turmoil in the family affairs and it was years afterwards that I learned the facts. It was a sad end to a life that could well have been more profitably spent.

Tom had a very varied life and, in some respects, cannot be said to have had what we call a 'Fair go'. He was for a considerable time in the Eastern Extension Cable Company and did duty at Valparaiso and elsewhere in South America. He had quite heroic war experiences in 1914-18 but was often at loggerheads with other members of the family. C.B.H. left the bulk of his willed goods to Tom. The Ruthven Smiths in England did a great deal for Tom during the first World War, and this undoubtedly helped the liaison between C.B.H. and Ruthven Smith apropos Ruthven Mansions in Adelaide, and later with Burton Hardy who was agent for the flats. Tom contracted tuberculosis and was sent to Angorichina in the Flinders Ranges in South Australia. He eventually died of this complaint, thus emulating his ancestors. His family now live in Melbourne. His two daughters are Sybil and Audrey (called Janie). Sybil married Howard Flett and has no children, while Janie, who is married to Bernie Myer has a daughter and another impending at this date (June 1959).

Burton took a law degree and practised first at Port Pirie and later in Adelaide. Burton always seemed to me to indulge a pseudo-English manner which I did not like. We had little in common. He was very keen on fishing, particularly trout. He was also keen on motor cycling and later on cars. He like good shoes and clothes and lived rather graciously at 'Hill End'. Mount Lofty.

Sybil was always charming in an impulsive, unreliable and slightly fey manner. It always seemed to me that she had little in common with 'Pat' (H.G.) Evans whom she married. She lived at Renmark all her life, with occasional visits to Glenelg and Kangaroo Island. Pat became semi-invalid in his later years.

Beatrice (or Bee as she was called by all of us) who married Bill Woodham seemed to be rather different from her two sisters. She seemed less romantic and more 'down to earth'. She and Sybil both learnt typing when

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this was unusual. Renmark was a gay place in the period we are considering with plenty pf bright young men from England etc. and I can recall being overwhelmed by the social round I encountered there on school holidays. Sybil had two homes at Renmark. Both were charming in design or setting. She always called her house 'Peep o' Day' for a reason I cannot recall. Sybil was perhaps more emotional than her sisters and was easily reduced to tears but as quickly reverted to laughter.

My mother, Edith Hardy, who married Walter Thomas, went to live at Clare Road, Kapunda, South Australia. This house was near the, then, impressive home of Mr (later Sir) Sidney Kidman which he called 'Eringa'. I was born at Clare Road and have since revisited the house and confirmed many early memories. Later we lived at South Terrace, Kapunda, where my two brothers, Stuart McDowell Thomas and David Austin Grenfell Thomas, were born. I was born in 1901 and there was an interval of four years between each of us. I cannot recall where the name 'Grenfell' originated, but my brother David, the youngest, and I have always used it, but not as a hyphenated name, as some people have supposed. My brother 'Mac' has always been so called from his name McDowell. So far as I can assess my mother Edith objectively, she was kind and affectionate and rather sentimental. She also had a certain imperiousness on occasion. This imperiousness was rather more common in her time than it now is and it could easily be dismissed by laughter, but not by repayment in kind! In my opinion my father and mother had very little in common but managed by compromise to 'get along' well together for the most part. I have the fondest recollections of both my parents. My father's work at Kapunda concerned what was called 'Stock and Station Agency' and he was in partnership with Charles Coles (who was related to Sir Jenkin Coles and the Propstings of Tasmania.) It was a very amicable partnership over many years. When we moved to Adelaide about 1913 the business was dissolved and later became Coles Bros. My father later on had a seat on the Adelaide Stock Exchange after unsuccessful business ventures with timber in Fiji and also in speculation in jute in Calcutta. He visited both Fiji and Calcutta in connection with these unsuccessful enterprises. My mother did not travel overseas. She was very keen on her house and garden and also on music. In her earlier life she played the violin competently. When we moved to Adelaide from Kapunda we lived in a rather large and interesting house at 124 Beulah Road, Norwood. Later on we moved to 5 Trinity Street, College Town, St Peters. My parents lived there until they died.

[*page 44*]
About 1913 the financial affairs of C.B. Hardy evidently became very slender and he was prevailed upon by the family in general to sell his large house at 36 Payneham Road, St Peters. I cannot recall the details of all this turmoil, as it was kept from us to a large extent,

but eventually he was installed in a much smaller house in a street some two or three blocks east of George Street , Norwood. I cannot now recall the name of the street, but it was very close to our home at 124 Beulah Road, which was on the corner of George Street. He lived at this house with a housekeeper called Mrs Newgrain until his death. We saw him frequently. Among his family he was always known by a curious nickname, which might be variously spelt 'Rummon' or perhaps 'Rum Un'. I do not know the origin of this name unless it was generally considered that he was 'rum' or peculiar. A very faint memory trace tells me that C.B.H's wife, Nellie, was known in the family circle as 'Rama', who in biblical context was, I seem to recall, 'crying in the wilderness for her children'. This is all very obscure and doubtless unimportant, except that it illustrates a certain internal cohesion and integration of the family, which is somewhat rarer at present than it was in the past.

I can only just recall my grandmother, Nellie Hardy, in her last illness, and C.B.H. doesn't figure in the memory. She had Bright's Disease and was at Chance's Cottage at Aldgate, South Australia, when she died. This cottage was opposite the gate to the late Francis Snow's home, 'St Wilfred's', and also near the former home of the Gwynne family, called 'The Wilderness'. As a child I had a keen sense of guilt that I had killed her. This arose from a vivid impression I still retain that she proposed a visit to the creek near the gate to see the tadpoles in the creek. In descending the wooden steps of the house she slipped and seriously damaged her leg. She never recovered from this added disability. Chance's Cottage had other more pleasant associations for me, but always had an undercurrent of anxiety. It is a clear case of psychological lesion . Burton Hardy and Diana had spent their honeymoon there, and I had stayed there as a child, as the guest of a Mrs Lindsay of Kapunda. Later on my parents owned a charming house called 'Braeside' less than a mile distant at Stirling West. We bought 'Braeside' from the Wilcox family, and some of the happiest years of my mother's life were spent there on intermittent holidays. 'Braeside' was sold following the loss of capital by my father in jute speculation. Charlie and Olive Irwin, who were related to us, live in an adjoining house, known as Duncraig.

[*page 45*]
C.B. Hardy was one of a group of Adelaide people who pressed for the setting up of a crematorium. I recall discussions he had with me regarding the desirability of this move at a time when it was receiving little popular support. He also entertained the idea that coffins should be of wicker-work, draped, as he said 'with plain black stuff'. His will contained a phrase that this 'plain black stuff' should be used at his own funeral, but he made no mention of the wicker-work, nor, indeed, of cremation! He also stipulated in his will that the funeral (with horses) should 'proceed at a brisk trot to the Mitcham Cemetery' which seemed to be the general family choice of a cemetery. I clearly recall the undertaker flatly refusing to obey the injunction about the 'brisk trot'. He considered such procedure irreverent. So we progress!

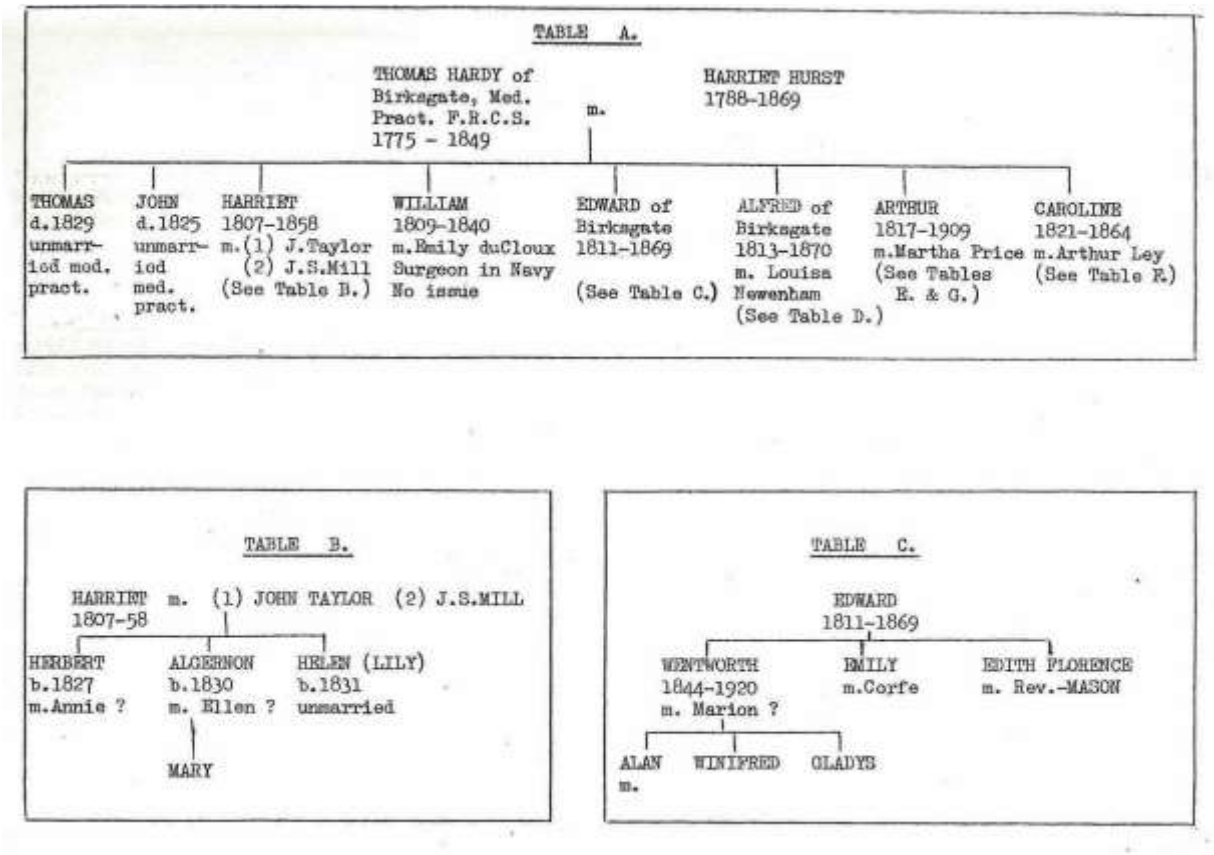
My mother, Edith, preferred to be buried in the Glen Osmond Cemetery near the 'Big Tree' and Birksgate. She told me that she 'preferred the view' from there. My father endorsed her opinion. These trivia show a certain zest or spirit, which the Hardy family may perhaps have had or cultivated.

My knowledge of the Ley branch of the family arose from philately. As a schoolboy C.B.H. had suggested that I might write to Rose Ley who was a nun in Mexico City. I wrote to her requesting Mexican postage stamps. She replied, very cordially, writing, as I recall, with purpled ink, in copper plate characters on rectangular graph paper – a most curious combination. My correspondence with Rose Ley was not extensive, but resulted in my collection of Mexican postage stamps being the envy of all the boys at S.P.S.C. I never discovered how or why she became a nun in Mexico.

Lynette and I and our then young family of two boys Anthony Hollier Grenfell Thomas and Graham Hartley Grenfell Thomas, transferred to Melbourne from Adelaide in 1940. This transfer was occasioned by a new post in the C.S.I.R.O. being offered to me in Melbourne in connection with chemical research on minerals. I had previously been engaged in biological work in the C.S.I.R.O. at the (then) Nutrition Laboratory (now the Division of Biochemistry and General Nutrition) at Adelaide University. I am now styled Chief of the Division of Mineral Chemistry of C.S.I.R.O. at the combined Chemical Research Laboratories at Fishermen's Bend (due to be moved soon to Monash University, near Clayton, Victoria).

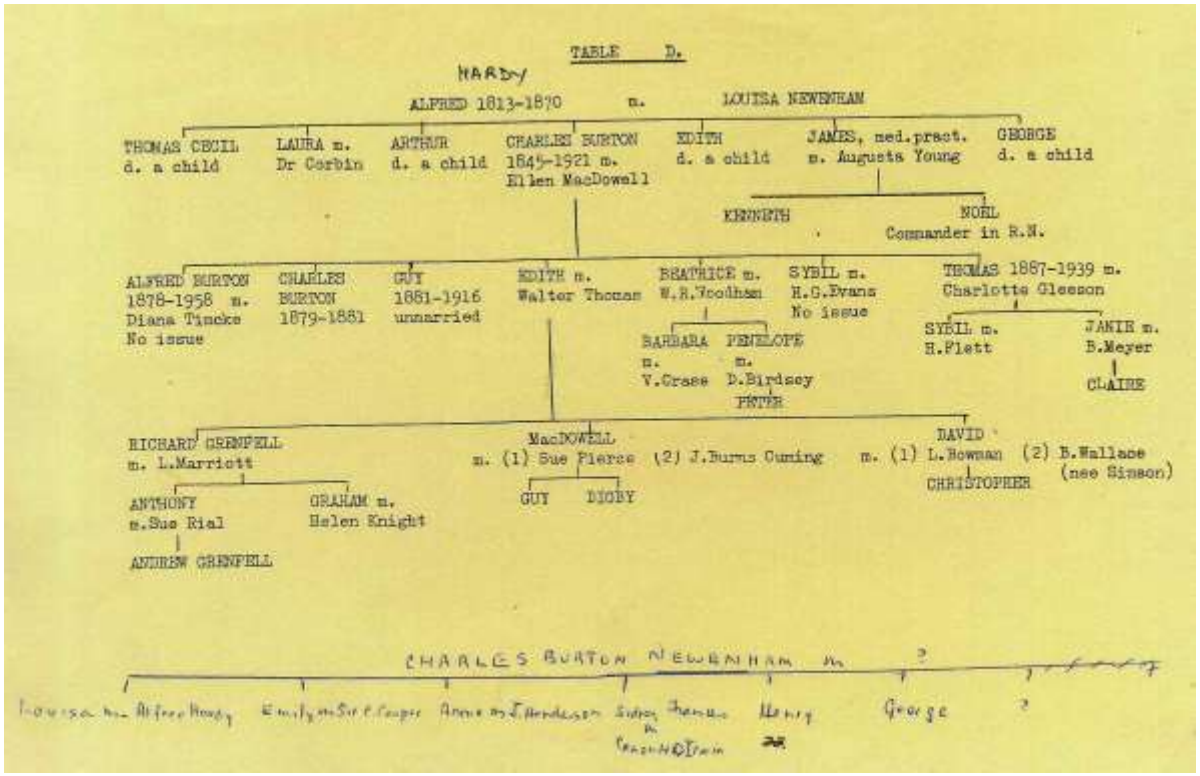
R. GRENFELL THOMAS
June 16, 1959

[*page 46*]



[*page 47*]

[*This version of Table D has been photocopied from another copy of Mabel Hardy's history held by a relative.*]



[*page 48*]

TABLE E.

Lt.Col.FREDERICK PRICE of Guernsey m. MARTHA VARDON d.1849

- BONAMY Professor of Economy m. ? 5 children
- MARIA m. Rev.A.S.GRENFELL 6 children
- HENRY m. ISABELLA YOUNG came to S.A. 1837
  - FREDERICK m. MARGARET MILNE 8 children
  - HENRY m. J.HARRIS
    - ARCHIBALD (Dr.A.Grenfell Price) m. P. HAYWARD 3 children
  - MARIA CATHERINE m. W.N.GOALEN, Commander R.N. No issue
- MARTHA 1821-1904 m. ARTHUR HARDY (See Table G)
- ANNIE m. EDWARD PRICE 7 children
- HENRIETTA m. SAMUEL FRANCIS WHITE 5 children

TABLE F.

CAROLINE 1821-1864 m. ARTHUR LEY, Solicitor of Bideford

- ANNIE m. F.LORD Rector of Farnborough
- LOUIS m. - CREMER No issue
- ROSE (became a nun)

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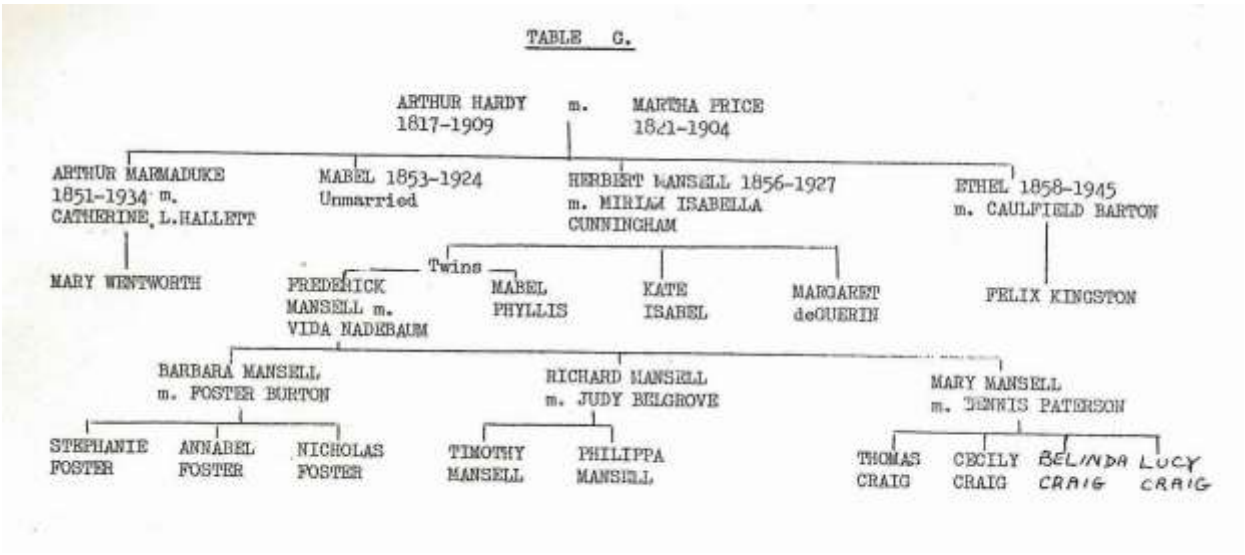

[*The following four items are photocopies from another copy of the Mabel Hardy history held by a relative*.]

1. [*Martha Hardy, née Price , wife of Arthur Hardy (1821-1904)*]

OBITUARY

We regret to record the death of Mrs Arthur Hardy, which occurred at Glenelg on Saturday, in her 84th year.

The late Mrs Hardy came of a French Huguenot family, which settled in Guernsey after the revocation of the edict of Nantes. She was a sister of Mrs Bonamy Price[11], who was joint author with Dean Stanley of the life of Dr Arnold, of Rugby. With Dr Arnold and the present Lord Macaulay, she was on terms of intimate friendship, and John Stuart Mill was her brother-in-law. The funeral took place at Brighton on Sunday, and was conducted by the Bishop of Adelaide and the Revs. F.A. Thorne and T. Worthington.

The survivors are Mr Arthur Hardy (widower), Mr A.M. Hardy, of Port Augusta, Mr H. M. Hardy. of Messrs Elder, Smith, and Co., Miss Mabel Hardy, and Mrs Caulfield Barton.

2 [*Mabel Hardy, elder daughter of Arthur Hardy (1853-1924*)]

Extract from "The Register. Friday, 18th July, 1924.

Miss Mabel Hardy, who died at her home at Glenelg on July 15, was a woman of wide interests, many activities, and countless friends. A link with the earlier days of the State, when life was less bound down to the practical side of things, a pioneer among business women, and wholehearted in all she undertook, Miss Hardy never lost the human touch which accounts for so much, but is often considered incompatible with efficiency. "She was a saint on earth if ever there was one," said an old friend who had been her servant, and "I believe she was born doing things for people," remarked one who knew her well.

[11] Martha Hardy was the sister of Bonamy Price, not his wife.

She was the eldest daughter of Mr Arthur Hardy, and spent her earlier years in a beautiful home at Mount Lofty, where hospitality was the rule, and every notable visitor to the State was sure to be entertained. A keen enthusiasm for acting was one of Miss Hardy's early hobbies, and her sister and she frequently took part in performances at "White's Rooms"[12]. After the family left Mount Lofty, they lived for a while at Blackwood, then at North Adelaide, and latterly at Glenelg, where Miss Hardy took an active part in church work, in spite of the many activities which by this time filled her days to overflowing. Miss Hardy had one of the first, if not the first, typewriting agencies in Adelaide, and carried it on for many years.
She was a member of the first council of the Girls' Friendly Society, which was instituted in South Australia in 1879, just four years after it was founded in England. She was secretary from 1899 to 1910, when her resignation was accepted with sincere regret, and in 1911 a presentation was made to her of a purse of sovereigns and a letter expressing appreciation of her services. In Miss Hardy's home one maid stayed for 50 years, remaining until the end of her life; another stayed for 30 years.

3 [*Mabel Hardy, elder daughter of Arthur Hardy (1853-1924*)]
OBITUARY
A most interesting personality, and an old resident of Glenelg, died on Tuesday, aged 71. This was Miss Mabel Hardy, of Byron House, Byron Street, Glenelg. She was born at "Birksgate", Glen Osmond, was the daughter of Mr Arthur Hardy, M.P., a barrister and a scion of an old Yorkshire family. Mr Hardy early entered pastoral pursuits in South Australia. He also opened the Glen Osmond quarries, and founded the first Mechanics' Institute in the State, which was opened for the benefit of the men at the quarries. For many years he represented the district of Albert in the Legislative Assembly.

Miss Hardy, in association with a sister (now Mrs Barton, of Melbourne), bought the first typewriter in Adelaide. Having taught themselves to operate it the sisters opened the first typewriting office in Adelaide. Until quite recently Miss Hardy continued to superintend the activities of the office. Deeply interested in politics, she was a member of the Liberal Union, the Navy League, and the Victoria League.

Miss Hardy was a great Church woman, and was one of the original members of the Girls' Friendly society. She had continued her association with it since its inception. She was general secretary for many years, afterwards president, and then vice-president. She took an active part in church work at Crafers, St John 's. Coromandel Valley, and St Peter's, Glenelg. She went to reside at Glenelg over 26 years ago, and was a member of the St Peter's School Council, and the Patronage Committee. She was also on the committee of the Institute.

Miss Hardy had a many-sided character, and was well read, and of a kind and sympathetic nature. In her younger days she was a very good amateur actress. Mr Wybert Reeve, a former manager of the Adelaide Theatre Royal, advised her to take up a stage career.

[12] White's Assembly and Concert Rooms in King William Street were for many years Adelaide's leading entertainment venue. Opened in 1856 by George White they were used for concerts, theatricals, balls and public meetings.

A memorial service was held at St. Peter's Church, where Miss Hardy worshipped for many years. Mr W.B. Hills, A.M.U.A., presided at the organ, and the choral service was conducted by the Rev. H.R. Cavalier, assisted by the Rev. F. H. Stokes.

("The Advertiser", 18th July, 1924)

4. [*Herbert Mansell Hardy (1856-1927) Arthur Hardy's second son.*]
EXTRACT FROM STAFF BULLETIN OF ELDER, SMITH & CO. LIMITED. February, 1951.

Mr H. M. Hardy (The Old Major) was another who easily passed the 50 year mark, back in the 1920's. A distinct and unforgettable identity was "The Major," who had an undefined niche in the Company's hierarchy. He spoke to anybody at all, of however high degree, as though he carried full authority, and most of us youngsters had a subconscious sort of idea that Elder's was really his private property. Having made his forcible remarks, he would climb back on his high stool and bury his nose in the London Office Statement.

This much is certain – that as an accountant he was in the near-genius class, and some of the best phases of our accounting system are his memorials.