



AUSTRALIA

Clan Munro Australia

Newsletter of the Clan Munro (Association) Australia

Have you visited our Website at <http://clanmunroassociation.org.au>

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This Month

Bet & I wish you all the happiest Christmas & New Year possible

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Blether

Foulis Castle & Garden Tours for 2023 Please find attached a tour description with group pricing.

The Foulis Castle and Garden Tour is generally limited to a group maximum of 50 people. Tour buses can easily park directly in front of Foulis Castle as there is a circular driveway.

Foulis Castle has lift access for the Disabled: The Ground Floor Level has no steps, door clearance to access lift/elevator is 78cm, lift/elevator dimensions are 90cm wide x 94cm deep. Foulis Castle toilets are on the first level. Foulis Castle has uneven surfaces, loose carpets, uneven stonework and steps. Language spoken on tour is English only.

To make you aware of the other tours we offer, Foulis Castle Tour on a Tuesday 9.30-10.30am is open to the public at a donation of £15 per adult, for smaller individual group tours out-with a

Tuesday at 9.30am the cost is £25 per adult with a minimum charge of £100, the duration is approximately 1hr, this tour is generally conducted by myself (Ohma) and occasionally the Clan Chief.

On all tours we have a 48hr cancellation policy prior to the event, with invoicing after the event for number finalising. We are open to any specific requests a group may have and we will do our best to accommodate you. We look forward to making the Foulis Castle Tour a memorable experience for your clients.

Foulis Castle Tours which include the grounds will be organised by the Web Master [Ian Munro](#), who will contact the Munro Family to arrange your visit.

Foulis Castle is not on the public transport route so a car or taxi is required.

The easiest way to get to 'Foulis Castle' is Google Maps which takes you directly there.

If you lack an internet connection, the easiest way to get to the castle from the south (Inverness) is to take the A9 road over the Cromarty Firth bridge, you will pass the Storehouse of Foulis Restaurant and Clansman Museum on the right (you should go in there for your lunch) and then branch off to Evanton (B817), just before you enter the village take the road to the left (Drummond Road), next T junction turn left and approx 1.5 miles you should see the castle on the right, there is a narrow road

(signposted **Foulis** which can be easily missed) which takes you to the entrance of the drive, the entrance has two pillars with eagles on top.

Visit the clan Munro website at www.clanmunro.org.uk where you will find lots of interesting information about the happenings at Foulis and the Clan in general.

Welcome

No one to welcome this month.

From the Eagles Nest

Dear Cousins,

I continue with the Black Watch from our previous newsletter.

My second visit to Fort George was during the 10th. International Clan Gathering in July, 2014 at Foulis Castle. An excursion to Fort George was offered as an option which included address' by Historic Scotland, Museum staff and Major General The Honourable Seymour Monro, CBE, LVO, DL a former commandant. Originally Fort George was manned by the Seaforth Highlanders which included 27 members of the Munro of Foulis family. As of 2007 the fort is home to the 3rd. Battalion, Royal Regiment of Scotland.

Following the Jacobite uprising of 1745 Fort George was constructed to pacify the Scottish Highlands. As time progressed the Black Watch was despatched to North America in 1756 and together with the British were badly defeated at the Battle of Fort Ticonderoga in 1758. They were then sent to Martinique in 1759 and again in 1762 and were at the conquest of Havannah also in 1762. Between 1776 and 1782 the Black Watch played an important role for the British in the American War of Independence.

Their service around the world continued first in Flanders, 1794/5, West Indies and Minorca 1795/1800, Alexandria, 1801, Gibraltar 1805/08 and the retreat and Battle of Caruna 1809.

A very important historical event for the Black Watch was their involvement in Wellington's Peninsular Campaigns of 1810/14. Some of you may have read the Sharpe series of novels based on these campaigns. After this time the Black Watch were partakers of conflicts in Quatre Bras, Waterloo, the Crimean War, the Indian Mutiny, the Ashanti Campaign and the Nile expedition.

The Black Watch—First to come, last to go.

News from Scotland.

The oldest elm tree in Europe and situated at Beaulieu (home village of our editor, Don) has fallen on the grounds of Beaulieu Priory. An ancient Wych (Scots) elm was more than 800 years old and the only native elm in the UK. The tree fell in January during a Highland cold snap. You may recall that Beaulieu Priory was featured in some scenes of the TV series Outlander.

2022 has been the warmest year on record for Scotland. Every month, except December, being warmer than average. In July Scotland recorded a new record of 34.8degC (good grief). The average mean temperature for 2022 was 8.5degC which exceeded the record of 8.43degC set in 2014. Global warming seems to be with us.

It is fitting to note that on International Woman's Day held recently that the Scottish woman Mary Sommerville should be remembered for her contribution to science. In 1834 it was not possible for a woman to receive a proper education and so she mainly taught herself. She went on to help find the planet Neptune and has a crater on the moon named after her. In 1835 she was accepted into the Royal Astronomical Society. She appears on the Royal Bank of Scotland ten pound note.

In 2022 Scotch Whisky exports exceeded six billion pounds for the first time. The Asia/Pacific area becoming the top region for export, overtaking the EU. India overtook France as the largest importer by volume.

Scotland's national tree, the Caledonian Pine, is in serious survival trouble owing to poor management over many centuries. The deterioration of the pine forests has been caused by the increase in deer numbers (feeding on saplings and other vegetation), non native conifer planting, fire followed by grazing and impacts of climate change. A study by the Trees for Life organisation, who have completed a four year appraisal are pressuring the Government to urgently address this problem.

Our Ancestors.

THE Clan over many years has produced famous and influential members of importance not only for Scotland but for the world. One such person was Alexander Munro Sr. who studied under Hermann Boerhaave at the University of Leyden. In the 1820's Alexander joined the first staff of Edinburgh's new medical faculty. He gave lectures on anatomy and the central nervous system as well as making the study of surgery an important part of medical training.

All the best,

Ray Munro.

Sir Charles Munro

My name is Carole Kelly and I have recently joined the Clan Munro Association in Australia. I would like to introduce two of my ancestors to you, Sir Charles Munro, 9th Baronet of Foulis and Chief of the Clan (my great, great, great grandfather) and his son, Charles Midgley Munro, issue from his second marriage.

Sir Charles was the eldest son of George Munro of Culrain and Margaret Montgomery and a lineal descendant of Sir George Munro 1st of Newmore.

Sir Charles was born in Ross-shire in 1795 and educated in Edinburgh. He joined the British Army at the age of 14 as an Ensign in the 45th (Nottinghamshire) Regiment of Foot (Wellington's Redjackets).

He served with much distinction under Arthur Wellesley, 1st Duke of Wellington. Wellington described Charles Munro as one of the bravest



officers in the British Army serving in the Peninsular Campaign from 1810 to 1815. He was badly wounded in the Battle of Badajoz and fought in the following battles – Salamanca, Nive, Orthez, Toulouse and Waterloo in 1815. He left the army as a Lieutenant with the M.G.S. medal and six clasps.

Whilst serving in the army Charles married Amelia, daughter of Frederick Browne, 14th Light Dragoons, on the 20th June, 1817. They went on to have 9 children and Charles Robert Munro was his heir and successor. Amelia died in 1849 and was buried in Kensal Green Cemetery.

In 1853 Sir Charles remarried Harriet Midgeley (1808-1886). Harriet was 14 years his junior, they had a son, Charles born about 1826. It wasn't until many years later that acknowledgement of his birthright was recognised.

Some years after Charles Midgeley Munro was born, Sir Charles, who apparently had a litigious and irascible personality found himself arrested for unpaid debts that were due to an inheritance dispute within the Munros. Ultimately, he inherited an estate that was much depleted and he left the legal problems to be sorted out by his son and heir, Charles.

Sir Charles never lived in Foulis and preferred to live in Southport with Harriet, he died in Southport in 1886 and Lady Harriet died five days later.

April 29, 1859 there was an announcement from Whitehall and it reads as follows:

“The Queen has been pleased to grant unto Charles Munro Midgeley, of Liverpool, in the county palantine of Lancaster, wine merchant, the reputed son of Sir Charles Munro of Foulis Castle, in the shire of Ross in Scotland, Baronet. Her Royal licence and authority that he and his issue may take the surname of Munro, in lieu of that of Midgeley. And also to command that the said Royal concession and declaration be recorded in Her Majesty's College of Arms.”

Dad's Story (Part 2)

As promised in our previous newsletter, this month Gail's Dad tells us about the schooling, or lack of it, children in the bush had in those early days'

Schooling for everyone in those days was difficult, mainly because of the problem in getting teachers to work in such primitive conditions. Accommodation was a major problem because, in our case with both Preston and Mt Marlow schools, I do not suppose that, within a radius of two to three miles of both, there would have been more than eight houses, and all of these were of very low standard, many with only dirt floors and fully occupied so that, to obtain any sort of private board for a teacher was almost impossible. Both Preston and Mt



Marlow were one-room typical country schools with a verandah back and front but Preston did have a small living room at the end of one verandah where a brave pioneering spirited teacher could survive under his own steam if you were lucky enough to find such a person. Consequently, teachers came and went like city trams and those unfortunate enough to be so placed (from the kids' point of view, it was very fortunate!) had schooling for their children for short intermittent periods during each year. In our case, we were more

favourably situated, being about half way between the two schools so we were able to divide our patronage between the two, according to which one had a teacher at the time. Of course, as soon as each of us was old enough to either board in town or do the seven mile journey to and from town daily, either on horseback or riding push bikes (in the dry season), we were trundled off to the dreaded town school, usually at the age of about ten. Naturally, scholastically, we were well behind the despised "townies" (They were "sissies", in our estimation!) and were fair game for the teachers and pupils alike.

This developed a rebellious attitude in us and so the "bushies" were inclined to gang up on both teachers and town kids.

The headmaster in Proserpine town school was a chap named Walk ("old Baldie" to us) who believed in corporal punishment 100 percent and was feared by all. Many were the discussions which took place between various groups of "bushies" with very brave, but impractical ways of bringing this despicable bully to his knees. One such scheme, which was hatched by my brother, Jack, and two of his mates, ended in the inevitable failure. The idea was that the three would purposely play up and, after one had been called up for the usual dose of "the cuts", he would throw a few punches and the other two would come to his aid and really do old Baldie over. Everything went according to plan until the victim, Billy Slatter, threw his punches, at the same time sounding the call for attack by the supporting couple.

However, his call of "Come on, boys!" fell on deaf ears and the two brave warriors were glued to their seats in fear. Poor old Slatter did not just get the "cut" but a good flogging on the backside as well. From then on, the whole question of when and how they would down this monster, although rethought and various plans submitted, they were never put into action and the baldie old warrior remained in complete control. Even when my turn came to face the ordeal of going to the town school, plans for the overthrow of the old bully were a constant item for discussion but I am afraid the old boy beat us all and when I left to go to Mackay, he was still feared by every kid in Proserpine.

The one- teacher schools such as Preston and Mt Marlow were more or less a bit of a joke because one teacher for such short periods could not hope to scratch the surface of educating such backward and unwilling students. I remember on one occasion at Preston when an emu passed the school, one of the senior boys whom we all admired (Mick Busuttin) said, "An emu! Come on, boys." We all jumped up and rushed out of the classroom. We chased the emu into the bush and remained away for about an hour. The teacher, a girl in her late teens who had come from Rockhampton, was, of course, most annoyed at our action but could do nothing more than show her displeasure with such a band of "scrubbers" to deal with.



At lunch time, we would go for a swim in the creek about a mile away from the school and, of course, when the bell went for resumption of school, we did not have a hope in hell of hearing it, nor did we want to, and, with no such thing as a watch, we would more often than not return to the school just before finishing time.

With this sort of schooling, it is little wonder that, when the time came for us to go out to work, we found we were sadly lacking in the fundamentals of education. My elder brother, Jack, had much the same opportunities as myself but the two girls and Bill fared a little better. I have a strong suspicion that Dad was more or less the black sheep of his family and I

am not certain that his marriage to my mother was altogether approved of by his higher social-standing brothers. Dad's brother, William, managed the Nestles factory in Warrnambool and his other brother, Archie, managed Nestles at Toogoolawah. I think both felt some sympathy for Dad's children and so, at one stage, Nell and Maisie. were, in turn, taken for a year to Warrnambool by Uncle Will to attend a private school there at his expense.

From the schooling point of view for Nell and Maisie, they had a great experience that broadened their minds. At that time, the mail ships ran from Brisbane to Townsville and return each week, stopping at Bowen, Flat Top (Mackay), Port Alma (Rockhampton), Gladstone and Brisbane. Then you had to trans-ship for a steamer, which plied between Melbourne and Brisbane. My grandparents (Dad's) were living in Brisbane at the time so that the girls had to travel from Proserpine to Bowen by train, stop overnight, catch the ship to Brisbane, stop with Dad's parents and then catch a ship to Melbourne and then a train to Warrnambool. For country girls of about thirteen or fourteen, this was a big experience in those primitive days.

Bill was a little better than was Jack and me, firstly, because he had more brains and was lucky enough to be able to go to Mackay when he was about ten or twelve and stay with Aunt (Mum's) sister and attend a reasonably good town school. He obtained his Scholarship, which was no mean effort then and he was able later on to have on year at the Grammar School in Townsville.

When I was about twelve, I, too, went to Mackay and stopped with Aunt Nellie and went to the boys' school but a year there only took me as high as Middle Fourth. The gradings, then, as far as I can remember, were on year in Grade 1, one year in Grade 2, one year in 3, one and a half in 4 (six months in Lower Fourth, six in Middle Fourth and six in Upper Fourth. The same applied to 5th Grade and then 6th, 7th and 8th grades were a year each. By then, Dad was living in Home Hill so I went home there and presented myself at the local school where I should have then started in Upper 4th. They, of course, did not have an Upper 4th Class so I had to take the next best, which was Middle 4th, which meant that I had to repeat a class. The position was pretty grim so, when I turned fourteen, a job as a telegraph messenger was offering in the Post Office so I left and started work.

Agnes the Bullock Driver

There are many women we can write about in the early days of Australia and this is another one I found. The story was written by John Wright.

They breed them tough in Glasgow, so it shouldn't come as a surprise to hear the story about Agnes Buntine. Once, in the 1860s, in a town called Seaton in Victoria's Gippsland, someone took a bullwhip to a man who had made indecent advances to a young girl, and "thrashed him nearly sober", as one local described it. The wielder of the whip was Agnes.

Born in Glasgow in 1822, Agnes Davidson emigrated to Australia at 18 with her parents and siblings and worked as a dairymaid, marrying a family



friend, Hugh Buntine from Kilwinning, Ayrshire, in the same year. They added six children to the five he had from his first marriage (his first wife having died of typhoid in the Sydney quarantine station) and headed for the hills of Gippsland in Victoria, where the forests and mountains had defeated many explorers, to carve out a living.

The Buntines ran a pub, the Bush Inn, for three years, then a general store. Hugh, who was ill himself, helped look after the sick and injured in the area and was known as Dr Buntine. Agnes decided to supplement the family income by starting a carting business supplying Victoria's goldfields. If anyone raised an eyebrow at a woman trying single-handedly to do this in such a lawless place, especially given the enormous team of bullocks she had to drive through rough uncharred country, then they didn't know Agnes. For her, now an experienced shopkeeper, it was an easy decision. Rough or nor, the place where thousands were flocking in search of gold was where the money would be to feed her family.

Twenty years later, a man called J J O'Connor walked, wet and cold, into a pub at Toongabbie on the way to the goldfields, having been driving cattle all day.

"I saw a boiling kettle on the fire, and thought a hot whisky would be fine," he wrote. "Just then, I walked this great big, rough-looking woman and the landlord introduced me." It was Agnes Buntine and she was wet and cold too. "Being the only guests, we sat all evening by the fire. She didn't boast of anything she had done beyond rearing and educating her family. I asked why she took up bullock-driving, and she said she had to keep her family, and as men were making good money at the carrying trade, she thought she could do the same."

In 1851, at the age of 29 and armed with a rifle, she drove a bullock train carrying a ton of cheese and half a ton of butter from southern Victoria over the Great Divide to the Bendigo goldfields, over 200 km away. When she arrived, she opened two stores; and a third when another goldrush began elsewhere. So much gold was found that the population of the goldfields exploded from 23,000 to half a million within six years.

The fact that Agnes was a woman was irrelevant. Diggers simply saw that she'd established a reliable carrier network between them and Melbourne, and what's more they knew Agnes was the type to do it whatever the weather or terrain. A typical trip from Melbourne was by sea to Port Albert, then bullock train, and finally, packhorses into the mountains. Agnes was often the first to get to 'inaccessible' places.

As well as handling horses and bullocks, she could ride, kill and dress a bullock, split timbers and make fencing. She was at home with a pick and shovel just as she was with a whip. They called her Mother Buntine. In 1863, at 41, she almost died while fighting a bushfire to protect her wagons and freight. In 1867, Hugh died. Six years later she married Michael Hallett and took up farming, but her transport business didn't stop until her death at the age of 74 in 1896.

Agnes had made her mark as a bullocky and ruled the roost for three decades. It was pretty quiet after she'd gone, her children going into just about every walk of life apart from transportation.

Vale Joycelyn Ailsa Munro

It is with much sadness that we write to tell you of the passing of our dear Mum, Joycelyn Alisa Munro, on 28th January 2023. She had lived a rich and long life, being just 2 months short of her 101st birthday.



Along with her late husband, Kenneth Martin Munro, who passed away in May 2008, she was a strong supporter of the Clan Munro Association. Indeed, both visited Castle Foulis in 1974, a special memory they cherished together.

She herself had Scottish ancestry (Baird) but fully embraced Dad's Scottish heritage on their marriage. Both enjoyed active lives with dancing, particularly Scottish Country Dancing and attended for many years the annual Clan MacKenzie Highland Balls held in Brisbane.

In recognition of this heritage, all members of the family wore tartan at her funeral service.

Our Mum was incredibly proud of all her family and her warm and loving presence will be greatly missed within our family circle.

Diana MacLean, Bruce Munro and Heather Elsa Green

Duncan Munro

I found this on the Outback Family History website so, if you are missing a Munro who came to the west looking for gold, this might be him. He was the only Munro in this cemetery.

Munro Duncan : 44yrs, d 13 Aug 1909 at Kanowna, Occ: Miner, Cause: Accidentally by falling down the south shaft of the White Feather Main Reef mine, Verdict of the Coroner. Father: Duncan Munro miner, Mother Margaret Fraser. Born: Carngm, Vic. In Vic 32 yrs, in WA 12 yrs. Registered by John Munro, Brother, Single. Reg North East Coolgardie 16/1909. Pres, Buried Kanowna Cemetery. Mine Death: www.wavmm.com.

Membership

Annual:	\$25.00	Spouse or children of member under 18 years	\$8.00
Three Years:	\$55.00	Spouse or children of member under 18 years	\$20.00

*Clan Munro (Association) Australia
Newsletter*

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