

Hope Farm Chronicle



*Pioneering Tales of South Australia
1836-1870*

Geoffrey H. Manning

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Published by the Author

JUNE 1984

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Wholly photoset, printed
and bound by
Gillingham Printers
Adelaide, South Australia
ISBN 0 9595629 9 0

by the same author

Hope Farm—Cradle of the McLaren Vale Wine Industry
Whisky Makes You Well

End papers

Front: Emigrants landing on the beach at
Semaphore c 1846 (*left*)
Port Adelaide c 1870 (*right*)

Back: Bullock team hauling timber in the
Angaston district c 1880 (*left*)
Landing stage on the River Murray c 1870 (*right*)

Foreword



RECORDED HISTORY PLAYS AN important role in our present and future development and is a source from which we may draw inspiration.

This book with its coverage of so many facets of life in the 1836-1870 period—cultural, social, religious, sporting; of trials and hardships, enjoyed or endured, will be of absorbing interest to those whose forebears were early residents and the newcomers involved with today's rapid growth.

From the experiences of his great-great-grandfather, George Pitches Manning, Geoffrey Haydon Manning has interwoven a period of history charged with achievement, development and disillusionment.

Emigration, the crude dwellings—natural disasters, child mortality—law and order, education; 'gold fever', aborigines—the building of roads and jetties—ploughing matches, shows and soirees—an insight into the lives of those settlers, who came to the Colony to seek their ideals, are all vividly portrayed.

For his enthusiasm and dedication to the painstaking research undertaken to compile such a comprehensive chronicle of events, Geoffrey Manning deserves our gratitude for his contribution to our history.

Ruth M. Baxendale
Chairman
National Trust of SA
Willunga Branch

'The only history worth reading is that written at the time of which it treats, the history of what was done and seen, heard out of the mouths of the men who did and saw'.

John Ruskin

Preface



DEPOSITED IN THE SOUTH Australian Archives are hundreds of diaries and letters dating back to the foundation of South Australia. While many of them are of a personal nature, and of immediate family interest only, at times there emerges fragments of colonial life and experience, which deserve to be recorded. Many of the writers were of humble origin; they were the men and women who toiled to tame the country, and their stories are the stuff of which history is made.

To record their memories in tabular form would be both disjointed and wearisome, and accordingly I have contrived, from the known facts, many meetings and conversations, a story of pioneering determination. All material used is factual, and sources are credited at the end of the book.

Part Three—'Hope Farm Scrap Book'—is compiled mainly from newspaper reports, and all extracts taken in the course of my research, have been lodged with the National Trust, Willunga Branch, where they can be inspected by the public.

The complete story is woven around my great-great-grandfather, George Pitches Manning, who arrived in the Colony, with his wife and seven children, in April 1850.

G. H. Manning
Adelaide 1984

Acknowledgements



THE RESEARCH FOR THIS book has given me intense pleasure, but its completion would have been impossible without the warm hearted co-operation of many people, and to the following I am deeply indebted—

The National Trust, Willunga Branch and in particular Mrs Ruth Baxendale and Mrs May DeCaux, for their generous assistance.

Mrs Iris Nesdale (Adelaide), for the typing of drafts and constructive advice.

Mr Leo Oliver (McLaren Vale), Mrs Audrey Peters (Adelaide), Messrs C. T. (Cud) and Colin Kay (Amery Vineyards), Mr Brian Foreman (Willunga), and Mrs Heather White (Adelaide), for photographs relative to the Hundred of Willunga.

Mr Ellis Martin (Adelaide), for access to the unpublished reminiscences of William Martin. Mrs Madge Sexton, for permission to reproduce her sketch of Wirra Wirra homestead. The staff of the State Library of South Australia. Mr Peter Cotton, of Gillingham Printers, whose Company has been publishing books about South Australia for over one hundred years, to whom I am deeply indebted for expert advice and guidance.

Prologue



IN THE 71st YEAR of my life, I sit at my desk overlooking my vineyard in the McLaren Vale. This has been my life's work since arriving in South Australia on 15 April 1850.

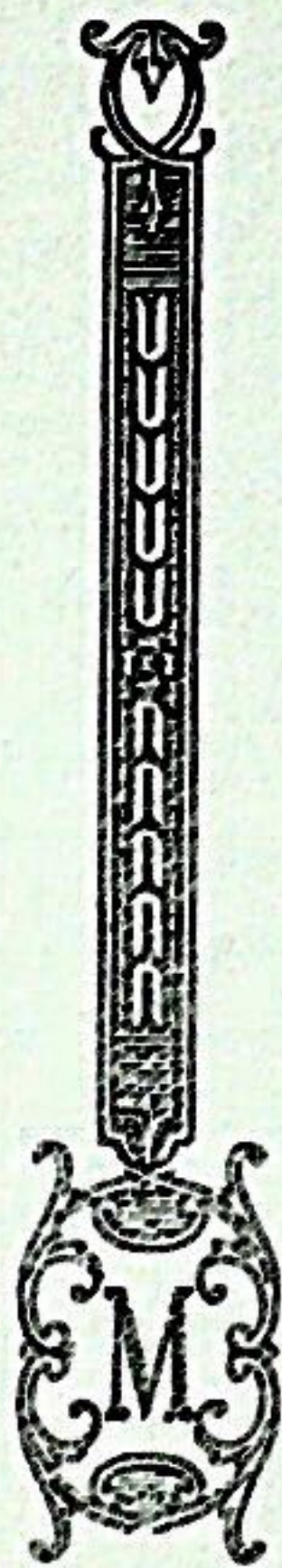
I propose, with the blessing of my Heavenly Father, to write in this book, the story of my life, this for the edification and, I trust, for the benefit of my grandchildren. Future generations might also be interested in what I have to record, because many early colonists have called at my winery over the past twenty years, telling me tales of their triumphs and tragedies in this wonderful country.

I pray that I may be preserved from all desire to glorify myself. I trust that it will be a record of the marvellous goodness and mercy of my gracious God and Saviour, who has delivered me in many troubles, and in whom I trust that He will yet deliver me.

G. P. Manning
'Hope Farm'
December 1870

PART ONE

Cambridgeshire to the McLaren Vale



1

Fulbourn, Cambridgeshire

MY FATHER, JOHN MANNING, was a farmer, born in 1767. He married my mother, Grace Pitches, on 11 February 1796, at St Vigor's Church in Fulbourn, and I was born there on 3 June 1800.

The surname, Manning, derives from the Nordic 'Manyng', meaning 'valiant man'. My ancestors were Vikings, from Scandinavia, who invaded the eastern coast of England at the close of the eighth century.

My parents were blessed with seven children, but the Lord called three of my sisters in infancy. There was never any unpleasantness in our household, for Father and Mother were true Christians and brought us up in the nurture and fear of the Lord. At seven years of age I was admitted to school, which was decidedly a Church School. Catechism was duly taught, but as some wealthy dissenters subscribed to the school, the children of bona fide dissenters, of whom I was one, were allowed to attend their parents' place of worship.

The curriculum of the school was not very wide. It comprised the three 'Rs', the two former chiefly from the Bible. No Geography, no Grammar, no History, no attempt to open up the mind to the wonders of the world in which we lived; nothing but Bible reading and explanation the year through.

Our schoolmaster was Mr Robertson, a cruel, harsh and unfeeling man, ruling entirely by the power of the cane. We all cordially hated him, and as an instance of his cruelty I well remember that he had a lad to bring up as his ward. I have seen him strip that boy naked and flog him around the school with a soldier's belt, cut into tails at the end; I have seen the boy afterwards bleeding from all parts of his body, and all for a trivial offence or even none at all. That man was a very tiger for cruelty.

Thankfully, at the age of ten, my father took me away from this school, and sent me to a middle class institution where I stayed for about one year. I drank in knowledge and improved very much in Arithmetic, Grammar and History.

I completed my formal education at the end of 1811, and went to work for my father on his farm, which lay on the outskirts of Fulbourn. I had little leisure time from my labours, but in my youth I became passionately fond of cricket and spent many a happy day in competition on the village green. I still possess several newspaper cuttings of these stirring matches, two of which I quote verbatim:

19 September 1818

'A very amicable game was played today between Cambridge and an eleven of Fulbourn, which after a day of pretty and amusing cricket, terminated in favour of the Cambridge party by six wickets. A lunch was very hospitably provided by Mr Townley, of which all players and their friends partook, and the old ale, the excellence of which we can vouch for, seemed to tell with gladdening effect upon the hearts and tongues of the merry visitors. The only parties who were unable to judge of its rare qualities were the gentlemen who kindly officiated as scorers, and whose duties were of a nature too onerous to be blended safely with the business of the cellar; the scoring was in consequence managed with truthful accuracy.

4 August 1819

'The game commenced between Fulbourn and Grantchester by the latter taking the bat and obtaining 47 runs. Fulbourn replied with 82 runs. Dinner was then announced, and after doing ample justice to it, the game was resumed by Grantchester going in. Whether it was that the batsmen were ruminating on the excellent wine they had just been partaking, or whether the strength of it had impaired their eyesight, we cannot say, but this we can say, the innings was begun and ended in little more than half an hour, with 23 runs. The last six men had been bowled out in less than eight balls.'

In my youth the village of Fulbourn comprised about 1000 inhabitants. Most were honest and law-abiding, but, as in any community, there were several rogues who committed many offences against citizens and property, as for example:

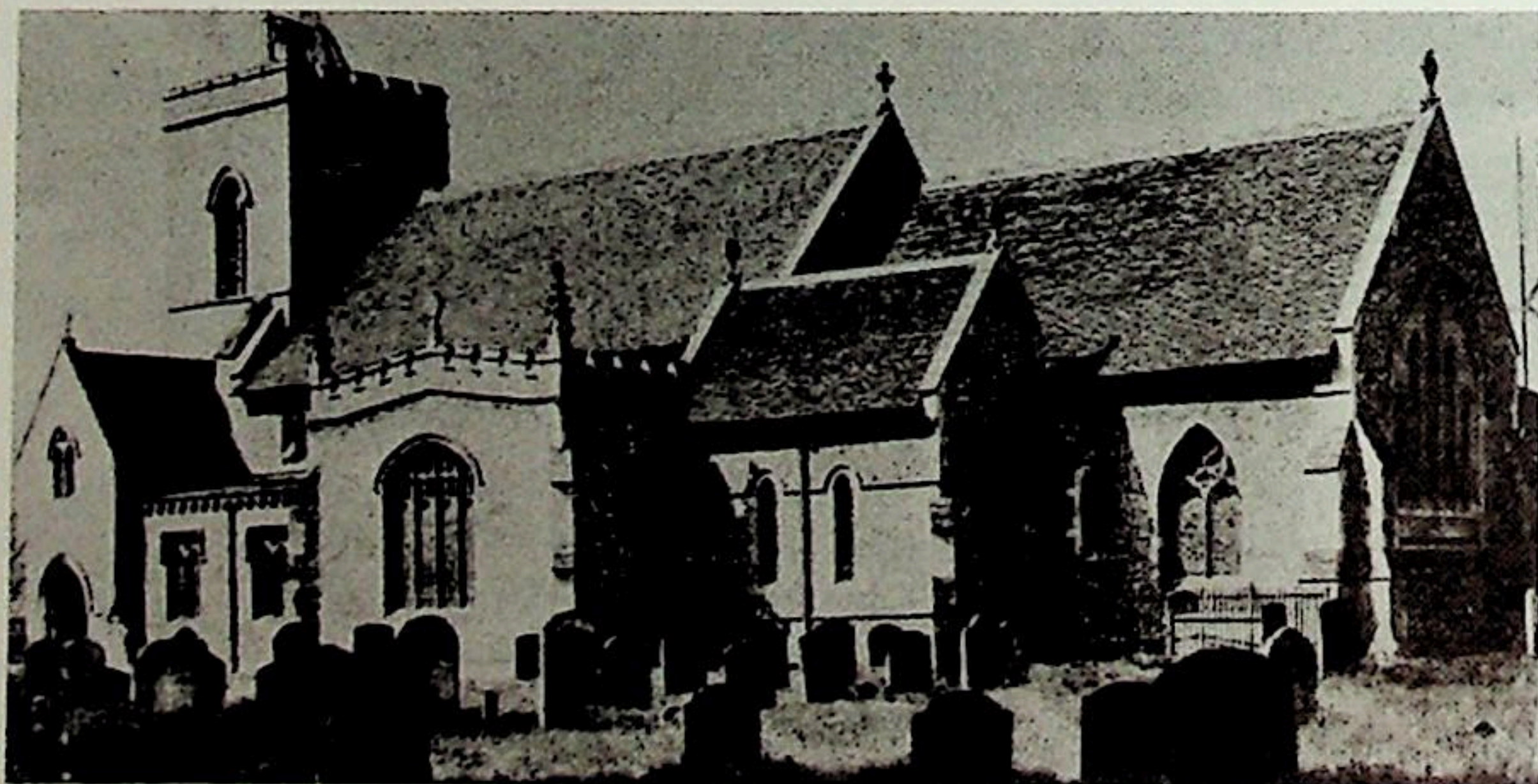
'Henry Hart, for stealing a quantity of wearing apparel from the stable loft of his master, was sentenced to be transported for seven years.

'Phillip and William Hancock were convicted of stealing eleven cheeses, the property of John Manning, farmer, and were sentenced to be transported for seven years.'

On occasions the Courts were more lenient, showing compassion and mercy, but this was a rarity.

'Thomas Webb, carpenter of Fulbourn, was charged with feloniously stealing two deal boards, but out of compassion for the prisoner's family and his great contrition for the offence, the charge was withdrawn.'

As a family we were more fortunate than the greater number of the inhabitants; my father owned freehold land, which in those times was uncommon. Almost eighty per cent of cultivated land in England was owned by the



Courtesy Cambridgeshire Libraries

St Vigor's Church, Fulbourn

aristocracy and gentry. A gentleman did not work for his living. He lived on the income from his land, that is rents derived from leasing his land to others.

Life was poor, nasty, brutish and short. The shortness held for everyone, rich and poor alike. Medicine was a profession, not a science, and killed more people than it saved. There was no knowledge of the principles of sanitation; infant mortality was the rule rather than the exception, and survival to old age rare testimony to an unusually tough constitution. Scourges, such as smallpox, killed its hundreds of thousands and disfigured many more.

I was married to Jane Hart of Fulbourn at St Vigor's Church on 6 October 1830. We would have preferred to be wed in our Dissenter's Chapel, but the law of the land prevented it. At that time Dissenters were beyond the pale as citizens. Church rates for the upkeep of buildings, churchyards and burial grounds, could be imposed by the church wardens and vestry on all the inhabitants of a parish, Anglicans and Dissenters alike. Dissenters could not be married in their own chapels, or buried by their own ministers in the churchyards for whose maintenance they paid. They could enter, but not take degrees at, Cambridge University.

To redress these grievances the Dissenters brought steady and mounting pressure to bear upon the Government and Parliament, until the law was finally changed in 1835.

My father died in 1842, and I was bequeathed his property, which comprised several parcels of land containing ninety-four acres with improvements, and the Coach & Horses Inn situated in Fulbourn village.

By 1849 our marriage had been blessed with eight children, six sons and two daughters. Our dear second daughter, Sarah Jane, died in 1846, aged three years.

It became obvious to me, that to provide a future for my sons it would be necessary to acquire more land, but my financial resources were too meagre to pursue the matter. My daughter's health was also a concern, as we had been informed by the village doctor, that she was already in the primary stage of consumption. Only removal to a warmer climate could possibly save her life.

These two factors were the reason for even contemplating emigration to South Australia, and after much soul searching and discussion with my wife, late in May 1849 the decision was taken to leave England. Busy months lay ahead.

On 16 June 1849 my property was put to auction, which realised £6648. By early December the major portion of our household chattels had been despatched to the shipping agent in London, and all that remained was to bid farewell to our many friends in the village.

On 3 December, at a large gathering in our Chapel, I was both surprised and gratified to receive the following farewell letter:

'To Mr George Pitches Manning, farmer and maltster, of Fulbourn.

Dear Sir,

We, the undersigned, inhabitants of Fulbourn, amongst whom you have spent the whole of your life hitherto, having learned that you are about to leave your native village, and to emigrate to Australia, cannot allow you to take your departure without spontaneously and cheerfully testifying to the high esteem in which you are held by your fellow townsmen. As a man of business, your dealings have ever been characterized by straightforwardness and strictest punctuality in the fulfilment of your engagements. As a master, your kindness and liberality never failed to

FREE EMIGRATION TO PORT ADELAIDE, *South Australia.*

An opportunity now offers itself to all MARRIED persons, of useful occupations, particularly to AGRICULTURAL LABORERS, CARPENTERS, BUILDERS, STONEMASONS, SHEPHERDS, and BLACKSMITHS, of obtaining a

FREE PASSAGE TO PORT ADELAIDE, IN South Australia,

A FREE COLONY, where there are no convicts sent, and where every person who emigrates is as free as he is in this country.

Besides the classes of persons enumerated above, Bakers, Blacksmiths, Braziers and Tinmen, Smiths, Shipwrights, Boat Builders, Wheelwrights, Sawyers, Cabinet Makers, Coopers, Curriers, Farriers, Millwrights, Harness Makers, Boot and Shoemakers, Tailors, Tanners, Brickmakers, Lime Burners, and all persons engaged in the erection of buildings are always in great request. The applicants must be able to obtain a good character as honest, sober, industrious men. They must be real laborers going out to work in the Colony, of sound mind and body, not less than 15 nor more than 30 years of age, and married. The rule as to age is occasionally departed from in favor of the parents of large families. As a general rule, each child is considered as extending the age one year. The sisters of married applicants are allowed to go free, if of good character.

The province of South Australia is a delightfully fertile and salubrious country, in every respect well adapted to the constitution of Englishmen, and is one of the most flourishing of all our colonies. *It is well watered,*—and there have never been any complaints from the colonists of a want of this valuable element; on the contrary, the letters from Cornishmen who have written home are very satisfactory on this point. It should be borne in mind that complaints of a scarcity of water do not relate to Port Adelaide, but to other settlements not connected with *South Australia.*

Emigrants wishing to obtain a free passage this year may now have that opportunity if they apply **IMMEDIATELY** to

Mr. I. LATIMER, Truro,

who is empowered by her Majesty's Colonization Commissioners to engage for that fine first-class teak-built ship the

JAVA, of 1200 TONS.

This ship's accommodations are unusually spacious and lofty, and are so arranged as to insure the comfort of all the passengers. She will carry *two Surgeons*, and *two Schoolmasters*, the latter of whom will be regularly employed in teaching the emigrants and their children. The vessel will call at **PLYMOUTH**, to take in Cornish passengers, on or about the 16th of **OCTOBER**; but in order to ensure a passage, application should be made forthwith. Every kind of information, and the necessary papers may be obtained of Mr. Latimer.

B. HEARD, PRINTER, BOOKBINDER, &c., BOSCOWEN STREET, TRURO.

secure the respect and good will of your servants, who deplore your removal as an event which will prove a serious loss to them. As a neighbour, you have distinguished yourself by a remarkably peaceable and friendly conduct, and a readiness to join in any plans having for their object the prosperity of the parish, or the amelioration of the condition of your poorer neighbours. While we regret that you should consider it necessary, in order the better to discharge your duties to a numerous family, to leave the home of your fathers and your native land, we sincerely desire and hope that a kind Providence will grant you a safe and pleasant voyage to the land of your destination, and so regulate all your future movements as to secure the abundant prosperity and happiness of yourself and all your family, by the important step you are about to take.'

A few days later this address was reproduced in the *Cambridge Chronicle*, whose correspondent added the following remarks:

'On Monday evening, the 3rd inst., a valedictory service was held in the Meeting-house, on the occasion of Mr Manning and his family leaving their native village for South Australia. The probability that those who had for so many years been accustomed to worship together in this house of prayer were now for the last time mingling their devotions at the throne of grace, rendered the occasion truly solemn and affecting. The Rev. J. Kelsey, their esteemed pastor, delivered a suitable and encouraging address, from the words of Jehovah to Moses, "My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest". Fervent prayers were offered on their behalf, that a kind Providence would vouchsafe to them a safe and pleasant voyage, bring them in health and comfort to the land of their adoption, and grant them great prosperity both temporal and spiritual. But one feeling pervaded the congregation throughout the service, viz. deep regret at their departure. Mr Manning is the representative of one of the oldest families in the village.'

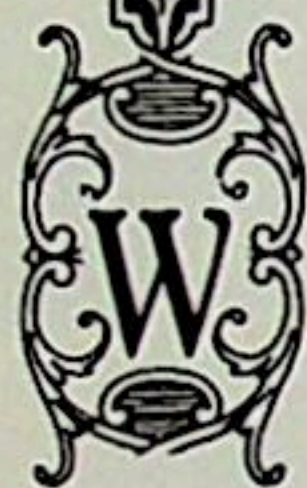
We departed for London by train on 21 December, and found lodgings at an inn. We were due to sail for South Australia on 26 December 1849.



Waiting for departure

2

Diary of a Voyage from London to Adelaide in the *Julindur*



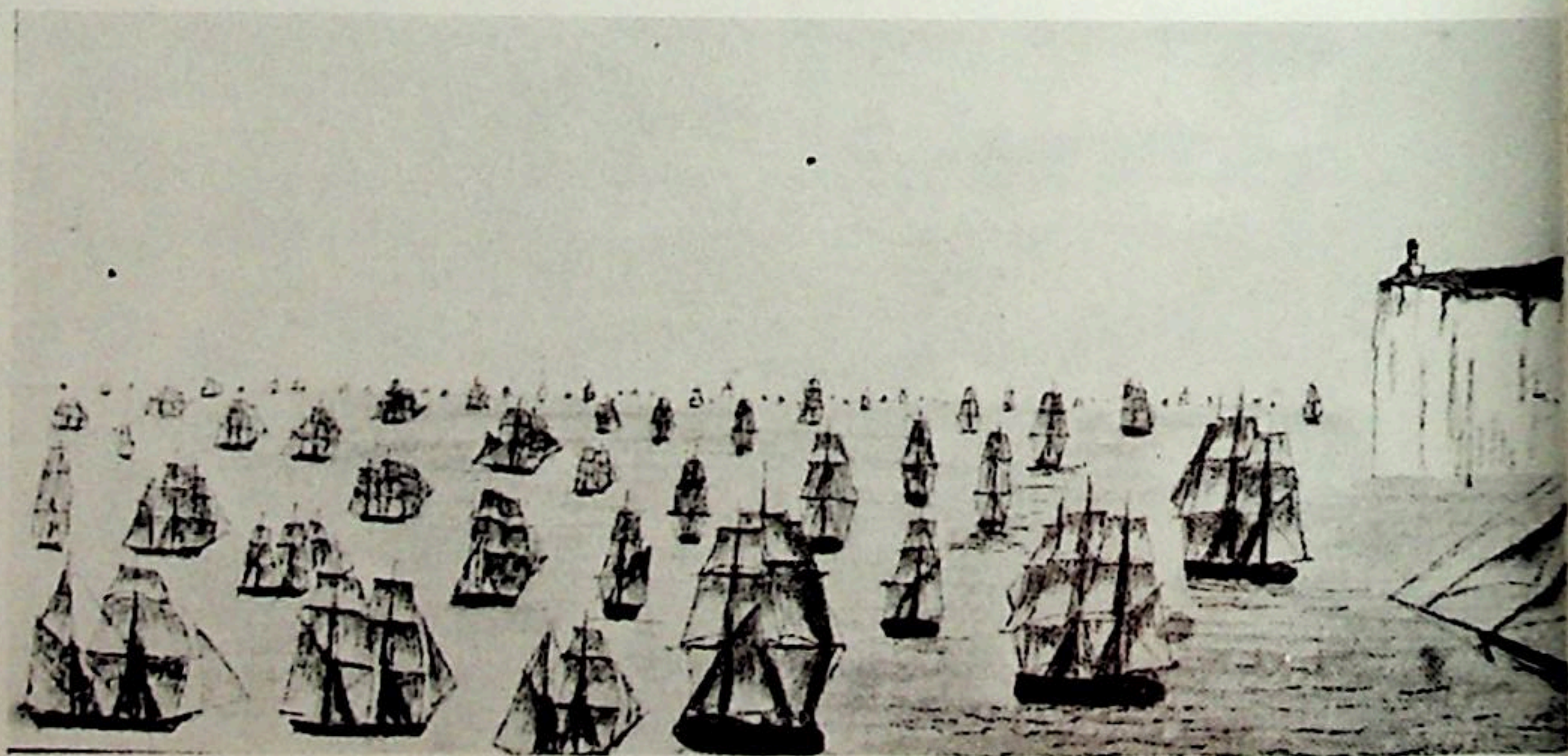
WE WENT BY RAILWAY to the East India Docks on 26 December 1849 and went on board the *Julindur*. She was to sail from Gravesend the following morning.

The ship's deck was a great heap of boxes and bundles, pitched on board in the most shameful manner, with broken sides and contents tumbling about the deck. Mine escaped well, fortunately.

During the afternoon the livestock was hoisted on board. The poor pigs were used mercilessly, and the sheep even more cruelly. The pigs were put under the long boat and the sheep inside. The places were so small that the animals could scarcely turn around, and the filth from the pigs ran all over the deck in such manner, that no one could walk there without becoming dirty and breathing unpleasant effluvia.

Late evening the ship slipped from the wharf and anchored, waiting for a favourable breeze.

27 December (Sunday): Did not sleep very well last night in consequence of natural noises of the pigs, sheep and poultry, combined with the mechanical noise of the vessel and moorings.



Leaving

The passengers aft have formed a singing party, and are hymning lustily. We in the mid-ships are grouped with our children, reading the lessons of our Church, following this by a little moral and religious tale from one of the children's books.

Our craft has plenty of visits by the boatmen from Deal. They will bring anything required, but will not forget to charge fifty percent more for the article than it cost.

Anchor weighed at 11 am. Winds of eight to nine knots. Rough seas. Many seasick passengers are lying in their berths, paying the landsman's penalty for invading the domain of the sea. Anchored in The Downs at 5 pm.

At 11 pm the mate aroused us, calling for volunteers to assist in raising the anchor, for the wind had changed in our favour.

31 December: Arrived Plymouth this morning after a very rough passage. My wife is already panting to tread again the 'firm thick set earth'.

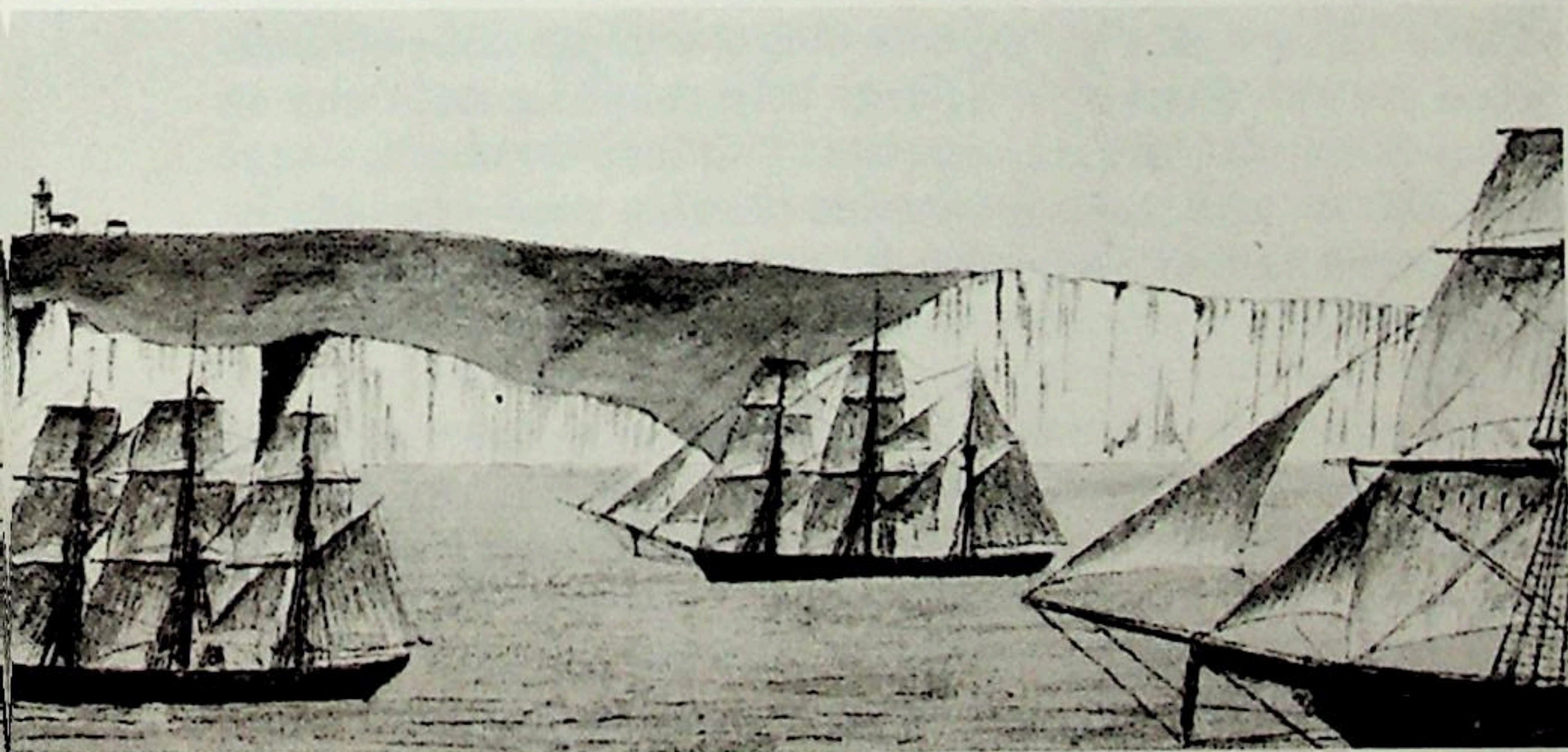
1850—1 January: Several assisted emigrants came aboard. One of them, a widow, told me she had arrived by train from Bath at 5 pm yesterday, and was taken to the emigrants' depot.

'Tea was served soon after my arrival,' she said, 'and in such a manner never experienced before, after which I sat in great confusion for about two hours. I was then shown to bed, where I was to get little sleep that night, for the hollering, singing and swearing among the emigrants. It was much like a wild beast show'.

2 January: The Doctor came aboard, and was soon involved in an altercation with two passengers, who had not complied with a request, which he thought proper to make upon all passengers for the benefit of their health. One of the individuals endured no less punishment than getting his hindmost part kicked, besides a sharp beating about the back, then confinement in the brig for the night. The other received a regular cuffing and reproofing.

3 January: A disturbance took place in consequence of an assault upon one of the passengers (a stupid young Jew) by the Third Mate. The Captain, interposing, was struck by his mate, who ran away and hid himself to avoid being put in irons.

6 January: A fair wind at last, and we are off to South Australia . . .



the Downs

*'So now the parting time has come,
A glorious country lies before us,
In grief we quit our early home,
Yet cheerily we sing in chorus,
A glorious country lies before us.*

*We shall not see thee on the morrow,
Dark, threatening the oceans roar,
Are fit companions for our sorrow,
And these alone are ours tomorrow'.*

J. H. Clark

When the tide turned at 2 pm we began to leave the sound, and after some hours manoeuvring we cleared the breakwater and stood out to sea.

7 January: Weather fine. Light, favourable breezes. Just before dinner as I was basking on the forecastle, I was startled by an explosion like that of a powder magazine, and a loud cry that the cook was dead. That worthy individual, however, turned out to be only partially killed, having been knocked down by the bursting of a preserved meat tin, which had remained on the hot stove, until the steam exploded it.

8 January: As we approached the Bay of Biscay the wind rose and the sea roughened. Evidence of bile began to build up among the emigrants. Choruses of groans and heavings resounded to the accompaniment of banging boxes as yet unsecured. Sick pots and other pots, having at the same time a game of hide-and-seek, and when you wanted your sick pot for the worst, it was off and away with one of its fellows. The rolling of the ship causes your insides to get all mixed up.

The sights, contortions, groans, postures and general aspect of seasick retching is enough to bring a smile into the face of a pig. One sick matron I saw in a semi-unconscious state, stout and rather tall, who could hardly walk, with hair dishevelled and falling over her face in the height of untidiness, dress unfastened and unmentionable articles bobbing out; dirty shoes and stockings, minus garters. One youngster, Hannah Fowler, began to look very queer. I helped her to the quarterdeck where she was dreadfully ill. She was lashed to a hencoop to keep her from falling overboard.

9 January: Sea a little calmer today, but we have difficulty in partaking of meals. Thin strips of wood are placed down the table to keep the plates and dishes in their places, but notwithstanding this you must hold your soup or your tea (as the case may be) up in the air, and you cannot avoid showing your generosity by distributing a portion of it around. Plates and dishes make a sudden rush to one side of the table, as if to make a voluntary surrender of themselves to the people seated there.

10 January: The deck today was rigged for Church, seats being placed across the deck. A large flag with the Union Jack was laid, like a cloth, over the capstan, which the Doctor (with the ship's mate as clerk) used as a reading desk. The Doctor spoke from the parable of the Last Supper.

11 January: Fine morning. Many ships in sight.

The first death on board occurred last night—a German emigrant aged forty-three years. The Captain had the ship's carpenter make a coffin. Naturally, it was

neither painted nor ornamental in any way, and was weighted with lumps of coal. The departed was dressed in his surplice and bands, and was laid in the coffin. His wife took her daughters by the hand, and led them to where it lay on the foredeck. The mother pressed a silent kiss on his forehead, a flag was hoisted half-mast, and another covered the coffin. The Captain read the burial service and a prayer. Then the sailors took up the coffin, and while it was lowered into the silent deep a cannon was fired.

'Silent' it may well be called in consideration of the deep gloom, the committal of a corpse to its engulfing power, and the oblivion as it closes over.

12 January: Fine and mild with a gentle side wind; pleasant but not making much progress.

There are already four couples on board begging the Captain to marry them, but they are at present all in the 'tween decks, the contagion not having yet spread to the state cabins, 'tho the Captain is very particular in his attentions to Miss Wright, and walks the deck for an hour at a time with her on his arm. He is, I fear, a gay deceiver.

13 January: Last night some sailors got possession of spirits by opening the sick board drawer in the cabin, and were most of them drunk. There is some appearance of a mutinous spirit among them.

14 January: A large pig is assassinated weekly by the butcher, and daily assimilated by the passengers in general. There is pork for breakfast; there is pork for dinner. In short, it's a case of—

*'Pork, pork, pork,
With fat three inches thick,
And pork, pork, pork,
Till we're all of the sight quite sick.
It's oh! to take to the seas,
And dine with the barbarous Turk,
Where they never the unclean animal eat,
If here we must always have pork'.*

J. H. Clark

15 January: Death is shooting his arrows on board the *Julindur*. A child died last night. He was put into a large box with a great deal of sand, and a few holes bored to let the water in. The box was let down into the sea, but we could see it floating for a long time. Who will be next? God Almighty knows.

16 January: Expect to see the island of Madeira tomorrow.

Felt seedy all day owing to some devil's elixir of the Doctor's, which he advised me to take. Some cabin passengers complained that water entered their cabins through the scuttle hole, when the crew were swabbing the decks in the morning. This does not concern we steerage passengers, but the holystoning of the deck, which commences at daylight on a weekly basis, wakes up everyone with its noise. It is a horrible din, a villainous compound of grinding, scouring, scrubbing, thumping and scratching, apparently over everyone's head at once. It should be called 'wholly stunning'.

17 January: Passed Madeira. In sight most of the afternoon and evening at ten miles distant. Several passengers fishing. Bonito caught, which tastes like dry veal cutlets.

18 January: Fine steady breeze. Made 220 miles since yesterday. I was with the Doctor today when a tall muscular Irishman was seen advancing hastily towards the little consulting room and dispensary. If one might judge from his loud and piteous groans he must have been suffering intense pain. One hand, holding a torn scrap of flannel, was pressed against the side of his face, in which lay the cause of his agony. With the other he loudly and impatiently hammered at the Doctor's cabin.

'Why?' said that genial gentleman, 'What is the matter, Mike? What can have happened? Have you been in another row?'

'Oh, dochter! dochter! It's murderin' me entirely. It's murderin' me! What shall I do, atall, atall? O, you riverend dochter. I mane shtop this pain in my tooth. For the love of the Holy Virgin, shtop it!'

'Oh! It's severe toothache you've got,' said the Doctor.

'Och! Och!' groaned Mike, swaying from side to side. 'It's ould Nick himself, heaping fire into me ould tooth'.

'Be quiet, man', snapped the Doctor. 'Keep still will you? I'll soon relieve you. Open your mouth, there, ah, I see. Keep still, I say'.

By this time the Doctor had secured a grip of the tooth with his instruments, and notwithstanding Mike's resistance and groans, he soon extracted the cause of all the pain and uproar, but not without a yell of agony that could be heard over the ship. 'Oh, Dochter! Dochter! you've kilt me; you've bruk me jaw!'

'Stop that bellowing', said the Doctor. 'The people outside will think I'm operating on some wretched calf. Rinse your mouth out with this water'.

At this moment the ship gave a most unwonted roll. It was so sudden that Mike was flung from his seat, and the Doctor who was nearly thrown upon him, after recovering his equilibrium hastened to raise the patient from his ignominious position. The scene was so ludicrous that patient, operator and myself burst into laughter.

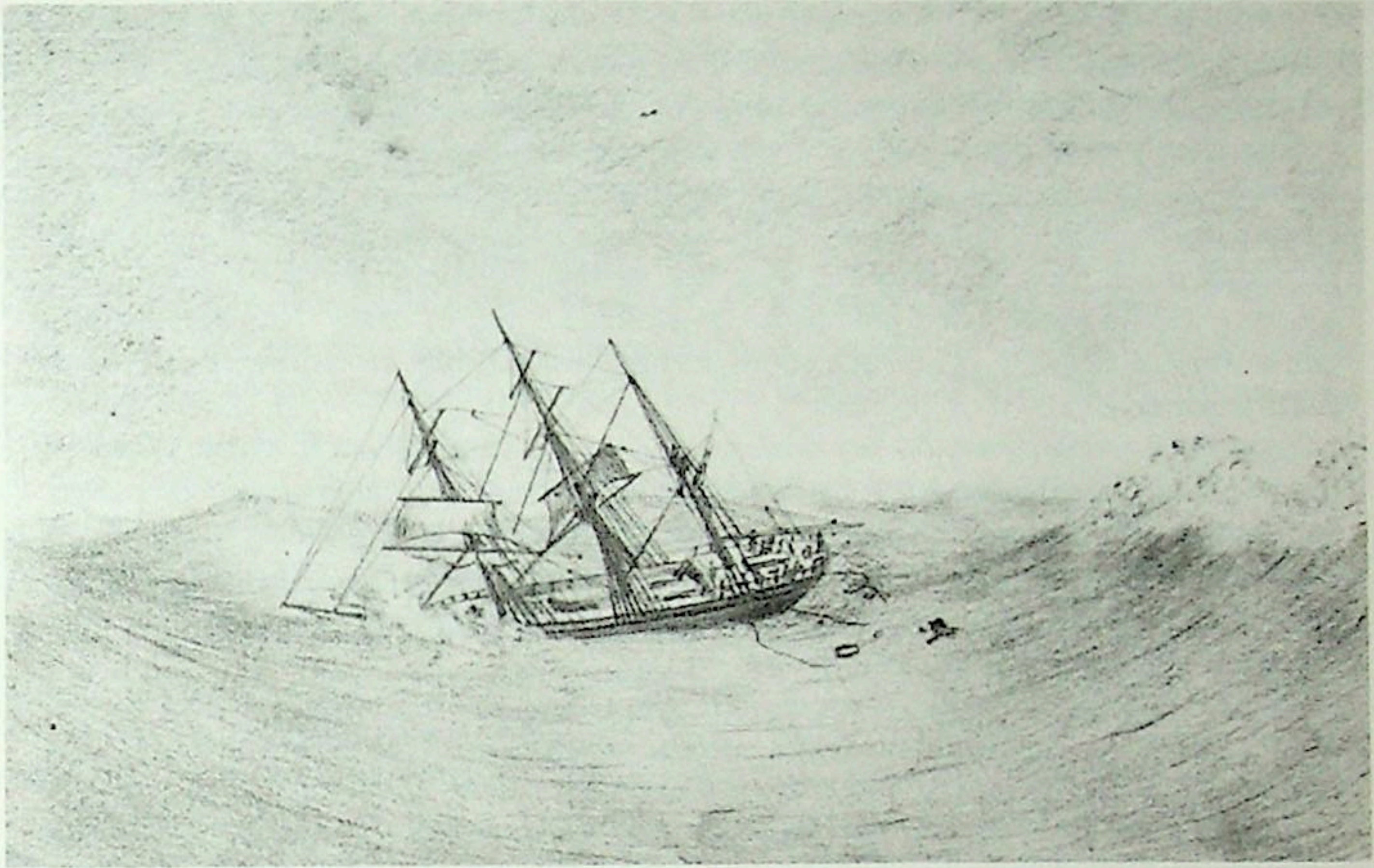
'Bedad now', said Mike, rubbing his sides to see if any bones were broken, 'Bedad, this is a quare worruld altogether. First of all, dochter, you nearly bruk me jaw with that murderin' thing you laid hold of me ould tooth wid, then this prancin' and dancin' *Julindur* gets a kick in the ribs from the roarin' say, and then he gets so mad that he flung me on the flure and nearly bruk me back. What's the manin' of that, dochter, atall, atall?'

'Well', said that gentleman smiling, 'it certainly does look like adding insult to injury, but cheer up, Mike. You'll soon be yourself again'.

'Long life to your honour', was the reply, 'and may the holy saints kape your teeth young and strong for iver and iver'.

19 January: At about 8 am a strong gale blew up. The sailors close-reefed the mizzen; by midday the emigrants were sent below and hatchways were battened down. The masts swayed and bent before the wind until there was an imminent danger of their breaking. Blocks secured with iron bars split and fell into the sea. Strong ropes snapped like thread. The thick iron chains of the topsail sheet were lifted and flung about like a whiplash, sending through the sea spray a shower of sparks, struck from the iron rings through which they ran.

The voice of the Captain, coming through a speaking trumpet, was drowned in the hissing of the wind; sails half torn from their fastenings, with a sound like



Man overboard

thunder, roared, howled and struggled to break loose and ride away upon the storm. Two men were at the wheel, and with the exception of these two and the Captain, every seaman on board was aloft. The boatswain afterwards told me that he had never seen such a wind before.

By 8 pm conditions had moderated. The fore topsail was unfurled, and the ship bore away at a spanking pace.

20 January: William Kidd, Midshipman, while sleeping on a sail on the hen coops at the brake of the poop, rolled off onto the lower deck. The Doctor gave medicine and bled him, and during the evening applied leeches to the temple.

21 January: There is little ventilation throughout the ship, and I fear we are in for a very trying time as we approach the tropics. Married people and young men can go on deck whenever they please, but the single women are locked down at 7 pm, and don't get up until 8 am next morning.

22 January: Our Doctor, a quiet, unpretentious gentleman, shows kindness to all, and is especially attentive to his patients, but his usual even temper and amiable disposition are sometimes sorely tried by the unreasonable demands and expectations of that class of dissatisfied individual to be found everywhere, namely, the grumblers. Go where we will in Church and State, among the high and low, the educated and the ignorant, the supposed refined and acknowledged unrefined, these grumblers esteem it their right and privilege to raise their grievances, fancied and quite groundless as a rule.

23 January: Early this morning a young male emigrant was found on deck with his throat cut from ear to ear. He had committed suicide. He was sewn up in his bedding, and cast overboard without any funeral service or ceremony of any kind—like an empty sugar cask, in fact.

24 January: Today I had a lengthy conversation with Mr and Mrs Watts, who

were among the first settlers. They are returning to Adelaide after an absence of two years, being unable to endure the changeable climate of England after that of South Australia. Mr Watts spoke in glowing terms of the Colony:

'Some who went out a few years ago without a shilling have become substantial freeholders, but they were men born and used to privation. Getting hired by a labour agent, they were sent by bullock drays, even tramped one, two or three hundred miles into the interior, and the savings of their labour enabled them speedily to buy land. Their leisure hours enabled them to bring their ground into cultivation by degrees, until they could withdraw from their servitude and settle on their freeholds.

'Upon the whole, I would say with regard to the magnificent Colony, that it is the very place for immigration from England of men of mental power, bodily vigor and moral character. On the other hand, mere clerks, white-kidded and white-handed gentlemen, more fond of company and indulgence would find the place a very purgatory. Even the best of men among us think nothing of cleaning their own boots and grooming their own horses.

'The fact is labour is too dear to enable you to indulge in servants to any extent. They commit a crime against society, a crime against humanity, a crime against the Colony, who by any means whatever, induce such classes as I have just referred to, to go there, whilst they act with wisdom and benevolence, who advise labourers, strong nerved and hard-headed men to settle amongst us.

'The attention paid to the courtesies and amenities of life astonish me. Few are rich and none are poor. We have neither haughtiness nor servility. The state of religion and morals is, at least, as high as in England'.

I told Mr Watt that I had spent the majority of my adult life as a farmer, near Fulbourn in Cambridgeshire. With a twinkle in his eye he said:

'You'll no doubt find farming in South Australia vastly different to what you have been accustomed.

'You will see a man ride into Adelaide on a horse worth about £100. For many years his face has been unconscious of a razor. He wears a blue jersey; a 'kerchief of many colours hangs loosely round his neck. Canvas trousers, high boots and a pair of spurs complete his costume. He has come to town to bid at a land sale, and he buys one, two or three eighty acre sections. He calls on his lawyer and leaves the purchase money. He has a "spree" while his horse rests, and then away he is to his home in the bush.

'Now that man's house consists of two or three rooms. There are window holes, but the place of glass is supplied by calico. Furniture? A few three-legged stools, a wooden table and half a dozen shake-downs is pretty nearly all you will find there'.

25 January: The mate complained to the Doctor about some of the emigrants helping themselves to tins of mock turtle soup. A few of the men who are uncommonly fond of being heard or seen at prayers, were brought before the Captain and Doctor as the offenders. The charge of stealing was clearly proven against the man who sings the loudest on Sundays. The tins were found under his bedding.

26 January: Latitude 26.40N, Longitude 26.36W. Several sharks were seen about the vessel.

The thief of yesterday was ordered on to the poop, where there was a board about six feet long with THOU SHALT NOT STEAL printed in very large letters. He said he would rather be dead than stand on the poop, but he had hardly said these words when the Captain had him by the throat, and he was

walked to his station. On account of him being very insolent, the Doctor ordered him to be put into the stocks for the rest of the day until sundown. 27 January: Entered the tropics at 10 pm last night. The man who was punished yesterday is quite penitent today.

28 January: At midday there was a small rebellion among the emigrants. The Doctor had thought fit (very wisely) to order that the hair of every child under eleven years should be cut short as we entered the tropics. This was considered necessary for the preservation of health and cleanliness. Many parents refused to consent, and the Doctor responded with the ultimatum—'No dinner until it is done'.

29 January: Signalled the *Alfred* today, bound for Calcutta; had been out from Plymouth the same time as ourselves. Kept her in sight all day.

30 January: A tropical squall blew up today, bringing relief from the heat, and filling the ship's sails to speed us on our journey. The ropes began to whistle and the sea, as it rolled under the black cloud, to roar. Then came thunder-like noise of the sails; then the instantaneous bang of all the sails filling with one great puff, and the squall rushed through the rigging, over the sea and ship, with a deluge of rain completely overcoming all other sounds, but the ship stood against the squall, and dashed through the water in first rate and glorious style.

SCALE OF PROVISIONS FOR EACH ADULT INTERMEDIATE PASSENGER. (ISSUED WEEKLY.)

1 lb. of Preserved Meat	4 lb. of Bread	1/2 lb. of Tea	1/2 pint of Pickles or Vinegar
1 pint Soup and Bouilli	4 " Flour	1/2 " Coffee	1/2 oz. of Mustard
1 pint assorted Soups	1/2 pint Peas	1/2 " Butter	1/2 oz. of Pepper
1 lb. Tripe	1/2 " Oatmeal	1/2 " Cheese	1 " Salt
1 " Ham	1 " Preserved Milk	1/2 " Raisins	7 lbs. Potatoes, or 1 lb. Preserved do.
1 " Salt Beef or Pork	1 lb. Sugar	1/2 " Suet	

SCALE OF PROVISIONS FOR EACH ADULT STEERAGE PASSENGER.

DAYS.	Bread.	Preserved Meat, or Soup and Bouilli.	Pork.	Beef.	Rice.	Flour.	Suet.	Raisins.	Peas.	Preserved or Fresh Potatoes.	Sugar.	Tea.	Coffee.	Butter.	Salt.	Mustard.	Oatmeal.	Vinegar.	Pickled Cabbage.	Water.	
	lb.	lb.	lb.	lb.	lb.	lb.	oz.	oz.	pint.	lb.	lb.	oz.	oz.	oz.	oz.	oz.	Pint.	Gill.	Gill.	qts.	
SUNDAY	1/2	1/2	1/4	1 1/2	2	..	1/4	1	1/4
MONDAY	1/2	..	1/2	1/4	1/2	..	1/4	..	1/2	3
TUESDAY	1/2	1/2	1/4	1/4	1 1/2	2	1/4	2 Weekly.	1/2 Weekly.	1 Weekly.	1/2 Weekly.	1 Weekly.
WEDNESDAY	1/2	..	1/2	1/4	1/2	..	1/4	..	1/2	..	2 Weekly.	1/2 Weekly.	1 Weekly.	1/2 Weekly.	1 Weekly.
THURSDAY	1/2	1/2	1/4	1 1/2	2	..	1/4	1	1/4	2 Weekly.	1/2 Weekly.	1 Weekly.	1/2 Weekly.	1 Weekly.	..	3 Daily.
FRIDAY	1/2	..	1/2	1/4	1/2	..	1/4	..	1/2	3	2 Weekly.	1/2 Weekly.	1 Weekly.	1/2 Weekly.	1 Weekly.	..	3 Daily.
SATURDAY	1/2	1/2	1/4	1/4	1 1/2	2	1/4	2 Weekly.	1/2 Weekly.	1 Weekly.	1/2 Weekly.	1 Weekly.	..	3 Daily.

Children above 1 and under 14 years of age are victualled and charged for in the proportion of one-half of the above Scale of Provisions and rates of charges.

All Passengers (excepting those in the Cabin) must be provided with the following utensils, viz.—a knife and fork, a table and a tea spoon, a metal plate, a hook pot and a drinking mug. In all cases Passengers find their own bedding.

The following quantities of Luggage, including what the Passengers may choose to stow in their Cabins, will be taken for each Adult, and in proportion for Children, free of charge, viz.—

Cabin... 40 cubic feet. Intermediate... 20 ditto. Steerage... 10 ditto. Any additional will be charged at the rate of 1/0 per foot.

A deposit of one-half of the amount of agreed Passage-money, to be paid at the time the Berths are engaged, the balance to be paid prior to Embarkation.

Persons engaging Accommodation for themselves or others, and not actually Embarking, will be held responsible for one-half of the amount of Passage Money, and be required to pay the same whether they may have made a deposit or not.

For further particulars apply to the undersigned, who is constantly dispatching a succession of superior first-class Ships, (Regular Traders) to each of the Australian Colonies.

WILLIAM L. HOTCHKIN,
3, EAST INDIA CHAMBERS, LEADENHALL STREET, LONDON.

E. COLTHER, Printer, 17, Fenchurch-street.

Scale of provisions for passengers

31 January: Since entering the tropics, the beautiful contrast between the opposite quarters of the sky at sunset has been a delight to see. The west is suffused with a crystalline transparent rose tint, quite unknown further North, while in the East the moon shines with snowy whiteness in a heavy dark indigo blue, dotted with light fleecy clouds reflecting a delicate green light.

1 February: We have been obliged to be our own cooks today, as the ship's cook is in irons (drunk). I was breaking up a few pieces of biscuit to make a biscuit pudding, and there were thirty-two maggots in it. We had a little boiled rice for dinner, though it was a mixture of rice and cockroach dirt.

2 February: When my wife was about to have a rest in her bunk this afternoon, she moved the pillows and a great cockroach ran out. It measured quite three inches long. Tonight we caught fifty of them by means of a little treacle.

3 February: For dinner we had a piece of pork and pea soup. We had to tow the pork behind the ship in a net for eight hours to get the salt out of it.

4 February: Becalmed. A dead calm sea like a looking glass. Sailors put a sail over the side and floated it in the water for the men to bathe in. The men passengers were floating, swimming and diving until pilot fish appeared. Then there was a rush to get aboard; pilot fish indicate that there are sharks about.

5 February: Some excitement created by the entrance of somebody into Miss Arnold's berth last night. She caught hold of his trousers, which she declares to have been canvas. Old Arnold immediately got up, and spent the rest of the night raving about the deck with nothing but his shirt on.

6 February: Our Captain is a thorough seaman, but severe with his men. Last night just as I got into my bed, I heard a great noise on the poop as of men struggling and heavy weights falling. Several of the male passengers went on deck, where the Captain and Chief Mate were found to be in mortal combat. Lanterns were quickly procured and the mate was handcuffed. Irons were put on his feet, but he was so powerful, that it took half a dozen persons to subdue him. The crew refused to interfere in any way.

7 February: Early this morning we saw that most of the sailors had prepared themselves for a fight, whereupon eighteen of the passengers, armed to the teeth, with the Captain at their head, commanded them to surrender their weapons. This they did, but in a surly manner.

8 February: William Allen, a steerage passenger, was put in irons for ill-usage of his wife.

Mr Appleyard was caught in the single women's quarters by the Doctor's assistant.

The rain fell in torrents during intervals in the night. This morning, at 6 o'clock, pint mugs, bread tins, buckets, and barrels of all descriptions, were being employed in every part of the ship to catch the 'beautiful rainwater', and men, women, and children, in native skin boots, and in spite of the flashing lightning and roaring thunder, seemed to be revelling in the task. Some of the passengers, with soap and towel, got into sheltered corners, and took natural shower baths, by allowing the rain to pelt down fresh from

heaven upon their heads. The ducks were let out of their prison boxes, and allowed to have a dabble upon the decks. The air is now cool and refreshing. 9 February: We are now 342 miles from the line. A breeze has sprung up, which is taking us along at about seven knots. Thermometer below decks at noon was 85 Fahrenheit. Latitude 4.14N Longitude 20W.

10 February: Salt beef for lunch today—most unpalatable. Later in the afternoon I told an old sailor my thoughts regarding the salt beef, and he replied with a chuckle, 'Perhaps this sailor's rhyme will help you forget your offensive meal, Mr Manning'.

*'Old horse, old horse, what brought thee here?
I carried the turf for many a year
Twixt Bantry Bay and Ballyaik.
I tumbled down and broke my back,
And being killed by much abuse,
I'm salted down for sailor's use.
And if you think this is not true,
Just look in the cask and you'll find my shoe.
You take me up with much surprise,
Then heave me down and bless my eyes.
You eat my flesh and pick my bones,
And throw the rest to Davy Jones.'*

11 February: The heat has produced a strange effect upon some of the emigrants. Two girls were seized with fainting fits last night, and several people sat up with them. It is very distressing to hear their hysterical screams, and yet to be able to render no assistance. I learned from the third mate and a sailor, both of whom have sailed to the East Indies, that these fits are not uncommon. The best way of curing them is, immediately on their appearing, to administer cold water in the form of a spinal douche as copiously and rapidly as possible to the extent of twelve to twenty buckets.

12 February: Very hot today, and many passengers sat under an awning extending from the main to the mizzen mast, where the noise is enough to prevent anyone from doing anything to his or her satisfaction. There were emigrants on deck talking, generally two or more children quarrelling, sailors singing as they hauled on the ropes, and what was worse than anything else, about two dozen ducks in coops, running just within the poop bulwarks, were everlasting quacking in a general chorus. Deprived of their pond this was their only consolation. I sometimes hoped they were getting hoarse, but they have astonishing lungs.

13 February: The Doctor is very careful about sanitary conditions and with parental consent, he regularly gives a salt water bath to all young boys. They are stripped and placed in a large wooden barrel. A couple of sailors dash sundry buckets of seawater over them, much to their horror and dismay. The youngsters can never be brought to see such an operation as their elders, and consequently are rebellious over the matter.

14 February: Latitude 3.54N. With a fair wind we expect to cross the line in a few days. Last night I found the Third Mate, a dour Scotsman, in a reminiscent mood, and he kept me enthralled for an hour or two with tales of

his seafaring. He concluded by saying, 'Mr Manning, a sailor leads a miserable life. He has not a moment he can call his own night or day, and he knows not the moment he may be launched into eternity. If you have any acquaintances with wild reckless sons, tell them to send them to sea for one voyage with a good strict Captain, and they will soon tame and settle down.'

15 February: William and Mary Ann Allen were parted for the remainder of the voyage for their hateful conduct to each other. They are complete disturbers of the peace of the ship.

16 February: As we approach the line the heat is most oppressive. The pitch and tar comes off the ropes, and the decks are scorching so much, that you cannot allow your hands to remain scarcely a moment upon any wood, iron or copper that has been exposed to the full power of the sun.

17 February: Straw hats are now in great demand. Not having one myself, I made a broad brimmer out of a piece of bamboo cane and calico.

18 February: Crossed the line at 1 am, and had the usual preliminary visit of Neptune, announcing his formal visit tomorrow.

19 February: About a dozen sailors, with painted faces, went around the deck trailing two sailors dressed up as Neptune and his wife. Those of the passengers who would not give them anything were to have their faces blackened and scraped with a piece of sharp iron, but all I think were unanimous in giving them a trifle. I gave them sixpence for the whole family and they seemed satisfied.

The boatswain threatened to shave a young attractive woman, but consented to forego the operation on condition of a kiss.

Early this morning a most humorous incident occurred. A fat old Cornishman thought the equator was a veritable line or rope, so the first mate determined to gratify him. The old man was rudely awakened, and he hurried up on deck, his shirt-tail floating in the wind.

In true Cornish style he exclaimed, 'Where is her? I can't see her. Oh, what a pity!'

The mate said, 'Don't you see that line?' as he pointed to a streak on the horizon, but the old man was not to be gulled.

'Her b'aint she,' he said. 'You be gammoning I.'

'Well,' said the mate, 'I'll convince you,' and fetching his telescope, he adroitly put a hair across the sight and handed it to him.

Amid roars of laughter the old man cried out, 'There she be. I see her. Thankee, Mr Metcalf. I said home I would see the line, and now I've seen her.' He went back to his bunk quite satisfied.

20 February: The water in the tanks is so full of oxide of iron now as to resemble a rhubarb draught more than anything else. Discontent is rife.

21 February: The sun is now nearly vertical overhead, and seems to have affected everybody's head. The germs of several flirtations, some of them queerly assorted, have begun to make their appearance.

22 February: The weather has been very warm since we passed the line, but the breeze has been pleasant, the sea beautifully phosphorescent at night.

23 February: The Captain rope-ended the carpenter because he would not go to work at the second mate's bidding. The fellow neither defended himself

nor ran away, but blubbered like a fool. He went to the Doctor who prescribed nil, and reported the same in his log.

24 February: The ship lay broiling almost without motion. Women still seedy on account of the heat.

25 February: One of the female emigrants complained to the Doctor about her husband being very careless towards her. She said he was very attentive to others of her sex on board, and that he did not seem to care whether she was to live to see Adelaide. She appears to be a complete tartar.

26 February: About eight or nine albatrosses were caught and hung. I feel very sorry to see so much cruelty, for the only use made of them was to make tobacco pouches of their webbed feet, the bones being taken out, and the skin between the claws divided so as to make a sort of bag. Tobacco pipes were made of their leg bones.

27 February: One emigrant caught an albatross, skinned it and lowered it overboard for about seven hours. He then cut it up and let it lie in a pail of water. He garnished it with sage and onions and baked it. He and his family said it tasted like goose.

28 February: A steerage passenger has become insane, and today his head was shaved. This disease was brought on by lying in the sun without any covering on his head.

1 March: Many passengers were busy today catching Cape pigeons. The largest of them measuring 4' 6" from tip to tip of wing. They will be consumed for breakfast tomorrow—stuffed and boiled.

These birds, which are very abundant about the Cape of Good Hope, and follow ships many hundreds of miles out to sea, for the offal left in their track, are very much like the ordinary pigeon, excepting that their wings are beautifully spotted with white, and streaked with black. Their feathers are very compact and abundant; they are, therefore, difficult to shoot. They are, however, easily caught with a fishing hook, as they fly close around the ship, and seize everything that comes in their way. They will quarrel amongst themselves for the bait, and even when dropped from the hook will seize it with as much avidity as before. Sailors often catch them, affix a label with the date and name of the ship to their necks, and then set them at liberty.

2 March: We have hitherto given our washing to the sailors, but their prices do not agree with our pockets. They charge threepence for rough washing each article in salt water, even if it be only a shirt collar.

3 March: Passed a very stormy night. Blowing hard all day. Passed out of the tropics, having sailed therein one month and four days.

4 March: Caught a shark measuring nearly six feet. Temperature on deck 65 Fahrenheit. Saw and signalled the *Jacoba Helena* for Adelaide, sixty days out. We have been fifty eight days.

5 March: It blew violently during the night, but this morning the barometer is rising.

6 March: Two of the apprentice sailors engaged in a brawl upon the deck, and they were made an example of, being tied together back to back on the poop. My daughter Elizabeth, took some biscuits up to feed them.

7 March: Flint's eldest boy, eight years and the most disagreeable brat on

earth or sea, pinched his fingers in one of the doors last night, and raised the place with his howls. Not much hurt; none pitied him. Never was there a more disagreeable family. The mother and father are cousins; the brats miserably half got and worse brought up. Crammed, fussed and spoiled in every possible manner, pains are taken to make them disagreeable. They are miserable little wretches.

8 March: Had a meeting with passengers about presenting the Captain with some mark of respect upon our arrival at Adelaide. Decided upon a silver snuff box.

9 March: Passed a very quiet night. Fine morning but very little wind. Our progress is very slow. The oil for the lamps is reported to be nearly exhausted.

10 March: The ship's cook, a violent tempered fellow, was several times grossly insulting to the Captain, who in consequence, ordered him aft for confinement. He resisted, got away from the mate, ran to his galley, and catching up a saucepan of boiling apples, threw them over the Captain, using the most desperate threats. However, they secured him, ironed him hand and foot, and put him aft the binnacle.

11 March: Mountainous seas today. Standing on the poop, ten feet above the water mark, the sea was rolling and tossing with the waves breaking into great tops of foam, shining beautifully white in the sunshine, our horizon sometimes seeming about fifty feet from us. Then the wave came on like a steep bank; the whole vessel heeled over to the leeward until the water came through the portholes on the main deck. The wave rolled under her, she heeled down to windward, righted and was prepared for the next wave.

Sometimes this came before she was ready, and then it struck her with a blow that was felt in every part of the vessel, and sent a sheet of spray high over the decks.

A mast broke, and a sailor who was sent aloft to shorten sail fell overboard. To attempt to rescue him was out of the question. It was said that he called out, 'My poor mother,' before he was swept away.

Rigging lay on the deck, and everyone thought that death was inevitable, for the ship was nothing but a plaything of the waves.

12 March: Welcome daylight came about five o'clock, and by seven o'clock the storm had abated, but the sea was many hours in quietening. Atmosphere damp and gloomy.

13 March: A fair breeze is taking us rapidly on our course. Mr Johnson, who has been in delicate health for some time, died rather suddenly this morning. He had been suffering from consumption. Shortly after his death I was talking to the first mate who told of an interesting, an amazing idea.

'I don't know what treatment the Doctor had prescribed for Mr Johnson', he said, 'but it deserves to be known that the size of a hazel nut of Castile soap, scraped fine and dissolved in three wine glasses of boiling water, to which add one half a wine glass of good spirits and a few lumps of white sugar, scarcely ever fails of curing 'bloody flux'. I have seen it tried with success.'

14 March: Mr Johnson was committed to the deep at ten am this morning.

Strong wind all night—fifteen knots. Early this morning it suddenly dropped and the sky darkened. The sails were arranged in anticipation of a

squall, but in about half-an-hour it passed off with merely a little rain, and the wind again rose steadily. The rain was most welcome, as it was collected in canvas awnings to augment our water supply.

15 March: Very heavy rolling sea. Black leaden sky and melancholy weather, with occasional surges over the deck. I nearly broke my jaw against a panel in the steerage. Many contusions among the passengers, and many seasick.

16 March: Black day. The ship's cat fell overboard. In the afternoon another squall took the ship right aback, and it was necessary to take in all top gallant sails.

The loss of the cat brought to mind a poem, believed to have been recited by a condemned sailor to his Captain, who was averse to cats:

*'By your honour's command,
A culprit I stand,
I am pinioned and stripped
And condemned to be whipped,
And if I'm flogged 't is my due.
A cat I am told
In abhorrence you hold,
Your honour's aversion is mine.
If a cat with one tail
Makes your stout heart to fail,
Oh, save me from one that has nine.'*

17 March: St Patrick's Day. It has been duly celebrated by the few Irish gentlemen on board, certainly not in the most reputable manner, but in a way that the sons of Erin are accustomed to observe this day devoted to their patron Saint, beginning in fun and humour, progressing in liquor, and ending in a riot.

Mr Dunn, a very choleric little Irish dental surgeon, was exceedingly fond of cigars, and one was presented to him, which on lighting, exploded. The old gentleman also exploded in a volley of curses, and in an attempt to knock the offender down, he struck the Captain. In the blindness of his anger he declared he cared no more for the Captain than for the others.

Some apology was made and the offender retired, but this was not the sequel. Instead of turning in, the irascible old dentist returned when all was quiet to his company, and having got mad drunk by about two o'clock in the morning, the supposed insult of the previous evening caused him to pour out such a volley of curses, both loud and deep, that the first and third mates, after a desperate resistance, succeeded in putting him in irons. His violence now restricted to one organ, the exercise of that was greatly increased, and they had recourse to the desperate expedient of gagging him.

The now smothered cries of murder were more disturbing to the silence of the morning than were the louder cries. At last sleep overpowered the infuriated drunkard. The gag was taken from his mouth, and the cuffs from his hands. The orgies of St Patrick's Day were over.

18 March: Becalmed. Morning dull and drizzly with an occasional gleam of sunshine. As the decks are being scoured with cinders and chloride of lime most of the passengers are confined below deck.

19 March: A fair breeze sprang up during the night and we are now proceeding rapidly on our course.

20 March: Our reading of Shakespeare was suspended tonight in consequence of the hero of St Patrick's Day having again become obstreperous after the indulgence in too many drops of whisky. Having been handcuffed and laid in his berth, he entertained us with oaths and execrations until sleep overpowered him.

21 March: Fine sunny day with a fair wind. A large vessel was seen about noon, and proved to be the *Eliza* for Port Phillip.

22 March: Brilliant morning. Thermometer on deck reads 66 Fahrenheit. Ship proceeding at about eight knots.

23 March: The little dentist of St Patrick's Day notoriety has been drinking again, and after an hour or two of cursing and swearing was gagged to stop the fervour of his tongue.

24 March: We have had three stewards, all of whom have proved to be drunkards, so during the last month we have been obliged to help ourselves as best we could.

25 March: Rough weather. Many passengers seasick. The decks are very much like walking on ice owing to grease contained in the consequences of the inverted action of stomachs. Children screaming, mothers scolding—between retching.

26 March: Speaking to our amiable ship's Doctor today. He told me that he had signed on for one voyage only as he intended to set up practice in Adelaide. The contract he had signed with the shipping agents stated that he;

1. Provide his own surgical instruments and render service to passengers free of charge.
2. Attend daily to issue of provisions to all passengers and see that they were all issued by the officer appointed to that duty.
3. Keep a journal of all occurrences on board.

For these services he is paid £3 per month plus four pints of wine, seven bottles of beer and one pint of spirits per week.

27 March: Midshipman Bell, aged sixteen, fell overboard and was drowned.

28 March: Sea birds are still numerous, sitting on the sea like ducks, or skimming the surface of the water with an easy gentle movement.

29 March: Seaweed was noticed today, but we are yet 2000 miles from our destination.

30 March: Card playing and its concomitant gambling has been much indulged in during the past week. I have seen some ladies in close play with some of the young men from the intermediate, who have more money than wit, or more cunning than honesty. Large sums have changed hands, as much as £37 in one day.

31 March: The cook, who was incarcerated on 10 March, was liberated by the Captain, upon expressing his full penitence for his conduct. He is now quite a different man.

1 April: Saw an American whaling ship and they sent a boat to us. The vessel was the *Mercator* from Bedford. She had been out seventeen months, and had only got sixty casks of sperm oil. They furnished us with some oil for our

lamps, for which we exchanged newspapers, books and cigars. Our Captain gave half a dozen bottles of sherry.

2 April: Wind continued strong all night, and we made 240 miles from noon to noon. Latitude 41 South, Longitude 115.8E.

3 April: Mr John Anderson was caught in the berth with Mary Fleet.

4 April: Our animals are very badly off for water. The poor sheep will suck anything that has moisture. The poultry run loose on the decks, and they will pitch into your grog if you leave it. One old cockerel got quite drunk when he took the opportunity to help himself out of a passenger's glass during his absence.

5 April: With fair winds we can be at Port Adelaide in about fourteen days.

6 April: A glorious sunny day with a fair wind, and the ship speeding along at ten knots.

7 April: My family and I are very nostalgic today. While we look forward to our arrival, our thoughts turn continually to England. We have sundered dear connections and family ties to go to a land of whose existence we have no evidence of sense, but have faith in its reality and character, resting upon the testimony of man.

8 April: The Doctor was very busy today as two women were confined. One child (a boy) died soon after birth, and was committed to the sea at one pm.

9 April: The first thing I remarked on deck this morning was that the wind had changed. It was blowing from the north, and brought a palpable smell of land, which I thought to be like green horse chestnut bark.

10 April: The noon observations make us about 300 miles from Kangaroo Island, so we think it possible to see it tomorrow if the wind continues favourable.

11 April: Alas! The wind dropped overnight, and we are still about 150 miles from landfall.

12 April: How cheery was the cry 'Land Ho!' at noon today. All passengers dashed up to the upper deck to see the dim outline of Kangaroo Island. Later in the afternoon the island was clearly visible. I can most fitly describe my sensations by quoting the homely words used by John Winthrop as he and his band of pilgrims first neared the coast of America in 1630, 'and then came the smell of the shore like the smell of a garden.'

13 April: Early this morning we entered Investigator Strait, but the wind is fluky and if it continues we will make little progress today.

14 April: The morning broke with indescribable beauty. We had a fair breeze, rather fitful, but never failing us altogether. We passed up St Vincent Gulf with Yorke Peninsula visible on our left. The day was brilliant and agreeable, the scenery more pleasing perhaps from its associations and its contrast with the past, than from any beauty of its own.

15 April: We anchored near the Light ship at eight am. We were first boarded by a handsome, well dressed gentleman, dark haired, without shoes and stockings. He came for the mails. After he was gone there came a dapper little man in a brown 'wide awake' hat. He was the reporter for a local newspaper.

The next colonist that came was a man in a dirty straw hat, and the sort of a face that reminds one of raw meat; a face with a deal of red about the nose

and eyes. His face was the index of his trade—a butcher. He had called to leave his card. The pilot then came aboard.

We are anchored opposite the Port, which is distant in a direct line about two miles, but a long sandy beach and then a continuous bar runs out into the sea parallel with the coast. At a little distance from it, round the point of this projecting arm and over the bar, then down the other side, vessels must proceed to arrive at the Port, making the distance about ten miles.

In the afternoon, with several passengers, I proceeded in a small boat to the shore, as we were anxious to secure accommodation. We soon arrived at shallow water, where we were directed to remove our shoes and stockings and proceed on foot. We passed through the water very pleasantly for a considerable distance, and then not quite so agreeably over a tract of sand heated almost intolerably by the sun's rays.

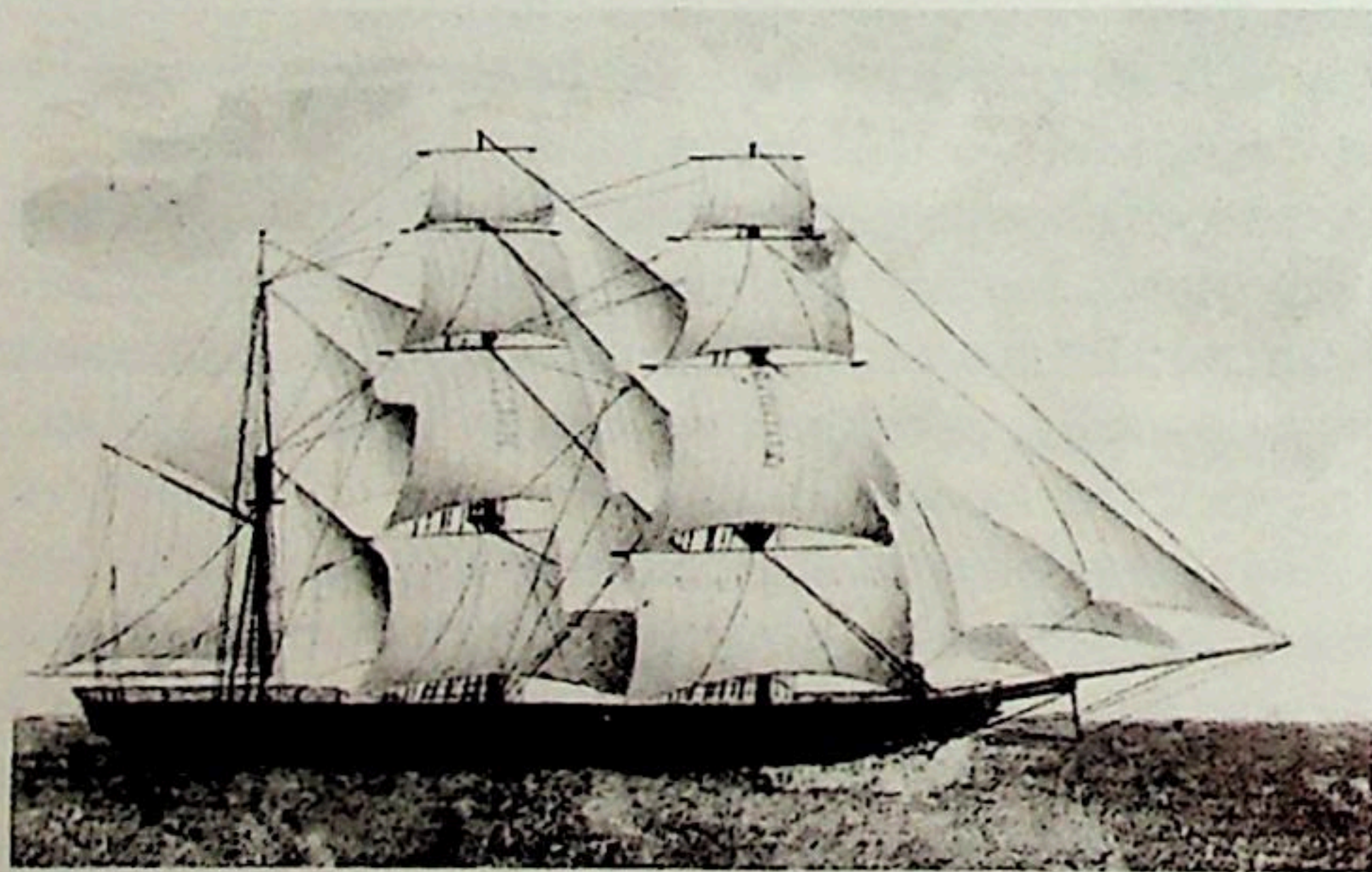
Resuming our dress our journey lay through a sandy scrub of very foreign appearance, and at one part along a road, literally covered with sheep skulls bleaching in the sun. A walk of two miles brought us to the river, which we crossed in small boats for sixpence, and we were then at the Port. Here we took our places in one of the carts which plied between the Port and Adelaide, and for two shillings each were conveyed about eight miles and put down in Hindley Street.

After much enquiry at various business houses I succeeded in obtaining accommodation for my family at a hotel in Wakefield Street. I stayed at the hotel for the night, and set off early next morning to walk to Port Adelaide, where I found the *Julindur* alongside the wharf.

I was informed by the first mate that it would be several days before my chattels would be available from the hold, and so, after packing our possessions, which were used on the voyage, we set off for Adelaide.

We travelled in a tandem cart. The driver was a young colonial dressed in an oilskin coat, cap and leggings. We set off along the muddy road, holes and quagmires skilfully avoided. We dashed through the bed of the River Torrens, and were summarily deposited at the hotel.

Our new life in the Colony of South Australia has begun. 'A man's heart deviseth his way, but the Lord directeth his steps.' (Proverbs 16.9).



'The Sebastian'



3

Appendix to Diary of a Voyage to South Australia

DELAIDE 1 MAY 1850. Before the trials of our voyage are dim memories, I propose to record some advice to future emigrants. I read in various newspapers, before leaving England, some articles on the subject, but in retrospect, I fear that they were written by people who had no first hand knowledge of the hazards associated with emigrant ships. For instance, the *Cambridge Chronicle* reported as follows:

'Avoid idleness, as it not only corrupts the mind, but makes room for evil disposed persons to suggest something, which may prevent that happiness, which arises from union and singleness of heart.

'Gaming is very destructive to peace on board ship, and should not be indulged in. Avoid the detestable and ruinous vice of drunkenness; it will soon become habitual.'

If all emigrants were paragons of virtue, then such advice would be unnecessary, but human nature being as it is, these platitudes achieve nothing in respect of shipboard conduct.

For myself, I would say that passengers can expect many restless nights, many wet jackets and a bushel of inconvenience to which he is not accustomed. He must be prepared to make himself happy during a month's calm under the burning sun of the tropics. He must prepare himself for storms and gales, and he will not only expect, but be sure to swallow, mixed up with his food at different times, a quantity of dirt and a gallon of filth in his drinking water.

Passengers must exercise regularly every day, and avoid being out on deck too long on damp nights. Bed clothes must be washed at least twice during the voyage, and bedding must be aired as often as possible. Avoid the full glare of the sun and moon. The latter, when in the tropics, is nearly as bad as the sun. If possessed of a good watch, put it away in an airtight container. (Our Captain said that a watch is better carried, as the warmth of the body protects it in some measure from dampness.)

The following are what I consider to be essential requisites for the voyage:

A small nest of drawers; 12 large brass hooks for the purpose of hanging up clothes; 18 very old shirts, 3 flannel shirts and six pairs of old cotton drawers. 3 thin linen towels, stockings, collars, and hats. One cloth cap with a leather peak and one of straw; outside dress leggings and a coat for wet weather; a pair of very

thin shoes, also a stout pair — both must have nails in them; India rubber galoshes to prevent slipping about on deck; 3 pounds of marine soap; 10 pounds of candles that require no snuffing; one box of 500 matches; a washstand complete with water can; a small mug. A stone bottle for drinking water. If a sporting gentleman, a gun and large size shot. Cleaning oil; one fishing line (60-70 fathoms in length) for catching fish and birds; 12 fish hooks of various sizes; 30 fathoms of finest whipcord for catching cape pigeons. (Do not bring bait. Slices of pork fat will suffice).

The comfort and welfare of the emigrants depends entirely on the Captain and the Doctor, and I commend to all the words of William Cobbett, expressed in his emigrants' guide:

'Few can imagine, except those who have experienced it, the excess of suffering that can be inflicted on passengers by commanders whilst at sea, and they assume such a different appearance and manner on shore, that no possible circumspection can guard against the chance of engaging with one. The only infallible rule is to secure a ship regularly in the trade, and then the Captain for his own sake will act well to preserve a character for his ship.'



Birthplace of a Colony

4

Port Adelaide and Adelaide 1850



RETURNED TO PORT ADELAIDE on 24 April to pick up the family goods and chattels, which were to be unloaded from the *Julindur* that day.

On arrival I found that it would be necessary to cool my heels for a few hours, because the cargo and emigrants' possessions were in a state of confusion on the wharf, where a band of sailors was attempting to bring some sort of order to the chaotic scene. I therefore took the opportunity of walking around the village.

It was indeed a desolate looking place. There was a row of houses on the eastern side of the river, most of them one storey and built of wood, resting on piles driven into the swamp. Men, women and children of all nations, ages and language wended their way knee-deep in mud through the narrow causeway.

There was one building just finished, the Railway Hotel, which would not have disgraced any provincial English town. The streets of earth, hardened by the heat of the sun, stood in ridges of about eighteen inches in depth.



A very early photograph (calotype) of Port Adelaide c 1850



A calotype of Port Adelaide c 1850

For the first time I saw natives. They were on the banks of a swamp. The women, wrapped in dirty blankets, with their piccaninnies on their backs, were gathering fuel or cooking garbage in holes made in the ground. The men were dressed in a most comical fashion. One wore a lady's straw hat and green veil, a soldier's red coat and a chemise, which did not fall far enough to hide his black, brawny, hairy thighs. He had just been given a pipe and some tobacco by some citizens and was about to enjoy a siesta on the side of a ditch.

I was invited into a settler's house, into which I would have been ashamed to put a dog. The roof had great gaping cracks in it, and it would have been possible to take a good shot of the sun or stars through the roof with a sextant.

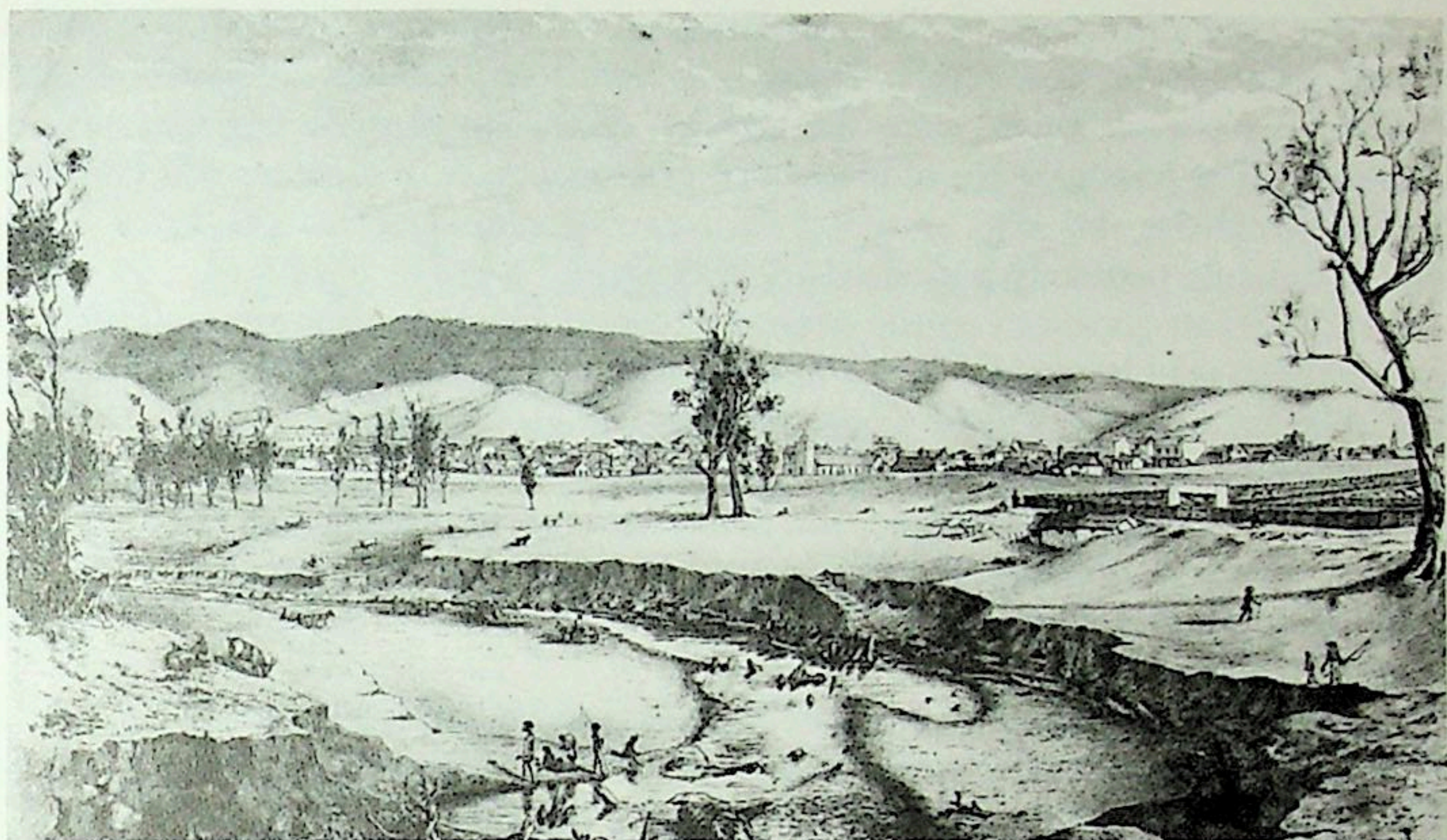
Returning to the wharf I engaged a lady in conversation. She told me that she was en route to Sydney, and had spent the last three weeks in Port Adelaide. Her impressions interested me.

'Everybody gets drunk in this place. Newcomers generally keep drunk for a week. Two of our passengers have been sadly abused. They got drunk and began to talk very largely, and in consequence received an awful beating and had their cheeks split open with knives. It seems to be the way of fighting here. Everybody carries a knife, and if you happen to vex them, they put the knife into the mouth and gash the cheek up. They say it is the best way to stop talking, and that it soon mends. Are they not a queer lot?'

I was inclined to agree.

By late afternoon I had loaded my possessions on to a hired bullock waggon, but because of the lateness of the hour the 'bullocky' refused to start for Adelaide. I spent a most uncomfortable night at a flea-infested hotel, and was kept awake until the early hours of the morning by carousing seamen and citizens.

After a most unappetising breakfast of mutton chops and dry bread, we set off for Adelaide in a light drizzle of rain, which, by the time we reached Hindmarsh, had increased to a torrential downpour, the like of which I had never experienced in England.



Adelaide c 1850, looking south-east from the River Torrens

On leaving the Port the road ran through a marsh with deep ditches cut on either side. After about two miles we passed through Queenstown and Albert Town, comprising a few stone cottages with wooden verandahs. A mile or two further on we stopped briefly at the first 'half-way' house, three of which lay between the Port and the city. Further on the country opened up and on the southern side of the road stood rich cultivated fields, stretching away to the ranges.

We were bogged in a morass on the banks of the Torrens, and although the execrations of the bullock driver did little to help us in our predicament, we finally reached the hotel in Wakefield Street, where a steaming hot bath and a tot or two of rum restored my humour and senses.

Being a member of the dissenting Congregational Church, one of my first visits in Adelaide was to the Freeman Street Chapel, where I was warmly welcomed by the Reverend Thomas Stow, who had arrived in the Colony in October 1837. He asked me of my plans for the future, and upon informing him of my desire to take up farming he said, 'Mr Manning, if you do not like the country and the prospects it affords I will be greatly mistaken. Most of us have had severe trials in the rough work of colonisation, but it is over and past, and we look forward with hope and joy in our hearts. God bless you and your family in the years ahead.'

After introducing me to Mr Joseph Ryder, the Church school teacher, the Reverend Stow excused himself, and his parting words were to the effect that he was certain Mr Ryder could advise me as to the prospects of available freehold land for sale in the Colony.

After a lengthy discourse this gentleman advised me to take a coach to Noarlunga, hire a horse at the Horseshoe Inn, and ride through the McLaren Vale, where many sections of land were to be sold by auction during June and July. I thanked him for his time and trouble, and trudged back to Wakefield Street through mud and pools of filth.

At the time of my arrival the population of Adelaide was about 10000 souls. There were some fine public buildings, handsome houses and shops, but curiously many of them were flanked by small, ramshackle cottages which appeared to be strangely out of place. The principal place of business was Hindley Street, which by day was crowded with carriages, and with carts laden with produce, while pedestrians clogged the footpaths.

Rundle Street consisted chiefly of empty blocks. There was but one building on its northern side between King William and Pulteney Streets. The mud was so bad that my wife lost a shoe when crossing Pulteney Street.

It appeared to me that every sixth house was a public house and they were perpetually crowded with people, the greater part of whom were intoxicated and singing the most obscene and blackguard songs. I was saddened to see on my walks through the city, a great many respectable looking people of both sexes lying intoxicated in the streets.

A favourite drink at the time was brandy and soda. It was called a 'spider', because sometimes the drinker might be so unfortunate as to swallow a fly (flies were very numerous) so they took a 'spider' to send it down.

There were a few natives scattered around the town, but they were quite harmless. I was told that they built their primitive shelters near the town in winter, but they were considered to be rather injurious during the hot weather, because they had a very disagreeable smell about them. Some of the males were very fond of dress, and you might see one with a policeman's jacket and trousers on, walking up and down with as much consequence as any first rate gentleman in England. A few wore white shirts with collar up above their ears. The men were tall and straight, with beautiful teeth, fine open countenance, and were considered to be honest.



Hindley Street 1845

5

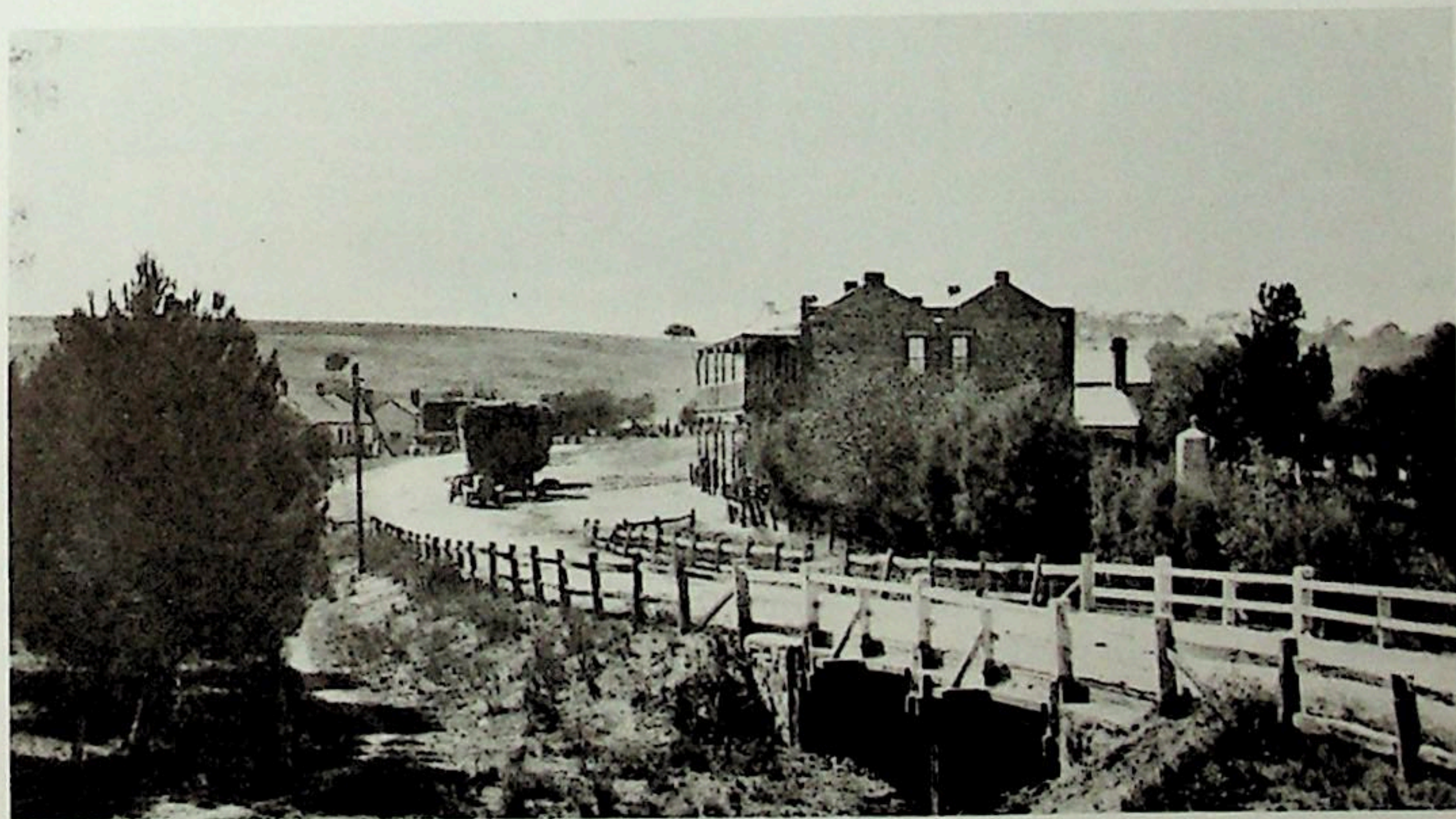
The McLaren Vale

LAND IN SURVEY C, McLaren Vale, was first taken up late in 1839 by two yeoman farmers from Devonshire, Charles Thomas Hewett and William Colton. Both men and their families put their backs into the physical labour required to bring the land into production, and by September 1840 had completed their respective homes, 'Daringa' and 'Oxenberry Farm'.

Stockyards, cowyards, pig sties and sheep pens had been erected and flourishing gardens established. The men were amazed at the productivity of the soil. Potatoes flourished, while other vegetables such as cabbages, carrots, peas and beans produced bountiful crops.

Their cattle and sheep thrived on the natural grasses, although some were lost to native dogs, while others died during the cold winter nights. All in all they were delighted with the country and its future prospects, and believed it to be a virtual paradise for any practical, hard working farmer.

Heeding Mr Ryder's advice I set off to the McLaren Vale early in May 1850. In Pirie Street I boarded a Rounsevell coach, a box-like structure drawn by horses,



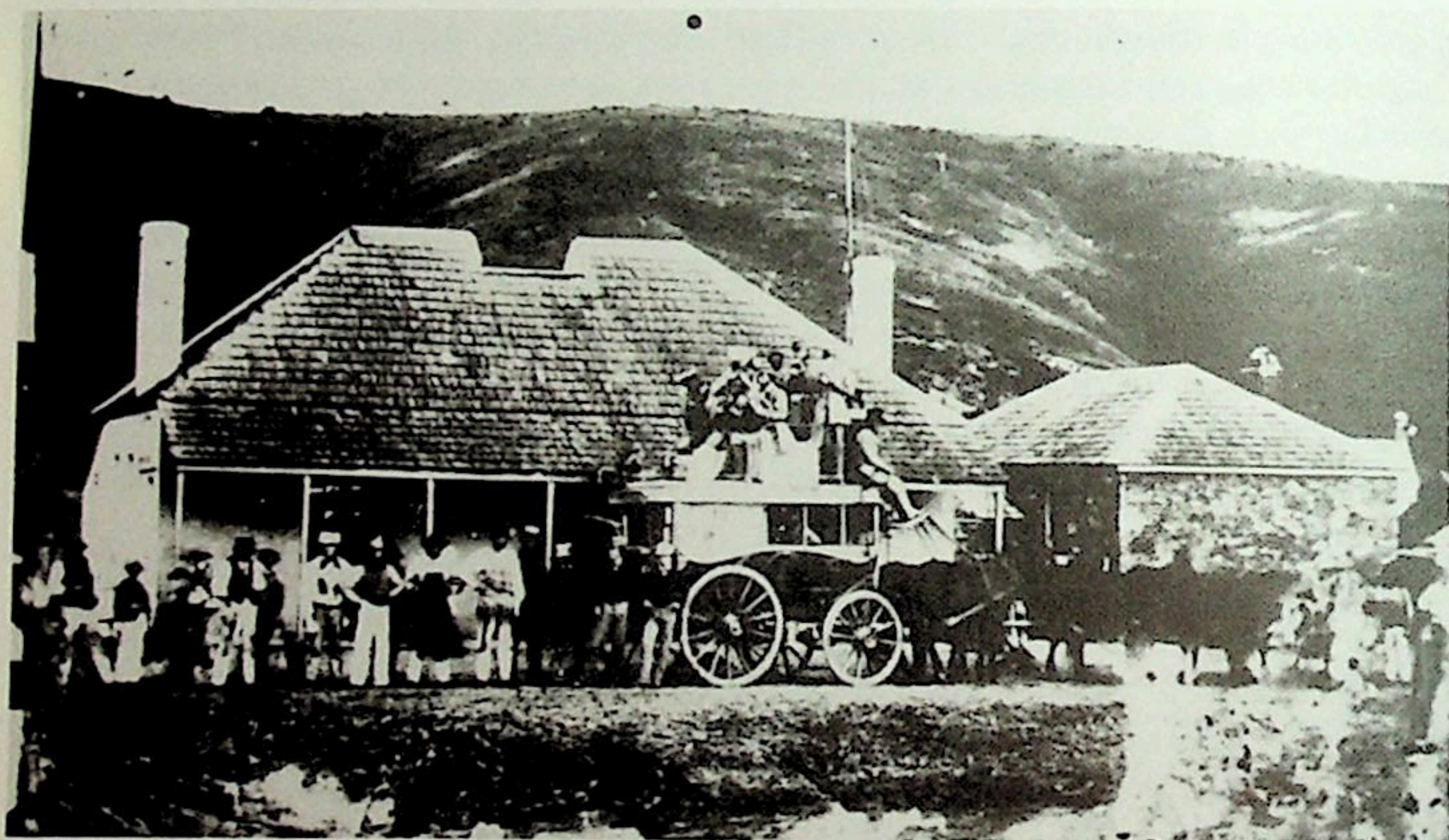
Crown Inn, Reynella c 1910

which appeared to be in wretched condition. About three miles from Adelaide we passed through the Black Forest. Two miles further on we came to the Sturt district, fine agricultural land studded with trees, while birds of beautiful plumage chirped and whistled among the branches and over our heads.

The 'tiers' or foothills, were very steep with scanty herbage, but in the gullies the pasturage looked most luxuriant, while in some areas the land was being prepared for seeding by bullocks harnessed to ploughs.

Our first stop was at the Flagstaff Hotel at the foot of Tapley's Hill, where the horses were changed for the long steep ascent. The poor beasts found this task almost beyond them, but at last, in a lather of sweat they pulled us up to the summit, where they were rested and watered for about fifteen minutes.

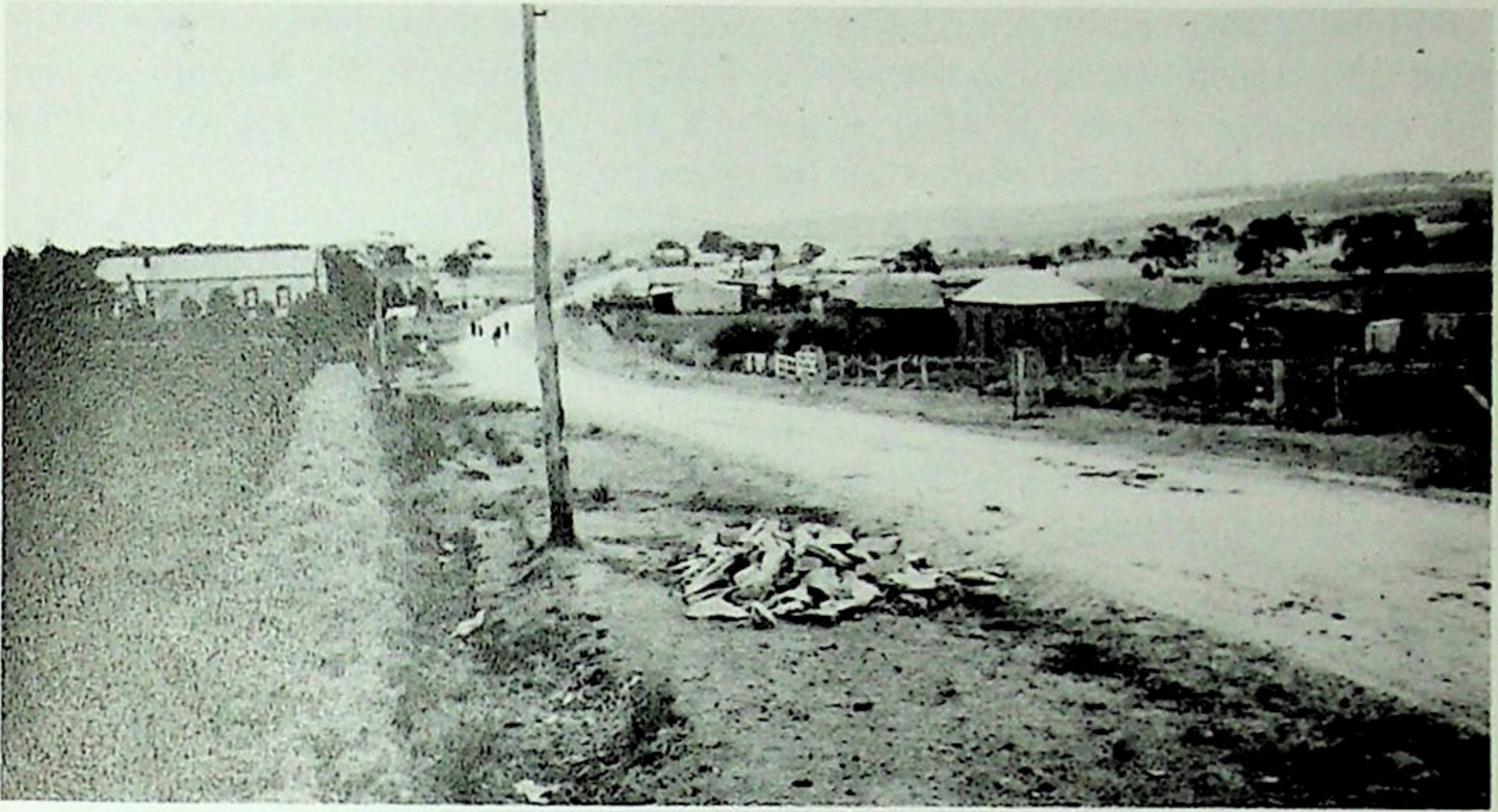
On approaching Reynella my eyes were attracted to a flourishing vineyard, which the coach driver informed me was planted by Mr John Reynell in 1839. The district itself reminded me a little of England with its hedgerows, comprised of prickly acacia and broom, stretching out to the foothills and the sea. After another change of horses at Mr Disher's Emu Hotel in Morphett Vale, we plodded along over the muddy, corrugated road, finally reaching Noarlunga just before sunset.



Horseshoe Inn, Noarlunga c 1865

I alighted at the Horseshoe Inn, received a warm welcome from the genial owner, Mr Bock, and after a sumptuous meal of pork chops and vegetables, bedded down for the night. Tea, bed and breakfast cost me two shillings.

Early next morning I hired a horse and saddle, and set off for the McLaren Vale. On reaching high ground a mile or two out of Noarlunga, I beheld a magnificent view. In the foreground was rolling woodland studded with gum and sheoak trees, while towards the ranges the undulating hills were covered with native scrub. As I descended Stump Hill into the McLaren Vale the trees and sky abounded with Rosella Parrots, Purple Crowned Lorikeet and screeching galahs, while, on occasion, kangaroos and wallabies hopped away from my supposed



Main Street McLaren Vale c 1910 showing the town hall on the left

marauding presence. For an expatriate Englishman, accustomed to the most uncolourful fauna of my native country, the sights before me were, to say the least, absorbing and interesting.

Having been advised as to the approximate location of Mr Hewett's farm by Mr Bock, I obtained precise directions from a resident of the little village of Gloucester, and fifteen minutes later I dismounted at 'Oxenberry Farm'. There I received a warm Christian welcome, together with a cordial invitation to spend the night with the family.

Next day Mr Hewett kindly joined me, and I spent a most exhilarating and informative day riding through the magnificent country, and walking over many sections of land, which were available for purchase. I was particularly impressed with sections 513 and 519 comprising 161 acres, situated about four miles north of Gloucester. A creek, lined with beautiful peppermint gums, ran through the sections, while the soil (as Mr Hewett explained) was a fine rich red loam with subsoil of limestone, while ironstone outcrops appeared on the hill slopes.

During June and July 1850 I purchased the two sections and removed my wife, daughter and four youngest sons to the Devonshire Inn in Gloucester, while I and my two eldest sons, George (seventeen years) and Francis (fifteen years), set up two tents on the property, in preparation for land clearing operations.

I purchased a bullock, dray, axes, adzes and picks, and we set cheerfully to work, clearing and burning timber on the northern section. In a short time our lily-white hands succumbed to blistering, but we pressed on and within six months about twenty acres were ready for the plough in the autumn of 1851.

Shortly after the clearing operations commenced I contracted with Mr Edward Giles, an architect in Noarlunga, to erect a homestead of nine rooms on the property. Bricks were manufactured in Noarlunga from local clay, and transported across the Onkaparinga River by local bullock waggons.

This became an impossible operation, because the waggons usually became bogged, and this project was abandoned.

Although disheartening at the time, this setback was fortuitous as the bricks proved to be soft and undurable due to the salt content in the Noarlunga clay. An alternative source of clay, found in the valley, was then utilised for brickmaking and proved more than satisfactory.

The housewarming took place one week before Christmas 1850, and what a happy and festive day it was! As the family sat down that night to the first meal in a home of our own in South Australia, we prayed earnestly and fervently to the Lord for delivering us safely and in good health to this strange, but beautiful country. At the suggestion of my daughter Elizabeth, we named the property 'Hope Farm', the word 'Hope' being derived from an old English term meaning 'a small enclosed valley'.



Original home at Hope Farm from a childhood painting by Arabella Aldersey Manning c 1875

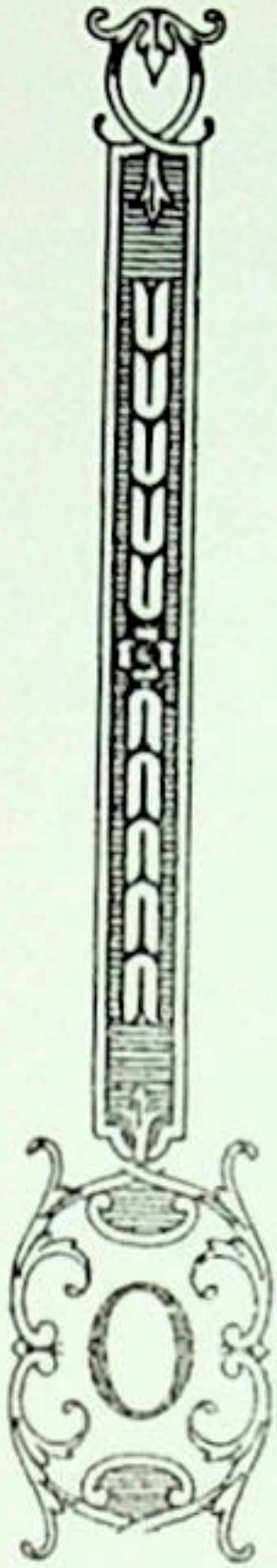
Author's Note: George P. Manning was the first commercial wine maker in the McLaren Vale. Vines planted 1851; First vintage 1855. This part of his life story has been told in 'Hope Farm—Cradle of the McLaren Vale Wine Industry' (Published 1980, Gillingham Printers).

PART TWO

Reminiscences

6

The Frustrated Gold Seeker



ONE SUNDAY IN SEPTEMBER 1852, I rode down to the Congregational Church in the village of Gloucester, to attend a service conducted by the Reverend Charles Hall. The church itself resembled a barn, had a ceiling of thatch, while a flimsy deal structure served as a pulpit. It was not until 1861 that a more spacious church was built to replace that bare and unadorned place of worship.

After the service I engaged John Brown Snr of Exmouth Farm in conversation, and Richard Clode, a young man of some thirty odd years was introduced to me. He had recently been employed as a labourer by Mr Brown.

'Well, Richard,' said I, 'It is indeed a strange circumstance that a young man such as yourself, has not joined the gold rush to our neighbouring Colony.'

He looked at me thoughtfully and replied, 'Mr Manning, you see before you a frustrated gold seeker, and this crippled left hand of mine is a legacy of an overland journey to Victoria.' The young man paused, but my curiosity had been aroused. 'Tell me something about it, if you will,' I urged.

It was pleasant there in the warm sunshine, and he began his story.

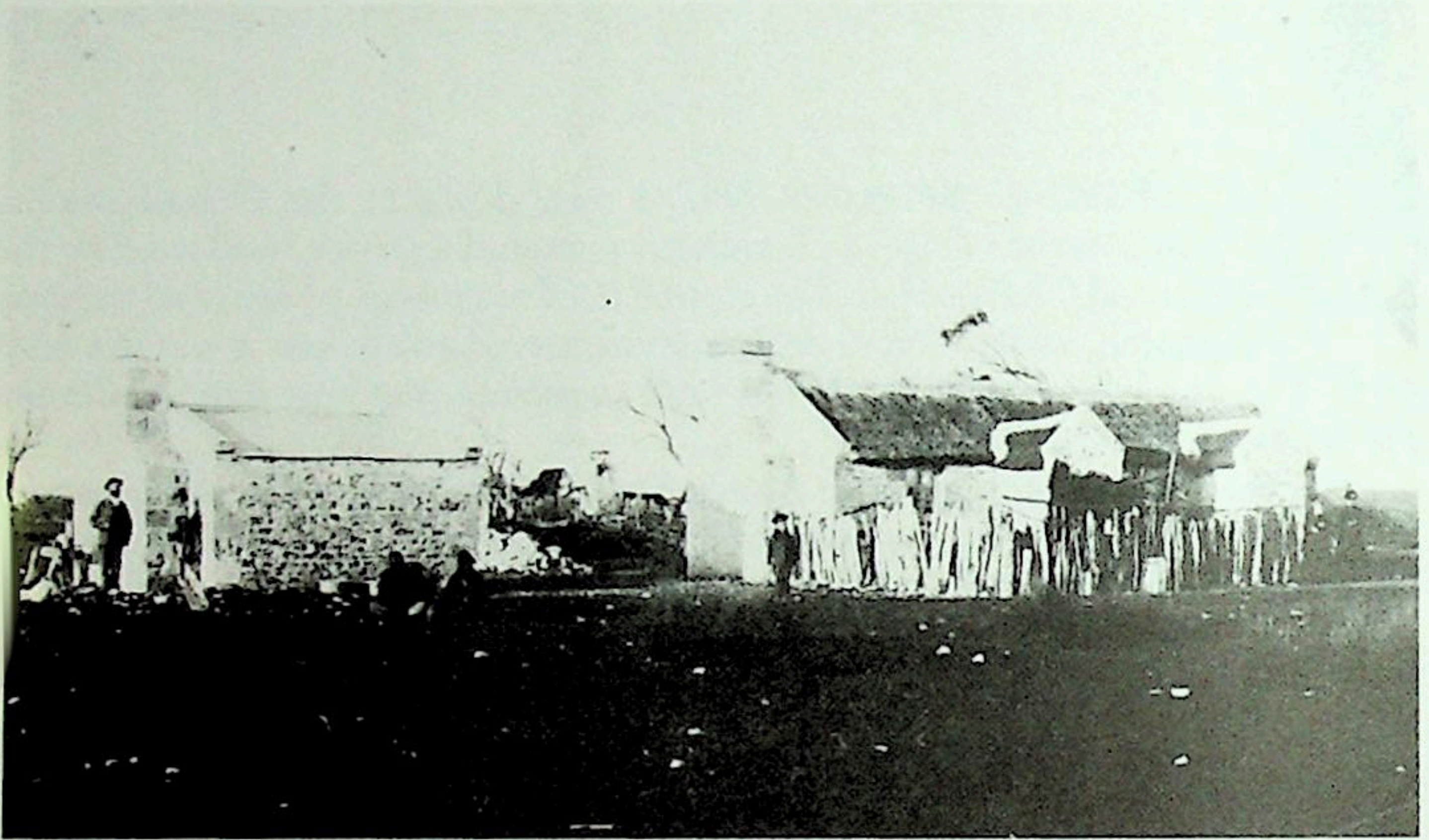
'On 20 October 1851, I left Adelaide on foot with a blanket on my back and my faithful dog Tiger by my side. We were heading for the diggings. As you know we had just had the wettest winter since the foundation of the Colony, and consequently I was prepared to encounter many difficulties with swamps. These were known to exist on the road—a term not really applicable for there was in fact, no road after crossing the River Murray.

'After 100 miles I came to the first swamp, which I forded in about two hours. Knee deep in mud and slime I then crawled out onto the bank to find not a track in sight. It appeared that the heavy growth after the winter rains had obliterated them. Fortunately I fell in with a few friendly natives who put me on the right scent. When the sun had set I lit a fire, and having cooked and consumed my damper I wrapped myself up in my blanket and was soon asleep.

'Next morning I trudged on, admiring the luxuriant shrubs which grew in profusion around many salt water lakes. These were covered with black swans, geese and ducks. I finally came to a most formidable swamp about four miles across, and in places, chin deep. The name of the place is Tilly's Flat, and it was here that I had the misfortune to lose my dog.

'Tiger could have swum the distance, but would not go ahead, and kept swimming back to me, for I could not keep up with him. It took me six hours to get out of that infernal swamp, but alas, I found myself quite alone. My poor dog had drowned.

'On and on I went, swamp after swamp. I waded for miles, meeting occasionally a shepherd or stockman. The natives I encountered were very civil and of great assistance, supplying me with fish they caught in the Coorong. Our conversation was on a limited scale. On the whole I do not think I could have done without them, and, with one solitary exception, I was glad to meet them.



'The Needles' in the Coorong

'One tribe I fell in with was very warlike. They understood no English, and I did not comprehend their dialect. From what I could gather they were on a war expedition against another tribe. They were painted in red, white, blue and yellow, each male with three or four spears, war clubs and boomerangs. I felt much more at ease where I was out of their reach.

'Travelling on I reached the Glenelg River. I was quite worn out, as I had travelled the last hundred miles barefooted. My boots were hard as iron after continual wetting and drying in the sun. I availed myself of a rest at a shepherd's hut, and within a few days my raw feet were much recovered.

'I then found it necessary to replenish my pockets to complete my journey and have the means of procuring a licence, tools, etc. at the diggings, so I started for the head station, where I engaged to work, during the shearing season, for thirty shillings a week, plus keep.

'One night, as I lay asleep, I was bitten on the inside of my left hand by a snake. Involuntarily, I put out my right hand to find out what was wrong, and I was bitten again on the second finger of that hand, on the top joint. I held on to my enemy until a light was procured, by which time the snake had entwined around my right arm and taken a coil around my neck with its tail.



'Lankey', the last survivor of the Boandik Tribe that once inhabited Rivoli Bay in the Mount Gambier district. He was born near Beachport and when only a small child his father was shot. He was raised by his uncle 'Guichen Bay Jacky'. 'Lankey' is photographed here with Mr T. P. Smith on the Smith farm near Rosaville

'There were fourteen men in the hut with me, but not one of them would lay hold of the snake, which still had hold of my right finger, so I placed my hand on a table and cut its head off with a knife, it gradually uncoiled itself and was found to measure between four and five feet. It was a diamond snake, concerning which no one knew anything further, other than that dogs had been bitten by them and died. This, you will agree, was not the most agreeable intelligence, especially as on enquiry I learned the nearest doctor was about 200 miles away.

'I sucked the poison out of the wounds as best I could, cauterised them and applied warm olive oil and poultices. Medical assistance appeared essential, and so I headed off for Geelong. The station manager lent me a horse to take me as far as Black Swamp, thirty miles away, and a letter to the overseer there to lend me another.

'Unfortunately, he was not at home on my arrival, so I left my horse and set out to walk about 170 miles. My left arm was swelling rapidly and the pain was excruciating, so much so, that I barely slept a minute for the next eight days.

'A doctor at Geelong dosed me with laudanum. He soon reduced the inflammation, but my hand broke out into a wound of the worst description, which defied for four months all attempts to heal. As you can see, gentlemen, my left hand is almost useless; two fingers are grown together Siamese fashion as far as the middle joint, and I shall never be able to close my hand. The only wonder is that I have a hand left, for the doctors I consulted in Geelong, Melbourne and Adelaide, were almost unanimous in their wish for amputation, but I stuck out against it, and am glad now, that I was so obstinate.'

'A great wonder is that I survived to tell the adventure of my overland trip. Nevertheless, with Mr Brown's blessing I am taking a few weeks off to try my luck at the Echungu goldfield, the accounts of which are very good. I mean to obtain at least half a hundredweight before next winter, and you may be assured that I shall keep a close lookout for snakes.'

As I reflect now, in the year 1870, upon that young man's courage, I sincerely hope that his latter life has been both pleasurable and rewarding.



7

Two Colonial Governors



URING THE TWENTY YEARS I have lived in South Australia, old colonists, whom I have met, have been never ending with their comments on the merits or otherwise of Governors Gawler and Grey during their terms of office, which covered the period 1838-1845.

There appears to be no doubt that Gawler was an honest, well-meaning man, whose Achilles heel was susceptibility to flattery. In the course of time it resulted in him becoming a tool of some unscrupulous colonists. Upon his arrival in the Colony most of the population of five thousand souls was centred in and around Adelaide, because many of the settlers were still waiting for the completion of country land surveys. The Colony was in crisis, and on the point of collapse.

As a man of action Gawler set about the task of remedying the underlying economic woes of the community. The erection of new public buildings was undertaken, and country land surveys vigorously pursued, with the result that in 1839, 170000 acres of land were sold, and country settlers, flocks and herds increased steadily. The Governor's energy and organisation were such, that by 1841 a half million acres were available for settlement.



Litho print by J. J. Crew from a photo

*Corner of North Terrace and King William Street showing
Government House c 1860*

To finance the increase in economic activity, Governor Gawler deemed it necessary to draw bills, in excess of his authority, on the Colonial Office. Finally, in February 1841, news of the dishonouring of Gawler's drafts reached Adelaide, and a despatch containing his dismissal from office, was handed to him by his successor, Captain George Grey.

The new Governor immediately made himself unpopular by severely curtailing expenditure. Work on public buildings ceased; public servants' salaries and wages were cut, while employees in the survey and police departments were dismissed. Angry colonists reacted to these apparently crippling measures, and on two occasions invaded the grounds of Government House.

Governor Grey was impervious to all representations from the perturbed colonists. His opinions were those that counted, and threats emanating from disgruntled citizens were dispassionately pushed aside.



Charles Thomas Hewett

It was reported that my good friend, Charles Hewett, was so incensed with Governor Grey's draconian measures that he called upon his fellow colonists to go to Government House, 'Seize the Governor, put a rope around his neck and drag him to the Port'.¹

Governor Grey was lampooned by the colonial press, and in April 1843 the *Register* came out with this plea to Queen Victoria:

'G overned by an imbecile,
R oyal lady we entreat you,
E ase us from his tyrant's will,
Y our subjects' prayers e'er greet you.'

¹ SA Register—8 July 1850.

Fourteen months later, with the economic scene being a little brighter, the *South Australian* proclaimed:

Gross were the drains upon the public purse,
Economy was banished from the land,
Only a few approved the healing course,
Required by one who showed the master hand.
Governed by him we must commend his plan,
Each action proves him still the wiser man.

Great was the conflict yet he braved it all,
Resolved to carry what he had begun,
E'en his enemies now his acts extol—
Years will add lustre to the name he's won.

For myself, having no first-hand knowledge of the two Governors, I must leave future historians to ponder and debate the efficacy of the two men, who were so different in the manner in which they controlled the affairs of the infant Colony. Perhaps the words of an early settler may assist them in their deliberations.

'It had never been anticipated that the financial difficulties would have been so great at the beginning. Governor Gawler, one of the kindest, noblest men who ever lived, was unable to cope with those difficulties. In fact he was placed in circumstances of extreme hardship at length, and the Home Government refused to pay his drafts on the Treasury. This brought matters to a crisis.

'It had been a grave mistake from the first to take for granted, as the Wakefield System did, that the Colony could at once become entirely independent. Debts were incurred to a very large amount, much larger than was deemed judicious or necessary. But the exigencies and unexpected circumstances of the case might well be pleaded as an excuse. Such an excuse, however, was not entertained by the Crown advisers. Consequently, a man of very different mould from that of Governor Gawler was sent out to supersede him—Captain Grey.

'About twelve months earlier he had visited South Australia and was treated with the utmost courtesy and kindness.

'Without any previous intimation, one morning he walked into Government



First shop in Hindley Street with glass windows c 1839

House and presented his credentials as the immediate successor to Governor Gawler. The latter had merely carried on necessary works during the brief period of his office, such as making a good road between Adelaide and the Port, and the reclamation of an unwholesome swamp, upon the site of which now stands the fine buildings and wharves of Port Adelaide.

'His one continuous aim and effort was to promote the true welfare of the colonists. His generosity in using his private means was such, that contrary to the custom of most Governors in the present times, he went back to England a comparatively poor man. Assuredly he had not used his position to improve his pecuniary interests, yet the ungracious and summary way in which he was recalled, reflected upon those in authority. They had acted in a most discreditable manner, which long rankled in the minds of those who knew Governor Gawler, and knew that his want of success was not due to his incapacity, but to the utterly impracticable theory on which the Colony had been founded.

'His departure for England was keenly felt, for many knew him as an upright, honest-hearted Christian gentleman, and they could hardly expect to find his equal. Besides this, the members of his family and household had endeared themselves to numbers by their simple, unpretentious manners and numerous acts of sympathy and kindness. In those acts the members of our family had often participated, and indeed had been specially favoured. Late one night before they left, the nurse, Miss Pebberly, came to bid us farewell, leaving little presents for the younger folk.

'Governor Grey lost no time in introducing his policy, which was no doubt, dictated by the home authorities. With scarcely any warning he stopped nearly all Government works, thus summarily throwing about 1000 persons out of employment. This procedure was considered harsh and cruel. If it was necessary to reduce public expenditure, it would have been better to give timely notice, and to have gradually dismissed the men, but no such consideration was shown. Consequently, very great distress prevailed for a considerable time. This was of course, felt more especially by the labouring class. Provisions too, even the common necessities of life, were very dear, so that numbers were reduced to extreme poverty, finding it difficult to obtain a bare subsistence.

'In this extremity a body of men (about 600) marched to Government House and appealed to Governor Grey for assistance. Their attitude seemed at one time so threatening, that the police, Horse and Foot, were held in readiness, but no disturbance took place.

'The Governor's advice to people was to leave the town and go to the country, and there seek employment. This was advice easy to give, but not so easy to follow, for in those early days there were very few settlements formed in what was termed 'the bush', and greatest of all drawbacks, the people had no means.

'My father had occupied an excellent position under Governor Gawler, that of Superintendent of the labourers employed on various works. That situation was abolished under Governor Grey's new regulations.

'But as it is said, "the darkest hour is before the dawn", so it proved to be in the history of South Australia. The dawn of better things, of brighter days was fast approaching. By degrees the land became cultivated in larger areas, and the soil, being on the whole very fertile, produced rich and abundant crops.'

8

Overlander and Gold Seeker



IN APRIL 1853 I travelled by Rounsevell's coach to Adelaide to finalise the purchase of Section 860, Hundred of Willunga, which I intended to clear for wheat growing and cattle grazing.

Mr William Bakewell, the solicitor handling the transaction, was busy with another client when I arrived at his office. Seating myself in a dingy waiting room, I introduced myself to a gentleman, who was also waiting upon Mr Bakewell and before long we were engaged in conversation. I was always interested in hearing of the fortunes of my fellow colonists and before long this man began to relate his adventures.

'My name is John Cole,' he said. 'I came out to Australia in 1834 and settled at Hobart Town. Since that time, like Mr Dickens' celebrated character, Mr Micawber, I have been waiting anxiously for something to turn up. If I know solicitors we could have a long wait before we enter his domain. Perhaps I can fill in the time by telling you something of my exploits.

'In August 1845 I was in a poorly paid Government job at Portland, Victoria, and hearing of the copper finds in South Australia, I decided, after prayerful consideration, to take my family to this supposed paradise. Many weeks of preparation followed. I purchased a strong cart and a team of six bullocks, together with other essential items such as pistols, shotguns, telescope, three axes, sundry cooking utensils, water kegs and two months' supply of provisions. I engaged a man as a bullock driver; he was an Adelaide man anxious to return home to his family.

'At the thought of an overland trip my children were merry as crickets. To them it promised to be a long vacation of sunshine and frolic, while my wife, although brought up tenderly and in easy circumstances, is not one of those finicking, silver-fingered, exquisitely delicate pieces of china, fit only to be gazed at and handled with the softest of kid gloves. She can rough it without descending to coarseness and vulgarity; can bake and eat damper without feelings of nausea; can wash and perform the other little offices incidental to raising a family, without violating the prudential laws of propriety, and can even converse with the natives without swooning away.

'A few days out of Portland found us on the southern bank of the River Glenelg. The flood of winter rains from its source in the Grampians had not

reached the area, and we forded the river quite easily. Water kegs were replenished, and we took fresh courage.

'The two leaders of my bullock team, glorying in the names of 'Tom' and 'Jerry', were both as gentle as lambs. Behind them were 'Darling' and 'Brindle', the former being well named, for he was a darling to work. When we arrived at a steep pinch his brawny shoulders would never flinch for an instant from the galling yoke or iron bow. Last but not least came 'Star' and 'Chubby'. The whip was prohibited, except in very trying circumstances, and then used sparingly.



Bullock team and waggon

'The trek was monotonous and uneventful until we reached what is now known as Salt Creek, in the Coorong. There I saw at a distance a body of natives coming towards us. They were with their lubras, and armed with spears and waddies. They approached within one hundred yards, when the women separated and ran into the scrub. The chief came within a few yards, holding up his hands and making signs of friendship.

'During the time they were advancing towards us I had armed myself to the teeth, merely as a demonstration, but on seeing the chief's manner, I drew my pistols, hung them up and slung my gun in its place.

'Walking up to him I shook him heartily by the hand, and he enquired by gestures if we wanted water, which I answered by holding up an empty keg. He muttered something and one of the natives went to a waterhole we had not noticed. I cut up several figs of tobacco into small pieces, made up a parcel of flour and sugar, and gave it to the Chief.

'That man, without exception, was one of the finest made men I ever beheld, white or black. He stood six feet tall, a smile playing on his broad countenance; his figure so erect, his walk so easy and majestic. He was not a fair sample of his tribe, for on the whole they were most depraved, wretched looking creatures—their legs and arms not much stouter than broomsticks, their heads rather large with bushy hair. The 'fair sex' were worse if anything, save a few exceptions.

'While traversing the Coorong we suffered an acute shortage of potable water. Native wells were dry and soakage water brackish. The faithful bullocks were fed

young shoots from sheoak trees, which were very juicy, and it would have done your heart good to see the poor brutes devour the branches, which seemed to satisfy both hunger and thirst.

'We halted for several days to enable the bullocks to become refreshed. Approaching McGrath's Flat natives were sighted. They were fishing and bathing in a lake, and we gave them a wide berth. Days later the broad expanse of the River Murray was sighted, its reedy banks teeming with wildfowl.

'No sooner had we halted than we were besieged by natives, whose acquisitive organs must have been strongly developed, for the more I gave them the more they would cry, 'Give! Give!' From their gesticulations and menacing manners they seemed half inclined to demand what they wanted. My driver suggested that we should 'bounce' them. There were upwards of four hundred of them, and I replied that there were enough of them to eat us, bullocks and all.

'My stratagem was to berate the driver, and springing up on the seat of the cart, I placed my pistol in my belt, seized my shotgun and threatened to shoot him. He on his part, affected to be greatly alarmed for his life, and whirling his formidable whip over the heads of the astonished natives, sent forth such a volley of cracks, that quite discomfited the natives who stood aghast. They set up a yell that echoed, again and again, the melody of which I have not forgotten.

'We made a hasty departure, and our deliverance must be attributed to Him who will not suffer a sparrow to fall without His divine permission.

'The river crossing was accomplished with the assistance of natives and crude rafts, and two white men, who worked a boat ferry. The bullocks proved to be the greatest problem. One by one they were coaxed to the river's edge, and roped around the neck. I then walked into the river up to my armpits, and slipped the end of the rope around a fallen tree, while my driver goaded the beast out of its depth. The rope was let out, little by little, until the beast was fairly launched, after which the natives on a raft were flung the rope end, and proceeded to tow the bullock to the opposite bank. At the end of the day, knocked up and jaded, after changing into dry clothes, I partook of the bushman's solace—a pannikin of tea and a piece of damper, before a roaring fire.

'In the vicinity of Mount Barker several extensive farms were passed, the land in most parts being of the richest description. In passing over the last range we had a beautiful view of Adelaide, and it was with no ordinary feelings that I contemplated the scene before me as I descended to the plains. On crossing the parklands my attention was directed to St John's Church, a Gothic building of humble pretensions, and it created in my mind feelings of sincere gratitude to Him for whose worship it was erected, in having brought me and mine in safety and health to the end of our journey.

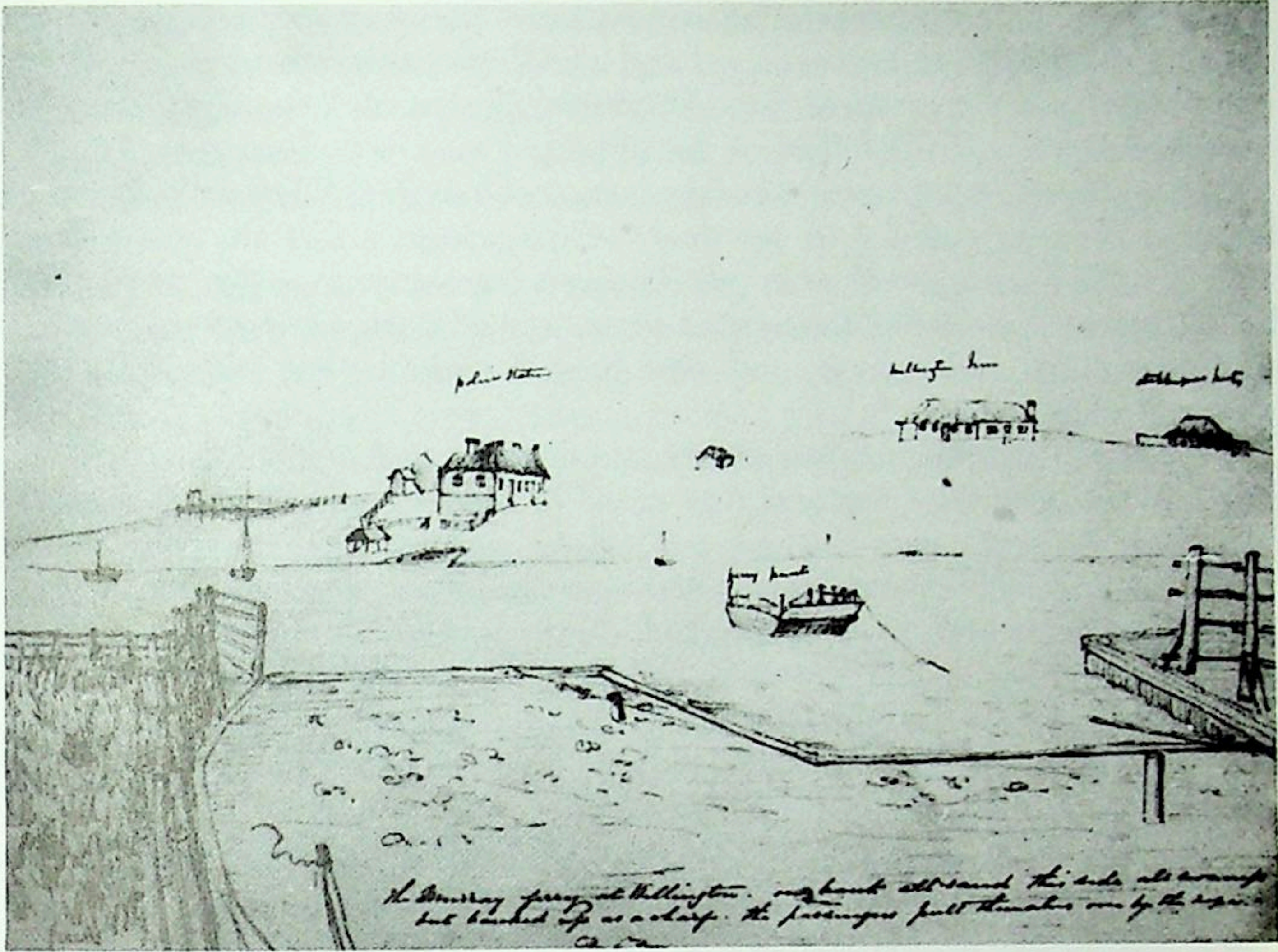
'Shortly after my arrival, having settled my family into lodgings in Flinders Street, by sheer chance I was introduced to Mr J. B. Graham, an ironmonger, who apart from his mercantile activities, was a major shareholder and director of the South Australian Mining Association, the proprietors of the northern half of the Burra Survey, which, as you know, has proved such a Godsend to the Colony. I was employed as a clerk with the company for the next six years until, like many other colonists, I was overcome by the gold fever associated with the rich finds in Victoria.



St John's Church, Adelaide

'Early in February 1852, a party consisting of myself, my son and five others, entered into a written agreement to proceed to the gold regions; the adults to share and share alike, and the juveniles to have half shares. The terms of our partnership were to expire at the end of four months.

'In due time all arrangements and purchases were made. Two of the party were to proceed by sea to Melbourne in charge of the heavy goods, while the remainder (including myself and son) were to travel by the overland route. We had two fine horses and a first-rate dray, which I rigged out similar to the one I travelled in from Portland. We carried a large tarpaulin for use as a tent, the dray being literally loaded to the crown of the tilt irons.



The Murray ferry at Wellington. one bank all sand this side all swamp but banked up as a wharf. the passengers pull themselves over by the rope.

Wellington ferry and township, 1852



Gold Commissioner's camp, Bendigo, 1852

'Just before we started we doffed our ordinary clothing, and appeared in the costume of fully blown diggers—a red and blue flannel shirt engirdled by a broad leather belt, a round crowned, broad-brimmed felt hat of drab colour furnished with a gauze veil, closely folded to the ribbon.

'Our journey to Melbourne was very barren of incident. We travelled over six hundred miles of country in six weeks. Our passage across the noble River Murray at Wellington, unlike my passage seven years since, was effected in about half an hour. The horses and loaded drays walked onto a capacious punt, on which were four other drays, and were hauled across by the proprietors with apparent ease.

'The track to the diggings was well beaten from the traffic of hundreds of drays that had preceded us. Clouds of dust could be seen for miles, both before and behind us. At times we had to use our veils to prevent being choked by it.

'On crossing the border we passed over extensive plains, and near the margin of swamps we saw numbers of wild turkey, some of which we shot and ate. They were quite as large and of a finer flavour than the domestic birds.

'The major part of the land we saw was occupied as sheep runs, but the owners were short of shepherds as most of them had sloped off to the diggings. Many flocks of sheep wandered about unattended.

'The night before we reached Melbourne we camped about fifteen miles from the town, and the glare of the lights reflected in the sky over the city brought a feeling of joy and thankfulness to every breast.

'Early next morning we set off and arrived in the town about two pm. It had completely grown out of knowledge since I saw it last in 1844, presenting as it did several streets of compact, well built houses, but in laying out the city, the 'powers that be' had committed a sad blunder. There was not a square to assist in ventilating the streets as we have in Adelaide. I very much fear, that if the population increases at the same rate as it has done over the past years, Melbourne will be a very unhealthy place.

'We stayed in Melbourne for a week, making up our load, and set off for Bendigo Creek. The roads were execrable. What with deep ruts, mud holes, stumps of trees and dust, I thought we would never get to our journey's end. In passing through the Black Forest, which occupied several hours, we were completely enveloped in dust, so much so, that while I led the leading horse I could not see the one in the shafts. Nothing could be heard but the bitter oaths of the bullock drivers before and behind us, accompanied by the sharp, loud cracks of their formidable whips.

'On passing by the Mount Alexander diggings I was forcibly reminded of an immense graveyard. I saw nothing but yawning pits within a foot or two of each other. There was much bustle among the diggers. Some were carrying bags of earth, some puddling, some cradling or dishing, which latter class were watched by eager onlookers to see the result of the yield.

'Upon arrival at Bendigo Creek we commenced operations by building a substantial hut. It was twenty-four feet long and twelve feet wide, built of logs with a large stone fireplace. One end was partitioned off and fitted up with rows of bunks, and it took three weeks to build.

'We saw afterwards, that we committed a great error. A common bark hut

which could have been erected in a week, would have done equally well, because we had to go two or three miles out to dig where gold was more abundant. There we lived in a crazy hole to protect our claim and tools.

'I have never worked so hard in all my life. As soon as it was daylight we were at it, and kept going till dusk in rain or sunshine, sometimes ankle deep in mud and slush.'

This story had been so completely absorbing, that the time had passed swiftly, and we were both surprised, when at this juncture Mr Bakewell ushered out a client and called in Mr Cole.

The latter's final words were, 'After expenses I cleared about £300, and if they will take me on, I'm back to the South Australian Mining Association as fast as I can get there.'



*Site of the first settlement at Kingscote, Kangaroo Island.
The graveyard is at left hand corner*

9

The Somerset Shepherd



SUNDAY 13 MAY 1855 was a fateful day for the vessel *Nashwauk*. On her eighty-ninth day out from Liverpool, with three hundred young female Irish immigrants aboard, she ran aground off Moana.

News of the tragedy spread like wildfire throughout the district. By ten am on the Sunday all the passengers and crew had been brought safely ashore, and residents of the area were asked to provide food and shelter.

Culling two sheep from my flock I took them into Noarlunga, and gave them to Mr Hollins of the 'Horseshoe Inn'. With Mr Bosworth of 'Prior's Court', he had volunteered to organise food and accommodation for the unfortunate people.

Before returning to 'Hope Farm' I tarried for a short time at the 'Horseshoe Inn', where I engaged a young man in conversation. His name was Charles Newman, a farmer of Mount Charles in the Onkaparinga district. He was pleasant and well spoken, and for an hour or two we exchanged reminiscences. I asked where his forebears and he had originated.

'I was born in Somersetshire in March 1821,' he said, 'and at an early age I worked as a shepherd, tramping over the green rolling hills of the county, gaining valuable experience in sheep husbandry. Early in 1837, with my parents' blessing, I contracted with the South Australian Company to go out to South Australia, where I was told that I would be landed at Kangaroo Island to tend sheep.

'Following a tearful farewell with my parents, I proceeded to London and boarded the *Katherine Stewart Forbes*, (457 tons), built in 1818 for the East India Company.

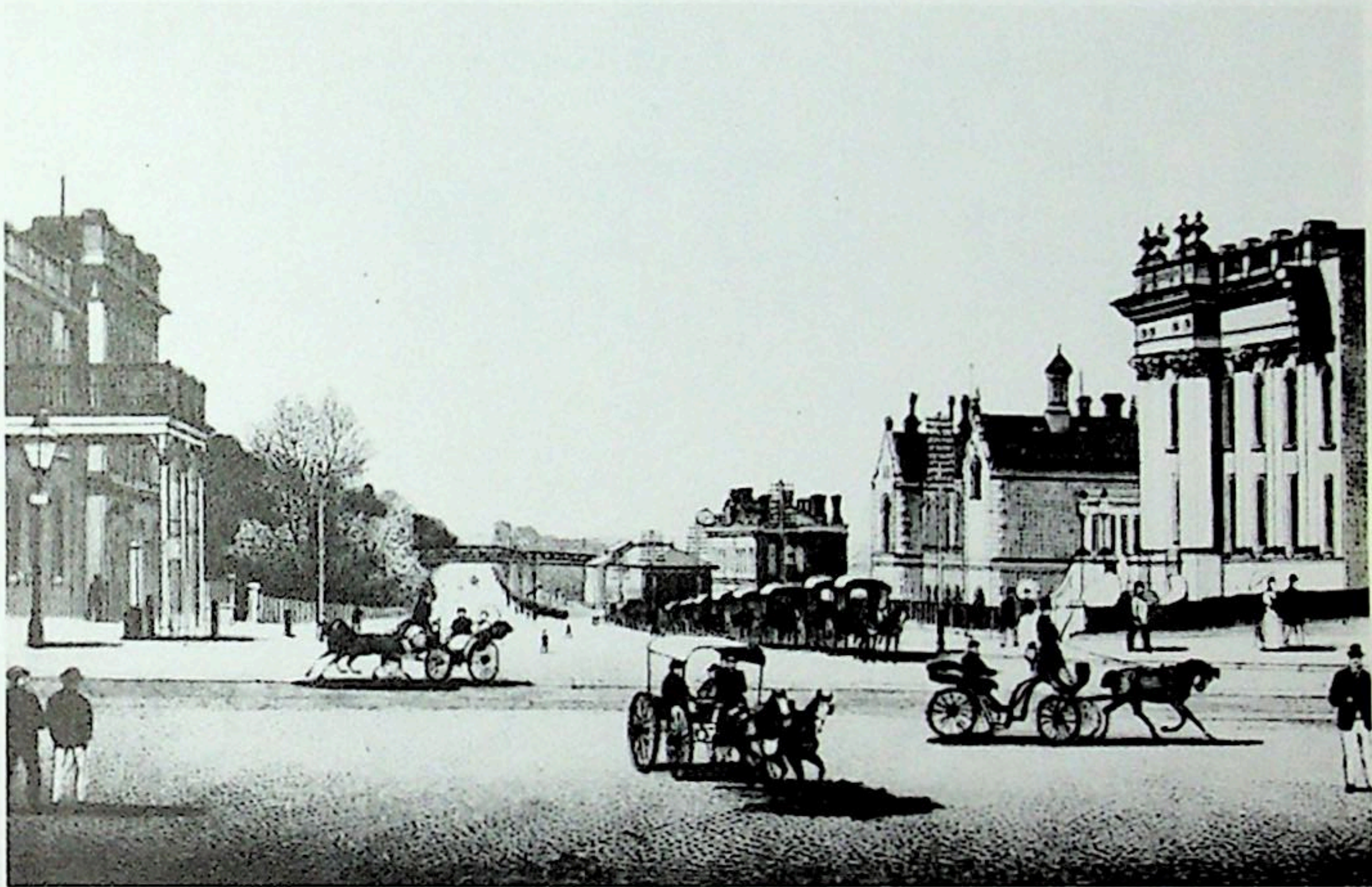
'We sighted Kangaroo Island on 17 October 1837, and early the following day a party of five young shepherds and the overseer, Mr Lillicrapp, were rowed ashore at Kingscote, where we reported to David McLaren, the Company Manager. He informed us that there were only three sheep on the Island, and peremptorily directed us back to the ship for onward passage to Holdfast Bay, where we arrived during the afternoon of Tuesday 19 October.

'When the sailors were letting the anchor run a little too fast, the Captain standing on the poop said, "Check the cable". I have often thought since then that if some of our "fast goers" were to act on the Captain's advice and check the cable in another direction, there would not be so many poor unfortunate souls seeking a refuge at our Inebriate Retreat.

Author's Note: Charles Newman died on 7 September 1900.
His obituary appeared in *The Register* on 13 September 1900.

'We were landed by longboat on 21 October, and on reaching the sandhills three bullock teams awaited us, and among the drivers was one Michael Magee, who afterwards brought himself into notoriety by being the first man hanged in the Colony.

'Approaching the infant city of Adelaide, the first sign of civilisation was a number of huts, on the banks of the River Torrens, called Buffalo Row. The huts were made of reeds and were sited where the gaol now stands. I said to the lad who was with me (mind, we were both from Somerset, dressed in smock frocks, reaching down to the calves of our legs) "Zai, dost thee zee them pig stys, I wonder where the voaks do live".



North Terrace looking west c 1880

'We made a halt on North Terrace in front of a weatherboard house, and looking gloomily at the rude structure, asked the driver if that was to be our home. "No," said the bullocky, "that's the Company bank!"

'A disreputable looking Company employee brought a small cart, into which our meagre possessions were summarily dumped, and we were taken out to where the Company's bridge is now erected at Hackney. There I assisted to make and burn the first kiln of bricks in the Colony.

'The winter of 1838 proved too wet for brick-making, so I went to live with Peter Cook, the butcher, where I became a sort of town's directory. As there were only two other butcher shops in Adelaide, I knew almost everybody. I well remember standing outside Sladen's house on North Terrace, while going on my rounds with orders, and watching my old acquaintance, Magee, passing by where the gate of Government House now stands, on his way to be hanged. He was sitting in a cart with the usual rabble following.



Preparing for Magee's hanging

'The place of execution was a large gum tree on North Adelaide hill. We hear a good deal about that old gum tree at Holdfast Bay, where the Proclamation was read, but has Magee's tree no historical importance, or was that spectacle of too grim a nature for history to perpetuate? No doubt it was one of the clumsiest and most painful executions performed in the Colony. I was not present, but an acquaintance described it to me:—

'While the hangman was busied in adjusting the rope and greasing it up and down with his filthy fist, Magee addressed the Sheriff and the assembled multitude in a firm and audible voice, confessing the crime of which the jury had found him guilty. As soon as the cap had been drawn over his face and the prayers concluded, a motion was made that all was ready. With a whip or two of the leading horse the cart was drawn away, and many shut their eyes whilst the poor sufferer was launched into eternity.

'Here commenced one of the most frightful and appalling sights. The noose had been so badly placed that the knot came right under the dying man's chin, and as the cart was drawn very slowly from under him he did not fall, but merely slid off gradually. There he was hanging in the air, uttering the most excruciating cries—"Oh God, Oh Christ, save me!"

'Some spectators cried out, "Cut him down!" whilst others, with a different kind of consideration, urged the marines to shoot him with their muskets.

'It was a horrible sight to witness. The twisting of the rope and the man turning around like a joint of meat before the fire, while women were fainting, and the Sheriff attempting to address the crowd amidst fierce cries of "Shame! Shame!". Finally, the hangman made a fiendish leap upon the body of the dying man and all was hushed; Magee's hands could cling no longer to the rope, and his agonised cries were heard no more.'

'Early in 1839 the Company sent me to a shepherding billet in the Coromandel Valley, which was infested with dingoes, while kangaroos and opossum more than outnumbered human inhabitants. I was only there a few months, but still have friends in the area. They tell me that the valley obtained its name from deserting sailors off the ship *Coromandel*, which arrived in the Colony on 12 January 1837.

'For many years Mr Baker came over from Morphett Vale to preach in Mr Gill's kitchen. In 1850 a school house was built in the valley, and it was used on Sundays for worship by any Protestant denomination. It was built by public subscription, and those who could not give money gave their time in clearing the land. The congregation was led by Mr G. Darby (violin), Mr Crossman (flute) and Mr Matthews (violincello). Mr Watt, a former Congregational Minister, was the schoolteacher, and he also preached on Sundays.

'In April 1839 I was shifted to the Company's Special Survey on the sources of the Onkaparinga, where I had to contend with many problems. The blacks were defiant and the wild dogs impudent from cold and hunger, especially in lambing time, and as we had nothing but netting for our yards, we had to make fires at night to scare them away.

'We had only been there long enough to build a hut when Joe Stagg and Gofen (who afterwards came to such a tragic death) called upon us with their saddles on



Clifton Farm on the Onkaparinga River 1852

their backs, and asked for a night's lodging. They had lost their horses at Mount Crawford, where no doubt, they had been spying with a view to stealing cattle.

'We stayed up late that evening, and Stagg told us some curious stories about how many blacks he had shot in Van Diemen's Land. On one occasion with others, he had been out all day looking for blacks but had failed to run them down, so they camped for the night. Next morning, about daylight, they heard a blackfellow whistling, apparently for his dog. They crawled as close to the blacks' camp as was safe without giving alarm, and then rushed on them, killing everybody they could lay hands on—men, women and children, without the slightest regard to age or sex.

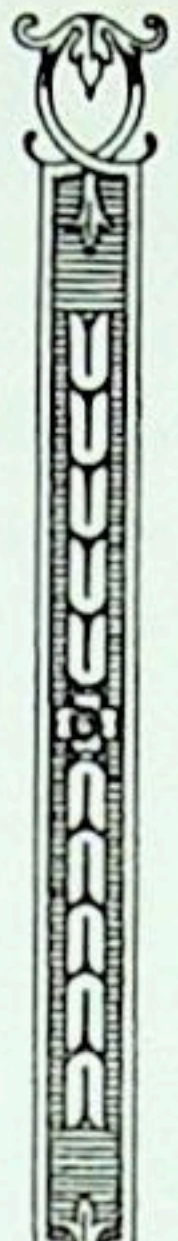
'Thus, a lot of long sentenced criminals were allowed by the Government to murder natives, and otherwise abuse them, as their low, vicious, blood-thirsty nature dictated, without being answerable to anyone for their foul deeds. The blacks were outlawed, at the time, for having served the whites in like fashion.

'Here were the sins of the fathers visited upon the children with a vengeance, and that with the sanction of the British Government. Perhaps this will explain what Stagg said on the gallows before he was hanged for the murder of his mate Goften, "I know I deserve hanging, although I am innocent of the crime for which I am about to suffer".

'By 1846 I had saved sufficient money to buy a section of land at Mount Charles, which by the way, was named after me, for I was the first man to camp a flock of sheep there.

'Like the Colony I have had my ups and downs, but by the exercise of habits of diligence and economy, I have been able to hold my own even during adverse times and circumstances. Like many sensible persons I have met, I am of the opinion that with fair treatment, South Australia is not an unsuitable place as a home for hopeful hearts and willing hands.'





10

Burra to Bendigo



LATE IN AUGUST 1858 a ploughing match was held on Mr Thomas Goss' property, 'Ingleburn'. The contest started at 10 am, and many families from the district attended. Several refreshment tents were erected, and pastimes such as quoits and skittles kept the children entertained during the day. In the evening a dinner was held at the Devonshire Hotel, where sixty men were present under the chairmanship of Mr Thomas Colton of 'Sylvan Park', with Mr James Pavy, the brewer, as vice-chairman.

Mr Thomas Hair, who had been visiting friends in Gloucester, was seated next to me, and during the course of the evening he talked of his early days in England and experiences since his arrival in the Colony in 1849.

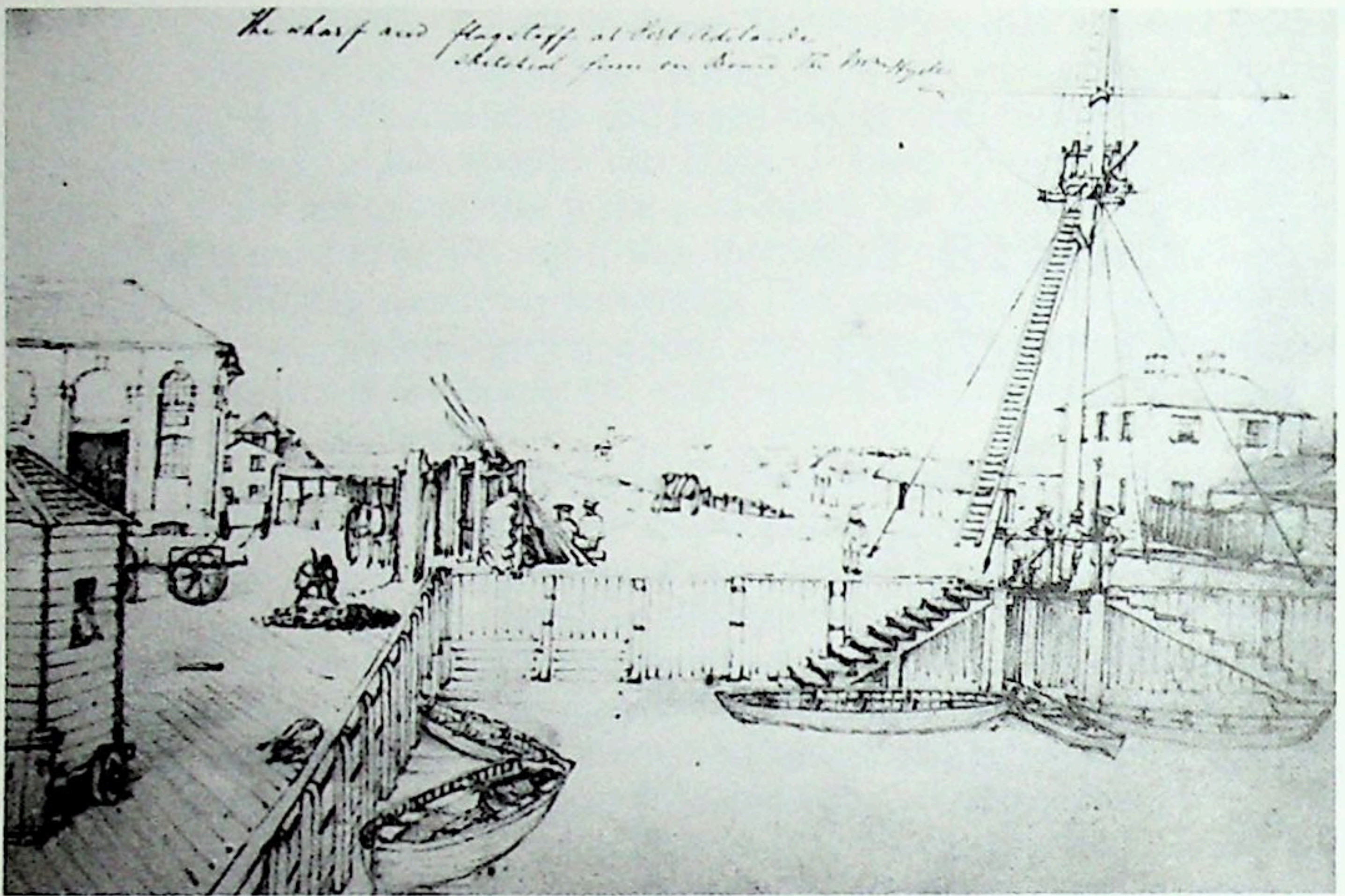
'I was born on 23 January 1827, at Overseal in Leicestershire,' he said. 'In 1848 I caught the emigration fever. At the time I was a farm labourer, and a great chum of mine (John Buxton, a carpenter) decided to come with me. He had a young lady in tow, and they had resolved to wed before starting. Personally, I did not have the pluck to venture into such an uncertain speculation, and preferred to see the country before entering into the bonds of matrimony.

'We departed from Plymouth on 7 February 1849, in the barque *Susannah*. The voyage out was uneventful, and on the whole, we had a very agreeable crowd of passengers. The first sight of South Australia did not impress me. The coast was very rocky with a forest of low bushes and small trees. The trip up the Port River was not much better from a farmer's point of view.

'After a good feed of Australian bread and beef we took a stroll around Port Adelaide; its circuit in those days did not occupy us for very long. There was a native encampment near the wharf, and we thought them strange looking creatures.

'Our next move was to find lodgings in the city of Adelaide, and we spent our first night at the Adelaide Hotel in Hindley Street. The next day the three of us rented a tiny cottage in Sturt Street, for seven shillings a week. Having settled in with our meagre possessions, Buxton and I tramped through Adelaide looking for work, which was hard to come by at the time. After a fortnight of fruitless searching we decided to strike out for Burra.

'We found the driver of a bullock team, which was heading for the Burra Mine to load ore, and having negotiated a fare, we set off on a tedious trip which was to



Wharf and flagstaff Port Adelaide, 1849

occupy fourteen days. The weather was wet; the roads badly cut up, and for Mrs Buxton it was a most trying journey. She cried bitterly at times, and it was not much wonder.

'With incessant rain beating down on us we finally struggled into Burra, and were fortunate to find an empty store with an attached room as a temporary home. It was most spartan as regards appointments—an earthen floor, rafters covered with cobwebs, deal boxes to serve as chairs and table and no fireplace.



From Victoria Square looking north c 1885

Mrs Buxton had to cook outside, and I recall that one day she had a good cry, when she discovered that a marauding villain had decamped with a tea kettle that had been left on the fire.

'Buxton obtained work at the mine the next day as seven shillings per day. He left three shillings and sixpence a day in England, so he was well satisfied. I started to cart firewood for the smelting works with a horse and dray, and earned three shillings and sixpence a day.

'After a few weeks, with a little money in our depleted pockets, we bought an old paling shed and re-erected it near the mine. It was a one room affair. Dividing it into two with a calico partition, we moved in, as happy as princes.

'In England we all belonged to the Baptist Church, but there was no church of that persuasion at Burra, so we mostly attended the Primitive Methodist place of worship. We were told later that Mr Philip Santo, the overseer of building and carpentry work at the mine, was a Baptist, and one Sunday afternoon we resolved to introduce ourselves.

'We were cordially received by him and his wife, and it transpired that Mr Santo belonged to the Grote Street Church of Christ. There being not much difference between our two churches, Mr Santo suggested that we should gather at his house each Sunday morning, and break bread according to the ancient custom of the Apostles.

'Buxton and Mr Santo were good public speakers, and they soon began to preach the Gospel on Sunday evenings, gradually attracting a houseful of listeners. The Hoskin and Pearce families were baptised and received into the Church; Adam Taylor, a shipmate on the voyage out, joined the Church along with many others.

'In time the Santo's house became too small for the religious gatherings, and it was resolved that a Chapel should be built. Messrs Hoskin and Pearce were the masons, Buxton the carpenter; Adam Taylor, a quarryman, found the stone, while Mr Brooker, of the firm of Brooker and Crooks, was the painter. With all this voluntary labour the building was put up cheaply, and opened debt free.

'With the money I had saved and a loan of £10 from my friend Buxton, I bought a team of six bullocks and a dray for £40, and started carting copper to Port Adelaide and Port Wakefield. The venture was profitable and it was an independent life.

'On one trip down to Port Adelaide I left with a man named Hewett, and all went well until we reached Kapunda, where I felt the sandy blight affecting my eyes. It was the month of January 1851, the roads were hot and dusty, and by the time we got to Smithfield (where we camped for the night) I was in a bad state. To make matters worse, next morning three of my bullocks were missing.

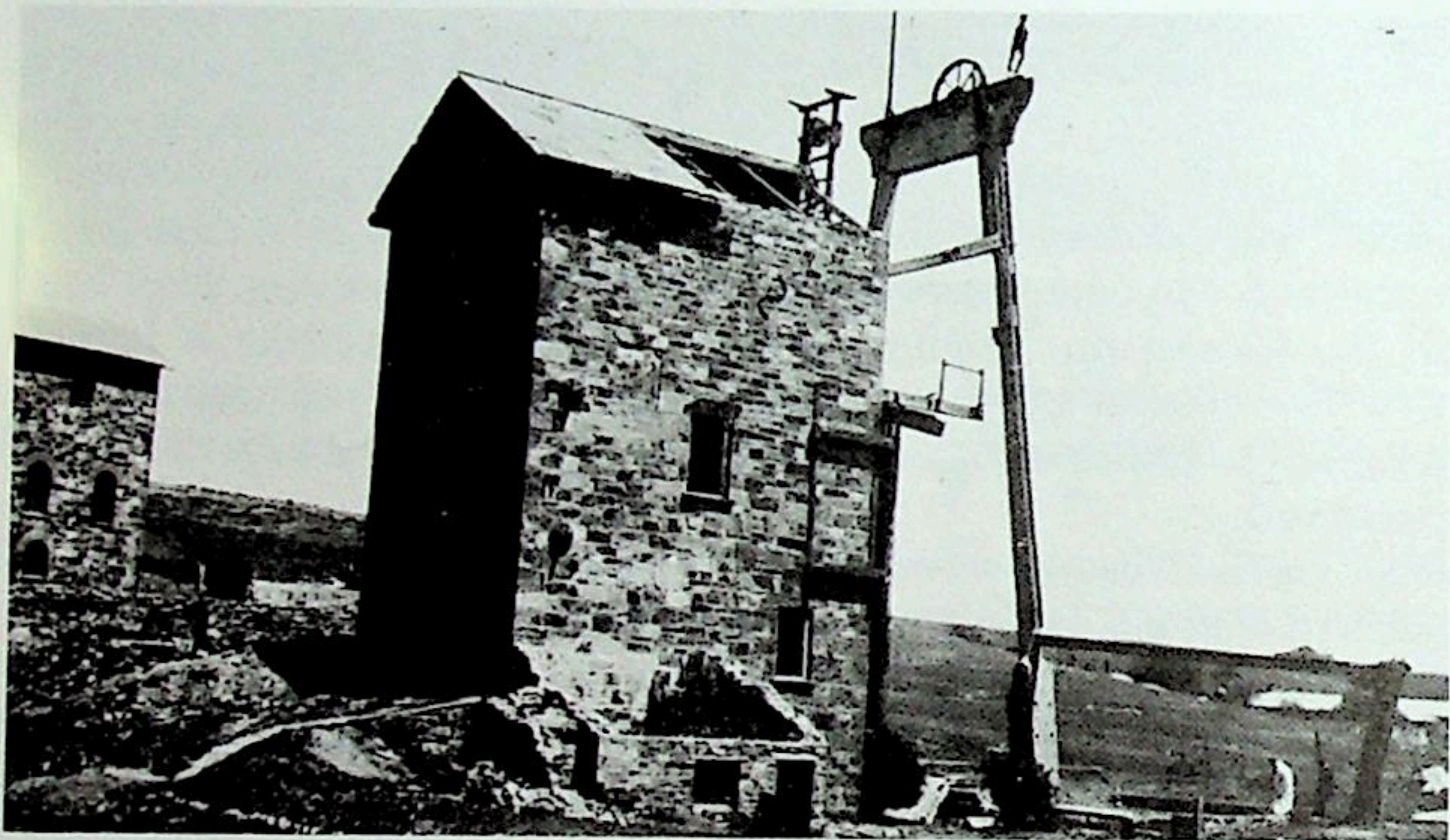
'For two days we scoured the countryside searching for them, then pondering the situation over the campfire, I recalled that the bullocks had been owned by a man at Dry Creek. I surmised that they might have wandered off to their old beat, so I headed off on foot to find the former owner.

'Upon telling him of my dilemma, he pointed in the direction of some pine trees lying some miles away towards Peachey Belt and said, "You'll find them there".

'He kindly put me up for the night, and at daybreak I headed off across the Gawler and Para plains and found the three truants dozing under the pine trees.



Early photo (calotype) of Burra Mines c 1850



Old mine at Burra



Miners dugout at Burra

'Upon arrival at Port Adelaide my eyes were so bad, that I could not have recognised my most intimate friends twenty yards away. I unloaded the ore, pocketed the cheque, and drove out to Brownhill Creek, where we stayed for three days to recuperate. I will never forget that experience as long as my memory lasts.

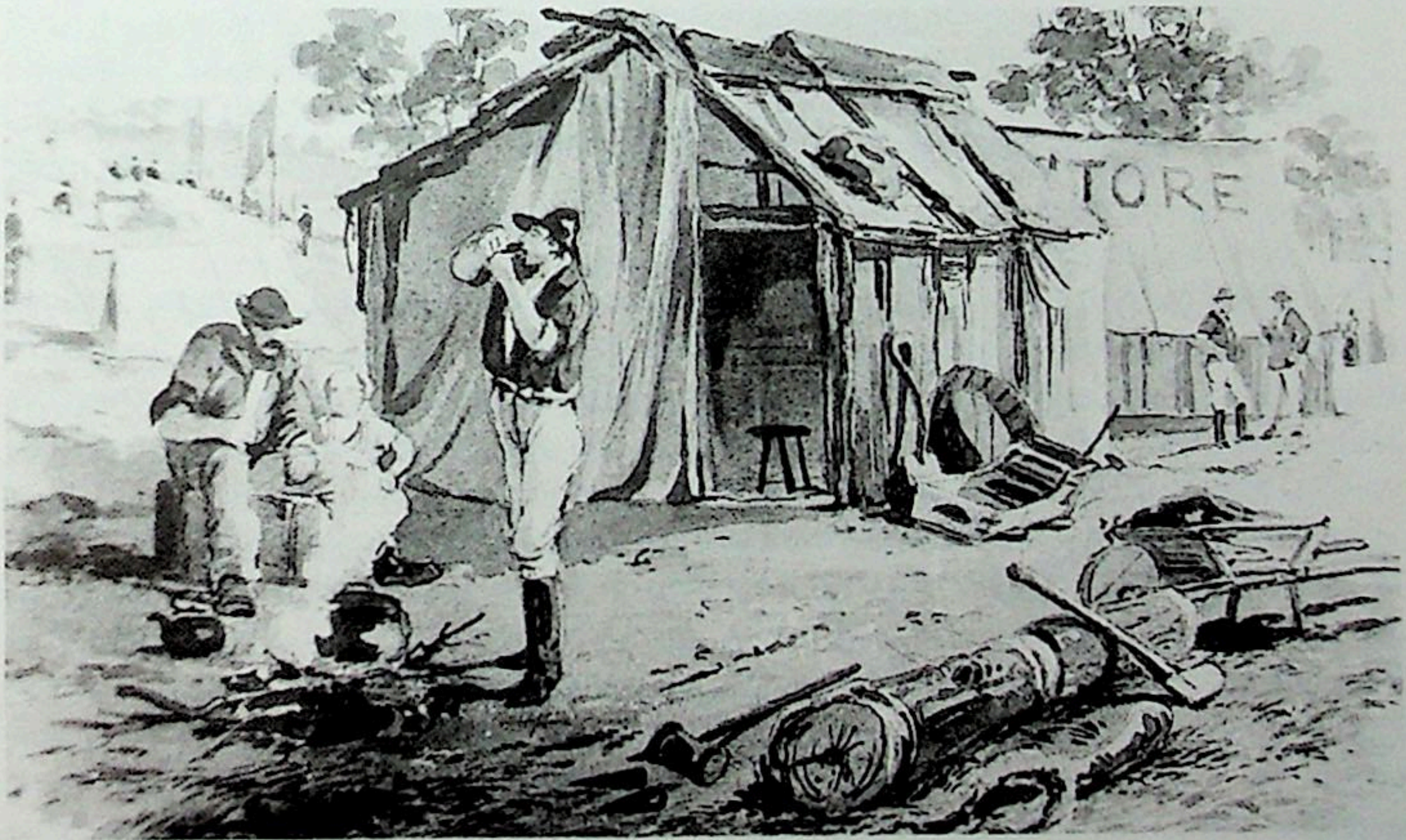
'Tiring of bullocking I hired my team out, and went to work at the mine among the tributers, dressing ore, for which I was paid thirty shillings a week. I had more time on my hands than I had ever had in my life—hours from 7 am to 3 pm with an hour for dinner; Saturdays and paydays we knocked off at 1 pm.

'Buxton undertook to teach me the carpentry trade, and after many months of tuition I built a cottage (assisted by Adam Taylor), which I rented out at six shillings a week.

'Late in 1851, reports of the gold discovery at Mount Alexander were causing some stir. Wonderful reports of rich finds were constantly coming to hand; people began to leave for this new El Dorado, some selling their properties. With prices tumbling I put my cottage on the market, and the best I could get was £50, a loss of £30.

'The excitement in the town was so intense that I decided to try my luck. I went to Adelaide and had no trouble in finding mates to go along with. Seven of us teamed up. We purchased tents, tools, a horse and spring dray, and sailed on a ship for Melbourne. She was overcrowded, and we spent most of the journey on deck with our swags. Our staple diet was potatoes, which were lifted out of the hold in a copper tub, and emptied into a large cooking container. The shipowners must have made a good profit out of that trip, but people did not care. The prospect of heaps of gold acted as an antidote to any physical discomfort.

'On arrival at the Port of Melbourne my mates and I camped on the wharf for the night; I slept on a reaping machine. On our way to the diggings we met several returning parties, who advised us to go back as Mount Alexander was not



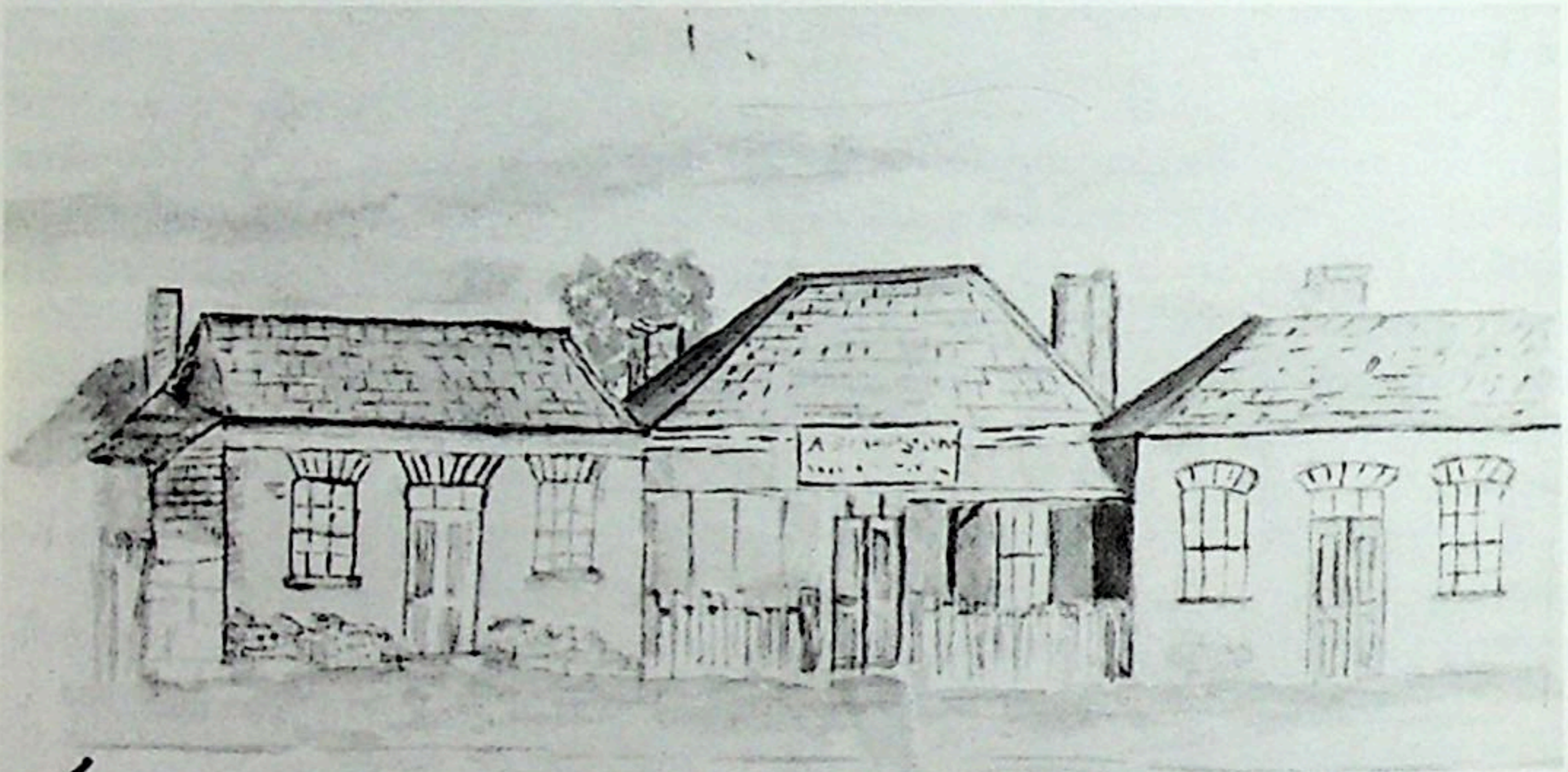
Goldfields scene

as good as represented. We shrugged off that advice, and upon arrival started digging at Adelaide Flat.

'We got a little gold, but not enough to satisfy us, so we went further on to Fryer's Creek where our luck was not much better. By this time two of our party returned to Adelaide.

'Good reports were coming in from the Bendigo field, and there we met with better luck. We stayed until winter set in, and then the party broke up. Mr Lamb, Mr Hosking (an old Burra-ite) and myself returned to Adelaide, pledging to return the following Spring. We did not strike it rich, but we managed £250 a man. The gold we dug was sent back to Adelaide with the official Government escort.

'Upon arrival at Port Adelaide, aboard the brig *Anna Dixon*, Mr Hosking went to Nairne to join his family, while Mr Lamb and I went in to Adelaide and took up quarters in lodgings in Gawler Place.



Gawler Place c 1860, showing the premises of A. Simpson, wholesale tinman, which were opened in 1855. The shop stood about thirty feet north of Grenfell Street on the east side

'At this time the Echunga diggings were discovered. I hurried up there, and no sooner had I arrived when a thunderstorm caused a mighty rush to Warland's Hotel. No food could be obtained as they had been eaten out by the prospectors and I spent the night lying across three chairs in my wet clothes. Next morning I walked eleven miles to Crafers and caught a coach to Adelaide.

'In the Spring of 1852, Messrs Hosking, Lamb and I returned to Moonlight Flat in the Mount Alexander district. The first hole we put down twelve feet and obtained fourteen ounces of gold. Little more was dug, and so we shook the dust from our feet and returned to Bendigo, to our former old spot, Spring Gully.

'Early in 1853 I left my mates at the diggings to wash up. The total result was about the same as the first trip—about £250 each. I think that is was better than average. Some got a fortune; some got nothing, but as for myself, it gave me the opportunity to buy some farming land. That, however, is another story.'

11

With Bible and Plough in the Mount Lofty Ranges

THE FIRST CHURCH SERVICES held on a regular basis in the McLaren Vale, were at Blackfellow's Well on Charles Hewett's property, 'Oxenberry Farm'. A large gum tree formed a canopy for the congregation, while a bullock waggon served as the pulpit. In 1844 a small chapel was built, of pug, on property owned by John Morphett, and it was here that the Rev. Isaac Prior preached for about five years, when he was succeeded by the Rev. Charles Hall of Aldinga. The Chapel was called 'The House of The Lord' and for several years it was shared, for divine worship, by several different denominations, until it became the Congregational Church.

By 1860 an increase in congregation numbers became reason for the erection of a larger church, and the foundation stone was laid by Mr William Peacock of Palm House, Adelaide, on 25 July of that year. The trustees for the new church were elected at a special meeting of church members on 15 May 1860:

James Sykes—Farmer

T. Colton—Farmer

John Brown Jnr—Farmer

John Adams—Farmer

George P. Manning—Farmer

Francis Manning—Farmer

Charles Manning—Farmer

Henry Scotcher—Builder

Samuel Davie—Teacher

Thos Bungey—Storekeeper

The Rev. J. Jefferis preached at the official opening ceremony on 17 February 1861, and during the afternoon the trustees and their wives were entertained by Mr Thomas Colton at his home, 'Sylvan Park', built for his wife in 1858.

It was here that I was introduced to Edward Austin, the son of the Rev. John B. Austin of Bugle Ranges, near Macclesfield. The family had arrived in South Australia early in 1844 on the barque *Augustus*, with Captain John Hart in command. Over copious cups of tea Edward Austin recalled early family life in England and the many problems associated with establishing the family farm in the Bugle Ranges.

'In 1843 my father, who was in poor health, bought about four hundred acres of land near Macclesfield,' he said. 'He was then forty-four years of age. He had trained for his father's profession as a surgeon, studied science, but was ordained as a Congregational minister.

'The journey out was relatively quick, taking only eighty days. For we children the highlight of the voyage was a brief call at the island of St Jago, where most of

the passengers landed and dined, the main course being a large, succulent roast turkey. The turkeys were caged in a large pit and were caught with a fishing line. This operation greatly intrigued us, especially as our meal depended on the success of the catch.

'After a week's stay in East Adelaide, in a cottage provided by Captain Hart, we moved to Macclesfield in a strong spring cart, such as were used on the old Port Road in those days—one horse in the shafts and two leaders. Our journey took us along a partly cleared track, and over a few rough bridges across creeks.

'Arriving at Macclesfield, Mr and Mrs Samuel Davenport received us kindly and hospitably, and after a welcome supper we were shown to a small cottage, which was to become our home for a few months pending the erection of a hut on our property at Bugle Range.



The home of Samuel Davenport at Macclesfield

'The Bugle Range took its name from a bullock called 'Bugle', property of the Messrs Hack, the first settlers on the 'Three Brothers' special survey near Echunga. 'Bugle' was a wanderer and often strayed into the ranges, thus proving himself to be a good judge of country, the grass being better and sweeter than most in the neighbourhood of Echunga.

'Our hut was erected by a local builder and comprised of three rooms. One with a fireplace served as a general sitting room, kitchen, parlour, drawing room and library. Another was my parents' bedroom, while the third served as a bedroom for my four sisters. My three brothers and I were banished to an outside tent. The hut was built of red gum slabs which were two feet wide, and roofed with sheets of bark which, after a while curled up at the edges, letting in both sun and rain. The house became anything but weatherproof, and in wet weather umbrellas were needed to throw off the drips from the couches.

'What a trying time we had settling in! No roads to speak of; no stores to run to for what we might need; no iron anywhere to rattle up a shanty; no fencing wire to make secure a paddock; no hay, no chaff for our working stock. There was no fatherly Government to appeal to with our petty wants, grievances and threats. There was usually nothing but the roughest fare consisting of bread (not always as

light as a feather), damper, beef, which after the first few days since killing was casked and eaten salted. There were rough clothes to work in, rough tents to sleep in, rough material to work with and often rough men to deal with.

'Clearing the land for ploughing was a family affair, and months of back-breaking work followed. On timbered land the trees were thinned out and cut into lengths of ten to fifteen feet, hauled by bullocks and made into immense heaps, which when dry were burnt, a full day being frequently spent in making one heap. There was no end to root cutting after the worst of the surface timber had been removed. A man often accompanied the plough solely for that purpose.

'It was not until this absolutely necessary work was completed, that house building and the erection of stables and outhouses could be commenced. As Solomon the Wise said, "Prepare thy work in the field and afterwards build thine house".

'Weather permitting harvesting was a six-day week affair, from daylight to dusk. Armed with hand sickles, the family and helpers descended upon the paddocks of golden grain, where yields of fifty to sixty bushels per acre were not uncommon. The wheat sheaves were carted into close proximity of the homestead, and stacked in preparation for threshing in a barn. They were spread out in a large circle, untied, and the wheat trodden out in a most primitive manner by the hooves of bullocks, which were either driven or ridden. This method of threshing was both tedious and unhygienic, as apart from animal excreta, dirt from the floor intermingled with the grain.

'The alternative method of threshing was by wooden roller, approximately nine inches in diameter at its narrow end and up to three feet at the large end. The roller was fastened to a post by a ring at the small end, and drawn around by a horse attached to the other end.

'Every Sunday was a rest day, and Father carried on his pastoral ministry, preaching in a tent which was not a permanent fixture. It had to be dismantled after each service because cattle chewed the ropes.

'About once a month I was detailed to travel to Adelaide with produce from the farm, and to backload with provisions. On one such occasion I headed off with a team of eight bullocks and dray, with an older man as relief driver. As it turned out, my main duty was to keep him from getting on the spree.

'Approaching the Onkaparinga near Mr Warland's Old Wheatsheaf Inn, we found the river rising rapidly. The bullocks refused to budge, so stripping off I waded in, holding on to one of the bullock's yokes to keep myself from being carried away by the current; using a stick with the other hand and talking to the leaders like a father, I succeeded in making them face the water and all got over safely.

'Old settlers kept their bullock teams as long as possible and always found them useful. As there was little or no hay available in those early years, it was common practice to feed them on boughs of sheaoak trees, and they did very well on this fodder. It was common, at the time, for families to travel in bullock drays to church, weddings, picnics and funerals. With ploughing the bullocks were not as effective as horses; two horses could do the work of six bullocks.

'With improvement in roads, draught horses gradually replaced the bullocks, and many a fine old team that had done duty honestly and well, borne the heat

of day for many years, was finally turned out into good fattening paddocks of lucerne and rich natural grasses, in order that their old bones might be covered with juicy young flesh and fat to afford many a square meal for the hungry 'beefeaters' in the country.

'Our trials are now behind us, Mr Manning. A comfortable stone house has replaced the slab hut, while our extensive garden bears a plentiful supply of fruit and vegetables. I trust that my children will not have to undergo the same experiences.'

As for myself, my sons did endure, with my wife and I, the drudgery and toil of bringing Hope Farm into productivity, and I am sure that their labours have made better men of them, than would have been the case if my labour had been their legacy.



'Lashbrook', residence of Rev. J. B. Austin, Bugle Ranges

12

A Missionary In China

EARLY IN 1860 AN elderly English gentlewoman arrived in McLaren Vale. She was Miss Mary Ann Aldersey. In the years that followed I was to become closely associated with her both through the Congregational Church and visits to my home and winery, where at various times she kept me enthralled with stories of her twenty-five years as a missionary in the East Indies and China.

She was born on 24 June 1797, in the London suburb of Hackney, to Elizabeth and Joseph Aldersey, a wealthy merchant. As a child she attended the local Episcopal Church, and it was here that she learned of the London Missionary Society and its work in foreign countries.

In 1823 Dr Robert Morrison arrived in England on leave from Canton, where he had been in charge of a Protestant mission. Upon hearing details of his activities Miss Aldersey became vitally interested, and undertook a study of the Chinese language.

By 1832 she had obtained her father's blessing to leave England and undertake work on behalf of the London Missionary Society. At the time her health was



Mary Ann Aldersey

delicate, and not wishing to be a burden on the Society, she decided that she would pay her own way and meet all expenses connected with her spiritual labours.

Fate intervened to prevent her departure. Her sister-in-law, Mrs Rachel Aldersey, died on 1 October 1832 at Chigwell Row, Essex, leaving a bereft husband and eight children. For the next four years she cared for the family, and continued her oriental studies under the auspices of a Chinese tutor, whose presence in the home intrigued the young children. His 'pigtail' and colourful dress were a special attraction.

In September 1836 her widowed brother Richard married Elizabeth Wilkinson at the Chapel of St Peter-ad-Vincula, which stands within the precincts of the Tower of London, and so, at last Mary Aldersey was free to set out on what was to be a crusade among the people of the Far East.

She boarded the brig *Hashemy* of 523 tons, in company with two other missionaries, Dr and Mrs Medhurst, and sailed on 10 August 1837, arriving in Batavia on 2 December, which was the date of her parents' wedding anniversary. On this day she was prompted to record in her diary,

' . . . on the day of my arrival it was also my wedding day. I have long betrothed myself to a people so interesting to me.'

She spent three years in Java, meeting with apathy from local Europeans and ridicule from the native population. However, by applying her limited medical knowledge, she relieved the Javanese Regent from his asthma attacks, and as a consequence gradually became accepted in the community.

During her sojourn in Java, war had broken out between Britain and China, and by 1840, thinking that it could be drawing to an end, she disposed of her house, and in company with two Javanese converts (Ati and Kit) she sailed to Macao via Singapore.

Following the cessation of hostilities in August 1841 the Anglo-Chinese Treaty opened up access to five ports—Amoy, Canton, Foochow, Ningpo and Shanghai. Mary Aldersey hastened to Ningpo, a town of 300 000 people in the Che Kiang province, situated about twelve miles inland on a river on the southern side of Hang Chow Bay.

At the outset she purchased a large house in the centre of the city, and within a short time opened her school with a staff comprising two cooks, a house servant, two watchmen and a gatekeeper. Progress was slow, and at first she was treated with suspicion and prejudice. People showed strong aversion towards sending children to the school, and one small anecdote she related to me conveys the ignorance that prevailed.

'I was surprised,' she said, 'to hear a Chinese peasant woman say "all English children have blue eyes with which it is impossible to see. The strange lady will take out our children's eyes and send them to her friends at home". Little wonder that I was considered a murderess and titled the Witch of Ningpo.'

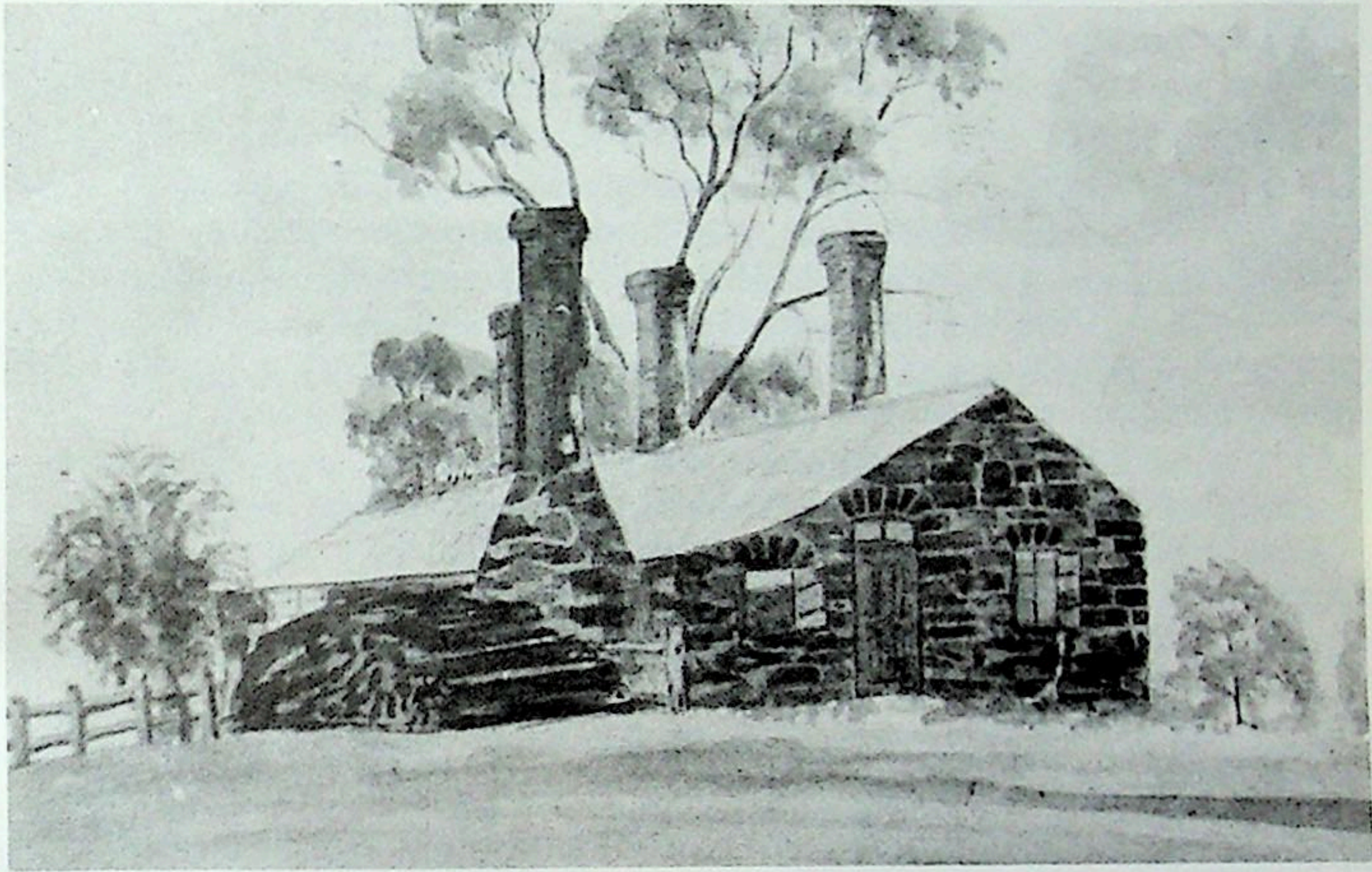
Gradually, despite such evil reports, her school increased in numbers, and by 1846 fifty boarders were under her charge. The teaching at the school was always in the Chinese tongue, as Mary Aldersey had a strong objection to teaching her pupils English. Her main aim was to teach them the Christian religion. At last, with her school firmly established, she opened several others in villages close by

Ningpo, and she became very attached to a small community living in San Ch'iao.

By 1860 her health was failing and she was compelled to abandon her mission, which was taken over by the American Missionary Society.

Mary Aldersey did not return to England because her brother Richard, his wife and family had emigrated to South Australia in 1849, and settled in the McLaren Vale.

Richard Aldersey built a home from local ironstone at the foot of Stump Hill, where he and his family lived for almost five years. He then purchased land adjoining 'Hope Farm', and built a larger home, which he called 'Amery' after his birthplace in Hampshire. He died there on 22 September 1857.



painting by Mrs Sarah Kay c 1905

'Amery' built 1855

Upon her arrival in the McLaren Vale, Mary Aldersey was warmly welcomed by her nieces, nephews and sister-in-law, and following a short stay amidst the family she purchased land in the village of Gloucester. There she erected a home which she called 'Tsong Gyiaou', the closest she could manage in English to the pronunciation of 'San Ch'iao'.

In the district Miss Aldersey soon became known as 'Miss China Lady Aldersey', and for the remaining years of her life she still engaged in Christian undertakings. She travelled throughout the area, exercising her benevolent disposition towards the sick and poor, until finally, on 30 September 1868 she was released from her earthly labours, and was laid to rest in the Congregational Churchyard in the presence of many residents of the district. The inscription on her tombstone reads,

Mary Ann Aldersey
Late of Ningpo, China
Born 1797, Died 1868

13

Early Adelaide and the Goldfields

UPON HER DEATH MARY Ann Aldersey bequeathed 'Tsong Gyiaou' to her nieces, the Misses Eliza and Mary Ann, who at that time were conducting a private school in the Mill House at Noarlunga. Within a few months the two young ladies added a schoolroom to the northern end of 'Tsong Gyiaou', and on 16 December 1868, they placed an advertisement in *The Register*:

'The Misses Aldersey are prepared to receive, after Christmas, a limited number of young ladies as pupils at their new residence, Maclaren Vale (sic), References—the Revs. F. W. Cox, Norwood; J. Howie, Maclaren Vale (sic); E. K. Miller, Willunga.' The new school was an immediate success, and boarding pupils came from country centres, such as Mount Gambier, Kadina and Angaston. Many local



Mary Ann Aldersey



Eliza Aldersey

girls entered the school as day pupils, some walking several miles each day from their homes throughout the valley.

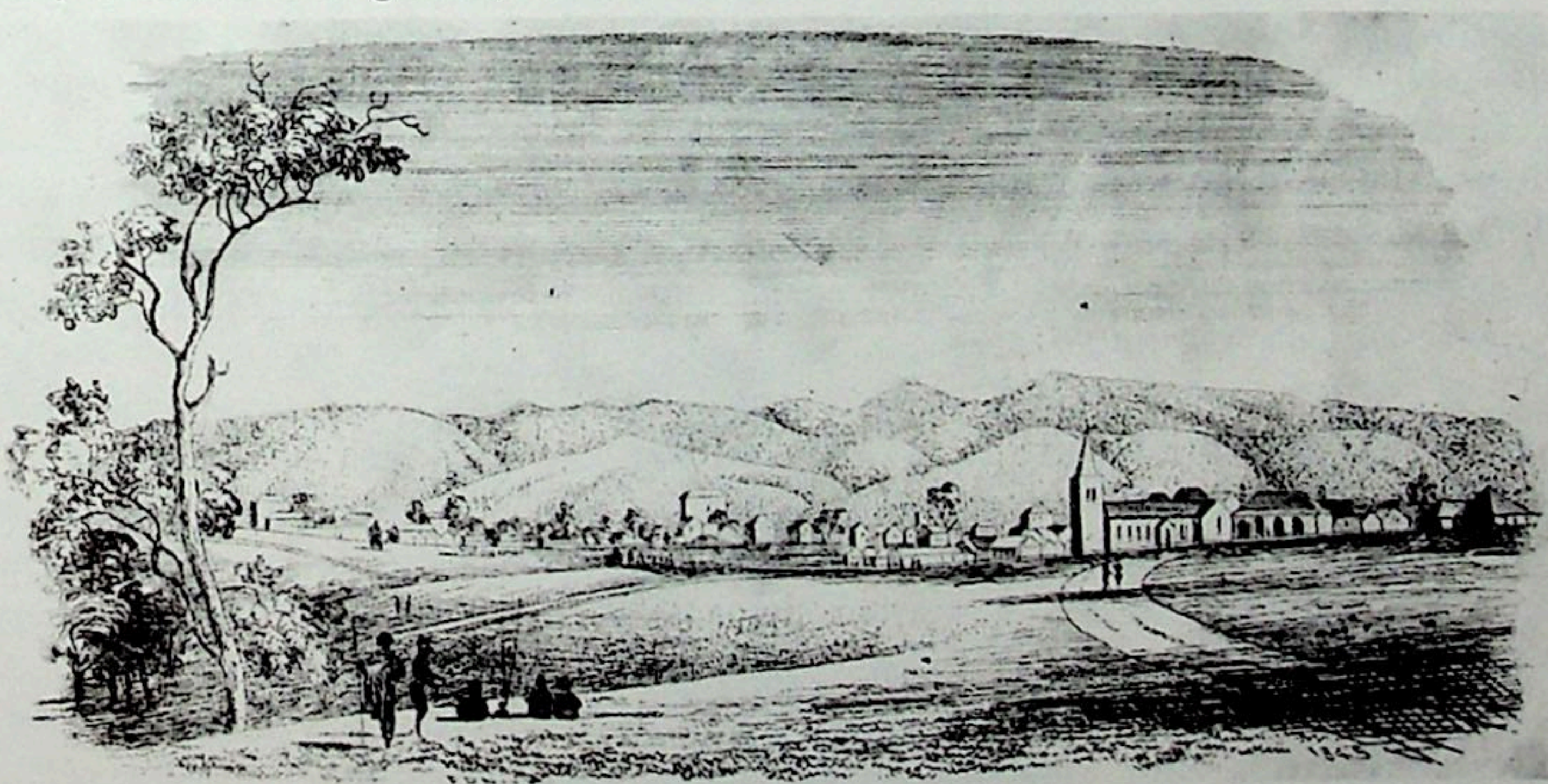
During October 1869, certain renovations were being made to the Congregational Church, and my sons, Francis and Charles, were among several of the congregation who assisted with some of the necessary carpentry.

Early one afternoon I rode down to the church to offer my assistance, and prior to my leaving for 'Hope Farm' a gentleman crossed the road from 'Tsong Gyiaou' and engaged me in conversation. He introduced himself as Henry Webb; and told me that he had just enrolled his daughter at the school. One word led to another as so often happens, and we were soon discussing Colonial matters of concern to us both.

Mr Webb showed considerable interest in my vine-growing, and I answered his many questions, then, aware of my own interest in his emigration, he prepared to tell his story. It promised to be a lengthy one, so we strolled over to seat ourselves comfortably upon a very convenient fallen red gum. My companion decided to begin at the beginning.

'I was born in Great Regent Street London on 30 July 1835', he said. 'In August 1839 my father emigrated with his family of three sons (myself being the eldest) to Australia in the ship *John*. The voyage was pleasant and successful until nearing the Cape of Good Hope when adverse winds and heavy seas carried away the bulwarks and fore and main rigging, making it necessary to run the ship into Table Bay, where we lay for a fortnight making repairs after which the balance of our voyage was completed on 22 February 1840 without any incidents happening worthy of note.

'When the ship dropped her anchor in the then Port Adelaide, which was situated a quarter of a mile south of the present port, my father proceeded to the site of the City of Adelaide, eight-and-a-half miles south-east by east of the port. Arriving there he found it impossible to obtain a house or any shelter whatever, either temporary or permanent. Our fellow shipmates were in the same predicament of course, and on this memorable Saturday the lookout appeared very wretched and gloomy to all.



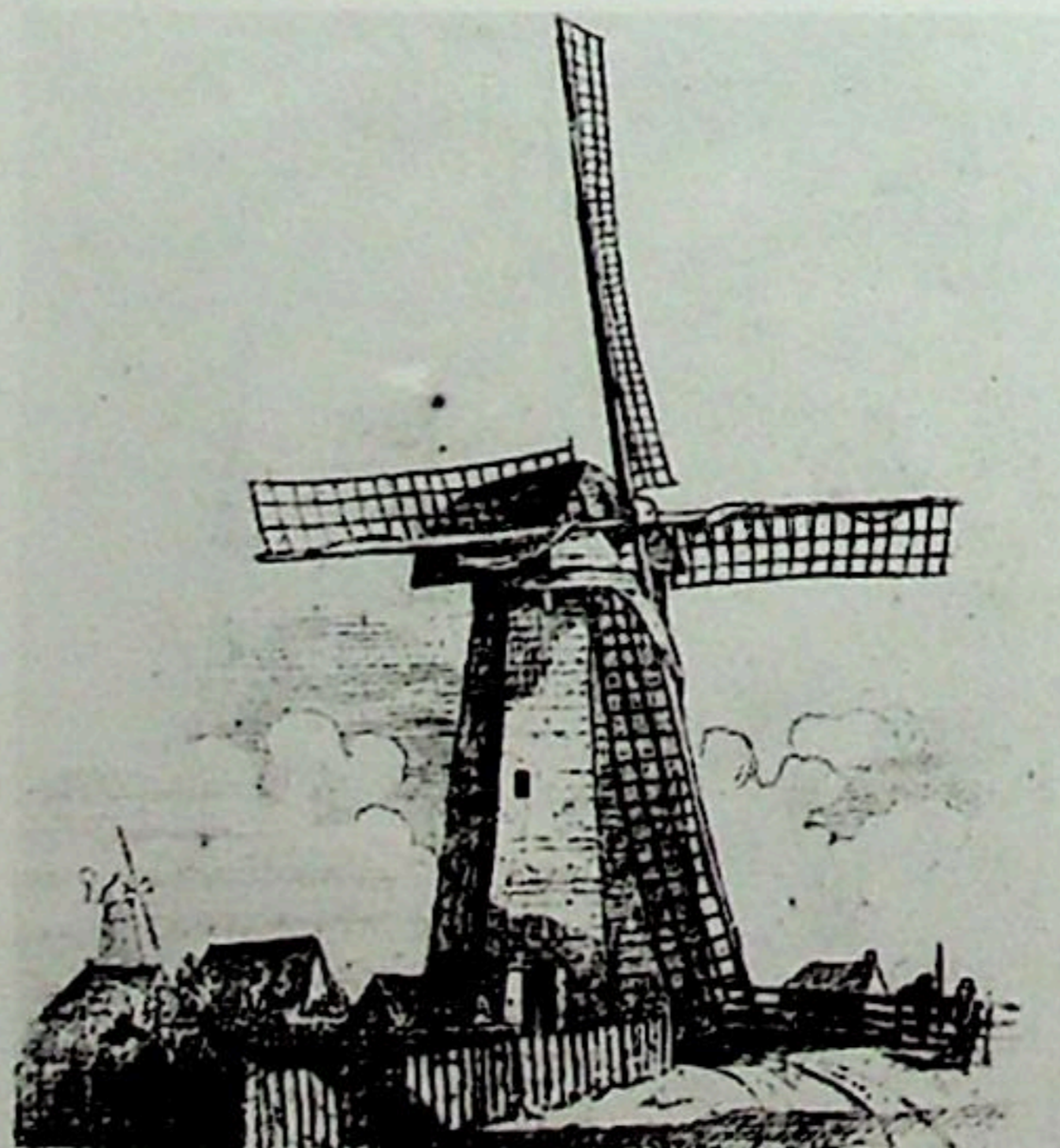
Part of Adelaide from the north-west 1845

'My father, being a member of the Independent Denomination in England held notes of recommendation from his late pastor in Wallingford of that body and as a last resort to gain shelter for the time being for his own family and those of his fellow voyagers, he took his documents and succeeded in finding the residence of the only Congregational minister in South Australia , the Rev. Mr Stow, whose church was situated in Freeman Street.

'That gentleman could do no more than give them liberty to occupy the small church for the Saturday and Sunday nights only, at the same time making our father responsible for cleaning and having all bedding stacked in a corner, and the forms replaced in time for the 11 am service, which instructions were carried out to the satisfaction of all concerned. Thus were the greater part of the ship's immigrants housed in confusion, men, women, and children in the one room from Saturday to Monday.

'On the Monday 24 February, the British Government, who had imported a large number of portable wooden houses, needed every helping hand they could get to erect them on a square on the West Parklands near where the Market Hotel now stands on West Terrace, one of which was occupied by our family until my father could get suitably fitted out as a tailor and goods tradesman. He had no difficulty in obtaining constant employment from Mr J. Barclay in the Globe Hotel in Rundle Street at which he earnt an average of £3 per week. This soon enabled him to buy a five acre allotment of land from Mr Boswarva, a gentleman who had drawn by the Art Union in England the suburban section, now known as Plympton, which he named in honour of his native town in Devonshire. My father soon arranged to have bricks carted from Hindmarsh and a two-roomed cottage built and a month or two later he shifted into his own house for the first time in his life. Not many months later he added another two rooms.

'He sowed a crop of three acres of wheat, and, by 30 November 1841 had gathered in his first crop of wheat, yielding forty bushels to the acre. From this time my milling experience began, there being no mill in the locality (and indeed only one in the colony, viz. John Ridley's at Hindmarsh; it only crushed the grain but had no machinery for either cleaning the wheat or separating the husks from the flour).



The City Mill 1845

'A neighbour, two or three allotments away from ours, owned a large coffee mill with a flywheel and made a charge of sixpence per dozen pounds for the use of the mill to grind (rather crush) the grain in our silos. Consequently, I being the eldest of four, for by this time my sister Jane had been added to the family, and was six-and-a-half years old, I was entrusted with the milling process. My mother baked a delightful change of bread by means of an iron pot turned up-side-down on top of the dough, which was placed on the heated brick of the fireplace and the hot ash gathered around to keep in the steam. A little fire was kept burning between the legs of the three-legged saucepan, which was placed on top.

'So, by steady persistence, my father, taking his work from Mr Barclay, was soon enabled to buy the properties of his two nearest neighbours, both having cottages (or shacks) thereon, one of which, by a little alteration, (taking down the partition of the two rooms, sinking stumps in the floor, and nailing split slabs from stump to stump for seats), afforded a rustic chapel or preaching place for the Wesleyans, they being the only religious body who would think of venturing so far into the country, viz three miles from the sight of the present city of Adelaide. The preachers who ventured so far from the town were (in alternation), Mr Boots, Mr J. Colton, Rev. N. Longbottom, Rev. Harcourt, Rev. M. Draper, Rev. Flockhart, and various other Reverends and locals of the old Methodist Identity. The means used for announcing the approach of service time was to run a flag up a forty foot sapling made fast in the ground.

'We were enabled to jog along tolerably comfortable with the produce from the twenty acres, a half acre of which he presented to the Wesleyan denomination on which the Wesley Church at Plympton now stands. However, he soon began to think he was farming on too limited a scale with his family (for by '47 we had increased cent per cent). So he sold the Plympton property to very good advantage to the Rev. M. Tetherington and selected two eighty acre establishments from the South Australian Government at the price of £1 per acre. They were situated on the Salisbury Plains, thirteen miles from town and one-quarter of a mile from the place where the town of Salisbury is now situated.

'We went to work and built a weatherboard house of three rooms, fenced in a small portion of land, and ploughed a garden with bullocks. I was now about eleven years old and had had some experience in bullock driving in Plympton with Mr Oaks. But we were too young to be of much assistance and father did not approve of hired labourers. Therefore he was forced to relinquish his ideas of farming for the present and return nearer town. Consequently he sold out and bought land near Glenelg. He built a six-roomed house, and also four rooms, which he had no difficulty in letting, and started his trade in Rundle Street, Adelaide.

'I now went to Mr Basset's boarding school for a year, after which I went into the butchery business at Glenelg. I remained there until the late part of 1851, when the first gold was discovered in Victoria. Every man had the fever to its pull and, by September '51, there was scarcely a man to be seen in the streets of Adelaide. My father, like the rest, availed himself of the first opportunity to go to the Melbourne diggings.

'He sailed in August on the ss *Cleopatra*. Arriving there, he selected two mates, or partners, and they started en route to Forest Creek (now Castlemaine). For the



Town and Country Bank, Rundle Street

want of knowing each other they could not agree and consequently dissolved partnership and returned to Melbourne. My father returned to his former occupation, as did his two companions (Blair and Turgate). They took a three-roomed cottage in Little Bourke Street and a bachelor's life. In the meantime, my father made preparations for another trip to the El Dorado, writing for me to come over quickly.



Rundle Street East c 1885

'About the end of October '51, the roads being in a very bad state from the immense traffic of that year's exceptionally wet winter, we had to wait a few weeks in order to obtain cartage, which we succeeded in doing by the middle of November. A dray drawn by one horse carried our traps to Bendigo, consisting of half a bag of flour, a cradle, a puddling tub, spades, picks and cooking utensils, bedding, a tent, amounting to about 500 lbs weight between my father and I. The journey was by no means all sunshine.

I well remember our first encampment on the day of the starting. It rained steadily from the time of starting in the morning until the end of the Melon Plains, about fifteen miles, at 5.00 pm. We were tired, footsore with constant wet feet, and drenched through to the skin from the rain. We each unloaded our respective belongings, erected our tents and got our bedding under its shelter. The next difficulty was to light a fire for the use of the company, for there were about six other parties, consisting of two or three in a partnership, among which were my father's late partners, Blair and Turgate. They were now on their own and had their own tent. Water was running in every direction and to keep our beds out of it was a difficulty. After lighting a fire, boiling our billies, and frying our meat, we enjoyed our first meal on the tramp.

'Next morning at daybreak, an alarm was made in the camp for an early start. It was still raining, and we decided to move a few miles to a drier position. Accordingly, after breakfast each party packed and loaded their own luggage, and started by 8.00 am for King's Gap (a gorge between the mountains at the end of the Keilor Plains), and, after having travelled ten or eleven miles we pitched camp under much better conditions, for we were sheltered by the mountains and drained by undulating country. After a good meal and a warm, rousing fire we each took our guns (for I was then a fair shot), and went shooting in the ranges.

'The rain having cleared away, the afternoon was delightful. Most of us had some game or other to compensate him for his afternoon's work, or rather, pleasure. I shot three magpies, one laughing Jackass, and an opossum. We took our game home at about 5.00 pm and I skinned the opossum and cleaned the Jackass and magpies and baked them in the camp oven. My father was very averse to eating meat of a carnivorous nature but he, with the rest of our comrades, could not refrain from eating a most hearty meal of magpies and Jackasses.

'Next morning, beautifully fine, we travelled alright and made an early start, making Bough Inn, near which we encamped at 5.00 pm. We were now about 45-50 miles from Melbourne. This was the first habitation that we had seen since we had left Tulip Wright's (a licensed beer shop at Deep Creek) two-and-a-half miles out of Melbourne (now called Coburg). Though the roads were alive with men carrying swags on their backs, and for the most part were travelling in the same direction as ourselves, some few were returning. In all cases, or nearly so, they gave us a gloomy and horrible account of the diggings, strongly advising us to return also. But my father had sufficient experience by his former trip to know that no notice was to be taken of these opinions.

'So we went on next morning, passing by Mount Macedon at about 10.00 am on the present sight of Woodend, and thus through the Black Forest to Kyneton. There were, in November 1851, about five or six slab huts in Kyneton. Here, and

for many miles we had to assist the horse through the boggy country, starting from Mount Macedon to the Calnbys River. By tying a rope to each shaft and half a dozen men on each we trudged through water and mud, sometimes over our knees. At Karlsrue, an old mounted police depot, the land was very rich and loose and consequently very boggy. Our next stage brought us to Cololyn. There were a few slab huts also here. We camped here for the night.

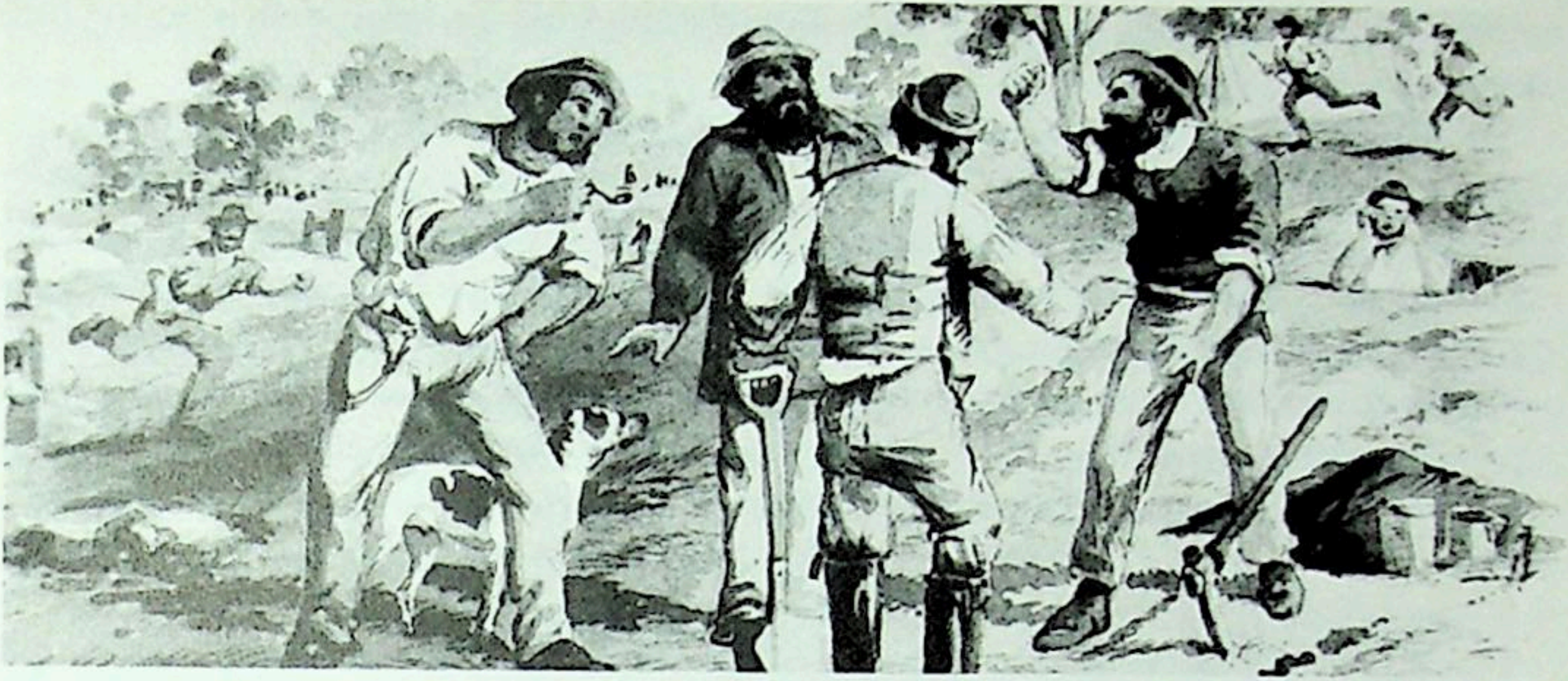
'Next day we got on a firmer, better road, but of course there had been nothing done to improve them at that time and it was nothing more than a bush track from Melbourne to Bendigo. So we passed Sawpit Gully and camped that night five or six miles from the Golden Valley. In the morning some were anxious to accomplish the journey, and a few conscientiously scrupled doing so on Sunday, my father for one. However, the majority ruled and a start was made when a drizzly rain set in. But we kept on travelling. And, at about 11.00 am we sighted the white and yellow mounds thrown out of the ground holes.

'I ran ahead, as a boy will do, and the water or rain had eroded gutters which poured down the mounds, thus exposing some nice specks of gold. I therefore at once set to fossicking, and soon succeeded in collecting a nice little parcel of gold (about 2 dwts), besides a piece about the size of a half-sovereign, but thinner, weighing about one-and-a-half dwts, worth about five shillings and ninepence. This was in Long Gully, then in its full giving, and the only excuse for not finding gold was either physical disability or a sheer laziness.

'Sunday afternoon was devoted to pitching our respective tents and adjusting our domestic comforts. Fixing four stumps in the ground, on which we rested the two ends of a sapling previously passed through a flour bag at the top and bottom corners of each side, we formed a most comfortable stretcher. One each side of the tent made a stretcher for my father and myself. Next morning we were up in good time and, after taking a survey of the valley, we came to the conclusion that there was no vacant space available in Long Gully, and the sinking for the most part was too deep, being from twenty to thirty-five feet, making it necessary to erect a windlass. My father therefore, leaving me in charge of the tent, after lunch took his departure in the then dense bush in search of pastures new.

'In the meantime I was not idle, for I took my fossicking dish and washed out of the thrown-away washdirt fully an ounce of gold, working at it as long as I could see a speck. I took good care not to leave the tent far out of my sight for two reasons. Robberies were of everyday occurrence, besides I had promised my father when he left after lunch not to do so, and the other reason was fear of being bushed.

'My thoughts had been so engrossed in my wonderful success that I thought but little of my father until I reached the tent at past twilight to find that he had not returned. What could I do if he lost his way in so dense a scrub, and darkness closing in so rapidly around us? I lit a large fire for wood was very plentiful, but I was not alone, for hundreds of other tents and thousands of men were established on either side of the Gully, and each keeping a large fire literally illuminated it from top to bottom. So if one only followed up the reflection in the sky it was not likely he could be utterly lost in the bush. However, my father (like myself) had been too interested in his immense success to leave till darkness had completely enclosed around him. Then his only guide was the stars, in a strange scrub with



Disputed Claim

three miles to walk over hill and valley, quartz, slate, and rocks. For he had pegged out a claim for the two of us in Californian Gully, the first and most likely looking workings he came to. He had sunk a hole besides some diggers who seemed to be doing well.

'After going down about nine feet, by dusk he struck his pick on a nice little nugget of gold about half an ounce weight. He rapidly gathered the surrounding dirt, and took it in his billy with him. After a long round-about journey, finding himself in Long Gully about three miles away from our tent, he finally reached home about 10.00 pm very tired and hungry. I had the billy boiling and some mutton cooked in readiness. But we were too full of our first day's success to think much of our supper till we had washed out the contents of father's billy, which yielded fully three ounces of clean gold, which was eagerly bought by the storekeepers at £3/7/6 per ounce. That, with my one ounce, made an encouraging day's work to begin with.

'Next morning we were up by daylight and had an early breakfast, after which we carried as much of our effects as each of us could stand under, to our new prospect. I was left in charge while father made two other journeys for the balance. In the meantime I did what I could to re-erect the bedsteads and tent. This done, we were in full trim to start work on our claim early on Tuesday. Father had taken the precaution on leaving his claim on Monday night to well cover the bottom of the hole with rubble, so that no gold would be readily found by fossickers so as to lead to our claim being jumped (taken possession of by another man), which was the law at that time after 24 hours' absence. So we found it intact, as we left it. After carefully uncovering the bottom again, to our agreeable surprise the gold lay in what was termed as a pocket (a dip in the pipe clay). With a kind of dark ash the gold was thickly mixed. Father took a pint pannikin and in a short time three parts filled it with nuggety gold (a pint pannikin will hold eleven pounds of gold troy).

'We had no sooner done this than a party of sailors, who deserted their ship in Hobson's Bay, marked out a full claim for four men, which is a measurement of sixteen feet by twelve, and proceeded to sink the whole block at once. They worked hard for four or five days, keeping a continual watch on us to know

which way our dip ran, for their hole joined ours, and we knew our gold (or dip) ran straight for theirs.

'So, after working like slaves for that time and sinking the hole to a depth of six feet, they were aroused by the 'Traps' (police) who were looking for them (for they had deserted their ship). Consequently they hurriedly packed up their swags one morning and deserted their claim, which we quickly took possession of, leaving our hole for the time being, from which we had already taken seven pounds of gold. We found it all like we expected. The earth, for about nine inches above the pipe clay bottom and eleven feet below the surface, was completely studded with gold. We put it in bags and carried it to our tent, awaiting the rain to enable us to puddle, and wash it through the cradle. This soon took place after cleaning up the two holes, which yielded altogether twenty-six pounds of clean gold.

'On one occasion, while my father was fossicking in the bottom of his hole and had no particular need for my services, I took my lunch, pick and shovel, and strolled off through the bush. I went towards Eaglehawk Gully (for it had only been discovered a few months then, and the country in that vicinity had never yet been tried save a half-tried (or sunk) hole here and there). I walked about a mile, and found a gully which as far as I could see had never had a hole sunk in it. I, thinking it looked a likely gully, sunk a hole. But when I got down about four feet I struck on an immense boulder of quartz, about three hundredweight.

'The size of my hole was six by three feet so I could not lift it out, and the only way to overcome the difficulty was to carry my pick down with me (which I did), sinking to a foot on one side, rolling the stone, and alternately repeating same. So by dusk I had completed my hole to a depth of about eight feet, when I struck my pick into a nice nugget of gold of about an ounce. But, it being too dark to work any longer, I was obliged to leave. We were too busy at home to attend my claim next day. Later we found it had caused a great rush, and was named Sailor's Gully.

'The time went very pleasantly with us, for the diggers (all men, for at that time I had never seen a woman on the diggings) engaged themselves at nights singing, playing cards, and opossum-hunting. The bush was alive with them, native cats, and kangaroo rats, etc. Occasionally a kangaroo would cross our path in the daytime. Sometimes the natives would hold a corroboree by the moonlight, and I have seen three hundred blacks going through their devotions to the moon at Long Gully. This is a most imposing sight. Then the custom was, at about nine o'clock pm to beat the eight bells as is the custom at sea (but on tin dishes instead of bells), and every man who owned a firearm of any description fired a volley, usually in blank, for they were all muzzle loaders then. This volley was a surprise to intruding burglars.

'I used to bake a damper in the camp oven, mixed with a little carbonate of soda, and boil a piece of mutton for the next day in the same utensil, after which I would melt mutton fat (which the butchers had no use for), and I then made candles which I readily sold to the diggers at 2/6 per lb. Every commodity for our living was 2/6 per lb—salt, tea, sugar, flour, in fact everything sold by the pound was 2/6. My father gave me a matchboxful of gold to go to the store (which were all distinguished by a red flag) to purchase 100 lbs of flour. The box then was one and a half inches deep with a hole in it and they held three ounces of gold. I

brought home but only about 8 dwt of gold (making gold worth £4/5/- per ounce). He had charged me £11 for the half bag of flour. Carriage from Melbourne to Bendigo went as high as £150 per ton that winter, 1851.

We worked out our claims, and, as robberies and murders for gold were becoming so frequent we thought it advisable to sell off our tent, tubs, cradle, and return to Adelaide in time to spend Christmas, which was only a little over a week hence. We sold our tent readily for three ounces (gold dust was the only equivalent for money then), our puddling tub for one ounce, and everything else at the same rate. We packed up our bedding in a swag each and, with our billy by our sides, marched off en route to the metropolis. We had three miles to go before we were clear of the diggings.



Goldfields street scene

'Arriving at Golden Flat (Golden Square) we put up at the best and most permanent building then on the diggings—Fletcher's Coffee Palace. It consisted of iron bark logs laid one on another about thirty feet long and four feet high with a tarpaulin thrown over a ridge pole and nailed to the top of the wall on either side, being about ten feet high at the ridge. This, with slabs for a table along the centre, and forms of the same description, formed the very best building in Bendigo. That being so, of course we had to pay a fancy price, viz 5/- per meal, damper and mutton only (and 5/- for the privilege of throwing our blankets on the wet floor to sleep). I was up by daylight in the morning, took a tommy hawk, and while breakfast was preparing went up on Specimen Hill and pelted for an hour at the immense maze of quartz and for my reward got a valuable specimen of gold in quartz worth about £5/-/-.

'After breakfast we made a start again. Father had twenty pounds of gold strapped around him. Some he had sent on to Adelaide by Tolmer's Escort which had only started but a short time. But he preferred to carry it about him. We were fortunate in meeting with a company of Adelaide men, who like ourselves, were returning to spend the Christmas. We were all armed to the teeth and thus prepared for any bushrangers who might cross our path, though it were Captain Moonlight himself. We all marched by step to a song, in military fashion, and at intervals fired a volley from every firearm we possessed.'

There was a long pause. Mr Webb then seemed about to add a further comment, but at this moment we heard the sound of the bugle heralding the clatter and swift approach of the swaying Adelaide coach. So instead we shook hands, and bidding me farewell my new acquaintance hurried off to take his seat.

14

The Dissenting Schoolteacher

DURING THE LATTER PART of 1869 I went to Adelaide on one of my infrequent business trips to see Mr Thomas Hardy, at Bankside. I finalised my business with him on a Saturday, as I recall, and the following morning I attended the Freeman Street Chapel, and at the end of the service I met Joseph Ryder, whom I had not seen since April 1850. It was then he had advised me on the selection of available land in the Colony. He now kindly invited me to lunch at his home in Gilbert Street, and when his charming wife had withdrawn to attend to household matters, during the afternoon he entertained me with tales of interesting events which had happened during his lifetime.

Early Days in England

'It all started in the village of Chalvey,' he said, 'in the parish of Upton, Buckinghamshire, where I was born on 31 July 1816. The village is about one mile from Eton College, and nearly two miles from Windsor Bridge over the River Thames. My Father, William Ryder, was a shoemaker, born in 1770.

'I shall not regale you with all the trials of my early days, other than to say, that at the age of fourteen I was apprenticed to a tailor, and through my association as a junior teacher at the Congregational Sunday School, Windsor, I entered the training college of the British and Foreign School Society, London, to train as a schoolmaster. This was in 1841.

'I had married in 1838, and during my training period my wife opened a business as a milliner and dressmaker in Windsor, and it was the income from this venture which supported the family until I completed my studies in 1842. A series of teaching appointments followed, and by 1848 I was stationed at Kings Lynn in Norfolk. At this time my health was of great concern, for I was plagued with many distressing coughs and colds.

'The Secretary of my school, Mr Wigg, a chemist, (related I believe, to Mr Wigg, bookseller of Rundle Street) was an intimate friend of mine, and on Good Friday, 1849, he asked whether I had ever thought of emigrating to South Australia as a means of regaining my health, because he felt that to remain in Lynn through the next winter would be fatal to me. 'He offered to take me to the leading physician of the town to get his opinion, which was that nothing short of removal to a warmer climate, before winter, could save my life.

'I applied first to be sent out as a free emigrant, but had too many children (four) under a certain age. Failing that I applied to be sent as the schoolmaster of a ship and was accepted, but would have to wait my turn. That might possibly be more than a year so the plan had to be abandoned. Mr Wigg then went to work, and in the course of a few weeks collected from the friends of the School and Congregational Church, quite sufficient, with what I could raise, to pay our passage, but there was little to spare.'

Bound for South Australia

'We left Kings Lynn for London on a Saturday, 24 August 1849, and on Sunday morning I went to Spa Fields Chapel, and as the great congregation rose to sing the first hymn, my feelings entirely overcame me and I sobbed aloud. The thought that I was going far away from the House of God and its privileges into a strange land; that for many weeks to come I would be a wanderer over the mighty ocean, was very saddening.

'The same afternoon we went by railway to the East India Docks, and went on board the *Asiatic*, which was to sail from Gravesend the following morning. We found our berths, and were pleased that we were placed under the main hatchway, where we hoped to get a little more fresh air than we otherwise might.

'The ship was in a hopeless state of confusion. Bales, boxes and parcels of all kinds crowded the decks above and below.

'Next morning we found ourselves opposite Gravesend, expecting to sail directly after breakfast, but a terrible event occurred. Opposite us, and at the same table, a man was suddenly seized with cholera, which was then raging in London. It was a dreadful sight as the poor man's face and hands turned a ghastly blue. He was fearfully convulsed and in great agony: his groans rang through the ship. The poor fellow died at four o'clock in the afternoon.

'Great excitement reigned among the passengers and we resolved to hold a public meeting in the morning, to protest against putting to sea with cholera on board. Dr Maurau, Ship's Doctor, was sent to tell us that the case was one of English cholera, and the ship would sail at ten am. Notwithstanding our loud and vehement protests the Blue Peter was hoisted; we sailed slowly down to the sea, and for two days and nights I lay in utmost misery. My wife and our young children fared little better. I remember passing Landsend and Eddystone Light, and felt sad at taking farewell of the shores of my old country. I regretted that I had ever put my foot on board ship, and felt we should all go to the bottom.

'After crossing the Bay of Biscay we gradually found ourselves more comfortable. My wife could not enjoy the food and often went hungry. She longed for some more flour, especially as she could not eat the ship's biscuits, which ironically they called bread, only a small quantity of flour being doled out to us, and that chiefly went for the children.

'A few days after this we were becalmed, and as we were getting into the tropics the heat became very great. Being becalmed the ship's offal lay all around us, causing a stench to fill the ship; it was almost unendurable.

'We were becalmed for a fortnight, and on 5 October things came to a climax in more than one respect. My wife was taken poorly in the evening; the Doctor ordered her into hospital, and before midnight she was safely delivered of our fourth daughter, Annie Oceana.

'In the early morning while I was sitting on the gangway steps, talking with the Doctor's assistant, the ship suddenly started going through the water at two or three miles an hour. Oh, what a double relief!

'When my wife had been in the hospital for about three days the Captain ordered that medical comforts be stopped as she was doing well. I thought it very cruel but there was no appeal, and when I saw her pining for want of proper nourishment I was very indignant.

'Now all the money we possessed was five sovereigns, which my wife had sewed between the bones of her stays, and I soon ripped one out and got a bottle of Port wine for her—cost five shillings. She afterwards had another bottle, and so we arrived in Adelaide with £4.10.0.



PORT ADELAIDE, 1848.

BY T. HOSMER SHEPHERD.

PRESENTED BY THE SOUTH AUSTRALIAN COMPANY THROUGH SIR E. T. SMITH, K.C.M.G.

'It was on the 24 December 1849 that we caught sight of Kangaroo Island, and the Captain promised us that we should have roast beef and plum pudding at Adelaide on Christmas Day, if we found it ourselves, but we were doomed to disappointment. On Christmas morning we entered the Gulf, but were opposed by a very strong hot wind from the north. All that day we did nothing but tack from side to side, making but little progress, so instead of dining on Christmas fare we were doomed to content ourselves with the inevitable salt pork.

'The *Asiatic* tied up at Port Adelaide during the evening of 26 December'.

For awhile there was silence, and I could see that Ryder's thoughts were far away, until suddenly he started, smiling with some embarrassment.

'Mr Manning, I do apologize,' he said, 'I didn't ask you to have a glass of port, or would you prefer tea?'

I accepted port, which proved to be a very fair vintage, and before long, after some gentle urging, my host continued with his story.

Adelaide 1849-1851

'On 27 December 1849 I started for Adelaide to seek my fortune. My first visit was to Mr George Rolfe, who had been one of the deacons of our church in Lynn, and who had emigrated about six months before us with his wife and children. They had had a most unfortunate voyage lasting six months, and were nearly starved, causing Mrs Rolfe to be seriously ill. She died within a few weeks of landing.

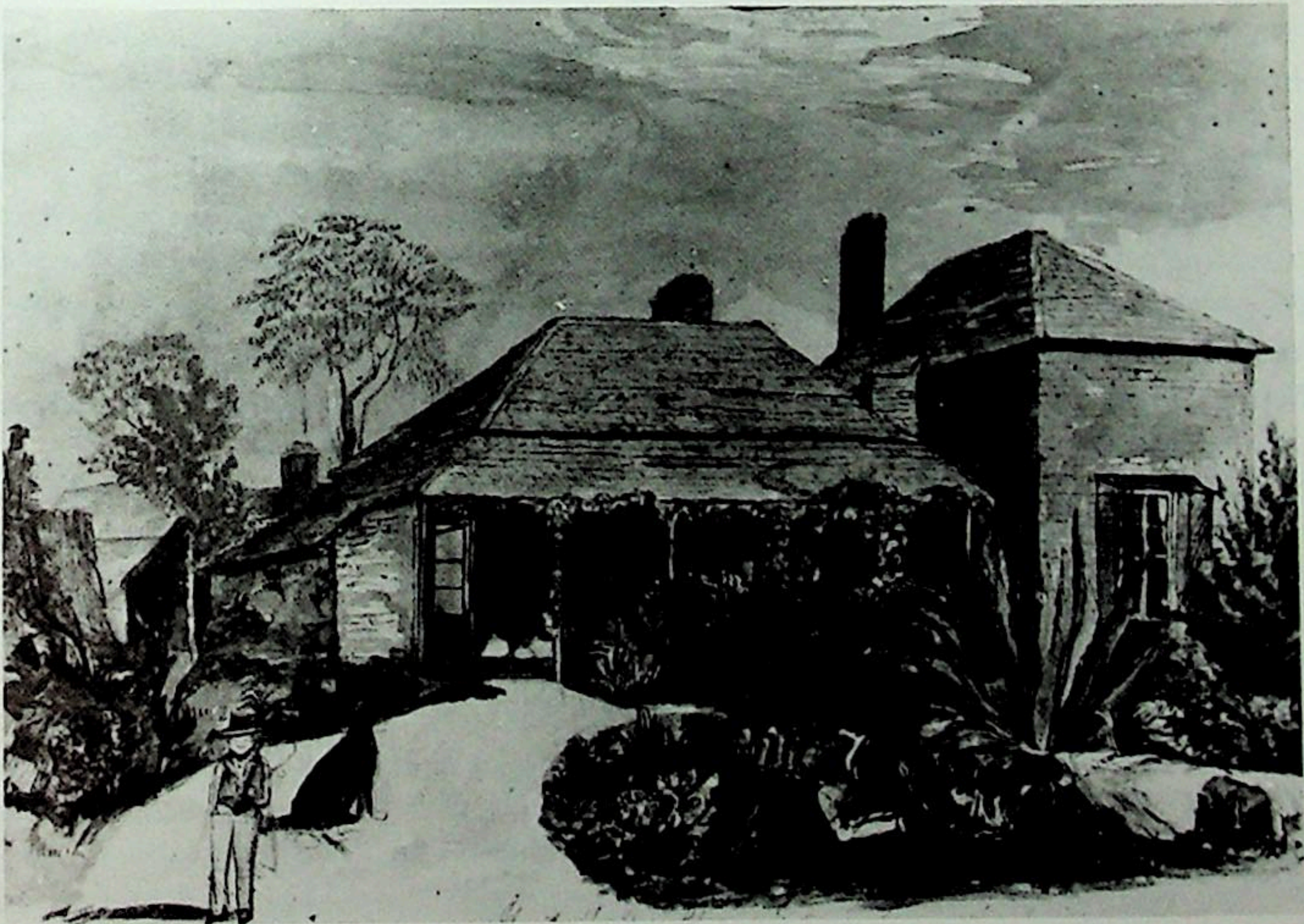
'We found Mr Rolfe in business as a land agent, and doing well. He was a cousin to Mr John Morphett, who doubtless put him into business. He asked me what I intended to do. I said of course, that school teaching was my profession.

'Oh,' said he, 'That is but poor work. Adelaide is full of little schools, and when a person can get nothing to do he or she starts teaching.

'This was poor encouragement, but he told me not to be dismayed, and to bring my wife and family to his house, where (during the course of a few days) he would introduce me to some friends who would be able to help me.

'In the afternoon I walked to Kensington to see old Mr Roberts, to whom I had a letter of introduction. He received me very coolly, I thought, but when he opened the letter his manner changed. 'Why,' said he, 'have you any testimonials as to your fitness as a teacher? If so you are the very man we have been looking for. We want to establish a day school in connection with Freeman Street Chapel.

'I showed him my certificate and also testimonials from the three schools I had conducted in England. He sent for Rev. Strongman, the Congregational Minister of Kensington, who examined my papers and entered heartily into the project. Mr Roberts also gave me a note to the Rev. Stow, the Minister of Freeman Street Chapel, which I was to deliver to him next day at his residence in Payneham.



Residence of Rev. Stow, Felixstowe

'Next morning I set off again to walk to Payneham. It was terribly hot, the distance four miles, and of course I lost my way and wandered about for an hour or more. I was told to make for the 'Maid and Magpie' inn, but how to find it I did not know. I lay down by a tree but there was no shelter; I was utterly exhausted and could go no further.

'Looking around, however, I could see a long low building at a distance, and slowly dragging my weary limbs along, I at last got to it, and found to my joy that it was the 'Maid and Magpie'. I had a glass of ale there and a good rest, then as I was now in the proper road I soon found Mr Stow.

'He received me very kindly, entered into the plans proposed for the establishment of a school, and after dinner, then tea, I walked back to town.

'An awful dust storm blew in with loud thunder and vivid lightning on my way, and presently the rain poured down so fiercely that I was drenched in a minute. By the time I reached town the rain had ceased, the sky cleared and the cool west wind was very refreshing.

'On Sunday I went again to Mr Rolfe's and walked with him to the Freeman Street Chapel and heard Mr Stow. I thought him one of the best preachers I had ever listened to.

'Mr Rolfe introduced me to the people, and a notice was read, calling a meeting of all interested in starting a British Day School in connection with the Chapel. At that meeting I was appointed teacher, school to begin on the following Monday in the schoolroom at the back of the Chapel. I was to have no payment from the Committee, but they were to spend a few pounds in fitting up the school. I would have the school fees, which were fixed at one shilling per week each, except for little children at, I think, eightpence per week. That night I went back to the ship, happy and thankful for my success.

'On Tuesday morning I brought my wife and five children, and all my household goods up on a bullock dray to Mr Rolfe's at North Adelaide for a day or so, while I was looking for a house. Finding that Mr Roberts had a house to let at Kensington, we took it and removed there the next day.

'It had only two rooms with brick floors, but the rent was low and as we had no furniture of any value it suited us very well. I borrowed some forms from the Congregational Sunday School to form a bedstead for the children, and two seats with backs from the Chapel made a first rate bedstead for ourselves. We had small boxes for chairs and a large one for a table, and so, as our finances were running out, we did not spend any upon furniture.

'I opened the school on Monday with about fifty scholars, a very good beginning. I walked from Kensington each morning and soon found that I was at a great disadvantage with regard to the assistance the Government gave to education. By the 'Education Ordinance', as it was then called, any person could start a school if he could get a magistrate to sign his application, and to state that he believed the applicant to be a fit person, and that he had a proper schoolroom. At the end of each month the teacher sent in a form giving the number of children who had attended. This had to be signed by a Justice of the Peace, and the teacher received from the Treasury one shilling and eightpence for each child.

'This Ordinance, which had only become law just before I arrived, induced a great many people to start little schools all around me, and I had to work

hard to maintain my numbers, each one of these mushroom schools taking away one or two children, 'tho in the long run most of them would come back.

'I asked my Committee several times to allow me to take Government money, but they would not permit it. It would have added nearly one pound per week to my income, but they would not hear of it. This led to the breaking up of the school about a year afterwards.

'About a fortnight after the school opened, my wife was seized with a severe attack of diarrhoea, which resisted all the remedies we could procure and brought her very low. She would not allow me to send for a doctor, and I thought that we would lose her. At last some person advised me to get some young wattle twigs and leaves and boil them down for her to drink. I did so, and the result was almost magical as the diarrhoea soon ceased.

'I soon resolved to move into town and rented a wooden house in Angas Street. It belonged to Mr Bowen, one of our deacons at Freeman Street. This I found of much advantage, as winter was approaching and the Kensington Road was bad for walking. Even as it was, in Adelaide, I found it a very difficult task to get from Angas Street to my school without getting knee deep in mud.

'All through the year 1850 I continued my school, also my singing classes both at Freeman Street and North Adelaide. By thus working hard I had managed to save a little money. I bought a plot of land in Beulah Road, Norwood, and by means of a Building Society loan had a two-roomed cottage built, to which we removed early in 1851.

'My brother-in-law and sister, Mr and Mrs Tilley, who emigrated to New Zealand ten years before we came out, but who were then living in Sydney, on hearing of our arrival in Adelaide soon made tracks to come to us. They arrived about August 1850, and lived with us in Angas Street until we removed to Norwood, after which they went to Hay Valley, near Nairne, a very important change for all of us.

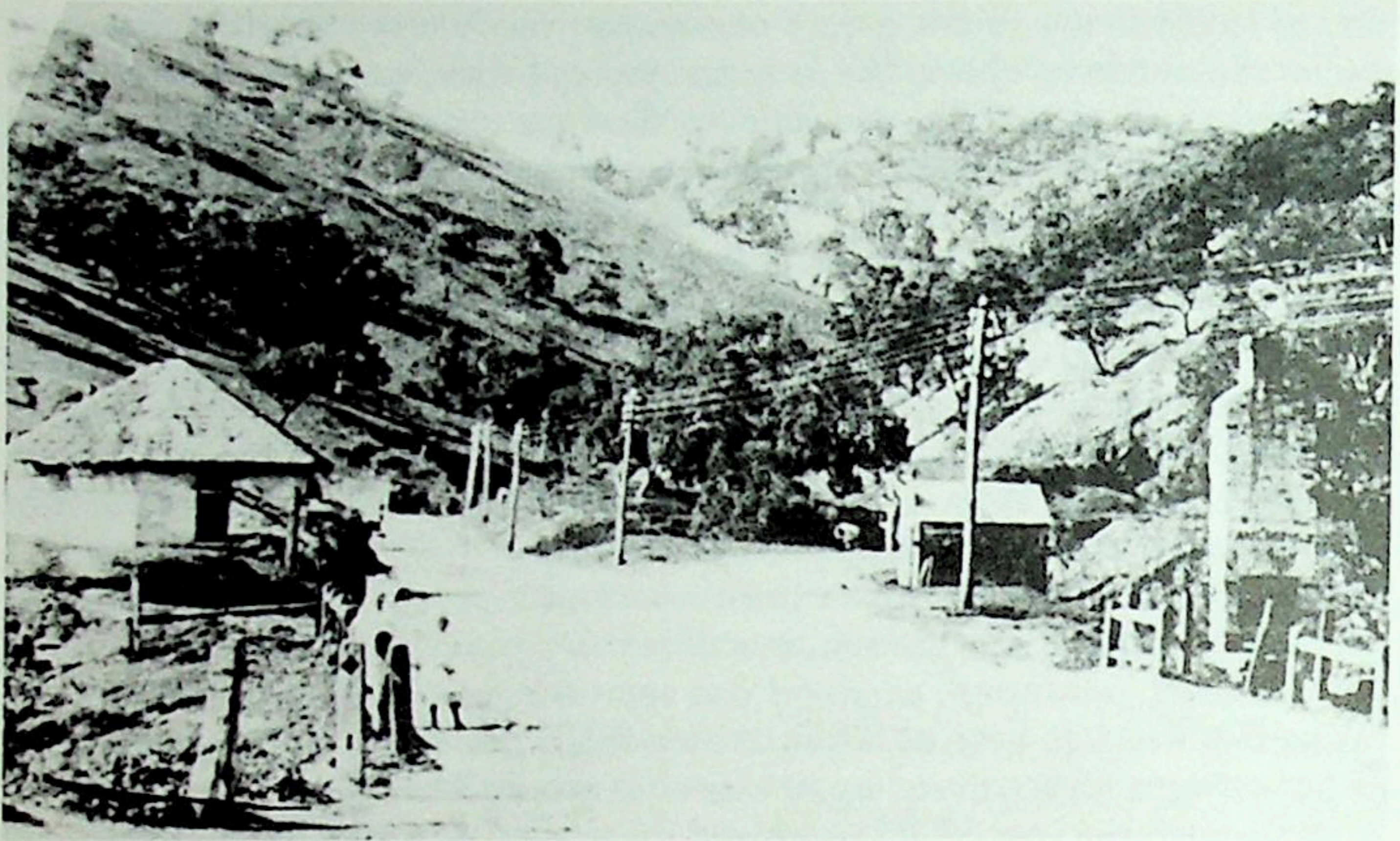
'1851 opened very inauspiciously for me. My school numbers became very low so great was the competition, so in February I called my Committee around me, and stated that my income was insufficient for the support of my family, and I put before them two alternatives.

'The first was to allow me to take the Government subsidy; the other that they should fit the schoolroom with forms and desks, and give me equipment such as lesson sheets, books, slates and maps, common in all British schools, at an estimated cost of £50. I would then try to maintain my position against allcomers.

'To the first proposition they gave a decided negative. They were independents and would never accept Government aid, either for religion or education. To the second they expressed themselves favourable, provided they had the means, but at the present it was quite out of their power. As I saw that they were lukewarm about the matter, I took the only other alternative left and resigned my position.

Off to the Bush

'On Good Friday 1851, I went to Nairne to visit the Tilleys. I travelled in a bullock dray with Messrs Clegg and Bee, with Charley Perry as bullock driver. As a result of this visit we left Norwood one Saturday at noon with the children and all our belongings in a bullock dray, heading for Hay Valley. We packed the children in a large empty case at the back of the dray.



Toll house, built 1842, photographed c1880

'It was 4 May, as I well remember; the wettest year in South Australia, and that day was no exception. Before we reached Glen Osmond we were drenched, and as we toiled up and over the mountains the rain continued. It was midnight when we got to the Onkaparinga near Balhannah, the river swollen, banks high. How we managed to get across I can't tell, but we did so, and about two o'clock in the morning we got to Mr Botham's at Balhannah. Mr and Mrs Botham got up and received us with true Christian kindness, lit a roaring fire, gave us a good hot meal and warm clothing. We then lay down on the stone floor of the kitchen and managed an hour's sleep.

'After a good breakfast provided by our kind friends we resumed our journey, and arrived safely at Tilley's on Sunday morning. Tilley lived in a thatched hut of one room, about twelve feet by eight feet, and for some weeks to come we were to live in the same. My sister, Mrs Tilley, was absent, nursing Mrs Light; one or two of their children were out in service, so we managed somehow while our house was being erected opposite.

'I had secured the lease of an acre of land from Mrs Smillie at a rental of five shillings per annum, and had engaged a man to build me a wattle and daub house with a thatched roof, I having to help him. It was several weeks before it was finished, but it was with no little pride that we entered upon possession of our own new home. It consisted of one long room, twenty-four feet by twelve feet. We made two rooms by dividing it with a curtain. We didn't trouble about windows; two openings in the wall, covered with a strip of calico sufficed. A sack hanging served for a door, 'tho we afterwards rose to the dignity of a real one.

'And now, comfortably housed, the question was how to provide for our maintenance. There were a few settlers in the valley and no school while Nairne was only two miles away with considerable population. So we decided that my wife should open a school in our new house, and that I open one at Nairne.

'Accordingly, my wife moved her curtain partition a few feet further from the centre, making a very nice bush schoolroom eighteen feet by twelve feet. She soon had sufficient scholars to enable her to apply for the Government grant. I rented a wooden building at Nairne, and from the first was successful as regards numbers, 'tho there was another school in the village.



Thatched cottage at Nairne

'We soon succeeded in obtaining the Government aid for both schools, getting our papers signed by Mr Alan McFarlane, Justice of the Peace. He came and inspected the rooms and certified for us, while Captain Davison, the other JP in the district refused, being already a partisan of the Nairne schoolteacher.

'From the time of our coming to the valley our children attended the Sunday School at the Wesleyan Chapel at Nairne with their cousins; we and the Tilleys often went down to Chapel in the evenings. When our house was built and the school opened, I thought it would be a good thing if we could open our house for divine worship on Sunday evenings, as the settlers in the valley, generally, were living a careless, ungodly life. Accordingly, after due invitation and notice given, I held my first service within a few weeks, and was much gratified at the attendance. Now we seemed fairly launched on a sea of temporal prosperity, which was however, to be succeeded in a year or two by the sharp and bitter storms of adversity.'

The Gold Rush and Hard Times

'I now come to a period of my life that completely changed all my plans, and threw me and my dear wife and family into great poverty, at least for a time, but in which I can now clearly see the leadings of my Heavenly Father.

'The Victorian gold rush began, and within three months almost the whole of the male adult population had left the colony for the new El Dorado. I continued school at Nairne till the end of the year, and might have carried it on afterwards could I have lived without money, but the bones and sinew of the colony were gone, causing the greatest depression possible.

'The Government now had the greatest difficulty in carrying on, and the colony was nearly bankrupt. Most of the merchants and shopkeepers were obliged to resort to a paper currency. Whole rows of shops in Hindley Street were closed; grass grew in the once busy thoroughfares, and nothing but ruin stared us in the face.

'I had a few pounds left, and I sold my interest in my cottage at Norwood for £20, for I was thinking of following the many to the diggings. About April 1852 our party was organised—Mr John Bott, Messrs Brinkley, Tilley, Hart and Ryder. We had a team of six bullocks, and a dray to carry our provisions and swags. We ourselves were to walk.

'I arranged with Mr Clegg Snr of Nairne to supply my family with provisions, etc. while I was away, in the hope of being able to pay him on my return. My share of expenses of the journey caused my £20 to dwindle rapidly, and when we set off I left my wife with one pound and a bag of flour, while I had only a few shillings.



Staging camp on the Overland route to the Victorian diggings

'We were about five weeks going over, and had to endure some hardship, sleeping out at nights and walking 500 miles, but I had almost consistently good health. Indeed, I know that it must have hardened me. I was then in the zenith of life, thirty-five years old.

'When I returned home I found that another little girl had been born. As to my success at the diggings, that was but small although we were at Bendigo in the good times when gold was plentiful. I had sent home by escort six ounces of gold, and I brought with me about forty ounces.

'The first thing to be done was to discharge my debt to Mr Clegg. I got only about £3 per ounce for my gold in Adelaide, and as my bill was over £90 I was left with only a few pounds when I had discharged my liabilities.

'I went to town and tried hard to get a school under the Board of Education, which had been established while I was away, but could only get the promise of an appointment when a vacancy occurred.

'Before Christmas my money was all gone, so on the Monday morning before Christmas Day in 1852 I shouldered my swag, and having with my last halfcrown bought a sickle at Johnny Disher's store, I sallied forth up the Woodside Road to get a job at reaping, of which I knew no more than the sickle I carried.

'I was directed to Mr Jas Inglis's farm at Western Branch, about a mile from Woodside, as his wheat was ripe. I can see him now as he came out to speak to me, a fine tall old Scotsman. He scanned me well for a moment or two and then said abruptly, "You're no reaper".

"No," said I.

"What are you then?"

"A schoolteacher," I replied, and then in answer to his question I told him all he need know about myself.

"Well, my man," he said, "as you could not get work in your proper calling, you have come out to get reaping in order to support your wife and family."

"Yes," I said, 'that is so.'

'He looked down on me so benignly and said, "All honour to you, my man. If all colonists acted as you have done it would be better for all of us. Come in now and get your breakfast, and I will go over the field with you and get you to work. You will be very awkward at first, but don't be discouraged. You will cut your fingers; get that over as soon as possible and then you will be seasoned for reaping."

'Mrs Inglis, a kind motherly old lady, gave me a good feed, and then Mr Inglis took me to the fields. He set me a large piece, took the sickle and showed me how to use it. I worked for him for six weeks and reaped ten acres, for the last four weeks doing my half acre per day, thus earning ten shillings per day and my keep.

'Since returning from the diggings, there being regular services in the valley by the Primitive Methodists, at the request of Rev J. Dare, Wesleyan Minister of Mount Barker, I preached at Nairne for them occasionally. I had opened a school in a ruinous hut in the valley, and had got together a few children, but with no prospect of earning a living by it, my mind was much depressed. I looked on my troubles and thought God was dealing very hard with me.

'One day Mr Dare came in and asked me to go to Mount Barker and preach for him on Good Friday in the coming week. I told him, that in my state of mind I could not preach anywhere. I thought God had forgotten me, and I told the minister all my troubles.

"Let us go to prayer," he said, and down we knelt on the mud floor of the hut and he prayed most earnestly for me.

"Now, my dear Brother Ryder, cheer up. I verily believe that the Lord will appear for your keep. Don't indulge those hard thoughts of God, but believe and pray, and He will deliver you."

'I felt greatly encouraged, and on Good Friday evening I walked over to Mount Barker, and well remember turning aside into the wattles at the back of Blakiston Church, and committing myself and all my troubles into the hands of Jesus. I then went and preached from the words, "It is finished", having a glorious time, and walked back forgetting all my woes in my unutterable joy.

'About this time I received a letter from Reverend Newland, Congregational Minister at Encounter Bay, and one of the most prosperous farmers around. He stated that the Reverend Stow had recommended me as a fit man to occupy the position of preacher at Port Elliot and Currency Creek. Port Elliot was a rising place at that time, and thought likely by some to rival even Port Adelaide. He would also use his influence to get me a licence for teaching.

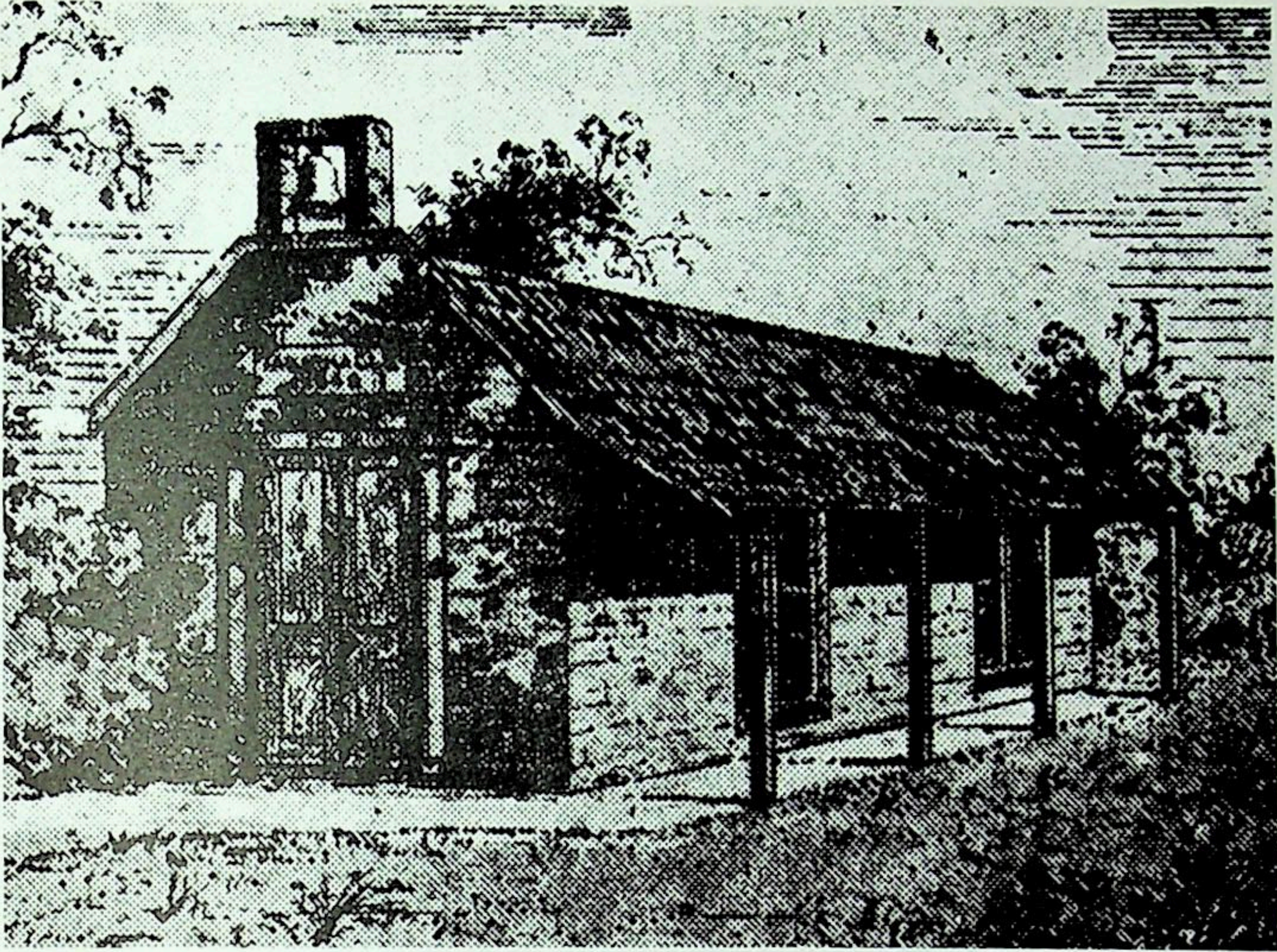
'I started off one morning with my blanket and swag, in which was the only suit of rusty black I possessed, to tramp to Encounter Bay, a distance of over seventy miles. How I lost my way in the Finniss scrub, wandering all day I knew not whither; how I crossed the Black Swamp in the imminent risk of life, and slept in an old disused chapel at Currency Creek until forced to get up by myriads of fleas and mosquitoes, must pass for saying.



Port Elliot landing c 1880

'Suffice it to say that I reached Port Elliot by daybreak the third morning, and then continued my journey along the coast to Encounter Bay. I had to cross a small river, there being no bridge; I undressed, and placed my swag and clothes on my head I waded through it. On the other side I made my toilet, casting off my digging clothes and putting on my clerical costume, such as it was, to make myself more presentable.

'In this guise I appeared before Mr Newland, who received me very kindly. At tea, shortly afterwards, he introduced me to his lady and family, also to the visitors present, among whom were Mr England and Mr Coulthard, two young civil engineers not long from home. Mr Coulthard later perished miserably from thirst in the north-west bush while on an exploring expedition.



The Tabernacle

'On the Saturday Rev Newland informed me that he had arranged for me to preach at Port Elliot on Sunday morning, and at his Tabernacle at night so that he might hear me. Accordingly, on Sunday morning his son Samuel and myself, mounted on horseback (to me at least a novel and very painful experience), proceeded to Port Elliot. I preached in a large barn to a good audience of about sixty persons, among whom were Mr Richardson (Under-Secretary) and Captain Lipson.

'I preached for Mr Newland at his church in the evening under most distressing circumstances. After breakfast next day, he took me out into the arbor in his beautiful garden, sloping down to the sea, and asked me what it was to be. He was willing to abide by his offer, and thought he could see the leadings of Providence in it. I replied that I would think over his kind offer; I would ask the Lord's direction, and definitely reply within a fortnight.

'After reaching home I thought and prayed about the matter. My wife thought it was a merciful interposition of God on our behalf, but the more I thought about it the more distasteful it became. While I preached for the love of God I could be happy enough, but if I was a hired preacher I should never feel I was in my right place, and should come to loath it. Besides, I knew that the Congregationalists liked good sermons and I doubted my ability, so when the fortnight was up I wrote to Mr Newland declining his offer.

'Mr G. Taplin (later to become Protector of Aborigines), was soon after appointed to the position.'



Mr & Mrs Smillie's homestead 'The Vallies'

The Road to Prosperity and Back

'When the Nairne District Council was formed in about August 1853, I was appointed as clerk at a salary of £100 per annum, thus happily lifting me out of all my poverty and trouble.

'It was soon after this that Mr Tilley and myself became tenants, under Mrs Smillie, on her home section at the 'Vallies', three miles from Nairne. I rented twenty acres and Mr Tilley fifty, and we each built a cottage of two rooms on our land.

'In January 1857 I resigned from the Council and opened a school at Nairne. I began with about fifty students, and in a week or two I had over eighty. We determined to leave our farm so as to attend the school properly. My dear wife had the smaller children under her care in a separate room, while my daughter Mary was an assistant in the big schoolroom. My salary from the Board was £80 per annum and Mary's £20.

'By 1860 our family was completed with the arrival of a son, William Charles. We had had ten children, two of whom died in infancy, but there was to be



Nairne township c1880

another agonising death. My elder son Joseph, at the age of fourteen years, entered the service of Mr Christen, the chemist and stationer at Nairne. Mr Christen also had the telegraph office, which Joseph quickly learnt to manage, and soon became very useful to his master.

'On 1 December 1862, he was sixteen years of age, a fine promising lad, the joy and pride of my life, but alas, I was soon to lose him. On Saturday night, 13 December, I was at the lodge room making up my books, when someone came running in to tell me that Joe had been killed near the old mill. I ran breathlessly, and found him lying stretched beside the main road. Dr Weld was examining him, while his poor dear mother was standing speechless and tearless from shock and grief.

'The Doctor pronounced our boy dead, and we had him conveyed to Mr Hughes' house opposite. Here we found the fatal wound, the base of his skull being fractured. In his pocket I found his month's wages, true to a penny. We then had him taken home to Byethorn where we then lived, and what a desolate house it was. My dear wife at last gave vent to her grief, and became alarmingly ill. All through the night it was doubtful both to the Doctor and ourselves whether she would rally, but in God's great mercy, during the next day, her great natural strength prevailed, and she was mercifully spared to us.

'It was truly a melancholy Sunday we passed, now and then going into the death chamber to gaze upon the placid features of our dead boy, only a few hours since so full of animation and life. Our minister, Rev H. Chester, who had been preaching at Woodside, came miles out of his way to condole with us. Seeing us all sitting so silent and mournful, before he uttered a word his feelings overcame him and he wept with us.

'We buried poor dear Joe on Monday afternoon in the Nairne cemetery. Nearly all the village turned out. The Sunday School children walked before the corpse and sang at the grave, and a solemn feeling pervaded the concourse of people.

'On Monday morning the inquest was held. From the evidence it was proved that the accused man had been returning from Mount Barker in his baker's cart, and in a state of intoxication. He was driving at the rate of ten to twelve miles an hour, and on turning a corner the cart and horse came violently in contact with my poor dear boy, who was thrown backwards onto a heap of metal and killed instantly. The man was a tenant of mine, and generally speaking both kind and honest except when under the influence of drink to which unfortunately, he was much addicted. He was tried in due course and sentenced to one year's imprisonment with hard labour in the stockade. After serving about a month there his health broke down, and I was entreated by his friends to sign a petition to the Governor, asking that he be allowed to serve his time out in the Adelaide Gaol. I complied with the request, as I did not wish to be vindictive.

'I was at this time immersed in business, working very hard, earning a great deal of money, and fast becoming worldly in my aspirations and habits. Being so fully engrossed in these earthly pursuits, I had also acquired the habit of the public house, and on many occasions found myself the worse for drink, to my disgust.

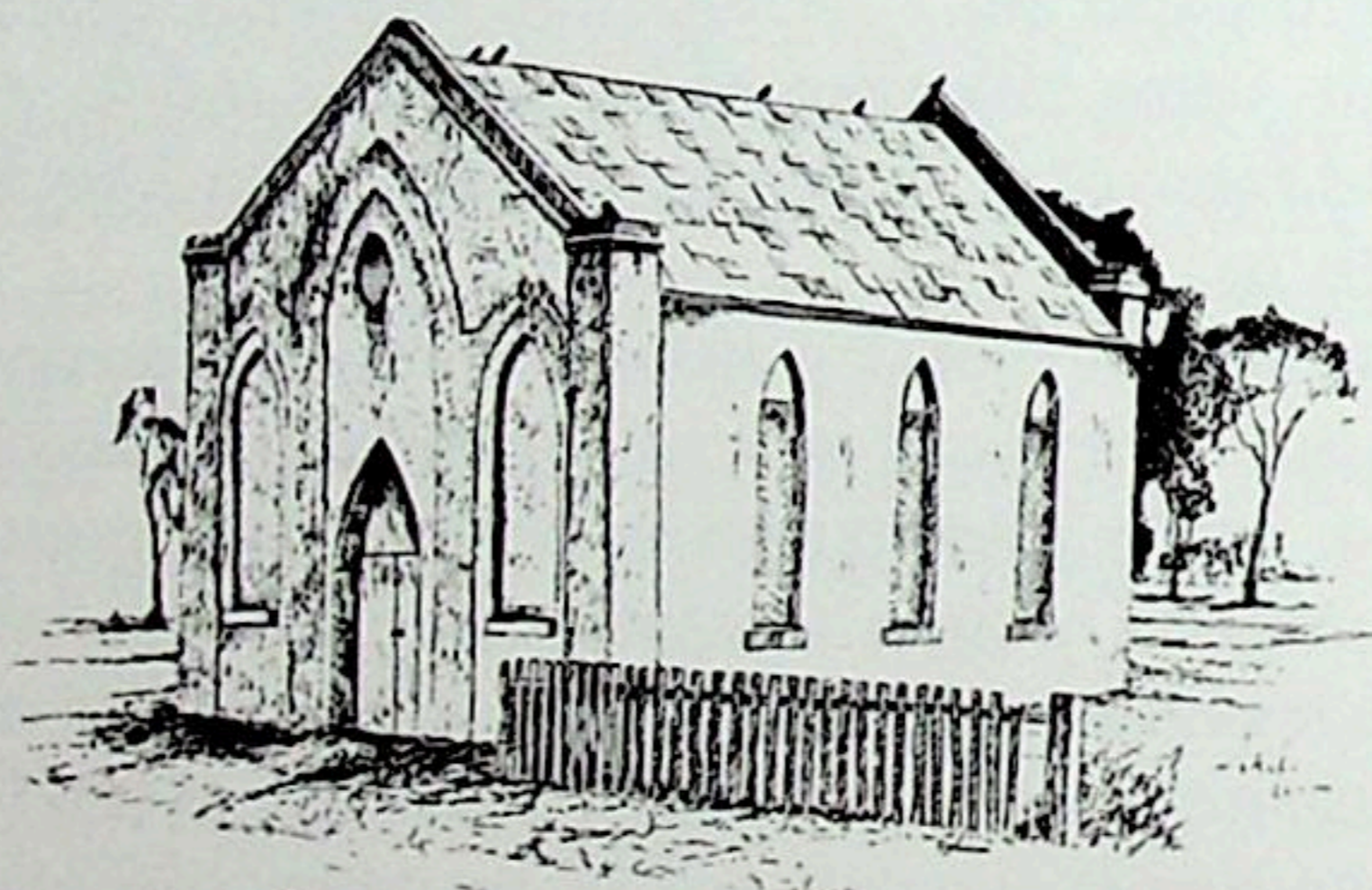
'I gradually lost my desire and liking for the ways of religion, 'tho still constant in my attendance on the House of God, but it was for little else than criticising the preacher.

'The Lord in great mercy to my soul, gave me a knock-down blow in this dreadful visitation, which brought me to my knees in agony of spirit. For a time, like the Psalmist, I could not understand it. I was dumb with silence; I opened not my mouth. I was consumed by the blow of his hand.

'For several years after Joe's death I continued in Nairne, but did not make much progress in worldly matters, I had, in my eagerness to accumulate, overstepped the mark and burdened myself with a heavy mortgage on the shops. It was a hard struggle to meet my commitments, and towards the end of 1869 my school had not only fallen off in numbers, but in pence.

'I had been in the township nearly twenty years, and as everything looked as if Nairne was going down, we resolved to move. Accordingly I applied for and obtained the school at Virginia, eighteen miles from Adelaide on the North Road.

'A public dinner was given to me, over which Mr Townsend, our member for the district, presided. A silver watch was presented to me by the Flinders Lodge of Oddfellows, as a token of their appreciation of my services as Secretary for a period of fifteen years. I was also presented with a pair of gold spectacles by the members of my class, together with an address at a tea meeting held in my honour in the Wesleyan Chapel by the Rev T. Edmeades. I had been the leader of a large class ever since the death of poor Joe, seven years before.'



'Bethlehem' the Bible Christian Church at Virginia erected 1858

Author's note: Following his appointment to the school at Virginia, Mr Ryder moved to Moonta, Noarlunga and Morphett Vale. He died, at Glenelg, on 23 October 1892, and his remains were interred at Morphett Vale, by the side of his late wife.

15

A German Emigrant's Story



DISCONTENT WITH THE NATIONAL Church of Prussia prompted Pastor Kavel to seek out Mr G. F. Angas in England, with the view to obtaining assistance, for his band of pious dissenters, to escape from religious persecution in his homeland.

Mr Angas, a dissenter of a different breed, although having certain qualms about the Germans' plight, saw fit to personally advance £8000 to enable a band of Germans to seek refuge in South Australia. The first party of emigrants arrived in 1838, and in following years the numbers steadily increased.

Over the years I have been in South Australia, on occasions I have discussed viticulture with several German residents of the Barossa Valley, and early in 1865 I had the pleasure of meeting Christiane Petschel who was on a visit from Portland, Victoria. She was born at Newkirch, Saxony, on 23 March 1840, and in 1848 her parents decided to emigrate to South Australia. This is what she related to me:

'Early in August 1848 we departed for Hamburg to join the ship *Alfred*. When the ship was supplied for its long voyage, the call was sounded, 'Einstaigen!' (Embark), and we quickly obeyed it. The *Alfred* was taken in tow up the Elbe by a small steamer, where dear old Grandfather said farewell and returned home. The parting was very hard and sad, and although Grandfather repeatedly said he would follow the next year, this however, never came to pass.

'Let me describe shipboard life,' she said, 'so that future generations can form an idea how one travelled on sea in the middle of the Nineteenth century, and what hardships one had to put up with.

'Our ship was a large one, especially fitted out for emigrants, of whom there were three hundred. Along the side of the "between" deck were double cabins, each of which accommodated four people. To give privacy these cabins were curtained off. On the whole "between" decks there was not a stick of furniture; travelling trunks containing our clothing, acted as table. Our crockery consisted of a wooden basin sixteen inches wide and about eight inches high. This basin had a small ring attached to it so that it could be hung away, or if the contents were very hot and the ship commenced to roll, it could be drawn along the floor to avoid the owner being scalded. All utensils were made of tin. Tin buckets were used for bulk tea or coffee, and drinking vessels consisted of small pannikins.

'Meat was distributed daily, except on Sunday, when we had pudding with dried plums. We children enjoyed this immensely. We had pickled pork and corned beef alternately on the whole voyage.

'Shortly after breakfast each day a barrel of meat was opened and a call of "Meat!" was sounded over the whole ship. The occupants of each double cabin received a piece of meat weighing two or three pounds. This was washed in sea water, all objectionable parts having been cut off. A small round tin disc bearing the number of the cabin was fastened to each piece, and handed over to the cook.

'Vegetables consisted of peas (Monday), pearl barley (Tuesday), sauerkraut with half a potato for each person (Wednesday), lentils (Thursday), beans (Friday) and rice (Saturday).



Port Adelaide c 1848

'These were our midday meals for sixteen weeks. Twice each week ship's biscuits, butter and sugar were distributed. For breakfast we had coffee; tea in the evening, with buttered ship's biscuits, but no milk during the voyage.

'Water was stored on deck in large barrels which had previously contained beer, wine or vinegar, and which naturally gave its peculiar flavour to our tea or coffee. When we were in the vicinity of the equator the water became stagnant, and positively stank, just at the time when fresh water was most required. Adults and older children managed to survive, but all children under the age of twelve months died and were buried at sea.

'On arrival at Port Adelaide we were surprised to see how bare everything looked, and with only two or three small ships at anchor. At low tide these ships leant over to such a degree that one wondered how people could walk on deck.

'Before we left the ship we arranged to have a farewell dinner, which consisted of fresh mutton, fresh vegetables and fresh bread. You have no idea how much this was enjoyed by one and all after partaking of stale food for four months.

'When we arrived at the pier after disembarking from the *Alfred*, there were no steps to ascend, and we had to be hauled up about ten feet. Now another form of transport awaited us—a large dray drawn by oxen, on which our belongings were packed, with our families on top. In this way we travelled a distance of eight to ten miles to a German settlement called Klemzig.



Klemzig

'Arriving in the dark shortly before midnight, we had no idea of our surroundings. The men had all stayed on the ship, waiting to see our heavier luggage unloaded. This took a long time, so that it was a week before they reached Klemzig. Here we women and children were all alone in a strange colony and among strange people.

'Next morning, when we arose, we found that we were in the middle of a paddock with high, dry grass around us. The little house, which we four families were to occupy, consisted of two rooms. There was a fireplace in one room, but who would think of lighting a fire there in such weather? We looked around and found a brick oven in which we lit a fire. We had scarcely done this when several of the neighbours rushed up and begged us to be most careful not to let the fire escape, otherwise there was a strong possibility of everyone, our goods and chattels also, being burnt.

'Accordingly we were most careful. Mother stood behind the oven with a bucket of water, and poured some whenever a flame appeared. Another woman did the same at the front, and after that we never again ventured to light a fire in the open oven whilst we were there.

'The Torrens River, being only five minutes walk from our house, supplied us with the necessary water. Therefore, one of the first things we did was to wash our soiled linen, which we had used on the voyage. This was easily done as the Torrens was shallow with a nice gravel bottom, the women going into the water with bare feet.

'In this way the washing was done and the wet clothes spread on the dry grass. The hot sun burnt on their backs and heads, at the same time lightly warming the water. None of the women wore hats, but none got sunstroke.

'We felt very relieved, when after five or six days waggons arrived and took us to Langmeil, near Tanunda. Father and the other men were still away seeing to the unloading of our belongings.

'It was P. Auricht's father who took us to Langmeil, but he was unable to accommodate us. We had great difficulty in finding a house, but eventually were able to secure the newly built schoolhouse, although not completed. One room only had doors and windows. We had just settled in when our menfolk arrived, and now we had more courage. Mother had often shed a few tears at being left among strangers. In this room we lived for six weeks, and attended church services in Bethany every Sunday. During this sojourn, six families from Saxony purchased some land eight or ten miles away. Now work began in earnest.

'First the different allotments were pegged out and building places selected. Mr Auricht was again so kind as to take us, and our goods, on his two waggons to our land. There was absolutely nothing on the place, not even a hut. With our goods we were simply dumped, and the waggons drove off. Nearby there was a creek called Sandy Creek, and after general discussion, it was decided to call our settlement 'Rosenthal'.

'Naturally we could not live in the open, so the first thing was to build a house. Father and his two brothers took axes and saws, and went into the bush for building material, which was not an easy task as suitable wood was scarce. When eventually they found a suitable tree it would be felled, trimmed and sawn, so that it would be as light as possible to be carried home on their shoulders.

'The timber was firmly rammed into the ground, and they would set off to search for another suitable tree. When the framework of the roof was finished, the problem was how to cover it. Not so very far distant there was a settlement called 'Hoffnungsthal', and all of the settlers offered Father straw for the roof if he would thrash it.

'We purchased several goats to provide us with milk, but they were soon disposed of as we found them to be thievish, causing us great worry. Then Father bought two cows, but as we had no paddock for them they would stray. After several months one was found. She had learned to crawl through fences and was found in a wheat crop. That was no good, so she had to be slaughtered. Scarcely had our neighbours noticed that Father understood the killing of a beast, than he was made slaughterman for the whole community.

'Whenever a ship arrived with new settlers it was customary for each householder to meet the ship with his waggon. Each settler would then bring back one or two families, who later would help us to reap our harvest with sickles. As payment the respective families would be provided for.

'Quite a number of families came from Madgeburge. My parents and several others did not feel at home with these new settlers, so they discussed amongst themselves the idea of leaving the settlement.

'One member of the community left for Port Adelaide and boarded a small, single-masted schooner bound for Portland and Melbourne. Arriving at Portland the Lord led him to a squatter named Henty, who understood a little German. He told his troubles to Mr Henty, and how he was on the search for good land for wheat growing as well as vegetables.

'Mr Henty became quite enthusiastic, explaining that there was good land at Portland but no one to cultivate it. After inspecting the land more closely and seeing the luxuriant growth in the gardens, the searcher returned to Rosenthal.

'When our friend returned his report caused a great sensation. Now we

discussed in detail the best way to get to Portland with our belongings. We were informed that there was a great desert of four hundred miles between Adelaide and Portland. It was decided to send two of our party, accompanied by a Mr Blandowski, a good bushman, to explore the overland route, especially where to find water and where we could camp at night. In a few weeks they returned with a good report; they had found a beaten track, which at times was only a narrow path.

'Our party consisted of eight families, three of which had just arrived from Europe. To provide sleeping accommodation, as well as shelter from rain, we built hoods over the waggons. Chaff had to be taken for horse feed, also a bag of flour, and on top of these was our bedding. Across the front of the waggon was the tucker bin, which served as a seat, and at the rear a coop containing poultry was fastened.

'Our herd of fifty-two cattle was driven by two of the party. For the conveyance of the eight families we had eleven waggons. So in God's name we started to our new home, leaving Rosenthal early in May 1852.

'The journey took us four weeks, averaging about twenty miles per day. I, as well as all the older children, walked the whole distance.

'Bread was made in camp ovens, and throughout the whole journey our meals consisted of bread and butter and tea without milk. Everybody was happy and contented, and what was more important, everybody was well. God blessed us with fine weather, except one night when it rained, causing those youngsters sleeping in the open many tears.



Home of Mr and Mrs Smith, Mount Gambier, built 1855

'During the last week we passed through Mount Gambier which consisted of one hotel and ten small houses, each of which had one door, two windows and a chimney, but most of them were empty, as the owners had gone to the diggings. All the people we saw were barefooted.

'On arrival at Portland it was apparent that the inhabitants had never seen a German before. Everyone stared at us. The local children followed us and called out, 'Germans! Germans!' We managed to rent a house, and when we were settled many children brought boxes to stand on so that they could watch us through the windows.'

16

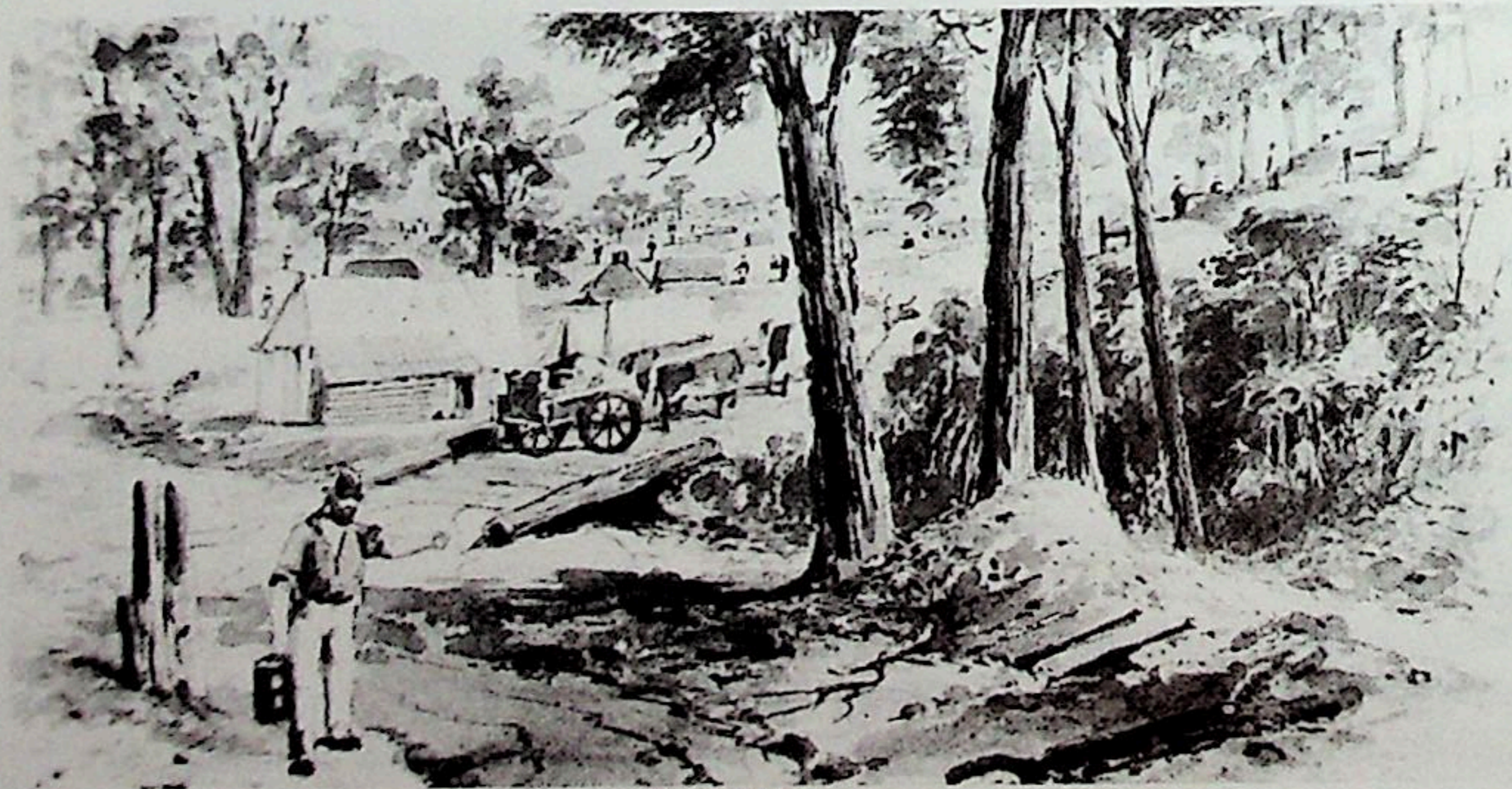
Pioneer and Pathfinder

FEW MONTHS AGO, on a wet and blustery winter's day, a man came riding up to Hope Farm, the driving rain pouring off his oilskin jacket and leggings. Upon dismounting he introduced himself. 'I'm Harry and, and I'm here to buy a few casks of your Port wine for my pub at where he stabled his horse I took him inside and sat him down before a where over a glass or two of my best port, he held my interest for an ore recalling his experiences in South Australia.

it on the *Amazon* with my parents,' he said. 'We arrived in 1852; I was ars of age. My family settled at Angaston and I soon obtained t with Mr Barton. I was paid three shillings a week. As you know the oldrush was in full swing at the time, and so my parents decided to try eaving me in the tender care of my employer.

urned early in 1853, and there was no doubt that my father was u with gold fever. He could not settle down, and in March we were all back on the road to the goldfields in the Avoca district near Bendigo. There we worked on various rushes at Daisy Hill, Kingower, Mount Milango and Burnt Creek.'

'One day at Kingower my luck was in for I unearthed a flat cake of gold weighing forty-two ounces, and I had no trouble in selling it for £4.0.6 an ounce.



Goldfields scene

On the whole we were quite successful, but tiring of the back-breaking labour, my parents opened a store and blacksmith shop, and bought a team of bullocks for hauling supplies up from Geelong.'

Harry Brand paused, eyed his port and nodded his appreciation, then went on with his story.

'Now came the Ballarat riots, and we cleared out with our bullock teams back to South Australia. During the march back, laden as we were with a good deal of gold, we kept a sharp look-out for shady characters who infested the roads. More than once a day we saw a figure on horseback through the scrub, and during the night our sentry would hear the stroke of a horse. There was no doubt that we were being followed.

'My father was for fighting the bushrangers, and at times we had difficulty in restraining him from using firearms. Four long days and nights they hovered on our flanks and rear, but we kept on taking every precaution against surprise attack. At last the country opened out and our "friends" (who proved to be Melville and gang) cleared off.

'Crossing the River Murray at Wellington we camped at Glen Osmond for about a month, and Father then purchased the first selection of land thrown open at Truro—some eighty acres.

'On 3 April 1856 we left Truro for Chowilla, where we rented a dairy farm from Mr J. Chambers. I used to milk thirty-five cows every day. Bullock teams carted our produce, butter, cheese and bacon to Adelaide, taking generally three weeks on the road. I made many a trip myself, my only companion being a native boy, Nulkera. We backloaded with rations for the sheep stations en route, as no steamers were running on the river at that time.

'After two years at Chowilla we wound up our dairy business, and decided to sell our pigs in Adelaide. We must have presented a curious spectacle coming down the river with some 250 of them. Our transport consisted of a dray pulled by four bullocks, in which we had, beside our kit, a ton of barley for the pigs.

'During 1858 my brother and I built the Overland Corner Hotel. We cut and sawed all the stone used in its construction, and a licence was granted in 1859. At the Police Station at the time were Mounted Constables Beasley, Lawrence Crofton and Jenkin Coles. He became 'Sir Jenkin'—a really good man in the scrub, and well liked by everybody.



Police Station at Overland Corner, c 1870



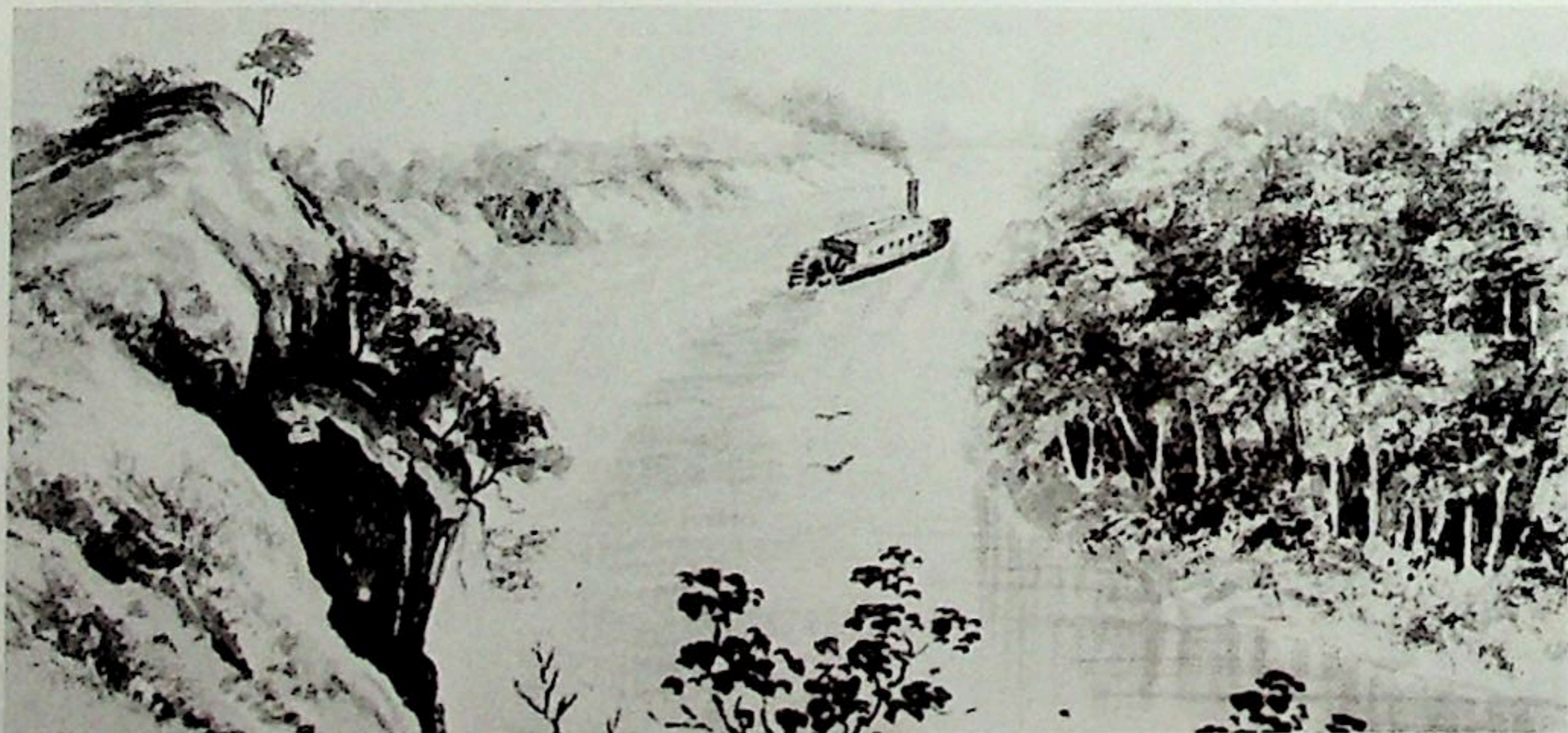
Overland Corner Hotel c 1925

'After the pub was completed I took up droving, and started north with a thousand head of cattle for Tom Coffin at Wirrealpa, a station owned by John Chambers. We mustered the mob at Chowilla, Pyap and Cobdogla in about a fortnight, travelled via North-West Bend, and struck no water between the river and Baldina Creek, a distance of fifty miles.

'It is a terrible thing punching cattle through waterless country, as they must be kept moving steadily. With me I had some sterling cattlemen, who could be relied upon day and night. There was Hoddon, a good scrub rider; my brother; Redden, a bushman of great experience, and Williams, an Adelaide swell who turned out to be a good chap with cattle. We had no carts, but packhorses carried our tucker and blankets.'

At this point I replenished our glasses, and Harry Brand nodded his thanks. He then went on.

'My next trip was with 800 head, and at Angepena Station I met John McDouall Stuart, who was about to head off on one of his trips into the Centre.



Near the North-West Bend



Workmen's shack on Flinders Range Sheep Station

He was greatly interested in us cattlemen, and asked lots of questions regarding the country we knew. He evidently understood the bush.

'Shortly after I got back home I was asked to deliver 810 horses at Mount Chambers Station, and this was perhaps one of the hardest trips I ever experienced. The horses were used to watering at the river, and could not understand springs. They would become very thirsty on the road and then rush the springs stirring up the mud so badly that it was hours before a drink could be obtained. Holding them was hard work, and one night they stampeded, and it was thirty miles before we headed them.

'Late in 1861 I left Overland Corner for Wentworth with five bullock teams loaded with lime. I then picked up general stores for 'Paddy' Green of Menindee. The River Darling was very low; there were many teams on the road, and it was not uncommon to see as many as three hundred working bullocks camped together. It was indeed pleasant to hear the 'Bullockies' singing ballads around roaring campfires at night.

'While camped at Polia some of my bullocks wandered off, and with Bill Hatter I rode out towards Yartla Lake to look for them. The horse I rode was a fine animal, but only half broken. Approaching the lake he ducked his head and dashed under a box tree. A pointed limb, about the thickness of a man's finger, gouged my left eye out. For a few moments I felt nothing, and I yelled out to Bill who galloped back. When he saw my injury he dashed down to the lake and filled his hat with water. As he reached my side the agony had started, and for some time I lay writhing on the ground.

'Bill tied a handkerchief around my head and led me back to the station, which was two miles away. All that night I lay rolling and kicking on a tarpaulin, and early next morning Bill and I started off for Menindee in a sulky. It was dreadfully hot and the flies gave me a lot of trouble. We pulled up that night at Netley Station, where the owners made me as comfortable as possible. The next day we reached Menindee.

'We found the Doctor and the majority of the population to be on a spree, and but for the goodness of Mrs Williams the boarding house keeper, I do not know

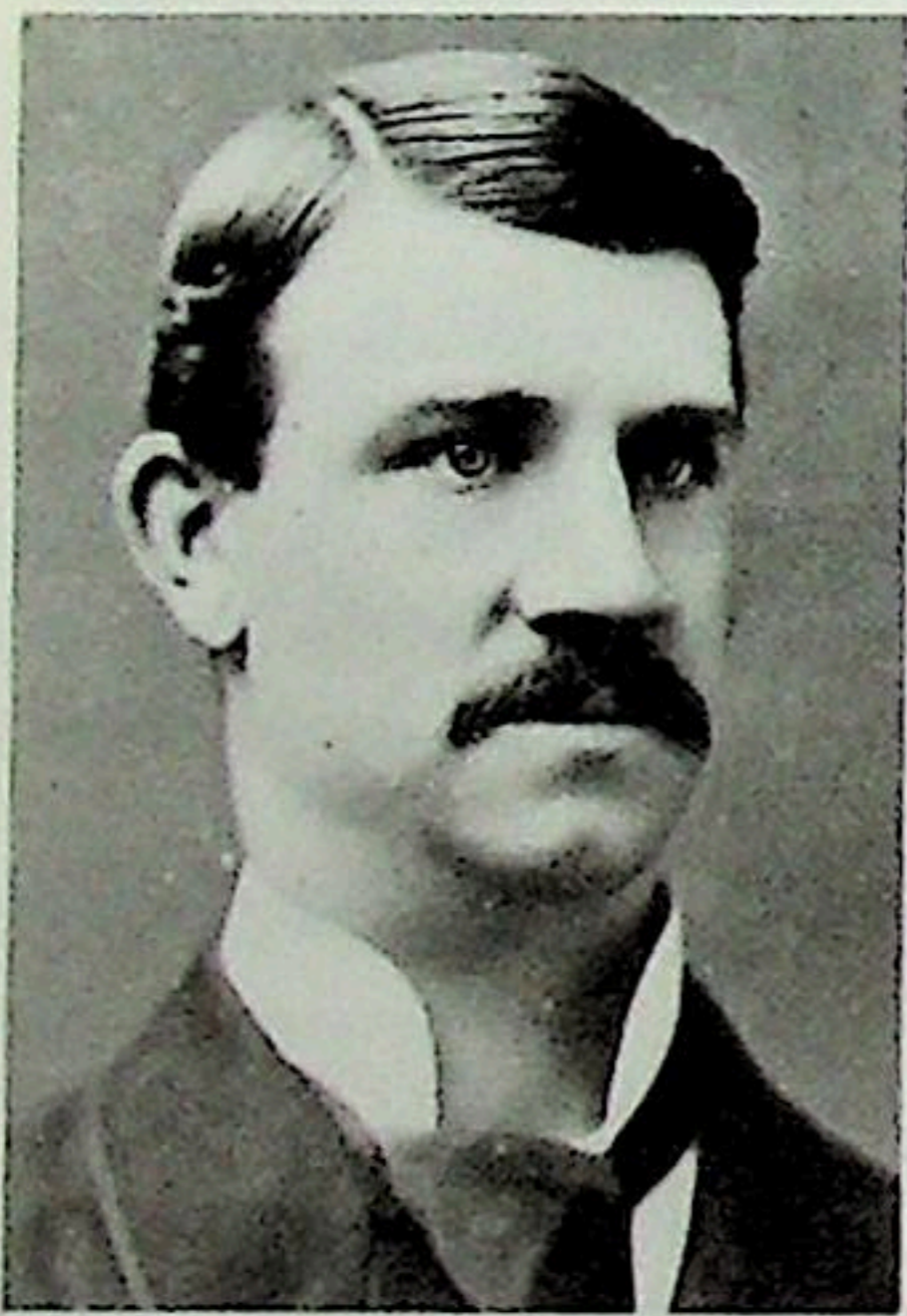
what would have happened to me. For three days I suffered agony, my eyelid turned inside out, and a great amount of proud flesh formed.

'The Doctor at last came to have a look at me, but my eye was so swollen and angry looking he could do nothing for me, so I determined to go to Adelaide. "Paddy" Green, kindly offered to lead my horse as far as Wentworth, where I rested for one day. Obtaining a fresh horse I crossed the Murray at Ned's Corner Station, where my old friend Jim Mullins put me up for the night.

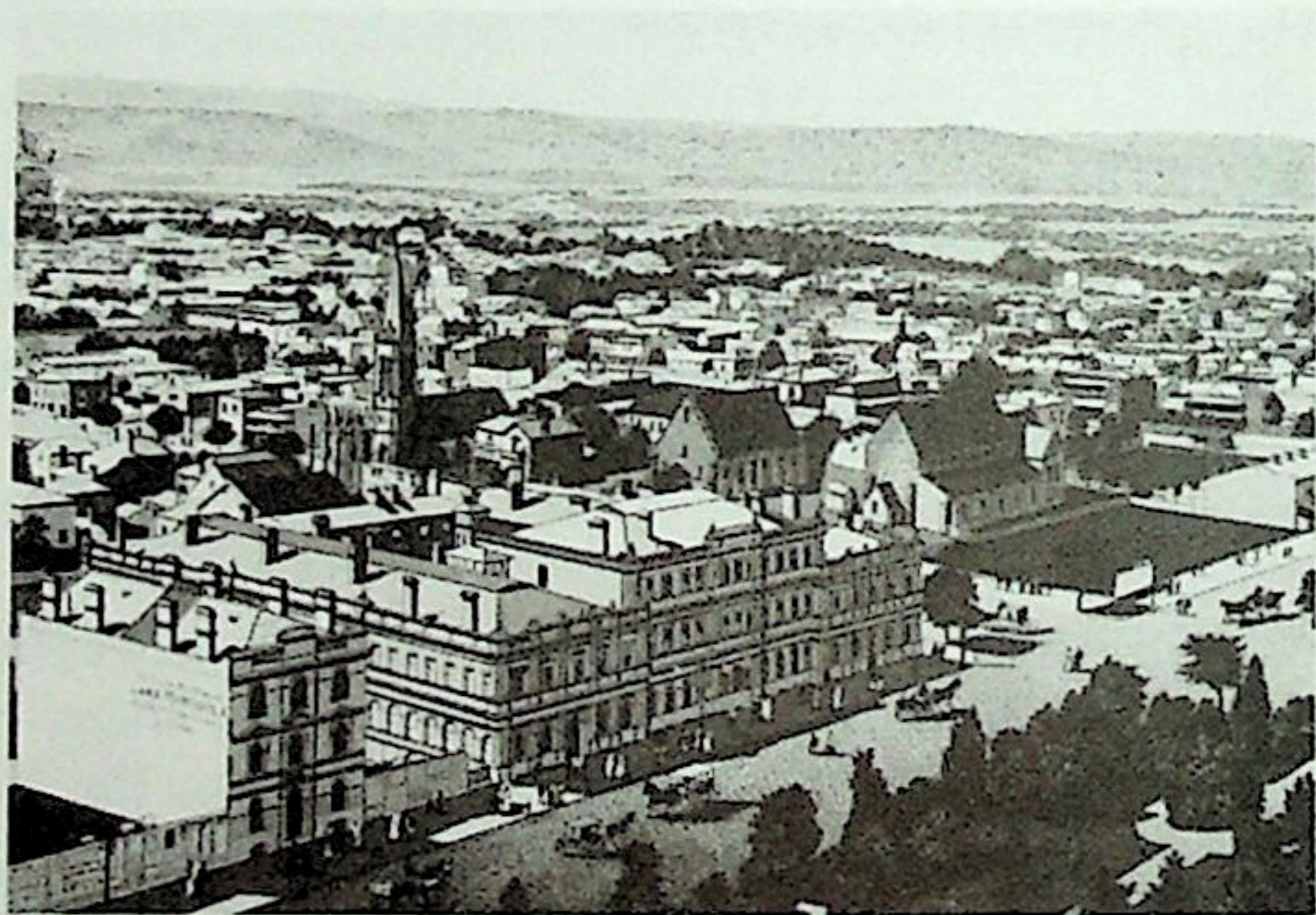
'My next stage was a good one, for I hardly drew rein until the huts of Murtho came in sight. The next day I reached Overland Corner, where my dear parents comforted me as best they could. I reached Wigley's Flat the next day, and from there I struck Blanchetown, finally reaching Adelaide after a nine day trip from Menindee.

'I was in no means exhausted by the trip. The eye was not painful as the nerve had probably been killed. I stayed at the Black Swan Hotel, where George Warhurst the owner, gave me a hearty welcome. It was recognised as a bushman's hotel, and all the drovers used to stop there.

'Next morning I consulted Dr Gosse on North Terrace, and after he had made a careful examination, he informed me that it would be quite a while before it would be safe for me to go back to the country. For sixteen weeks Dr Gosse gave me careful attention, and at the end of that time he pronounced me cured and fit for work.



Dr Chas Gosse



Bird's-eye view of Adelaide

'I purchased several bullock teams in Adelaide and headed back to Wentworth, mustered those bullocks I had left behind, and went 'snagging' on the river. It is my proud boast that I was the first man to haul snags from the waters of the Darling.

'After the snagging was finished I hauled a load of supplies up to Menindee for a Mr Williams, who was then keeping the Menindee Hotel. On trips such as that I used to travel long stretches without meeting a white man, and I have been months in the bush without any news from the outside world. Nevertheless I was happy, living a clean hard life.



Bullock drivers 1852

'From Menindee I returned to Overland Corner with all my teams, and after a short spell started for the North-West Bend to load up the first wool ever shorn on the Murray. I transported the wool to Port Adelaide and back-loaded with a four ton boiler, which the Government was to install at Florieton Well.

'At that time, as I remember, many of us had the idea that once the Mallee had been crossed north of Overland Corner, open country would be found, and many's the yarn we had around campfires about this question.

'Making up my mind to force my way through, I left one morning, riding the best horse on the river. Riding easily all the first day I camped for the night, disappointed that the country had not altered in its appearance.

'The next morning I started off at daybreak, and by two o'clock the country had not opened. I passed sandhill after sandhill without the sign of a break. I was a long way out, and there was no sign of water; the weather was hot, and on reaching for my waterbag I found it empty. The water had evaporated in the heat. I sat down in the shade for awhile and had a think then got up and looked old Jack, my horse, in the eye and said 'We're in trouble.'

'I knew that a party of fencers was running a line east and west from Boggy Flat. Judging the time that they had been at work, and calculating their position, as well as I could, I struck out without further hesitation, riding and walking alternately until eight o'clock that night. What a day it had been, and as the sun sank I felt my tongue commence to swell—a bad sign when you are in the bush and far from water. A burning sensation had started in my chest as well, and Jack was obviously tired. We were in a bad way.

'In moments of great trial one must keep his head. I thought now, 'What is the best thing to do?' I decided to bury myself in sand, and pulling off my clothes, scraped a hole and covered my body with earth which was cool and retained its moisture. After lying for some time my tongue felt better, the burning pain left my chest, and an evening breeze helped us both to recover somewhat.

'At about ten o'clock I dressed and headed off again. All night we pressed on. I knew better than to stop, for the miles we covered in coolness meant life or death next day. Often Jack had to carry me for a mile or so, but mostly I led him, on and on over sandhill after sandhill, guiding myself by the stars, holding a firm course and never once diverging from it.

'Jack had lost his intelligence by sunrise, and no wonder, for the night had been a bad one for both of us. I knew the water would have to be found during the day, but ahead appeared nothing except dense mallee scrub and porcupine grass; low down a red ball of fire, the sun.

'Presently I saw something ahead, a line of cut scrub. Could it be the fence I was headed for? A sandhill hid the mark from my eye for some time, but on topping the next rise I saw stretching away before me, the fence, and over in the east a tiny thin thread of smoke curling upwards from a campfire. It was the most welcome sight I had seen in my life.

'I was far gone when the camp was reached. The fencers rushed out to meet us, and I lay under a tree while they fetched water. Pannikin after pannikin was vomited up at once, until presently a little stayed in my stomach and I felt revived. I could only obtain one bucket of water for my horse, so I set off for the river, arriving at five o'clock.

'By this time I was exhausted, and taking the saddle and bridle off Jack, I let him go down to the water's edge. Ever since it has been a source of wonder to me that Jack didn't drink himself to death. As I said before, he was a good horse and we had both had a tough time.

'I was still determined to break through the scrub, and when cooler weather arrived Tom Burnett and I started off, taking packhorses, tucker and water bags. Steering north we rode for two days, when the mallee and sandhills gave place to more open country, rich plains waving with speargrass. Next morning we started early, and rode through what appeared like Paradise after the endless scrub. We saw mobs of wild cattle in grand condition.

'We stayed outback for twelve days and then struck east, hitting the province boundary at the seventy mile post. We claim to be the first white men who ever made that trip. Following down the boundary we struck mallee and sandhills again about the sixty-six mile post, thus proving what I had always contended, that the scrub country did not run out for more than sixty or seventy miles from the river.

'In 1864 I mustered all my cattle and horses and started down country for Truro, with the intention of contracting for carrying jobs on the Freeling road. It was at this time I met my future wife. Next year I bought the Royal Mail contract between Blanchetown and Wentworth from Mr J. Rounsevell.

'The "coach" was a spring cart, and later I bought a buggy; finally a proper coach. Our stages were long ones, but no matter what the season I always did my best to get through, although this was not always possible. George Rainer was



Cobb & Co coach at Renmark

driving for me, and a good man I found him to be. I was not the first mail contractor on the river as that honour belongs to Bill Crick.

'At this time the land was scourged from end to end by a great drought. It was a terrible time as the stock died in thousands, all up and down the river. I was paying £30 a ton for chaff and hay, and at Wentworth oats cost me £1 a bushel. Bran and pollard could not be obtained at any price.

'I chartered a steamer called the *Prince Alfred* from Captains Oliver and Walker, and loaded it with chaff. The vessel got up as far as Hart's Island, and there she stuck fast. By this time the river was very low, and on each bank thousands of stock were starving, while vast herds were already dead. Up country food was at famine prices, and the stock routes on either bank were nothing but a sandy wilderness owing to two million sheep having travelled over them in their search for grass.

'Towards the end of 1866 the rains fell, but by that time many station owners were ruined, and I often met them, poor fellows, droving on the roads. Many of them told me that when they left their runs not a beast, not a sheep was alive. After the drought came several good years and the country soon regained its prosperity.

'I cleared and pegged many of the old bush tracks, notably that from Blanchetown to Wigley's Flat and the stretch between Overland Corner and Ral Ral; this we called the Stony Pinch.

'About this time I was asked to take over the management of the Cobb & Co Coach line, and did so for six months, returning then to our old home at Overland Corner. Then came the telegraph line contract, and I helped to cart and erect the first line of telegraph poles through the Ral Ral scrub towards Sydney. From then on until 1869 I was droving on the Darling and Murray, and with other men assisted in the mustering, yarding and branding of many a thousand head all up and down those rivers.

'Well, Mr Manning, that's my life story to 1870,' Harry Brand concluded. 'Let us arrange the transport of twenty gallons of port wine to Truro, and then I must head back to Adelaide. Here's my cheque for £4.'

17

The Aborigines of South Australia



WHEN I ARRIVED IN South Australia in 1850, the Adelaide (Kaurna) tribe of natives, which early colonists informed me were numerous, were on the verge of extinction. In an area of 2800 square miles about Adelaide, their number sank from 650 in 1841 to 150 in 1856. Indeed it must be said, that the settlers were more dangerous interlopers than the wandering natives, for they shot the kangaroos and other game, occupied the precious waterholes and drove away the original owners of the land.

In 1850 there was a school for native children in Adelaide, where about 100 boys and girls were taught to read and write. The boys were trained in the use of spades, saws and axes, while the girls were taught to make their own clothes. When fitted for employment as apprentices or domestic servants, they were invariably enticed away at the age of puberty, by parents.

Remarks made to the Government by the Colonial Surgeon covering the period 1 January 1855 to 22 September 1860, give some indication of the decimation and humiliation of the Adelaide tribe:

As there are but few aboriginal natives in the neighbourhood of Adelaide, and only at certain seasons, I have had of late years but little opportunity of noting the diseases of natives.

In former years, however, I have had occasion to observe that partial adoption of the customs and mode of dress of the colonists has been the source of much illness amongst them. I have often seen them dressed in European costume, and in a few days afterwards perfectly nude—or with one boot and an old hat on, or some other equally fantastic arrangement of their wardrobe, which generally passes from one member of an encampment to another.

Epidemics introduced by Europeans (Measles and Scarlatina) have much reduced the native population. I have been informed, that when suffering from either of these diseases they have been seen to apply cold applications constantly to the surface of the body. No wonder that these diseases have been often fatal to them, although their type was mild among the white children of the Colony.

The chief cause perhaps, of the reduction in our aborigines is their present impecunity. As they die off their places are not filled by a rising generation.

Before I recount my personal experiences with the natives, I must relate some of the historical background as I understand it.

The Commissioners for South Australia in London, being aware of the injustice and cruelty meted out to the Aborigines in New South Wales and



Members of the Adelaide Tribe

Tasmania, were determined that the rights of Aborigines would be protected in the new colony, and it was agreed that the following objectives should be aimed at:

1. To guard them against personal outrage and violence.
2. To protect them in the undisturbed enjoyment of their proprietary right to soil, wherever such right might be found to exist.
3. To make it an invariable and cardinal condition in all bargains and treaties entered into with the natives for the cession of lands possessed by them in occupation or enjoyment, that permanent subsistence should be supplied to them from some other source.
4. To promote amongst them the spread of civilisation and the peaceful and voluntary reception of the Christian religion.

In addition, it was enacted that they were to be treated as British subjects, and that all aggression upon them would be strictly punished, while an officer of the Crown would be appointed especially to look over their welfare.



Aftermath of 'the spread of civilisation and the peaceful and voluntary reception of the Christian religion'

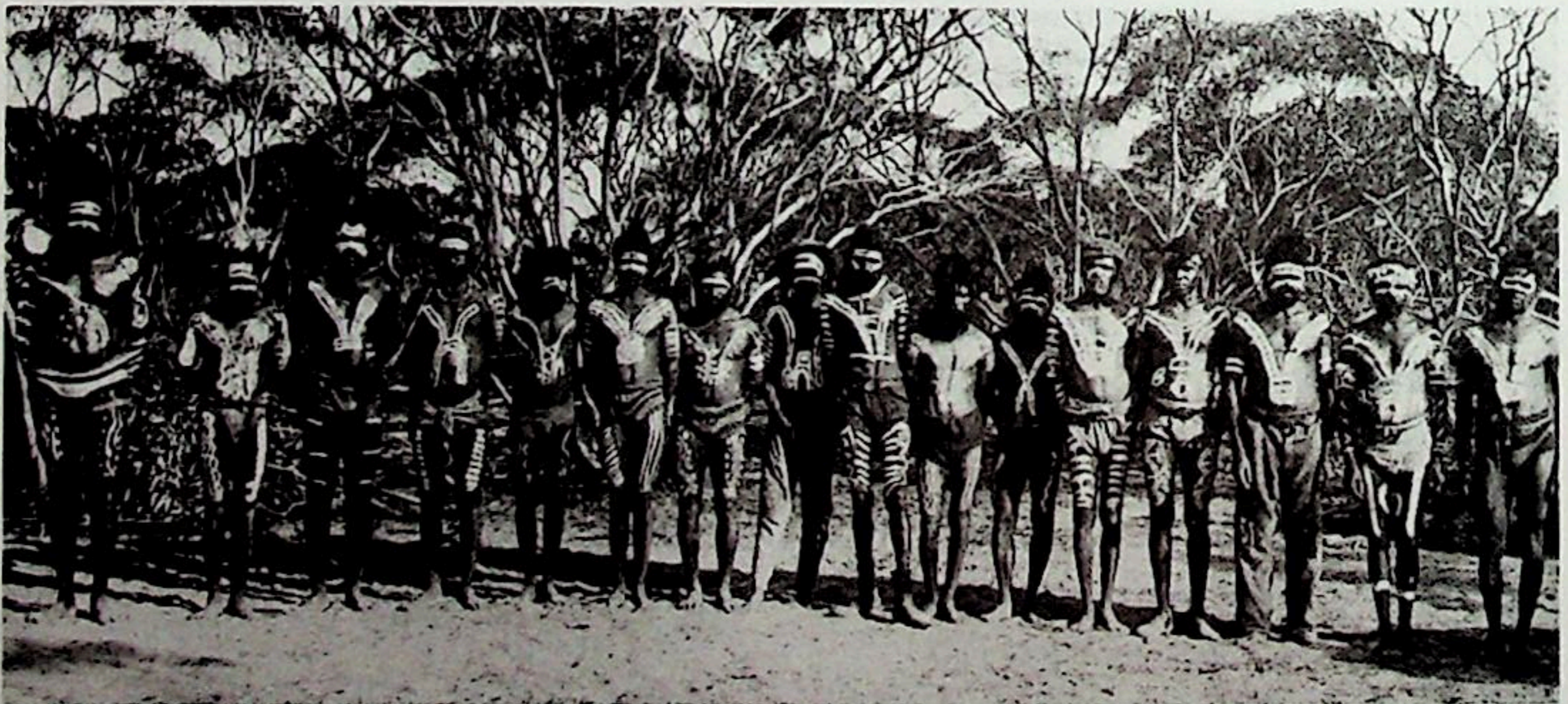
Robert Gouger, Colonial Secretary, echoed the Commissioner's thoughts when he wrote:

So many miseries have been sustained by these unoffending creatures in different parts of the continent, that I feel particularly anxious that the annals of our province should be unstained by native blood.

Sir John Jeffcott, the first judge in South Australia, found the natives 'mild and inoffensive', and expressed the hope 'that we shall in time go far towards civilising them and making them useful to us in turn, as they appear by no means indisposed to work.'

It has been estimated, that before 1836 the native population of South Australia was about 12000. At first two tribes, the Kurna and Narrinyeri, were to make initial contact with the settlers. Generally they were a peaceful people and fighting was uncommon. If trouble did occur the catalyst was the trading of insults or arguments about women.

The white man's invasion was not resisted by groups of tribes joining together, and in a short space of time their game was driven off, and the new settlers' stock



Fowlers Bay c 1900. King Moonlight on left

began to destroy plants and shrubs, which were a valuable source of food. Early settlers, in contradistinction to those who came later, were intrigued by the natives and fulsome in their praise. Stephen Hack in May 1837 said:

The doubts I always had of the way blacks would behave are, I am glad to say, completely set at rest; they are honest to a remarkable degree, generally well behaved, and often extremely useful. In point of fact, there are fewer instances of blacks misbehaving than the whites, and those few are of the most trifling nature.

He concluded with a statement which indicates the type of exploitation, which was to be inflicted upon the natives:

Their most useful job is fetching wood and water, for which they are always paid in 'biketty' as they call it; they work a long time for the sake of one biscuit.

Dr John Woodforde, writing from Rapid Bay early in 1837 said:

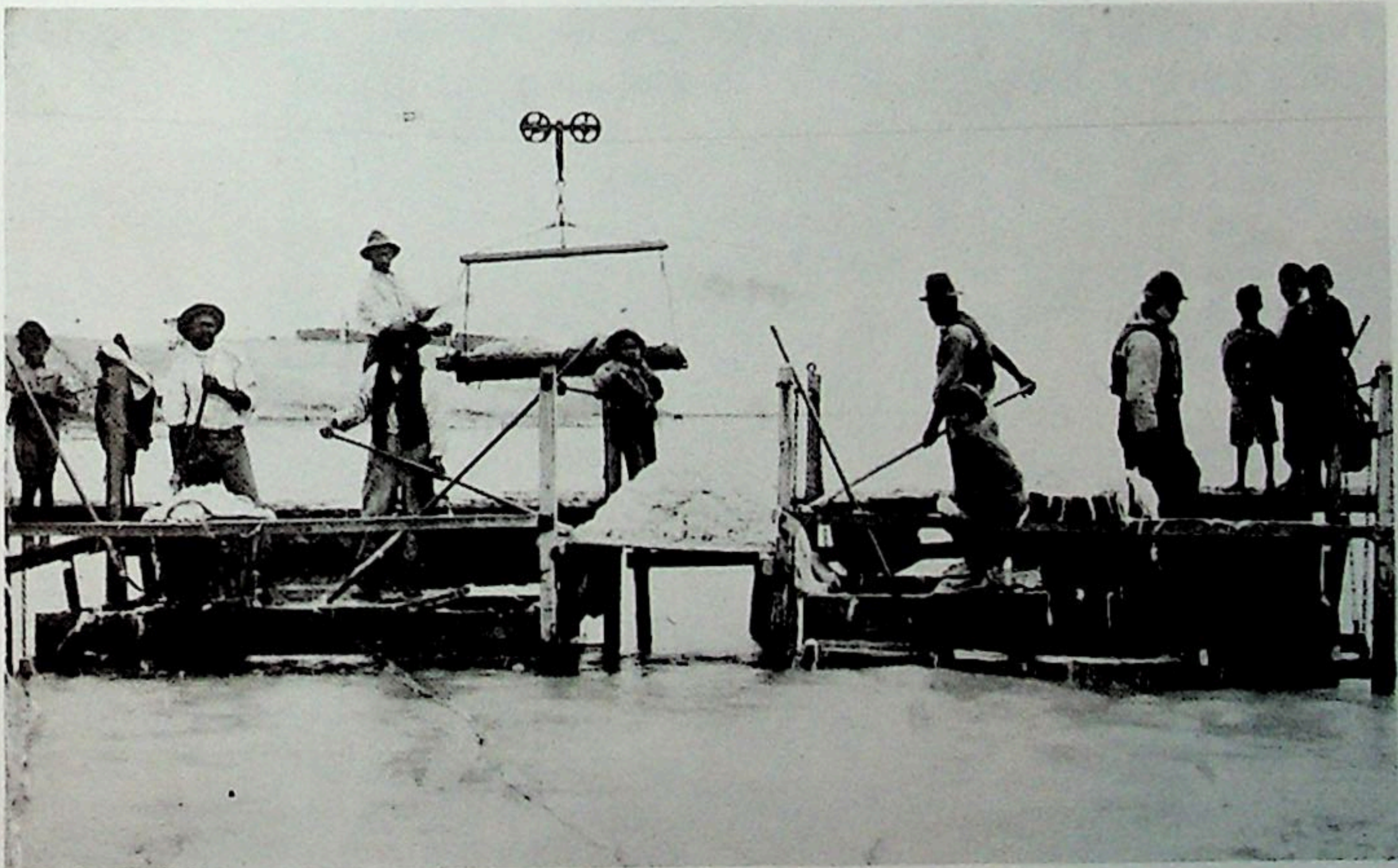
The Cape Jervis natives frequently came down to us and remained for weeks at a time, leaving us occasionally for a day or two to hunt. These people are amicable, friendly in the extreme and honest. They always brought us the produce of their chase or fishing.

This initial euphoria was short-lived. The Commissioners' edict in respect of land acquisition was not implemented, and the natives became increasingly hostile. The colonists acquired the native lands and as Mr Gouger observed:

No legal provision by way of purchase of land on their behalf, or in any other mode, has been yet made, nor do I think that with proper care it is at all necessary.

Arthur Horrocks, brother of John, the explorer, gave an indication of the unrest created by the white man's exploitation:

We were not friendly with the natives, they having some time previously stolen our sheep, and almost murdered one of our shepherds by boring a hole in his stomach with a pointed kangaroo bone. They were always from the commencement, the aggressors, had received every kindness from us, but it was all lost on them. We were compelled to hunt them down, to hold our ground in the part we had settled, but after some time peace was made.



Woolwashing at Point MacLeay

Thomas Neil, writing in 1839, was scathing in his opinion of the natives, and his views did not match those of the first settlers:

They are a strange race and have been getting rather troublesome of late in some parts of the Colony. Two of them were executed at Adelaide a short time ago, having murdered two or three settlers in the bush. They can speak our language pretty well, but seem to be low in intellect and moral feeling, that I fear little impression can be made upon them in the way of teaching. Those who have considerable intercourse with them say they are not to be trusted.

Johannes Menge, who arrived in the Colony in 1837, was more discerning and compassionate when he said:

If you hear that the blacks sometimes kill people, you must take into account that the whites give them good cause to do so, because of the brutal treatment of their wives, as well as through provocation to anger and other passions.

Before the arrival of white settlers, the McLaren Vale must have been a paradise for the native inhabitants. When I first saw it the district was alive with game; kangaroos, possums and wild turkeys abounded, while galahs and other parrots infested the native bush. The Daringa Swamp, low lying with two creeks running into it, was a place of scenic beauty. Surrounded by bottlebrush, teatree and ferns it was covered with wild ducks, and nestling in muddy hollows below was a particular delicacy—yabbies. In winter the creeks overflowed, and much of the adjacent land was flooded, thereby attracting ibis, plover and other water birds.

Members of the Encounter Bay tribe regularly pass through the McLaren Vale on their way to Adelaide for the annual handout of Government blankets. In the bream season they can be found spread out along the Onkaparinga River, their women being carefully hidden along the banks of the upper reaches. Their catch is invariably bartered for liquor in the township of Noarlunga, particularly at the Horseshoe Inn, where police constables, on rare occasions, attempt to obtain evidence against the publican. They always fail as no European testimony can be obtained, while the natives, of course, deny all charges. By 1852 the intoxication of natives was greatly on the increase. In Adelaide six white men were charged for trading liquor with them, but only one was convicted.



Handing out rations at Oodnadatta

During harvest time I occasionally employ a native to assist my sons and me with reaping. Their labour is rewarded with either clothing, blankets or tobacco. It is sad to relate that a few miserly farmers cheat them, for I learned that on one occasion, three native women worked for six weeks, and were paid only sixpence per day.

During the 1850s both the Encounter Bay and Lakes tribes paid frequent visits to other locations in the district. Near Sellicks Beach lay a lagoon and salt pan, which they called 'Wangkondanangko', and here they pegged out skins for drying. Further north near Maslins Beach, a red ochre mine called 'Potartung', was frequently a hive of activity as they scraped away the precious commodity, which was widely used for personal adornment.

The ochre was also used upon the dead. First the corpse was daubed with red ochre and placed on a rude stage, with its arms outstretched in a sitting position. The head was bound up so that it would not drop to its shoulder or breast. A slow burning fire was then made under it, and left until the flesh decayed. It was left in this position for two to three years, after which it was taken down and the remains carefully buried or put on a tree.

I fear that the white man has much guilt upon his shoulders. We have taken their country, their all. We have removed every vestige of brushwood in the city, and if we catch a native cutting a branch from a tree on the parklands, we hand him over as an offender to the tender mercies of the police magistrate. Though they be savages and cannot plead their own cause, this cannot justify our neglect of their miseries.

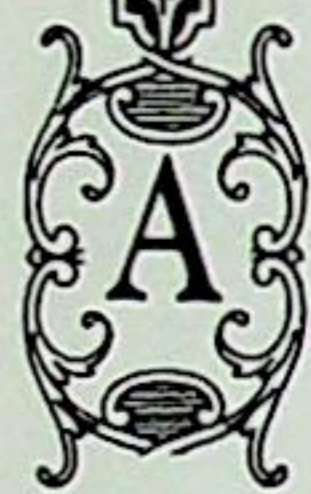
After twenty years of spasmodic meetings with the natives it is apparent to me, that liquor and the white man's diseases are steadily, but surely, taking their toll among these poor, unfortunate creatures of God. I fear for their future.



Aboriginal burial tree

18

Early Willunga



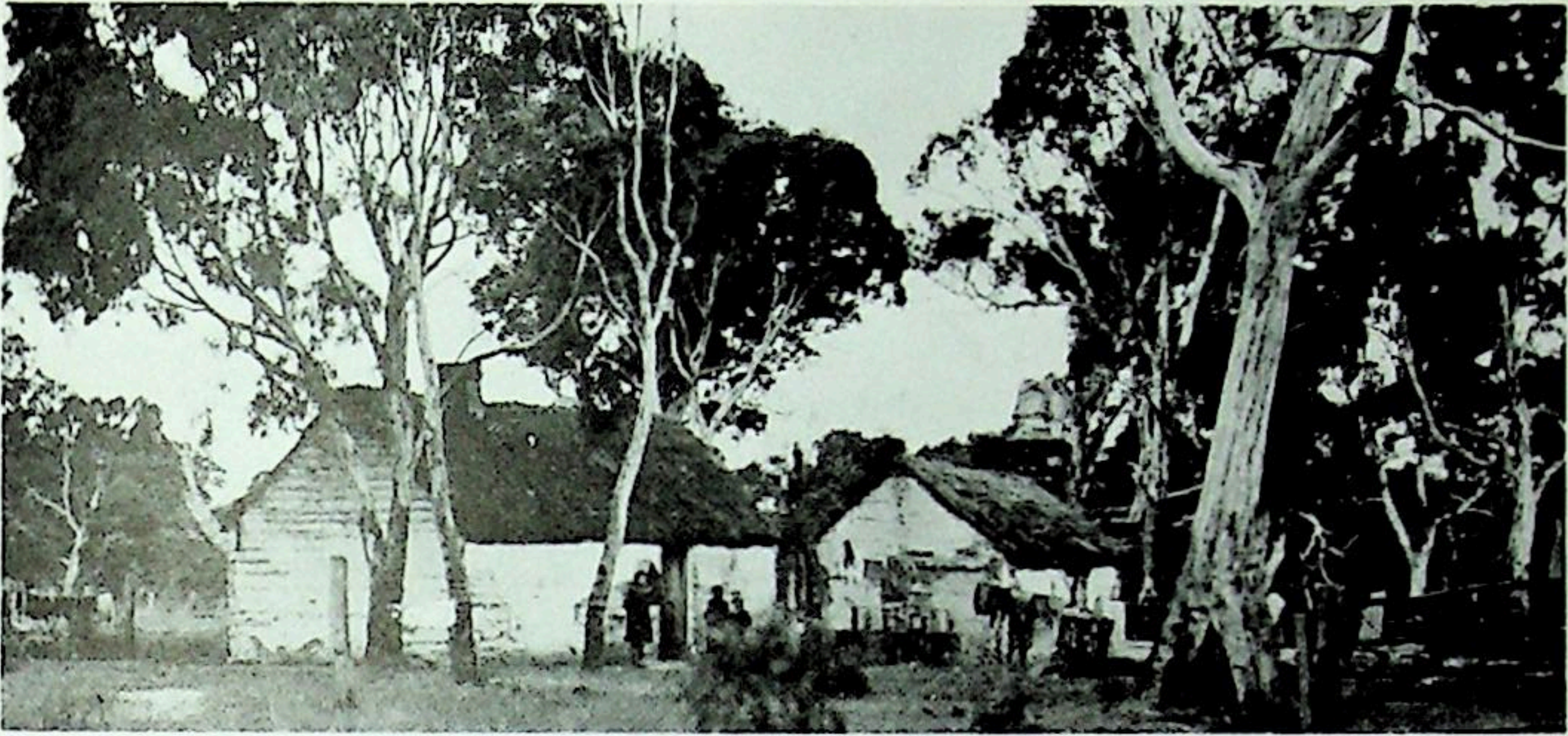
AT THE CONCLUSION OF the inaugural Willunga Show, in March 1856, I attended a dinner at the Bush Inn. Mr Kell occupied the chair, ably assisted by Mr Colville, Chairman of the District Council. During the evening several speeches were made, accompanied by loyal and constitutional toasts. Dr Jay eulogised the fertile and beautiful character of the district. Mr John Norman adverted to agriculture as being the most important interest in the Colony, while Mr Hewett said that he was the first man to drive a plough in the district and that it was a great truth that South Australia owed her prosperity to the steady cultivation of the staff of life.

I was seated next to Mr Richard Hill and during the course of the evening, following much prompting on my part, he recounted the experiences of early settlers in the Willunga district.



Mr and Mrs Richard Hill

'Well Mr Manning', he said, 'I will take you back to the closing days of 1839 when I arrived at Holdfast Bay on the vessel *Singapore*, together with my relatives, the Atkinson brothers. We purchased land in District C and set out on what was to be a three day trek to Willunga. As we travelled south the wonders of this new land unfolded before us, golden wattles, monstrous gum trees, carpets of fern and wild flowers and the orchestra of birds rang through the woods. Rolling on, following cuts and marks blazed on trees, we forded the Onkaparinga River and set out towards the purple hills in the distance.'



Early settlers' homes

'Arriving at my land, which I called 'Forest Farm', no accommodation or hotel awaited me, only the friendly shade and shelter of grand old gum trees. Perhaps, at this stage of my ramblings I should mention the names of some of the first settlers at Willunga: Messrs Smith, Loud, Atkinson, Taylor, James, Polkinghorne, Logan, Bastian, Marshall, Colville, Kell, Williams, Binney, Dawe, Jarrett, Snoswell, Tiller and King—some with wives and children and several single men, such as myself.

'Within the gnarled trunks of the gum trees some pioneers took shelter, others pitched tents, while others, not so fortunate, set to work excavating dugouts in the high banks of the creek. Some contrived small shanties and in these primitive makeshifts the pioneers set up temporary homes. The heat of summer made them insufferable, while rain inundated them in winter.

'The land surrounding us was thickly timbered with peppermint, blue and red gums, together with wattle and stringybark, tea-trees and, to us, strange dome shaped grass trees. The strenuous work of felling and clearing the ground then begun in earnest, together with the sinking of wells. When about five acres were ready, we yoked oxen to a wooden plough, with iron coulter and shares to break up the ground. Posts and rails were now required to fence the cleared land. Bullock drays commenced a trek into the Willunga hills to an isolated timber splitter's camp, where the lumbering drays were loaded.

'During March 1840 some settlers built huts of wattle and daub in the corner of their holdings—generally two rooms, covered with a thatch or shingle roof. Rough wooden doors, with latches of wood were hung and calico nailed across the windows, as a substitute for glass. Trestle tables, with rough wooden benches, were placed on the earthen floors, rough furniture set up and, finally, the great tea chests were opened and treasures reverently and carefully taken out.

'In the autumn of 1840 the pioneer farmers strode out onto their land, a tin hopper or bag, filled with grain securely strapped around their shoulders, striding with measured tread, up and down, broadcasting the wheat, one handful after the other. Following this tedious and tiresome operation the fields were harrowed, using improvised implements constructed from branches of trees.

'At harvest time bands of men, engaged by the pioneers, commenced the weary work of scything in the summer heat. At lunch time barrels of ale were provided for the workers—tea was very scarce in the early days of the Colony.

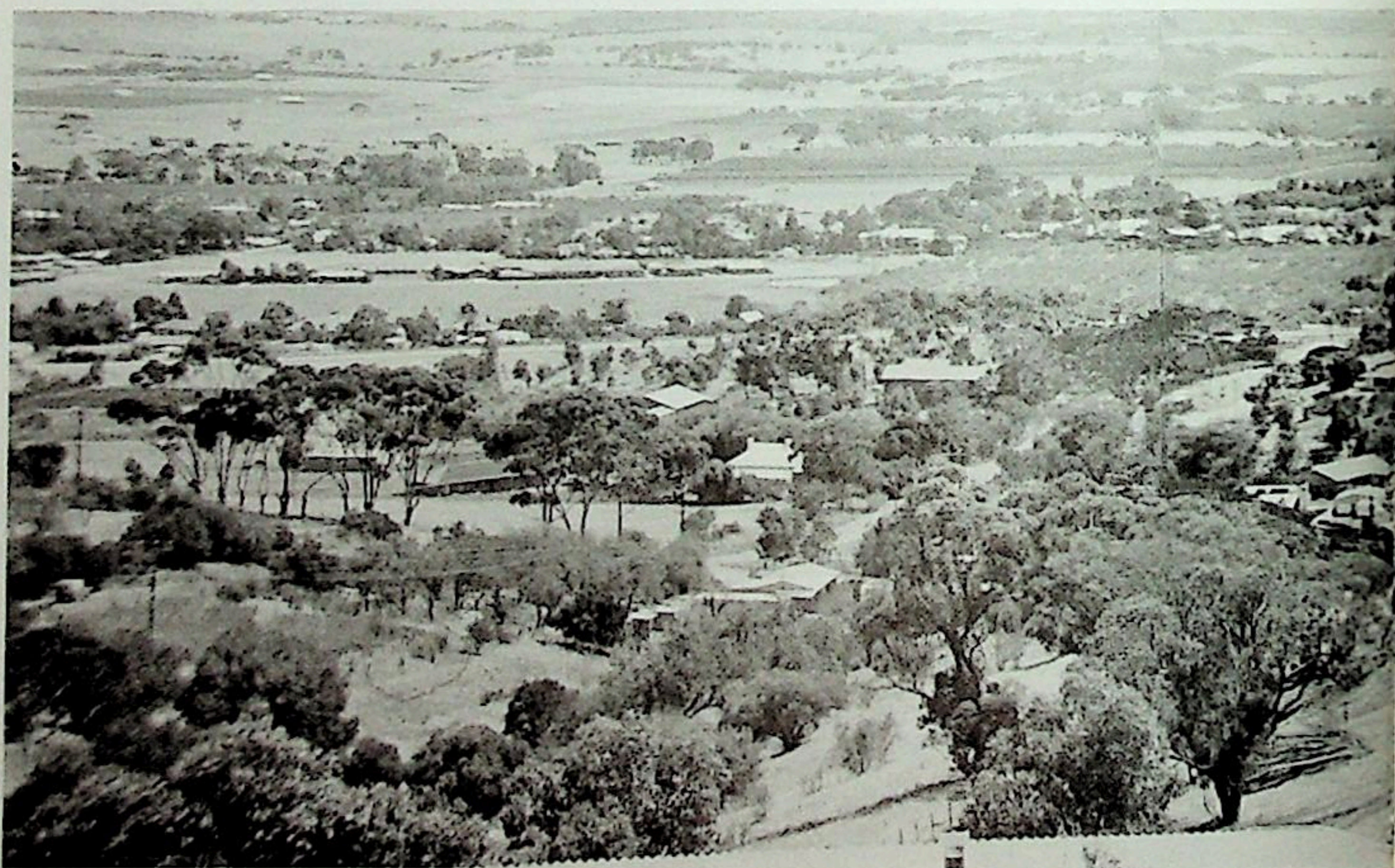
'As for the pioneering women, what hearts of oak they had, sometimes alone in their hut, the nearest neighbour perhaps a mile or so away. Every moment they could possibly spare they devoted to the making of an English garden, planting the precious seeds they had brought from home—yellow sunflowers, hollyhocks, violets, lilac trees and twining roses to transform their little huts into a veritable bower. Some planted soursobs imported from Tasmania, with other bulbs, some thought the peculiar flavour would be an acquisition to the pasties they excelled in making.

'In their long, whitewashed kitchens, with glistening pans, the English women, in clean, starched print dresses, baked and prepared meals. The rafters of the kitchens groaned beneath the weight of sides of bacon and salted hams.'

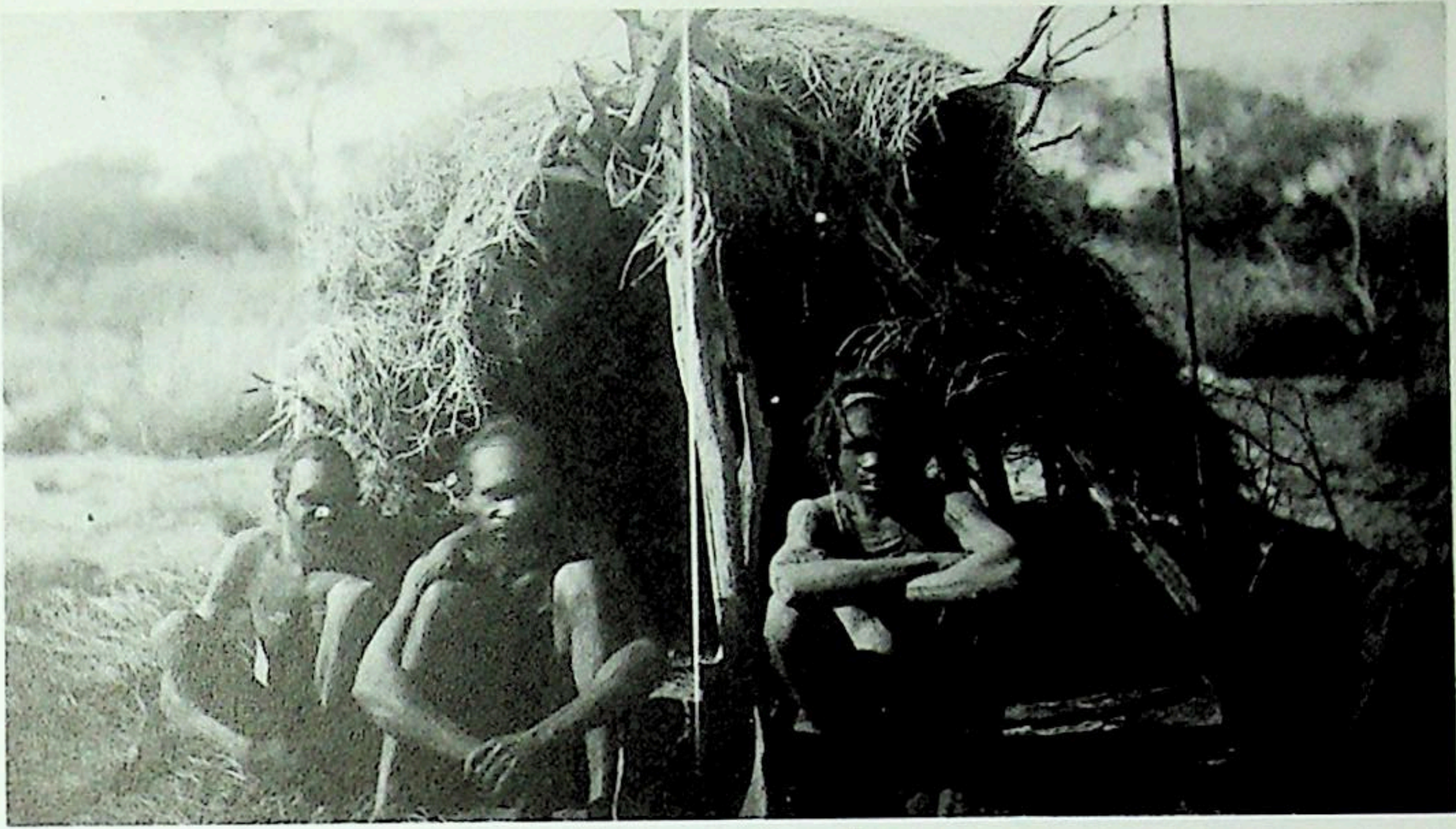
At this juncture Richard Hill glanced at his watch and suggested that he should depart for home. 'I have found your narrative most interesting', I said. 'Please give me a few minutes of your time and tell me something about the Aborigines in the early days.'

'When they were not on a walkabout they camped at Beltunga Gully', he said. 'When we first arrived in 1840, this gully possessed an abundance of water and game. A large tea-tree swamp extended through the land and it was here that Evelyn Sturt camped with herds of cattle, which he had overlanded from Sydney.

'The nomadic natives of the district were harmless and friendly. Their life was one long holiday as they roamed the tiers and valleys, migrating annually to the seaboard and the lagoon at Sellick's Beach. We early pioneers had implicit faith in them and that faith was never shattered—messages given to natives for pioneer friends, thirty miles distant, were faithfully delivered.



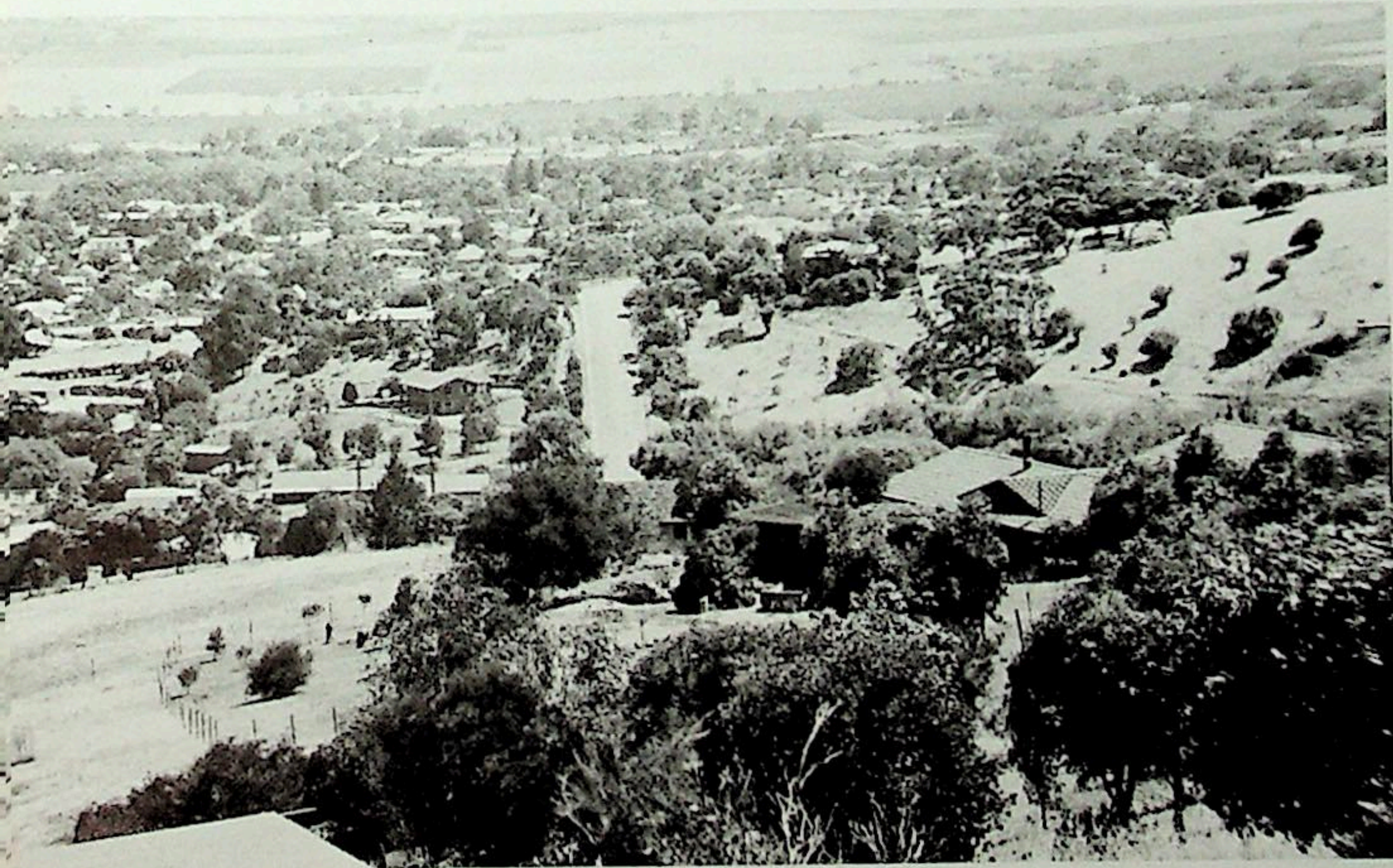
Panoramic view



Natives outside wurley

'As many as three hundred would assemble at Beltunga Gully and under the shelter of the hills they built their wurlies. Piccaninnies fished the creeks for yabbies to provide a delicacy to be eaten with meals of kangaroo and opossum.

'Well, Mr Manning, I must be off home to my wife and children. It is indeed unfortunate that the glorious carols of the magpie are getting fewer since the white man appeared in the area. Curlews, wild geese and bush turkeys are all but gone. The natives are being decimated by our diseases. The wild bushland is fast disappearing to make way for 'civilisation'. There is, indeed, a certain sadness associated with our pioneering work.'



of Willunga 1984

PART THREE

Hope Farm Scrap-book

19

The Gold Rush



WHEN THE NEWS OF the gold finds in Victoria reached the McLaren Vale, late in September 1851, it was the signal for the more adventurous men of the district to leave, post haste, for the new El Dorado.

'Among the first to depart were Messrs Fountain, Prior and Goss. They were all successful; Mr Fountain clearing £1000, while the other two gentlemen netted £1500 each. Upon their return the tales they had to tell spread like wildfire throughout the district, and by the spring of 1852 hardly an able bodied man under forty years of age remained. Years later, an octogenarian, living in Gloucester, ruefully remarked,

'It was a misery to go to Chapel; nothing but a sea of women's bonnets was to be seen.'

The economic plight of farmers, at the time, was aptly put by a Willunga farmer when he said,

'I am about to narrate some facts concerning the agriculturists of Willunga and its vicinity, which come from experience, showing the position in which a poor farmer is placed, and has been for some years past. The present system of farming must be overturned before a farmer can enjoy the fruits of his labour. As it is, a farmer toils from one year's end to another, working from daylight to dark all the year round, living in hopes of the harvest remunerating him for his labour. Harvest after harvest arrives, and he still finds himself in the same place; and, what with grubbing and fencing, he has made himself an old man (as the proverb goes) before he is a young one.

'All his wheat growing will not find himself and family the common necessaries of life; let him be economical and frugal, it is all the same. Often during the winter he has to live on dry bread and tea (this is good keep for a hungry ploughman); his children have to go most of the year round without shoes and stockings, and none of the family have got Sunday clothes to put on. No matter how poor a man was before he left England, he and his family could appear respectable on Sundays. These are facts. Last year the crops in Willunga were from 5 to 10 bushels per acre; what price had the poor farmer to sell at? To my own knowledge many sold at 3s. 6d. per bushel to Mr—of Adelaide.

'What did the farmer get for his labour? When labour was paid, wear and tear, and other incidental expenses, how did he stand for rent? could he pay it? No; the rent had to be left unpaid, with many other little debts, and there was