**PRG 180/1/1-2 Reminiscences of Henry Hammond Tilbrook**
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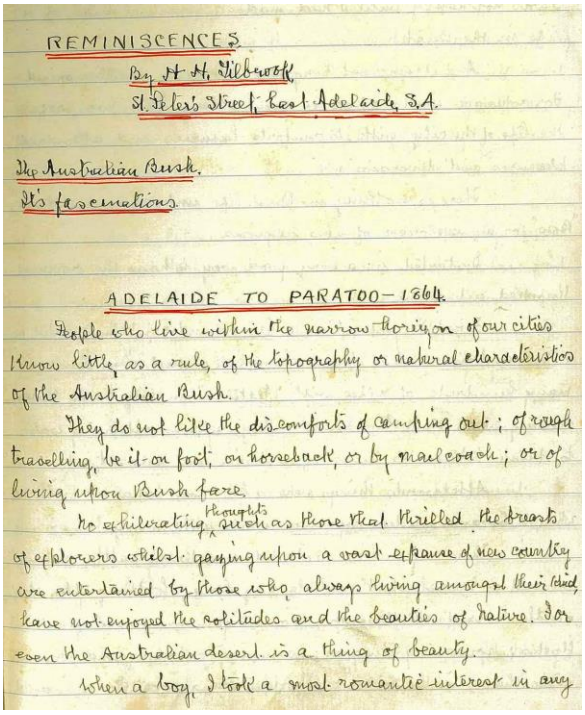
*Volumes 1 and 2 have a black cover with green spine. Volume 2 begins on page 111.*
*A series of three lines – – – usually indicates time has passed, substituting crosses.*

**Vol 1, 2 Series B Reminiscences Book I II.**
**PRG 180/1/1 Reminiscences of Henry Hammond Tilbrook**
**Transcribed by E. Roe and H. Davies, volunteers at the State Library of South Australia, 2016**

[*On cover*] Vol 1 Series B Reminiscences Book I Series B
REMINISCENCES HENRY HAMMOND TILBROOK EAST ADELAIDE
BOOK 1 S[*eries*] B [*Inside Cover in pencil*] P/R 2/- [*In ink*] REMINISCENCES BY HENRY HAMMOND TILBROOK EAST ADELAIDE BOOK 1 – Series B

> 'Lives of small men all remind us,
> We can write our Lives ourselves,
> And, departing, leave behind us
> Some fat volumes on the shelves.
> Per Longfellow
>
> In the lives of most men there's a tale to unfold
> Which it is selfish to keep to themselves.
> They should take up the pen, ere getting too old,
> And some fat volumes leave for our shelves' H.H.T.

[*new page*] Book 1
[*new page*] BOOK 1. REMINISCENCES
By H.H. Tilbrook, St Peter's Street, East Adelaide, S.A.


REMINISCENCES
By H. H. Tilbrook
St Peter's Street, East Adelaide, S.A.

The Australian Bush.
Its fascinations.

ADELAIDE TO PARATOO – 1864.

People who live within the narrow horizon of our cities know little, as a rule, of the topography or natural characteristics of the Australian Bush.

They do not like the dis-comforts of camping out; of rough travelling, be it on foot, on horseback, or by mail coach; or of living upon Bush fare.

No exhilarating thoughts such as those that thrilled the breasts of explorers whilst gazing upon a vast expanse of new country are entertained by those who, always living amongst their kind, have not enjoyed the solitudes and the beauties of Nature. For even the Australian desert is a thing of beauty.

When a boy, I took a most romantic interest in any

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Page 2
newly-discovered land, and especially the interior of Australia I was not happy until I had made a practical trial of a life in the Bush. And it was not long ere I became disillusionised. For romance wears off as we grow older. Then we prefer the life of the city, with its comforts, luxuries, and attendant pleasures and diversions.
There is nothing in Bush life unless you are the 'Boss', or an explorer of new regions. I started in a very good way to have the romance knocked out of me.
First, I went up as a lamb-minder; then I acted as a horse-driver at a deep whim-well; and also tramped many hundreds of miles with 'Matilda' on my back, never having more than two meals a day, seldom obtaining water to drink between the hours of sunrise and sunset. Afterwards things were a bit more romantic with me, when I became under-overseer while still a boy.
Then my duties included mustering cattle, riding around on horseback the whole day long; looking after sheep, cattle, horses, shepherds; counting-in or counting-out flocks; poisoning dingoes; camping out alone and sometimes with others, in the wilds; shooting kangaroos, euros, and

Page 3
other game; and keeping an eye on the Blackfellows, who were then very numerous.
Notwithstanding the romance, however, these things also had their disadvantages. But I did not think so at the time, being young and enthusiastic. Youth mostly takes things as it finds them – philosophically and in a matter-of-fact spirit. Then there was the love of adventure to hold one up and urge one on.
As a life-occupation, however, a solely-Bush existence is not to be desired. Coarse and tasteless food is a drawback which one does not become enamoured of.
I will now give some of my experiences of Bush Life, starting with the year 1864, my age then being somewhat over fifteen years.
I was engaged by Mr Thos. Elder – afterwards Sir Thos. Elder – who was very kind to me.
But I was deficient in one accomplishment. I had had but little experience in equestrianism. True, I had ridden a bit.
And once I rode a horse, bareback, down the brow of Montefiore Hill, from Jeffcott Street; when the horse bolted, and I fell over his head, and was partially stunned. Even then, I had jumped up before I had

Page 4
recovered my senses, and gave chase to the animal, and with the aid of a sandcarter on the Torrens eventually caught it. I suspect, now, the sandcarter did most of the catching! At I remember offering him a shilling if he could catch it.
First there was the fall – then a blank – then the sandcarter – another hiatus – then I came to, and found my father bathing my damaged head with hot fomentations. It seems I rode the horse back after all, although I was unconscious of the fact. But that kind of horsemanship did not fit me for a Bush life! I also, when twelve or thirteen years of age, drove a grocer's cart in Adelaide, my first adventure in that being on a busy Saturday in crowded Rundle street. The grocer was Mr Sharland. His shop was on the very site where Kither's shop now stands. [*In pencil*] [Now (1935) next to Dell's 5 storey]
Mr Thomas Elder kindly informed me that if I would learn to ride, he would place me on one of his stations. I used to interview him at his office in Grenfell Street, where he worked as hard as

any of his clerks. There was a grocer, named Lammey, in North Adelaide, who owned a grey horse. I stipulated with him for the use of that charger for one hour a day at one shilling

Page 5
per hour. The reason why I had leisure to ride a horse in the day time was that I was then employed in the Register office on night work, in the composing room, working generally till two, three, and four o'clock in the morning. I obtained my father's watch, got my grey charger, – saddled, bridled, and mounted him – and galloped up and down the hilly parklands opposite Le Fevre Terrace and Medindie, over the rough limestone quarryings that were being made there. I picked out all the broken land I could find. There no fences on the parklands then. So I had free scope to go where I liked. I rode over the stacks of limestone, into the trenches, and out again, at full gallop. And I also learned to trot. This was all good experience, and I found it quite exhilirating. When, however, I got into the rough Bush work on horseback, I found my knowledge woefully lacking. But that was soon remedied with practical work. Having become a rider, Mr Elder sent me up to Pandappa and Paratoo stations in the North-East.

Page 6
ADELAIDE TO BURRA BURRA March. 30. 1864.
I left Adelaide on the 30th of March, One Thousand \eight hundred/ and Sixty-Four, for Pandappa and Paratoo – the one, One Hundred and Sixty Miles and the other One Hundred and Ninety Miles from Adelaide. The only railway lines open at that time in South Australia were the Port Adelaide line and the Kapunda line – the latter, Fifty Miles in length. The Kapunda Copper Mine was then in full swing. Things were lively there.
Mr Elder had given me fifteen shillings as pocket-money, to help me on the way. He also engaged two other young fellows with me. One was a lawyer's clerk; the other a parson's son named Owen. To these he also advanced a similar sum. – – – We three chummed together. I myself had been working for two and a half years in the Register office – Adelaide's first daily newspaper – and had learnt a good many things there in all departments. And I was already an accomplished compositor. As half of my years had been night work and the other half day work, I had had the run of the office from the pressroom

Page 7
machine room, composing room, job-printing room, to the editorial and reporting rooms.
I had also been 'proof'- reader, with Mr Cooper. That is, I read out the 'Copy' to him and he marked all errors on the sides of the 'proof' sheets. I was also 'galley' pressman. And, as I had plenty of time on my hands, while on day work, I used to put in the 'dis' for many compositors. That means, I put back into the 'cases' for them, a couple of columns of type a day – say about sixteen thousand separate letters – minion and brevier, sometimes long primer.
One of these compositors was a brother-in-law of a proprietor – a good-tempered, handsome fellow, but addicted to a very bad habit prevailing amongst many 'comps' in those days. – i.e. lifting the little finger! He used to promise me sixpence for distributing two columns of type for him into two cases, ready for him to start composition at seven each night. His promises were like a woman's – made to be broken. He never paid me so much as one penny. But he was such a nice chap! I always forgave him – – –

Previous to this, I had learned the arts of paper-ruling and bookbinding, with Mr. W. Rose, of Leigh Street, Adelaide. We did all kinds of ruling, from faint-lined on both sides of the paper, to complicated tabular work. We also

Page 8
made heavy Ledgers with spring backs, and bound books of every description
The schools I had been to were: First, Sergt Baijeants? in Kensington; then Joseph Elliot's night school in Jeffcott Street, North Adelaide. Many years afterwards, I went through a course of Navigation under Mr J. L. Young at his Academy on the corner of North Terrace and King William Street, Adelaide, and learnt how to take the latitude and longitude both by land and sea. An artificial horizon of quicksilver is necessary on land, while the \ocean/ horizon is \all that is/ required at sea.
But I am not going into the ordinary hum-drum portions of my life, but am recording only the adventurous part.
At first I wrote out some incidents to read to my dear Marianne. I asked her if she thought they were worth continuing. She said, Yes, because they referred to the early days of Australia, and \she/ urged me to keep on with them. Hence these writings. I have lost my beloved. So I am trying to finish two copies – one for my son, and one for my daughter, when I am gone. – – –
Now to resume. We found, upon starting, that there were nine in

Page 9
our party altogether. The other six had been engaged at Hunt's Labor Office. We three were the genteel ones – the other six the manual workers.
We 'three Graces' put on no 'side', however, and we 'Nine Muses' were quite a happy family.
Train to Kapunda. Then a big Cobb & Co.'s coach on leather hinges to Burra Burra. These lumbering but useful and interesting vehicles were named after a Mr Cobb, a Californian, who was attracted to the Victorian diggings in 1850, and started coaching to and from the goldfields. He imported Yankee coaches of the lightest and strongest makes, and smart Yankee drivers with them. As many as eight horses were sometimes driven in a team. We never used more than six – mostly four, occasionally five. The leather 'hinges' were just loops in place of steel springs, the body of the coach swinging on four loops.
Eight miles an hour, including stoppages, was the contract rate of travel on all main routes, and seven on outside tracks like the Great Eastern Plains. On this, my first, journey to the Burra, we met immense teams of mules carting copper ore from the Burra Burra Mine.

Page 10
The tracks – there were no roads – were awfully cut up. All dust! Our food was well shaken down for us. No extra charge! Fare for the fifty miles, One Pound stg.
Passed through all the old townships – Hamilton, Marrabel, Black Springs, Sod Hut, Apoinga, &c. Near Black Springs I was much interested in viewing the dry bed of an immense lagoon to the eastward, lying alongside a range. And in the distance, to the N.W., another large live lagoon was visible. This, I think, was Porter's Lagoon, which lies east of Farrell's Flat, and at which, many years later, I have often beed duck-shooting by moonlight. One other dry lagoon-bed was also visible. I thought these sights characteristic of Australia, and they had a fascinating charm for me as a youth.

We arrived at Kooringa at 6 p.m., smothered in dust. Got an excellent bed at the Burra Hotel (Lamb's) – now the Burra Hospital. That evening, before turning in, we three explored the whole of the Burra, which was then a very brisk and lively place. The big mine was working at its full capacity, with about twelve hundred hands. We inspected the surface workings.

Page 11
A ponderous Cornish pump was throwing water in a great stream from a shaft at the head of the gully A rope at the pumping-house was as thick as the calf of a man's leg. It was three great cables twisted into one. It was a marvel to us! The arms of the pump were immense, and must have weighed many tons. The hotel we were staying at was the very first building, from the Kapunda track, in the Main Street of Kooringa. It did a roaring trade.
TO MOUNT BRYAN March 31, 1864.
Our first day's tramp in the Bush was from Burra Burra to Mount Bryan sheep station – fifteen miles. Not one of the nine of us knew the way to Paratoo, our terminal destination. An old man amongst us thought he did! We had passed our last fence the day before – at Black Springs. There was none between us and the ocean on the shores of the far-distant Northern Territory The old man was to be our guide!

Page 12
In starting, we had one mile to go to get through the townships of Kooringa, Redruth, and Aberdeen and the mine property. The Burra Creek was already denuded of its gum trees. Miners were working in its bed. The lower banks and bed were green, and the running water was green also. The latter, being impregnated with carbonate of copper, deposited some of its contents upon whatever it came in contact with  The immense Cornish pump on the hill at the head of the gully continued forcing up a great volume of water at each stroke. This ran down flumes, and turned a big waterwheel near the creek about half a mile distant, and kept the creek supplied with the green liquid. It would have been sudden death to drink it! But it was good enough for the Cousin Jacks to wash the ore with. I was much struck by the wonderful contortions of the stratified hard limestone rock showing in cuttings. There had been a great crushing of the strata there at some early geological period. In the banks of the creek were many dugouts, in which the miners lived – modern troglodytes! Getting out of the townships – there was Copperhouse on the left hand – we journeyed up the flat five miles to

Page 13
Hallett's Head Station, where there was a well of good water. The weather was very hot. The dry grass was high, and thick enough to completely hide the soil from view. It was the usual silver grass. To see the Mount Bryan Flat a year or two later, one would never dream that it was once covered luxuriantly with the tall native grass. On the left was a range fifteen miles long, on the right a jumble of ranges and hills. Beyond all, on the right had, or east, were the great Murray Flats, and the scrub where Mr Bryan perished in the Thirties, whilst, with others, endeavouring to return to the Nor'-West Bend. With us, there was no road – only a track. It branched into two at six miles. One of these went northward or thereabouts, while the other forked to the right. We took the latter. The scenery was delightful. Before us lay The Razorback – now named Mount Razorback – 2534 feet above the sea, and eight hundred feet above the plain.We at first mistook it – as many people still do – for Mount Bryan, which, however, is ten miles further back, quite

out of sight, and is much higher – or three thousand and sixty-five feet. It is on the outer edge of the great

Page 14
great range, and overlooks the immense plains to the eastward. The nine of us wended our way across the interesting plain, with its little hills and undulations – the big mountains always before us. Although the day's tramp was a matter of only fifteen miles, yet is was late in the day when we sighted Mount Bryan Head Station, situated on the eastern point of the range. I, being the youngest member of the party by many years, was in the van, leading the way, and arrived at the kitchen first. The kitchen is the most important place on earth to weary, thirsty, men who are on the 'wallaby track' I calmly walked into the pine-slab, thatch-roofed edifice, followed by Martin – a one-handed man, with an iron crook in place of the lost hand. The cook looked at us sternly – It was a man of course, for there are no women cooks in the Bush – although I came across one later on – 'the exception that proved the rule.' The lawyer's clerk and the parson's son then hove in sight. The cook turned pale! Others came in, like lame ducks, until the only one missing was our 'guide'! The cook, by this time half-stunned, went to the door,

Page 15
arched a hand over his eyes to shade them from the dazzling rays of the setting sun, looked down the track long and earnestly to see how many more were on their way to invade his sanctum. The old man alone was in sight. The cook waited till he came in, then continued to gaze down the track. After giving out an immense sigh, whether of relief or despair no one ever knew, he returned to his camp-oven and fireplace. A blank look was upon his countenance, but he faced the music like a man. Our unceremonious ierruption caused him a lot of \extra/ work in the shape of cooking, without any extra pay. And none of us had the sense to make the poor fellow a donation of a silver coin. Such an action was never heard of in the Bush! Sitting at the foot of an immensely – long table of adzed slabs, when the evening meal was in progress the Man-with-the-Iron-Crook noticed that the 'sugar' near him was black, while at my end, near the cook, it was beautifully white. He immediately called out loudly – (he was an assertive Irishman) – for the white sugar at the head of the table. He didn't believe in the vile cook having all the luxuries to himself. Oh, no! The cook, with a sardonic grin, motioned me to pass

Page 16
it along; which I did, also with a quiet smile to myself. Putting a liberal supply of this 'luxury' into his pannican, the Man-with-the-Iron-Crook stirred it well and prepared to indulge himself in a glorious drink. Placing it to his lips, and leaning back with shut eyes the more to enjoy the nectar, he ___! ___! ___! ___! ___! ___ became a spluttering and spitting volcano of oaths and tea! – to the intense delight of those in the know! Even the cook became more cheerful. The 'white sugar' was course lake salt! So the man's tea could hardly have been sweet enough for him. Perhaps that was why he spat it out! This Martin, by the way, was a relative of a man named Malachi Martin who had some connection with an awful murder which had recently been committed – I think in the South-East – the body of the victim having been concealed in a wombat hole. The murderer was hanged. I cannot remember the particulars, as I was too young; but I know the affair caused a great sensation. Whether Malachi Martin was the principal in the murder I cannot say, but I am under the impression that he was. That night at Mount Bryan station proved cold. We slept in wooden bunks, each upon a single sheepskin, well

Page 17
woolled, and black with mixed yolk and dirt. One blanket did not keep out the cold, and in the morning I had to walk about in my sleeping-shape until the muscles thawed out. Mount Bryan is ever a cold place at night, except in the summer time – the Head Station being about two thousand feet above the sea.
MOUNT BRYAN TO WOORKOONGARIE.
April 1, 1864. Having breakfasted upon damper and mutton – the same fare that we had partaken of the previous evening – we made an early start. Station hands were no sluggards. At six a.m. they had breakfasted and were at their work, whatever that occupation may have been. We started upon our travels across country for a station named Woorkoongarie – called by tramps 'Walk-Hungry' station, because the owner – one Chewings – invariably sent hungry men hungry away. We had to cross a spur of the Razorback, and found it steep and rough. For many miles we traversed hills and

Page 18
gullies, passing one hut. Thirty five years later I came upon the very same hut, in ruins, and recognised it at once. On this latter occasion I had a camera on my back, and was returning from a tramp alone which I had undertaken to the top of Mount Bryan in search of views. The ranges to the north looked big and gloomy to me in this year of one thousand eight hundred and sixty four. Yet it was over them that I walked with my camera – a whole-plate – nearly two score years afterwards, after an eventful life of hard work, trouble, happiness, and adventure. That journey from Mount Bryan Flat to the top of Mount Bryan took me twelve hours – seven hours to find the Mount, which I scaled at three p.m., and five to get back. Weight of camera and appurtenances thirty-seven and a half pounds avoirdupois; distance travelled, thirty miles. On this, my first, trip into the Bush, the ranges northward appeared so gloomy and forbidding, that had I been told I should make such a journey alone I should not have believed it. Indeed, had I attempted the task on this my initial trip into the Bush, I should have been hopelessly lost by Nightfall. Toiling along on that first of April, 1864, we found the dry grass plentiful, the scenery mountainous on our right,

Page 19
with the plain and some hills on our left  After crossing the southern spur of the Razorback, we traversed undulating country, and skirted Wildongoleech – sometimes called Willogoleech – where the township of Hallett now stands, halting for a rest some miles south of where gold was afterwards found – viz., Ulooloo. The dry grass at our resting-place was thin and patchy.
While reclining on the ground, the Man-with-the-Iron-Crook took it into his silly head to put a lighted match to it! The match was one of the olden kind that posts and rails were made of. The heads when placed on the nipple of a pistol and the trigger pulled went off with a bang! We boys made crackers of them by fixing the heads in the hinges of our pocket-knives and opening the blades. The flames crackled! and in the bright sunlight were hardly visible. But they travelled!
I was on my feet in an instant, and had the fire stamped out before the wind could carry it any distance. It was a close shave! Resuming our journey, by and by we left the grass land behind and encountered barren soil, with scattered quartz and ironstone on the surface. Trees began to appear, and

Page 20
we soon found ourselves in the Ulooloo Creek. Since then the place has been worked as a goldfield. The heaviest nugget obtained weighed twelve ounces. Then we entered a thick mallee scrub, and signs of the eastern desert began to show. In this scrub I saw a dead animal hanging by a foot from the fork of a tree. As the shades of evening were falling, we arrived at our destination – namely, the sheep station bearing the euphonious name of Woorkoongarie.
And now for an illustration of why travellers nicknamed it 'Walk-Hungry' Station! We nine Muses – enough to give any station-owner the blues! – were very hungry. True, we had travelled only fifteen miles, without food or water, but the road had been hilly, and we were ravenous after our thirst had been quenched, for the water here was good. Taking possession of a large empty men's hut on the station was our first act. The night was cold, and there being plenty of wood, we made a big fire in the wide chimney-place. The station bell rang for tea! With visions of damper and mutton, and a pannikin of black tea sweetened with black sugar before us, we nine made for the kitchen en masse.

Page 21
But 'there's many a slip', &c. We had reckoned without our host – the aforesaid Chewings! He barred the way! He refused to let us have anything to eat on any terms! So we all marched back to the hut; hunger knawing at our vitals, as some poet has said – or was it a novelist?
But we had not done ~~we~~ with this Chewings! In solemn conclave assembled, we had a discussion, deputationised the owner, and requested him to sell us some flour – just flour, nothing more. He refused point-blank! saying he would neither give nor sell. Back we marched again. And, feeling very stern, we decided to take the matter into our own hands. We accordingly waited upon him once more, and quietly but determedly informed him that as he had declined to see us food, we would take it by force! That brought him to his senses. He immediately went to the Store and presented us with a good-sized dishful of flour – no meal, or tea, or sugar, or salt. We were supremely happy, however, for we now had some flour and plenty of good water. Ah! how we appreciate good water in the Australian Bush! We were soon at work making unleavened bread – in other words, 'Johnnies-on-the-Coals.' Bushmen call

Page 22
them by another name; but I need not put it down here – it is real Australian! We were eating those 'Johnnies' long before they were cooked. Hunger was the sauce! A pinch of salt would have improved their flavour certainly; but we were too pleased with our good luck to carp at the absence of such a trifle. We cooked the 'Johnnies' on the red embers, and ate till they were gone. And we were still hungry! For what is a tin dishful of flour amongst nine men? – although perhaps I should say eight men and a boy. We washed our meal down with cold water. Then we all turned in to a bunk apiece, and were thankful for that, with a sheepskin under us for a couch. The hut was built of the usual pine slabs or pine trees in the rough, with the bark on, and pug in the instercices between each slab or tree.
WOORKOONGARIE TO PANDAPPA.
April 2, 1864. On this day we had a long journey to accomplish – a distance of thirty miles. The worst of it was, no one knew the way. There was no defined track.

Page 23

The day turned out frightfully hot! On the morning of this memorable day I saw a dog get the severest thrashing he had ever had in his canine life. He had committed some offence, and a brother-in-law of the aforesaid Chewings – Mr Hiles by name, I believe – suddenly collared the dog by the scruff of the neck, and with a stick in the other hand thrashed him with a vim and a vigor one sees about once in a lifetime. The dog was so taken by surprise that he actually screamed, yelled, and howled with terror all at the same time. But the man was furious. His right arm went up and down mercilessly like a flail – whilst the shrieks and the uproar were something to remember! At last the executioner tired, and let the dog go, with a parting kick! The way that canine then travelled was wonderful to see! With his tail between his legs, and his nose between his paws, he, without so much as looking back went like the very wind – over a scrubby range, straight away from the station, and for aught I know may be going yet. I think it probable, however, that, his speed being so great, he flew at a tangent right off the face of this planet and turned into a comet in the constellation of Canis Major.

Page 24
Comets have tails. That dog had a tail, and it would naturally get more elongated the swifter it went. He is not Halley's comet, but he may be one of the other less notable ones. This same brother-in-law had a kind heart after all! Upon seeing us start on our rather hazardous journey, sans breakfast, he immediately went to his own hut, and, out of his own rations, presented us with a forequarter of mutton already cooked, apologising to us at the same time for the scurvy treatment we had received, and which he was powerless to prevent. And here we find two men of character! We thanked him heartily, and asked him to try and put us on the right direction for Pandappa. This he did to the best of his ability. A track went out through a valley and over undulations for ten miles, and then ceased, leaving us twenty miles to cover without a track or distinctive landmarks. We had a half-gallon tin canteen with us. It was empty before the ten miles was accomplished. The day was a roaster, and the half-boiling liquid did us no good. We ate most of the meat at starting. It fortunately contained no salt to make us thirsty. We had now got into the true desert. Saltbush-covered hills were around us, and very soon all trees had

Page 25
disappeared. The sole vegetation was the saltbush, which stood about a foot and a half high. It was splendid feed for sheep, and the bushes were well-leaved and in good condition. The leaves were broad and of a sage-bush color. We were in luck that day! Coming to the end of the track at ten miles, there was nothing to point out our route. An immense plain, studded with hills, lay in front of us, on our right and left saltbush covered hills. In the far distance, hills, all with the same vegetation. Not a tree to be seen. Not knowing what to do, we waited a while. Our 'guide' was a failure. Presently we saw a horseman approaching from the N.E. He proved to be Peter Waite, the then manager and part-owner of Paratoo and Pandappa. At anyrate he was manager at One Thousand Pounds a year. I think his interest in the runs at that time was small. Mr Thomas Elder was the real owner. Peter was cantering his horse. Upon nearing us he drew rein for a moment, looked us over with a supercilious eye – a la the Kaiser.

Page 26
He had been expecting us, as the lambing season was on. We were told afterwards that \he/ had a great dislike for men who were engaged in the Adelaide office. Upon our asking him to point out the way to Pandappa, – there being no visible trail, and we were twenty miles from our

destination, without water or food, and a blazing hot day before us – he, without giving directions of any kind, put spurs to his horse, and curtly shouted as he disappeared: 'Follow my horse's tracks!' He was a Scotchman, young, tall, handsome, and, as I have said, supercilious. I reckoned him then to be about twenty-seven years of age – or twelve years older than myself. The ground was dry and hard, and horses' hoofs made hardly any mark. However, boy-like, I prided myself on my tracking abilities, and here was a chance for me! My method was, not to look down at my feet, but fifty or one hundred yards ahead, when any fresh disturbance of the soil or plants could generally be noticed. So I forged ahead, and kept the lead all day.
After a time, our feet became horribly blistered, but we kept on. It was torture for me to put mine on the hot, bare, ground. For no grass grows between the saltbush. I had

Page 27
to keep on, however, and grin and bear it Sitting down on the ground, I took off my boots and socks, and found my feet a mass of blisters from heel to toe, some as large as a half-crown piece. In fact, the soles of my feet were practically flayed. I cut the blisters open with a penknife. When the hot water ran out, the pain was most acute, the sensation being like burning by fire.
I did not know then that to get the fluid out of water-blisters painlessly the proper method to adopt is to run a darning needle full of worsted through the blister, drawing the worsted half through, cut the needle loose, and leave an inch of worsted sticking out at each end. The water then soaks through the ends, and, the air being excluded, the scalding or burning sensation is left out of the programme. This plan I invariably adopted afterwards. The weather was so hot, we were absolutely dried up. No moisture remained in our mouths. Going thus another fifteen miles through the saltbush, we came to a very deep well – how deep I cannot say, but I should think about one hundred and twenty feet. It had just been sunk. There was no windlass, whim, or anything by which we could raise water. At last we found an old, dilapidated billy.

Page 28
Tying together some short lengths of yarn lying about I obtained length enough to haul up a few ounces of water. It was undrinkable! The twang was awful! During the last fifteen miles I reckoned we had been travelling nearly due east – or it may have been N.E. We nine Misereres now held counsel together to see whether we should camp there for the night, or go on and try to find the station. I cut the matter short by picking up the horse's tracks again, when my two mates followed me. The others were for staying. But the Man-with-the-Iron-Crook followed us three. Then the rest came on, one after the other, Indian fashion. Night was approaching. The tracks could not be followed much longer. We were parched, footsore, and weary. Yet, being young, I was lively enough. So I put on the pace and forged \ahead/ on my own. The others could follow if they chose! Looking back, I found them all on my trail. There is not much more to add. We had now got into hills and ranges. After taking many turnings and twistings amongst the stony hills, just at dusk I got over a low range, and there on the other side lay Pandappa Head Station! Choked with thirst, and forgetting our blisters,

Page 29
we three pioneers ran down the side of the stony range in amongst the scattered huts, looking for the men's Kitchen to get a drink. The-Man-with-the-Iron-Crook, who had caught up with us, tumbled heels-over-head going down the range, but was not much hurt. I being in the lead, got in first, seized a pannikin, filled it with brilliant-looking water standing there in a bucket, and

swallowed the contents! Brilliant water, like brilliant women, should be looked upon with caution – and be tasted a little bit at a time, until you are sure of their dispositions. The pannican then went around, and my turn came again. This time the water did not taste so nice! Again the pannican made the circle. Then I found that this brilliant-looking water was most decidedly brackish! And thereafter I was unable to quench my thirst with it. That awful North-Eastern water! It was horrible! The lame ducks came straggling in one after another, and they all made for the water-bucket. Few of them noticed the brackishness at first, but the beverage palled upon them later.

Page 30

Then came the evening meal of mutton, damper, and tea. We slept again on the usual sheepskin at night.

PANDAPPA TO PARATOO. A COACH JOURNEY.

April 3, 1864. On the previous evening the mailcoach and four arrived, and stayed at Pandappa the night. It was a fortnightly service on this route. That morning – Sunday – I had orders to get aboard and proceed by it to Paratoo, as lamb-minders were urgently needed. Thus I was saved a further walk of thirty miles, which most of the others had to undertake. Some were to stay at Pandappa and work there. To me it was a glorious journey on the mail-coach – over the saltbush plains surrounded by hills – or, shall I say, thickly dotted with hills? It was really both. The scene was constantly changing. Our first stage was to Burranunyaa – incorrectly spelt Burranunyah. Blackfellows' names almost invariably

Page 31

end with a vowel. This stage was fifteen miles. Burranunyaa Well contained the best well water I had tasted up to then and since in the North-East. The well was alongside a low range. From here to Martin's Well was five miles. This well was one hundred and twenty feet deep, the water undrinkable except by sheep. The unfortunate sheep had to drink it or perish. The well was sunk in solid rock, and had no timbering except near the top. Words spoken in a low voice at the bottom could be heard distinctly at the top. From Martin's Well to Paratoo Head Station was twelve miles. This we accomplished before midday. Another change of horses was made at Paratoo; but that did not interest me, as I had reached my destination. Those of the Noble eight who tramped it to Paratoo stayed one night at Burranunyaa, At the camp The-Man-with-the-Iron-Crook managed to get his blanket burnt. The night was cold, and he got too near the fire. I saw him once more after his arrival at Paratoo. They made two stages of the thirty-two mile journey from Pandappa to Paratoo. Of my two mates, I afterwards saw the lawyers's clerk

Page 32

and the parson's son working in a trench at Paratoo under the supervision of Peter Waite. He kept his eye on them from a convenient hillside! I wonder what value they were as laborers! Paratoo Head Station was situated in a very pleasant position on the Paratoo Creek in a gap in the long, low, stony range. The gap was named Paratoo Gap. The view around was extensive, the gap being wide and open.

ON THE PARATOO RUN.

The creek ran through Paratoo Gap. The hills on either side were about two hundred feet high. I used afterwards to pick up cubes of iron – or, rather, limonite – on the slopes. The edges of the

cubes were square, sharp, and true. They were from one-quarter to one-half inch across the squares. I was packed off immediately to a hut at The Deep Well – now marked on the maps as 'The Salt Well' – five miles to the westward of the station. A shepherd was there with a lambing-down flock of ewes. My job was to take out a lot of lambs, with their

Page 33
mothers, and mind them in a scrub on a long slope which extended many miles on one side, and stretched back into higher ground an unknown distance. It was difficult to prevent the loss of the silly animals in the thick brushwood. The scrub consisted of all kinds of brushwood up to ten or eleven feet high and doward to a few feet, big mallee, and a fair sprinkling of solitary sandalwood trees. The latter is a very pretty tree about the size and rounded shape of the ordinary spreading sheoak. In addition to a shepherd, two men to draw water were stationed in this hut of one room. It had a doorway but no door; a window-opening but no window. There was one bunk; no more! Three of us had to curl ourselves up on the earthern floor at nights and sleep the sleep of the uneasy – unlike Bret Hartes Abner Dean: –

– – – – – – – – – – – – when
A chunck of old red sandstone fetched him in the abdomen.
He smiled a kind of sickly smile and curled up on the floor,
And the subsequent proceedings interested him no more.' – – –

The kangaroo rats it was that helped to make our

Page 34
sleep uneasy. They were numerous in those pioneering days. Regularly every night they swarmed into our abode, ran over our prostrate bodies in their search for bones and scraps – for they were omnivorous and ate anything edible that came in their way. But they never ate us! These interesting animals have now been exterminated. They were nearly as large as a bush wallaby. The only difference between the two was that the kangaroo rat had short ears, and the fur was greyer. The kangaroo rats lived in burrows, groups of which covered a space of thirty feet in diameter. The imported rabbits have now taken possession of the holes. At night time I sat in the doorway of the hut and potted them in the moonlight with a pair of pocket-pistols which my father had lent me, and which he carried in England to protect himself against highwaymen. They could drive a bullet half way through the staves of an oaken barrel which adorned the chimney of our hut. All that I shot did not perceptibly reduce their numbers. One day a young fellow and I were practicing with the same pistols on a big split-pine slab on the inside wall of the hut, right opposite the doorway, in which we stood,

Page 35
The old slab was hard as flint! The bullet hit it, then mysteriously disappeared every time we fired! We could not make out where, until we suddenly discovered that the leaden spheres were flying back over our heads out through the doorway! Then there was a sudden cessation of pistol practice at that particular pine slab of hoary aspect! We practiced elsewhere, however – on the oaken barrel on top of the chimney, to wit. Those pistols! Whilst minding innocent lambkins one day, a fine 'old-man' kangaroo jumped into view over the thick brushwood twenty yards away, and stood looking at me in astonishment. Up went a pistol. Bang! Away fled the kangaroo, untouched! The pistols had no sights and were intended for point-blank firing at close quarters.

My father, Mr Peter Tilbrook, brought them out from England in the year 1854. They were made by hand at Oswestry, near where I was born.

Page 36
AS WHIMDRIVER.
I was not kept long at lambminding, but was promoted to a more important position – that of whim-driver at the Deep Well. I saw little of Peter Waite. He probably saw less of me. The man I had most to deal with – or, rather, who had most to deal with me – was the overseer. He was really the active manager. His name was Christy Wade. And a splendid fellow he was! Peter seemed the ornamental head, although with absolute power. I understand that Peter Waite got into his position in this way. His brother – a very good sort by all accounts – was manager. Peter was 'pannican overseer' – the same as I was afterwards at Ooraparinna, in the Far North. Mr Waite, the brother of Peter, used to ride on horseback to Kapunda when visiting Adelaide, staying a night or so at the Burra. He was enamored of a certain lady there – Miss Woollacot, with whose family my people became acquainted many years afterwards, and she herself told me the story. Her father kept an hotel there.
After a bit of a tiff with her, Mr Waite rode on towards Kapunda. A heavy flood was on, and the poor fellow was drowned in attempting to cross the Black Springs. Then Peter was pitchforked into his position.

Page 37
The Deep Well was one hundred and fifty feet deep, with thirty feet of water always standing in it. The soakages below were so strong, that the level could hardly be lowered. It watered ten thousand sheep from various quarters. The flocks came in once every three days. The water was so brackish that neither horses nor bullocks could drink it. A thirty-thousand gallon above-ground masonry tank had been built alongside, and into this we poured the water day by day One hundred buckets was a day's work. Each bucket was calculated to contain sixty gallons, and weighed, with the rope and the thick iron arms, about half a ton. When the thirsty sheep came and commenced to drink, we could see their sides distending with the load. If allowed to stay, they drank on till they became so swollen, they could hardly crawl away. So they were allowed one good drink, and then driven off. The saltbush was cut up by the flocks for miles around the well, With a whim, while one bucket ascends, the other des-cends, and the weight as the lower one comes out of the

Page 38
water is very great. It gets lighter higher up as the empty bucket and rope go deeper down. Landing a bucket consisted in placing an iron hook on the end of a chain, attached to a heavy beam overhead, into the massive iron handles. The horse being then backed, the bucket descended and the hook and chain automatically pulled it on to the landing stage. Underneath the stage was a trough leading to the big tank. The pulling of a light chain inside the bucket lifted a clapper at the bottom, and the water rushed out. I have detailed in other articles the many happenings at the Deep Well, including its collapse, and will now record little incidents that occurred to me in this New land. Reverting to lamb-minding, I found lambs and sheep to be the stupidest creatures on earth. If you want them to go one way, they are sure to go another. The lambs were even more stupid than their mothers, which is saying a great deal! Many a time I was in despair of ever getting the little beggars back to the flock. I did not shed tears when I left

them. A shepherd has the reputation of being a lazy man! The reverse is the case in Australia. A flock of weaners would run him off his legs in a

Page 39
day in rangy or undulating country; whilst twenty-five hundred lambing ewes could dement him easily were he not made of stern stuff. A flock of the latter exactly represents Bedlam let loose. The eternal noise is something beyond human ken unless one has heard it. No description could do it Justice. The ba-a-a-a-ing of the sheep, the bleating of the lambs, the caw-aw-aw-awing of the black crows waiting to pounce upon any fallen animal to tear its eyes out, make a combination of sounds most awful and horrible to a sensitive ear. It is continuous – never-ceasing! There was one amusing thing I used to notice. A lambkin saying 'ba-a-a-rah' in a lively treble runs up to a ewe to get some of nature's food. The old ewe says 'Brrrrrh!' in a deep bass, then proceeds to smell the lambkin. If it is not hers, she bunts it away with the greatest ferocity. No other ewe's kids for her! No fear! She knows, stupid as she seems! But if it hers, she stands contentedly and lets the little beast go down on his knees, butt her with his nose and help himself. If he is not getting enough, he butts into her with all his might until her hind-quarters fly up into the air! And then, when satisfied, he runs away while she brrrrrhs

Page 40
distractedly for him to come back. How he finds her again out of twenty-five hundred others I don't know. Thus the infernal din is kept up from daylight till dawn. – – –
Afterwards, at Ooraparinna, in the Far North, a chum of mine – Charley Wills – explained to me the language of sheep according to his interpretation: –

The Lamb, in a thin treble: 'Ba-a-a-a-ah!'[Interpretation -'Very good feed here!']

Old Ewe, in deep bass: 'Barh-arh-arh-arh!' [Interpretation – 'My ruddy oath!'] – – –

Directly a sheep or lamb is down, up comes a fiendish crow and picks out its eyes. Crows are so cunning that a man with a gun cannot get near enough for a shot. A small bore sporting rifle sighted to four hundred yards would get them if mounted with optical magnifying sights such as are used on sextants for taking longitudes with. One day I was amused to see a valiant sheep-dog rush up to a ewe that had a helpless lamb by her side. The ewe made for the dog, stamped her feet, and butted him till he turned tail and ran! It was good to see! The dodges of shepherds to mother the motherless

Page 41
lambs – [for many ewes die during lambing time] – were interesting and ingenious, one illustration will suffice. If a lamb died, the skin was taken off, tail and all. The green jacket was then put on a motherless lamb, and the lamb taken to the mother of the dead lamb. The ewe immediately smelt its tail. Yes, it had the same aroma as her own! There was no doubt about that! She smelt it again, then mothered it, and let the little interloper have all the sustenance it wanted. In course of time she got so used to the scent of the lamb, that when the jacket was taken off she did not notice the fraud. If the shepherd had taken the lamb to the ewe without the jacket, she would have bunted it away immediately. Thus we find, sheep know their offspring by the smell. Lambings in those days reached seventy-five to eighty-five per cent; but now we hear of one hundred and twenty-five per cent.! The reason is this. Many ewes have twins. The female twin lambs are always kept, as it is a certainty – or almost so – that they will produce twins. But I

doubt if that is a sound economy. It would be better to obtain strong animals than weak ones, even though the numbers were less. Stock-owners follow this play, however,

Page 42
and I guess they understand something of their own business. The percentage of lambs is found by cutting off their tails and counting the latter. Docking and emasculation are cruel processes; but they cannot be omitted, or confusion would prevail. After docking, blood spits out of the tail-stump in a little stream. Upon being put on the ground, the lamb humps its back and walks away slowly. But in a very short time it is as frisky as ever. – – – The horse I drove at the Deep-Well whim was a mare named 'The Countess'. She wa a superb creature, and very docile. I have raised water in the buckets from the lower depths with her alone without the aid of a driver. Setting her going around the track hauling up one bucket, when the bucket reached the top I called out 'Stop!' She stopped in her tracks instantly. Then, hooking on the landing-chain into the handle of the bucket, I called out 'Back!' She backed a few yards, and then turned around the other way ready for the next haul. Then I emptied the landed bucket, pushed it over the shaft, and she started to pull up the one below. But what risks we ran! If she hadn't stopped when told to, what a smash there would have been! And

Page 43
the full bucket would have been snapped off and thrown to the bottom of the well – one hundred and fifty feet below. Yet I took that risk, with my then mate – Mr Goldey – a little later when down the well after my hat, which had preceded me. I hobbled The Countess out at night. And many a long walk I had tracking her in the morning, for she had the whole of Australia to wander over! On one occasion I found her at Paratoo – five miles away in a direct line. One day while riding her, bareback, back to the hut, a sheet of newspaper went sailing along. Not being educated, she had never seen such a thing before. So she thought it proper to shy at it. I laughed and sat tight. But soon she became absolutely demented with fright and went off at the maddest gallop. Horses are like women in that respect. They get frightened at nothing and suddenly rush into real danger, instead of keeping calm and cool. My plan when a horse bolts with me is to urge it on to still greater efforts. I did so in this case, and it was a 'Charge of the Light Brigade' in earnest! We charged the brushwood, twelve feet high, going

Page 44
through some and around others at racehorse speed. I had my work cut out to keep on her back. But I managed it, and by and by brought her to a standstill. We wanted firewood! I took her into the scrub, whence, with chains, we dragged timber back to the hut. On Sundays we went kangaroo hunting, on fleeter horses, and with as many as five kangaroo-dogs. We always brought home a kangaroo tail for soup or to assist in the making of a 'sea-pie' in the campoven. Many an exciting chase we had! The kangaroos, as I proved from actual measurements, invariably covered twenty feet at a bound when chased. It generally took one mile in distance to wind a kangaroo. It was then that the dogs caught up with it – but not always, as the dogs would often divide, and catch nothing. The 'flying does' were the swiftest. I might mention here that the highest recorded jump high jump of a kangaroo is eleven feet. Afterwards I found that the longest jump of a euro – it was being chased downhill – was thirty-two feet.! The thud! thud! of a kangaroo when making these flying leaps was as loud as the noise made by a horse's hoofs when the horse was in full gallop.

Page 45
Our hunting grounds were plains and hills and low ranges, mostly scrub-covered. On the plains the scrub was in patches miles in extent, with open spaces. There it was usually soft brush. The going was generally good. Creeks were very scarce, and there were no abrupt gullies to make the horsework at all risky. The open plains and flats were wholly covered with saltbush. Mallee was also plentiful. I have mentioned 'Sea Pies'. They were a delicious concoction in the Bush, where civilized luxuries were then unknown. The pie was made in a big campoven, Mutton, kangaroo tail, salt, and a thickening of flour with water – the whole about six inches deep – were mixed at the bottom of the campoven. A crust of dough was then placed over this. The campoven was fired underneath and on top, and the pie well cooked. The steam softened the crust. It was one of the most appetising dishes I had tasted – notwithstanding the lack of vegetables or pepper. We were a hungry lot of people in those days! The first loaf of bread I ever made was here. Instead of making damper, I used baking powder. It was a success, and I was proud of it. 'Little thing please – &c.' On one occasion I arrived at a hut a long way off.

Page 46
It belonged to Duncan McRae, a Highland shepherd. I was very hungry. The sheep were in the fold. Duncan was making pancakes – 'flapjacks!' He had no eggs – just four and water and fat. He made four, the whole size of the frying-pan. I was grievously disappointed. I told him I could eat the whole lot mysel'! A quiet, dour, fellow was Duncan. He knew what he was about! Two of those Highland pancakes settled me! My eyes were bigger than ---------- ! Those cakes were so solid and so thick! Duncan knew! We ate them with black sugar. There was a large number of dry wells on the Paratoo and Pandappa runs. Most of these were abandoned at one hundred and twenty feet if no sign of dampness appeared. Each well was said to have cost five hundred Pounds sterling Paratoo Well, in Paratoo Gap, was a depth of one hundred and twenty feet. It was served by a bullock whip, the big bucket being pulled straight up by two heavy bullocks. I drove those bullocks many a time. The hauling chain would shiver and shake with the strain! Talk about cruelty to animals! Just an iron yoke on the poor bullocks' necks! The Paratoo water was brackish. But it was the

Page 47
best we had, except that at Burranunyaa before mentioned, and that was too far off to be available. Thus Paratoo well water was carted to all the huts for human consumption, and for the use of horses and bullocks. This water purged – or I should say griped – one like salts for about a month. Then it lost its cathartic power over the human system. But until that stage was reached our sufferings were great. It was as distressing as the worst forms of diarrhoea. The water was sweetish to the taste. We became so accustomed to it at last, that when rain fell, and we sampled the rainwater once again, we found it – the rainwater – very nasty indeed! It tasted like poison to us, and we refused to drink it! Such is habit! As a matter of fact, we at first thought it might have been poisoned by being caught from the roof of the new galvanized-iron woolshed; but the rainwater in the pools tasted ~~such~~ \just/ the same. This shows what a powerful thing an acquired taste is snuff-taking! whisky-drinking! cigarette-smoking! and other evil habits. The two runs – Paratoo and Pandappa – combined

Page 48
were said to comprise one thousand square miles, and at that time carried ninety thousand sheep. There was only one natural waterhole on this vast area. It was on the plain in the Paratoo Creek, three miles from the Deep Well. There the whole of the wild animals that did drink came at night to quench their thirst. I have no doubt, however, that the kangaroo tribe never drink in their natural mode of living but take in all the moisture Nature has accustomed them to from the herbage. Drinking of water seemed just matter of acquired habit to them if it happened to come handy. At anyrate the kangaroos, bush wallabies, and kangaroo rats were in millions, and they could not possibly obtain water in that dry desert region. The North-Eastern Plains being newly settled, there were not enough huts built for the shepherds. So portable sentry-boxes were constructed for many of them. These were fixed anywhere near fee, hurdles carted to the spot, and a temporary sheepyard made. In the winter time shepherds had often to tumble out of bed at night to save their sheep from the wild dogs, The sheep were safe behind hurdles, but the dogs could get over

Page 49
brushwood yards that were not staked. Eagles were numerous. They lived on bush wallabies chiefly, and of course took lambs in season. One day two us discovered a nest nearly six feet in diameter, made up of sticks and broken branches, on top of a sandalwood tree, in a scrub to the northward. I went up and captured the two young birds. The biggest measured five feet from tip to tip, and it had nothing on but yellow down. The old birds were absent, or I should have had a fight on my hands. In the nest were three freshly-killed full-grown wallabies, besides numerous bones. This fine Australian bird is named the Wedge-tailed Eagle. It has sharp beak and strong claws, and is very fierce. It fights with claws, beak, and wings. Afterwards, in the Far North, I poisoned many of them, and invariably found them to measure eight feet six inches across the wings. Here on the Eastern Plains, I once saw a bird cover the top of a spreading sandalwood tree. I could not measure the bird, so I measured the tree. It was ten feet across.
[I copy the following from a newspaper on the other side: – 'A few months ago, a five-year-old girl was playing

Page 50
outside a remote Australian farm. She was horrified to see a huge eagle shooting downwards at her. She howled for assistance. Fortunately her yells were heard, and a man dashed from the house and shot the bird with a gun when it was within ten feet of her head. Its wing-spread exceeded seven feet, so she was very lucky to have escaped its clutches.'] I have found that these birds are much smaller the further south we get. A nest I saw in Victoria was only about four feet across. Mopokes were to be seen in pairs. I heard the name call, 'Mo-poke! Mo-poke!' in the New Zealand forests. So I conclude that bird must be a common owl. Tracks of reptiles were to be seen everywhere – those of lizards, Iguanas, and snakes. On one occasion the Man-with-the-Iron-Mask and I bailed up a jew lizard eighteen inches long, with a big frill around its neck. Martin took a stick and began teasing it. Suddenly the reptile sprang at him like a bulldog! Martin was just as quick, and, stepping back, struck it a blow that disabled it. A new chum on the run also came in contact with an iguana. The 'gu' thought the new chum a first rate tree,

Page 51
and tried to get to the top of his head! The new chum thought the reptile altogether too friendly, and cut and ran! Nor did he stop till he had reached his hut. The iguana stood stock still with astonishment to see the 'tree' disappear so suddenly. Those at the hut explained to him that the big lizard mistook him for a sapling because he looked so green. This, of course, mollified him! Bulldog ants, too, were pretty thick in places, and we had to mind where we sat down. As to the ordinary ants, I often tried to find a square foot of ground that did not contain an ant of some kind, but never succeeded. In sitting upon the ground it was no use taking notice of ordinary ants. If you did, you would never sit down at all. I will let someone else tabulate the ant population of Australia, giving the datum of ten active ants to each superficial square foot – that is, in the summer time. The new chum above mentioned was rather soft in the top storey. In a deserted hut once I came upon an old overcoat – dirty, torn, and dilapidated. But it had a nice set of large buttons on it. Thinking it a pity they should be wasted, I cut them off and put them in my pocket. Soon afterwards I heard that the old coat belonged to the new chum,

Page 52
who was going about like a roaring lion, seeking my blood, for I had told others of my find. I felt foolish, I admit. However, I went after him, apologised for the desecration of the old coat, and handed him back the buttons. He simply smiled and subsided. He had a brother the opposite of himself – a fine, well-built, manly, sensible fellow, whom everybody liked and respected. They had not long been out from England. All sorts of characters were to be met in the Bush – from gentlemen's sons to men totally uneducated; some of the best of human kind and some of the worst. There was one decent young fellow at the head station who could neither read nor write. How ignorant of the world such a man must be can be imagined! And how easily his mind could be twisted by any designing person! The young fellow chummed up to me most pathetically. He must have been a foundling, for he did not even know his own name. He was about nineteen. Having no name that he could call his own was his one source of sorrow. One day he rushed up to me, his face diffused with smiles. 'What do you think! I know my own name!' That was his message, and he danced about like a kid that had just discovered an alley. The name had just been sent to

Page 53
him by the Destitute authorities, and he happiest young man, for the time being, in the whole world! The kangaroo dogs we had with us were generally valued at Five Pounds apiece. One great black creature was savage in the extreme. He was big, powerful, and fleet, with a waist like a lady's in the tight-lacing days. I once caught him chasing a sheep. He was on to and had the sheep down in a few seconds, but I arrived in time to drive him off. Even fleet as he was, he could not catch a kangaroo in the open in less than a mile. The brute was even game to stick up a man. One day a cook threw some hot water over him to keep him out of the hut. He never forgave the cook, and always greeted him with a growl. He was a dog to beware of. Nobody owned him. One of my most-cherished personal possessions was a powerful five-draw pocket telescope which I had purchased in Adelaide and brought up with me. I had also a pocket compass and a two-foot folding rule. These were always very useful articles, and extended my knowledge of things. The eyepiece of the telescope I used as a microscope to examine insects and grains of sand. In the scrub a few miles from the back of our hut, there

Page 54
stood out from a long slope a rocky hill so full of iron that it attracted the compass, the needle of which kept pointing to it as I walked around the base. Climbing to the top of that hill, I could see this great ironstone reef standing out on the plain at intervals here and there in a straight line as far as the eye could reach. By getting the numerous outcrops into line, the reef was very conspicuous But a side view showed hardly anything unless one of the small outcrops was struck. It has been said by Cornishmen that 'a Black Horse overrides a good lode.' What is under that hill, I wonder? It has never been prospected. It seems unknown to mining men. At first I was minding lambs in the scrub on the slope of the rise which culminated in the Iron Hill. It was thus that I was able to examine it, and from its crest trace the continuation of the lode for miles. The country north was scrubby and hilly, and the outcrop was lost to view in that direction This Iron Hill is about one hundred miles south\-west/ of the Barrier Ranges, or one hundred and forty miles from Broken Hill. Then I was lamb-minding on the plains further west. These plains were picturesque, with brushwood scrub in patches and sandalwood here and there. The pretty native peach trees

Page 55
were in abundance and bore its red fruit abundantly. During the season I had many a feed of the thin-fleshy berries. There were even scrubs of these trees The belladonna tree with is yellow poison berries was also present – not in groups, but just one here and there. Lamb-minding on the plain was easy. In the scrub on the slopes I had not a minute to spare. – – – The lambing being over, I alone was left at the Deep Well hut, with its shingle roof, its open doorway, its window-opening, the vast scrub at its rear, and the little flat in front, with the well and whim in the foreground. The cold winter had set in. And it knew how to be cold on the Great Eastern Plains! At night time animals scampered over the roof of my hut, making a great noise on the shingles. No doubt they were opossums. Kangaroo rats, almost as large as bush wallabies, hopped about the earthen floor in the dark, whilst I dozed fitfully upon the wooden bunk, my bluey around me, and a sheepskin under me. Every day my working mate rode out on the horse from Paratoo to assist me in drawing water from the well – the sheep for miles around still being watered there Dingoes at this time of year roamed about the scrub

Page 56
at the rear, and came out into the open, sending out their dismal, long-drawn long-drawn howls. The first time I was awakened by the howl of a dingo I went to the doorway and sent a bullet into the edge of the scrub on the right. But the howls continued on other nights, and many a shot I fired into the darkness in the direction of the sounds. When a wild dog howls he is disappointed in getting prey. When silent, he is up to mischief. Some time after this, I was ordered in to Paratoo Head station, and the man stayed at the hut. This arrangement was owing to scarcity of feed for the horse. I paddocked my horse in the big paddock at the station, and rode it out to the well every morning, and back again at night. I have devoted several articles to the incidents which occurred at the Deep Well. Quod vide. At Paratoo Head Station all hands had to arise, summer and winter, at five a.m., wash, dress, have their breakfast, and be out at work by six a.m.! Needless to say it was pitch dark at those hours in the winter. But the station bell was rung at five o'clock by the Chinaman cook, and all hands had to roll out of their blankets. That \was/ extremely stupid and short-sighted management. It was barely light at seven a.m., and the men could do nothing

Page 57
outside in the dark. The thermometer often stood at nineteen deg. Fahrenheit, or thirteen degrees below freezing point, and ice covered the water troughs. Let me describe the men's sleeping-room at Paratoo. The bunks were as thickly together as they could be packed, one above the other, in double tiers. The room was large, and they were placed against the four walls around the room. In the centre of the room – instead of an open floor being left there for the men's convenience – was a square block of them. Between that block and the side bunks a passage-way was left ~~was left~~ all around. A large number of men were employed, and all the station hands except the chinese cook slept in this room. One of the workmen – he had sore eyes – was a somnambulist, and walked about this narrow passage in his sleep, until awakened by blundering into some corner or angle. As the Chinaman rang the big, clanging, bronze bell at five a.m. each man bundled out of his blanket, washed, went to the kitchen, breakfasted, and started work, as I have said, by six o'clock. I have lain in my blanket amongst them on my sheepskin couch of a night and listened amusedly to what some of these

Page 58
men threatened they would do to that blank blank P.W. But nothing ever came of these threats to my knowledge. More than thirty years afterwards I was told an amusing story of the manager by a man named Stapleton, whom I met on the Glenelg River, on the Victoria Border. This man was travelling with P.W., on horseback, on the Paratoo run, a long while after I had left it. When night overtook them they came to a camp-fire of two swagmen. The two hospitable fellows invited the horsemen to stay till morning, which they did. All that evening the theme of conversation was the manager himself! That was the great Peter! If ever a man heard what other people thought of him, he heard it there, full strength! My informant kept 'mum'. Peter took it all like a lamb, and when he left in the morning gave each man half-a-crown! The only illuminant used in the Bush those early days was a slush lamp. It was made by filling a jam tin with fat, and fixing a piece of moleskin trousers – which is made of cotton – into its centre, and applying a lighted match. It gave a poor light. The adze was a great Bush implement. It takes a good man to handle it. It is dangerous in unskilled hands. A good 'adzer' will never place his foot on the on the slab he is

Page 59
adzing, but sets his legs well apart. One decent chap on the station put his foot on the wood he was adzing. The implement slipped, cut through his boot and half way through his big toe! He was laid up for weeks. He used the usual remedy – namely, Holloway's ointment! That and Holloway Pills cured all Bush ills! The Chinaman cook was a favorite with the men. He was reliable, and did his work thoroughly. His cooking was excellent, and there plenty of dinty meat pies for all hands – but no vegetables or fruit of any description whatever! For a short time this same Chinaman was obnoxious to me. He had too many smiles for me altogether. I don't like Chinamen. So I showed him my fists, and he kept clear of me.! One job I had was to cut up firewood at the manager's residence. This I did with an axe. The housekeeper – for the manager was a single man then – was a pleasant young married woman, her husband being a 'knockabout.' She once told me I was a treasure because I cut the wood so small! I did not think much of the husband. Because he lived at Government House he put on airs, and began to order me about. I soon told him to mind his own business, as I would take no orders from him.

He was civil after that. His wife was the only woman on the station. There was another man at Government House whom I could not stand at all. He was the storekeeper. His name

Page 60
was Haussen. He was a supercilious creature and toadied to P.W. Peter loved toadies! One day I was trotting my horse along the track in front of Government House, when Haussen drew Peter's attention to the 'fact' that I was trotting a draught horse. P.W. immediately called out in a loud voice that if I trotted the horse again, it would be the last time! The concentrated dislike I had to both of them was intensified by this, as I was travelling quickly because I was anxious to get to my work. So next day I deliberately trotted my horse in front of them both! And nothing was said! The fact was that P.W. could not afford to dispense with my services just then. I was too useful, and could always be relied upon to do my duty. But the cream of the joke was: The horse was not a draught, but a roadster! There was a cooper at the head station – a Scotchman, who had to get into the Bush to evade the awful drink habit. Telling him one day about my nice outside bedroom at the Burra Hotel, he listened in admiration, and finally asked: 'And did you take a bottle of brandy in with You!' I assured him I certainly did not!

Page 61
He was a good tradesman, and was fully employed making and mending the big well buckets. One Sunday, at the head station, he asked me if I would go for a walk with him. I agreed. We went northward, over undulating plains, for some miles, and at length came to a conspicuous bush on a big flat among low hills. Putting his hand into the bush, he pulled \out/ a bottle of brandy! He had a long drink, then offered me some. But I declined it most decidedly! Somehow he seemed pleased! To do him justice, he made that bottle of spirit last him several Sundays. And he had nous enough to plant it out of his own reach on working days. The brandy was brought up on the sly by a travelling hawker, and sold to men on the quiet at greatly enhanced prices. Strange to say, I met that hawker thirty years afterwards at Port Adelaide, and recognised him at once. He had a celtic name. He was a shrewd customer! – – – While at Paratoo, an event happened which changed the course of my life, and gave me something to look forward to. Marianne Clode – then about sixteen years of age – the same age as myself, plus nine days – seemed to understand

Page 62
each other in a wistful kind of way. We were well acquainted in North Adelaide. We went to Sunday School together. Her brothers, Tom and Alf, were great chums with me, and I was often at their house. No words of love passed between us, as she was already engaged to a young man three years her senior – therefore nineteen. Being himself very prim and prudish, he at last came to the conclusion that she would never adorn the select society to which he belonged, and so decided to give her up. And she a born lady, with a heart of gold, and rich family connections.! Her uncle had been the Mayor of Queen Victoria's town of Windsor, where Windsor Castle is situated. And Marianne was born there – that is at Frogmore. Her people had big business connections in that town. She was handsome and true. Well educated herself, she could play the piano in first-class style. She sang in her rich voice, and was in Mr Unwin's choir at Walkerville. The happy hours we used to have at the piano when I was in town! She and her mother, and also her sister Ada, used to play their grand duets for my special benefit. Those were happy times! But very short. I was away so much. It was at this juncture that I received a

letter, full of tears, from dear Marianne. In it she told me of her so-called lover giving her up. She poured out her heart to me, and

Page 63
then I knew that she had loved me all the time. I replied immediately, and gave her all the sympathy she could desire. I was happier now in one way; but a desolation seized my heart. How was I to earn sufficient to give her a good and happy home! I could not solve the problem just then, but did so in another five years, after many sad and long partings – one extending to over two and a half years in a faraway land. She was true and faithful to me all that long time, refusing many tempting offers of marriage, for she had grown up to be one of the finest and most handsome young women to be found in Adelaide. She and her mother kept a school, and had many music pupils. Her mother taught French also, which was a fashion with educated people then. After this we wrote regularly to each other every mail. The mails to the North-East were fortnightly, as I have said. And that was the nice, easy, and natural way in which she took possession of me! – – – It was cold at Paratoo in the winter time. The water troughs were frozen over every morning. I would be out in the great horse-paddock at 6 a.m. in the pitch darkness, hunting for my horse! The ice was so thick on the troughs

Page 64
that, in order to give the horse a drink before starting for the Deep Well, I had to smash it with a mallee pole. The ice, in the thinnest part, was five-eighths of an inch thick.
FURTHER TRAVELS IN THE NORTH-EAST.
July 16th 1864. The time had now arrived for me to start afresh upon my travels. Having been paid off by Peter Waite himself, at the rate of fifteen shillings a week, I bid farewell to Paratoo Head Station. My sixteenth birthday was on June 14, 1864. A few days after this – on July 16, 1864 – I left Paratoo, alone, with a swag on my back. Instead of returning to Adelaide, I made up my mind to proceed still further towards the Barrier Ranges – then never suspected to contain any mineral wealth. 'Humping your bluey' is one Bush term for carrying your swag. The swag itself is also called 'Matilda'. 'on the Wallaby Track,' of course every Australian knows what that is. On that morning, then, I started off in an easterly direction – E.N.E. really – not on the Barrier track, but on one that made to the right of it. I had no canteen. Waterbags were not then invented. I had had a good square meal that morning, but carried no food with me.

Page 65
The region included undulations, hill, plains, and flats, with the Grampus Range showing in front. Small scrub was plentiful, but mallee scrubs were sparse. The vegetation was of the desert species. Quongdongs (native peach trees) were plentiful. The belladonna, with its yellow poison-berries, was pretty. At ten miles I sat down for a rest. That was my practice – ten miles before the first rest. Getting along again, by and by I came to a creek with gum trees in its bed – the first gums I had seen in the North-East. This creek led me down to a station called Panrammatee. The people there were kind to me, and I had a good tea of hard tack, a sheepskin couch, and a breakfast next morning. The water here was better than that at Paratoo. The distance travelled that day was twenty miles.

PANRAMMATEE TO NETLEY AND VICKERY'S.
July 17th, 1864. 'On the Wallaby' again! I tramped down the big creek – dry, of course! – due east for ten miles, when I arrived at Vickery's Station on the Grampus. Panrammatee Creek was an interesting one. It was deep,

Page 66
with well-defined banks, with light scrub in parts – and a few gum trees in the channel. At Vickery's, the water was so brackish that I could not allay my thirst. So I continued my journey with a sharp turn to the north. The brushwood became thick, and the saltbush between extra high. Tramping along thus, I, after traversing a few miles, saw an object lying in the shade under a bush – for although the nights were cold, the days were hot, there being no clouds whatever to intercept the rays of the sun. Hailing the object, I found it to be a new chum recently out from England. Chatting with him for a time, I asked him which way he was going. He replied, South. So I bid him good-bye, shouldered my swag and started off North. He immediately called out to me, saying that that was the way he was going. He did not know North from South. Telling him to come along, we started off in company. The bushes were thick all the way. That is also one of the things I do not understand! Bushes and small trees and shrubs grow in Desert Australia where there is no moisture whatever in the soil, nor in the air, for never is there any dew at night. I was now so hardened that a tramp of twenty Miles,

Page 67
with a heavy swag, was nothing to me. I could thus enjoy the scenery, for, having an eye for beauty, I ever enjoyed a fine landscape – just as I admired other forms of loveliness. Yet, carrying 'Matilda' all day always developed in my anatomy continuous aches and pains, especially in the shoulders and neck. In another ten miles, station buildings appeared in the distance through the shrubbery. This was Brown's homestead – or Netley. The sun was still two hours high. And the new chum immediately dodged behind a bush, saying, 'wait till sundown!' He had already become a 'sundowner'! I scorned the proposal, and said I was going right in. He could lie behind a bush for two hours if he chose! He decided to follow me in. The manager was kind, but said he had no work for us, and allowed us to stay the night. We had a glorious tea! There were a good many men in the men's hut. They were gambling for jam! It was in the usual two-lb tins. One of the men had lost all his wages at the game. The winner sent us into an ecstacy by placing a two-pound tin of damson jam in front of us and telling to help ourselves. I cut a slice of leaden damper, then scraped a

Page 68
thin scrape of the delightful jam on it. It made the damper look a shade blue. Oh! but was not that tiny, weeny, scrape of blue-black jam just heavenly! When I eat preserves now, I put the jam on half an inch thick, and the bread – not damper – as thin as it can be cut, and put butter on it first. True economy of course! One piece of bread does for both. Reductio ad absurdum eh? If you like! No work being available for us here, we decided to travel south.
NETLEY TO MARTIN'S WELL.
July 7th, 1864. On this day we retraced our steps ten miles as far as Vickery's. Once more did we try to quench our thirst at that accursed water, and unavailingly. Paratoo water was pure to it! Thence I decided to strike to the east of the Grampus Range, and make for Martin's Well, twelve miles on the southern track from Paratoo. Leaving the Panrammmatee trail on our right, we

moved off to the left, on a track that we discovered, and which from its general trend would, I thought, bring us to our destination, which

Page 69
I considered to be forty miles from our starting-point that day. After some miles, we came to a shepherd's hut. Entering this, we again tried to slake our thirst. But the water tasted like poison, and we had to give it best. We helped ourselves to a small piece of cooked meat – the usual Bush custom! Going on a further seven miles, we camped beyond a mallee scrub a few miles east of the Grampus. Thirst was 'knawing at our vitals'. We had gone seventeen miles without water; and we were so dry that we could eat nothing – even if we had had it, for I think we had finished off that little bit of meat at the hut. We lay under some bushes, with great plains stretching east of us, and ranges beyond in the distance, like those at Pandappa, of which I think they were a continuation. As I have already written details of this journey, I will give just the salient points here. The moon shone down in our faces brightly. At about one a.m. of the clock – we didn't have a clock, nor even a watch, but we knew by the moon, and also by some other mysterious sense – we were so wretched owing to the Thirst Fiend that had us in its grip, we got up and resumed our tramp. We tramped all through the night, along slopes, over undulating ground, passing scrub of all descriptions.

Page 70
Night passed – and day broke, as a natural consequence we plodded on. My companion, as well as I, was suffering badly. By and by, late in the forenoon, a vision appeared about five miles away, at the foot of the Grampus, on the west. It was a shepherd's hut. My companion wanted to go over to it on the chance of its being occupied. Levelling my telescope at it, I found it deserted. He still wanted to go; but I would not let him, telling him he would only perish of thirst. The misery of thirst in Desert Australia, under circumstances like these, when you must keep plodding along, or perish on the spot, is impossible to understand by anyone who has not gone through it. In camping and trying to sleep, the horrible thirst is a nightmare which it is impossible to throw off. It is with you every second. Your tongue and mouth have not the slightest trace of moisture about them. You cannot expectorate enough froth to cover a pin's point, let alone its head. The blood has dried into thick flowing salt. And let me say it here that – contrary to all that is stated in novels, where a drop or two of water has revived half-perished wanderers – a cupful of water even would do very little good. You always want a full pannican – one pint – to start with, and then

Page 71
keep on till you either cannot drink any more, or are sick. It will never harm you. Later on we came to a similar deserted hut on our track. Hope ran high at first; but my telescope told me it was uninhabited long before we got up to it. There was no firewood, smoke, sheepskins, or any other sign of occupation. Like the hut at the foot of the Grampus Range, it had its four-hundred gallon square iron tank; but the tank was dry. Leaving this hut, we skirted scrubs and a range. We became weaker and more tired. At last my companion threw himself on the ground near the edge of a scrub, saying he was done for, and could not go another step! I did not argue long with him. You cannot afford to talk when you are as dry as an Egyptian mummy. So I was introduced my toe to his tailor, and literally kicked him to his feet. We slouched along, too dried up to talk now, and covered many more miles, when we saw on our left-had side a very interesting

geological phenomenon in the shape of 'Elder Rock.' It stood on a plain, alone, no other rocks being near. It was sixty feet high. And small trees and

Page 72
bushes grew in its crevices, making it a very pretty object. How it came there was a puzzle to me then. It may have been left behind by denudation of the surrounding country; or it may have been an upheaval by volcanic action. It was inhabited by wallabies and other animals. I may as well say here, that, forty years later, a mining man discovered nitrate of soda – a valuable chemical manure – in the burrows and cracks and cavities of its interior. He asked me to put money into the venture, as the discovery was a sure fortune to the first shareholders. I agreed to put Twenty-Five Pounds sterling into it – (as I once missed a chance of obtaining original Broken Hill shares). But when he described the place to me, and its position, I knew it to be Elder Rock, and immediately cried off! leaving the fortune to be scooped up by others! I explained to him the origin of the nitrates. It was this: Wallabies, birds, kangaroo rats, goldies, eagles, and other birds and animals had been roosting there for ages past – maybe thousands of millions of years. Their refuse during all that immense period had gradually permeated the whole rock, and especially the crevices and holes. I knew that was the case just as if I had seen the whole process going on. He was not convinced, however.

Page 73
But at anyrate no one made a fortune out of the speculation. With the money subscribed, drives were cut into the rock, and my theory was shown to be true. The hill itself contained only small quantities of nitrates, and there was nothing of value below. Thus my walk that day saved my pocket £25 forty years afterwards. No members of the syndicate had any of their money returned. The mining plant on the spot was finally sold for – Seven shillings and sixpence! Now to return to my narrative. Presently, late in the afternoon, the faint sounds of clanking chains was borne to our ears from the southward! We were nearing Martin's Well! And someone was there working the whip! We had struck the spot exactly! Nevertheless we did not reach Martin's Well that day! Proceeding along the slope of a low range, we presently saw something white out across the great saltbush plain some miles away to the eastward It was a shepherd's tent – erected there to enable the shepherd to keep his flock on new, succulent, saltbush without travelling them too far to water. We immediately forsook the track and started across the plain, for there was no doubt about that tent being inhabited!

Page 74
We were very tired. We had tramped for two days and a half a night. We had not had a drink all that time, nor anything to eat except one little piece of mutton. Stepping over saltbushes a foot and a half high at the end of such a journey was no joke; but that was what we had to do to reach the tent. I led once more, the new chum lagging behind. At last he called out to me that we were making no progress – that the tent was as far off as ever! That was how it seemed to me, too. Looking back, however, to ascertain how much ground we had covered, I saw that the range we had left was two and a half miles behind us. We had traversed the plain quite half way. When I pointed this out to him, he was astonished and heartened up. All things come to an end, and soon we were guzzling water from the shepherd's bucket to our heart's content! It was near evening, and the shepherd soon put in an appearance with his flock. The yard consisted of

moveable mallee hurdles. We were made heartily welcome, and the chops which we consumed for tea were some of the sweetest I had ever tasted!

Page 75

FROM 'THE TENT' TO A HUT NEAR THE GRAMPUS.

July 20th, 1864 Directing my new-chum friend on his way towards Adelaide, I left him early in the morning and struck across country once more – over the southern end of the Grampus Range, towards a hut I knew of some fifteen miles away to the N.W. It belonged to Duncan McRae, the Highland shepherd mentioned previously. I had no track whatever on this day. Going North of Martin's Well, I tramped over the hills at first, and then across saltbush plains north of Paratoo head station. This locality was pretty as a landscape, or a series of landscapes. One could see miles away in all directions except south.

Page 76

The picture in the Adelaide Art Gallery entitled 'Land of the Saltbush', painted by Mr White, and for which he obtained Two Hundred Pounds stg., exactly represents one portion of it. It is a Land of Restfulness and Beauty! But there was no surface water anywhere, and most of the wells that had been sunk to a depth of one hundred and twenty feet were dry. Late in the day, after traversing the fifteen miles, mostly hills, I made a descent upon the solitary hut of my Highland laddie! I drank of the brackish water of the square iron tank When Duncan arrived at nightfall with his sheep, he was both surprised and pleased to see me. It was then that Duncan McRae, out of the largeness of his heart, made the four thumping pancakes in my honor. The night was desperately cold, water freezing in a tin before sunset. Yet I never had more than one blanket to cover me.. In New Zealand, afterwards, I had seven blankets on me at once to keep out the cold.

FROM 'THE HUT' TO TEETULPA

July 1st, 1864 On this morning, bidding the Highland shepherd good-bye, I started northward this time. I was already north of Paratoo. My destination this time was Teetulpa, and I

Page 77

had only twelve miles to go. Going first N.E., I travelled over picturesque flats with surrounding hills. Sitting down upon my swag to rest after going a few miles, a mob of horses surrounded me! filled with curiosity as to what kind of bird I was! With heads and tails erect, and neighing wildly, they encircled me, following each other around in single file like one sees in a circus ring I was the clown, sitting in the centre. They trotted around and around, coming closer very minute I quite enjoyed the amusing spectacle! There was I, a small atom of humanity, in the wilds of Australia, travelling along, not meeting a soul all day, with the solitary desert around me. A mob of horses comes up to inspect me as a curiosity, just like those learned equines pictured by Swift in 'Gulliver's Travels.' As soon as I arose and picked up my swag, the horses scattered in all directions – snorting, stopping and looking around at me, then fleeing away altogether. Getting over the last of the rises, a great saltbush plain lay before me. In the distance Tittiawappa Hill was a conspicuous object, with its graceful outlines. At its foot, by the Teetulpa Creek, lay Teetulpa

Page 78
head station. It seemed a long tramp across the interminable plain. The prospect from here was magnificent. Notwithstanding the short distance of twelve miles, it was night when I reached Teetulpa Head Station. But sometimes Bush miles are like a piece elastic – they stretch, like women's centipedes! Asking for work, the manager looked at me and then said he was full-handed. He was very kind, and sent me to the men's kitchen. I now suspect that he thought a youngster of sixteen was not of much use to him.! Still, one never knows what is in a man! Before that I was [an amateur] compositor, I understood paper-ruling, and could bind books, even strong commercial ledgers Since then I have sheared sheep, shod horses, killed and dressed sheep, killed and dressed big cattle, managed a printing-office and a newspaper, learnt navigation and how to take latitude and longitude on both land and sea, done all sorts of amateur carpentering work, including intricate window sashes, french polishing, made various kinds of machinery, including a machine on which I ground, polished, and parabolised a nine-and-quarter inch speculum for a Newtonian astronomical telescope, which, when mounted on a stand gave perfect definition of the heavenly bodies, having a magnifying power of one thousand times. That is to

Page 79
say, it brought the moon down to within two hundred and fifty miles of the earth, or of the observer, and showed distinctly all the dead volcanoes, the rocks, plains, valleys, cracks, and crevices. Also took up photography in in its branches, including silver and gold printing, and bromide enlargements. Had charge of travelling sheep, mustered big cattle, hunted uros and kangaroos; cooked for the shepherds while travelling, picked out the camps and found water. And various other little things that fall to a man's lot who knocks about the world. So I come back to the point that no one can tell what a man is capable of until he is put to it by circumstances. And \then/ most things come easy to him – – – In these after years I marvel greatly at the callousness shown by all station managers and cooks towards men on the wallaby track. Never once was I offered a piece of meat or damper to take with me for a midday meal. Nor was it ever suggested that I should procure a canteen to carry water along with me. I suppose it was a fight for existence with all of them, with no time to think of others. Or a case of everyone for himself, and a 'survival of the fittest', to quote Darwin. It was well, perhaps, that I never took any salt meat with me. Otherwise I might have perished from thirst.

Page 80
At Teetulpa I was served with tea and breakfast, consisting of that appetising food, mutton and damper, varied with damper and mutton, washed down with pannican black tea sweetened with black sugar, minus milk. And no one growled at that! Tramps were an expense to squatters then; but, on the other hand, it was an easy way of getting more hands when they wanted them. Workmen were not aggressive then like they are now. Now they want beds, sheets, blankets, eiderdown, and pillow-slips, poor dears! With perhaps a pretty girl to fan them to sleep with feather fans. That is coming next, of course. English workmen are simple fellows – easily led by the nose by designing foreigners: Bolshies, Sinn Feiners, red-raggers, and others, who, not liking work themselves, try to get all the fat billets. Someday, the sensible English will wake up and be guided by their common sense, and give the other fellows the Order of the Boot. One unfortunate man at Teetulpa stuttered to that extent that he could scarcely articulate a word. The

other men, instead of commiserating his infirmity, did all they could to annoy him; upon which he would

Page 81
get so furious that he could not get out one word, but stuttered and spluttered to such a degree, that I expected every moment to see him fly into little pieces. This pleased the men prodigiously and they laughed and slapped their knees in huge delight: – just like a lot of silly school kids! That seems to be human nature! I.e., the nature of some humans not yet far descended from their ancestors – the apes. But by and by the stutterer himself would set to laughing, and then good humor prevailed all around. Next morning saw me carrying 'Matilda' again.
TEETULPA TO A HUT ON PARATOO RUN
July 2nd, 1864 I decided now to turn back. Going southward and eastward, I passed a rise called 'Dead-Man's Hill,' so named from the fact that the body of a swagman was found there, he having died of thirst. Men who perish of thirst invariably strip off all their clothing ere they die. They always become insane. Evening, after so-called twelve miles of walking,

Page 82
found me at a hut five miles from Paratoo. Some things slip one's memory at times. In my diary I have not noted the name of this shepherd, but he was one those who watered his sheep at the Deep Well. Most shepherds liked to see a stranger when off a main track, for they led lonely lives. When, however, the hut was near a main trail, that shepherd would have dearly liked to send a charge of buckshot into his visitors – who became far too numerous to be tolerated. As a matter of fact, they kept him constantly cooking food, and never a cent did he receive in return. This particular hut was hidden away some miles from the main track, and as there was no trail to it except a slight one from the station, it was seldom visited by swagmen. Therefore I received a cordial welcome. Bushmen then, as a rule, were simple-minded and good-hearted. But now and again a cynical and flinty 'cuss' would be encountered whom there would be no getting on with under any circumstances. Everything you said, he would contradict from pure 'cussedness' till your gorge arose, and the hair over your forehead bristled. Some men – and some women also – have the faculty of 'raising Cain' in the best of fellows.

Page 83
THE HUT TO PARATOO.
July 23rd, 1864. Walked five miles to Paratoo head station, where I stayed a day. The ease with which I found my way over the vast expanse of country on the Great Eastern Plains may seem strange to the uninitiated. But the fact is, was the most-easily traversed country I have ever travelled over. The Great Eastern Plains are saltbush plains interspersed with ranges and hills. Consequently the latter formed prominent landmarks and acted as guides. – – –

'and tramp they must,
where the plains and scrubs are wide,
with seldom a track that man can trust,
or a mountain peak to guide.'

I admit, however, that for the first month I was 'at sea'. In fact, when I first went out to the Deep Well I did not know in which direction the station lay next day, although it was only five miles

away. After the above space of time I could not go wrong. Going miles through the big scrub at the back of the Deep Well hut, we never got bushed. Taking any circuit, on foot or

Page 84
on horseback, none of us ever missed the spot we were aiming for. It seemed impossible to go astray. At anyrate I was never lost there, but certainly should have been had I wandered about freely within a week or a fortnight of my first at the Deep Well hut. New chums from England were just the same. At first they were in a mental haze, but ere long became as good bushmen as the colonials. At Paratoo I renewed my acquaintance with many of the old hands. This station was so large, that neither the manager nor the overseer – Peter Waite and Wade; respectively – knew what swagmen were staying there for the night. The swaggies just went to the men's hut and took possession of a vacant bunk, had tea in the kitchen with the men that night, and went off next morning after breakfast at six o'clock, winter and summer. Next day I had to be off early. I saw neither Peter Waite nor Christy Wade. One day's spell gave me a rest, which I needed

Page 85
PARATOO TO BURRANUNYAA
July 25th, 1864 At six a.m. started down country. Tramped eastward through rough land, black-oak scrub, sandalwood, and native-peach trees. The black oak was tall and straight. I may as well mention here that there was not so much as a single gum tree on the one-thousand square miles of Paratoo and Pandappa. In the Bush they exist only in creek beds, and then very seldom. They are remains of forests that once existed in the ages gone by, before Australia became desiccated. That was the time when the now-extinct animal, the diprotodon Australis roamed over the land, and whose skeletons are now heaped up in the muddy bed of Lake Callabonna, some miles to the north-east, were they had their last drink and then lay down and died. The only gums I saw were those in the Panrammatee Creek. Going through a patch of scrub, I encountered a man! He was one of the surly kind. We were both going the same way. I could not get a word out of him. He was dirty, black-looking, and unkempt. Not liking the look of him, I determined to give him 'the slip'. Accordingly, awaiting my chance, I let him get a

Page 86
few yards ahead, then stepped into the back-oak forest on my right, took a short cut that I knew of – [that I knew of through coming that way on the mailcoach] – and came out half a mile ahead of him.. He must have been puzzled when he found I had – disappeared! This region was so hilly and scrubby that he could not possibly see me at that distance away. There was a sequel to this some days later! After a while I left the track altogether, and struck over the hills on my left for a well that I knew was being sunk some miles to the northward of the track. Arrived there, a beautiful panorama opened itself out before me, extending east and north-east. The well was being put down, not in a hollow or depression, but on a considerable elevation! [*It*] ought to have been called, 'Somebody's Folly.' I need hardly say that no water was ever struck there. The well-sinkers were two Cornishmen (Cousin Jacks), who are the finest miners in the world. They were going through hard glassy 'buck-quartz' – that is the gold-diggers' name for unpromising, barren quartz. Their contract price was Two Pounds stg. per foot, and, I think, everything found. They earned their money!

Page 87
It was now about lunchtime. They were pleased to see me. And for the first time in my tramps I had a midday meal! After exchanging the news, I departed Down from the elevations to the saltbush plains again I wended my way without any track whatever. My destination was Burranunyaa. It lay nestling partly up a gully in a low range, as I knew, for I travelld there by the mail coach from Pandappa. I arrived there at nightfall. The shepherd was quite a stranger to me; but he mde me welcome, as that was an out-of-the-way place. He slept on his bunk, I on the earthern floor.
BURRANUNYAA TO PARNAROO.
July 26th, 1864 I started across country without a track, making towards Parnaroo, which was a new locality to me. After going over saltbush plains for several miles, I truck the main track, when it was impossible to go astray.. Passed through much mallee scrub this day, and, after walking fifteen miles, arrived at Parnaroo Head station. This was an uninteresting spot, there being no landmarks

Page 88
near, no characteristic features to impress one agreeably The mallee scrubs alone were novel, being in their virgin state, and not yet thinned to any extent by the woodman's axe. Much had, of course, been cut for sheep-hurdles, and for posts for the horse-paddock. But for the latter purpose pines were preferred, and those graceful trees were still in abundance, whole groves existing further south. Those grabbing settlers had no eye to the future! No thought for posterity! They came! they saw! they destroyed! Saved nothing! replanted nothing! Nature, in very wet seasons, raises pines \again/ from seed lying in the ground; the mallee would grow again if not interfered with. Leaseholder don't plant trees for coming generations; but they ruthlessly destroy all that nature took thousands of years to grow. And that is where Governments should step in. At Parnaroo I had 'tea' of mutton, damper, and tea, and for breakfast next morning the same. Bed! – sheepskin – my own blanket!

Page 89
PARNAROO TO GOTTLIEB'S WELLS. McCULLOCH'S STATION.
July 27th, 1864. On this day I journeyed twenty miles, from Parnaroo to Gottlieb's Wells – McCulloch's station. The first half of the tramp was through desert region, with some spinifex. The latter part, however, was through rich grass land. Passed by Doughboy Hut and Doughboy Well. They were near the site of the present town of Terowie – so I am told. I crossed no high hills that day. Now for the sequel mentioned before Going along a plain in the afternoon, I saw a man approaching the track from a creek away to the west. Upon reaching me, I discovered it was my surly friend whom I had left in the lurch! His surly fit had disappeared. He was talkative enough now! And he wanted me to tell him the mystery of my sudden disappearance.
I enlightened him. But he did not think I had any justification for leaving him like that! I, however, differed from him. He went on with me to Gottlieb's Wells, where we eventually parted. Thus it is that men meet and part in

Page 90
the vast and open spaces of the Australian Bush! But I was not at all sorry to lose him, even after this second meeting. It is strange that we should have come together at all after our first parting, as I had gone east of the track, and he west. To strike the main track at the same spot

and at the same time, after two days of travelling apart, was indeed a coincidence. The distance each of us had travelled apart in the two days was over forty miles. At Gottlieb's Wells station I had the usual two feeds, with a shakedown on a well-woolled sheepskin lying in a bunk in the men's hut. There was plenty of yolk and grease in the wool of those skins. But one gets accustomed to anything. Our 'blueys' – ie blankets – did not show the dirt, anyhow! Mr Alexander McCullock was a sturdy old Scotsman, who came to South Australia with half-a-crown in his pocket. The pine groves on this land were beautiful to look upon. Almost the whole run was grassland, interspersed with thick native pine scrubs, all the leaves and foliage of which were nibbled to one general level by kangaroos – and perhaps by emus, for they roamed about there in mobs.

Page 91
GOTTLIEB'S WELLS TO MOUNT BRYAN
July 28th, 1864 TWENTY-EIGHT MILES. On this day, for swagmen get no rest, I proceeded alone down the track, southward –

'For time means tucker, and tramp they must
where the plains and scrubs are wide,
With seldom a track that a man can trust,
or a mountain peak to guide,
All day long, in the flies and heat,
The men that are on the track,
With stinted stomachs and blistered feet,
They must carry their swags 'Out Back!' – – –

Emus were abundant! I saw mobs of twelve or thirteen roaming about the grasslands, for, be it remembered, there were no fences in those days. Kangaroos were even more numerous; but bush wallaby were not there, because there were no bushes to take shelter in from their enemy, the eagle hawk, then so-called, but now the wedge-tailed eagle. Going by a pine scrub, a black-and-white magpie

Page 92
darted out from a tree, and made straight for me, snapping its beak close to my head.! He lay low till my back was turned, then made his attacks again and again. The silly bird, instead of driving me off, drew my attention to the nest, which I should not have seen but for his advertising himself so conspicuously. But, I use the masculine gender her for convenience, I expect was a 'girl' maggie! That is the feminine way! [There is no one looking over my shoulder as I write this.] The nest was otherwise fairly well hidden in the thick branches of an old, and consequently large, pine. I did not disturb it, for I love the cheeky, plucky, and useful magpie. Even if I had been of a mischievous disposition – which I am not – I 'wanted my breath to cool my porridge,' to quote a Scotch phrase. People who tramp twenty miles every day have no superfluous energy for botan-ising, fauna-ising, or flora-ising! So I stuck to the track. The latter wound about, and, the country being open, the distance traversed seemed twice as far as it really was. It seemed an age before a certain object was passed. Then one has no food or water. But the absence of the former did not matter much. It is said that 'Nature abhors a vacuum.' My experience

Page 93
proves that Nature will not have what it is unaccustomed to. For, when eventually I arrived in Adelaide and took the usual – and useless! – midday meal of the cities and civilization, Nature seemed most decidedly very fond of a vacuum – (I am not now referring to a real scientific vacuum, which is impossible of attainment) – by causing me to heave up my dinner on the shortest notice! It is a fact! I threw up my dinner every day for several days – until at last, by slow degrees, Nature began to think that a vacuum in a boy's inside was nothing to worry over, and so at last let my dinner remain where I put it! My tramp this day was a long one – no less than twenty-eight miles – to Mount Bryan. In doing this, I passed Wildongoleech, where I should have stayed. There was one hut only there then. Now the township of Hallett shows itself on the map at that spot. The latter part of the day's journey was over hills, and skirted Mount Razorback, over a ridge of which I had to climb. At Mount Bryan head station I rested for the night. Whether the cook recognised me or not I cannot say. He mad no sign. Nor did I make myself known to him. It was cold there! And with only one blanket for a covering, I was well frozen during the night, and awoke stiff and crooked!

Page 94
MT BRYAN TO BURRA BURRA: EAST OF RANGES.
July 29th, 1864 Instead of going over the beaten track of fifteen miles down the plains – the Mt Bryan Flat – to the Burra, I made a detour of twenty miles on the eastern side of the ranges, by the Baldina Creek, where the Diprotoden Australis roamed ages ago when the country was more tropical than now, more pluvial and abounding in vegetation upon which it could feed, for Australia is gradually drying up. Remains of that extinct animal have been found in the Baldina Creek. The way was broken and rough, but the view was interesting. To the east was the scrub in which Mr. Bryan perished of thirst. This disaster perpetuated his name for ever, in the Mount being named after him. What greater monument could be erected to the memory of a man? And if the party had only gone over the Mount Bryan Range into the gullies to the west, they would have obtained water! This I know because I found water there on my later trips or explorations. On the plains east of the Ranges I encountered a nomadic

Page 95
shepherd of the Abraham type. He owned two thousand sheep, and travelled with them on anybody's grass. He had a ten, horses, and dray; and also had his wife and family with him. He was as happy as an Arabian chieftain. Instead of paying to have his wool carted to market, he travelled his sheep to the neighbourhood of the Burra, and had them shorn there. I obtained a drink of tea from him, and had a rest at his tent. Then I shouldered my swag once more, and after a twenty-mile march, entered the township of Kooringa from the east. At Kooringa I took a room at the Burra Hotel after an absence of four months. At this hotel I had a grand and luxurious tea for the sum of one shilling – a tea which made up for all my previous hardships. A bed also cost me one shilling. According to my diary, I stayed here two days, and thoroughly explored the place. The servants were splendid girls! The cook agreed to arouse me on the morning of my departure at five o'clock to allow me to have breakfast and be ready for the coach at six a.m. She did not fail me. And in the morning I did justice to the big dish of eggs and other delicacies provided.

Page 96

BURRA BURRA TO ADELAIDE.

August 1st, 1864 The mailcoach, with five horses, started promptly to time. It was pleasant this riding after tramping.! As I have described in a separate article the tricks played by young passengers upon other people along the route, including that upon the other and surly maildriver, I will not dilate here, but just say that after an interesting drive to Kapunda, and train-ride thence to Adelaide, I arrived in the metropolis late that evening. At that time I had no one to welcome me. Dear Marianne was not then my sweetheart, although I was secretly drawn towards her. I used to go and see her two brothers, Tom Clode – afterwards Inspector of Mounted Police – and Alfred Clode, for we three were great chums. Then, of course, I always saw her. She was kind to me, and we had many a romp together. She was a fine-limbed girl even then, and she had just turned sixteen, the same as myself. I well remember one day her clasping her arms around me and wrestling with me. Of course I won, for I was athletic with constant practice, although she was heavier than I. She loved me all the time, as after events proved. She was exceedingly

Page 97

good-looking, but awkward in manner owing to to much selfconsciousness. My parents were none too pleased at my return. However, I got work as a plasterer's laborer at a wage of One Pound sterling per week. I did the hard graft well. Mixing the mortar gave me a sprained wrist; but that did not disable me. And I stuck to my post, and helped to plaster at least one house in North Adelaide. [while I am transcribing these notes (in 1931) mason's laborers are getting One Pound sterling per day!] Alf Clode was a farm hand. So also was Tom But the latter soon got into the mounted Police Force, in which service, as I have mentioned, he rose to be Inspector at a salary of Three Hundred and Fifty Pounds a year.

SECOND JOURNEY TO PARATOO –

1864 August 23rd, 1864 Once more, after three weeks in Adelaide, I made a start for the North-East. Made the usual train-and-mail journey from Adelaide to Burra Burra via Kapunda, but not in one day this time! One interesting event happened on the train. After leaving Gawler, there is a stiff gradient in a cutting near Roseworthy. This gradient was about one in forty-five. Now, I believe, it is about one in sixty-four. The rails were slippery. The engine puffed and puffed! – slowly – and – more – slowly! It was going like a knocked-up stockhorse, just as I afterwards rode one after wild cattle. Then the engine stopped – just like the horse! – and couldn't go another yard! It stood still rather more than half-way up the cutting. The banks were high on either side, and nothing was visible in front except the rails going over the hill.

Page 99

Our engine wailed out its note of woe in one continuous whistle. Roseworthy was not far away. There happened to be another engine there with steam up – perhaps kept there for just such an emergency! After a long wait, the spare engine came along very cautiously towards the cutting. Then, seeing our train at a standstill, slid slowly down the hill and hitched itself to our engine – evidently with matrimonial intentions! With this added power and weight, we soon climbed the hill and reached Roseworthy. We were now behind time. As lost time had to be made up, we sailed along with both engines. At all down gradings we went at such terrific speed – it must have been seventy miles an hour – that, on putting my head out of the window, the wind was blown down

my throat so hard I could not get my breath, and had to draw draw in my head quickly. Upon arrival at Kapunda, Cobb & Co's conveyance was so crowded that I, with others, had to be left behind. I stayed at the Sir John Franklin Hotel. The stone this hotel was built of was a kind of soapstone, and it could be easily cut with a knife,\ [it hardened with exposure] / much the same as can that used at Mount Gambier, which is a white or grey, and a red

Page 100
dolomite. The hotel was two storeys high. I spent my spare time profitably by going over the great Kapunda Copper Mines, then in full working. One shaft, I remember, was on an incline, very steep. But I walked down it easily – that is, I walked down it till it became too dark for me to see, when I turned around and walked upwards into the light again. Another shaft – vertical – must have been a very deep one. A whim was going at great speed. The rope whizzed up, but it seemed an age before the great bucket reached the surface. Sixty fathoms was the depth of the deepest shaft – or three hundred and sixty feet. Copper was first found there in eighteen forty-three. I strolled all over the mines, and saw all the above-ground operations. The ore seemed to be green carbonates, but there were other varieties. I had dinner and tea at the hotel. But things were not so homely as at the Burra Hotel at Kooringa – too much starch! – and formal civilization! That night I slept in a room upstairs. A gentleman had the bed to sleep in – I had the sofa to sleep on. It was narrow, uncomfortable, slippy, with a slope towards the floor, where it landed me before morning!

Page 101
It was like an 'outlaw' Bush horse. It was determined to throw me when it could catch me unawares. And it did! When I had got to sleep, my sofa kept edging me outwards, until at last I fell on the floor with a tremendous thud! – a thud I thought loud enough to awaken even a watchman! But it did not seem to disturb the gentleman in the bed. In case he should be awake, however, I said out aloud to myself so that he could hear: 'Snakes and 'possums! that's the first time I ever fell out of bed!' I wasted my breath apparently, for the sleeping gentleman did not reply. From that time onward till daylight, that sofa and I fought each other. I did not love it, but had no wish to lose its company so early. The sofa had different ideas. It did not mind being sat upon, but to take my full length was repugnant to its self-respect. and it tried hard to get rid of me. Once or twice I found myself sliding over the edge. At daylight I gladly bid my uneasy couch goodbye.

Page 102
KAPUNDA TO BURRA BURRA.
August 24th, 1864 I spent the morning among the mines until eleven a.m., when our vhicle was ready for us. I did not trouble public-house bars, not being a boozing man, and also knowing the value of money. This time it was no Cobb & Co's coach that was at our service, but a two-wheeled spring-cart! with two horses. Our load was nine persons – still the 'nine muses' it appears! Perhaps nine is the unlucky number! Anyhow, it was a big load for two wheels on a rough track. I will reiterate here, there were no made roads as far north as that in the early sixties – only natural trails over virgin ground, with their deep holes and their deep ruts. About five miles from Hamilton, a big mud hole, a big lurch, a big creak, and every spoke in the near-side wheel crashed away from the hub, and let us down gently into the mud! The spokes were

not broken right off. So the driver asked who would volunteer to carry the mails on horseback to the Burra, from Hamilton. Everybody hung back! At last I thought it my

Page 103
duty to offer my services. And I did. The driver looked looked at me hard. He evidently thought I was too young. He may have had an idea that a boy of sixteen was not equal to a horseback ride of forty miles at an average speed of eight miles an hour, carrying heavy mailbags. At last he said, 'Jump up, then!' Up we both got accordingly. The query was whether the crushed wheel would last the five miles to Hamilton. We both sat, one behind the other, on different seats, as closely as possible to the one sound wheel. The other wheel wobbled like the figure 8. With careful driving and slow, we at last reached Hamilton. Here the driver got the ostler to relieve me of the task of taking on the mails to Kooringa – much to my satisfaction! The other passengers were footing it. By the time they had put in an appearance, a Cobb & Co's coach with five horses was ready for us. We started. The harness must have been old. Break after break occurred. The driver requisitioned all the saddle-straps of the party for repairs. I was fly enough not to listen to his blandishments, for no compensation was offered. I had paid One Pound sterling for my fare, and I stuck to my saddlestraps!

Page 104
It was one of the Rounsevells who had the contract for carrying the mails, and who owned the then Cobb & Co.'s coaches. Accident after accident happened! The climax was reached when, late in the day, the leader fell! and the other four horses and coach ran on top of him! For we were travelling at the rate of about twelve miles an hour at the time, along an open flat not far from the Sod Hut. Twelve miles an hour is a full gallop. Confusion reigned supreme! The job was to get the other horses out of their entangling harness, and the fallen horse from underneath the lot. This was eventually done, and the horse was found to be practically uninjured. I still stuck to my saddlestraps; but the other passengers lost theirs. It was ten p.m. when we reached Kooringa. We were four hours late. The Burra Hotel girls were as nice as ever. A splendid tea we had! Eggs galore! This must have been where the early settlers around Clare obtained a market for their produce. In those days eggs were threepence and fourpence a dozen. There was no time that night to look about.

Page 105
The bedrooms all being outside in a row, – one single bed to one room – each man had a key to himself. Thus he was free to come and go as he chose. Yet no one was allowed in bed before ten p.m. unless he had the room for more than one night. This was to encourage lodgers to spend their money in drink. But not so much as a penny's worth passed my lips. My hotel expenses were: – Tea, 1/-; bed 1/-; breakfast, 1/-; total, three shillings.
As I was going 'on the Wallaby Track', I did not need the girls' services to call me early in the morning. Nevertheless, I was up at daylight, had an early breakfast with the early ones, and made a start.
BURRA BURRA TO WILDONGOLEECH.
August 25th, 1864. As I have previously mentioned, one had to travel a mile before getting out of the Burra Burra townships – Kooringa, Aberdeen, Redruth, and Copperhouse. First down Kooringa main street; going east. Then turning north near the Post Office. After that, crossing a

patch of vacant ground before coming to Aberdeen. There was no bridge over the Burra Creek then, only a

Page 106
ford. If a flood was on, you had to wait or wade. [This is rather a coincidence: wait and wade: for the name of the manager of Paratoo was Peter Waite, and the name of the overseer Christopher Wade!] I passed two other public houses, but neither saw me inside. I had my Bluey on my back. The first day's tramp out of the Burra was most monotonous. At first there was a flat, opening out into a plain. On the left a range fifteen miles long – and it took many hours to get past it. That everlasting range was a nightmare! In five miles, I reached Hallett's station and Hallett's Well. But in the meantime I had picked up two swell swagmen! – that is to say, they owned a horse. The horse carried the swags, while they 'paddled the hoof'. They were both good fellows. When I look back upon those past and byone years, I feel astonished at the courteous kindness I invariably received from Bushmen, whether on tramp or on the stations. These two horse-swagmen were no exception to the rule. They invited me to throw my swag on their nanto's back, which I did, and thus walked lightly. They were good travelling companions. One valuable (?) acquisition they had thoughtfully

Page 107
brought along with them – and that was a bottle of Old Tom. They did not hide it in their swags, either! So hospitable were they, that after one of them had had a swig, and the other had had a swig, they passed it along for me to have a swig. I declined it firmly, thanking them for their kind intentions. They persisted! I was adamant! All this as we walked along by the side of that fifteen-mile range on the Western side of Mount Bryan Flat. We walked the full distance of twenty-two miles to Wilgondoleech – otherwise Willogoleech – now Hallett. I was very thirsty. Towards the end of the day the end of the bottle came also – that is, there was about an inch of gin in the bottom. The men pressed this upon me, saying it would quench my thirst. I consented to try it. Placing the bottle to my lips, I tried to drink some. It choked me, however, and none went down. I spat it out, and choked and gasped like a man coming out of gas, and became red in the face. I think that, next to whisky, gin is the vilest concoction ever distilled! So there is no love lost between us. My friends soon finished the rest of the spirit. Two men – one bottle of gin – one day. Not bad! While travelling along that day, I saw a bird's nest

Page 108
on the ground, made entirely of little stones laid together like mosaic work. Had I the naming of that bird, it would be known as 'The Mason Bird' – with a Tilbrooki at the end of it! Oh, no! I would have let the other fellows add that word! We arrived at the one hut at Wildongoleech at sun-down, tired enough, were hospitably entertained by the shepherd, given tea, allowed to sleep on the floor, and went off next day. The horse was hobbled out, this being grass country, with plenty of both feed and water.

WILDONGOLEECH TO GOTTLIEB'S WELLS

August 26th, 1864. – The shepherd following out his sheep at, we started also. We had twenty miles to walk to Gottlieb's Wells – McCulloch's station. It was grass land all the way. Never a fence anywhere. There were no ranges to surmount. The ranges were there, but ran parallel with the plains. And the track wound around the hills and through saddles of slight elevation, and

along the plains, which were undulating, sloping, and flat. We skirted beautiful pine groves of great area and density. I saw more emus this day than ever before or since

Page 109
Flocks of twelve or thirteen wandered about gracefully over the splendid grassland. They took little notice of us. I stated 'flocks' above, but it would perhaps be more accurate to say 'mobs', for there were mobs of them all around us. One bird ran at its greatest speed for five miles without stopping, and disappeared around a rise. It had evidently been chased. This must have been a typical Australian scene of peace and plenty for the southern fauna before the advent of white man, with his civilization and his burdensome overpopulation! The mirage appeared even so early in the season. The small stumps of sheoak near by appeared to be tall men miles away. As we approached, they would break into two, the upper part rising, and the lower parts taking their natural size and shape. Around us were beautiful phantom lakes that had no water for a foundation. In the distance giant objects came into view. The nearer we got to them the smaller they became, till at last they parted in the middle, like the tree stumps, the top half disappearing skywards, and the underpart turning into pine trees. Right up to Gottlieb's Wells this well-grassed land continued.

Page 110
We completed the twenty+~~two~~ mile journey by three o'clock in the afternoon. It was too early for 'sundowners'. We all three being of the same mind, and scorning to wait till night, went boldly to the kitchen. The cook was a woman! – the only woman-cook I have ever seen on a station. She told us to go and see the owner. We accordingly bearded the lion in his den at government house. The lion came out. Could we stay there that night? We had walked twenty miles from Wilgondoleech, and did not wish to wait till sundown to ask permission. Mr McCulloch cast his kindly eyes up at the sun. 'It's only three o'clock! A bit early. But as you have travelled twenty miles, you may stay the night.' A decent old gentleman was Alexander McCulloch! He had himself known what it was to be without a bawbee in his pocket! His run then comprised four hundred and seven square miles, and carried forty thousand sheep. It was all grass land, and is now turned into farms. It was held under lease, at a peppercorn rent. That was why no fine station residences were ever built. 'Government House' was generally little better than a hut. In fact, most of them

Page 111
were huts. Others just stone cottages. The only 'residence' I saw was Peter Waite's at Paratoo, and that was built by generous-hearted Mr Thomas Elder – afterwards 'Sir' – the man who gave me fifteen shillings as pocket–money on my first trip up. I might mention here that Mr McCulloch, in his latter days, retired to mansion which he had built, at Princess Royal, some miles out of the Burra to the eastward. His end was a sad one. He fell into the fire while in a fit and was badly burnt, and from the effects of which he did not recover. He had two buxom daughters. I saw them on horseback. A shepherd was in love with the younger, but was afraid to press his suit. The elder daughter married a well-known lawyer and politician and afterwards a Judge of the Supreme Court. She had a dowry of Twenty Thousand Pounds from her father. We went down to the kitchen quite leisurely, expecting to get tea with the other hands after six o'clock! But, strange as it may seem – for 'there's many a slip' – I, at anyrate, got neither bite nor sup till ten

o'clock at night! The reason was this. Traveller after traveller appeared on the scene soon after our advent until, at six o'clock, there were no less than twenty assembled there!

Page 112
Then, to put the climax to the affair, – and send our cook off her head entirely – up came twenty German shearers in a waggon and demanded tea! They were a cheeky lot, too! Like Chinamen, when in mobs, they showed their true character as blustering bullies and worse. They were going to situations, too, and ought to have paid. This was the beginning of the shearing season. Hence the number of men on the Wallaby Track – myself included. The cook struck work then. She had been at it 'manfully,' making damper and roasting sides of mutton to try and feed us strangers. She became distracted and threw down her – utensils – when the waggon-load of loud-mothed, cheeky Deutchers arrived. She stood there, however, and looked on. I had had nothing to eat since daylight, had walked twenty miles, and not being one of the noisy, clamouring sort, was likely to go hungry that night. I was a curly-headed kid – and showed it, for we did not then crop our heads short as we do now. Whether the cook took a liking to me or not on account of my youth I do not know; but seeing me there all forlorn amongst the grasping crowd, she, at ten o'clock at night,

Page 113
came and asked me if I belonged to the German gang. I told her 'No', and that I had had nothing to eat since six o'clock that morning, and mentioned the distance I had come since then. Pushing me up to the slab table, she said she would look after me. She soon returned with a big chunk of roast ribs of mutton, lots of damper, and a pannican of tea. Ye gods! how I blessed that good woman! After that, I cared for no man! not even for a wagon-load of German shearers!
I camped on the floor somewhere. Again, next morning, the Germans had to prepare their own food – both damper and mutton – or Johnny Cake in place of damper. The cook looked after me again in the morning and gave me a piece of broiled mutton to help me on my journey. I lost my two travelling companions here. The Germans made a start in their big wagon. They were certainly a swaggering lot! As the waggon and four started off, one of them fired a rifle, and I heard the bullet whizzing out of range. Why he fired, and what at, I did not know. The cook looked on and saw them disappear,

Page 114
satisfaction mingled with disgust written large upon her face. And all this long before the Kaiser-mad war of 1914-1918!
GOTTLIEB'S WELLS TO PARNAROO
August 27th, 1864. With 'Mathilda' on my back, I set off on another twenty-mile stage for Parnaroo. Four miles over grassy plains took me to Doughboy Hut and Doughboy Well. Tramping some miles further N.E. brought me to the desert country – outside Goyder's line of rainfall. Stony creeks, spinifex, and mallee scrubs were encountered, with desert vegetation generally. At sundown I reached Parnaroo. There again I had tea, a shakedown on a woolskin couch, with breakfast next morning – cold mutton and damper, black tea with black sugar.

Page 115
PARNAROO TO MARTIN'S WELL
August 28th, 1864 Leaving the station early in the morning, I walked five miles, and came to a shepherd's hut on the left of the trail. Then, going through a splendid fullgrown mallee scrub, I emerged on to a great plain, with hills in the distance all around. The feed was saltbush – good and fresh. But a great and ruinous drought was looming ahead! Already the winter had been a dry one. Disaster was soon to follow! The day's itinerary seemed lengthy and wearisome. A long vista ahead always makes a journey appear longer than one winding amongst hills and over rises. I had nothing to drink all day, as usual. I sat down occasionally for a rest, and watched the kangaroos hop along. They were in constant view all day. Emus were not so numerous, but I saw some now and again. Bush wallaby abounded everywhere, running from bush to bush. Eagles soared along overhead in the calm Australian air, without so much as a flap of the wing, whilst the

Page 116
grouped burrows of the kangaroo rats were plentiful, the owners themselves being underground all day. It was too early in the summer for snakes. They would show themselves later on, together with lizards of various kinds. The sleeping lizard was the most common, with the long-tailed Jew lizard and the iguana the largest. At last Martin's Well came in sight. The clanking of the whip chain could be heard, and I was assured of a resting-place for the night, and a good feed. Upon arrival I was welcomed by the two men, whom I knew. I will describe Martin's Well here. One hundred and twenty feet deep, it was sunk through solid rock all the way. The only timbering was to keep the mouth intact. With a whip there was only one bucket – a wheel overhead and one on the ground-line. A whisker at the bottom of the well could be heard clearly by anyone on top. With timbered wells it was different, as I shall show. The water was so brackish that nothing but sheep could drink it.
MARTIN'S WELL TO PARATOO.
August 29th, 1864. On this date, with Bluey on back, I set out for Paratoo. In my diary the distance is given as twelve, and this must be correct.

Page 117
On the latter part of the tramp I came to scrubs of native peach trees, and had a good feed of this strange fruit. Perhaps I ought to give a description of the fruit here. Plenty of Australians have never seen it. The fruit itself when ripe has a rich-red skin, with flesh an eighth-of-an-inch thick stretched around a beautiful etched stone one-half to three-quarters of an inch in diameter, with a large kernel inside. The stones made excellent necklaces when mounted in silver. The trees are now scarce, and are on the road to extinction. They ought to be cultivated in gardens, both as a shrub and for their fruit and stones. Passing through black-oak scrubs, I arrived at Paratoo at midday. Twelve miles may not seem much of a journey on paper – nor is it. But let a city boy walk from North Adelaide, through Glenelg, to the Brighton Rocks. That would open his eyes as to tramping short distances. He must also carry his swag, and go without water or food. For an ordinary day's tramp he should also do the return journey on the same day, and under the same conditions, without a bite or a drop passing his lips. If he undertook that journey every day for a term, it might set him thinking!

Page 118
AT PARATOO 1864
I was engaged at Paratoo, as I was wanted for whim-driving – that is, water-drawing, and as a kind of knockabout hand. Shearing was just starting. I stayed on the Paratoo Run on this ocasion from the 29th August until 8th October, of the same year. It was a short but eventful time. And when things so fitted in with me that when the 'tide in the affairs of man, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune' arrived, I was just ready to take advantage of it. And I did seize the opportunity and rode on to fortune and happiness, the latter lasting for thirty-seven and a half years. ~~the latter lasting for thirty-seven and a half years~~. The 'tide' in my own affairs which led me on to fortune occurred in far-away New Zealand; but the preliminary events which led to my going there just in the nick of time to seize the opportunity commenced here at Paratoo, as will be seen by anyone who is game enough to follow my dull narrative. But in extenuation of my temerity in writing it, let me say that I started it, with an account of my other experiences, almost at the instigation, and certainly with the encouragement of, my dear wife, Marianne, of an evening to read to her, and also

Page 119
to amuse myself with in after years. I wrote some of my experiences and read them to her. She became so interested, that I asked her if she thought it worth my while continuing them. She replied that of course it was! Those were happenings of the early day, and those days had now gone by for ever. And thus it was that I continued them – alas! not for my dear one now, for she has gone across the misty river, but to refresh my memory by reading them over now and again. Then again, there may be one or two others who may be interested in my experiences when I am gone. To resume. I was taken on at Paratoo by Peter Waite himself. The Deep Well had fallen in during my absence! And I was needed to drive the horse and whim which kept the well empty while it was being repaired. Cause of the catastrophe. – The constant baling of water from the pipeclay strata, although timbered for the whole one hundred and fifty feet, gradually dissolved the ground behind the pine slabs. The water that came up was cream-colored, showing that dissolution of the soft strata was going on all the time. Thus solid matter was continually coming up.

Page 120
Effect. – The original ground behind the timber was non est – not there! It was mostly in the sheeps' insides! Result: – The timber could not stand up alone, and consequently tumbled in for fifty feet up, with a great crash! I have written an article detailing this incident, and therefore just say here that two Cornish miners, after much labor, filled up the back chambers and retimbered the well. My job was to work all night and keep the well 'forked' – that is empty, or dry – for the miners to resume work each morning, Sundays included. At first, after the night's work, I went kangaroo-hunting in the daytime, instead of going to sleep in the hut. Consequently at night I could hardly keep my eyes open. In the small hours one morning I went dead asleep with my head overhanging the 150 ft shaft! My gentlemanly mate – Goldie by name – saw that I was asleep, and dragged me away by the heels! The reason I had my head over was this. To see whether the big sixty-gallon bucket was visible at the bottom, – which denoted that the well was nearly forked – we threw red-hot cinders down to illuminate the bottom. I had just performed that operation, and fell asleep in the act. I have done many things while sound asleep.

Page 121
I used once to have only four hours' slumber from Thursday morning till Saturday night. I have then gone fast asleep while eating my dinner. I have got out of bunk fast asleep, threaded my way through intricate passages, and woke up afterwards and found myself folding newspapers as rapidly and evenly as if I were wide wake. That was in the Register newspaper office, Grenfell street, Adelaide. In the same office I have awakened other men so done up for want of sleep that they \have/ sat up in the bunk, stared me in the face, and said, 'Alright, I'm awake!' But I could tell by their glassy stare that they were dead asleep all the time! Upon my moving away, they would tumble down, dead to everything. And they have done the same with me. There were rows of double-tiered bunks in the Register office for mixed night and day workers. Getting up out of a sound sleep and starting work at twelve midnight was the nastiest experience. Two and a half years of that kind of work did I have before I was fifteen years of age. In the Register office I have sat at a 'case', setting up type, and, in spite of everything, my head has nodded – nodded – nodded – till it has sunk down on the 'case' in oblivion! Half the time there I was on night work, the other on day work; but it was generally mixed.

Page 122
But, to come back to the Deep Well on Paratoo Run. I need not have gone kangaroo-hunting when I should have gone into the arms of Morpheus ? Of the big row over the horsefeed with the day driver and the two Cornishmen against myself, in which I came out victorious, I have also written elsewhere. And about Duncan McRae getting a ducking while suspended half-way down the well. Also about my losing my hat down the shaft, and my going after it, narrowly escaping going thirty feet under water, and various other incidents. All these I have duly recorded in another M.S. book, entitled 'Memoranda; or Notes of Incidents.' A repetition is not needed. The only bullock-driving I ever did was at Paratoo, save and except driving the pair of bullocks in the Paratoo Well whip, drawing water. I did that on many occasions. I had orders from P.W. (who never asked if I had ever seen a bullock before), to yoke up a team of four bullocks to a dray, take them out to the Deep Well, five miles away, and bring back a four-hundred gallon iron tank from there. This I did, but nearly upset the whole show over the bank of a steep creek – one foot more, and the whole lot would

Page 123
have toppled over. However, I 'come – withered' the cunning animals out of danger. With reference to drawing water at the Paratoo station well – one hundred and twenty feet deep – with the bullock whip, one day, before I went there, this work was going on when the chain broke close to the pair of bullock at a time when the great bucket was near the top, and the bullocks nearly one hundred and twenty feet away. The full bucket darted down the shaft, the chain flew over the poppet-head, struck the man on the landing place, and knocked him down the well. Thus the poor man was doubly killed! I can answer for the terrific strain upon the bullocks' shoulders. The chain simply 'talked' as the bullocks staggered up the course! There are many things that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals never see! One day, while in the Paratoo horse yards – there were no stockyards, no cattle being on the run barring bullocks – I was jammed in a corner against the rails by a horse, while another big fellow pounded him on the ribs with newly-shod heels. I could not get away. I could feel the shock through the horses' body. I was pressed hard against the timber, but was only bruised a bit. Since then I have had my ribs broken on four

Page 124
different occasions – all on the right side. On one occasion two of my ribs took nine months to knit firmly together again. I never had a doctor. Just bond them together with strips of sheeting. The shock of the blow winds a fellow! It's amusing to think of afterwards! He thinks he's a goner every time! But he isn't! In shearing sheep I have broken their ribs in trying to keep them down. Yet they were never inconvenienced. The work at the Deep Well was going on apace. The two Cousin Jacks, in starting operations, had chained up all the timbers that were in situ from the one-hundred feet level to the surface, then gradually and cautiously extracted the fallen timbers, and the mud and slush. The drought was descending upon us. There was little natural feed for the horses, and my horse was getting poorer. We were also short of oats and bran from the station. It was then that the row over the horsefeed took place. For I had to look after my horse and see that he was equal to his work of keeping the well empty every night. I was justified in the action I took, and was successful in every way, for never once was the well flooded through any neglect on my part. Cleaning out the well, and putting in fresh timbers, and filling up the cavity, took a long time, but it was

Page 125
satisfactorily accomplished by those two sturdy and plucky Cornishmen. But perhaps I had better give more details, as all this happened long ago, and I doubt if any of the person interested in the affair are alive now – 1931 – with the exception of myself. All day the miners toiled below. 'Ted M.' – a youth of eighteen – and another hand did the hauling for them in the day time. He had that stanch and reliable mare, 'The Duchess.' Goldie and I worked all night, with my black horse. This horse of mine did not like work. Like the present-day Labor party, he was always on strike. But I had to coax the strike out of him, or the well would have been flooded. My two buckets each held sixty gallons of water. Ted's buckets held each thirty gallons of slush. So he and 'The Countess' had the easier job. Thus Goldie, the gentleman (he was a gentleman's son), and I worked through the dreary nights from dark till after daylight. We had a fire to keep us warm. At first, on each night, the water had gained on us, and it would be past midnight ere we had it under control. Then we 'forked' the well had brought the water up as fast as it came in. It was rather an anxious time until we had mastered it.

Page 126
The horse I hobbled out all day in the scrub at the back of the hut. And in the evening I tracked him down, brought him in, and fed him with a little bran and oats prior to harnessing him for the night's work. I do not remember Goldie doing anything at all except land the buckets! Even after I gave up the kangaroo-hunting my daily rest was disturbed. For there were six of us in a single-roomed hut, with an open doorway and one window-opening. There was only one bunk. I slept on the earthern floor, and when the miners came in to cook their midday meal, Goldie and I were unavoidably disturbed. But neither of us complained by so much as a word. Our rations of flour, mutton, tea, sugar, and salt were brought to us regularly, together with a four-hundred gallon tank of Paratoo water for ourselves and horses. Although I had given up hunting the nimble kangaroo, except to get a tail or two for a stew or to make a sea pie, I nevertheless did a lot of exploring, as I had plenty of time after a few hours' sleep in the morning. I explored the scrub for miles around to the north and N.W., and also the flat land westwards. It was in that big scrub that I captured the two

Page 127
young eagles in the next of sticks in the sandalwood tree  Besides the numerous animals that were about, caterpillars in long trains abounded, and it was interesting to watch their movements. After the row about the horsefeed, things went smoothly – 'Ted' had hidden the horsefeed from me, saying that Christy Wade, the overseer, had been out and stated that 'Ted' was to keep all the horsefeed for 'The Duchess'. I knew that to be a lie, and made him hand it out to me in spite of threats to 'smash me' made by one of the miners, as he held his fist in my face! In spite of the fist – of which I took no notice whatever – I advanced on to 'Ted' so threateningly, with my hands clenched by my sides, that he hastily pulled out the horsefeed from under the bunk where he had hidden it. And I gave my horse an extra big suply under their noses! And they were mad with rage! For the other Cornishmen had also threatened me. I was as cool as a cucumber all the time – outwardly, of course. Inside, I was a volcano of determination – just like my old father used to be. Needless to say, Christy Wade had never been out. And even if had been, he would not given such a foolish order, for he was a just man and a sensible one.

Page 128
The well being once more secure, the sheep were brought in to water again by their thousands, and 'Ted. M' and I were once more in possession of the water-drawing. We both slept in the hut, and it was then that I captured the young eagles. I brought them back to the hut, and made a cage for them. The biggest was a very fine bird. We worked on like this for some time till at length I decided to return to town, for, things being slack, the old hands who had nothing else to do were put on to the water-drawing again. So I decided to clear out and not waste any more time in a place where I saw no prospects of getting on. I was always scheming to get on. My thoughts were then turned to squatting or farming. My two mates – Alf Clode and Tom Clode – were then in the farming line. I had serious thoughts of getting them to join me in some venture in that way. However, without money what can one do! One must work and save first. Taking my swag, with the head of the dead eaglet with me, and leaving the live bird with the man at the hut, I proceeded to Paratoo – a walk of five miles. Arrived there, I went to the store for a settlement with Peter Waite. All I had to do was to get a cheque for

Page 129
my wages at the rate of fifteen shillings a week. I also asked the manager – that is P.W. – for the usual two-and-six for the dead eagle's head. He point blank refused to give me the reward, but said he would give me half-a-crown for the live eagle that I had at the Deep Well hut! This was too generous! I was astounded at the refusal to pay for the head. And as to the offer of half-a-crown for one of the finest eagles on the Eastern Plains, I was fairly indignant. The bird was worth at least Five Pounds. Regarding the manager with a look of scorn, I told him in plain language that I would go back to the hut and kill the bird first before he should have it! I was usually a very mild, obedient boy. So he was much taken aback at my turning on him in that fiery way. He looked confused, and said no more on the subject. But then he told me I owed the store seven shillings and sixpence for things I had purchased there. I informed him I owed the store nothing, as I had not bought a thing at the station this time. He contradicted me flatly, deducted the money and gave me my small cheque!

Page 130
I was then only sixteen. At twenty years of age I became an employer of labor myself, and remained so until I retired from business. And I can afford now to laugh at this exhibition of meanness and lack of justice to a young lad who, all alone, was fighting for a place in the world. This man was a Justice of the Peace, too, and he should have made enquiries, and treated me fairly. Of course I never intended carrying out my threat to destroy that beautiful eagle that I had brought up by hand.So, although, in stepping out from Paratoo, I made a detour in the direction of the Deep Well hut, yet, when out of his sight, I made still another detour, and went off south. I have no doubt that P.W. sent the bird to Mr Elder (afterwards Sir Thomas), to add to his collection of Australian fauna which he had at his residence and grounds at 'Birksgate', Glen Osmond.
BACK TO BURRA BURRA AND ADELAIDE DEEP WELL TO MARTIN'S WELL.
October 8th, 1864.

Page 131
On this date I walked, with 'Bluey' on my back, seventeen miles from the Deep Well to Martin's Well, passing through Paratoo en route. That means I left the Hut-by-the-Scrub, walked to Paratoo, settled up with the manager, and continued my journey for another twelve miles to the next well. I tramped through the black oak and other scrubs. Travelling onwards alone, I overtook a man whom I had met at Paratoo. He was an eccentric individual – a doctor by profession, with a hearty predeliction to the consumption of strong liquors. He was an optimistic kind of a customer! Could see about the length of his nose ahead! No further. He was in a jubilant frame of mind. The manager of Paratoo, it seemed, had offered to establish him as a medical man on the run, at the same time saying he would send to the Burra for all the necessary drugs for his practice. But my friend would not hear of such a thing! He resolved to walk the matter of one hundred and eighty miles to the Burra and back, order the drugs himself while there, and thus show his patron that he was a man who could be trusted!
The tempter 'Drink' would assail him in vain!

Page 132
I candidly told him he would get on the 'booze' immediately he arrived at the township.
'Perish the thought! Oh, no, he would not! He knew better than that!' 'Well', I retorted, 'if ever you see Paratoo again, it won't be as a doctor, but as a tramp looking for work.'
But he held his head high and boasted of what he was going to do.
I had seen plenty of his kind before, young as I was! I knew he would fail of a certainty; but he was so bumptious and conceited, that I really believe he thought he could resist the drink. I did not pity him, for he was not worth it. He had no parents, or sweet-heart, or wife, to grieve over him – a human derelict – so what did it matter! Nevertheless, he was amusing company. He was as light-hearted and so silly, that he was never abashed, and spoke up on any subject. He had a rich, sonorous voice which was very taking. I enjoyed his company for many miles on this tramp. He was not anxious for a long day's journey, so he gladly stopped, with me, at Martin's Well for the night We were made welcome by the whip-drivers.

Page 133
MARTIN'S WELL TO PARNAROO
October 9th, 1864 On this day our course was over fine salt-bush plains to Parnaroo, a distance of twenty miles. We had nothing to eat or drink on the way with one surprising exception!
The exception was this: – Getting within five miles of the Parnaroo Head Station, and emerging from a scrub of big mallee, we sighted a shepherd's hut, on a pretty little flat dotted with clumps of that timber – an Australian scene, with everything peaceful and quiet. We went across to this hut, when, to my astonishment, I recognised the shepherd's wife and children as a family who had stayed for some time at my father's house in North Adelaide. She knew me at once, and made a great fuss over me. Inviting both of us into the hut, she regaled us with hot scones and fresh butter! Ye gods! It was a delicious treat after months of Bush fare! So glad to see me was the lady – for lady she was, come down in circumstances like so many who had left England in those days – that she pressed me to stay there the night instead of going on to Parnaroo.
My travelling companion was a sponger, and nothing less.

Page 134
So I determined not to accept her hospitality and her luxuries, which latter I knew were intended for her husband and her children. The 'Doctor' called me aside, told me we were in clover, and urged me, with the fullest eloquence he could command, to stay the night! I told him in very plain language that I would take good care he did not sponge on my hostess that night. He would have to shoulder his swag once more, and tramp with me another five miles to the head station, where we could feed sumptuously on damper and cold mutton – and also pay one shilling a meal for it – for the squatters were now charging for meals. His disgust at my decision was unutterable! My lady friend was genuinely sorry that I would not stay. She actually kissed me good-bye, and we went on our way – my mate leg-weary, and growling all the time at my blank, lurid, foolishness. I was pleased that I had checkmated him, as by this time I had found out his characteristics – as a man who took the line of least resistance in everything, and who would loaf on anyone. It was dark when we reached Parnaroo. And the 'Doctor' had cause to grown now! We were refused a meal until we had planked down one shilling for it. There had been so many tramps about lately, that station-owners were tired of feeding them gratis; so all had to pay.

Page 135
However I got my two meals – tea and breakfast – for nothing, after all! I tendered the manager my Paratoo cheque, and as could not change it – or, perhaps, would not – and I was only a boy without a copper on me, he put me on the free list for the nonce. My mate, having change, and no cheque, had to hand out the 'siller'. And those two 'feeds' were the toughest and most tasteless I had ever ground up in my milling machinery – which is saying something! For Ration sheep in the Bush were culled from broken-mouthed ewes that were past bearing and were too old and tough to sell. They were branded with a big red O on the hind-quarters. The shepherds hooked them by the hind leg with a leg-hook. I often wonder if they were like Lord Nelson, and, not being able to see with one eye, hooked a tender little lamb in mistake! But if they did they would have to account for the skin. So I think they had to stick to the Big O sheep! What would the present-day Laborites say to that? They did not charge us anything for using our own blankets for the night on a bunk with a woolled sheepskin under us! This was fortunate!

Page 136
PARNAROO TO GOTTLIEB'S WELLS
October 10th, 1864. We had not been long on our way in the morning, when were overtaken by a man on horseback, leading another horse by its side. He immediately offered one of us a ride on the spare horse as far as the Burra – a distance of sixty miles. I told the 'Doctor' that as he was the elder of us two, he could ride and I would continue my journey on foot, alone. They would reach the Burra in a day and a half, while it take me three days to get there. Nothing loth, he mounted the horse – which had no saddle – and left me to my own resources. He promised to meet me at the Burra. I saw them disappear in the distance and trudged on. Passing by the Doughboy Hills, with their Well and Hut, I once more arrived at Gottlieb's Wells, after a journey of twenty miles. I received the usual hospitality from that rough diamond and gentleman, Mr Alexander McCulloch. Nothing of importance occurred during the day. I did not even meet a 'tramp'.

Page 137
GOTTLIEB'S WELLS TO WILDONGOLEECH.
October 11th, 1864. Having breakfasted as usual, I left Gottlieb's Wells for Wildongoleech – otherwise Willogoleech – twenty miles away. The weather was getting hot. The mirage showed phantom lakes in front of me. They were very real. Distant objects assumed gigantic proportions. – then, as I approached, split into two, one half disappearing into the sky, and the other half lowering to earth. Grass was plentiful, this locality being within Goyder's line of rainfall. The extensive Pine groves were as beautiful as ever to the eye. The emus were as numerous as before, roaming about in groups of about a dozen, and sometimes in twos and threes. I met no one the whole day long. The track wound around hills and across plains, all well grassed. Nightfall saw me at Wilgondoleech, where I camped in the solitary shepherd's hut. The occupant and I exchanged the news. From him I learned that my equestrian acquaintances had passed on safe and sound some time before, and by then were in the Burra.

Page 138
WILDONGOLEECH TO BURRA BURRA
October 12th, 1864. Again on the Wallaby Track, with Matilda and all my possessions on my back! Those swags! How they made one's shoulders ache! It was like chronic rheumatism or lumbago. Shift Matilda from one shoulder to the other as often as you liked in order to get relief, the aching still continued and your neck became stiff with the constant strain , for Miss Matilda was buxom – not as heavy as a real lady, of course, but the tonnage increased as the day wore on. This day's travelling was about the most monotonous of them all. After the first five miles, all down hill, came the everlasting fifteen-mile range – on the right this time. At the back of it was a hill called 'The Camel's Hump' – which, by the way, I was destined to arrive at some fifteen months later with a flock of twenty-five hundred sheep which were in my charge, accompanied by two shepherds, after travelling them down country \from the Far North/ for about three months. The fifteen miles along the Mount Bryan Flat track was flat, with a slight downward tendency. The Burra Creek had its origin higher up, and went along there. At last the Burra Mine chimneys came in sight,

Page 139
although some miles distant. After seventeen miles I passed Hallett's station. Four miles more brought me to the ford at Redruth. Another mile and I had turned into the main street of Kooringa, at the further end of which lay the Burra Hotel – my destination for the day. The sun had not yet set. I was on the look out for the 'Doctor' as I swagged it up the sloping road towards the Burra Hotel. I did not have to look long! He was there awaiting my arrival, for he expected me on the third day after our parting. Just as I surmised would be the case, he was drunk! – jollily drunk! – staggering drunk! – and merry! Lurching up to me, with several suckers around him, he embraced me in a maudlin way and said:

'Cumanhaveadrink, olfell, hic!'

'Not much! Get away, and leave me alone!'

He stuck to me, however; he was so loving. But, of course, to drink with him was out of the question. I would not take a shout from a sober man, let alone a drunken one. The other loafers were astonished. Quite an unheard-of thing \to/ refuse to help a man to knock down his cheque in the orthodox Bush fashion! [*in pencil*] Although, in his case, it wasn't really a cheque.

Page 140
*[in ink*] I got a nice, comfortable little room with a single bed as usual at the back, with a passage to the open sky. But as no one was allowed a key on the first night until ten o'clock, I had to wander about the streets till that hour. Then I made up for recent privations by sleeping in a comfortable bed. The 'Doctor' had been drunk ever since his arrival. He soon got through the money that should have gone to pay for drugs. He never got back to Paratoo, not to my knowledge. I have a strong suspicion that a certain man whom I afterwards met at Bungaree was this same individual He also was a pseudo-doctor, and he had the same personal appearance as my friend. His voice was similarly rich and sonorous. He, too, was a loafer and a sponger, and all his money went in drink. A wife of one of the station hands informed me on one occasion that if ever she had chicken, turkey, or other dainty for their Sunday dinner, the 'Doctor' always found it out and invited himself to the feast. Her husband, being generous-hearted, never turned him away. This station-hand was a mason by trade, and built the Bungaree church, and many other buildings there – besides the first Clare Town Hall. This 'Doctor' was a talented writer, and a poet.

Page 141
He wrote many articles for the newspaper, which I had, a few years afterwards, established in Clare – the Northern Argus. And once we printed from his pen a full and glowing description of the Bungaree estate – comprising at that time ninety-thousand acres of freehold. The Hon. G.C. Hawker, the owner of the run, thought so much of it that he ordered dozens of copies of the Northern Argus to send to his people in England. I also employed him once, for a fortnight; on the Northern Argus; but a solicitor friend (?) of his, and a man well known, too, knowing his weakness, deliberately tempted him with drink, and he fell. I had to discharge him before the fortnight was up. His self-indulgence was wonderful! He ended his days by loafing about the streets of Adelaide, cadging drinks under the guise of selling matches.
One day in Adelaide, after I had retired from business, I accosted him, and asked him if he had ever been at Paratoo or Parneroo. He denied it strenuously, and cleared off without asking me for money for a 'feed' – i.e., drink! So I was more confirmed than ever that he was the man of Paratoo and Parnaroo episodes. It was in 1864 that I overtook him tramping

Page 142
from Paratoo, and in 1870 when I came across him at Bungaree. So it was not surprising that I failed to recognise him at the time
To resume my narrative. I wasted no time at the Burra, but resolved to make for Adelaide next day. In my youth, this refrain was often sounding in my ears: –

'Call me early, dear mamma,
Oh, call me early, pray!
For I'm to be Queen of the May, mamma!
For I'm to be Queen of the May!

So I whispered softly into the ears of the good-hearted cook at the Burra Hotel:-

Please call me early, dear Cook-ee;
Please call me early, pray!
For at six I must be on the coach, Cook-ee,
With four horses to whisk me away!'

And she did call me early. The girls of those days were good girls.

Page 143
BURRA BURRA TO ADELAIDE
October 13th, 1864 I took the coach for Kapunda at 6 a.m. A lively young shark was aboard. He played pranks on people along the way. Travelling via Sod Hut and Black Springs, it was some time ere we met anyone, the country along that part of the track being then uninhabited. At one particular spot, the down coach passed us. As a matter of course, both drivers pulled up, exchanged the news, and the other driver passed on the daily newspapers to us – The Register and the Advertiser that I knew so well! For had I not had the full run of both offices for two and a half years ? – both being then in Grenfell street. Aye, and lots of type in the Register columns I used to set up myself! After a short stop we started off again. As the other coach was disappearing from view around a hill, our young spark got our driver to stop [*a short word here has been erased*] coach. Then he let out an unearthly yell. The distant driver looked around, and saw our madman waving a letter overhead on a short stick, and heard him shouting frantically So he sent a passenger back for the 'letter'.
Twas a kind of 'April Fools' letter addressed to himself. After the delivery

Page 144
of the 'letter' to the passenger, we drove off. The other driver was a man of volcanic temper. I did more than one fifty-mile ride with him, and knew! So we did not stay to witness the denuement. But from my personal knowledge of that man, there must have been a very sulphurous atmosphere around his coach for half an hour or so! At another stopping-place – Hamilton or Apoinga – there was a cottage. Between us and the cottage lay a big, muddy, pool. Just as the coach was starting again, this bold, callow, youth suddenly jumped up and yelled at a woman standing in the doorway. Waving a letter overhead, he threw the missile across the pond in her direction, but deftly landed it in the middle of the slough. She waded into the slime for it. What she said afterwards we did not know, for we were yards away before she got to dry land after her adventurous voyage in the mud. A man who would fool a woman like that ought to be placed in her hands for five minutes, bound but not gagged, for he would want his mouth open to let the noise escape! After the usual experiences, we arrived at

Page 145
Kapunda in time to catch the afternoon train to Adelaide. Fifty miles more brought me to the city. Then I went to see Marianne – my beloved and beautiful Marianne. She was delighted at my return. We did not kiss or embrace, strange to say. We were both too bashful. Besides, we were not engaged lovers. I was not even sure that she loved me. What fools young people are! How lacking in perception. Would she have written at all if she had not loved me?
IN ADELAIDE
Having nothing in prospect for the present, I took a situation with a grocer – Mr Temple – at St Leonards, Glenelg, and stayed there for three months. I had been used to driving a horse and grocer's cart in Adelaide when twelve years of age, before I went into the Register office.
I did the same again now in Glenelg and suburbs, and up into the streets of Adelaide once more. I received the munificent wage of eight shillings a week and keep. The Adelaide grocer whom I worked for when I

Page 146
was twelve years of age was Mr Sharland. The shop was on the identical site of Kither's present shop in Rundle street. Kither's then was next door. Our back yards joined into one, and I knew the whole of the Kither family intimately. John Kither and I were playmates. There were two sisters – or I should say daughters – Miss Kither, very handsome; Louisa, very pretty. Louisa liked me, and often played to me on a little flat-topped piano in their drawing-room upstairs. Mr Kither, senr, was a fine old Englishman – one of the olden kind. William Kither worked with his father. They had two other men working for them and a servant-girl named Mary. Our servant girl was also named Mary, and she made me her confidant. My employer became ill with erysipelas in the face, and I managed the grocer's shop by myself for a fortnight. And I went there every Sunday and fed and watered the horse. He was so pleased that he gave me a present of five shillings. And when I left to go to the Register office he handed me written testimonial of high character, and explaining that I left his service because he was giving up business. I have that testimonial now – somewhere.

Page 147
Mrs Kither was a dear old lady. I was driving out one day to Mr Price Maurice's house at the Glynde, to take some groceries, bags of bran, &c., when she said she would like to go with me for the drive  My turn-out was a sturdy pony and spring-cart. Even buggies were scarce then - 1860 or 1861. No starch or frills were put on in those days! Mr Kither wished her to go with me, too; but he was a bit afraid – I was so young – and Mrs Kither could not drive. However, she got up and sat alongside me, and we started. She was exceedingly nervous. We went along the Payneham Road. Stepney was there then. But the site of the present East Adelaide was a blue-gum forest right down to the river Torrens. Upon getting to the Glynde, we turned towards the Black Hill, and Price Maurice's house was on the next creek, named the Fourth Creek. It was on the right-hand side. We met with no mishaps, returning safely, and Mrs Kither enjoyed the ride immensely. John Kither and I used to borrow Louisa's galoshes, and, doffing our boots, put them on and play 'hide-and-seek' on the shingle roof of a two-storied warehouse at the back! The roof was steep, with nothing to catch us if

Page 148
we slipped. Our legs were often hanging over the eaves. It was a wonder we did not break our precious necks! All that happened before and when I was twelve. Three years had gone since then, and I had long lost sight of the Kithers. – – –
It was now the end of 1864, and I was sixteen and a half years of age, nearly. While at Glenelg I thought of nothing but Marianne. One night, after darkness had set in, I strode out and walked all the way to Tynte street, North Adelaide – a distance of eight miles – in reality to have an hour with Marianne; but my excuse was I had forgotten my concertina! I knocked at the door. Dear Marianne opened it. She had beautiful eyes. The light shone in them as she saw me, and her lovely face was diffused with blushes. She, usually so staid, called out excitedly: 'Mother, Henry's come! Henry's come!'
From that time onward we were lovers, and, single and married, remained so for forty-two years – from 1864 to 1906, that fatal year in which I lost her for ever! That night I walked back to Glenelg, playing the concertina the whole way. It was an English concertina, worth

Page 149
Six Pounds sterling, and one of the sweetest-toned instruments I had ever handled. I afterwards gave it to Dick Stalley when he and his father finished building my underground tank in Clare. That made a sixteen-mile journey on foot to see my beloved after my day's work was done. And I had not finished looking after my horse at Glenelg until 8 p.m. There were no trains then, of course, and a coach only in the day time. I walked to town and back at least once a week without fail. During business hours I often drove to town in a spring-cart, doing banking business for Mr Temple, and carrying goods on the return journey; but I then never had the opportunity of calling upon Marianne. Besides, she was busy giving music lessons, and teaching in her mother's school. That old Glenelg road was very familiar to me. On Saturday nights, up to eleven o'clock, I was hard at work delivering groceries around the seaside town. It would be midnight ere I got to bed. Now the employés knock off at 1 p.m. – a difference!
Although always a light weight, I was strong then, as I was constantly practising athletics. It was an easy thing for me to

Page 150
take a two-hundred-pound bag of flour in my arms and carry it into the shop. Many a bag of flour I have obtained from that four-storied mill in Grenfell street, opposite what are now Brookman's Buildings. The structure is still there – 1931 – with its four low stories. I suppose few people know now that it used to be a flour mill. I think it was called 'Beeby's'. It has been converted into offices, and is now occupied by Messrs. Milne & Co. One day I drove Mr Temple from Glenelg to the Union Bank in Pirie Street – now the State Bank reconstructed – with the bit out of the horse's mouth! My employer got such a shock upon alighting at the Bank that he could hardly speak. 'Whatever would have happened, Henry, if the horse had bolted?' Henry didn't know! It was not a blood horse, so Henry expected it would have stopped at the first bit of grass and had a feed! Another thing I used to do was to ride the horse into the salt sea waves. One day I rode him into the ocean at the mouth of the Patawalonga Creek, when he suddenly got out of his depth, and had to swim for it.

Page 151
At the end of three months, Mrs Clode, Marianne's mother, announced that her son-in-law Mr Chas. Dawson, Manager of the Ooraparinna Cattle and Sheep Run – wanted assistance, and that she had recommended me to him. I went to the owner's house in King William street, Kent Town. He engaged me on the spot, at fifteen shillings a week. And I was to go up at once. The result was another journey into the interior. This time three hundred and sixty miles North. ----
ADELAIDE TO OORAPARINNA.
The owner of Ooraparinna – Mr Sims – purchased a ticket for me to travel by coach from Kapunda to a spot between Wilpena and Blinman, where I had to get off and walk ten or fifteen miles; The total distance was three hundred and fifty-four miles. The journey was to occupy five days, as we did not travel at night. The first two days were to cover one hundred and ninety-weight miles; but fifty of that was by rail.
Dear Marianne was all tears and despair. I had long before twined some of her dark-brown heir, with a piece

Page 152
of her crotchet work, around my hat. Then I cut another lock of hair from her beloved head, and put them all into my pocket book. I have them to this day, together with a large lock taken from my dear one when she went to her long sleep and left me alone. Time had made an alteration. The first-named locks are dark-brown, with a rich golden tinge when held to the light; the latter is much darker, sprinkled with grey. I could not stay to spend Christmas Day with her. So she made me a Christmas cake, which I was to eat on the way. I bade good-bye to her on the night previous to my starting on my long journey. This time there was no doubting her love. She embraced me, clung to me, and it was with an effort that I disengaged myself from her loving arms. Had she still been living, I would not have written this. But now she has left me forever, I have no hesitation in committing to paper the memory of her solid worth and devotion. Although only sixteen and a half years of age, the same as myself – she was nine days the elder – she was a woman to all intents and purposes, a woman with a heart of gold!

Page 153
ADELAIDE TO BURRA BURRA
December 24th, 1864 This morning I started afresh on my adventures. By train to Kapunda, fifty miles; thence per coach to Burra Burra, another fifty miles. Arrived at Burra Burra at six p.m.
It was very dusty. In fact it was a typical Australian hot day. We breathed dust during the whole fifty miles on the coach – from 11 a.m. till 6 p.m. So caked with dust were we, that upon reaching Kooinga we had to scrape the combined perspiration and earth off our faces before we started to wash ourselves. Sixteen passengers were aboard the Cobb & Co's coach. There had been immense traffic over this route, and the track was cut up fearfully, for there was no made road. The ruts in many places were nearly axle deep, and we had to go full speed into and out of them. Consequently we were in the air making frantic attempts at aviation a great part of the time. But as we invariably came to earth – or \rather,/ to the wooden seats, or into somebody else's lap – plenty of contusions were sustained during the day.
Three women were amongst us. And they did not

Page 154
complain, although they had no space to move their legs in I had mine hanging over a wheel, and so did not get the cramp. The perspiration poured out of us! and the dust turned us into black men and black women. No one groused. Men's beards were matted. But what did we care! The most of us were young and strong. Laughter and merriment were the order of the day – especially when a man went flying into a woman's lap; or when a woman returned the compliment; with arms outstretched to try and save herself. These people were the pioneers who helped in the development of South Australia. No invalid could have stood such a journey, but there was none amongst us. We met the usual long teams of mules, drawing ore-laden waggons from the great mine. And amongst the copper ore in the bags were quantities of beautiful malachite, now so scarce. The mules were driven in the same way as bullocks in a bullock-dray. As there were lots of gum trees in the lower portion of the track, the driver of our coach had to steer his way amongst them. When one particular trail became impassable, he had to cut out another.

Page 155
The hotel proprietor at the Burra had to ssuffer for our rough day's experience, for we punished his victuals to some purpose that evening, when the day's journey was over. Eggs were plentiful on the table. Some of the passengers ate six or more each, and the charge for the meal was only one shilling! Eggs must have been threepence or fourpence a dozen then. I am sure they must have come from the Clare district – a place then unknown to me! And yet that was where I established a newspaper four years later! The name of that newspaper is The Northern Argus . Unexpected things do happen at times! The kitchen girls were as kind and as hearty as ever. The cook, as usual, offered to call me in time for breakfast and coach next morning – expecting neither fee nor reward.
Marianne was in my thoughts the whole of the time. Still I was cheerful and optimistic, the rosy world being before me. But it did seem very hard to part from her, and just before Christmas, too! Partings are horrible! How I hate them! True to her word, the cook called me at five a.m. next day – in time for breakfast and the coach, which latter started at six o'clock.

Page 156
BURRA BURRA TO MOUNT REMARKABLE.
Christmas Day, December 25th, 1864. At 5 a.m. a sharp knock at my door brought me to my feet. The cook told me to hurry up and get breakfast before the coach started. After a hearty breakfast, those of us who were going were going were all aboard at 6 o'clock. when the coach started promptly. The stage for this day was a ninety eight mile one – to Melrose, otherwise Mount Remarkable. This was Christmas Morn, and we were tearing along at an average rate of eight miles an hour – embracing all stoppages, which meant many hard gallops at the rate of twelve miles an hour We passed through a great burnt tract of grass land, hundreds of square miles in extent. We were told that the fire had travelled at the rate of twenty miles an hour.
The only way to save yourself in such an emergency is to set fire to the grass in front of you, with the wind behind, and step into the burnt area. Then when the roaring flames rush on towards you, you are safe. But if you had no matches, what then? Why,

Page 157
you would be in a terrible fix. No Lord to come down from heaven to lift you up! Your only chance would be to meet the flames and rush headlong through them, and beat the fire out of your clothes with your hands. No use going on your knees, praying! You must get lively yourself, and use your feet nimbly! Many sheep were destroyed by this terrible fire. No Lord to help them either! They perished in the greatest agony with thick wool upon their bodies. The laws of Nature will take their course. There never has been, never can be, and never will be, any intervention or help from any imaginary supreme being.
I, years afterwards, saw the bodies of two hundred sheep that perished by fire in the same way near Mount Gambier. The fire drove them into a corner of a paddock, and finished them up there. On leaving the Burra over the long fifteen-mile range on our left, near Hallett's Station. We passed over the Boorborowie Run. Then up the plains to Canowie, there being ranges on either side, topped with sheoak. At Canowie the silver grass was magnificent – dry, of course. Miles of 'lands', four or five feet wide, were ploughed

Page 158
on these runs for the purpose of stopping fires. And in this case we saw their efficacy. The flames had consumed the grass on one side of the 'land', while on the other side the dry grass was standing, dense, and from two or three feet high. The 'lands' would not prevent a fire from leaking across with the wind – nor would fifty feet – but they stayed all back fires and side fires. There was little timber about, except at Canowie, where there were some gums. Thence through Belalie, where Jamestown now stands, and Caltowie, through Wirrabara, Charlton – where there was a copper mine, and then fifteen miles further on to Melrose, a town situated at the foot – some distance away – of Mount Remarkable.
The Mount was a beautiful sight. It arose to a height of three thousand one hundred and seventy-eight feet above the sea, and was covered with trees, including gums, for the rainfall there is good. Near the Mount, I saw the stump of an enormous gum tree whose diameter was so great that I was lost in wonder and admiration as I gazed upon it. Travelling along some flats on the way during the day our driver made up for lost time by always sending the horses along at full gallop. Jehus of those days were men who could handle the ribbons well!

Page 159
At Melrose I slept in a two story hotel, whence I had a fine view of Mount Remarkable itself. Many huts in Melrose were roofed with bark, stripped in large sheets from the gum trees, and altogether the township was in its primitive stage. During our previous day's journey the horses were changed every fifteen miles, or as nearly so as convenient. The average of eight miles an hour was maintained on the journey of twelve hours.
That night – Christmas night – I ate a portion of the Christmas cake that dear Marianne had made especially for me on this occasion. It was excellent! For one so young, she was an admirable cook. Not only did I miss her, but I also missed her music, for she always played to me on the piano every evening I was with her. She played all kinds of music – except cake-walks, and that 'noise' called jazz was not yet invented, fortunately! And, as she had a rich, strong voice, I used to get her to sing songs to me to her own accompaniment. Then, too, she and her mother or sister played delightful duets. I always was, and still am, desperately fond of music, and now that I have taken up my music again, and am learning to play a little myself, I find it very soothing.

Page 160
I had had a good knowledge of the theory of music instilled into me by Mr Greenwood, the organist of Christ Church, North Adelaide. And when we were married I played a few simple duets with her.
Christmas Day was sweltering hot, but the travelling was pleasant, as the tracks were fairly good; and there being no fences, a new trail could be cut in most places. During our journey from the Burra to Melrose – ninety-eight miles – we did not pass a single public-house.
To show the stupidity of some samples of humanity – 'missing links', I call them – I happened to ask in a casual way how far 'Kan-ny-acka' was away. 'Kanyaka' is pronounced 'Kanaka'. But I did not know this. A thick-headed fellow whom I addressed said he had never heard of such a place, and appealed to other passengers. A more quick-witted one said perhaps I meant 'Kanaka'. I said, certainly I did, and they told me it was at the end of the next day's stage.
The wooden one was quite serious, and was not taking a quiet rise out of me.
On the other hand, I have met men a sharp as needles, who would take in one's meaning at once. These dull fellows were the butts of keen ones – they were the pigeons among the hawks.

Page 161
As we all know, an 'old hand' loves to pull the leg of a 'new chum'. At a certain station a new chum asked the man cook if there were any fish in a stream and deep waterhole near by.
The cook said yes, but a shark-hook and line would be required to catch and hold them. Pointing to a tree stump he suggested that the line would be fastened to that. This the new chum followed out. After fishing for some days without getting a bite, another man enlightened him as to fish in South Australian waterholes. Then there was a man hunt! That would be facetious cook had to dodge the new chum till his wrath had cooled.
Tom Clode, dear Marianne's brother, travelling one day on a coach in the Bush west of Port Lincoln, the driver had a new chum lady sitting beside him. Kangaroos were numerous.

'Yes, mum', said 'Truthful James', we train kangaroos to be postmen here in the Bush.'
'Oh, do you?' said the dear lady. 'How romantic!'
'Yes, mum!' said Truthful James, without a blush.

Just then an old-man kangaroo came hopping along. Startled at the sight of the coach, the kangaroo stopped suddenly.
Quick-witted Truthful James immediately called out:

'No mail for you, to-day!'

And the scared 'Roo' turned around and made off. –

'How wonderful!'

said the dear lady [That's what Tom told me! Was he pulling my leg?]

Page 162
MELROSE TO KANYAKA.
December 26th, 1864 There were no good-hearted girl-cooks at the Melrose Hotel to call me, so I had to wake myself at 5 a.m. Off again at six o'clock. Going around the Mount, with its covering of trees, we passed through Wilmington and Beautiful Valley, by Mount Brown – (three thousand two hundred feet high) – The Dutchman's Stern, The Devil's Peak, over the Willochra Plains and Creek, on to Kanyaka, a distance of seventy miles. The average was not maintained this day, the region being too rough. Some creeks were so steep, that in order to get up the other bank our driver rushed the horses down the near bank at full speed. The coach followed with a rattle

and crash, and just as we expected to see the pole stab into the opposite bank and splinter itself to pieces, the horses raised it up just in time, and the tremendous impetus obtained enabled the animals to take the vehicle to the top in safety. It was exhilarating work! We had no lady passengers on board. They were left behind at the Burra. This day's journey was most interesting.

Page 163
We were getting out of the grass, and the land was becoming poorer. Willochra Creek and Willochra Plains were romantic-looking, with plenty of brushwood about them.
At Willochra Plain the track turned to the right, or north, the main trail going on to Port Augusta. The country about here partook strongly of the desert type. We arrived at Kanyaka in the evening. We lodged that night in a new two-storey stone hotel named the Kanyake Hotel. Opposite was an end view of the imposing Black jack Range, thus named by Cornish miners. Further on was Elder Range, the highest point of which – (Mount Aleck) – was three thousand seven hundred feet above the sea. The Black's name for Elder Range was 'Woodnawolpena', meaning 'the Great Mountain'.
The site of Kanyaka was a deplorable one – all stony country. Kanyaka is now seldom seen on a map. I often wonder what became of that fine hotel.

Page 164
KANYAKA TO WILPENA.
December 27th, 1864 We were having it very hot, as may well be understood. No more jolly girls to call us up in the mornings! We were now on our own resorces. We were off at six a.m. Still with four horses. Stages were getting shorter the rougher the travelling became.
This day's stage was to be only fifty-five miles – by Yappala Range, Red Whim, Wonoka Creek – (about four miles north of the present township of Hawker) – Arkaba, Druid's Range, Chace's Range – (one twenty-five miles, the other fifteen miles, long, without so much as a 'saddle', let alone a gap) – through Yedlondla Gap, by the majestic Rawnsley's Bluff standing fifteen hundred to two thousand feet above the plains, Point Bonney, on to Wilpena.
This was the most remarkable section of our coach journey. The whole region was interesting in the extreme. The track wound along creeks, around hills, down slopes, and across flats and plains. The turnings and the twistings of the trail revealed new beauties everywhere. There was a ten-mile Bluebush Plain at the foot of Rawnsley's Bluff, where the beautiful creek extended for miles, full of refreshing gum trees, but no water then.

Page 165
We encountered no one on the track. Nor did we come to a fence. At the changing places the mail horses were let loose on the runs, and mustered when wanted for the coach.
The Yedlondla Gap mentioned above was where the upper part of the Arkaba Creek came through, and where Mr Robert Bruce chased the wild dog; and where, by a strange coincidence, a dingo trotted by our horses' noses years after-wards when Mr Lester and I were out on one of our hunting trips.
After leaving the Bluebush Plain and getting into higher land twelve miles before Wilpena was reached, we travelled alongside the mighty Wilpena Range, towering fifteen hundred feet above us, with spinifex plains at its foot.

The Wilpena Range is really a wall of the famous Wilpena Pound. All around were symmetrically-shaped cypress pines, scrubs of all sorts, and mallee. The culminating height of this range is four thousand feet, less ten feet – or 3990 feet – according to the latest survey. The highest point is named St. Mary's Peak. The upper part is all rock. By nightfall we arrived at the Wilpena Eating-House Wilpena Head station was two miles away to the westward, off the main track, and on the way to the entrance to the Wilpena Pound. The coach stopped for the night at the Eating-House. Several pine huts stood there.

Page 166
[I will record about their ruinous and deserted condition further on in my narratives as we found them many years after-wards, and how two of our party got shelter for the night in a corner of one of the then all-but-roofless edifices.]
These Pine Huts were all in good trim on this my first visit to them. The upright pines had the bark on them – a very fine and favourable place for the breeding of certain vermin that infests bed-clothes and beds! My sleeping place was to be one of the pine-slab huts. But it wasn't! I was alone. I spread my blanket on the wooden bunk. After a tea of hard tack, I turned in. I hadn't been in bed long ere I was out again! And quick and lively, too! An adzed slab table was fixed in the earthen floor.
My hat was on the table. B Flats were swarming in my blanket like currants in a plum pudding. Some were on my face and neck. I broke some there! And the smell was high! My hat on the table even was dotted with the vermin. I brushed the loathsome things off me – those that I hadn't squashed! – and made straight for the mailcoach, where I passed the remainder of the night. The night was cold, too. In getting rid of the pests I had only the aid of a slush lamp, and the light was dull.

Page 167
When I wrote to dear Marianne, telling her of the incident, I likened my hat and the insects to a currant cake, the B flats being the currants. She never forgot it: Years afterwards, when we were married and happy, I have heard her tell her friends about it, her beautiful eyes dilating with glee, showing the white all around. She had beautiful eyes, and now that I have lost her, big-eyed girls attract me as by a magnet.
WILPENA TO OORAPARINNA
December 28th, 1864 Off in the morning early in the mailcoach. Through the gap in the A.B.C. Range to the east. The creek of fresh water flows through this Gap out of the Wilpena Pound some three or four miles to the west, and goes out on the Great Eastern Plains, towards Lake Frome, and Lake Callabonna, where the remains of the Diprotoden still lie so thickly! That great animal is now extinct: But it roamed over the land when the climate was tropical, the vegetation copious, and water abundant. Those times are gone. Have been gone for uncountless ages, probably. The heart of Australia is now a desert.

Page 168
The creek mentioned does not flow far. Its bed soon becomes dry. But it is mostly flowing through this little Gap in the A.B.C. Range. That is where I saw the Blacks camping, and hunting kangaroos therefrom, afterwards. Before reaching the Gap, it waters the Wilpena Flat, which is the most beautiful place in our Far North. The sugarloaf formation of the A.B.C. Range north of the Gap made a striking picture. Travelling along flats, with hills all around, we came to 'The

Jumbles'. A track had now been cut through them. Before that, they were the terror of teamsters. I will describe them later on. The hills were getting higher and more precipitous, the flats rougher, with thicker brushwood. On the east side, at eight miles, we came opposite a very narrow gully between two steep hills. I was told by the driver that my journey ended here. I accordingly got off the coach, shouldered my swag, and entered the hills. Once on the track, there was no mistaking it. The hills were too high and jumbled to scale. This I found to be a land of spinifex – otherwise porcupine grass, whose quills were much fine, and even sharper, than those of the animal mentioned. It was also stony and barren.

Page 169
The view was circumscribed. Euros and Kangaroos were thick around me. Going some miles along a creek, and rising to a neck of land, an open panorama lay before me. Descending a steep hill, I arrived at Appiealla Creek and Appieallana Station. The station takes its name from the creek, whose waters are permanent, even throughout the greatest droughts. And the water is always fresh. Of the remains of this station, when it was deserted and the buildings gone to decay – (as in the case of 'Sweet Alice, Ben Boll') – I will write later on, as I saw them thirty years afterwards. Appieallana Head station (cattle) then consisted of a collection of miners' huts, built of stone and mud. The stone was a slate rock. The Mine of the same name was two miles further on, but was then deserted. It was a copper show, of course. The Occupants – Mrs Wills and her daughter Sarah – welcomed me, and were very kind indeed. They invited me in to have a rest, and they gave me to eat all the good things they had in their Bush domicile. I never experienced greater kindness! The husband – Mr W. – was in gaol for shooting

Page 170
at one of the Ooraparinna shepherds, who, he declared, was trespassing on his run. Consequently Mrs Wills, Sarah, Charley and George were there to get their living as best they could. Appieallana was just a cattle run, without sheep. Ooraparinna, where I was making for had two thousand head of cattle, and seven thousand five hundred sheep – probably more, for we had five shepherds. By taking a bridle path shown me by my hostess, the remainder of my journey would be reduced to five miles.
Travelling north at first, up a rising flat for two miles, I came to the head of The Devil's Creek. Following this down for two miles, I struck eastward on to Ooraparinna Flat, and in another mile came to the station huts. That was my final destination. Mr and Mrs Dawson (Charlotte, dear Marianne's eldest sister) took me in hand. Then I knew there was plenty of work in store for me!

Page 171
LIFE AT OORAPARINNA.
1864 – 1865 My duties comprised those of assistant overseer – generally nicknamed Pannikin Overseer – helping in the management of the run, looking after the shepherds, the cattle, and also the store, and weighing out rations for the shepherds, and carrying those rations to their huts on horseback, and counting their sheep either into or out of the yards.
I was given possession of Government House – i.e., that occupied by the owner when he was on the run. But just now, after engaging me, he had gone on a visit to England. So I was the sole occupant. I had a little iron bed to sleep on. Mr and Mrs Dawson had a hut to themselves – the manager's hut – and they had a girl of about sixteen working for them. Her name was Mary Clegg, and a fine girl she was! Marianne's sister, Charlotte (Mrs Dawson), was a lady, born and

bred. She was a brilliant pianiste, but she had no piano there. The children then were Lottie and Suie, both little things. The Ooraparinna waters were permanent and good.

Page 172
The greatest drought never affected them. No doubt that was why the station was fixed there. But it was a very awkward spot! The huts were built between two creeks at the very 'V' junctions, and on high banks. But the ground opened out into a plain a mile or more across, surrounded by hills, at the base of the V, and gave plenty of room there. The two creeks had perpendicular, rock banks some twenty feet high, with the permant water in the rockholes of the main creek. On the east was a very high hill, which kept off the sun in the winter time till nearly noon, whilst it was no protection from the sun in the summer. The homestead consisted of 'Government House', the manager's house, men's kitchen, men's hut, store, a few other huts for various purposes, a pine-slab woolshed, a very fine and complete set of stockyards for the cattle, a smithy, with a horseyard on the further bank of the western creek. There was, of course the Horse Paddock, which comprised a square mile of rough bushland, and embraced a whole range with its foothills. Thus its dog-leg fence of pines, with forked mallee posts for the bottom rail, was almost on the level. The enclosed range was rough, and full of ridges and side-gullies, giving good shelter in all weathers. The highest portion of the range within the enclosure was three hundred feet above the flats.

Page 173
The country all around was hilly, not to say mountainous. Mount Sunderland, five or six miles westward with its surrounding land, is the highest tableland in South Australia.
The waters from the head of the Devil's Creek, which lay a mile or so west of the station, with ranges intervening, and also the waters from Ooraparinna creek, flowed westward into Lake Torrens, having first to go through the Brachina Gap in the big ranges.
Seven miles east of the station, the creeks flowed to the east, and ran on to the Great Eastern Plains and into Lake Frome. Of course, they ran only in flood times.
In fact, Ooraparinna Run, with its two hundred square miles, contained the high land dividing the East from the West. Spinifex covered the hills around the head station on the west and south. Ranges ran right through the run from South to North, and extended seven miles east of the station. Then came the grand Moodlatana Plain, all salt bush, and of course good feed. Although only two hundred square miles in extent, in addition to that our cattle roamed over a greater area. The shepherded sheep were confined to the two hundred square miles, but there was so much rough country unoccupied

Page 174
in and near the Bunker Ranges that our cattle had an additional range of quite two hundred and fifty square miles.
On the N.E. portion there was another fifty square miles unused by anybody. And there was another twenty-five square miles around Mount Sunderland. Thus the two hundred square miles became enlarged to about five hundred and twenty-five square miles. So we had plenty of land to ride over.
The great Bunker Ranges on the east prevented access from the east. That huge, rough, territory was thus a No-Man's-Land, as it would pay no one to take it up from our side – the west.

Then, as to the number of sheep on the run, I have stated it at seven thousand five hundred – 7500. But as we had shepherds at the following huts: –

Borrelinna Hut – fresh water in creek.
Bennett's Springs Hut – freshwater springs
Yeltipena Hut and Well – twelve feet deep, freshwater
Waterfall Hut – dry.
Aldina Hut and Well – twelve feet deep, fresh water.

And each shepherd was supposed to have up to two thousand five hundred sheep, my estimate must be below the mark.
The following huts were unoccupied: –

Upper Borrelinna

Page 175

Mid-Moodlatana. and
The Guide

The Moodlatana Creek ran down the Moodlatana Plain for a distance of twenty-two miles. It was full of grand red gum trees all the way.
The Moodlatana Plain was five miles wide, and at the lower part opened out into an area twelve miles across.Still further east came a jumble of long ranges five miles wide. Then The Second Plain. Another range. Then The Third Plain. But that was over on the Angorigina Run, of which more anon. Moodlatana Plain was also called The First Plain.
The Bunker Ranges lay due east from Ooraparinna Station, and were fifteen miles away at the northern end, and about eight at the centre portion. All the foothills and slopes were covered with thick mallee. It was, as I have said, inaccessible from the east, and almost so from our side.
The Borrelinna Creek skirted the whole of its length on our side. And I have travelled along it for fifteen or twenty miles. It was there that I afterwards discovered a cave whose floor was covered with animal bones and skeletons.
The big Stockyards at the Ooraparinna Station were on the western bank of the eastern creek, close to the station huts.

Page 176

The wild cattle had to be driven almost into the station before they were turned, mad with fright, into the outspreading, curved, and all-embracing Guide Fence which turned them into the great receiving yard. [On my return visit, twenty-seven years later, this fine stockyard was gone. Cattle had given way to sheep, and shepherds to fences!]
I ought to have mentioned above that water could be obtained anywhere in the bed of the Moodlatana Creek at a depth of from twelve to fifteen feet. At the lower end of this grand watercourse, twenty miles down, there existed a spring that was never dry. A little timbering two or three feet deep had been placed at its mouth to allow of bailing; but no one was ever able to lower the water by so much as an inch. At another part was a large waterhole, with water of good quality even there. To this the cattle came down in long trails from the Bunker Ranges and other rough places to quench their thirst.
At the lower part of the Moodlatana Plain, the creek swept around the end of the range that divided the First and Second Plains. Both plains terminated sat the creek. The Moodlatana then met the Borrelinna Creek. These two big creeks, thus joined in one, forced their

Page 177
way in one great channel through the Bunkers, entering at 'The Gorge'. The passage was narrow, intricate, and rocky. It was miles in length, and emerged on to the Great Eastern Plains, thence to Lake Frome.
At The Gorge millions upon millions of gallons of water may one day be conserved for irrigation purposes. The entrance there being narrow, with high rocks on each side, a barrage could be built at comparatively small cost. But reticulation would be expensive.
– – – Now to come back a bit. Upon my arrival at Ooraparinna I was introduced to Miss Mary Clegg. Although a very nice and very interesting girl, and well favoured, we had little to say to each other. My thoughts were of Marianne – and I was a bashful lad, too! The next day, Sarah Wills – a fine, buxom lass was she! – walked over from Appicallana. A five-mile walk was nothing to a Bush girl! I was sitting in the manager's living room, were we always dined when on the station, with the two bonny girls near me. Just then three young Black gins came up. Each

Page 178
had a blanket over her shoulders. The blanket was the only 'dress' they wore. Their spindly legs were bare to above the knee. Shoes and stockings had they none. Their more shapely arms and their pretty shoulders were bare also. They were not ashamed of what Nature had given them, evidently. Their blanket was fastened in front with a Bush pin – that is, a piece of stick.
The two white girls became confused – because I was there, I suppose, although I saw nothing to be confused about. They looked at the lubras, then at me, and then set to work giggling in grand style. Stuffing their hankies into their mouths, they became almost convulsed.
The dark nymphs called out, shrilly: 'Min-ye min-ye kia, yuro yulka peta muna di, one-the-kia! Give 'um bacca! give 'um bacca!' And they held out their shapely hands, which, by the way, were nearly white in the centre of the palms.
The skin of the Australian aborigine is dark on the surface only, whilst that of the African negro is darkened deep in-burnt with ages of tropical sun. This would point to the Australian natives having been only comparatively recently under the influence of the sun to any extent.

Page 179
Till white man came they never wore any clothing, but just a frill at the loins in front, six inches long by four inches wide, made from strips of skin. Thus their bodies were constantly exposed to the burning heat of our long summers. For winter use, they made rugs for themselves from opossum, euro, or wallaby skins.
I have often thought that the Australian aborigines may be a lost tribe of Israel owing to the fact that they practice the rite of circumcision on the other hand, that rite may have been handed down to them by tribes or peoples who had had access to Eastern nations. The rite itself has nothing to do with religion, but is simply a disease preventitive taught them by dire experience.
We get accustomed to things we are always seeing, and the vision of natives roaming about in a non-dress garb was too common for us to take any notice of.
With reference to the girls and the Black gins, one day later, I had ridden on horseback the seventeen miles to Wilpena when I saw Sarah Wills there at the Eating-House. As I have hinted, she was a plump girl, and would have made an attractive society beauty. She was as good as she was attractive, too. Tying my horse to a verandah post, I had a long

Page 180
chat with her. All around us were numbers of Black men getting ready for a kangaroo hunt. There were a dozen or two of them.
With the exception of the little strip before mentioned they were absolutely in the garb of nature. And yet Sarah, good girl that she was, talked to me, with those blackfellows around us, without so much as a blush.
That was the spot with the ever-running creek of delicious water with green grass on its banks, and was, therefore, a favorite camping-place with the Blacks. The stream came out of the Wilpena Pound.
It was only my being present for the first time that made the lasses carry on in the first instance. – – – Charley Dawson gave me my instructions. I had to help him manage the run. One of us must always try to be on the station at night to protect the womenfolk from the Blacks and other dangers. When we both had to camp out together, Sarah Wills would probably be at Ooraparinna, keeping the others company, for both of us had often to be out for days.
We were the only two white men on the station, owing to the drought.

Page 181
The Blacks, who were very numerous were getting cheeky owing to this very absence of white men. So we had to keep on the alert. The other men – the shepherds – were out on the run.
At first I had a pair of great horse pistols of ye old Englische style. But these I soon exchanged for a six-chambered revolver, which I carried on a belt at my hip, always loaded for emergencies.
The Blacks did not understand firearms. Our guns were double-barrelled. With them a gun had the old-fashioned name of musket – 'big-fellow musket'. A revolver was 'little-fellow musket.'
They thought, like Tennyson's brook, it went on for ever. As they expressed it,

> 'Big-fellow mukkety him go bang! bang! then him stop. Little fellow mukkety him go bang! bang! bang! bang! him never stop!'

They looked upon 'little-fellow mukketty' with the greatest awe and wonder.
Big-fellow musket, they knew, could talk only twice, when they could rush in with their spears before it could be reloaded. Nevertheless, a good gun, especially a modern choke-bore, is a terrible weapon at close quarters, and a thing to be handled with care.

Page 182
In shooting euros, we loaded our gun with a spherical bullet of lead, sometimes hardened with zinc. There were no breech-loading guns then – nor breech-loading rifles even. The military Enfield rifle was a muzzle-loader, with a boxwood plug in the base of the bullet to cause expansion while in the barrel. My revolver I loaded with diamond-grain gunpowder and leaden bullets, using paper for wads. If careless with the paper as wads, the whole six chambers would explode together with the first shot, the bullets flying anywhere! I took a great interest in firearms, and was a good shot with the revolver.
We were not afraid of the Blacks, even though many of them looked fierce and scowling. It was our plan to always face them. We did not even lock our doors at night. There being no lock to my door, although it was 'Government House', anyone could get in by simply pulling the strip of rawhide which passed through an auger hole and hung down outside, and thus lifted the latch. There was no bolt inside. Charley Dawson was an early riser! The sun never caught in in bed, Sundays or Mondays. I would hear him tramping towards my abode in

Page 183
the early mornings at the first signs of the break of day, in order to awaken me. But I always jumped out of my blanket before he reached the door, and was donning my clothes when he lifted the latch.
A day or two after my arrival, Charley Dawson and I mounted our steeds, and set out on an exploring trip, his intention being to show me over a portion of the run. He had his favorite straight-backed horse named Norman. Mine was a very swift stockhorse called Ball. He was a chestnut, and had been ill-treated by some one. He was very nervous and afraid of men, always trying to get away. Alas! I was the cause of his untimely death some months afterwards. No one was more sorry than I, for I loved the animal – he was so swift, courageous, and intelligent, and one of the best and cleverest stockhorses I had mounted. His fear of me was the indirect cause of his death. But of that in its place. Going northward down the Ooraparinna Creek, with its gums and thick masses of gum saplings, we, in a mile, came to a kind of waterfall. It was called Perawertina Springs. Soakages of water flowed out from the rocks in

Page 184
all directions, the liquid being cool and refreshing. Turning to the left, down steep rocky gullies covered with scrub, mostly black oak, we emerged on to Boord's Plains, where Mr Robt Bruce encountered the old-man kangaroo, which I also encountered on many occasions later. North of us was a ten-mile plain, on the right of it a mass of hills covered with big mallee; on the left, several miles away, the strange rock formation known as The Ring Hills, because the strata showed in symmetrical circles around each hill from base to summit. Each hill was semi-circular in shape like a bastion, and sloped backwards. The whole formed a range, with creeks cutting through here and there.
Above, away and beyond them to the N.W., with a plain intervening, was the high and bold promontory called Hayward's Bluff, on the Aroona Run, spoken of by the afore-mentioned Mr Bruce. Most of the Ring Hills were over our boundary, on the same run. Riding along the saltbush plain, we encountered a large snake. Each of us was armed with a good stockwhip, with a reach of thirteen feet, and with the arm extended and bending over, fifteen feet altogether. With the exception of a shot-gun, there is nothing like a stockwhip for these reptiles. We both spurred our horses

Page 185
up to it and brought the lashes down across its back, which was soon broken. I always carried a two-foot folding steel rule with me. I measured the snake and found it to be six and a half feet in length. It was of the brown species and poisonous. Our horses stood their ground well. I had on a pair of thin silver-plated steel spurs of English manufacture. At first I considered it cruel to use spurs on a horse. But I had not been long among wild cattle before I found that spurs were absolutely indispensable. With spurs on, one got instant action from a horse, and life or death of ten depended upon a second or two of time. A dilatory horse would soon get horns run through him. Then what would become of the rider!?
Both hands were required to handle the stockwhip with effect in an emergency. Then the reins were thrown on the horse's neck, the animal guided by pressure of the knees and swaying of the body either forward or sideways, as one chased a fleeing wild beast. The stock whip was dropped from the left hand into the right hand, alternately, the blows descending like rain

Page 186
on the flying bovine! Cruel as spurs undoubtedly are, for they bring blood at every dig, they cannot be omitted from the outfit of a stockman. The most cruel of all spurs are the Spanish ones used upon mules. The rowels are between two and three inches in diameter, with sharp points perhaps three-quarters of an inch long. Mules being classed as stubborn animals, they may require something extra prickly to induce them to quicken their movements. If used on a horse, however, he would certainly be so surprised that he might even jump right over the moon – like the cow did when we were young – and become veritable Pegasus! We found that spurs were handy even in attacking a six-and-a-half-foot snake! We did not go into the mass of mallee-covered hills on our right. That was a job for me, alone, later on. We went down the plain, which narrowed to five miles towards the north.
After a fifteen-mile ride, we made a detour to the eastern edge of the plain, along the foot of the \low/ hills, and returned to the station by nightfall. A few days afterwards, while out with me on

Page 187
horseback, some six miles away towards Aroona, Charley Dawson pointed out to me a hill among a mass of other hills in the far distance to the northward, and told me to take especial note of it. It had a white top, but was no higher than others surrounding it in the mallee. He said that some miles beyond that landmark I would \find/ a flat; at the foot of another hill called the Reaphook Hill, which was invisible from our standpoint. In a creek on that flat was a waterhole called Pataton. At that waterhole Mr H.C.Swan, manager of Angorigina Run, had some men at work, opening a spring. I was to start from Ooraparinna Head station at daylight next morning with a letter for him. I had to deliver it that day without fail. Charley said he wanted me to cut through the twelve miles of jumbled mallee-covered hills in order to get myself acquainted with it. I started in the morning accordingly. The distance may have been twenty miles with detours, or sixteen miles as the crow flies. It was a big job for a youngster new to the country! I have written a separate article, giving details of that memorable journey, and will just summarise it here.

Page 188
I certainly was lost once, for I got through the mallee on the east instead of on the north, and found myself on a big plain thirty miles long and five miles wide. Seeing a flock of sheep, I thought they were lost sheep. I could not locate that big plain at all, for of course I had not seen it before. But soon I saw a shepherd, who told me that the place I was looking for was over some ranges which he pointed out to me away to the N.N.W. So I started off again in that direction. I did not see this shepherd's hut or yard. After a further ride of ten miles over ranges and plains and hills, I did arrive at the foot of The Reaphook Hill, I recognised it by its contour. There was no mistaking it. There is not another hill like it in the whole world! There was the plain at its foot, too, and an extensive one. But no waterhole, camp, or men, were visible. There was the creek, though. Riding along the bank of the creek, searching for waterholes, I saw, some four or five miles away, the corner of a sheepyard on the side of a hill. This was on the Angorigina Run, for I had crossed our boundary.
I rode there, was met by a termagant woman, who drove me off with harsh words, and did not even offer me a drink of tea! And I was fairly thirsty, for I had had

Page 189
nothing to drink, or to eat either, all day, although it was a blazing hot summer's day. I had a quart pot full of water; but that could not be opened until camping time. It was getting dusk now, and my horse was nearly done up. We had had an awful job, clambering over hills, and through mallee the first half of the day, and over rough country generally, without a yard of track anywhere. However, the Shrew – I should have like to have had the taming of her! – did me a good turn in her anxiety to get rid of me, by telling me, with a scowl upon her beautiful countenance, that I had passed the waterhole I was looking for! It was up the creek, four miles away, and that if I followed up the bank I would find it. And I did, sure enough! Riding upon a precipitous bank, I looked down, and there was the waterhole, with the camp and three men below. I rode down, gave Mr Swan his letter, had a drink of water, gave my horse a drink, and started off again without delay. For I had received instructions from Mr Dawson not to camp with the men, nor at any shepherd's hut, if I found any – which I did not – but to go around to the back of the

Page 190
Reaphook Hill into the scrub there, and camp on one of the ridges that night
I heard a rifle shot ring out as I travelled across the plain towards the hill, and heard the bullet whizz along, when I say rifle, that is to be taken as a gun loaded with ball. It was hardly likely that any of the men had an Enfield military rifle. Why the bullet came my direction I do not know, unless the rascals were trying to scare me. By this time it was too dark for me to pick my way. But I got around to the back of the Reaphook on to a stony ridge covered with low scrub. I then off-saddled \and/ hobbled my horse with short ring-hobbles. It was now pitch dark and I could not see the ground, but could feel the stones that were lying about.I had just two matches with me! It takes young people to make fools! There was plenty of dry sticks all around on the standing bushes and lying on the ground. Collecting a pile, I laid them in a heap. Taking out my two precious matches, I was in trepidation as to the result. Striking one, – it – went – out! Striking the other – it – followed – suit! They were the large brimstone lucifers of the olden time.
''Landstikkers' ?, and then 'safeties', were much later inventions. There I was in the dark, with a stony scrub around

Page 191
me, without a fire, and unable to boil my quart-pot! I opened the quart pot and washed down my cold meat and bread with cold water. We had home-made bread at Ooraparinna, Mrs Dawson, making her own yeast. I laid me down to sleep on the stones. It was a long night! Didn't know how many centipedes and scorpions I was keeping warm, or bulldog ants, either! If any of the latter, though, they would have kept me warm! The hobbles clanked the whole livelong night. So I knew my horse was neither knocked up nor straying. Night broke at last. It always does. I found I was high on a spur of the Reaphook Hill. On the map this hill is named Mount Emily. Below me, about a mile away, was a shepherd's hut and sheepyard. This belonged to us. I had heard a dog barking during the night. This was Aldina. I had instructions to count out this shepherd's sheep before sunrise. That was why, I suppose, Mr Charley Dawson had told me to camp at the back of the Reaphook. So after all my wanderings, I had struck the spot pretty squarely.I was soon on my horse and down at the hut. I made myself known to the shepherd, who was a married man

Page 192

with wife and family. I had some breakfast there, at anyrate, and counted his sheep out of the yard before the the sun arose. There was a well of splendid water at Aldina. Mr Charley Dawson afterwards named his one-square-mile farm on Mount Bryan Flat after this place. Charley had requested me to return to Ooraparinna by another route so as to get myself acquainted with the topographical features of the run.
This time I got into a rare jumble of strange and contorted hills. One named 'The Coronet' was very conspicuous, although no higher than others around. This was locally named. It showed that there were educated people in the Bush. How many Australians are there who could describe a coronet, or tell the difference between one and a crown? Somebody knew, evidently. 'The Coronet' had pointed rocks projecting upwards above its serrated edges. The hills were all packed so closely together and the scrub was so dense, that I had some difficulty in pushing through. Arriving at Ooraparinna that night, I reported to C.D. that I had delivered his letter. Now I come to think of it, I do not believe a

Page 193
postman ever had such a job to deliver a letter as I had on this occasion. After that I soon became thoroughly acquainted with the two hundred square miles of our lease, as well as with thousands of other square miles outside its borders. As I have stated, my chief duty was to look after the shepherds, take them their rations once a fortnight – some-times on a packhorse, and at other times on my riding saddle – and count the shepherds' flocks. The method of counting was to stand at the yard-opening, adjust the hurdles so that from two to four sheep could come through at one time. At every hundred the counter yelled, 'Tally!' And the shepherd cut a notch in a stick that he held in his hand. The counting finished, the notches were added up, and the total entered in the station books.
A Bush life is a good cure for nervousness. Charley Dawson would say to me:

'Henry, ride over to Yeltipena Hut' – (thirteen miles away, to the north). –
'Get there before sundown, and count Glass's sheep as they enter the yard.

Then go into the ranges \to the west/ with your horse, – perhaps three or four miles –

'before dark, and camp at a certain spot where there was some feed for the horse, keep a fire burning, and I will meet you there at ten at night.'

Page 194
or:

'Go to Bennett's Springs' – twelve miles to the eastward –
'Count the sheep into the yard.
Then ride across the ranges in the direction of Glass's hut at Yeltipena till dark' – (fifteen miles away) –
'and camp anywhere. Get up before daybreak, make for Glass's hut as fast as you can get there before sunrise, and count his sheep out of the yard.'

I never failed to follow my instructions. These camps were lonely ones for a boy. In the winter, too, it was very cold, and I carried only a single blanket. There was always plenty of wood, and a fire was great company. Without one, it would have been dreary indeed! There was one thing rotten in this management. We never carried a tomahawk! Had I been manager, I would have remedied that defect. As it was, we~~re~~ were always dependent upon fallen wood for a fire.
A bushman rolls his blanket around his body for warmth, puts his head in the 'V' of the upturned saddle – or if he has no saddle, uses his boots as a pillow – then, with his feet to the fire, tries

too the god Morpheus. He is not always successful. The fire has a habit of going out. He has to get up, put on more wood, and try to get to sleep again. In the winter he is almost sure to hear the dismal howl of the dingoes as they prowl about , seeking for sheep

Page 195
to mangle and partly eat. But with good company, camping out in the wilds is quite a jolly affair! If a man simply leaves the City for a camping-out trip, and his affections are centred upon someone whom he loves there, he wishes to get back to her as soon as possible, and a month of camping out suffices him for the time. But looks back upon those days with delight. Civilization is a failure! It is too stiff and formal. The Bohemian life of a camp is delightful as a contrast. But a little thinking – and even less practice – will soon show that it has its drawbacks. Therefore a short term of it suffices at one stretch, the length of time varying with the age and temperament of the individual.
Amongst my acquaintances at Ooraparinna was Charley Wills, the before-mentioned Sarah's elder brother, a young man a few years older than myself. We were soon companions. A better horseman never existed, nor a more expert user of the stockwhip. When out shooting kangaroos for their tails, with a hardened bullet in our gun we were pretty sure of our game up to one hundred yards. The skins we had no use for; but the Blacks generally got the carcases. Kangaroos were thick upon the plains, flats, and low

Page 196
hills. Euros were just as numerous amongst the big, steep and rougher hills. The only difference between these two marsupials is: The Kangaroo is taller than the euro, but not so stout in build. A good-sized 'old man' euro skin would measure six feet eight inches from the neck to tip of tail. A kangaroo's would beat that by feet. A euro's arms are sinewy and strong, with fine scratchy claws, and the tail massive. In short, the euro is a sturdy animal – made so by its strenuous life, for it is never found on the plains, where less exercise is required to get about. The fur is also thicker and longer, and of a warmer color. The difference in build between kangaroos and euros is caused by the relative work they do. It is just a matter of evolution – a development of the body by muscular exercise.
Euros and rock wallaby can descend a steep gully, hop up the opposite ridge, and disappear from view over the crest in an incredibly short space of time!
– – – In addition to looking after the shepherds and their sheep, we had two thousand head of cattle and several hundred horses to keep under observation and control. My journeyings on horseback were continuous at Ooraparinna, the average all the time I was there, Sundays included,

Page 197
being about fourteen miles a day. In addition to the work mentioned, we felled trees, both for firewood and occasionally to make great troughs for horses. There were many fine gums (red) in the bed of the creeks at the station – none on the banks, of course. They were conserved as much as possible.
The first owner – Mr Boord – would not allow them to be cut down. His successor – Mr Sims – our then owner, asked Mr Dawson why he did not make use of them as firewood. But Charley refused to sanction such vandalism, except under dire necessity. Thus – under 'dire necessity' – Charley Dawson and I sawed down a good number where they were rather thick. It was heavy

work. With Charley Dawson at one end of the crosscut saw, and I at the other end, when the tree began to 'talk', we looked up to see 'which way ?' and took to our heels the other way!
A mighty crash followed as the great tree fell to earth.
One day a tree started to fall before we could clear the saw! The whole weight of the great gum came upon the steel blade, and it was buckled badly. We got away safely, but the saw had to stay. Its poor back was nearly broken.

Page 198
Although the drought was on, and the surrounding soil was dry as dust, after we had sawn the trunks and limbs of the felled trees into short lengths and upended them, the water or sap ran out of them copiously. Those logs were solid to the core, and heavy. When split, we had to shoulder them to get them out of the rocky bed of the creek. The split logs were as much as we could stagger under.
One big tree we felled in a favorable spot in order to convert its fine trunk into a watertrough. When we had it down, it was an arduous job, with adze, axe, auger, bit and fire to hollow it out. Even in this big tree the timber was solid throughout.
This being principally a cattle station, each man had to shoe his own horses. At that art I soon became proficient. Our pride was to bring the nails out evenly on the sides of the hoof.
To do this, we chopped off the thin tails of the horseshoe nails on a shearblade held in a vice, then bevelled the end on the anvil. As everyone who handled horses knows, horseshoe nails are made of the finest, toughest, yet softest iron, and that they can be hammered into any shape cold. In trimming the hoof, the frog was left almost untouched, as cutting that away caused contracted hoofs. We were all good shots with gun, pistol, and revolver. More bullets were used in the gun than shot, the range thus

Page 199
obtained being longer. And those big bullets were very effective! The animal that we drew bead on was generally ours. And that was what overawed the Blacks! If the big-fellow mukketty did go off only 'bang! bang!' it was deadly, and the Blackfellows knew this and feared it.
The aborigines were very numerous in that well-watered region. I frequently encountered a large number of men in a mob either hunting or at the waters. It was always our plan to face them and show an easy and bold front. Thus we never came to harm. Had we been careless, neglectful, and unarmed, it might have been otherwise. Having written separate articles about the Blacks, I need not dilate here. They were very smart fellows while out hunting. And as to tracking, they had no equal in the world. I say had, because they are all dead now! – the ones that I refer to, at anyrate.
One day Charley Wills and I stalked and shot a big euro amongst gullies and scrub and gibbers – (stones) – a mile north of the station. The gibbers were almost hidden by thick bushes of spinifex – (porcupine grass). On our way back with the tail, a Blackfellow

Page 200
intercepted us, and asked if he could have the body, which was lying where it fell, and where I am sure no white man would have found it. We said. Yes. He turned around and without asking its whereabouts went to the spot, with other Blacks, and we soon saw them returning, with the dead body of the euro hoisted on the back of one of them. Going to their camp they roasted it and had a glorious feed. We never knew whether they had followed or tracks down or had been

watching us. On another occasion Charley Wills and I stalked an old-man kangaroo in open country some distance south, and shot the animal at long range with a hardened bullet. Taking home the tail again, we were accosted by an aborigine, who asked for the carcass. He, with others of his tribe, went straight to the spot and took the body to their camp
In this instance I had no doubt that they followed our tracks, which were quite invisible to us. One of the Messrs Boord – there were two brothers, Septimus and , who were the first owners – chose Ooraparinna Waters for the head station site. He had to force his way in from the north – not the south, which was then deemed inaccessible, but from

Page 201
which direction a track was afterwards found. Even from the north, the place was so hilly, rocky, creeky, scrubby, and rough, that it took a man with a big heart to fight his way through. I saw the track whence he came in. Charley Dawson pointed it out to me while we were out on horseback. The drays tore down the black-oak scrub to make a track; and how they were got up the steep, rocky gullies, and over stony, scrub-covered ridges was a marvel!
Horses were useless for that game. Only bullocks could do it, with the cruel iron yokes digging into their shoulders. Bullocks pull steadily all together; horses in uncertain jerks! The track was never used again. I could follow it, though \with the eye/ by the broken timber. When I sat in my saddle and first gazed upon those gullies, I thought truly those pioneers were brave, hardy men – as indeed they were. Nothing daunted them, and nothing stayed their progress – except perhaps, those awful droughts which came down upon the land, and which forced us out of the country at the end of 1865. This Mr Boord was a man of most determined character. Once a colt broke loose. Mr B. resolved to walk it down. Accordingly he set off after the animal on foot. He

Page 202
trailed it day after day, camping anywhere at night. After as few days the colt was nonplussed at being dogged without cessation, caved in, and allowed itself to be caught. This story was told me by Mr Dawson.
The Blacks found their master in him, too. They robbed the huts while I was there, and speared the cattle, and tumbled rocks down upon them in 'The Gorge', in a portion of the Bunker Ranges. But they were much worse than that at first. At some places they laid siege to the huts, but were fought off. At Aroona – the next station to us on the west – Mr Hayward was stuck up for days by armed Blacks. I was told by Charley Dawson that Mr B. left Ooraparinna, with others, to rescue him, which they succeeded in doing.
One day at Ooraparinna, while Mr Dawson and I were both absent, a mob of Black gins went to Mrs Dawson's hut and demanded 'tucker' from the store. She gave them a little that she had in hand. They clamoured for more. They were a veritable shrieking sisterhood! Black gins are very excitable. Hands flourishing in the air! Tongues all going at once! Charlotte was a little woman – unlike dear Marianne, her sister. She told them to go away. Bad women! They would

Page 203
not, but rushed her instead, threatening destruction if she did not give them 'tucker'.
Blacks are noted for never being satisfied. Seeing the case was serious, Charlotte rushed inside the hut and brought out a loaded revolver. The Black gins were highly amused. Our Blacks have the saving sense of humor. They laughed in derision.
'White \woman/ no fire 'um little fellow mukketty! Him afraid.!'

Charlotte, seeing she could not bluff them, pointed the revolver over their heads and pulled the trigger. Bang! bang! bang! Placing fingers to their ears, these valiant Black girls cut like winking! And so the strained relations came to an end by the entire rout of the Amazonian army!
All that the Black women wore in the shape of clothing was just one garment – either a Government blanket or an opossum-skin rug of their own manufacture, fastened across the shoulders by the before-mentioned Bush pin – i.e. a piece of stick. Being children of Nature, they showed their spindly legs to advantage, as well as their more shapely arms. This little incident shows the value of a revolver. To be well armed gives one power.

Page 204
Reverting to Mr Boord, I may say that he was a strict disclipinarian. He allowed no one in the stockyards with the wild cattle if he wanted to mount the high rails when rushed by a beast. Each man had to stand his ground. He himself used to a short iron bar with him into the big receiving yard.
One day a bull rushed him with evil intent. Boord faced the animal, thinking it would swerve when nearing him. However, the bull meant mischief. Just at the critical moment, Boord's uplifted hand came down with a tremendous thwack, and the heavy iron bar laid the animal low. It was curious to note how a beast would rush at a man in the yard, and, finding he did not flinch, swerve on one side just before reaching him. I have seen Charley Wills in one of the long, narrow, drafting yards receive a charge with the utmost sang froid. A beast mad with fear, eyes staring, went for him, head down. Charley faced the animal, caught its eye, and held his ground, not deigning to climb the rails, which he could easily have done. Charley, keeping his eye on the enemy, swung his long arms, and shouted at the gentle creature, which, getting within a few yards of him, suddenly lost courage, and swerved on one side.

Page 205
One day, Mr Bood, with his men, rode off to 'The Gorge', at the northern end of the Bunker Ranges, fifteen miles to the east, to see how the cattle were getting on. Going far into this romantic, narrow, winding, rock-cut valley, or canyon, with its slight running stream, and scrubs of teatree and mulga, they camped without a fire at a spot where the horses, once hobbled, could not get away without coming back through the camp. Boord's men were all armed. It was certain that the Blacks were close handy, hidden amongst the precipitous rocks which towered around everywhere, or amongst the abundant scrub.
By and by a Darcy's dog was seen on a ledge of a precipice, looking down at them. It was just within bullet range. Mr Boord after aiming and then lowering his weapon several times, fired, and the dog fell dead. He aimed so carefully because he wished to impress the Blacks with his prowess, and put an indelible fear of the white man's firearms into their hearts. And he was right. Although invisible to him and his party, he knew they were spying upon him, and the sudden decease of their mongrel dog would prevent their attacking him. Charley Dawson and I often rode to the same spot and hobbled our horses out for a part of the day, but we never

Page 206
camped there for the night. It was in this Gorge that the Blacks sometimes engaged in the pastime of spearing our cattle and rolling rocks down on them. They preferred beef to either kangaroo or wallaby.

I write only what I know to be facts about the Blacks and their treatment by whites. It has been said that some unscrupulous whites sprinkled strychnine over the flour that they knew would be stolen by the Blacks. But I discredit such tales. It is too Hunnish to be thought of. Nor did I ever hear any man say that he had known it to be done.
We – (that is managers and overseers) – always carried strychnine with us for poisoning baits for wild dogs. Death by strychnine is a horrible torture, and anyone who would give it to a human being would be better out of the way. It had to be used on dingoes; there was no help for it. These brutes tortured the poor sheep and calves by tearing flesh out of them and then allowing them to die a lingering death. Such vermin must be exterminated. I have witnessed the effects of strychnine on animals, and it is terrible and deadly. As to poisoning large birds, such as the wedge-

Page 207
-tailed eagle, I have seen their death throes come on whilst they were on the wing. Then with a dart for earth, they come down stone dead.
Charley Wills and I once tried an experiment one moonlight night at a waterhole. Putting strychnine on the outside of a bait, we laid it near a 'pad' leading to water. A wild dog came along presently and snapped it up. From our hiding place we saw the animal twist, turn, fall, and struggle. In five minutes it was dead. With the crystals placed inside a slit in the bait, the poison took much longer to act.
I have known shepherds to frighten the Blacks in a rather cute way. The darkies could not distinguish our coarse lake salt from strychnine, for the simple reason that they were never allowed to handle the poison crystals. Both are white, but strychnine crystals are long and spiky. Exasperated by robberies from his hut, a shepherd would, with grim determination impressed upon his countenance, take some powdered-up salt from a bottle and scatter it over his flour while the darkies were looking, pretending the while that he did not know they were there.

Page 208
The Blackfellows who witnessed the action kept a long way off that flour! And they told their mates about it, too! Our huts were robbed right and left. Sometimes the black thieves walked out backwards, and obliterated their tracks with branches of shrubs. At other times they made extra big pads with some old cast off boots belonging to a white man. No Blacks ever wore boots then, their feet were always bare. Of course any Bushman could see through this ruse.
In a cave five miles from a hut which had been repeatedly robbed I one day found a clue. It was in hilly country. Discovering the cave by accident, I got off my horse, and going down on my hands and knees, I saw something white looming up in the darkness. Crawling through the broad, low, mouth for ten or twelve feet, I placed my hand on the 'ghost', and found it to be a floursack, which had held 200 lbs., turned inside out. Of course the thieves did not steal the full bag. There was a small spring there, and they had mixed the dough on the sack: hence its whiteness. I took the trophy home to the station, and handed it to Charley Dawson, the manager. We frightened many of the worst Darkies off, and they cleared away on their nomadic rounds, to come back later. If the door of a shepherd's hut was fastened, they got

Page 209
down the big, wide, stone chimney. Soot would not make their skins any blacker. At Ooraparinna one evening towards dusk, a strange-looking creature came from the almost-inaccessible ranges on the west, apparently to reconnoitre. The only men on the head station were Mr Dawson and myself. I might mention that Charley was lame with a partly-crippled foot through being thrown from a stockhorse. It was two days before he was found. He was returning on crutches which he had cut with his knife from a tree. Some broken bones worked their way out afterwards.
So Charley was of no use chasing anything on foot, although it did not interfere with his riding. The ladies were Mrs Dawson and Mary Clegg; the children, Lottie and Suie. Neither of us knew wether the extraordinary apparition was a Bunyip or a Diprotoden Australis. So, leaving Charley with the womenfolk, I dodged down into the blind creek, crept amongst the spinifex bushes, taking what cover I could. Then, getting near the visitor, I jumped up and gave chase. It was a Blackfellow disguised in an emu skin and feathers, crouching low. Seeing he was discovered, he

Page 210
made a lightning-like bolt for it. I pursued like the wind to the top of the three-hundred-foot range half a mile from the station.
When I arrived at the top, I found that the Emu Man had already descended a steep gully – down the side of a stony range thick with spinifex, with bare feet mind! – and was near the summit of the opposite ridge, close to the Devil's Creek. I was winded! So I gave up the chase. When I got back to the station and informed my folks what the apparition was, they were highly amused, Charlotte especially laughing heartily, for she had the sense of humor – and had seen me darting after our strange visitor. I brought back with me the emu skin that the Black-fellow had thrown away in his flight.
The aborigines were an intelligent and agile race, as anyone could see who watched them hunting in the garb of Nature. And now ~~that~~ they are extinct, or almost so, killed by the vices of the lower classes of the white invaders. Having written separate articles about the natives, I need say little here. But here is one little happening.
One night the manager and I camped at Alatana Water, on the western side of the run.
On the map it is named

Page 211
'Elatina'. The native name, I believe, was 'Yalatina'. or 'Yalatana'. As I have chosen this word for the name of my own house, I have rendered it 'Alatana'. A beautiful spring of fresh water gushes out into the head of the creek, just inside the boundary of the Aroona Run. Gum trees were in its bed. We camped in the hut. This was where the mail horses were changed on the first stage from Wilpena to Blinman. The man in charge was married. He was absent just then. So the woman, who was well known to Mr Dawson, was thankful for us to camp on the floor of the hut in the outer room, for it was a lonely spot for one of her sex to be left alone in.
We were up at daybreak as usual, and went out to an aborigines' camp at Alatana water. Women only were there. Charley and I went up and Charley chatted with them. One 'gin' was suffering from a severe burn upon her body. Her 'lubra' – (husband) – for some valid reason, had deliberately taken a mallee firestick from the fire and scorched a delicate part of her skin and flesh with it. The other 'gins', while telling us of the cruel action, looked very mournful, while

the principal lady of the drama held her head and eyes very low while squatting on the ground. Mr Dawson sent me back to the hut to try and get

Page 212
some oil. In this I was successful, and he bathed the injured part with the lubricant, which seemed to give the sufferer some relief. We rode off without seeing the savage who had dealt so summarily with his wife. In travelling – that is, when camping out – we were never without a quart pot full of water strapped to the saddle, a stockwhip, a blanket rolled up and strapped across our knees on the pommel of the saddle, spurs on our heels, and some 'tucker'. I had my revolver on my hip, and Charley Dawson a double-barrelled gun most times.
Many a camp-out Charley and I had together in that interesting land. Our stockmen were all gone. We were the only two left, except Charley Wills of Appieallana, and occasionally a man from the Blinman. The drought precluded our sending fat cattle to the market. All we did in that line was to supply the Blinman people and get in beasts to kill for our own consumption. Charley Dawson was an excellent judge of fat stock. Many a time when we were driving the cattle along he has pointed out to me what he considered the fattest. And he was always right, although very often I doubted if there was a

Page 213
particle of fat on the beasts he culled from the mob. He always judged by a certain part of the animal's anatomy.
At other times the three of us – Charley Dawson, Charley Wills, and myself – did the mustering, especially when we had to get in a big mob. When we wanted small lots, Charley Dawson and I did the work. I have one full article to the subject of mustering our wild cattle, so need say no more here. It will be found in 'Memoranda: or Notes of Incidents', &c. in separate books. The ranges of hills twelve to eighteen miles eastward of the station I used to scour on horseback for lost sheep. Riding up a hill there one day – a hill that in shape was a perfect cone – I found that the only way to reach the top was to wind around and around it, Tower-of-Babel fashion. I started my horse up it. Each round brought us nearer the top. As we continued the circuit I found the lope so steep that I could touch the hillside from the saddle with my right hand; while below, on the near side, it would have taken a twelve-foot pole to reach land. I was getting into a dilemma! I could neither dismount nor retreat. Had the horse slipped, things would have happened! There was nothing for it but to keep the horse going. Once he almost lost his balance, but eventually we reached

Page 214
the top, and found a small area of level surface there, commanding a view all around.
Further over, on the next high ridge, I saw a Bluff, with a large Cave hollowed out of the perpendicular face of the precipice. Dismounting, I got myself and horse down from the pinnacle, and took another course for the ridge. After much scrambling we arrived at the Cave. It was a well-sheltered camping-place, and was evidently used by the natives, although there was no water present. So it could have been an intermediate camping ground while travelling or perhaps made use of in wet seasons.
This set of ranges, is of course part of the Flinders Range, and is about twenty miles in length, and five broad. It lay east of the Moodlatana Creek and Plain. In course of time I explored the whole of it. To show the barrenness of much-vaunted Australia, I might say that the total

inhabitants of this great area numbered three white men, all shepherds – one on our own run, and two on Angorigina Run. They were each in a hut so many miles apart that they were totally unknown to each other. I myself, being a horseman, and a sub-overseer, each one had seen me – two of them once only – but not one knew of the others' existence!

Page 215.
In the midway portion of these ranges, on the western edge, near the Second Plain, were Peter Simple's Springs, inside the Ango. boundary. They were named after a Blackfellow who was so very intelligent and cute – one of the cutest known – that the original owners of the runs dubbed him 'Peter Simple'!
Many miles further north, also on Ango., was another spring, name unknown to me, with a shepherd's hut. The other hut of the three mentioned was at Bennett's Springs, on our own run, where we had a shepherd stationed with a flock of twenty-five hundred sheep. Those were the only waters I encountered in that set of ranges. The shepherd last mentioned was delighted to see me turn up every fortnight with his rations, sometimes with a packhorse in addition to my riding horse; sometimes with the rations on my own saddle in front of me; and at other times I walking, and the load on the saddle. My walk would then be – thirteen miles in a direct line. I did not, unfortunately, take a note of the shepherd's name. But he was a 'hatter', and never saw a white man from fortnight to fortnight, for his hut was out in the wilds, and away from any main track. But the Blacks often frequented Bennett's Springs, which were in a low, rocky gorge away from the hut.

Page 216
I used to arrange my journeys so that I could camp one night with him in his hut. I then counted his sheep either when they in, or when they came out of, the yard. His sheepyard was made of stakes driven into the ground and interlaced with brushwood. This was the best kind to keep out the dingoes, which were extremely numerous there – 'The Gorge' in the Bunker Ranges further east, being only three or four miles away. When dull, rumbling, sounds were heard in the night, and the ground seemed to shake, then it was time to rush out into the darkness and scare off the intruders. The wild dogs did not come every night. When they did arrive, on mischief bent, there was no more rest till daylight. I also met this shepherd sometimes when he was watering his sheep at the Moodlatana Springs, several miles from his hut in the Moodlatana Creek. The water at his hut was not get-atable by sheep, owing to its rocky surroundings. In the winter he suffered from chapped hands on the thick part of the palm. The skin and \the/ flesh underneath cracked open nearly to the bone. He had tried all the remedies he could obtain, without avail.
In those days, especially in the Bush, Holloway's ointment was universally used. There was no eucalyptus then.

Page 217
On one of my horseback journeys I encountered a lost white man, more than half crazy with thirst. He had taken off nearly all his clothes. Knowing what the sensation was, I got him to one of the springs, and afterwards the shepherd nearby looked after him till I called again on my next visit. Before that time, he had recovered, and was off on the tramp again.
But to revert back to dingoes: On many occasions they got into our flocks on different parts of the run, killing or tearing as many as thirty-five sheep in one flock. They did not single out one sheep and kill it outright, but tore the flesh of one after another. All the animals so injured either

died or had to be killed. But we poisoned vast numbers of dingoes with our baits. During the darkness of the night, they even walked in and out amongst the huts of the head station.
One morning we found no less than three big fellows – all yellow-haired – dead between my hut and Charley Dawson's, which huts were about one hundred yards apart. My hut – Government House – was the furthest out, and in a lonely spot. No less than eleven wild dogs had been seen in a mob. With regard to the little iron bedstead upon which

Page 218
which I slept at Government House, one night some hard, green-coloured ants got into one of my ears. They stung awfully! After that, I took refuge on an adzed-slab table stuck into the floor of the main room. They couldn't find me there! This aristocratic hut had a scullery also, but no back door.
On winter evenings, when at home, I would have a fire all to myself on the big open hearth. One night, sitting there with only one garment on prior to turning in, something flashed across my chest and came to a standstill there. Keeping still, I craned my neck and glanced cautiously down. It was a great tarantula, almost as big as a girl's hand. It was spreadeagled across my manly bosom! Now, centipedes and tarantulas I have no objection to when they are a long way off. But it is known that familiarity breeds contempt. So I decided teach this creature of numerous legs, and hairy ones at that, a lesson in manners. Cautiously raising my hand, I, with lightning stroke, whisked it away into the outer darkness. 'Then to bed', as Pepys, of long ago, wrote in his London Diary..
Alas! when I returned to that spot upon a hunting tour many years afterwards, the hut was gone. Not a vestige of it remained, to say nothing of its tarantulas and its green ants!

Page 219
One shepherd I used to go to once a fortnight was on the middle part of the Borrelinna Creek, near the foot of Mount Carnarvon, at the fringe of the great mallee scrub which covered its slopes and its foot ranges. No white man ever penetrated those ranges once in years!
We went across them twice only, after cattle, and that was in one practicable place only. The cattle were wild, too, when we got them, and required a lot of hustling, with stockwhips going most of the time, to get them to the Ooraparinna stockyards. That was a work of two days.
Mr Dawson informed me that once Mr Boord, Charley Dawson, Charley Wills, Dick Dewdney and some other stockriders, rode forth to penetrate these inaccessible vastnesses of the Bunker Ranges, and bring back a lot of cattle. They never came back together, and no cattle came with them. After two days, first one straggled into the station, then another one, till eventually they all returned. But it was several days before the last one arrived, and some of them were minus their horses. They got into the ranges somehow, but could not find a way out readily. The one-and-only hut at the foot of these ranges, as just mentioned, was really five miles away from Mount Carnarvon

Page 220
itself. It was on the west bank of the long, interesting, and solitarily-situated Borrelinna Creek. The site of this shepherd's hut was admirable from all aspects, and the water supply was of the purest. With the high range on the east, and high land on the west, and a catchment along the creek bed of twenty miles of higher ground that itself to the south, it was a certainty that there would be plenty of fresh water there almost for the asking.

The well was only twelve feet deep, and was served by an Egyptian whip and a five-gallon bucket. Out of this well twenty-five hundred sheep were watered regularly, and the water was never lowered.
Oh! but it was hot there in that mallee scrub in the summer time! In the creek bed was a tiny waterhole, two feet in diameter, always full to the brim of pure, clear, delicious water. This was some distance further on than the hut. It being in an out-of-the-way-place, I was not often that way; but when it lay in my track I always quenched my thirst there. An interesting creek was the Borrelinna! I shall have to tell, later on, of a cave I found on its bank many years afterwards, whilst out hunting, the floor of the cave being covered with bones and skeletons of animals. This was at a spot

Page 221
twelve or fifteen miles higher up its course. I never knew of anyone who had followed it up to its source, which lies towards the eastern end of the Wilpena Run, although I suppose the Government surveyors have. Yet its name does not appear on the map; but in its place there is one named 'Fifteen-Mile Creek.' Even the Reaphook Hill has no name there; but in its place also there is another coginomen – viz: 'Mount Emily'. And the Bunker Ranges no name but 'Mount Carnarvon.' I wonder at the priggishness of Government surveyors in not faithfully recording the names given locally by the early pioneers to these very early pioneers to these very interesting places and things. The Bunker Ranges were so named by Mr Boord, who, with Mr Hayward of Aroona, discovered them on one 17th of June, which date was the anniversary of the Battle of Bunker Hill in America between the English and the Americans, in 1775, in which the victory remained with the English. Mr Boord there and then declared that those striking landmarks would be named 'The Bunker Ranges'. And by that name they have be known locally ever since.
The Reaphook Hill was named from its shape; and no name could have been more appropriate. But, judging from the map, the surveyors renamed it Mount Emily – no doubt

Page 222
after some beloved girl. There were plenty of other hills that they could have tacked her name to.! As a rule, I prefer the native names. And what could be more euphonious than that given to the Borrelinna Creek! I have examined the Borrelinna creek through twenty miles of its course. It is in scrubby country all along. It trends to the north, generally at the foot of the Bunker Ranges, till it joins the great and beautiful gum-tree-studded Moodlatana Creek, where the two, united into one river, cuts eastward through the ranges, by way of 'The Gorge', on to the dry Great Eastern Plains.
The Bunker Ranges are rough! Charley Wills once went into them with a surveyor, and he told me that he wore out a new pair of boots in a week. Riding one day with Charley Dawson along the upper part of the Borrelinna, ten miles south of Ooraparinna, Charley showed me a cliff, perhaps fifty feet high, with copper stains on its face yards above our heads. The shepherd at the mid-Borrelinna hut was a genial sort. One summer's day when I arrived there with his rations – having had to walk and lead my horse – a mile or two of the way being in the deep creek-bed, with perpendicular banks thirty feet high, and a big mallee scrub on top of that, the sun pouring down on me all the time, I was so thirsty, and

Page 223
so dry, that, although he immediately prepared to get some tea for me, I could not wait, but guzzled down a pint pannican full of tepid water that was standing in a bucket there. Then I took a pint of the proffered tea, red hot! It went down like molten lead. After that, another pint of warm water. That was three pints of fluid in about as many minutes. This shepherd had more depredations made on his hut by the Blacks than any other on our run. Yet his was not absolutely the loneliest locality, for I place Bennett's Springs, facing 'The Gorge', some miles off, as the most lonely of all. Never a tramp approached either place; both were cut off from the world.
Many a time I camped upon the earthern floor of his one-roomed pine-slab residence. He was a chatty old fellow. I have seen him surrounded by a big mob of armed Blacks, he never showing the slightest signs of fear or uneasiness.
One day the manager instructed me to shoulder an axe, take a strong horse, go off towards the Bunker Ranges, cross the Borrelinna Creek, and get into the big mallee scrub. There I was to search for straight mallee poles, cut down as many as the horse could drag, camp there the night, and drag the timer to the station next day. I went off with the horse, harness, and chain traces,

Page 224
rode and led the horse till I had crossed the Borrelinna, then searched for the requisite mallee. Wielding the axe, I felled and trimmed the poles, dragged them together, and chained them into a bundle ready for a start in the morning. Hobbling out my horse, I made the usual camp fire. Having only a quartpot of water, I had to be sparing with my tea, which had to last me the morning also. Chopping down mallee was thirsty work, too. As to the horse, he had to do without a drink altogether. I was amongst the haunts of the dingoes here, and I heard their howls during the night – now near, now far. The Bunker Ranges above me on the east were one of their breeding grounds. Daybreak is always welcome on such occasions. After breakfast, I chained my horse to the timber, and soon we were making a trail towards Ooraparinna. I had some difficult places to negotiate, but by night I was back.
That was part of life in the Bush. We had one thing galore – that is, fresh air! And I really believe that my two years in the Bush added twenty years to my life, for although very active, I was a delicate lad. Riding through mallee-covered hills, twelve miles long, and six miles wide, with a laden packhorse on the off side, was one of my difficult tasks. The clumps of mallee were so close together, and spread

Page 225
out their poles so wide and far that it was difficult to get through without damage to clothes and skin. The sheep hurdles were made of this useful wood, the thin stalks being used for the parallel rails, and the thicker wood for the uprights and diagonals. This timber would be highly valued if it grew ten thousand miles away, and high prices would be paid for it. Then it might be imported and put to all sorts of uses. But being handy, and plentiful, we put a firestick into it and destroy it in situ.
At Yeltipena, thirteen miles north of the head station, was situated my favorite hut, on the low east bank of the great Moodlatana Creek with its wide bed and majestic gums.
A married shepherd had his flock there. His name was Glass. I think I was there oftener than at any other habitation on the run, as I made it a starting-place for examining the country further

north, north-east, and east, – and sometimes west. I was always welcomed by the shepherd, his wife, and the children – a fine young boy and two girls, one a fine young lass. None of them except the husband could read or write. The shepherd was a most energetic man, his wife the slowest woman I had ever met. He had to make the damper

Page 226
when he came home at night; but he never complained. She taught the children to say their prayers, upon going to bed, in this fashion: –

'Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John,
Bless the bed that I lie on.
Four corners to my bed,
Four angels to my head:
One to watch and one to pray,
And two to take my soul away.'

Although young myself, I was amazed at her superstitious ignorance. But what could the poor thing know? Theirs was a hut of two rooms. When I arrived, I as always given a bunk in the living room, against the door, between that and the chimney. I always carried my own blanket, rolled on the saddle in front of me. So I could not avoid hearing all that was said over the low partition wall of pines that divided the hut into two compartments. There was only a thin branbag of hessian in the doorway between the rooms. During teatime this lady told me of all kinds of tales about England, – the snowing up of people, severe injuries inflicted upon a boy by gipsies at a roadside camp. – the latter a thing too atrocious to be put down here – and other things. The girls – and the boy also when not out with his

Page 227
father shepherding the sheep – would go down the track a long way to meet me on the regular ration days. If I was mounted, I would then put them in the saddle while I walked alongside. That is, unless the load of rations was too heavy. Then they would walk alongside with me. The shepherd had to draw water from the well for his flock by means of an Egyptian whip. The well was fifteen feet deep and was on the dry bank of the Moodlatana. A man had to work hard to do that job with a fifteen-gallon bucket! The 'whip' was made from a single pine tree, balanced in the fork of a gum upright fixed in the ground. The thick end had a heavy rock fixed to it to throw the centre of gravity lower down and make the reach of the upper part greater, the bucket being on the thin end. A strong jerk generally brought the full bucket to the top of the well, where it was emptied into a trough cut out of a solid gum tree. The empty bucket had to be pulled down to the water in the well. It had to go down and up a good many times to satisfy the thirsty animals, whose grazing ground was all saltbush.
A shepherd's wages were One Pound sterling per week, with rations. And there were no strikes in those days!

Page 228
Mr Glass was a cheerful fellow, without a whine in his make-up! I also took rations to the married shepherd at Aldina, but seldom camped there, going further afield for the night, and camping in the scrubby ranges. Mr Dawson generally looked after that hut. Aldina hut was his favorite hut.

I believe the shepherd was a compositor, and was afterwards employed at the Kapunda Herald office. That couple were not of the sociable order, and they did not chum up to me in any way. They just welcomed me, and were very glad to get rid of me! But the manager, Charley Dawson, was always a welcome guest there. And, by way of contrast, I was the favoured one a Yeltipena, whilst the manager camped there not at all. When he and I went there together, we generally left the hut, after counting in the sheep, and camped in the ranges to the westward. The two shepherds never saw each other, the distance between Aldina and Yeltipena being perhaps twelve miles, with a jumble of rough ranges between them. With regard to my favorite stockhorse, 'Ball', mentioned before, he was a chesnut, as fleet as the wind. When after cattle, he knew how to prop, and turn the reversing way to meet a runaway beast.

Page 229
I rode him many months, ere I was the accidental cause of his death. And I fancy I see poor old 'Ball's' skeleton, even now, lying in the bed of the Ooraparinna Creek, amongst the rocks, with a bullet-hole through his forehead! As I have said before, he had been ill used by some one, and was afraid of men. Then again, all chestnut horses, like carroty-headed humans, seem to be 'nervy'. Once at the Wilpena Eating-House I tied him by the bridle to a verandah-post. Sarah Wills was there. While I was talking to her, the horse became violently alarmed over some trivial thing – the natives stalking about with their hunting weapons, I believe it was. They had their spears poised in their wommeras practicing for a kangaroo hunt. The spears flying through the air may have frightened him. He sat on his haunches, with terrified eyes, doing his best to break away. The reins held, however, until I got hold of them and thus I saved myself a seventeen-mile walk home. No one of experience ever ties up a horse by the reins. He who does so, takes a great risk.
One day, at Ooraparinna, I was in a hurry to catch and mount him to go on a journey. The smithy yard was on the bank of the western creek, with a space

Page 230
of only ten yards from the bank. The panels faced this. Ball was on that small space, and I was on the opposite bank, trying to 'shoo' him in. But he would not go in. He rushed past the panel-opening every time. Backward and forward he darted, I from the opposite bank of the creek heading him this way and that. He would not go into the yard. He could have walked in easily had he chosen. But no! he was too skittish. So, picking up a heavy pebble, I sent it at him with all my force, aiming for his ribs. By a stroke of bad luck, he moved quickly at that moment, and the stone hit him on the inside of the right thigh. Ball stood stock still on the instant, and held his head in the air. I crossed the creek to him. He did not move. I patted him and tried to get him into the yard, but he could not shift. I thought then that his thigh must be fractured, and so it afterwards proved. Eventually he walked away lamely for a hundred yards or so.
We could not afford to feed him until he recovered, – as I am sure he would have done had we been able to look after him. The drought was on. Stock and horses were dying all around us, and Charley Dawson decided it

Page 231
best to put poor old Ball out of his misery. Getting him down into the dry bed of the Ooraparinna Creek, Charley gave him the happy dispatch with a revolver bullet through his forehead, as I absolutely declined to do so. I saw the skeleton lying there for many months after that, and no

doubt it lay there many a year until perhaps some extra-high flood carried it away. After that I had no less than twenty different horses to ride in succession. One was a raw-boned three-year-old. It was an awful job mustering cattle with him.
We were at that work one day on the big Moodlatana Plain to the eastward. The cattle were very wild, and kept breaking away in all directions. My silly horse was no good at the game. Why Charley Dawson gave me a colt that had been mounted only a few times, to go after wild cattle I have never been able to surmise. Tearing around there after mad steers, cows, and heifers, I found myself once or twice on his foolish neck. But, at any rate, C.D. did not have the satisfaction of seeing me on the ground. The saddles used then were not suitable for such rough and violent work. They were of English make, with

Page 232
very small, low, sloping kneepads – sloping in the direction in the direction to slide one on to the ground instead of projecting upwards to help keeping him on. Now-a-days stock saddles are made with a pair of high, steep, kneepads for the knees to grip into, that will keep a man on and not slide him off to Mother Earth.
Charley and I were doing the work alone that time. My horse being young and untrained, had no stamina. This sudden and unusual work knocked him up. After a hard day's riding, we had got our mob within two miles of the station, and were in a gap eastward of it, when a beast broke away. I put spurs to my horse. He darted after it. Then I felt his legs stiffening and working mechanically. He gradually slackened speed and then came to a staccato stop. All the spurring and slapping with the coiled stockwhip were useless. He was absolutely pumped out. His muscles had given way – become paralysed. Charley Dawson looked on with the utmost disgust. Without \saying/ a word, but with sulky demeanor, he then deliberately let the cattle go, and rode off to the station. My horse could follow only at a crawl. I managed to get him home. But he never recovered from the effects of that day's work; he died.

Page 233
[*large blue inkblot*] N.B. – The above is a map of Europe – made by the Inkstand when it fell over. It had a drop too much. When a horse is \so/ thoroughly done up in famine times that he cannot eat, he invariably dies. If he starts feeding, he will recover. The drought had descended upon us. Of the twenty horses that I rode at intervals until knocked up, few survived. Two of them were very hardy. One – a Timor pony – lasted a month. Another one – a darkie, named Baker – could not be killed anyhow. And I don't believe he is dead yet! If I tied him up to a tree while I went after an emu, when I came back I invariably found him having a regal feed off the bark. He had a big-bow-window /(that is, if he stood on his hind legs)\ – was

Page 234
ugly, cunning, and tough. Surefooted as a goat \in hilly country,/ he became careless on the plains.Once, while cantering him across a plain fifteen miles from home at dusk, he tripped, fell on his nose, then somersaulted. But I was quick, both in perception and action, and had nimbly got out of his way before he fell on his back.
Stockriders never close the steel clasp which retains the stirrup-leather in position under the first flap, but leave it down thus Townspeople raise it like this. By leaving the catch down, I was saved once from being dragged in a rocky waterhole. The stirrup-leather came off and released my foot while the horse floundered about in the water, with the slippery sliding rocks underneath

him. We had several hundred horses to choose our riding ones from. Once morning, as I started out on horseback on my travels over the run, C.D. called out to me to bring in a certain dark horse, if I should see him on my return to the station. I had not seen that particular animal for months, and did not know whether he was alive or dead. The horses, too, were almost as wild as the cattle, and scampered off before one could get near enough to make sure of their identity. But, strange to say, upon my return in the afternoon, I spotted the very horse that was wanted, on a flat near the

Page 235
Ignorama well. He was off as soon as he saw me approach. He went in and out of the scrubs, and over the hills, I after him. I gained on him, headed him this way and that. Over ridges, flats, and creeks we went, till the darkie thought he must be wanted. At last I got him in such trim, that by the simple process of 'heading' I steered him where I willed – and that was towards the station. I drove my captive to the stockyards, and Charley Dawson being there, we got him inside the rails. Charley was highly pleased, for he wanted that horse for me to ride. He lasted me several weeks.
It must not be supposed that I knocked up the horses by galloping them. Neither I nor Charley Dawson did that – we galloped only when after cattle. In bushwork the horse is walked nearly all day long, or he would soon knock up, as he had only natural feed or pickings to sustain him. We could give our horses only a pannican of oats occasionally. The rest of their food they had to pick up. Our horses succumbed really to sheer starvation, with this difference. Horses that were not ridden at all lived the longest, as they had a longer time to feed, and were not

Page 236
called upon to use up their energy by carrying a man. C.D.'s mount – 'Norman' – I did not like at all. He was very stiff in the back – sleek in body like a Pecksniff. But then Charley had access to the oats, and it is only natural that a man should look after his own steed; and that was the only horse that Charley rode. He would not stand fire from the saddle. Every time Charley lifted his gun to shoot, Norman went mad, and twisted and squirmed. And Charley had invariably to hand the gun over to me to do the shooting. Strange to say, every horse that I rode proved steady under gunfire, and this allowed me to take steady aim. There was a cunning little mare named 'Maggie'. It belonged to the manager's wife. It was never used, but was always fat. Charlotte looked to that. It survived the drought, too, of course, and was taken to Port Augusta when the manager and his family left.
Copper shows were plentiful on Ooraparinna Run. Besides the stains before mentioned in the cliffs near the Upper Borrelinna, there existed, and still exists, the Appieallana mine, which is some miles north of the former spot
The mine is situated eight miles by track from Ooraparinna station, southward. It was not then being worked,

Page 237
having been abandoned in 1860-1. Some of ore was assayed up to 58½ %, and bulk samples worth 34 % of copper had been sent away. However, the mine did not pay, and was abandoned. I have mentioned that the stone huts at Appieallana head station, at the permanent water two miles away, were built by the miners. They were taken possession of by Mr Wills when he formed the cattle station there.

As usual, the mining vandals destroyed all the fine, noble, gums which adorned this water.
At another spot, on the Borrelinna Creek, I came across a costeen pit, cutting through a reef. The reef was heavily impregnated with carbonate of copper. The stone was poor, but the green stain permeated the whole rock to a width of twelve feet.
One day I also picked up a heavy and very rich sample of black oxide. But I could not locate the lode. It may have been carried to the spot by natives.
At the rocky prominence named 'The Guide', five miles N.E. of Ooraparinna, copper was in evidence; but the country rock was like adamant. Payable copper may be found in those places yet.

Page 238
At present the area of two hundred square miles carries a population of less than ten persons! If that is the most it will ever sustain, it is a poor look out for South Australia!
Stockriders were clever at making hobbles, stockwhips, and surcingles from raw hide. All our hobblestraps were made of raw hide, with a rose head. These were much stronger and more secure than ordinary buckled leather straps. The iron portion of the hobbles consisted of five rings. These could be taken up or let out according to whether the horses were inclined to wander away from the camp or not. We made the lot ourselves, welding the rings at the smithy. Raw hide was in universal use. Even the shepherds tied a strip of it under their boots to save the soles from wearing. Stockwhips made by the men who used them were different from the English make. The latter had a big belly. The home-made one tapered gradually to the end like a lengthy snake. My stockwhip was twelve feet long without the handle. The tapered article was a much more terrible weapon than the pot-bellied one. The skilful drawing in at the end of

Page 239
each stroke caused a much deeper cut with the former; while the sudden jerk given by the pot belly, besides making the drawing stroke ineffectual, also cut off the lash – unless the lash was make of silk. In fact cotton lashes would go in one shot. So all stockwhip lashes were made of plaited silk.
The Blacks were conspicuous at Ooraparinna, being seldom absent. The small, shallow creek on the west opposite the huts – the huts being on a kind of peninsular, with a creek on each side – just where it junctioned with the main eastern creek, was their favorite camping ground. They eschewed the main channel, selecting the shallow fork, with its low, sloping banks, and with only a small catchment area at the back. There was thus little chance of their being washed out by sudden thunderstorms. The Black men were expert at throwing the spear; while, with the aid of the wommera they could hurl it considerable distances. We could, however, beat them easily at throwing stones. Not so with the spear, the waddy, or the boomerang. I never had to dodge spear or waddy in earnest. But I have the boomerang, and found it a most difficult weapon to keep clear of. It came sweeping around one's legs, and, if it

Page 240
missed, arose into the air and returned to the thrower. Sometimes when throwing it, the natives struck it with great force, convex side downward, on the hard ground, whence it bounded off in search of the enemy. It was fear of the white man's guns and revolvers that kept the Darkeys within bounds. The Black women were always nice. But many of the men had scowling faces, lowering brows, and compressed lips. Thus we took care to keep our front to them, and also see

that tomahawks did not get into their hands. The men could throw stones with their feet. And so could we when we took our boots off. We were crippled without boots, though! while they could run at the swiftest pace over the stony ground without so much as a limp. The soles of their feet were indurated and thickened like tanned leather. I much regret, now, that I did not collect and retain a sample of each kind of aboriginal weapon. They would have been of interest in these after years. A big, heavy, two-handed sword that I obtained at a camp near Wilpena I have never seen duplicated in any collection of native arms. It was made of heavy hardwood. As trackers the Darkeys excelled. This is well known. Yet all this intelligence is now extinguished. Darwin's theory of the

Page 241
'survival of the fittest' comes in here. The white overflow of Europeans has exterminated the Darkeys. One day, upon picking up some skullbones of a white man that had become disinterred and those of a Black man, I made comparisons. I found the aborigine's twice the thickness of the European's on top. The white man mollycoddles his head by keeping under shelter, and, when outside, by covering it with a close hat. Consequently Nature stops helping to protect his brain. Hair won't grow without sun and air; he loses it. His skull never thickens by exposure to the elements. It remains thin because the hat protects it. Nature says to herself, with a wink of the eye: 'He is protecting his brain himself from the heat of the sun, and encouraging the microbes to eat the roots of his hair by keeping the sun and air from it, and making a cozy nest for them to live in. So I can't help that poor creature called civilized man! He must go his own way!' Contrariwise, the Blackfellow has always been out in the open, and he puts nothing on his head. So Nature has gradually thickened his skull for him to protect his brain; and, in addition, has given him a thick and strong crop of hair for the same purpose. I never saw a bald Blackfellow, no matter how old. I am speaking of the old wild Blacks, not civilized ones.

Page 242
Camp fires of the Blacks were only picaninny ones. In the winter they squatted over them at night. In the morning they would not leave them till the sun was three hours high. There is, of course, a reason for this. They had only stone tomahawks, and therefore could use only fallen wood. Fortunately, there was plenty of that about.
In midwinter the mercury often stood at 19º Fah. The inland Blacks made breakwinds only at their camps – never whurleys as on the sea coast. The breakwinds protected them from the westerly weather When the fleas from their dogs became too numerous, the Darkies were driven from their camps and travelled to some other waters. The dogs took care to scratch the pulex viritans out of their own shaggy skins and distribute them nicely over the camp!
On winter nights the aborigines kept themselves warm by sleeping together in pairs – a man and a woman – with body partly doubled, legs down each other's backs, the woman's calves along the man's back, the man's along the woman's. Then they had either a splendid fur rug or a Government blanket to cover themselves with. And so they were snug and warm. I may say those blankets were never washed! The Darkies made those excellent rugs themselves from

Page 243
the skins of animals, preferably opossum for softness. They pegged out the skins to dry as we do. Then cut the skins into squares – they had stone knives chipped from pebbles – and sewed them together with the sinewy tendons taken from kangaroo tails, which are long, pliable, and

exceedingly tough. The holes for the tendons were made by sharp-pointed bone piercers six or seven inches long made from leg-bones. The rugs themselves were rendered pliable by being scored on the parchment side thus: – [*see diagram*]
Fortunately, all parasitical insect, except moths and beetles, disappear from furs after the parent animal is dead and skinned. Directly the skin is taken off, the fleas and lice which kindly Nature provides most animals with for their delectation, comfort, and happiness, immediately die or otherwise disappear. Thus the rugs of the Darkies harboured no vermin.
With regard to the aborigines not washing their blankets, they never even washed themselves, and bathed only where the waterholes were deep and long Consequently the Blacks and their scanty belongings generally smell fairly high!
They could make a fire any time by twirling a piece of pointed stick in a hollow of another piece of wood and feeding it with pith till it caught alight, but preferred to

Page 244
save themselves the trouble when possible. So mallee firesticks were the order of the day.
A mallee firestick will keep alight all day in a breeze. In fact, I have seen mallee burning for a fortnight after a scrub conflagration, the fire following the dry roots right down into the earth, and making grand snakeholes.
The aborigines were a happy race until the white man came to despoil them of their inheritance and their game, and introduced the red plague which eventually killed them off. The activity of the Black men when hunting the kangaroo was a sight to see. Nude, but for the loin strip the size of a hand, they ran like the wind, and gave their orders like generals. They had their long fibre nets, and rounded the kangaroos into them. Then the waddy came into play. They made the kangaroo nets in exactly the same manner as white men make fishing nets, using the four fingers of the hand for the mesh. The mesh was thus so large that a kangaroo's or a euro's foot went into it easily, and the poor animal was at once entangled and thrown. Thus Nature works to keep population within bounds.
In places where opossums were in hollow gum trees, the Blacks climbed the tall, thick, trunks by cutting a notch in the bole just large enough to take the big toe.

Page 245
Placing, say, the right to in the notch, the climber cut another on the left, and kept on cutting as high as he could reach. He held himself in position by a climbing spear which he jabbed into the trunk as he progressed upward, using the tomahawk for \the/ same purpose when changing steps. I saw Blacks doing this around Adelaide in the early days – in the fifties and onward. But although the gums at Ooraparinna were big, they were not hollow, being red gums. There were plenty of opossums about, especially in the mallee, and spreading from thence to the brushwood.
The only work we could get a Blackfellow to do at Ooraparinna was to carry a few buckts of water for our domestic use. In winter he hugged his fire till the sun was high.
When shifting camp I have seen a Blackfellow travel along with a rock wallaby on his shoulder still going through the process of baking. One must remember that the aborigines had no cooking utensils of any kind, nor anything to hold water! Their method of cooking whole bodies was sometimes this. Roasting the outside on the fire, they made pebbles red hot and placed them inside the carcass. Thus the cooking was done internally and externally. With the hot pebbles still inside, they placed the whole

Page 246
body on their shoulder and carried it along to their next camp, pulling a bit of meat off occasionally and eating it on the way. The women, of course! carried the picaninnies and all the heavy paraphernalia, their lordships taking only the tucker just mentioned and their hunting and war weapons.
While on the subject of the aborigines I may as well mention a yarn that has probably been heard before: –
A station manager in the Far North sent a Blackfellow to deliver one pound weight of negrohead tobacco to an outstation on the run. Eight sticks – it may have been sixteen sticks – went to the pound. In the accompanying letter the number of sticks was stated. The recipient read the letter, counted the sticks. One stick was missing. Holding up the letter, he said to the Darkie: 'This fellow tell 'um me you stole 'um one stick of bacca!' The Blackfellow was dumbfounded, and acknowledged the soft impeachment.
As this was thought to be a lesson to him, he was entrusted later on with a similar errand to the same man. Result the same! – one stick again missing! He was accused of the theft. With whites of his eyes showing in profound astonishment, he exclaimed, pointing to the accusing letter,

'That fellow big one liar! Him no see me!
Me hide him under stone when we took 'um bacca!
How him know? Him big one liar!'

I had better put one little thing in here that happened

Page 247
to me as a boy when we first came to the colony – in 1854. We were then living in Kensington. Walking to town one day, my mother gave me a penny to buy myself a bun for my dinner.
I bought it in Rundle street, and proceeded with it in my hand to North Terrace, in front of where the Exhibition buildings now stand – then an open paddock where the noonday cannon was fired daily by the troopers, frightening the horses in the neighbourhood, and making nervous ladies jump. I had got opposite the Scots Church when a fierce-looking, blanketed, Blackfellow came up to me, scowling. I was a kid of about seven, I suppose. He had a waddy in his hand.
He strode up to me, held out his left hand, put himself into a fighting attitude, waddy in right hand raised over his shoulder ready to brain me, and demanded my little bun! I gave it to him, of course, and he walked off, eating it, without so much as saying 'Thank you!' And I went without my dinner!
The Darkies, those days, used to prowl around the houses in the scattered suburbs of Adelaide and demand tucker from the women, and threaten them if they didn't get it. While we kept a watchful eye on the Blackfellows' spears in the Bush, we did not hide our own guns,

Page 248
horse-pistols, and revolvers. Even 'pepperboxes' were in vogue then. That is, pistols with six barrels, the whole revolving in one piece. I presented my brother Alfred with a pepperbox revolver of six barrels when he first went up to Mount Margaret in the early sixties. The old horse-pistols were formidable affairs. As I have said, I had one. But later I obtained the six-chambered revolver which I afterwards took with me to far-away New Zealand, where it was stolen from my tent by bushrangers.

I used to practice on the gum trees in the creek near the Blacks' camp at Ooraparinna, which helped to keep them in awe.
Young Blackfellows were splendid riders, and would mount any horse, even the most vicious buckjumper, It was amusing to see them sticking on the backs of that class of quadruped, grinning all the time. When their steed 'went to market', they were in their glory. They did not try to stop their horse from buckjumping, but, with laughter and yells, urged the animal on to the utmost by thrashing and slapping it in their huge delight.
We ourselves, however, always strapped a roll across the saddle above our knees for that kind of work. Then there was danger when a horse reared upwards on his hind legs and fell backward. But the remedy

Page 249
was to hit him over the head quick and lively to bring him down again on all fours.
Notwithstanding what I have said above, we never had a Black stockrider. Neither did I ever know a Blackfellow to use firearms. No doubt in after years those trained by the police did.
Owing to the drought, it was important to have light shoes for our horses. Accordingly, when we saw a half-worn shoe on the run, we attached to our saddle and took it home for future use. In addition to shoeing my own horse, I welded the hobble-rings and made the raw-hide straps with the rose-heads. We used English-made horseshoes, which we altered to fit our horses' hoofs.
With regard to the old-man kangaroo of Boord's Plain, riding along one day, I saw him lying under a sandalwood tree. As I got near, he arose slowly, and stretched himself upwards.
A splendid animal he was! – by far the largest I had seen. I went towards him. He moved away leisurely. I did not molest him. Perhaps it was as well! He would have thought nothing of taking a man in his powerful arms, hold him a little distance away, and try to rip ~~him~~ \me/ up – or, rather, down – with one of his great toes. I found that he was well known, and I always left him

Page 250
alone. Mr Robt. Bruce saw him and referred to him in his book, 'Reminiscences of a Squatter'.
He, I believe, tried to finish the marsupial's career, but gave up the job! It was a matter of chivalry to the few who had the honor of being acquainted with the 'old man kangaroo of Boord's Plain to leave him unmolested.
As I have mentioned, kangaroos swarmed on the plains, while euros were numerous in the hills.
On all rough ranges rock wallaby abounded; and bush wallaby were behind almost every bush.
Besides the kangaroo rats in their burrows, other small animals came out at night. One had the local name of 'goldie'.
The great Wedge-tailed eagle was more numerous here than on the Great Eastern Plains.
Before the drought I have counted as many as sixty kangaroos within sight of my horse's back as I rode around a hill. By the end of 1865, when the drought was at its worst, they became so weak that a sheep-dog could run them down – and a sheep-dog is rather a slow animal. As to the everlasting crows, they were satanic – eating the eyes out of any animal that was down – hoses, sheep, lambs, or calves. Such is Nature! Many fine eagles we poisoned. When I came across their bodies warm, I measured the stretch of their wings. I

Page 251
[*I*] invariably found it to be eight feet six inches from tip to tip when the bird was full grown.

A very beautiful bird-of-prey of a delicate light-and-brown color, called the 'Brown Kestral', and another and larger bird, named by naturalists the 'Australian Goshawk', were very plentiful, and more especially the latter. The smaller hawks were keen flyers, and always on the alert. I never saw either a laughing jack – (Koo-Kook-a-burra) – or a magpie in the Australian desert Bush. They require water.
Emus I often chased on horseback, and fired potshots at them as I went along at full speed. It was usually over country exceedingly rough for a horse, and I am pleased to say I never killed one of the beautiful creatures. Iguanas were numerous. On horseback I chased many of those interesting reptiles. The largest one that I saw was nearly five feet in length. Sleeping lizards were everywhere, although the Blacks kept their numbers down. I found, many years afterwards, upon making trips inland, when the Blacks were all dead, that their numbers had increased again. Sleeping lizards have great strength of jaw. One day, putting a thirteen-foot stockwhip lash into one's mouth, it snapped on to it like a vice. I whirled it around my head

Page 252
as hard as I could for a considerable time, but I could not swing it off, although the reptile was weighty. Centrifugal force and 'it' had ά tussle. The lizard won! After a time I put it on the ground, when it fainted off with dizziness.
A friend of mine, putting some tobacco between the open jaws of another one, it died in a few minutes, thus showing the potency of nicotine. These reptiles being so numerous, it was a hard matter to keep one's feet off them in some places. Although lying still when one approached them, they 'skedaddled' pretty quickly immediately one's back was turned.
The drought came down upon us in 1865. Towards early and mid summer the cattle died in hundreds At a large waterhole on the Moodlatana Plain lay scores of carcases. The beasts waded through the mud to get to the fresh water, drank their fill, but were too weak to carry the extra load, and in trying to get out fell, and lay there till death relieved them from their sufferings. This, no doubt, is what happened ages ago to the Diprotodon Australis at Lake Callabonna, a few hundred miles away to the N.E. on the Great Eastern Plains, their remains being still there in hundreds, lying in the mud.
This indicates how Australia is drying up. Those

Page 253
[*Those*] huge \animals/ have long been extinct through the drying up of the luxuriant vegetation that was once prevalant. When coming upon cattle in extremis, we dismounted and pithed them with a jack-knife. Out of two thousand head on Ooraparinna, we did not bring any away. How many were saved eventually I never knew, but no doubt a fair proportion, as water was plentiful and bushes numerous. We lost, or left behind, two hundred horses. I brought away, with the aid of two shepherds, twenty-five hundred sheep.
Amongst various journeys that I made at Ooraparinna was one of sixty miles on foot alone, taking three days. I was after lost sheep, but did not find one live one. I found a mob of dead ones in one place, but they belonged to Angorigina run. I came across one shepherd during that journey and one native – a Black girl. That was all. Although I was within half a mile of a camp of Blacks. And I was without food for nearly two days on that occasion. An account of this will be found in my 'Memoranda'.
One of my duties was to ride every alternate Sunday seven miles to Youngoona – mentioned in Mr Robt Bruce's book as Younganna – to intercept the mailman on his

Page 254
route to the Blinman from Burra Burra. This was to get our letterbag from town and deliver one to him for transmission to Adelaide.
Youngoona was a beautiful spot, almost a replica of Alatana, except that it rested against the Ring Hills. A stream of pure water – generally termed a spring – flowed out into the head of the creek. It was really a soakage from the higher land to the eastward. Big gums were plentiful in the bed of the watercourse, but none grew upon the banks. One was a magnificent tree, stately and grand. It had a straight stem of perhaps fifty feet. The lower part of the trunk was hollow, with legs out-stretched to such an extent that a man on horseback could have ridden between them. The drought was coming down! At first the mailcoach was a coach. Then it was a cart to hold two. Afterwards it held one, no passengers being carried.
One Sunday, during the 'cart' stage, there was just the one passenger – a lady, well dressed, and well provisioned also. I was always the first there, of course, and waited till the coach came up. I was always there in time. When the 'cart' came up this Sunday with the resplendent lady, I was amazed at the sight of her! I had

Page 255
dismounted. The driver pulled up. I gave him my mailbag; he gave me his, for exchange was no robbery. Then giving his horse the nosebag, those two prepared for lunch. She had rich plumcake – which filled me with longing, and made my mouth water! But devil a bit did she offer me! She shared it with the driver, though!
Thus they spelled at pleasant Youngoona, with its running spring of pure water under the gum trees' beauteous shade! I mounted my horse and left them sitting there, whilst I plunged across country through the scrub, hills, and ranges back to Ooraparinna, for there was no track. I often thought of tha cake and that lady. She was about twenty-five years of age. She must have travelled all the way from the Burra with that driver.
The Youngoona Springs arose in one of the gaps in the Ring Hills, just inside the Aroona Boundary. Alatana Springs arose in the same way several miles south of Youngoona. The waters of both were delicious. It was glorious to rest at either place on hot, parching, summer days, under the shade of the noble gums, quenching one's thirst every few minutes until satisfied.

Page 256
One day, with the temperature at 112º Fah., inside the huts, I took a mob of sheep from 'The Guide' to Alatana – twelve miles, then walked back seven miles to Ooraparinna, getting there a little after 2 p.m. It was a strenuous job! I had to push the sheep by main force out of deep creeks, and from under bushes, most of the twelve miles, except on an open plain of several miles in extent just before coming to Alatana – Boord's Plain as a matter of fact. Arriving at Alatana, and handing my sheep over to the Aroona shepherd, I rushed to the spring and drank two pint pannikinfuls of water, and was drinking the third when I felt sick. It was a red-hot summer's day, but I had started early in the morning.
Another time I rode from and to the same places on a bareback horse. His backbone stuck up like the inverted keel of a boat. There was no track or trail. There were many narrow, step and deep creeks to cross, and in getting down down and up them I did contortions on that backbone that would have done credit to an acrobat! I admit I couldn't sit on a saddle for some days

afterwards. There was one big creek nearby. It was the lower portion of the Devil's Creek. The channel was deep, and contained plenty of water in long pools. But that lay on my

Page 257
way back, and was nearer Ooraparinna. The banks were high like those of the Torrens.
Once, with a heavy double-barrelled gun, I stalked some wild ducks from one of these high banks, and in one shot brought down three of them. Strapping them to the saddle, I took them home to Mrs Dawson. Then, for a change, we had duck instead of salt beef. This was near the spot where the old-man kangaroo of Boord's Plain dozed and browsed out his existence.
Between 'The Guide' and head station stood a very high and isolated hill. At its foot, in a creek, there were fine slate reefs and slabs of great size.
At 'The Guide', a few miles further on, the rocks were of plutonic origin, red in color, as hard as granite. Indications of copper exist there. Riding home one evening with the same heavy gun, I shot an immense euro at Parawertina Water and took the tail home for soup.
A new chum came out from the Lancashire cotton mills to his brother-in-law Mr Glass – the shepherd at Yeltipena. Mr Dawson gave him a flock of sheep and put him into the Waterfall Hut, on the eastern edge of the hilly mallee scrub against my advice, as I knew he would

Page 258
get lost in such a place. The hut was named from a close-by perpendicular waterfall, then dry. The well at its foot, thirty or forty feet deep, was also dry, and I had to 'cart' water to him in a couple of five-gallon kegs slung across my horse's saddle, from Ignorama Well through the hilly country covered with big mallee.
Charley Dawson and I inspected the Waterfall Hut before he was placed there. I descended the well by placing my feet in the footholes cut on each side of the shaft to see if there was any sign of water below. But it was dry. The only things I found at the bottom were three lively opossums springing up towards me. So I had to go up again, get a waddy, descend once more, dispatch the poor things, and bring the bodies up to the surface, otherwise the water, when it did come in, would be contaminated. Besides, common humanity demanded that we should not allow them to slowly starve to death. That is Nature's way. But it was a lively fight! For I could not go to the bottom, or I should have been scratched to ribbons. The shepherd lost himself alright! And his sheep as well. They were scattered all abroad, and many of them were never recovered although we spent weeks hunting for them. I was the first to discover he was lost by finding

Page 259
sheep tracks where there should have been none. I was out on horseback at the time, and rode post haste to the station with the news. C.D. immediately got on his horse, and we both started the hunting. Accounts of these happenings I give in my 'Memoranda'
Some time after this, when things had got into proper order again at the Waterfall Hut, the new chum shepherd had his nephew, a boy of about eleven years, with him for company.
One night, while I was there, camping on the floor, the shepherd \cooked/ a hind-quarter of mutton. We had a portion for tea and breakfast, leaving the leg untouched. As I was engaged all day in carting – I mean 'horsing' – water to him in two five-gallon kegs for his use, I stayed there again the second night.
I arrived on my final trip the same time as the shepherd with his sheep. After he had yarded them, we were ready for tea. B. went to the canvas safe, but it was bare! like Old Mother

Hubbad's cupboard. He asked the boy, who had stayed at home to mind the hut, where the leg of mutton was. Says the Boy: 'I ate it!' 'What! the whole leg?' 'Yes,' said the kid, quite unaware of the great feat

Page 260
he had accomplished! – unattended as it was by fatal consequences. The shepherd looked blank, and I was a little impressed But we had to face a hard fact, and cook more meat for the evening meal and breakfast in the morning.
One gets used to everything. I became so thoroughly acquainted with that extensive mallee scrub that I could find my way through it in any direction without diverging greatly from an average straight line, notwithstanding that there was not so much as a flat in the lot.
One day I discovered a lovely little 'Robinson Crusoe' oasis where I should have liked to have built me a house and lived. It had a high, rocky, lookout on one side, overlooking a beautiful oasis a few acres in extent. In the centre was a small spring with a natural clearing around it. It was a natural secret hiding place. With his loved one how happy a man could be there!
Another place where a house would have suited me was on the great Moodlatana Plain. I could never make out why the head station was not fixed there. The panorama in all directions was grand, serene, and soothing. Water was abundant. At 'The Guide' hut Mr Dawson and I often camped, drafting sheep there by pitching them over the brush fence.

Page 261
The water in the well was stinking! So we cleaned it out one day, and found a layer of animal remains about four feet thick at the bottom! It was I who worked below; and the smell was strong enough to kill a bronze statue.
In travelling along the run we often alighted from our horse to quench our thirst at rock pockets half full of water after light rains. I speak for myself, and say that I invariably found the bottom portion covered with the kangaroo leavings – and yet we never caught any disease. At creeks, one way of getting a drink was by scooping up the water in the hands – sometimes one hand, sometimes both; another by placing the lips to the water; yet another by using a boot; whilst our hat would provide our hoses with a guzzle where the fluid was inacce\ss/ible to them. We had to muster about once a fortnight or three weeks, in order to supply the Blinman with cattle, or get a 'fat' beast for ourselves, as we lived upon corned beef mostly.
Occasionally we stalked and shot some wild goats that roamed about the hills. They were generally in fair condition, as they stood on their hind legs and ate their fil of shrubs. We appreciated this goats' flesh. As the season progressed without rain, the sheep became

Page 262
only lanterns when killed and dressed. This is not an overdrawn statement, but an absolute fact. Such is the interior of glorious Australia! The only places where artesian waters are likely to be obtained are those lying so low that underground supplies flow to them from the comparatively high mountains of tropical Queensland.
Australian stockriders are the best horsemen in the world! Going after cattle or kangaroos at full gallop in thick scrubs tries the skill of a rider to the utmost. There is a constant tangential impetus going on which conduces to a rapid dissolution of the partnership existing between man and horse.

A big ‘broombush’ suddenly comes in the way of the flying horse. The horse has made up its mind to pass on the right; the man has decided on the left. He swings his body in that direction, or pulls the reins if his hands are free. The speeding horse tries to obey the man; but his body cannot move as quickly as his mind, and in turning to the left he is a bit late, and the noble animal crashes through the centre of the bush, the man having to crouch low in the saddle to avoid being swept off. I have been served that way myself. It all happens in a few seconds. Your clothes and your skin come off second best in these encounters.

Page 263
A Bushman can guide his horse without the bridle while going at full speed by simply swaying to either side; or can go straight ahead by rising in the stirrups in a forward direction. The intelligent horse immediately responds to these movements of the rider.
One very big creek, rising at ‘The Guide’, ran westward through the hills and flats past Ignorama, across ‘Boord’s Plain, between the Ring Hills, and through the Brachina Pass in the western range, thence into Lake Torrens. The backbone range dividing the eastern and western watersheds was in the centre of the Ooraparinna Run, just east of ‘The Guide’. In a terrific thunderstorm that overtook me whilst I was in the act of crossing the backbone I saw the spectacle of flooded creeks on one side of me pouring their waters westward towards Lake Torrens, and on the other side of me making their way eastwards towards Lake Frome. The waters went their several ways, the one westward, the other eastward, to come to rest in lake beds hundreds of miles apart, and separated by a mass of ranges thirty miles wide – the Flinders Range.
Stockriders as they get older lose some of their neve and dash. In other words, they become more cautious. Young

Page 264
men are the ones for dash and recklessness. One instance I remember. A veteran stockrider, in crossing the brow of a steep hill, felt his horse slipping down to destruction on what are called sliding rocks. He became quite alarmed, and turned as pale as death; but he got his horse off sideways.
Down in the bed of the Devil’s Creek, with its high cliffs was a wide ledge of sliding rock. On horseback we could go down the creek only. Upon getting to the top of the slide we urged our horses on at speed and landed safely at the bottom. Had we adopted the cautious policy of going down slowly, the horses would have slidden down on their haunches.
Emu skins were valuable for the oil they contained. The oil was extracted by fixing up the skins before a fire and letting it drop out. Charley Wills informed me that he had placed some of this oil in a gun barrel and let it stand all night. In the morning, he assured me, the oil had sweated through the barrel.
The latin name of spinifex is Triodea Irritans. As almost everyone knows, it grows in small bunches at first, like a rolled-up porcupine, only round, with its needles sticking out all around – hence its common name of ‘porcupine grass’ – and extends with years into a circle of six feet diameter, being then nothing but a hollow ring, in which euros love to recline.
There are no leaves – only needles – long like the once-was

Page 265
ladies' hatpins – say twelve inches and less, with exceedingly sharp points. Hence the name 'Irritans', as it penetrates men's ankles and horses' fetlocks, causing irritation. Spinifex being useless for anything on this earth – except perhaps, for making paper – we used, when the days were scorching hot, to carry a long mallee firestick with us on horseback to burn it off. It would not burn – that is, the fire would not spread – without a wind, and that a red-hot one! So, starting the bunches on such a day, the fire would speed on, consuming all before it. But it never travelled very far, and we had to follow it up and apply the firestick repeatedly.
One day Charley D. and I were burning spinifex. The conflagration was raging beautifully, when the wind suddenly veered around, and the flames made straight for C.D. We were of course both on horseback. His horse – Norman – got confused with the smoke and heat, and refused to budge, notwithstanding much vigorous spurring by Charley. Not till the flames roared onto them did the horse, mad with terror, fly from the spot. It was laughable! I was an interested spectator, with a long firestick in my hand. I was on the point of riding up and applying my red-tipped mallee lance to Norman's flank, when Norman moved

Page 266
of his own accord and took himself and his rider into safety.I have just suggested that the only use \spinifex/ could be put to might be paper-making. With the dear labor of Australia, however, I am afraid it would not pay to gather and cart to a pulping mill. Spinifex comes out into seed in September. Cattle then eat the seed and seedstalks.
Mallee is a splendid wood for keeping alight. A fire in a in a Bush hut fireplace will keep alight for a fortnight if well covered with ashes. This applies also to red gum. Shepherds never allow their fires to go out. They simply banked them up with ashes, and there were glowing embers for them when they came home, and also in the morning. I have camped in a deserted hut for the night, with a glorious fire. Knowing I would be back there in a fortnight's time, I have banked the fire – not in the way that an engineer banks his boiler fires, but buried it completely. Upon returning there a fortnight later, I have found the embers, when resurrected, glowing and quite red in the face. In this instance the fire was red gum. Our fire-burning exploits were generally around the base of Mount Sunderland. The name is not on the maps, but it ought to be. It has a Government trig on top, and Ooraparinna men

Page 267
helped to build it out of the loose stones lying about, with a stick in the middle. It is about midway between St Mary's Peak and Mount Carnarvon, although not so conspicuous an object, as it is situated in the highest tableland in South Australia. St Mary's Peak is the highest mountain in South Australia, being, 3990 feet above the sea. Ooraparinna having been originally a cattle run, with still two thousand head remaining, 'spayed' cows were numerous. They had a piece of skin like a thick rope hanging down from the lower part of the neck in front. Spaying was done by cutting a gash in the side of the cow and removing the ovaries. The wound having been sewn up, she was let go. Spaying the cows prevented their breeding, and they became fat and fit for the market.
Three of us riding after cattle one day, we noticed a horse standing still. It was bones and skin – a hatrack! Charley Wills was sent over to inspect it. He returned and informed us that it was dead, but hadn't fallen down yet!

When out for a big mustering of cattle, Charley Wills was generally with us. He was a grand stockrider, and an ideal horseman. With his long legs he could stick on any horse.
One day his horse got away, as they will sometimes. That did not daunt him. He jumped on the back of a wild bullock in

Page 268
the mob, and rode it till near the yards, when he jumped off and helped to yard the cattle with his stockwhip.
Another day, while riding quietly along, a bull eyed him viciously, snorted, and then gave chase. Charley drew his revolver, laid it on the horse's hind-quarters, and waited till the bull had his horns ready for action. Charley then drew the trigger, and the bulky animal fell dead with a bullet through his brain. I have many times encountered those wild bulls on the run. They never attacked me, but often made a 'demonstration'. There was no danger while on horseback and with a stockwhip. And on foot a man always had a revolver.
Once, while trying to get a mob of wild cattle into the Ooraparinna stockyards, we on this occasion at anyrate were overwhelmed for the time by a rush from the maddened creatures.
A nimble cow – a cow, mind you! – with flaming eyes chased Charley Wills. It was impossible for him to turn, so he had to keep going. Before him was the creek, with its rocky, perpendicular bank six feet deep. Down this he jumped his horse without the slightest hesitation, and landed safely, the bed being flat and gravelly. The cow stopped on the bank, surveyed him with lurid eyes, and thought a big big 'D' – at least, I suppose so. We had a job then to get those cattle together again

Page 269
and get them into the big receiving yard. In slaughtering cattle for our own consumption, we brought in a few head of the 'fattest'. Selected the best one in the yard, and let the others loose, when they scampered off.
One day we kept a cancerous beast back. The others being gone, I let it out of the slip-panels. Charley Dawson stood ready with a double-barrelled gun loaded with ball. Allowing the bullock to get forty or fifty yards away, Charley took steady aim at the scampering beast and fired, planting a bullet deftly behind the off shoulder, when it fell dead, never moving again. We then covered the body with wood and burn~~ed~~\t/ it. The bullock that we kept back for beef for ourselves we left in the big yard. Getting the beast to face us, Charley, aiming at the forehead with the ball-loaded gun, fired and ended its career. After bleeding it, we hauled the carcass up to the high 'gallows' and skinned and dressed it. The 'gallows' consisted of two forked trunks of trees fixed in the ground with a bush-made windlass overhead. We always dry-salted our beef, leaving it out in the open air all night, and getting up before daylight every morning – on account of blowflies – and packing it into casks. We did this every day until cured.

Page 270
Once, by chance and good luck, a cask of pickled port was sent to us from Port Augusta as far as Wilpena – whence Charley Dawson and I carted it the rest of the way per two-horse light spring dray – the dray I was destined to travel hundreds of miles with later on. The pork proved very fat and soft – real ship's pork! It boiled away to about half its weight. But, ye gods! was it not delicious with our course, dry, beef! Alas! for myself, however! nemesis overtook me, though I partook of only the smallest portion of that delicacy. I was sick after eating of it every time! until

my organisation became used to such an innovation! In going to Wilpena for supplies – via Port Augusta – Mr Dawson and I always went together, and the reason will soon be seen.
The light spring dray had a history. It took a newly-married lady up to Ooraparinna from Adelaide some years before I arrived there. The newly-married couple were my dear Marianne's sister, Charlotte Clode, and Mr Chas. Dawson, the manager of the run. It was a long journey, occupying several weeks. The distance was three hundred and sixty miles, with a camp-out almost every night. That dray, by the time I had become acquainted with it, and even more so by the time I had finished with it, was something like Paddy's gun with its new lock, stock, and barrel.

Page 271
I myself had to refit it with new shafts made of mallee saplings, besides other parts of the woodwork. The iron and the wheels were about all that remained of the original structure. In the end I took the dray, with two horses, after a journey of some hundreds of miles, to the Burra, where I had the tyres cut and shut. The air in the Far North was lacking in the slightest suspicion of moisture. Drays sent up from Adelaide were soon so rickety that if not constantly attended to they fell to pieces.
The cart track from Wilpena to Ooraparinna was rough – winding through creek beds, on their banks, around hills, and over them. It was picturesque, anyhow! Starting from Ooraparinna S.E.wards over stones, creeks, and flats for a mile or two, we came to hills. Turning south, the hills were steep, and some cuttings had been made around them. At one spot a reef of apparently pure iron outcropped and ran out of sight over a hill. Don't laugh! It's a fact! But although it ran over the hill, it is there yet, and has been there for thousands of million \of/ years! And it will remain there thousands of millions more, unless some miners come along with gads, drills, hammers, and picks and dig it up! It was black as coal, not quite two feet high, one foot wide, and stood up like a dwarf wall.

Page 272
Further on, in a valley, was a hungry-looking hill of hard quartz. It stood up high, right in the the centre of the valley, and the water, when there was any, had to finds its way around it. Still further along the track were the workings of the Appieallana Copper Mine. Then, gradually turning westward, came the station of that name. Permanent water here in the driest of seasons. It stood me in good stead years afterwards when out on a trip with a friend – in 1894, in fact. Still westward the track ascended that high and very steep hill mentioned before. How could we get down it on the return journey with a loaded dray minus a brake? That was why there were two of us!
Onward some miles. In a creek and on the bank, high hills all around, all covered with spinifex. This was the base of Mount Sunderland. Then out on to a flat, and a sudden turn south, cutting the main Blinman track. Over 'The Jumbles', a series of hillocks like a lot of gigantic eggs cut into halves and planted down side by side, down which in days even then gone by teamsters rolled their wool bales, bringing on their empty bullock drays afterwards. That was what Mr Dawson informed me. Now a roadway had been cut through the obstruction, and all was smooth sailing.

Page 273
Over a succession of winding, uneven flats, with creeks here and there, grand hill scenery on every hand St. Mary's Peak and range on the west, dwarfing all the other hills and ranges. They stood out majestically six or seven miles away.
Finally a turn westward again. Then through the Wilpena Gap (in the A.B.C. Range) and creek. A turn to the left, and the Wilpena Eating-House, with its mass of pine huts, was reached. There we could get refreshments.
Two miles further west, off the main Blinman track, was Wilpena Head Station – really on the track to the romantic Wilpena Pound, seen by so few people. When 'Little Energy', as Pasquin later on dubbed Mr. E.W.Goyder, the surveyor-General, sent his men to the top of St. Mary's Peak, it took them a day to get there and descend again; and a man was sent back for a fresh supply of drinking water. The Surveyor-General was much interested in that region, and he it was who stated to Mr Dawson that the table-land around the base of Mount Sunderland was the highest in South Australia. Hayward's Bluff, at Aroona Head Station, is a conspicuous landmark, as it rises seven hundred feet above the

Page 274
plain. All that land is well watered. The Bluff was named after Mr J.F. Hayward, the owner of Aroona, and the man whom Mr Boord helped to rescue when the station was stuck up by Blacks. The aborigines were numerous in the Gap near the Wilpena Eating-House when we arrived, for this was a favorite camping-place, kangaroos being plentiful and the water permanent.
Going back to Ooraparinna next day, we came to the steep hill near Appieallana, down which we had to go. Taking an axe, we lopped off heavy, bushy, branches of trees and saplings. Fixing these to the dray, with the leafy parts resting on the ground, we made a start down the hill. Our brake acted splendidly. I standing on the branches, with Charley at the horse's head, we reached the bottom in safety. In due course we arrived home without mishap.
At Appieallana the vandal miners had cut nearly all the gum trees down. There were still a few left. Firewood being scarce in 1865, Mrs Wills made a bet with Charley, her son, that he could not cut down a certain fine gum tree with the axe in a given time. The stake was a pound of tobacco. I knew the tree well. It was stately, long-branched, with a girth of about fifteen feet. Charley, a good axeman, accepted the bet – and won the tobacco. That was one more noble gum the less!

Page 275
On the occasions of sporting visits I paid there in 1889 and 1894, there was not one left. In the latter year, being being caught in heavy, stormy weather, I and a friend accompanying me made a camp-fire in one of the big stumps. And we rescued two belated miners there, and took them down with us to Hawker. But there was no Hawker then.
An experienced axeman makes only two cuts into the biggest of trees – one on each side. A new chum cuts all around the bole.
Coming back to kangaroos, once an overseer and an enterprising new chum were riding along in these parts. They saw an 'Old Man', like the one of Boords's Plain, rise up from under the shade of a tree. The new chum was eager to attack the marsupial. The overseer advised him not to. But he was bent upon distinguishing himself. Dismounting from his horse, he cautiously approached the 'Old Man'. But Mr Kangaroo faced about, took the man in his arms, gave him a powerful hug, then tried to hold him out at arm's length while he attempted to rip him down with a formidable big toe.

The overseer yelled to him to stick close to the animal, which he had the sense to do, with a great effort. The overseer then rushed to the rescue. A knock on the head with a loaded stockwhip handle downed the kangaroo, and the

Page 276
man was saved. 'Never again!' said he. One day Charley Wills and I, with two dogs, chased some euros into a waterhole. There they stood at bay. The dogs rushed in. The euros hugged the dogs and threw them into the water. The dogs ran away, and we let the plucky euros off.
In my long journeys over the run, my horse frequently knocked up with weakness. Then it was a case of throwing the saddle into a bush, taking the bridle, and walking on to the station. Many a time I have arrived there, tired and weary, at ten or eleven at night. In the winter time, too, it would be long after dark when I arrived home, and so stiff with the cold that my fingers were nerveless and useless, whilst I could not straighten myself out for a considerable time. In the summer time, on the other hand, one was mostly parched with thirst.
I camped out alone oftener than with a companion. Sometimes I had Charley Wills with me. In mustering, there might be four. But I enjoyed camping out most with not more than three of us – Charley Dawson, Charley Wills and myself – H.H. Tilbrook. Then it was a luxury. And to have either one as a camping mate was a pleasure. But all by ones self it was a lonely job.

Page 277
As the horses got poorer they became lousy. I had evidence of this one evening. Taking off the saddle to camp for the night in a small saucer-shaped gully, sloping down from a low range, on the upper edge of a big mallee scrub, I put my arms around my mare's neck before hobbling her. Upon looking at my arms, I found them smothered with lice! They did not get on the saddle. They disappear when the coat becomes glossy.
Experienced Bushmen will not camp in long creeks if there is any sign of a thunderstorm. One party, to my knowledge, was washed out of camp through taking the chance, and lost some of its gear. In another case a hawker was foolish enough to camp with his van and horses in the bed of a large creek. A flood came down in the night, and he lost van, stock, and horses. If you, the reader, wish to understand the suddenness, the severity, and the copiousness of a thunderstorm in the Bush, just turn to the account of a storm that overtook me on the Backbone Range above 'The Guide' on my twenty-six mile journey on foot from Angorigina to Ooraparinna in the same year – 1865. 'Memoranda'. With regard to 'gibber' country: where porcupine grows in the hills it is always gibbers. But even some of the plains

Page 278
east of the First Plain, where porcupine grass was absent, were gibber plains. That is, the plains and sloping hills were thickly sprinkled with angular stones like 3½ inch road metal. It was hard going for horse or man.
As the drought persistently bore down upon the land, communication between us and civilization gradually became cut off. No fresh supplies could be sent up, and the wool remained in the woolshed.
One day, however, a four-horse wagon came along to take some of our wool away- It was midwinter, with the thermometer falling as low as 15º at night, the waterholes frozen right across with a thin film of ice every morning.

On one such evening as this the waggon came in, partly loaded. Upon it was a woman, with her newly-born baby only a few days old! Mrs Dawson took pity on her and invited her into the house, and there fed and warmed her. The wagon came in from the North.
In the morning we topped up with wool. I being on top, the driver threw me a rope to join to another one. I made that knot in a few seconds – because I knew how! Had I not known how to knot a rope, it would have taken minutes – which shows the value of training, and of knowing the best

Page 279
method of doing things. We then helped the lady, with her baby, up on to the highest pinnacle of wool, and saw her driven off in the cold, biling air. The poor woman shivered.
Later on we ascertained that they had an eventful time after leaving us. Getting over the first rough ground, and arriving at the cuttings mentioned before, near the Appieallana Mine, the wagon upset into a gully! How the poor woman escaped death seemed miraculous! Camping there, perforce, for the night, the driver – who, by the way, was not the woman's husband – went on, on foot, another mile to the deserted mine in order to get water. Descending the shaft by a ladder way, he went down placidly till he came to a broken rung.
Then he nearly disappeared into the depths below! Fortunately, he had a strong grip, and he pulled himself up again. He had been hanging by his arms. He went back without getting any water for the billy, and they had to go tealess to their blankets. Some days afterwards Mr Chas. Dawson and I followed their tracks on horseback for seventeen miles

Page 280
into Wilpena. We saw their camping-place at the cutting where the accident happened, but knew nothing of the event till we came to Appieallana, when Mrs Wills told us of the misadventure. There were no buildings at the mine itself, so they could not get shelter there.
Further along we saw evidence that the driver was a strange customer. Thick bark was torn of many saplings and other gums by the hubs of the wheels! At another spot, on the bank of a creek, he had driven so close to the edge that the waggon had almost toppled over again. Whether he was drunk or not I could not say; but he showed no signs of it at Ooraparinna. And we kept no intoxicants on the station, as every man Jack of us – Jennies and all – were practically teetotallers, never tasting any liquor stronger than tea from one year's end to the other.
The sequel to this story came to me personally many months afterwards on the Yednalue Run, one hundred and eighty miles further south, which I shall relate in its proper place. Horses are interesting creatures. All bushmen love them. A bushman's first thought is for his horse. In camping we always tried to select a spot where there was feed, even if

Page 281
there was no water. The clinking of the hobble-rings throughout the night was music to a lonely camper. When the silence was continuous I often had to get up in the darkness to bring the horse back to camp before it got too far away. That was at dry camps. At the same time the horse might be standing up, asleep! I have never known a Bush horse to lie down at night. He will roll after a journey, and then get up. Indeed one had to be particularly smart to get the saddle off before he started rolling!

Taking my hat from a peg on the wall of the hut once, I happened to see a large centipede creep in and nestle under the band inside. I do not like centipedes, and I gave this one notice to quit. After a while, the drought becoming more severe, the owner came up to the station. It would have been better had he kept away. We both worked well without him. I, for one, resented his interference; whilst the manager was not too well pleased.
Late one afternoon, after a hard day's mustering, I was cutting some firewood at Government House, where I also still slept. He expected me to cut up a great heap

Page 282
into short lengths. But I had other ideas! For I had already put in a full day after cattle, and was not inclined to break up more than sufficient for the night. We had kept back in the yard the 'fattest' cattle, and turned the others loose. Some were meandering about in sight of the station. I gave a chop, and rested on the axe – for a purpose! I gave another chop, and rested again! I knew that would bring the owner out. He soon appeared at the door. He was boiling over! I remarked upon the appearance of the cattle, not doing a stroke while he stood there. He nearly blew up! He choked, and gave me surly replies. At last he went inside. And I gave another chop, and rested! Then he cleared off, in a red-hot temper! When he was well out of sight, I set to work in earnest, and soon reduced the woodheap. I toadied to no one; and I desp. toadies!
Again, in the depth of winter, with the thermometer at 19º Fah. and the pools covered with fairly thick ice, he expected me to be out at six a.m. to wash wool in the icy water I tried it, and got rheumatic pains in my arms for my trouble.

Page 283
After that I did get up at six certainly, but went into the mile square horse paddock, set fire to big porcupine tufts and warmed myself at the generous heat. Then I visited the woolshed and inspected the wool until breakfast-time. We all dined together. When the owner asked me if I had been washing the wool at the ice pools, I said No! And, what was more, did not intend washing wool for him or any one else until the sun was up and had melted the ice! I had more respect for my limbs, and did not intend crippling myself with rheumatism or putting in a crop of it for my old age! He was taken quite aback, and the gentleman came up in him. He said, apologetically, 'I don't expect you to, Henry.' That settled the matter, and we got on well together after that. In fact, he placed great trust in me, as the latter part of this my story will show.
While the owner was there, we started shearing. 'We' consisted of Mr Sims, Mr Chas Dawson, Charley Wills, and H.H. Tilbrook (myself). I am proud to say that I was the 'ringer' with the 'magnificent' tally of forty sheep a day! [A professional shearer has done as many as done as many as one hundred

Page 284
and fifty with the hand-shears. But he was a marvel!] The sheep were veritable sandbags, and so poor that it was with difficulty we could get the shears into the hollows. I found that success in shearing depended greatly upon being able to keep your shears sharp with the Turkey stone. I managed to get into the knack of it.
We worked at the shearing for a fortnight, and during that time I took off Three Hundred and Eighty-four fleeces, my average being thirty-two a day. At four p.m. each day, I knocked off shearing and tarred and branded the animals.

In starting, I soon got a bunged lip from a sheep's hoof. I broke a rib of one wretched animal as I pressed my knee on it to keep it down whilst it was trying to kick my face in. The animal got in one good shot, and I went about with a swollen face for a day or two. Cuts on the sheep were numerous, and the tarbrush was much in use. The only treatment the sheep got for a cut was one dab of tar.
One day Charley Wills whistled to me. I looked up, and he quietly showed me a cut in the abdomen of a sheep that he was shearing quite six inches long. He covered it with tar,

Page 285
and it healed up so far as I knew. Of all back-breaking jobs, sheep-shearing takes the Banbury Bun! Our backs were like bone, and it took us a long time to straighten out after each sheep
Our feet are tender members of the human body. With civilized people that is because we wear boots. Besides being tight-fitting, they are also unventilated.
The foul air in my boots always poisoned my feet unless I took them off for the night. Sometimes we had to sleep with our boots on. Many stockriders, when camping out night after night until compelled to take them off. When I tried this, my feet became poisoned, and I invariably had to get out of my blanket and pull of my boots to get rid of the foul air. Some men could endure their boots on night after night. I was done the first night.
There was one happening at Ooraparinna that seemed rather strange to me. Mr Sims having been on a trip to England, brought out with him a pair of magnificent compound field-glasses of high power as a present to Mr Dawson. A better present could hardly have been thought of. But Mr D. resented the gift with the greatest animosity,

Page 286
chiefly on account of its weight. He would never carry it out with him. They were hand-ground, and of the best. They gave perfect definition, and their weight was an index to their quality, owing to the number of lenses it takes to make a perfect instrument. I lost my own five-draw pocket telescope one day while driving along some wild sheep that I had found. I have described the extraordinary manner of that loss in a separate article.
At last the drought became so bad that we had to call in all the shepherds.
Yeltipena. – Mr Charley Dawson himself carted Mrs Glass and her children from Yeltipena into the head station, the husband driving the flock on foot. The distance, I repeat, was thirteen miles.
I accompanied the cart on horseback to help on the difficult track, where there were numerous deep creeks and steep hills. That country was mostly inaccessible to vehicles. Yet I had carried two-hundred-pound bags of flour strapped to my horse's saddle along that track alone – and it was a job to get down and up the creeks, and I walked alongside and urged the horse on.
Mrs Glass was of a querulous nature, and I was highly

Page 287
amused – and also delighted! – to hear her abuse the manager, and tell him that he would not cart his own wife about in that way! It was great!!! Charley was quite distressed at the baseless accusation. And, having a fiery temper, he hotly resented it! Notwithstanding that fiery temper, Charley Dawson was a hard-headed, practical fellow, with a frank and taking disposition. He has not an enemy in the world. He called a spade a spade. And he went off suddenly like dynamite; but it was all over in a minute.

He and I had a scrap in that way occasionally for I never would take blame where I didn't earn it. He soon found that out, and we were always the closest of friends, and had the greatest respect for each other, for we both did our duty scrupulously without any shirking.
Everybody liked him, although he was always chaffing someone or other. When things went wrong, Charley's biggest oath was, 'Beggar it!' So, of course, I heartily enjoyed the dressing down Charley got from querulous Mrs Glass with every bump of the cart as it went into dangerous creeks, climbed up banks, slid down hills – the old cart swinging from side

Page 288
to side, Mrs G. holding on like grim death on top of all, and the children, especially the biggest girl, radiant with delight! I enjoyed that journey immensely! Charley didn't! Although it was only thirteen miles, we did not arrive at the home station till evening.
Mrs G. had a large goitre on her neck. Being an English woman, she had sense, although totally uneducated, not being able to \even/ read or write; yet she told me in a few words how she got that great swelling on her neck.
When a girl, in cold Lancashire, she used to put her fingers to her neck to warm them. Result: Congestion of the blood vessels set in there, and a goitre formed gradually. A somewhat similar thing happens to trees. An insect punctures an English oak tree, or an Australian sheoak, and lays an egg there. The circulation of the sap is thus interfered with, and a great nodule, termed a 'gall', grows there. While on this subject, I may as well say that this good lady lived to be over eighty years of age, and died, I believe, at Farina, leaving her husband still alive. We at last got the remnant of our sheep to the head station. It was a sorry remnant, too, for the sheep that were too far gone to travel had to be left behind.
All the shepherds except two were discharged and

Page 289
sent away. At last Mr Charley Dawson, Charlotte his wife, and the whole family – Mary Clegg and all – departed for Port Augusta. The sole people left on the station were the two shepherds, Mr Sims, and myself – H. H.Tilbrook. The two shepherds were to herd \the/ sheep down the country to the land of grass; whilst I was to take charge of the party – go ahead of them, find water, pick out camps, and cook for all hands; the owner going off to Adelaide, and coming back occasionally to see where we were and how we were getting on. He himself was to give notice to other squatters that we were about to travel through their runs.
Some time before we started, I rose many degrees in the estimation of the owner when I discovered, and at great trouble to myself brought home to the station two hundred wild sheep which I espied late one afternoon on the slope of a short range a few miles away from 'The Guide'. Charley Wills also, after we had started, found another fifty, and chased us with them. Mr Sims was so pleased that he rewarded him with a cheque. The aborigines were gathering thickly at the station

Page 290
After the departure of Mr Dawson and family. There were no women among these Blacks – That looked ominous! So, taking my 'little fellow mukketty', I every day approached their camps in the rocky creek-bed and blazed away at the boles of the large gum trees that grew there. That kept them in awe.

I expressed my belief to Mr Sims that they intended attacking us. Accordingly he decided to take action, and went, accompanied by myself, amongst them one evening, and informed them, with deliberate emphasis, that we had plenty big one lot of big-fellow mukketty and little-fellow mukketty, and would use them if they molested us. This must have alarmed them, for after a secret yabber-yabber amongst themselves they decided to fight shy of so dangerous a spot! They cleared off suddenly in the night, first going down the big chimney of a hut where spare stores were kept, and which, of course, was padlocked, robbing it of things that were useful to them. They then went off towards the head of the Borrelinna Creek, thence over the Bunker Ranges, and thirty miles to Tooth's Knob, on the Great Eastern Plains, where there were six white men.

Page 291
Before reaching that station, however, they were joined by another mob of Blacks. Numbers apparently giving them courage, they stuck up the station and helped themselves to goods in the store.
Every station has a store, where clothes, boots, tobacco, and some other little luxuries were sold to the men at a slight advance on the cost price. Foodstuffs consisted of black sugar – which, in our store, I had to chop out of the gunnybag with an axe -; coarse lake salt; and tea. Then there were such luxuries as currants and plum jam. But few people indulged in the two last-named. Butter, milk, or cream were things unknown. As were also vegetables – not even a 'spud' or an onion being represented. And as nothing in the shape of fruit or vegetables grow in this wonderful Australian Bush of ours, no one ever tasted such things – except, perhaps, in their dreams! Coffee, or grog of any kind, had no place there. Grease was the universal boot polish. And yet condensed milk must have been in existence even in those days, although I saw none of it in either South Australia or Melbourne. But in New Zealand, a few months

Page 292
later, I made constant use of it. – – –
The time has now come for us now to leave the station and run – and leave the former unguarded, with the wool in the woolshed, the store full of stores, and all the other buildings empty, except for a few things in the kitchen, and at Government House. I was to take two horses and the light spring dray, laden with food and the three usual cooking utensils – viz; a campoven, a big iron pot on three legs, and a billy, with bucket, pannikins, tinplates, knives, forks, and spoons – and an axe; and butcher's tools. That was all, except riding saddle and bridle, hobbles, ropes, shoeing implements, &c. I had been busy fitting shoes to the two horses – one almost a colt – to be nailed to their hoofs, cold, at any wayside camp.
The life was not to be an excessively rosy one. We had no tent. On this protracted but interesting expedition we had to be out in all weathers, night and day, without shelter of any kind. But nobody growled! Nowadays the new order of workmen seem to want sheets and pillowslips, with pretty damsels to waft them to by-by!

Page 293
We had one sheep-dog belonging to the station, and another owned by a shepherd. On the first day, the whole brunt of driving the sheep from the head station fell upon me! It was one of the most arduous jobs of my life. By the end of the day, the sheep nearly got away from me, when help arrived in time and the situation was saved. It was like a nightmare while it lasted! But

before recording our lengthy in search of feed, I will mention a few little items omitted from the above. In the summer time the Australian sun was so fierce that to minimise its effects upon our thin white skulls, we never made a journey without filling our hats with fresh, green leaves – generally mallee.
Then, again, there is that 'sublime' song which begins like this: –

'There is a land whose summer skies
Are blended with ten million flies!'
Aus-tra-lia! Aus-tra-lia!'

And true it is! They worry the poor horses almost to death. In tramping, one has to gather a switch from some friendly bush, and then keep one arm going like a flail. At every step he has to switch the flies from his face with the utmost rapidity – a double motion, forward and back, or the will

Page 294
get into his eyes, up his nostrils, down his throat! The buzzing little d___ beggars I mean ___ try their best to eat you alive! The hotter the day, the more freely the juices circulate through their pestilential little bodies, and the more vigorous they become. One dare not open one's mouth, or he would go through the unwelcome operation of being forcibly fed.
One afternoon, arriving home at the station after a long day's ride, and having dismounted from my horse and thrown away the switch in order to remove the saddle and bridle, Charlotte came out of the house and would insist upon asking me questions. I was furiously trying to keep the flies away with both hands full. I daren't open my mouth for fear of swallowing the entire population of flies. But I had to, for Charlotte was insistent. So, perforce, I opened my mouth to speak – and down they went! And I spluttered and choked! And Charlotte didn't get an answer after all! although I always like to be civil to ladies. I hear somebody say, why didn't you wear nets? Why, indeed! If I had had the ordering of things, I would have had a ton of them at the station store.
I ought to be more explicit about the Horse Paddock

Page 295
at the station. The creek ran through the lower part of it The creek-bed was full of young gum saplings up to fifty feet high. As the drought became more severe, these fine saplings withered and died. A few of the deep-rooted ones survived. The fence around the paddock must have had a circumferential length of about four miles. It had three rails – each \set of/ rails built up of pine trees. It was built up in this way.
A stout mallee fork [*see diagram*] was fixed in the ground, supplemented by others. In these forks a pine tree was laid as a rail. That was rail No. One. To carry the second rail, two mallee poles were straddled across the bottom rail, the two ends in the ground, making another fork for the second lot of rails. The third rail was fixed in the same way, only the poles had to be much longer affair. The whole affair [*see diagram*] was a clumsy contrivance, no doubt; but it cost no money.
Labor was cheap. Men got One Pound per week and rations. Nevertheless, I think I could have devised a much better fence, and one very much less laborious to build. The fence needed a lot of attention. Whenever I saw a post down with rot or white ants, I always went out unasked, with crowbar, axe, and spade, and put in fresh posts. Charley Dawson used

Page 296
to appreciate this, as it took a lot of anxiety off his mind. White ants do not eat our cypress pine wood; it was the mallee they tackled.
One day Charley Dawson and I were mending the fence. He was knocking in a mallee stake with an axe whose head was none too secure. I kept my eye on it. The inevitable soon happened. Charley belted away! Off flew the axe head! I was holding the stake with both hands. I could not get away. So the axehead landed on my hipbone with a thud! Charley, much concerned, asked if I was hurt. I said, 'No!' And I had a job to keep myself from showing how lame I was! One other little point. When out after cattle, we always used a surcingle over the top of the saddle and under the belly of the horse in addition to the girths. The surcingles we made ourselves of raw hide. They were of great strength.
Owing to the great drought, the Blinman Mine had ceased working. One day, when I was there with Mr Swan of Angorigina, we both saw the very last charge being drawn from the reverberatory furnace, with its low-arched roof and intense white-hot molten slag and flowing copper. We watched the copper being run into moulds, and the slag withdrawn from another outlet. The furnace was then allowed to cool. Copper-laden drays were standing deserted

Page 297
along the track on that portion which went by Youngoona and the Ring Hills.
BRINGING DOWN 2500 SHEEP FROM OORAPARINNA
Ooraparinna to Burra Burra, and Back to Booborowie
On October 5th, 1865, I took charge of Two Thousand Five Hundred sheep, all that remained of our flocks. The shepherds had not arrived. Consequently I had to turn shepherd for the nonce, with the aid of one dog! I also pressed several friendly Black Men into my service; and I needed all their help on that momentous day! The sheep were mostly weaners, and wild as kangaroos, almost.
During the drought, we had to kill off all the lambs to save the mothers – a job I disliked extremely. But needs must when Nature drives! The poor little creatures would have died a lingering death but for us, for there is no god

Page 298
to end their sufferings mercifully, notwithstanding what foolish 'religious' people say about 'the Lord tempering the winds to the shorn lamb.' The absurdity of such talk! The lot I had now in hand represented the 'survival of the fittest,' as that man of intellect and intelligence, Darwin, put it. Being the 'fittest', they were 'lively', and I had the benefit of their liveliness on the most critical day of the journey – viz, the first day.
By night time I was supposed to have them safely at Appieallana Water. And I had! But it was by dint of the hardest work I had ever performed. The distance, direct, was only five miles – but about fifteen by the route taken by the wandering sheep. It was over constantly rising ground, most of it being spinifex-covered hills. The total rise was about five hundred feet. It went up step by step till nearing Appieallana. Taking them up a small plain first, I got the sheep into the hills, so steep and piled up, that only creeks and narrow gullies divided them, and rising gradually to higher tablelands The animals did not want to leave the run, and tried their hardest to get back. I sent the dog after them on one side, while I pelted,

Page 299
and shouted at, them on the other, for they were trying to work back on both flanks, with a very wide spread.
The Blackfellows worked a bit at first, but they had to be forced. The sharp stones cut their naked feet badly – for the spinifex ground was all 'gibber' land. And the porcupine needles helped to make them happier and more comfortable by playfully piercing their ankles and legs!
At length, late in the evening, Appieallana was reached. I was tired and weary. The sheep were as lively as ever! There is no doubt about sheep being hardy creatures. The dog was lamed, – completely knocked out – and of no more use
The Blackfellows came to me, also lamed, and turned up the soles of their naked feet for my inspection. They were gashed to a depth, obliquely, of half-an-inch to one inch. But their soles were hardend almost to the thickness of sole leather; so there was not much blood spilt. At sundown the sheep were just getting the upperhand of me and making back, when the two shepherds arrived, with the extra dog. I thankfully gave them possession, whilst I took control of the two horses, the dray, and the stores
I had a good night's rest in hospitable Mrs Wills's house.

Page 300
She was ever kind to me. She always called me 'Henry', for I was still a boy of sixteen. Sarah was there; also Charley and George – the latter only a small lad. Sarah, with her plumpness, if fashionably dressed, would have made a society beauty.
For one more day we remained at Appieallana. As I have said, we were now on a tableland, and it was only by the hardest work, aided by the Blacks and the extra dog, that we were able to prevent the sheep from descending into the head of the Devil's Creek on their attempted way back to their old haunts. There was no sheepyard at Appieallana, and the sheep had to be watched all night by the shepherds.
It will be noticed by these writings that the printed account on the opposite page [*see page 301*] of Mr Chas. Dawson's career, taken from the Advertiser of May 24th, 1923 has the one little error of making Charley the last man to leave the run. As a matter of fact, I was that individual, Charley having left some weeks before.

Page 301
[*Newspaper Clippings*] Thursday May 24, [*handwritten*] *1923/* 86 years in the State. Charles Dawson, Pioneer. By a Contributor.

> 'Do we realize what wonderful stories the few remaining pioneers have to tell? Charles Dawson, for instance, has been in the State for 86 years. During that time he has watched the scrub change into city and towns, watched the rails creep out into the country and the wealth flow in. Never again, perhaps, will the world witness the transformation of untouched bush into a developed State within the lifetime of one man. Mr. Dawson, though only a child when he left England, remembers seeing Cocking, the early 'airman,' venture aloft in his baloon. He crashed and fell, giving his life like many another brave man, for the ultimate conquest of the air. Just as they were leaving the old land, a train was seen steaming from London to Blackwall. Mr. Dawson, sen., was a saddler, and it was the coming of the railway that decided him to seek new fields. He was convinced that as a result there would not be a living for the saddler! They came out by the good ship Hooghly – 300 on board a 500-ton boat. The voyage took four months and no land was seen all the

way out. Charles Dawson celebrated his eighth birthday on board. On the same boat travelled 'Sandy' Weatherstone, who had charge of a Shorthorn bull for the South Australian Company. Upon arrival in Adelaide the family settled in Hindley street, and the children were sent to the Trinity Church School. In 1839 they were called out of school to follow Col. Light to his grave. Lately Mr. Dawson and Mrs. William Kelly (nee Miss Gould) were recounting early experiences, and both told how they had attended that same funeral 86 years ago. In the same year old Government House was burnt. News from the old country was very scant in those days, but Mr. Dawson well remembers his mother receiving a letter announcing the introduction of the telegraph, and describing it as 'a speedy conveyance of intelligence.'

Lost in the Scrub Near Currie Street.

'Adelaide was primitive enough. The southern portion of the new city was thickly timbered, and men were often heard coo-eeing after dark in order to find their way back to Currie or Hindley streets! The water supply for that part of the town was obtained from a well in the middle of Leigh street. This well was afterwards covered, and I think the top collapsed not very long ago. The blacks, who were very plentiful, could be heard in their corroborees almost every evening. In 1851 Charles Dawson took employment with his brother-in-law, Richard Smith, live stock salesman, the only rival firm being that of the late Mr. C. B. Fisher. Auctioneering was not generally adopted in stock sales in those days. Without rail or telegraph there was often great difficulty in balancing the supply and demand. Dearth or plenty depended upon the almost chance arrival of distant travelled mobs. The firms of Fisher and Smith seem to have been the right kind of rivals. Either was prepared to supply the other with stock if possible. Mr. Dawson holds a very high regard for the business character of C.B.Fisher. From Adelaide he went to the south-east in 1857 to manage a run at Reedy Creek, owned by George Davenport and Richard Smith as partners. Later, when Smith sold his half-share to J. Dunlop, Mr. Dawson left the property, first delivering a mob of cattle to Melbourne. He now went north and took charge of Oraparina, in the Flinders Range, owned first by Septimus Boord and later by Simms, an old English regular who was wounded in the New Zealand war. George Dewdney, George Morley, and Tom Coffin were contemporaries of his on neighbouring properties. Mr. Dawson met Messrs. Stuart and Hergott before and after their big trip north.'

A Terrible Drought.

'The big drought of the early sixties changed the whole life of the north. It now became a struggle to keep the stock alive. Scarcely any rain for two years was too much even for our north country. Gradually the stock thinned out, and eventually the station, like many others, had to be abandoned. In'65 Mr. Dawson took his wife to Port Augusta, finding it difficult to get through as no horse feed was available. It was sad to leave the old station empty. The run is still very dear to the old man's heart. He can minutely describe its topography; the place seems literally stamped upon his memory. Eventually Mr. Dawson settled in Mount Bryan flat. He took up land a few sections at a time, and devoted himself chiefly to sheep. In the early days, when the rail was being laid to Hallett, he killed sheep and supplied the workmen and district. Gradually he built up a merino stud of high quality. The Aldina Stud, first under Mr. Charles, and later under his son F.G. Dawson,

has always been known as a high-class flock. In 1905, Mr. Dawson retired from active life and removed to Merrindie, Giles Corner, where he still lives. His wife died eight years ago. He is still active and grumbles if his shortness makes it difficult for him to perform his self-appointed tasks. His three sons and three daughters still survive. He is 92 years of age.'

Page 302

MIDWAY TOWARDS WILPENA.

October 7th, 1865 We finally made a start on October 7th, 1865. I had to pick out a way across country for the spring-dray to Wilpena, twelve miles away direct. I walked all the way. We camped that night on the bank of a dry creek.

The two shepherds, with the two dogs, were now quite equal to bringing the sheep along. The country was much easier to traverse, being flats and fair-sized hills, with innumerable dry creeks, all being on a downward tendency. I had the camp chosen and the tea ready for the men when they came up. The tea consisted of damper, roast mutton, and black tea – called 'post-and-rail' tea because of the length of the 'posts' and 'rails' in the tea. I was in complete charge of this expedition. My duties were to search for water, fix upon a camp, water and hobble out the horses, and of course find them in the morning.

The cooking I did when most convenient, either afternoons or mornings. This consisted of making damper, roasting mutton, boiling doughnuts when we had any fat, and making the tea. Then, when out of mutton, I had to kill and dress a sheep by the wayside. This I had to do pretty often, for

Page 303

one sheep would not last three men and two dogs long. Then I had to cold-shoe the two horses when they needed it. And collect firewood at every camp. So I had plenty to do without looking after the sheep.

On this occasion our camp was a dry one, and that is always bad for both man and beast, and the horses are likely to stray. At the camp fires the shepherds told yarns about all that had ever happened to themselves, or that they had ever heard about. At night they had to sleep on the ground, \each/ wrapped in a blanket, on the leeside of the sheep, in case the latter should stray away. Sheep always go with the wind. When the wind was very severe, I did occasionally take a turn at sleeping alongside them. Once they walked over me and disappeared. When I awoke, they had completely vanished, like the distant fabric of a vision. But it was not until one of the shepherds had resigned that I took a hand at the game regularly. This did not occur until towards the end of the journey, and then Mr. Sims had to come on the scene also.

Page 304

TO WILPENA

October 8th, 1865 On the 8th October, 1865, we had an easy journey over slightly hilly ground to the Wilpena Eating-House huts and creek, where we had abundance of fresh water. The Eating-House we found almost deserted, owing to the drought.

The traffic from Blinman had ceased. No more ore or copper was coming down. The drays that had started were left on the track, deserted. We had no strikes then to kill industries. Nature stepped in and did it instead.

The Blacks of this tribe were as numerous as ever in this well-watered and well-gamed locality. The kangaroos, by now, were easy to catch, being very poor and weak.

TO A SPRING OF WATER. October 9th, 1865

On the ninth of October, 1865, through uphill, scrubby, land till the dividing country was reached – where one creek ran north and the other south, with the big Wilpena Range, fifteen hundred feet above us, on the west.

Page 305

I picked up water – a spring – not far from a shepherd's hut. The distance was eight miles. The hut was an old one. The day's journey was pleasant, through sparse-covered bushland, with plenty of mallee and beautiful pine trees.

It seems a strange thing, but many years afterwards, when on one of my trips up North, accompanied by a friend, I tried hard to find that water and the site of the old hut, but failed. They were in a thick scrub, on a long slope looking eastward, and lay to the east of the main track. The spring and the hut appeared to have vanished! The hut, no doubt, had gone long ago. And the year of my search being a dry one, the spring may have failed.

But I doubt it. Just a case of 'couldn't find it!'

TO A WATER NEAR YEDLOUDLA GAP. October 10th, 1865

On the 10th October, 1865, traversed four miles of country down a beautiful bluebush-covered sloping plain, and came to a water and hut on the north side of Yedloudla Gap, and stayed there. The shepherds were pleased to have so short a stage. Twenty-five years later – in 1894 – I found this water

Page 306

had dried up. And the hut was gone. I was disappointed, as I had intended camping there again.

TO ARKABA WOOLSHED. October 11th, 1865

On the 11th Oct., 1865, eight miles, chiefly down the winding Arkaba Creek to the Arkaba woolshed: My youngest horse jibbed at one of the crossings of a dry creek, and obstinately refused to take the dray over. I was an hour showing him who was master! Passed one hut in a hollow flat. The flutter of a woman's skirt at the door sent a thrill through me. But, being a bashful boy, I simply looked at the lady and passed on without saying so much as a word. And she stood at the door and watched me go by! What the hut was I don't know. It had no sheepyard attached to it.

Decades afterwards, after many travels and years of varied experiences, I passed that way again. The hut was gone, and the woman had flown! The only remains were the stone chimney and fireplace, both in ruins and gone to decay.

[*Attached to this page is the following newspaper clipping labelled Chase's Range:*

> 'Twenty Years Subscriber': Chase Range is named after Dr. (or Captain Chase, who explored Arkaba and Wilpena Districts in 1851. No definite information as to who Chase was has been obtained, but according to J.F. Hayward, a pioneer pastoralist in the Far North, he was a notorious bullock puncher from the Burra'.

Reminding me sadly:-

Page 307

'In the old churchyard, in the valley, Ben Bolt,
In a corner obscure and alone,

They have fitted a slab of granite so grey,
And Sweet Alice lies under the stone.' – – –

Mr Sims met us here. He gave me directions for striking off eastward next day in order to eventually go through Yednalne (Yednaloo) station, which once belonged to him. At Arkaba we obtained supplies from a storekeeper who had a store on the main track.
It is rather a strange fact, that at that time I had no thought of starting a newspaper of my own. Yet within four years, I, the boy who was then travelling with sheep, had started a newspaper in Clare – The Northern Argus – and that that same storekeeper became a subscriber and continued so until his death many years afterwards. If I remember rightly his name was Kerwin. The store was his own.
Arkaba Station itself was two miles westward, off the main track Mr Sims and I went into the store, when he asked me if thought the shepherds would like some jam. Like some jam! Why, they hadn't tasted any for years! I should think they would like some jam!

Page 308
He bought them a few tins, and duly charged them for the luxury! It was not a gift, but was taken out of their wages. No one can say anything against that. Yet the men resented it. And they set to work and ate an enormous amount of damper with that jam! The owner paid for the damper! And I made it! So who came of best?
One of my horses strayed in this rough country. I followed his tracks from daylight till midday, when I picked him up in the bed of the Arkaba Creek. Whilst doing this tracking, I came upon a dying bullock, which, according to custom, I 'pithed' with my jack-knife, and thus put him out of his helpless misery.
Two teamsters on the road here one day slept in too long. Their disgusted horses started off for Port Augusta – and arrived there, too, before the teamsters could get up with them. The men's total journey through the straying of those tricky and disgruntled horses was one hundred and sixty miles!

Page 309
TO A HUT AT DRUID'S RANGE
October 12th, 1865.
On this day we struck eastward from Arkaba, across ranges and over undulating country. It was another long stretch for the sheep. We came across a hut on the southern extremity of Druid's Range. It was the very hut mentioned by Mr Robt. Bruce in his book entitled 'Reminiscences of a Squatter.' The same square, four-hundred-gallon, Iron Tank was there which he said he got into and did not know how to get out of again.
I also once got into a similar tank, and at first could not get out. Stopping, to analyse the matter, however, I plainly perceived that what you got into one way, you could also get out of by adopting the very same movements reversed. This I did, and I got out easily enough. The way one gets into these tanks is: – Legs first; left arm down by one's side; right arm over the head. The way he tries to get out is, like a bull in a china shop: Head and shoulders first; both arms down! That is

Page 310
an impossible way. But with one arm thrust through the opening overhead, the head and the other sloping shoulder next, the problem is solved – and so easily!
I knew another man who got into one of these tanks to obtain some water lying tantalisingly at the bottom. Not having a head for analysis, he could not get out again; but someone came along in the nick of time and saved him.
So far I had found plenty of firewood at each camp. Needless to say, we were always up at daylight. This gave me plenty of time to track and catch the horses and see to the culinary affairs. Occasionally I was away for hours after the horses. Then the shepherds got their own breakfasts, and started the sheep in the direction I gave them for the day. Chopping wood was an every-day job. When felling trees, I like a long- and thin-handled axe. A thin, long handle makes the blow of the axe-head heavier and more effective. So I cut me down a sheoak tree, split the trunk, and fashioned myself a beautiful, long, slim handle for my axe. It made my work much easier. Mr Sims, seeing this lovely handle, said to me:

'Henry, you had better cut that handle shorter, or it might get broken.'

He might as well have asked a father to kill his own child! What the Dickens did I go to all that trouble but to

Page 311
get just that kind of handle! And to aske to cut it shorter! I refused to do any such foolish thing. And he had the sense to drop the subject. The handle lasted the whole journey of over three hundred miles.
Shoeing the horses was only an occasional job. But I had plenty to do, what with cooking, killing and dressing a sheep every fortnight or less, looking after the horses, exploring for water, then bringing up the dray to a camping-place before nightfall. I never heard any growling about the 'tucker'. The mutton I roasted nicely. It was always fresh. Roasting meat and baking damper in the open air needed care. There was always a wind, and embers were blown about. All the cooking and baking was done in the campoven, with a fire both underneath and on top. A strong wind made the embers white-hot. I had then to be careful not to burn things  As to the damper! I had had all sorts of expert advice as regards the making of it. I tried all the methods recommended, but was not satisfied with any of them. A 'Bishop' is a sodden damper, and it was reckoned a disgrace for a man to make one. I avoided that, fortunately for my reputation.

Page 312
I thought the hard, solid, Bush damper could be improved upon. So I experimented, as I do with all things in life. And I soon discovered the best method. Old hands told me to make the dough thick, and then I would have a good damper. A damper consists of flour, salt, and water. Nothing else. I studied the matter, and came to the conclusion that the dough wanted aerating. I experimented till I found out how to do it. Instead of mixing the dough thick, I made it into a batter first. Then I stirred it furiously till the air got into it, the same as a woman beats eggs when making sponge cake. Before the air could get out again, I thickened it quickly with more flour until it was so thick that it could not become a 'Bishop' in the baking. Result: A damper of the lightest description and of the best quality. Everybody was satisfied, myself included.
After this I made one more experiment. I allowed the dough, after aerating to stand twenty-four hours before baking. The result was bread. But it was also sour, for it had fermented. The owner

when he came up always camped with us, and partook of the same food. The distance this day was twelve miles. The owner remonstrated with me for taking such long stages.

Page 313

PAST WONOKA CREEK TO RED WHIM

October 13th, 1865

This day our distance was seven miles, across the Wonoka Creek, east of Kanyaka, to the Red Whim, on the Warcowie Run. Innocently enough, I had been picking out a route in a valley many miles long, with a level-topped precipitous range on either side – Chase's Range and Druid's Range, one being fifteen miles long, without so much as a saddle to break its evenness – not knowing of a deep creek with steep banks in front of me, and crossing the whole valley. This was the Wonoka Creek. Coming suddenly to this obstruction towards the end of the day, I found the banks too high and vertical to get the dray down – at least so I thought. But something happened!

At one place there was a slight slope. To go back would take two or three days. Whilst looking down this slope an cogitating as to the likelihood of being smashed up at the bottom, I happened to glance on the ground. There in front of me was a stream of Bulldog Ants making for me, gnashing their pincer-like jaws!

Page 314

That decided me to make a move one way or the other. Taking out the tandem horse, I started the dray down, with Alex, the heavy horse, in the shafts. The animal, with his legs spread out and his heels dug well into the ground, slid on his haunches to the bed of the creek in safety. He did not fall, the dray did not overturn, and all was well!

The opposite bank had an easier gradient. After carrying the loading up on my back, the two horses pulled the dray to the top after much struggling. Travelling onward, the Red Whim, on the Warcowie Run, hove in sight, and at that spot I chose our camp. We were now approaching country where there were some slight signs of grass, but the ground was still very bare. This region was of a very uninteresting character, the low ranges being all of one height.

TO AN OLD WELL

Oct. 14th, 1865 We journeyed just one mile, and camped at an old well. With regard to travelling on other people's grass, a very eminent Australian puts it thus: –

Page 315

> 'Now, this is the law of the overland, that all in the [North] obey:
> A man must cover with travelling sheep a four-mile stage a day;
> But this is the law that the drovers make, right easily understood,
> They travel their stage when the grass is bad, but they camp where the grass is good.
> They camp and they ravage the squatters' grass, till ne'er a blade remains,
> And they drift away as the white clouds drift, on the edge of the saltbush plains'.

TO YEDNALUE

Oct. 15th, 1865 Moved along eight miles to Yednalue Station (Yednaloo). Mr Sims met me here. He was the original owner of this run. It comprised one hundred and fifty square miles. He now made it his head-quarters for a time.

Riding out on horseback to meet me, I was stounded at the plumpness of his hors! It was a big bay, and fat. Fat! I had been so accustomed to poverty-stricken animals, that I gazed upon this one in blank astonishment! But a greater surprise was in store for us all. We actually obtained some fat sheep at Yednalue for our larder! The mutton was delicious! We were now travelling in luxury. In addition to making damper, I could now manufacture

Page 316
'doughnuts' by boiling lumps of dough in fat. City people might not think that much of a luxury; but it was to us.
Grass was most certainly coming en evidence. That long axe-handle that I had manufacted on the way was now very handy. For firewood was scarce in the grassland. Every day I had to go to the top of the low ranges, fell sheoaks, cut them up, and cart the branches with me for our camp fires. The plains were becoming larger, the valleys less narrow. Here, just beyond Yednalue Head station, while riding across a plain, exploring for water,
I came to a hut. Riding up to the door, a woman came out: It was SHE! of the wool-waggon adventure! A mutual surprise! She expressed the greatest delight at seeing me, invited me in, and gave me tea and a good feed. She was well and hearty; and she told me all about her adventurous trip from Ooraparinna. She had not forgotten our kindness to her on that cold, bleak day, and she returned it with interest on my undeserving head. 'Barcus was willing!' There are some real women in the world, after all! Compare this with the heavenly angel I met when out on that risky journey to find the water below the Reaphook Hill on the Angorigina Run! This lady of Yednalue was loth to let me go. And I should have loved to stay in such nice company, but I had to go.

Page 317
She waved her hand as I rode away. I never saw her again! Now, after a long experience, I wish there were more like her. Life might then be worth living. I write this long after the death of my beloved.
TO UKABA
Oct. 16th, 1865 Twelve miles to Ukaba in rough, stony-range land.
To find water, I had first to explore on horseback till successful, or until there was no option but a dry camp, then go back and bring up the spring dray. There were no fences to hinder or restrict my movements.The feed was not so good here. At this spot I chose a camp against an immense dry gumtree stump in the bed of a wide, shallow creek in a low gap – Ukaba Gap. I never made a greater mistake! The wind blew from all quarters. The stump was large and high. The wind dodged around it, the smoke followed us wherever we sat or lay. All night long we breathed smoke, and our lungs became tanned with it. The hills around were denuded of timber, the creek also. Some vandals will not let timber grow!

*End of Volume 1*

**PRG 180/1/2 Reminiscences by Henry Hammond Tilbrook 1865-81**
**Transcribed by Ernest Roe, Volunteer at the State Library of South Australia, 2016**

Reminiscences Book I, II.
REMINISCENCES By HENRY HAMMOND TILBROOK EAST ADELAIDE BOOK II. – Series B
[*This includes a smaller notebook at the end*. *As H. H. Tilbrook states on p.590, he transcribed pp.590-597 from a small notebook entitled 'Particulars of Grinding & Polishing Speculum 9¼ inches diameter'*. *He did not complete the task, and the transcription in the main diary ceases in mid-sentence. The remainder has been added at the end of this transcription*]

'Lives of small men all remind us,
We can write our Lives ourselves,
And, departing, leave behind us
Some fat volumes on the shelves.
Per Longfellow.

In the lives of most men there's a tale to unfold
Which it is selfish to keep to themselves,
They should take up the pen, ere getting too old,
And some fat volumes leave for our shelves'. H.H.T.

BOOK II
Page 318
TO URILPA. October 17th, 1865 We made five miles to Urilpa over uninteresting, monotonous, land. It was neither desert nor grass. At nearly every camp we had had water. That had much to do with the distances of our days' travel. The sheep, or course, did not get water every day, but we ourselves and the horses had to have it. The rainfall was fair in these parts.
TO LOWER URILPA. On the 18TH October, 1865, went one and a half miles to Lower Urilpa.
TO PAT'S HOLE and YANYARRIE WHIM, COONATTO RUN. On 19th October, 1865, seven miles to Pat's Hole on the Coonatto Run, passing the Yanyarrie Whim.

Page 319
TO A SHEPHERD'S HUT IN THE FLINDERS RANGE. On the 20th October we covered six miles to a shepherd's deserted hut in the Flinders Range
BY DEEP WELL TO TRAVELLER'S REST.
On the 21st October, 1865, seven miles, by the Deep Well. This well deserved the name. It was three hundred and fifteen feet deep, and the time seemed endless ere the bucket appeared on the surface. It was sunk on a slope – and good way up the slope, too. Perhaps a waterfinder with a rod located the spot! I would sooner shut my eyes and walk till I came to the lowest hollow in a valley than sink for water on a hill – unless there was a bigger mass of hills behind it, with the strata dipping towards it. We had now entered the Pekina Run. This belonged to Mr Price Maurice, to whose residence at The Glynde, beyond Payneham, I, when a boy, had often carted stores from Mr Sharland's grocer's shop and store in Rundle Street, Adelaide. We were getting into good grassland, and I had to be very careful with my camp fires, for the grass was drying.

Page 320
TO WALLOWAY.
Oct 22nd, 1865. Travelled eight miles, at pitched camp at Walloway. Here was a deep, narrow creek, with mud in its channel, where we had great difficulty in preventing our sheep from being smothered. It was only after strenuous exertions that we extricated them. Going up the bank of a creek with my two horses and light spring dray, I saw an immense iguana facing me on top. It appeared to be about five feet long. It stood with its head up, legs well spread apart, eying me, looking like a young alligator. Thinking it was 'going' for me, I picked up a heavy pebble, let drive, and struck it on the jaw, which knocked its head on one side, and it ran into its burrow, a few yards away. We were now on the Walloway Plains.
TO A SANDALWOOD SCRUB.
October 23rd, 1865 We went two miles from water, and camped in a Sandalwood Scrub. We were now in low, undulating country, well grassed.

Page 321
I cleared a space of many yards from around the camp fires in the grassland, and thoroughly extinguished the fires before leaving camp. Cooking in the open on windy days was dangerous, as the winds scattered the fire yards away.One habit of mine here in South Australia on this migration caused me a plentiful crop of chilblains in far-away New Zealand many months later. This appears like romancing. But it happened thus. One of the shepherds – Blank by name – upon arrival in Australia from England, brought with him a splendid pair of boots, which were thickly hob-nailed under the whole of the soles. I purchased them from him, and wore them on this trip. In cooking with the campoven, I lifted the lid off with a piece of wire. The lid being covered with red-hot embers, and the cast iron too hot to handle, I got into the habit, whilst holding up the lid with the wire hook, of tilting the hot ashes off it with the toe of my boot. This in time charred the leather through And, whilst I was in cold New Zealand the following winter, the frost bit my toe so badly through the openings, that I had the worst chilblains of my life! I certainly would have had chilblains in any case, but this gave them an earlier start.

Page 322
TO A HUT ON THE PLAIN.
October 24th, 1865. Made three miles to a hut on the Walloway or Pekina Plains, with a low, sloping range on our right; and flat country extending far away on our left, and ahead. The big gums in the Pekina Creek showed up in front of us.
TO LOWER PEKINA.
October 25th, 1865 Covered three miles to the fine Pekina Creek with its, to us, majestic timber of red gum. I selected a most beautiful camping ground under the spreading gums in the bed of the broad watercourse, with its moderately-high banks. There was no danger of floods here. It is in this creek, I believe, that a reservoir has since been constructed – the year of that event being 1911. Mr Sims joined us here, and he had somehow obtained six eggs. What a feast we were going to have! I had not tasted an egg since I left the Burra on Christmas Day.

Page 323
But Mr Sims suggested that I should 'put them in pancakes, Henry'! And Henry did, much to Harry's disgust and that of the shepherds! In travelling with twenty-five hundred sheep as we had been doing, we had many companionable evenings. The shepherds were good fellows.

They swapped experiences, which were generally of amatory nature. The new chum told us of his life in the cotton-weaving districts of England. In the cotton mills, the temperature was so high that the workers – men and girls – wore little clothing. Their health was impaired seriously by the heat and the nature of their work, to say nothing of the long hours – from six a.m. to six p.m. Blank himself was dark complexioned, and almost a wastrel. I think he was of Flemish origin. The other man was strong and hardy, having been brought up in the open air of a South Australian farm, and afterwards in the Bush. Neither was twenty-five years of age, whilst I by this time was seventeen. In this Lower Pekina camp I chased a large iguana into a cave in the northern bank of the creek, and dispatched it – just as young fellows will do, I am

Page 324

sorry to say! Young people are such asses! It measured about four feet in length. I had no sooner emerged from the cave, carrying the reptile by the tail, when I was accosted by a Blackfellow. Where he sprang from I don't know. He may have been in hiding watching me. He asked: 'Me have 'um that big-fellow lizard? Him big-one tuckout!' I said, 'Yes, certainly,' and handed it over to him. He took it, with features stolidly calm, if not morose, and made off up the creek to a camp they had there, quite unknown to me. I followed him up, and watched the process of cooking. The iguana was thrown on the fire and roasted, the cooked flesh being like that of fish. I tasted a bit, but could not say I relished it – without salt. The Blacks, however, soon disposed of it as a fine morsel. The aborigines were rather numerous even in that fairly civilized district, but were clothed in the usual blanket only. They had their hunting weapons – boomerangs, spears with wommeras, waddies, &c. The white newcomers were depriving them of their heritage, for already game was scarce in these occupied parts.

Page 325

Mr Sims having giving my steering directions, left us again. It will be noticed that, so far, we had never 'spelled' on Sundays, but travelled continuously.

TO THE SCRUB HUT Oct. 26th, 1865.

Pushed on two miles to a place called Scrub Hut, which, being empty, we took possession of. It was a luxury to sleep in a bunk, or under shelter, sometimes. But we were satisfied with the open air, except when it was raining, which it was sometimes, for we were now within Goyder's Line of Rainfall. That was the time when the sheep became unruly.

TO NEAR BLACK ROCK October 27th, 1865.

Travelled six miles, and camped a few miles off Black Rock. Now a railway runs past Black Rock, and the mountain is a conspicuous and an interesting object to

Page 326

travellers passing by in the train. It rises two thousand seven hundred and fifty feet above sea level, and one thousand three hundred and twenty feet above the plain. It is visible a long way off. All this land is now under farm cultivation; then it carried stock only. Black Rock is situated on the southern end of Ragless Range.

TO NANAPENA.

October 28th, 1865. Travelled ten miles to Nanapena on the Manannarie Run. We stayed on this run for some time, camping near a clump of mallee and at other places, including a beautiful water named Benia – spelt at that time by the Government people Beniah. Why, I don't know. Most native names end euphoniously with a vowel. Then why stick an 'h' on the end? Wherever

we camped in this neighborhood, we took our stock to water at Benia. It lay to the east of Manamarie head station. One day, while taking the horses to water, riding

Page 327
one and leading the other, a brown snake sprang out of the grass at my horses, attempting to bite the off horse's flank. It did this twice. I jumped off my horse and gave chase, for it had glided off after the second attempt. I had nothing in my hand. So, picking a stone, I let drive and hit it on the tail as it was disappearing down its hole. The hair on the horse saved it from death. Taking the led horse to camp, I went on with the other. Going at a canter, I rode over three other snakes – a brown and two black ones. I say rode over them. But I did not. For in each case it uncoiled \itself/ at the sound of my approach, glided ahead in front of my horse, and dived down its hole, which was not many yards away, before I could overtake it. This, I think, shows the rapidity with which snakes can travel. Our stay at Manannarie was for the purpose of having the balance of our sheep shorn. While waiting for that event, we shifted camp repeatedly – as I have mentioned. At one hut that I visited there lived a 'hatter' shepherd by the side of Benia Water. I spent an evening or two with him. He was very taciturn, not to say gloomy. The nights were cold, and he had a good fire in the big old-fashioned fireplace in his little wooden hut.

Page 328
Sitting on a seat made by sawing a ten-inch pine log to a suitable length, topped with a soft pad of well-woolled sheepskin, he occupied the whole space in front of the fire, elbows on knees, chin in hands! Thus he sat every evening, spreading himself before the fire, and enjoying the warmth. The two evenings I was with him he did not make room for me, but spread-eagled himself out just as though he were alone. Two evenings with him were quite enough for me! I left this gloomy fellow to himself after that. Manannarie Run was nice and open, well grassed, the country undulating. I had to cart wood from the tops of the ranges for our fires. And the grass had to be cleared away around our camp, for it was already dry. There were neither Blacks, Kangeroos, emus, nor wild dogs here. We were now in the land of fat mutton. We purchased our ratio-sheep, our own being too lean. We had not tasted such mutton for an age! And this mutton was sustaining. At Ooraparinna we ate and ate, and kept on – I ought to say 'ateing' – but were always hungry, nevertheless. Mr Sims, the owner, when there, remarked upon the fact

Page 329
while he was dining with us at Mr Dawson's. Then there was the boy who ate a whole leg of mutton without disastrous results! We had a pleasant time at Manannarie, but at last had to move on. The owner left us again here, having first given me my instructions.
TO A WELL OF WATER.
November 9th, 1865. Made a start southwards. Travelled three miles and camped near a well of water in a shallow creek running down the centre of a sloping plain.

TO A LONG CREEK
November 10th, 1865. Made five miles through creek land, camping in the bed of a long, low-banked creek with a shingly bottom on the Bundleer Run. Grass was plentiful. Quite by accident I discovered a delicious little waterhole among the pebbles of a creek bed. It was no

Page 330
more than two feet in diameter, but deep, with water clear and pure. This gave me a supply for our camp that night.
TO BELALIE WATER
November 11th, 1865. Travelled three miles and came to Belalie Water, where we camped two nights. This was a splendid water, fully a mile long, emerging from a low range away to the eastward. My first experience with this 'fresh' water was an unfortunate one. Selecting a camp as usual, I had the damper and meat cooked ready for the shepherds and the tea boiled by the time they came up at sundown. They sat down expectantly. But the tea had a very sad, all-gone, faraway taste! Drink it we had to or go thirsty! Camping alongside the sheep in the open being the men's usual lot, they always had to have their breakfast and be off with the flock by sunrise. So we were all early-risers, I being the first up. Thus they still had to drink the groggy or medicinal tea that morning.

Page 331
During the day, I investigated the matter. Walking into the broad, shallow water. – just there about two feet deep – I discovered that the top half was stained water, and the bottom twelve inches a mass of sodden sheep manure! Needless to say, after that discovery I went a long way upstream for my supply of aqua pura. Thus on that night we fared better. We had of late been steering southward. Now, our course was eastward for a time.
TO AN OPEN PLAIN
November 13th, 1865. Went three miles on that bearing, and camped on an open plain on the famous Canowie Run, noted for its good grass – so good, in fact, that when dry as now, it was dangerous to camp in.
One can guess how careful we had to be with our camp fires. In addition to clearing a space all around, I dug a hole for the fire itself, and banked up the earth on the windward side. Even then, the strong winds rolled along the embers from the campoven. And I had to roast

Page 332
the mutton and cook damper at almost every camp. One flock of travelling sheep overtook and passed us near here in this superb grass land. The cook was a new chum, and a careless man at that.
One evening after they had passed us, I saw a bush fire spring up ahead, and travel! Fortunately, it was to the leeward of us. Had it borne down upon us, I should have had to start a counterfire to save ourselves, our camp, and our sheep.
The way to do this is to fire the grass to leeward, and around the camp, then step into the burnt country, and drive the sheep there, too. Then, when the devouring element came roaring down upon us, with tongues of flame twenty feet high, it would have found us on barren, burnt-out land. No one was safe in grass land like this unless he had a box of matches in his pocket.
We found out afterwards that this thoughtless young fellow had planted his camp fire in the middle of a mass of Kangeroo-rat burrows having, perhaps, a radius of fifteen, or a diameter of thirty feet. The grass there being as thick as on the surrounding

Page 333
plains, the fire stalked over the land at once, and miles square of grass was burnt before it was extinguished. I believe the owner of the sheep had to pay for the damage done.

Now, I look back with pleasure upon the fact that no such contretemps occurred under my own management. In addition to carefully choosing the spot, I put the fire out immediately the cooking was done, and did not light it till just before breakfast next morning when the billy had to be boiled for breakfast. It was the lack of a fire which made camping out on the grass lands such a non-interesting, not to say uncomfortable, affair. It was cold every night. On very chilly nights our sheep-dog used to come and lie along my legs for warmth; and I was pleased enough to have him make his couch thus, as the warmth of his body kept some of the chill off me also.
Now that I am older, I strongly object to dogs, on account of the fleas that accompany them. But middle age is more discerning than youth, which is why it is impossible to put old heads on young shoulders. I some times slept in a crack in the earth, or in a little, scooped-out dry rivulet, a foot or more deep, to escape the piercing winds which roamed about on their own,

Page 334
seeking whom they could freeze into stiffness. One morning, after getting out of one of these ruts, I found a full-grown scorpion in a crevice at the bottom of the scoop-out beneath my body. The blanket was between us. It seems amusing, but that scorpion was also seeking warmth. We were all seeking warmth.
One night when the owner was with us, we had a very wet camp on a grassy plain. The shepherds were around their sheep some distance away. I was rolled up in my blanket on the plain. Mr Sims took shelter under the light spring-dray, the flooring boards of which ran crosswise, with a half-inch gap between each board! Not noticing this great flaw, he thought himself lucky to find so snug and sheltered a spot to doss in. It rained hard the whole night. It was a case of everyone for himself. I was snug as possible in the open, with my blanket rolled around me. The rain descended upon me freely. There was no reason why it shouldn't! There was nothing to stop it. Praying to some imaginary god would not suspend a law of nature, or the law of gravitation, by making the rain fly upwards instead of downwards.

Page 335
The water flowed around me, but I did not move. The big drips fell upon Mr S. abundantly! They saturated him! – or, rather, his blanket and clothes. Naturally! They followed the law of gravitation also, and were trying to get to the centre of the earth by the shortest cut. Praying wouldn't stop them either. Mr S. was in the way, and should have moved. Well, he did move! He stood the drips for a time, but was eventually routed by them. He got up. Then he made a roaring fire with my wood, to try and dry his clothes. I watched him for a time. Then, it being nearly time to get up, I turned over incautiously, – when the cold water came up against my skin in streams, and I got up too and sought the fire.
Mr Sims never forgot that night! Neither have I forgotten it, either, for that matter, although I have had many a worse camp since, especially in New Zealand, where I had a thin calico tent, minus a 'fly', in an average rainfall of one hundred and sixteen inches a year – or nearly ten feet! Mr Sims, since then, has joined the 'great majority', and I am re-transcribing these notes after ripe experience. At other times, around the camp fires at night, we theorised as to the origin of alluvial goldfields. Camping on

Page 336
a plain with low, rocky, sheoak-topped ranges on either side, we demonstrated to each other how gold, in the course of ages, was washed out of the hills on to the flats and creekbeds, and

concentrated in gutters and pockets. Then how these leaders and pockets would, in the course of further ages, be buried deep beneath the surface by other detritus. I myself was quick to take the gold fever. What newspapers we had seen told us of discoveries of the auriferous metal in the southern portions of New Zealand, and I was already making up my mind to go there and try my luck.
Youth ever lives upon hopes that may never be realised! During my travels I had kept dear Marianne posted as to my movements, but was destined not to receive a letter from her loved hands until I had reached the Burra, as it was impossible to say what places we would travel through.
TO THE CANOWIE RANGES
November 14th, 1865. Travelled seven miles eastward, and camped in the Canowie Ranges. The dry grass here was so thick it could be mown and stacked as hay. It was all silver grass, slippery as glass on the hills.

Page 337
'Lands' were ploughed across the plains to check fires. – over the low hills as well. These lands were about five feet wide. Sheoaks still on the tops of all the ranges, whence I had to cut and cart my supplies of firewood.
THROUGH CANOWIE HEAD STATION
November 15th, 1865 Our stage this day was the long one of ten miles by Canowie Head Station, down a grassy plain, with ridges on either side, and on to a waterhole near a Government Reserve. We had turned south during the latter half of the day. This long stage nearly broke the owner's heart when he heard of it. But I had to get away from Canowie Station somehow. It was a big and important place.
TO AN OUTCROP OF HIGH ROCKS.
November 16th, 1865. Two miles to a creek near an outcrop of high rocks on the tail end of a range, where we camped for a few days. This was still on the Canowie Run. Mr Sims was away in Adelaide, and he had given me

Page 338
instructions to graze the sheep here for some considerable time. But events happened which decided me to disregard his orders – in fact, to go contrary to them, for which he afterwards commended me. The wild winds blew bitterly down those plains at night and made the sheep restive. I had to leave my cooking and help the shepherds round up their flock for the night. But the sheep were like women – they would not be still! Restless, and even on the move!
The wind drove the moutons up the spur, around the rocks. It was long after dark when we got them steady. In the meantime I had heard intermittent explosions, like pistol shots, coming from the camp fire, which I had lighted in a hollow five or six feet deep.
That night I had been cooking 'doughnuts'. Doughnuts, I may as well iterate, are bits of dough the size of a large unhusked almond boiled in fat. This I was doing in the three-legged iron pot over the fire. The sheep being quieted for the time, I went cautiously towards camp to investigate the mystery of the bombs. Getting close to the fire, bang! bang! bang! went something in the pot. Boiling fat spluttered around. Taking

Page 339
a long stick, and stooping low, I lifted the pot off the fire, and allowed it to get off the boil.

The explosions continued for some time. When they ceased, I took out my doughnuts, and found they had become hard through being in the boiling fat too long. Hence, heated air 'in their little insides' had expanded, and this had shattered their frames with a noise like exploding crackers in November time.
At twilight on these plains, beetles flew along, helped by the strong winds, and peppered us like pellets from a gun. We could not stand up at the camp fire for them, they hit so hard! They were the kind that destroyed young gum trees planted by settlers. It is reasonable to suppose that now that all the lands are cultivated, the pest has ceased to trouble. Having reshod my horses here, and killed and dressed fresh mutton, I had leisure to ride about the country.
One day, riding along on the inexperienced, uneducated, and unsophisticated four-year-old colt, a piece of newspaper flew in front of him with the help of the wind. That horse had never been in a newspaper office, and as superstition always goes hand-in-hand with ignorance – or the other way about – he thought it was a 'debil-debil,'

Page 340
and accordingly bolted. He travelled his hardest. I urged him on. Spurred him hard, in fact! He was mad with excitement, and simply flew over the plain, and I had a glorious ride! He went like a dog with a sucepan tied to his tail by naughty girls! All things come to an end – even this little world of ours – and that ride ended satisfactorily by the horse being 'pumped.' There were no bushes to obstruct that ride.
All around here, the ranges, with plains between, run north and south, and are of uniform height, grassed up to their rocky crests, and topped with sheoak. Some travellers came along one day and reported to me that we were in bad odour with the station people, and advised me to keep my eyes open. At last I was warned that a Ranger was on our track for breaking the law of the Overlander. So, disregarding Mr Sims's instructions, and to prevent the impounding of his sheep for not travelling continuously, I gave orders to the shepherds to move on. We had spelled here on this well-grassed area for three short days.

Page 341
TO A DILAPIDATED HUT.
November 20th, 1865. Travelled down the plains five miles, across the Canowie border, and entered the Booborowie Run, where we camped at a dilapidated hut.
Whenever we camped in an old hut, we passed the evening in various ways. One of our amusements was throwing a Jack Knife from a distance so that the point of the blade embedded itself in one of the pine slabs of which the hut was built. I being the youngest, was expert at this game, as up among the Blacks I practiced it as one means of defence if attacked from a distance. Not one of us smoked. Nor did we play cards. And none of us drank intoxicants. So we were a model lot!
TO WERRARU.
November 21st, 1865. Three miles, and camped at Werraru. Thus the name is written in my diary. I believe there is a Wooroora up north and also a Woorooroo. Can the latter be identical with our camp name?

Page 342
TO BOOBOROWIE PLAIN.
November 22nd, 1865. We covered four miles, and camped on the Booborowie Plain having passed through the head station. Of course the sheep went around it. Pleasant plains, with ranges on each side.
TO FARRELL'S CREEK
November 23d, 1865. Made five miles, and camped on the eastern bank of Farrell's Creek. Here the water in the creek was brackish. I accordingly dug a hole in the bank and let the water percolate into it. It was clear and brilliant – suspiciously so, indeed! When the shepherds came up that night and took a drink of the tea, they spluttered and thought they were poisoned. I tasted the brew, and found it nauseous. The water oozing out of the bank, it appeared, was even worse than that in the creek. Even the tea was undrinkable, – and tea generally covers up a lot of nasty things. I had to go back next morning to find fresh water, which I succeeded in doing.

Page 343
While sitting on the ground at these camps of an evening, we all felt an itching sensation on the hands, face, and neck. A rash also appeared. Scratch! Scratch! Scratch! A very close scrutiny showed that we were being attacked by minute sandflies, invisible, or nearly so, to the unaided eye. We had no remedies, so had to endure the scourge.
In Farrell's Creek I found petrifactions of reeds. I am of the opinion that most interesting finds could be made in the bed of that narrow, partly-choked creek if excavations were made systematically. Possibly the remains of Diprotodens are there, and those of \other/ ancient animals. The Diprotoden Australis once roamed about these regions when the rainfall was greater and the vegetation tropical.
A skull was found imbedded in the bank – once the channel, since silted up – of the Baldina Creek, near the Burra. Their skeletons are also numerous in the bed of Lake Callabonna on the Great Eastern Plains. These skeletons lie under mounds of mud, and can be reached only by following certain tracks in the bog. Australia is a drying-up and a dying country. This is shown by the few red-gum trees that remain, and what are found only in a few creeks which still contain water.

Page 344
We dodged about Farrell's Creek for several days to allow Mr Sims to find us, he having arranged, as I have mentioned, to meet us at Canowie. Our sudden departure from that place had put him off our track. He rode up to the rendezvous near the high rocks one day to find us gone. He traced us down the plain, and overtook us on November 26. He came up, mounted on his favorite horse, with indignetion written upon his countenance. He politely asked me – he was an exceedingly polite man – why I had gone contrary to his orders in leaving Canowie so soon. I explained that the Ranger was on the look out for us, having been sent on our track by stockowners whose grass we were filching. Upon hearing this, he looked grave, and commended me strongly for exercising my own judgment on so critical a matter, as the impounding of his sheep would have been a great calamity to him. Giving me further instructions, after staying a night, he went back to Adelaide, via the Burra, promising to meet me at a certain camp ahead.

Page 345
JUST ONE MILE. November 27th, 1865. Went one mile up the plain, and picked out a fresh camp on the same creek. GOING SLOW! November 28th, 1865. Shifted camp half-a-mile down the plain on to the Gum Creek Run. We camped there two nights. We were in a kind of No-Man's-Land here.
THROUGH GUM CREEK STATION.
November 30th, 1865. Pushed past the Gum Creek Station four miles, and camped in the ranges. At this head station I saw gum trees whose trunks had the largest girth of any gums I had ever seen! I eyed them with wonder and admiration, I much regret that I was unable to take their measurements. They even beat the stump of a tree that I saw at Mount Remarkable.

Page 346
No firewood procurable at all here! Had to cart it long distances. This would be a wretched country to camp in in the winter time. One would miss his camp fire. TO A GOOD WATERHOLE. December 1st, 1865. After travelling three miles north-east, struck a waterhole of good water, and camped there. The country around was rough and hilly, without trees, with no good views or prospects. No game! Nothing of any interest whatever! TO THE FLAGSTAFF HILL. December 2nd, 1865. Water being scarce, I made the extraordinarily long stage of ten miles, and arranged a camp near the Flagstaff Hill. We were now nearing the Burra, and were still travelling north-east. The hills were high around here, and still treeless. Grass in abundance – dry.

Page 347
TO HALLETT'S RUN.
December 3rd, 1865. We passed over the remainder of the ranges which lie west of the Mount Bryan Flat. This so-called Flat is really a Plain, for it is very extensive. After crossing the ranges, we got on to Hallett's Run, and camped within sight of Redruth four and a half down the plain. Hallett's Head Station was half-a-mile from us.
UP MOUNT BRYAN PLAIN.
December 5th, 1865. Went one and a half miles up the plain northwards, towards the Mount Bryan Ranges to a flat by the creek. Shod the horse Aleck all around. While doing so, the mailcoach was driven by, and the passengers looked curiously at me as I went on with my job. Afterwards I shod the colt. Mount Bryan Flat was still unoccupied. Not a house or a fence anywhere.

Page 348
STILL NORTHWARD.
December 5th, 1865. Travelled still northward, towards The Razorback, and camped on the bleak plain, near a place called 'Middle Camp'. The weather was still cold at night. Mr Sims now appeared on the scene, as some delicate dodging of the boundaries and corners of runs had to be undertaken. Mount Razorback loomed prominently ahead.
One day before this, I asked the New Chum shepherd how far he thought we were from the foot of the mountain. He replied, 'About three miles.' 'Three miles!' I said, in astonishment. 'Why, it's fifteen miles.' He would not believe it. But he had to in the end, as it took us several days to get there. As I have before mentioned, I declined to watch the sheep at night, my duties being heavy enough without that, especially as I had two horses in my care, which were hobbled out every

night, and had to be found and brought back to camp each morning. But I did at times break this rule. One night, on this plain, the sheep being restless,

Page 349
I offered to sleep on the ground to leeward of the flock, and accordingly rolled myself in my blanket there. For a time, at every hour, I lifted my head, and found the sheep still there. Then I went to sleep in earnest. Suddenly wakening in the 'sma' hours avant the twal,' I found the whole flock had disappeared – shepherds and all! I followed down the wind for a time; but as this was taking me too far from camp and the horses, I turned back, rolled myself into the blanket again, and slept till daylight. Then I lit the fire, made breakfast of damper, cold roast mutton and tea, for the shepherds and Mr Sims, all of whom I calculated would turn up soon. And they did! It appeared the sheep could not stand the cold south wind then blowing, and quietly stepping over the lot of us went up the plain. The others, getting up and finding the sheep gone, did not, in their hurry, awaken me. After this, the owner was with us constantly.
TO GUMBOWIE. December 6th, 1865. Went four miles up the plain, and camped at Gumbowie

Page 350
The wheels of the spring dray were now so loose and shaky, that it was imperative to have the tyres cut and shut. I had hitherto tightened them with wooden wedges.
TO THE BURRA AND BACK.
December 7th, 1865. Accordingly on the above date I journeyed to the Burra and back – thirty miles in all – to have the job completed. I took in one horse only. He was unused to township life, and upon getting into Kooringa Main Street, he snorted and pranced, and I had some difficulty in preventing his bolting and pulling the town down. As it was, I foolishly – I was only a youth –
I tied him up to Drew's verandah post, when he nearly pulled the verandah down. I got him loose in time to avert disaster. This was the heavy horse, 'Aleck'. Had it been the colt, no doubt he would have had the whole town about his ears – probably coming home with a lot of window sashes and door frames hanging around his silly neck. As it was, he was calmly grazing upon the dry silver grass, in hobbles, straying further and further away from camp in my absence! Tracking in dry-grass country is no Joke, especially

Page 351
when other stock have been over the same grass. Some time afterwards, it took me a hard day's tramping to walk that youngster down. Of that later.
The blacksmith having taken off both tyres, and cut and shut them, so that the wheels were as sound as a bell again, I drove back to Gumbowie in time to bring the young horse in before dark, and also to get the tea ready for the two shepherds and Mr Sims.
TO THE FOOT OF THE RAZORBACK.
December 8th, 1865. On this day we travelled eight miles and camped at the foot of what was then generally thought to be Mount Bryan. But Mount Bryan is further back eight or ten miles, and is hidden from view by the ranges. Our destination was in reality the foot of Mount Razorback, which is five hundred and thirty feet lower than Mount Bryan. The Razorback is eight hundred and thirty feet above the plain, and Mount Bryan thirteen hundred and sixty, overlooking the Murray Flats. Surveyors had been camping about in this locality, surveying the land. We saw several of their camping places.

Page 352
TO A SURVEYOR'S OLD CAMP.
December 9th, 1865. We went three miles west and camped at a surveyor's old camping place at the foot of the first of the ranges overlooking the plain, sloping southwards. There was still not so much as a fence anywhere on the Mount Bryan plain, with its length of twenty-two miles and varying breadth of ten to twelve miles. Thus we could travel anywhere without let or hindrance. We stayed a night here. In the night the shepherds and the owner lost the sheep! They searched all the morning, but could find no trace of them I was much concerned as well as they. So, after giving all hands a meal at midday and saying nothing to anyone, I started off on my own. When young – as then – I was extremely energetic when bent upon an enterprise. Taking the lay of the wind of the previous night, I scaled the slippery dry-grass-covered foothills with their numerous projecting spikes of sharp rock, and went across the hills and ranges in a direct course northward, follo\w/ing down the wind. Going several miles like this, I found the whole of our flock, rounded them up, and brought them back to camp before dark. To say that Mr Sims was pleased is to put it mildly. He

Page 353
beamed with delight, and thanked me. He was not too popular with the shepherds. At one camp they were 'sizing him up,' as men will do their 'bosses.' It was after the episode of the jam east of Arkaba. After easing their minds, they saw him coming into camp from some bushes.
He had evidently heard all that had been said; for, next day when we were alone, he observed to me, calling me 'Henry' as he always did, that he did not make all his money out of stations, for if he had had to rely upon that alone he could not have carried on. But, as a matter of fact, he had inhereted money, and it was that that was helping him along.
Mr Sims had a bent leg, the knee having been injured in New Zealand during the maori war. He was nicknamed 'Hoppy Sims' by his acquaintances. The ranges the sheep were making for on this occasion were very big and intricate. They surround Mount Bryan proper, except, as I have hinted before, on the eastern side, where it overlooks the great plain that extends to the river Murray. We had to stay in that camp another night.

Page 354
TO SOLTHEWAY CREEK.
December 11th, 1865. Marched onwards towards the west a distance of six miles, camping at Soltheway Creek in very rangy, stony, moderately high highlands. To the W. and N.W. respectively, down below us, were the Boorborowie Plains, and the Canowie Plains. We were on the corners and boundaries of those runs as well as Mount Bryan run.
We camped here many days, shifting camp occasionally – as Fromoloway Creek and Cartoway Creek were also our abiding-places. My horses went lame through travelling over the sharp stones, having worn out their shoes, and I had to reshoe them. Then we had Mr Sims's horse – a big, ugly, rough bay, which shook one to pieces when riding him. Instead of swinging along the ground, he jolted up and down – bumpity bump! Up into the heavens, the down to earth!
One windy night – and it was always blowing on those high lands – the whole flock of sheep disappeared in a mysterious manner! Again I was fortunate enough to find them by the same tactics as before – but this time under most melodramatic circumstances!

Page 355

Having my horses and the cooking to attend to, I naturally concluded that Mr Sims and the remaining shepherd – for I have omitted to mention that one of our shepherds had now left us – by taking different directions, would be able to find the wanderers.
At noon, however, much to my consternation, the shepherd arrived, and soon after him Mr Sims, both empty handed! The Lancashire cotton-spinner was altogether too inexperienced to track sheep, whilst Mr Sims was handicapped by his crippled knee. Seeing that matters were serious, I hastily gave them their usual dinner, then went out and caught the owner's big horse, both of mine being lame. Bringing him to camp, I saddled and mounted him, and went off on my own, without so much as a word. That was my style. No use saying what one was going to do! Time enough to talk when the thing was done! I hardly hoped to succeed where two had failed and, moreover had had an earlier start.
It was now past mid-day, and the sheep miles further away perhaps. I travelled a few degrees E. of N., that being the direction of the wind during the night. I had had a fairly big experience in tracking and finding lost sheep during the preceding two years, and knew their habits I found one peculiarity of sheep was that if there was a hill to leeward, they would go right up it.

Page 356
I made the lumbering horse go at a canter for a long distance. How far I cannot say, but for several miles. The land was all dry-grassed and undulating, with no very high hills for the roamers to climb, the reason being that our camp was on the higher lands.
Going straight ahead for a good while, by and by I saw a shepherd's hut and yard before me on a slope. Riding up to the hut, I saw an amazing sight! The hut and yard belonged to Mount Bryan run. Around the yard was our flock of twenty-five hundred sheep – ba-ba-ba-aing with all their might! It is sheep that should have the donkey's name of asses! They were ba-a-a-a-aing to the local shepherd's flock of two thousand imprisoned inside the flimsy enclosure called a yard! They, in turn, were ba-a-a-a-aing in response, and the noise was like Bedlam let loose! The enemy shepherd was there! And, needless to say, he was in a towering rage, trying, with his dog, to drive our sheep away, but unsuccessfully. Seeing me approach on horseback, he rushed up and wanted to know what in the blankety, blankety, blankety sulphureous crimson lower regions I was doing with a flock of sheep there on his

Page 357
ground, and why did I let them get round his yard? I soothed him as well as I could and explained that they had escaped us during the night, had gone down wind, and got to his yard. The unfortunate fellow was in a most awful funk. His own sheep had been imprisoned all the morning – a mortal offence in itself on a sheep run, where the animals are always let out before sunrise. Why, I don't know! If a man fed himself for twelve hours at a stretch, he would be dead in twenty-four. But a sheep! Bah!
The shepherd's greatest fear, really, was that the two flocks would become 'boxed' – i.e. mixed – necessitating a journey of several days to the head station drafting yards. This would have been awkward for us, too. He had so far, fortunately, prevented this. Without loss of time, we both set to work, and by our united efforts, assisted by the dog, got my sheep away. I left him swelling with righteous indignation, but much relieved. I don't know whether he let his sheep that day or not; at anyrate it was only with increasing exertions that I drove our sheep against the wind back to our camp. That old Thunderbolt of a horse made me very raw; but I had my good silver-plated steel spurs on, and he had to act as my

Page 358
sheep-dog with me astride his back. I say 'old,' but Mr Sims's favorite was only a four-year-old. Mr Sims being a heavy man, I suppose wanted a heavy horse. His eyes were gladdened when he saw me looming above the skyline on his horse, hustling those sheep along!
It was late in the afternoon when I returned. Thus it was that I retrieved the whole flock of sheep a second time. It reads like a romance. But every item set down in this narrative is a stern fact, without any embellishment whatever.
CONCLUSION.
My connection with this long journey from Ooraparinna was about to close. During the whole of the trip which lasted two and a half months, with a direct length of two hundred and sixty miles, we were not troubled by a single fence. As for myself, I covered more than double that distance, as I had to explore a lot, looking for camps.
Blank – the Lancashire man – and I both got the gold fever, and decided to go to New Zealand together to try our luck there. He also had a brother, living in the Province of Nelson, and near the city of that name. So he would have somewhere

Page 359
to go in the event of failure on the goldfields. Mr Sims endeavoured to get me to stay with him, wishing me to go back to Ooraparinna to assist him in the management. But my mind was made up. He generously paid me off at the rate of One Pound sterling per week from the time of my engagement, although our agreement was for fifteen shillings a week only.
I was seventeen and a half years of age then, and I had been in his service just twelve months. Mr Sims went to the Burra and made arrangements to get other men to fill our places, and after a few weeks more of this nomadic life, we bade a last farewell to him.
Neither of us ever saw him again, and now he has gone over to the great majority. And I shall soon be following, for I am over eighty years of age while attempting to write duplicate copies of these early events – one copy for my son; the other copy for my daughter.
Mr Sims subsequently left South Australia and became a pastoralist in Queensland. It was well for me that I did not accept the position he offered me – that is in so far as salary and the making of money were concerned. To anticipate a little, my salary in New Zealand within

Page 360
two or three months of this time was Three Pounds Ten Shillings per per week, with almost immediate rise to Four Pounds Ten Shilling per week, and afterwards to Six Pounds sterling per week. The salary paid to Mr Chas. Dawson, as manager of Ooraparinna, was Three Pounds per week and rations for himself and family.
In Adelaide at that time, the wages paid to laborers was six shillings per day. The hours were from six a.m. to six p.m., with an hour for lunch.
TO A WELL. –
December 19th, 1865. I and my companion, swag on back, walked sixteen miles towards the Burra, and camped at a freshwater well for the night.
TO ADELAIDE.
December 20th, 1865. We arose early, walked five miles to Kooringa, and caught the six a.m. mailcoach for Kapunda. Having travelled the fifty miles to Kapunda, we stepped into the afternoon train for Adelaide.

Page 361
I found the carriages so stuffy that I felt almost suffocated  This was the effect of being in the open air day and night for so long a time. Fifty miles landed us in Adelaide by night. As it was late, we camped for the night in a plantation on Le Fevre Terrace, North Adelaide.
Next morning I presented myself, swag and all, to my darling Marianne – the beautiful girl whom I have now lost for ever. Her lovely arms were thrown around my neck, and at last we two were supremely happy. I unfolded my plans to her of trying my fortunes on the New Zealand goldfields. At first she cried quietly. But she was so optimistic, and had such faith in me, that she soon acquiesced in the arrangement, and even looked forward eagerly, but sadly, to my departure.
Youth is ever bright and hopeful. She never doubted my ability to get on, on this or on other occasions, or my love and loyalty to her own beautiful, quiet, calm self. She was growing a most beautiful and handsome young woman, fine-limbed and well developed. And she was being brought up in refinement as a lady. She played the pianoforte and sang well. She had many music pupils of her own; whilst her mother, who had been brought up under masters, taught French, taught music to advanced pupils, and other educational things.

Page 362
We had a fortnight of bliss together. Every evening Marianne played the piano to me, and duets with her mother, and sang songs to me that I loved. She was being trained in a school choir by Mr Fred. Unwin, she having a nice, rich, voice. Mr Unwin was organist of Walkerville church of England.
Then came the inevitable parting! How I hated them! She did not come to the railway station or ship to see me off, but said good-bye in the house. Her heart seemed broken. She sobbed and clung to me, and it was only with an effort that I tore myself from her clinging embrace. She was one of few words, but deep, steadfast, feeling.

Page 363
A TRIP TO MELBOURNE BY SEA. 1866. BY H.H.TILBROOK.
In the S.S. 'Aldinga' – a fast Boat. January 3rd, 1866 – on this day we started from Port Adelaide in the S.S. Aldinga, bound for Melbourne, Victoria. The only person to see me off was my brother George. He met me at the Adelaide Railway Station and said good-bye there. He showed great concern that no one should go and bid me bon voyage. But I had been used to 'going on my own' since boyhood, and expected no other treatment.
Nevertheless it was a pleasant surprise to me to find one solitary individual who took that much interest in me. In this instance I had a mate with me. But what kind of a help he was will be seen later on, for when difficulties arose, he quietly deserted me. My brother George was such a 'swell', too! He used to attend dances and parties at the Duttons, the Sparks's, the Wyly's, the McDermott's (the S.M.), and invariably wore a dress suit.
The Duttons – The Mother of H. H. Dutton, Brougham Place. Harry Sparks – Afterwards Manager of the S.A. Company.

Page 364
The Wylys – one a brother-in-law of Alexander Buchanan, later a Supreme Court Judge.

The McDermotts. – Mr McDermott was a S.M. of the Adelaide Courts. Mrs McD. was very fond of George, who was a constant visitor at their residence on Strangway Terrace, North Adelaide. I knew all those people, too. There were three Wylys – Aleck. Bill, and Tom. The latter went into the Bush. Bill Wyly – who, by the way, was a great 'swell' also – told me years after George's decease that the most treasured possession he had was a Testament presented to him by my brother George.
Harry H. Dutton and I chummed together in the Christ Church choir under Mr Greenwood, the organist. Harry and his mother lived in a two-story house next to Bishop Short's. They were poor then, but became rich upon the decease of his uncle. Then Harry took up the ownership of Anlaby sheep station, near Kapunda. When I knew Harry, he was a clerk in a Bank.
Harry's family continues there, but Harry himself is no more. But to continue. My next meeting with my brother George was thousands of miles away. The S.S. Aldinga was at this time the most rapid boat in Australian waters. She could do the journey of six hundred miles to Melbourne in forty-eight hours.

Page 365
After leaving Port Adelaide the weather was stormy. The waves were high. The Aldinga did not ride over them, but, diving her nose into them, she worried her way through without slackening speed. I stood it until Backstairs Passage, between Kangaroo Island and the main land, was reached – the same night. Then I turned up my toes! I was so sick I did not care whether the ship ever came up again after burying herself in the billows. My mate was about as bad as I. The deck was awash all the time. The night was dark. I was sitting on the deck, helpless, wet to the skin. All night it lasted.
Next day, when three hundred miles on our journey, we passed Cape Northumberland, and saw the Lighthouse there, and, in the distance, the outlines of those extinct volcanoes – Mount Gambier and Mount Schank. The voyage was rough all the way till Port Phillip Heads were reached on the afternoon of January 5th, 1866. Here is an apt quotation from that clever poet Walt Whitman:–

'MAL-DE-MER.
When the ocean takes a notion to indulge in an emotion
As you're sailing o'er its bosom broad and blue,
Strict devotion to a potion of a lemon-flavoured lotion
Is, dear reader, very plainly up to you

Page 366
It's a failing when you're sailing and the briny air inhaling
To imagine that the ocean's always kind.
There'll be trailing toward the railing of a lot of folk bewailing,
Ere the ship has left the outer reefs behind.

When the ceiling gets to reeling, and a pallid, lonely feeling
(As if every friend you know on earth were dead)
Comes astealing and appealing till it gets beyond concealing,
Then you'll know the thing referred to in our 'head' '

Immediately we entered smooth water inside the Heads I was well again! Going through Port Phillip and Hobson's Bay as far as Sandridge – now called Port Melbourne – we proceeded up the narrow, low-banked, Yarra River. There was no canal then. Our boat being so speedy threw out two great waves in her wake as she proceeded up the very narrow waterway. At one angle or bend her bows almost overhung the land as she negotiated the sharp turn.
Further along, a man was sitting on a heap of silt, complacently fishing with rod and line. We gazed at him in wonder! Surely he knew the big wave was coming on his side – the starboard! as well as one on the port side. Why didn't he

Page 367
clear out? Skedaddle? Vamoose? No! He stayed there like a martyr at the stake. Only, his stay was voluntary. We passengers awaited the catastrophe with interest. After the steamer had passed him, our starboard wave rose up to him gently, caught him full in front, and landed him on his back on the flat ground beyond, much to our amusement and the angler's great astonishment. He was as wet as the fish he was catching!
On we went, through the Yarra smells, which at that time could almost be cut with a knife and retailed in chunks, and finally moored at Flinders-street wharf. I was struck by the fact that, on getting through the Heads, the ship was 'tidied up'. Her sails were rolled up and covered with clean canvas covers, and everything was put into presentable trim ere she hove to in Melbourne City. Not so at Port Adelaide! The steamers arrived there en deshabille – in their kitchen clothes! But, then, Adelaide was only the little 'Farinaceous Village', according to Melbournites, and of no account.
After the Aldinga's time, the newer steamers did the journey in thirty-eight hours. Upon reaching Melbourne, Lodging-House touts stormed

Page 368
the boat. Under the guidance of one of them, my mate and I took our swags to a Boarding-House in King Street, at the top of Bourke street, into which it emerged. We were, in short, on top of the hill on the further end of Bourke street from Parliament Houses. Bourke street is the great shopping centre of Melbourne. The Post Office is in the valley where Elizabeth street ~~crosses~~ \intersects/ it. Thus our lodging-place was not to be on the 'cold ground ' – at least so we thought; but the tale is not all told yet!
Melbourne streets are hilly. From the top of our hill, Burke street was on a slope down to Elizabeth street, at the P.O. corner; then there was an ascent to Parliament Houses on the further hilltop.
IN MELBOURNE.
January, 1866. We stayed in this city from the 5th to the 13th January, 1866. I myself at anyrate made the most of the opportunity by exploring the whole place in the daytime. I wandered to every part I could reach on foot; but had a great job to drag my mate out, he taking very little interest in the new scenes. To me it was the breath of life.
At night I strolled along the principal streets, and payed

Page 369
at least one visit to the Haymarket Theatre in Bourke street. The theatre was so named from a hay market which existed at that Identical time alongside of it, facing Bourke Street. Just imagine at the present moment such a thing as a market for the sale of hay on a site in the first street of

Melbourne! But that was what I saw in the year 1866. It was situated about half way up the hill in Burke street between Elizabeth street and the Houses of Parliament, on the right-hand side. There were no trams, horse or cable; electric had yet to be discovered or invented; motor cars undreamt of; no bicycles either. But the Spencer Street and the Flinders Street Railway stations were in existence.
The trams travelled with great rapidity between Sandridge and Flinders Street. There were many lovely parks in Melbourne and suburbs, with classical statuary – or models of same.
Our Lodging-House was a two-story brick structure, owned by a quiet, single, gentlemanly man, and presided over by a buxom, lively, generous-hearted, industrious girl of about twenty years. He had a treasure in her. She did the work of the whole establishment, making the beds, doing the cooking, the cleaning – everything. She was always smiling and happy, and had a pleasant word for everybody. There were six or seven boarders, all men. And no

Page 370
one ever growled at the cooking or anything else. Even my mate and I didn't complain when we found our bed fully inhabited! And took our swags out on to the cobblestones of the back yard and camped there! She only smiled when we told her – took no offence whatever – and every night stood on the elevated back doorstep some four feet above the yard and called out to us two: 'Good night, Boys!' Melbourne people did not mind B flats; their skins were tougher than ours
Many of our boarders were gold-diggers – for the Victorian goldfields were still in full swing. One old man had St. Vitus's dance through excessive indulgence in alcohol. He could not get a glass of beer to his lips, although I often saw him make the attempt. As he raised the glass, his hand jerked up and down spasmodically, and the beer was spilled all over him outside instead of inside! He could play draughts, however, and he often got me to join him in a game. I alway won two out of three games, and the poor old chap had to acknowledge himself beaten. The other men were a mixed lot – all given to drink. but not to excess. A good-hearted crowd they were! And they all loved the Girl! One or two diggers from Bendigo or Ballarat arrived

Page 371
whilst we were there. The house had many rooms, one on top being very large, with several beds in it. There were no passages, one room opening into another. We two were allotted a double bed on the ground floor, in a room off the main room, which latter opened into King street.
As mentioned above, on the first night I awoke to find an army of the most loathsome vermin feeding upon my fair, white skin! And raising hills, mountains, and snow-capped ridges all over my body! I think I must have jumped sixteen feet perpendicularly out of that bed on to the floor! My mate followed suit leisurely. He was a dark-complexioned man, and he never showed much energy about anything. I think he was of Flemish origin. Still the B flats routed him!
And thus it was that the puny enemy drove us out on to the cobblestones! That was our lodging-place during the remainder of our stay in Melbourne. It was in January; so it did not matter.
The Girl did not mind. 'Good night, boys!' was the prayer she said over us every night. The postal arrangements of Australia in those days were barbarous. A sixpenny stamp was required to transmit a letter from Melbourne to Adelaide.

Page 372
This was the cause of a sad heartache to my devoted Marianne in Adelaide. I wrote her a long account of my doings and the sights I had seen, put a twopenny stamp on the envelope, and posted it at the G.P.O. in Bourke street. I described the steaming up the Yarra, and the upsetting of the angler on the bank.
All in vain! The P.O. people, seeing only a 2$^{d}$ stamp on the letter, opened it find the name and address of the sender. There being no address, they proceeded calmly to put in the dead letter box, and there it may be lying still for aught I know. All the time, dear Marianne was grieving, and her big, beautiful eyes tear-dimmed because of my supposed neglect. In the early days, the different capitals of Australia loved each other like the Kilkenny cats.
Melbourne was far and away superior to any other city at the Antipodes – in her own estimation. But Sydney looked upon her with scorn, and it was a job to prevent a Melbourne man and a Sydney man from fighting to the death, if ever they met, like the aforesaid cats – there was either a Melbourne or a Sydney man too many.
I give a quotation over-leaf of the celebrated Cats of Kilkeny: –

Page 373
‘There were two cats of Kilkenny
Which thought there was one Cat too many;
So they mewed and they bit,
And they scratched and they fit,
Till, excepting their nails, and the tips of their tails,
Instead of two Cats, there wern’t any!’

Adelaide was a city unknown and unrecognised by her big sisters. It was merely ‘The Farinaceous Village.’ But, really, Melbourne was at that time by far the most important town in Australia. Gold had attracted enterprising men from all parts of the world: The result was a cosmopolitan population with broad ideas and ‘go’. It was a live place! The only other city like it in the world was probably San Francisco.
As I have said, I explored Melbourne every day I was there. It gave me the keenest delight to see every portion of this, to me, wonderful metropolis. Yet I had been in a greater city – viz. London! But I was only six years of age then, and was lost there. And was found again under fortuitous circumstances right under Temple Bar, in the Strand. Bourke street was a busy thoroughfare, and I traversed it every day, then wandered anywhere and everywhere, finding

Page 374
myself in queer places occasionally. I carried my six-chambered Bush revolver on my hip. It was not loaded, however. But to even show a revolver will get one out of danger sometimes. The other man does not know it is empty.
In one narrow lane behind Bourke street – Little Bourke street, in fact – I was invited to ‘come inside and see the pretty pictures’ by one lady. But I was ‘fly’ enough to remain outside. Had I given way to the allurements offered me and gone inside, I should probably robbed of all my cash. My money – that is, the bank notes – could have been hard to find, though, for I kept it in a pigskin belt of seven pockets, hidden beneath my shirt, over one shoulder and under an arm. I had the belt made in Adelaide.

The Melbourne Botanic Garden, nestling as it does in a hollow bend of the Yarra Yarra River, enchanted me. I thought the site most beautiful. There I saw samples of the Nardoo seed upon which the ill-fated Burke & Wills party subsisted for some time. Note: – Bourke street is not named after Burke, [*in pencil*] but after Governor Bourke. Their monument then stood in Collins Street. I has since been shifted to another site. The bringing of steamers right up to the wharves at Flinders street, in almost the heart of the city, gave great

Page 375
facilities to trade, and made the warehouses add importance to the structural appearance of the capital of Victoria.
With regard to Adelaide, the port being eight miles distant, with no waterway to the city, renders a duplication of warehouses necessary, causing a restriction of trade through excessive handling of goods; and, by dividing the buildings between city and port, reducing to comparative insignificance. A similar example exists at Christchurch, in the Province of Canterbury, New Zealand. Port Lyttelton is detached in the same way, only more so, with a range of hills between. An old bridge spanned the Yarra where the Prince's Bridge is now. Sandridge was the shipping port for big sailing ships, and the wharves were crowded with those majestic vessels with their lofty masts. Steam had not come into its own then.
Williamstown was opposite Sandridge across the water at the head of Hobson's Bay. Emerald Hill, to the south of the city, is now christened something else. I thoroughly enjoyed my sojourn in Melbourne.
With regard to our boarding-house life, I must write a little more about it. The presiding Queen – the Girl I have referred to – was so cheerful and industrious, that she shed sunshine all around her. The owner – then, for that week at any rate, was a bachelor – never interfered. And he was wise! The Girl was short in

Page 376
stature, but well formed. The food was coarse, but plentiful and good. The beds! – well, I have told about them.
One new arrival from Bendigo the Girl welcomed with great warmth. All sorts of characters were there – the gay, the saturnine, the dull, the witty, the wise, and the silly. Free-and-easy diggers were amongst us; and men who said nothing but thought a lot. The owner of the boarding-house was about to be married! His intended wife was just coming out from England as an assisted immigrant.
At the end of the week she arrived, and they were married without delay. Then the fat was in the fire! A disturbance occurred on the wedding night over a bottle of gin – or, I should say, through a bottle of gin. All these things I have described, in detail, in another article among my 'Memoranda.' The Girl herself told me she would not stay to work for a mistress, but would start a boarding-house of her own. And no doubt she did, soon after we left.

Page 377
A VOYAGE TO NEW ZEALAND By H.H.Tilbrook
January 1866. In the meantime, while in Melbourne, we paid Seven Pounds sterling each for a passage in a new iron steamer named The South Australian, 1000 tons burthen. There was only one class, and that was steerage. She was bound for Hokitika, on the West Coast of the Middle Island. Hokitika was to be her last place of call – I was going to write 'port' of call, but there is no

port there, and never will be. She was to voyage all around the Middle Island, pass through Cook Strait, and touch at Wellington on the North Island, thus giving us a splendid run for our money. Foveaux Strait, between the Middle Island and Stewart Island, would be the first strait to pass through.
Touts were out everywhere in the Melbourne streets on the look out for prospective passengers, as many opposition boats were running; and we learned, when on board, that many people paid only Six Pounds for the trip. We inspected the steamer as she lay at the wharf in the

Page 378
Yarra, then booked our passages. On the day appointed for sailing, we went to the Flinders-street wharf to get aboard – but the vessel was gone! Here was a fix!
We went back to the shipping office, when it was explained to us that the steamer had partly loaded in the river, and had then gone to Sandridge to fill up. We hurried there by train, explored the Sandridge Pier, found the boat, and hopped aboard. We had placed all our things in a bunk as she lay in the river, and we naturally thought we had lost all our worldly possessions. Not so, however. We found them intact where we had put them.
I noticed one fine, handsome, woman, young and fair of complexion, sitting on the deck. She was seasick through the slight movements of the ship whilst at the wharf! But on getting out into the rough and rolling ocean she was as well as if upon land. – – – On January 13th, 1866, we bid adieu to Sandridge Pier, steamed out of Hobson's Bay, through Port Phillip, and out past The Heads, into the Southern Ocean, thence through Bass Strait into the Tasman Sea, leaving Australia behind. The S.S. South Australian was the fastest steamer in

Page 379
this trade, being one of the newest. But although the most rapid vessel, she was not very fast. She was an iron boat, the plates being about three-eighths of an inch thick. That was all that stood between us and the waves. There was no lining to the ship.
As soon as we started, it was seen that the vessel had a list to starboard. In order to remember which was 'port' and which 'starboard', I memorised the two words thus: – 'Port' – left hand – four letters in each word. So in my mind p-o-r-t and l-e-f-t were synonymous. On the other hand: – Starboard – right hand. No need to go further. Both longer words.
We had two hundred passengers aboard, amongst them two dozen women. A portion of the cargo hold had been partitioned off, and rough bunks three tiers high fixed there for the passengers. These bunks were so narrow that a man could not lie on his back. And the space above was so low, that it was impossible to sit up. We had to crawl in sideways. This refers to the centre lot only. The women's cabin – rough and temporary like our own – opened into ours. As the door between the two was being constantly opened, there was little privacy for them. They could not avoid being seen en deshabille; but they

Page 380
did not seem to mind. Moreover a window from the steward's apartment opened right into their domicile. All the ladies were of the right calibre – not a silly, useless, namby-pamby one amongst the lot!
The fat girl I have written of was a jolly one. She made friends with all the men, and every one liked her. 'Flash Harry', from Ballarat, took her especially under his wing, and went ashore with her at the various ports we came to. Other men also had their turn. She treated them all

impartially. I was too young myself to be other than an amused looker-on. During a fight between two men in the hold, this buxom dame sat on the deck above, looking down the hatchway, and applauded. Clapping her hands, she shouted, in great glee, 'Go it, boys! Go it boys!' She bunked alongside a strange man at the foot of the stairway. But as all slept in their clothes, no one took any notice. It strikes me now that she was of German nationality, although speaking perfect English.
As we left sunny Australia behind us, we got into rough weather. Our first port of call was to be Bluff Harbor, in Foveaux Strait, at the southern end of the Middle Island. Thus we were getting further south

Page 381
every day. The straight distance was one thousand two hundred miles. Life on board was mixed, for the people themselves were a mixed lot.
As in the Bush, some of the biggest scoundrels were there, and some of the best one could wish to meet. I took no chances, and kept my money securely in the pigskin belt. Even my mate did not know I had it. I have the belt yet. My swag, with all its belongings, was safe in my bunk. Amongst its contents were the six-chambered revolver from Ooraparinna and a bowie – or sheath-knife to wear on a saddlestrap around the hips. Yes, and I still had my silver-plated steel spurs – which were of no use to me, however, in New Zealand. Leaving Gippland behind us, we steamed and sailed through the Tasman Sea, and kept steadily on for several days and nights. In one portion of the Tasman Sea we sailed through waters that were tinted red. Someone said it was caused by shrimps! And we all accepted the explanation! forgetting that shrimps were not red until boiled.
One night we witnessed a most interesting sight. The ocean was phosphorescent, flashing out ghostly white lights

Page 382
in great abundance. The effect was most beautiful. We hauled up bucketfuls of the sea water, but could not find the animal cules which caused the flashes. I understand, now, that this phosphorescence is caused by pin-head jelly fish. The men 'swapped yarns'.
One hang-dog-looking Australian, lean and gaunt, told us how he had swindled two settlers on the river Murray. He had cut a lot of cordwood on the river. He sold the wood to a settler in Victoria for cash. Then, crossing to the New South Wales side, he sold the stacks again to another settler. He then cleared off and let his victims settle the matter between them as best they could.
The wood was for use on the river boats. But it was mostly in their dealings with the fair sex that many of these men – especially the younger ones – showed themselves utterly unscrupulous. And yet the girls always thought the men were in love with them! The trusting creatures!
Our boat had all her spanker sails and jib sails spread to the wind night and day. The weather became rougher each day, and the sea, with its huge waves, rougher still. On the 18th of January, 1866, it culminated in a terrific hurricane. As I have written a separate article among

Page 383
my 'Memoranda' detailing our fight with the elements on that memorable occasion, I will just state briefly here what occurred.

This was our fifth day out from land. Our ship had a bad list to starboard, as I have mentioned. Had the list been to port, it would not have mattered, as the storm would have held the vessel on an even keel.
As it was, it blew her over on her beam-ends. She was tilted over to such an angle, that my bunk having been changed to the windward side, and sideways at that! I was was pitched out of it on to the floor. I could not keep in, no matter how I tried! The waves struck the iron shell of the ship such blows, it really seemed as though each time we had struck a rock. After each blow she quivered like a frightened horse. She was a 'live' ship, however – not like the unfortunate top-heavy Warratah of 1909 – and sometimes almost righted herself when the winds would let her; but that was not often. She was down on her side again in a few seconds.
Some time before the storm occurred – or, at any rate, ere it became very rough – I had heard some heavy cargo behind the big bulkhead dashing from side to side of the ship, and after much hesitation told the Captain of it. He sent an officer and men down, and they found it was a four-hundred-gallon square iron malt tank on top of the cargo that had got loose, and

Page 384
was pounding at the ship's side with every lurch! This they made secure. This little battering ram of over one ton in weight might easily have caused the foundering of the ship in the storm that followed. Then all kinds of theories would have been propounded as to why she sank. Not a soul would have been saved, for no boat could have been launched on that sea; nor could it have lived five minutes.
I, with two other young fellows, being ejected from our bunks by the storm, determined to see the uproar out on deck; and we were well rewarded for our enterprise. The scene that met our gaze was interesting in the extreme, and it lasted a day and a night. We three stood in a passage-way connecting the afterpart and the forepart of the vessel.
Soon orders were given to batten down the hatchway. Passengers on deck were hunted below. We three were overlooked! and when discovered the hatchway was down, and could not be lifted, as the water was already swirling on top of it. There was no other way of communicating with the people below.The great waves soon deluged the deck from side to side, and from stem to stern. Had that hatchway given way, all below would have been drowned like rats in a hole, and the

Page 385
ship would have foundered. Gradually the deck cargo began to break up. The salt water in our narrow passage-way was often as high as the bulwarks – that is, up to our armpits and higher – but mostly was swirling about our knees, then would rush overboard on the lower side. Fortunately we were on the higher side, where, of course, we got the full force of the gale and of the waves that shot over us. But we were young!
The iron chains which held up the great spanker spars and sails kept breaking under the tremendous weight of the waves which rose above the vessel and struck them, bring all down with a great crash on to the deck. All the sails had been close-reefed at the approach of the storm, and we were running with steam at half speed before the gale. It was fortunate we had sea-room.
We were told afterwards that some of the women below let out an occasional scream. Perhaps that was when the heavy spars, with their sails and chains, came crashing on to the deck. The turmoil above deck was so great, that it deadened any sound from below. So we heard nothing.

Soon I began to feel that I was getting seasick! I had had a surfeit of that on the sea trip between Adelaide and Melbourne, and had escaped it on this voyage so far

Page 386
Grabbing an onion that was floating past from the broken deck cargo, I bit and scratched it, and held it to my nostrils. It acted as a tonic. In a few hours, continuing the process with fresh onions, the qualmishness gradually wore off.
Oh, what a relief! For to have been ill as well would have been awful! In health one can endure almost anything. Hundreds of tons of water came over the bulwarks on our side, and in a short space of time all the sheep and other small live stock were drowned. The crew crept about as best they could, looking after the sails and other matters.
Once the mate was being washed overboard just alongside us, when one of the crew grasped him by a leg and pilled him aboard again. We saw a man groping his way alongside the opposite bulwarks, on the lower side, when a large wooden tub broke away from our side, slid across the deck like a bomb, and crashed into him! When free from its embrace, he hopped away on one leg, nursing a shin with one hand, and with the other holding tight to anything he could grasp. Just then a heavy spanker spar and sail came down with a terrific smash, the chain which had held them up breaking. The crew rushed up in jerks to right them again.

Page 387
As the six of them were raising it once more with block and tackle, a forty-foot curler overwhelmed them – scattered them like ants, here, there, and everywhere! None were lost, as they had all grabbed hold of something. And an old-fashioned sailor has a grip of steel! 'Chips,' the carpenter, was one of them. His brand-new macintosh was torn completely off his back and disappeared overboard! 'Chips' was wroth! He recaptured his cap, which had been wisked from his head, and hammered the water out of it on his knee, in a great rage. He was a six-footer.
The storm lasted a day and a night. During daylight, all these various events were interesting to us three spectators. But as a set-off to this, we had to go through the pitchy-blackness of the night, with the raging waters around us, and could see nothing. Then those below were better off than we above.
For all that, however, I would not have changed places with them on any account. We had some knowledge of the condition of the ship; they had none. There was nothing but white foam on the surface of the ocean as far as we could see it. Even during daylight the spray and thick atmosphere circumscribed the vision to a few

Page 388
hundred yards around the vessel. The Captain and officers, to say nothing of the crew, had a very anxious time of it. And what about the engineers and stokers down in the stokehold? Heroes, every man Jack of them! They all did their duty manfully, and not one shirked his work. By the way, I have seen these stokers, naked to the waist, come up on deck in ordinary times to let the cold wind lave their heated bodies.
At daylight the storm was abating, and eventually the proper course was once more taken. The hatches being removed, the passengers rushed on deck to see about things. They saw a scene of desolation around them that told its tale. I could not get into a change of clothes, so walked about till dry. And that night I slept in my bunk.

By this time the ship had a still bigger list to port, the cargo having shifted considerably under such treatment. New Zealand now came into view.
We passed close by the 'Solander' – an island named after Dr Solander, the naturalist and botanist of Captain Cook's first expedition around the world in 1768. This rock was a pretty sight, standing there alone in the ocean.

Page 389
On the 19th January, 1866, we sighted Stewart Island. The highest land on that island is three thousand two hundred feet above the sea, and is covered to the crests of the mountains with fine timber. It lies in lat. 47° S. This being the southernmost island of New Zealand, is a cold region. The island is extensive – Six hundred and sixty-five square miles – and is called, or was called, The South Island by the inhabitants of New Zealand, the three being spoken of as 'The North Island,' 'The Middle Island,' and 'The South Island'.
Outsiders take no stock of Stewart Island – whose area, it will be noticed, is about equal to that of a moderately-sized Australian sheep run. Passing through Foveaux Strait, we arrived The Bluff Harbor on the same day. 'The Bluff' is in the Province of Southland, and is the port of Invercargill.
A railway had just been constructed from The Bluff to Invercargill, a distance of twenty-two miles. It was not in use, however. This was the only railway line then in existence in New Zealand. Without a doubt, 'The Bluff' is one of the most desolate places I have ever struck. It is in a bleak, miserable spot

Page 390
and I, for one, was glad to leave it. In my diary I have it written, 'Bluff Harbor, Campbelltown.' As a matter of fact, Campbelltown is a port inside the Harbor. We left the same evening.
Passed Ruapeke Island, out in the South Pacific Ocean. Going around several headlands, we arrived at Port Chalmers, the port of Dunedin, on January 30th, 1866, having voyaged the whole of the night and part of the day. Going up the long estuary, or river, the combined landscapes and seascapes were beautiful to look upon. On the left were low ranges, with tiny Maori huts on the slopes. On the right was lowland, with the wide stream winding through it.
By and by we saw some long war canoes, each manned by about a dozen Maoris, all well built and able-bodied. In complexion these Maoris were as fair as Europeans.
They managed their canoes with great skill. They kept rythmetrical time with their broadended paddles, which they dug firmly into the water, driving the canoes along with fair speed. These vessels were really doug-outs from one tree. The men were tall and pliant, with plenty of flesh

Page 391
on their bones without being obese. Steaming up the stream for some miles, we anchored in Port Chalmers, there being then no wharves for us to get alongside of, at least not suitable for our vessel. To get to land, therefore, we had to hire a boat. Here our merry damsel was taken ashore by some of her admirers, one of them being, of course, 'Flash Harry.' The rest of the time, she was engaged in the pastime of catching barracouta – a slim fish two feet or more in length. These the sailors scaled, cleaned, split, and hung up in the rigging to dry, to be afterwards sold in Melbourne.
As the Girl stood on the deck, rod in hand, leaning over the bulwarks, catching barracouta, she positively shrieked with delight! Hauling up about three fish at a time, and all of them up to two

feet and more long, the men took them off the line and rebaited the hooks for her. They were convulsed with laughter to hear her squealing like a kiddie at her success. All she did was, just put the line overboard and pull it up again with several of these long barracoutas wriggling on it, for it had numerous hooks fixed some distance apart. So voracious were these fish, that they could be caught by a bent nail with a bit of red rag on it.

Page 392
To get to Dunedin itself, we had to board a little cigar-shaped steamer, with a bow at either end, but no stern. In each bow was a rudder. She could thus travel backwards and forwards without turning. A very good contrivance for a narrow river!
The surrounding country was mountainous, and the City of Dunedin was situated on a hilly spot. It is the capital of the Province of Otago – (pronounced O-tar-go.). We stayed here some days.
PORT CHALMERS TO PORT LYTTELTON.
January 23rd, 1866 We left Port Chalmers on above date. Going around to the East Coast in the Pacific Ocean, we, after rounding Banks Peninsula, arrived at Port Lyttelton on the 24th January. This is the port of the City of Christchurch, in the Province of Canterbury. It faces east to the great Pacific Ocean. This is also the port that most Antartic expeditions start from. A tunnel was being bored through the hills that seperate the port from the city. It was undertaken by Superintendent Moorhouse, and was intended for a railway.

Page 393
Lyttelton is steep, hilly, volcanic, and sombre, with no pleasant outlook, and hardly any shore. It is in reality the site of an ancient crater long since extinct; and the hills around are composed of lava beds. Banks Peninsula, close by, contains extinct volcanoes. Inland, away back from Christchurch, a town was un-whittingly built over a volcanic crevice. The houses and people had such a shaking up now and again, that the site had to be abandoned.
The railway tunnel mentioned above was begun in July of 1861. The boring was finished on May 25th, 1866. As I was there on 24 January, 1866, it will be seen that it was then nearly completed. It was opened for traffic on December 9th, 1867. It was bored through the wall of an extinct volcanic crater. Total length, eight thousand five hundred and ninety-eight feet – (8598 ft), of which 8128 feet was through volcanic rock. The cost of the tunnel was £200,000.
The rock was so hard, that specially-hard steel had to be made to drill it. This shows what human determination and perseverance will do! There is no active volcano now on the Middle Island of New Zealand.

Page 394
PORT LYTTELTON TO WELLINGTON
January 25th, 1866. Left Port Lyttelton on above date. Sailed northward, on the eastern or Pacific-Ocean side of the Middle Island, off Smoky Bay into the entrance of Cook Strait, across to the North Island. We entered Port Nicholson and arrived at the City of Wellington on January 26th, 1866. What is named Port Nicholson is really the harbor of Wellington. It is a large bay, circular in shape, with a diameter of quite ten miles, and is surrounded by mountains. The entrance is narrow. On one side is Baring Head; on the other Pencarrow. One of the ranges visible from Wellington is named Rimutaka Range. Another is the Tararua Range, which latter stands seven thousand feet high and capped with perpetual snow. Wellington Harbor is a most interesting and pleasant place.

After getting through the narrow entrance, with high and sloping heads on either side, the wide bay opens out, with a long-range vista all around, finishing off with high hills in the background. It is really a magnificent land-locked bay. The seat of Government had been shifted to Wellington from Auckland a few months before my arrival – in 1865, in fact.

Page 395
Owing to the hilly nature of the country surrounding this land-locked sea, the city of Wellington had little flat land to allow of development. The town itself was composed of wooden buildings owing to frequent earthquake shocks knocking stone and brick buildings down. The chimneys were of brick, however. It is to be hoped the town will escape destruction by fire!
There is no tide in this beautiful lake-like harbor. At least I saw none, although at Port Nicholson the rise is five feet
Just before we arrived at Wellington, sixty Maori prisoners of war escaped from a hulk lying not far from us in the bay. They had been captured from Werereroa Pah, and were guarded on the boat by British redcoats. [i.e. 'Pah' is a fort.]
One dark stormy night the Maoris opened a bow port and slipped into the water, all but two or three who remained behind to divert the attention of the sentinels, who were soldiers of the 40th Regiment. This Regiment was stationed in Adelaide in the Fifties, when I was a boy. I remember them well. They mounted guard at Government House gates on North Terrace. They were sent from Adelaide to fight the Moaris at the outbreak of the war.
From the deck of the South Australian in Wellington Harbor I saw a troop of uniformed horsemen gallop off from the wharves in pursuit of the escapees.

Page 396
Some of the latter were drowned in their endeavour to swim ashore – the hulk was out about three-quarters of a mile from land, and the Maoris had no boat – a few came back, and two were shot; the balance got clear away
The Maoris were called 'Hauhaus' and the white men 'Pakehas'. Owing to the war, the interior of the North Island was to us. It was called the King Country. It included the active volcanoes and the Hot Lakes. Many white settlers – men with their wives, sons, and daughters – wh had advanced too far, were fiercely tomahawked by the Maoris. They were led on, or incited thereto, by a firebrand Chief named Te Kooti.
The Maori War lasted from 1861 to 1870. It was raging the whole of the two-and-a-half years that I was in New Zealand. The war was wholly confined to the North Island, on which the ~~City~~ [*in pencil*] \capital/ [*in ink*] of New Zealand stands. The capital of New Zealand was changed to Wellington as being more central.
After that event, terrible fires occurred in Auckland city, the conflagrations being so fierce that the burning buildings on one side of a street ignited structures on the opposite side. If I had had any money to spare at that time, I would have bought land in Wellington to hold for an advance. The city was then small; but in 1911 it had a population of fifty thousand people.

Page 397
WELLINGTON TO NELSON.
January 27th. 1866. We left the City of Wellington and passed through Cook Strait westward – from the South Pacific Ocean into the Tasman Sea once more. Cook Strait was an inspiring sight!

What Captain Cook's feelings were when he discovered the division between the two great islands I could faintly surmise. The rough, blue, waters, the distant lands, the moderate temperature, filled my mind with pleasure, and I pondered over the varied emotions, not unmingled with anxiety that must have been experienced by the world's greatest navigator, as he ploughed his way, under sail, through these latitudes, away from all civilization, and at almost the antipodes of England.
The antipodes are at Chatham Islands, in the South Pacific Ocean. The islands belong to New Zealand. Getting through the Strait, we rounded the various headlands, also D'Urville Island, passed across Charlotte Sound and Pelorous Sound, entered Tasman Bay, and arrived at Nelson, on the Middle Island, on 28th January, 1866. Going around D'Urville Island was the nearest that we

Page 398
got to one of the finest extinct volcanoes in New Zealand. Had it been daylight at the time, we should have seen it, as it was only seventy miles away. It stands eight thousand three hundred feet high, and is in the North Island, near Cape Egmont.
It looks much like the Fuji Yama of Japan. It is an almost perfect cone, rising from a base nearly thirty miles in diameter. Showing what? – That it is deep-seated, and had always had a mild existence, without any violent eruptions. Like Fuji Yama, the summit is covered with perpetual snow. Its name is Mount Egmont.
The entrance to Nelson, at the time of my visit, was a most uncommon one. A spit of land, or reef, of great length lay across the bay. The only navigable channel was in close proximity to some precipitous rocks or cliffs inshore. The steamer steered straight for these cliffs, then turned suddenly to port – (left) – into the stream at almost right angles, thence to the wharf on the starboard side. The tide rises and falls twice daily, to the enormous height of fourteen feet perpendicular. Thus it can be understood that a very swift current is on the flow inward and outward through this narrow opening, except at high and low tides, and that vessels can come in and go out only on certain conditions of the tide.

Page 399
This fact led, a year later, to the scheming of a diabolical plot, in which wholesale robbery and murder were intended. But just before its consummation, the schemers were caught; and three of them were hanged. The men concerned were four notorious bushrangers and murderers. Their names were: Burgess, Kelly, Levy, and Sullivan.
Their head-quarters were around my tent on the West Coast soon after I got there. I escaped all their meshes, but I may truthfully that scores of other unfortunates were done to death by these lower-than-the brute creatures.
Strange to say, the revolver that I then had with me on board the S. S. South Australian was also worn in Nelson a year later by that very bushranger, Burgess when captured by the police in one of Nelson's beautiful, grassy, and brook-flowing lanes. He had stolen it from my tent at Greymouth. I will give an account of these events later on.
Owing to the extraordinarily high tides in Nelson Harbor, small craft, such as boats and schooners, went in at high tide, beached in the mud, and then at low tide were overhauled and cleaned as they lay on their side on alternate days. It is one of the finest places possible for a graving dock. The tides could also be used for generating electricity.

Page 400
We arrived there on a Sunday. All of us trooped ashore. Fruit was plentiful in the gardens. Nelson – nicknamed 'Sleepy Hollow' – is one of the most beautiful rural cities in New Zealand. Its architecture then was nil. Its surroundings were charming – in the summer time anyhow! I knew nothing of its winter aspect. Purling, murmuring, rippling brook's ran through its streets. The town is on a large plain, hemmed in – but not closely – by mountains, many of them in the distance snow-capped. The Port is more than a mile from the town.
At that time a narrow tramway with wood rails ran along a causeway and connected the two. The gauge was about ten inches! We valorous two hundred – or, rather, a contingent of the two hundred – overran the place! Fruit gardens everywhere! Apricots ripe on the trees; cherries ditto. The latter were fine fruit.
One large, well-kept, garden we invaded. It belonged to a benevolent old gentleman. It being Sunday, he would not sell us any fruit; but he gave us leave to pick all the cherries we wished – provided we did no damage to the trees. He informed us that he had the biggest collection of living birds and animals to be found in New Zealand. That seemed to be his hobby. He kindly invited us to inspect them. I am ashamed to say that only a few of us –

Page 401
myself amongst the number – had the courtesy to go around with him to have a look at his pets. The other rascals made for the cherry trees post haste! I, and the few others mentioned, followed the old gentleman around while he explained his exhibits to us.
Amongst those \was,/ to my great astonishment, a pair of crows! I explained to him what an awful pest they were to stockowners in Australia, and expressed the hope that they would never be let loose in New Zealand. He, however, did not take my admonition to heart, for the birds have since become as great a nuisance there as they are here in Australia.
Whilst on this subject, I may say there is now in New Zealand a terrible bird called the 'Kea' which attacks grown-up sheep. It alights on the sheep's back, picks off the wool at the groin, then tears open the flesh and plucks out the caul fat near the kidneys The sheep runs about like a mad thing, and, jumping over precipices in the endeavor to escape its awful enemy, dashes itself to a pulp on the rocks below; or, after thorough exhaustion, lies panting on its side, while the horrible Bolshevik bird tears out its vital parts with its hooked beak How about a Lord that 'tempers the wind' to the shorn lamb'

Page 402
and 'watches the fall of a sparrow,' that silly 'religious' people rant about? Did he build that Kea to torture sheep?
No! Every living thing on this earth – excepting herbivorous animals – devours one another. Nature keeps the population down that way; and nature's laws are unalterable.
However, I am not writing about such abstruse subjects here. I believe Nelson is now the seat of a great jam industry. Black currant jam ought to be one of its greatest products
As we had a two-days' stay here, we moved about and saw things. We came across a publican who had been in Hokitika – our proposed final destination. He had built a public house there. Then he at once sold it at a profit of Three Thousand Pounds; and, taking no more risks, retired to Nelson. He was a wise man, and understood things.
Afterwards, in Greymouth, I saw a similar hotel sold for Twenty-five Pounds. And it was bought by a teetotaller from Adelaide! His name was Dale – a great temperance advocate, in season

and out of season. He used the building as a carpenter's shop and dwelling-house. Of this more anon. Other gardens in Nelson sold us fruit. And we also gained information anent the goldfields for which we were bound.

Page 403
In the distance stood a mountain range which was to become the scene of a dire tragedy within the next twelve months in connexion with the Bushranging Gang I have mentioned. An account of their doings I give in a separate article. Quod vide. The range was named the Maungatapu Mountains – pronounced Maungatap.
I enjoyed the sights of this beautiful village-capital, for it is the capital of the Province of Nelson. It was the very best time of the year – January – and the weather was perfect. But a cloud arose on the horizon for me, for here at Nelson I lost my mate. He, in conjunction with myself, heard such dismal accounts of the West Coast, with its everlasting rains, floods, mists, rivers, jungles, and swamps, that he funked the job, and made up his mind to desert me on the quiet – to give the slip, in fact!
How I tracked him down to his brother's house in Toi-Toi Valley, many miles in the interior, I have described in 'Notes of Incidents' in another book. He had Three Pounds sterling of my money on him, which I asked him to return. But after he had handed it to me, I gave him back a sovereign and a half, and we parted for ever. Afterwards I used to send him half of my

Page 404
earnings because he was hard up. When I dropped it, that mate of mine never wrote to me again! By the way, Toi-Toi Valley was named from the beautiful tuft-grass growing in profusion there. It is indigenous to New Zealand, and it seems almost identical with the pampas grass seen in many Australian gardens. The tufts had great plumes \standing/ high above a man's head. After bidding my mate good-bye on that memorable afternoon, at his brother's house, I started back for the ship, which was to sail in the night to suit the tide.
The distance I had travelled inland that day was so great, that it was midnight by the time I reached the boat. Upon nearing the harbor, I knocked up a tent-maker whose shop was on the causeway. He put a night capped head out of a two-storey window overhead and demanded who was there and what I wanted. He soon came down upon ascertaining that I was a prospective buyer of a thirty-shilling 8 x 6 calico tent.
This transaction being completed, I got on board the S.S. South Australian again, and tumbled into my bunk, tired. When I awoke, I was out on the ocean, sailing and steaming. The date I left Nelson was the 30 January, 1866.

Page 405
NELSON TO HOKITIKA
January 30th. 1866. On this date left Nelson for Hokitika on the West Coast. This was our final destination. The word is pronounced locally, Ho-ka-tik-ke, the accent on the penultimate syllable. I had to face the world alone once more. I was then seventeen years of age. I must now look for another mate to accompany me to the goldfields. I soon found him in Mr. Harry H--- [*pencilled in above line*] \enderson/, whose brother had been in a wholesale way of business as a confectioner in Adelaide.
Harry was much older than myself but seemed possessed of very little nous, as after events proved. Finding that I was a bloated capitalist with about sixty shillings to my credit, and a tent,

he soon chummed up to me, and agreed that we should make our fortunes together as gold-seekers; the more so as he himself was stoney broke! He hadn't a stiver! Just a swag! Nothing more! I myself had money in a bank in Adelaide, but would not send for it.
Among other things told us about the West Coast was that it rained eight days a week there. Therefore any tent would come in handy to protect Harry from the elements! But, did it? We shall see.

Page 406
Harry was a Scotchman, as his name indicates. He was rather querulous than quarrelsome, with a very good opinion of himself – an exceedingly good quality in any man, by the way.
That is what we call optimism. Otherwise he was not a bad sort. Gratitude, however, was a characteristic quite foreign to his nature, as will be seen when I unfold my narrative.
Yet I look upon his sojourn with me with a good deal of pleasure, for we were together in a very rough land, in very rough times, and had to look after ourselves. Going around Cape Farewell, we got into a very choppy sea. The ship seemed to have half its length out of the water at a time – at one time the forepart, then the afterpart, at which time the big screw 'raced' for all it was worth, for there was nothing to check it then. Captain Cook's little tub must have bobbed about like a cork in those troublous waters.
When the S.S. South Australian dipped into the trough of a great wave obliquely, the twisting and tilting she endured were very severe. I believe that mechanism has since then been invented to prevent the 'racing' of steamships' screws when out of the water. I saw the great cogwheel which drove the main shaft
The cogs of the wheel were made of a wood called hornbeam.

Page 407
let into the iron. It is of exceeding toughness. Steel on wood! and the great cog ran noiselessly. The hornbeam is a British-grown tree. Steel on wood left nothing but vibration of the steamer to cause annoyance to the passengers.
Cape Farewell was named by Captain Cook as he took his departure from that point of land on his first voyage of discovery in his little ship The Endeavor, of three hundred and seventy tons. Captain Cook named two other points Cape Stephens and Cape Jackson respectively.
A bay between Separation Point and Cape Farewell was called Murderers' Bay by Captain Abel Jansen Tasman, who first discovered New Zealand in 1642. Captain Cook was the first to discover that New Zealand was divided into two larger and one smaller islands.
After a very rough voyage, we arrived abreast of the great mountain range named The Southern Alps running parallel with the West Coast. We reached Hokitika on the afternoon of January 31st, 1866. Mount Cook loomed up in the distance further south, snow-capped and draped in mists and clouds. The immense range extended north and south as far as the eye could reach. There was a well-developed snowline, all above that being perpetual snow, and bare rocks of great magnitude. Below

Page 408
that line, dense vegetation, pervaded by dampness and ooze, reigned supreme. So gloomy was the outlook, so rough and stormy the sea, that no less than one hundred out of the two hundred never landed at all, but returned on the boat straight back to Melbourne! As I have said, it was

afternoon. There was no anchorage, and no time to be lost, All who intended doing so had to land that night or not at all.
A little tugboat of two hundred tons – The Lioness – came alongside. The billows rolled heavily. The passengers had to disembark on to the little tug. She went slowly up-up-up, then down-down-down, by the side of the big steamer. As the decks of the two became level, the passengers had to jump from the bulwarks of the South Australian on to the roof of the paddlebox of the tugboat. Two sailors stood there, and, as the people jumped, grabbed them by the arm, leg, or whatever came handiest, and hauled them into safety. I threw my swag aboard, and followed it with a leap, for I was nimble enough. Then I turned and watched the others from the low deck of The Lioness. Two ladies stood on the bulwark high above, awaiting

Page 409
their turn. One was elderly and thin; the other young and plump. Before they could jump, the little boat Lioness sank down-down-down into the trough of a wave; and there the ladies stood, high in the air, grasping their skirts, and supported by two sailormen.
Of course, we down below all looked the other way – so as not to embarrass the ladies. That was the only reason, for no man yet refused to look at a pretty ankle for any other! Our little boat slowly rose again, and the plucky girls jumped, and were hauled aboard from the top of the paddlebox. All intending to land were soon safe upon the deck of the Lioness.
Soon after this, a huge wave was observed by an officer on the big boat making our way from seaward A sharp order! Out at lightning speed came a sheath-knife from a sailor's belt. The cable which held us to the steamer was sawed through instantly, the rope parted, and we fell off rapidly before the advancing wave had time to overwhelm us. If you are looking for intelligence, you will find it among sea-faring officers and their men. Instead of returning to the steamer, our tug headed for the bar of the Hokitika River. The waves there were so big and curling, that our boat stood up like a prancing horse,

Page 410
and came down again with a spanking splash as we crossed the bar. Then we were in safety in the calm waters of the Hokitika River. Steaming up this for the space of half a mile, we landed at the wharf. There is really no port. Nor will there ever be one. The ocean entrance is too steep and rough. By steep, I mean a sudden deepening of the ocean, with no anchorage.
At the time of my landing, there was a very large number of wrecked vessels on the coast near the entrance to the river. They had just missed the bar in attempting to get in, and were washed ashore, where they soon broke up, being unable to withstand the bumping they got on the shingly strand from the 'curlers' which rolled in unceasingly. These 'curlers' were hollow, and of any height up to ten or twelve feet. I myself, later on, saw a large iron steamer wrecked at the mouth of the Grey River, twenty-five miles north of the Hokitika River.
I broke clean in two, the stern half turning around to have a look at the other half, as they sat upon the pebbly beach, bemoaning their sad fate. I walked around the two halves many times. From this may be gathered some idea of the great wash going on eternally on that weather-beaten coast, facing

Page 411
as it does the whole stretch of the great Southern Ocean. The town of Hokitika was the biggest and most important on the Coast just then. It was less than two years old.

The goldfields of the West Coast had been discovered only a little more than a year when I arrived. There were no inhabitants before that, excepting a few Maoris who had been driven down from the north along the coast through tribal disputes. Revell Street was the most important thoroughfare of Hokitika
The place was in an embryo stage. Shops and other structures were being extended northwards in that street for a length of two miles. The town was on the north bank of the river. It ran parallel with the coast, but about half a mile back. Since then – in 1914 – the waves encroached upon the street and washed many of the shops away. The erections above mentioned were composed of a framework of wood, resting on piles placed in the ground. On the outside, the buildings were of weatherboard, the divisions between the rooms a kind of rough calico called 'scrim' – a fabric much like cheesecloth. This was papered. One could hear everything that was said in an adjoining room. The roofs were of corrugated galvanized iron. Some buildings were of iron in place of weatherboard. Every other place seemed to be a grog shop. There was

Page 412
no restriction of public houses then; no talk of prohibition. As many licences were granted as were applied for. The building of new 'pubs' was only stayed when it would not pay to erect them.
Before proceeding further with my narrative, I must continue the history of the S.S. South Australian after I had bidden her adieu off the West Coast and in sight of the great Southern Alps and Mount Cook. During her next voyage or a voyage or two afterward, she struck a rock in New Zealand waters and foundered. It was, fortunately, calm weather. She hit the rock, and stayed there till all the passengers and crew were rescued.
Then, when a steamer was sent out to salvage her, it was found that the waves had washed her off the rock, and that she had foundered, leaving no trace. My mate – Harry H. – and I swagged it through the whole length of Revell Sreet, striking north, as we had decided to make for the Grey River. Another man who had no tent I took pity on. I invited him to accompany us and share my tent at night. It had been raining all the time we were disembarking, and it was still going strong as we started northwards. The whole country was soaked, all vegetation sopping wet, and dead wood and kindling sticks were soaked to the core.

Page 413
We decided, money being short, to make straight through the town and camp some distance away on the coast. I purchased two or three quartern loaves – four-pounders – of bread, and some bacon, also cheese. My newly-found mate – H. H. – growled incessantly, like the rain that was falling. And he growled at my extravagance in buying the bacon – with my own money!
He had long since come to his last shilling. I gave the ungrateful fellow shelter and food. The stranger also lived on my spare bounty, and had the shelter – such as it was! – of my tent during the nearly three days we footed it on that very inhospitable coast. But he was a very nice, quiet fellow, and showed his gratitude. I regret that I did not ascertain his name.
The seashore consisted of shingle – i.e. big pebbles and small pebbles, with occasional slabs of rock, all much waterworn.
I took my boots off and slung them around my neck, jumped or stepped from stone to stone. Those boots were the pair I referred to in the account of my Australian journey with sheep in the Far North. As I shall write a separate article detailing this journey, I will merely summarise here.

At dusk we erected the tent above high-water mark on the fringe of a dense scrub which came down to that line all

Page 414
along the West Coast. Everything was so thoroughly soaked, that we were unable to light a camp fire. We had to drink cold water and ~~drink~~ [*in pencil*] \eat/ dry bread and cheese.
I getting into my blanket for the night I put the bacon underneath my head. In the morning it was gone! The rats had pulled it from under my head as I slept. I found a portion of the rind outside the tent next morning.
No doubt a judgment on me for my extravagance! My Scotch mate evidently thought so. The other man was sorry. So was I.
It was raining all the time! Night and day! We were all very damp -our belongings also. Our tent having no outside 'fly', the rain spattered through the thin calico and wetted us all persistently, unsparingly, and impartially. We never thought of praying to the Lord to stop it for us! And we had a Scotchman with us, too! How foolish of us! Then again why did he let those rats eat my bacon? The Scotchman, of course, thought that was correct. I didn't. However, to become serious again:
We had to make two separate camps on that beach journey, although the distance we walked was only twenty-five miles. Those nights were 31st January and 1st February, 1866. At our second camp I got a fire alight, because I had

Page 415
kept some paper and things as dry as possible for the purpose. But I defy anyone ~~but~~ \except/ a Bushman to light a fire outside in the open where everything has been soaking in rain for days and weeks.
I confess now, after this lapse of years, that it is a puzzle to me how we got the wood to burn. But in Australia I have started a camp fire when I had nothing but big green mallee to work upon. I succeeded then because I used the finest shavings from the butts. They were not sopping wet, however. In New Zealand I carried a tomahawk. This was imperative in order to cut stakes and poles for the tent at each camping-place.. This enabled me to keep a fire going when once started.
I always managed to light a fire at all subsequent camps in New Zealand, excepting one; and that was when I was alone in a lone camp back in the forest; where I was overrun by rats in the night, and when I was exhausted with my day's tramp.
We had many rivers to cross on this West Coast journey, the most dangerous being the Arahura. In crossing these streams we used long poles, planting them down stream into the gravel at the bottom. The sea was only a quarter of a mile away, and sometimes only one hundred yards, and to lose our footing while crossing these shallow but swiftly-flowing rivers meant death by drowning in the breakers. The flood waters rushed down swiftly, and carried great weight with them.

Page 416
We camped on the Hokitika side of the Arahura on the first night. We waded through all the streams safely, although at one of them H. H. thought he was a 'goner'. He being the last man, the pebbles broke away from under his feet, and were carried down stream. As the disturbed stones shifted their location through the force of the current, a big curling wave followed Harry up

with a roar, seemingly intent upon devouring him! However, the stout poles kept us upright, and nothing untoward happened.
Our second camp was south of the great Teremakau River. This is the biggest river on the Coast. During the whole of our day's journey it rained incessantly. We had an arduous day, although a short mileage. I jumped from pebble to pebble, with my boots still round my neck. We were all well damped by the rain during the day and by the spattering through the thin calico of the tent throughout the night.
On the morning of the 2nd February, 1866, we left this camp, and upon reaching The Teremakau found there was no getting over without a boat. The river was more than half a mile wide, divided into three streams, but emerging into one near the mouth. Fortunately a boat was there, and we paid half-a-crown apiece to the boatman to take us over. The stranger

Page 417
with us observed, with much disgust, that 'You can't open your blanketty mouth in this blanketty country without being charged half-a-crown for it!' I also expressed the opinion that had that been the River Styx, Charon the boatman would have taken us across gratis as 'deadheads.'
My beautiful Marianne has crossed that mythical river since I first penned those lines, and disappeared in the mists beyond, leaving me behind, deserted and alone! – – –
After passing the Teremakau River, we travelled onwards, eleven miles, crossed the Saltwater Creek, and after another mile, arrived at Greymouth in the evening. The distance travelled that day was fourteen miles. This was quite equal to a twenty-eight mile tramp in Australia, as jumping from pebble to pebble is a monkey's game, and trudging over heavy shingle is very tiring. Sometimes the pebbles were two and even three feet long. Then the going was easier. There were occasional patches of sand. I, in common with the others, had all my worldly goods upon my back, wet blanket included, and wet tent also,

Page 418
rolled up in the shape of a swag. My thoughts upon reaching Greymouth were mixed. I was a stranger in a strange land – a land vastly different from the Australia I had been accustomed to. Through the gorge east of the town, the Southern Alps showed, capped in everlasting snow.
At Point Elizabeth, five miles north of Greymouth, a small coastal range comes down to the shore. At Greymouthe the same range is about one mile inland. There the river comes through a gorge in that range.
On the south bank of the river, at the foot of the range, the town of Greymouth stands. Just there the range is only six hundred feet high. It is steep, and covered to the top with tangled vegetation. The rock of which it is composed is carboniferous limestone – a sure indication of coal deposits.
Everything was wet on the Coast. Mud, water, lagoons, swamps fringed with phormium tenax (New Zealand flax) abounded. Equally abundant also was the Toi-Toi grass, with its beautiful plumes. The vegetation was so dense as to be impenetrable without the aid of axe and knife. And the rain was still falling when we got there! No wonder one's spirits were damped also.

Page 419
I was then on absolutely almost my last sovereign. Everything was dear. Eggs, three shillings a dozen – they had been six shillings. -: meat one shilling per pound; Wellington boots, forty-two shillings a pair; Crimean shirts (woollen) eighteen and six each. But I had a tent to sleep in, and

wood and water cost nothing. But I knew that this Number Two Mate of mine would desert me on the first opportunity. He was built that way! And he did, leaving me to battle along on my own. Of this more hereafter.
Before going further, I will record a historical incident connected with the supplying of the Maoris with contraband of war that occurred about the time of my arrival at Hokitika. The hero – or I should say adventurer – of the affair was a notoriety named 'Bully Hayes.'
Extract: –

> 'Recently, some West Coast incidents were brought to light. One of them was a visit to Hokitika in 1866 by Bully Hayes, in his piratical craft, which was in due course inspected by a New Zealand Customs officer. There were tons of gunpowder stored on board, and when the Customs officer went below with a lighted match, Bully Hayes and some of his men, knowing the nature of the cargo, moved well out of the way. Fortunately the officer did not discover the gunpowder, and

Page 420

> the gunpowder did not discover the match!'

The Customs officer used matches to inspect the Rona, and threw the spent matches about. They were the old post and rail kind, large, with brimstone heads. He actually threw lighted matches on to a tarpaulin which covered twenty tons of gunpowder. Bully Hayes said he was never so near hell in his life!
The cargo of gunpowder was for Te Kooti, the rebel Maori chief, to be delivered to him on the North Island. Te Kooti was the leading spirit of the Maori War raging at the time. Hence the villany of Bully Hayes in supplying him with ammunition.
There was another event that happened during the month of our journey from Hokitika to the Grey River – February, 1866. This was a natural phenomenon – an astronomical one. In that month of that year there was no full moon. But both January and March had two full moons.
A learned astronomer stated that this had not happened before in the history of the world, and that it will not occur again for 2,500,000 years!
Upon arrival at a new place, the chief thing is to find a camping-ground We pushed our way in the mud and slush through the new Town of Greymouth, along the two quays by the river, right up to The Gorge where the Grey volumes through, to be lost after

Page 421

another mile in the curlers on the beach – a shore facing the great Southern Ocean. At the spot where we pitched our first camp, the post-office was afterwards built. It was a nice little flat, with water handy, and sopping-wet wood all about. There we erected our tent temporarily until we could find a more secluded site. The rivers or streams we had waded through or crossed over during our sea-shore journey were: –

Stream, name unknown.
The Arahura River.
Stream, name unknown.
Another stream, name unknown.
The Teremakau River.
Stream, name unknown.
Saltwater Creek.
The New River.

These are all important streams. There were other smaller ones. No doubt many of these cease to run in dry weather.
It had been raining all the time since our landing. Of this we had the full benefit; both in having swift streams to wade through, and in being wet through day and night. The Grey River we did not cross, as Greymouth is situated on the south bank. The town of Cobden was on the North

Page 422
bank, near the Gorge; but it was only a little village.The mouth of the Grey River was wide and deep. Small steamers and schooners up to two hundred tons burthen were able to go almost up to the Gorge. Above that, ten-ton coal barges navigated its rapidly-flowing waters. They were poled up, comparatively empty, and came down, laden with ten tons of coal, in the middle of the stream, with oars going and sails set.
On the night of our arrival, we thoroughly explored the town, then in the embryo stage like Hokitika. Gold is a great magnet, and the town was already large, but not as large as Hokitika. Between the two there was already great rivalry. With a population of nearly five thousand persons, there were over one hundred and twenty public-houses and grog-shops. Why do I not use the word 'hotel'? Well, there were two or three hotels. One of them was Moorehouse's Hotel; another was Kilgour's Hotel; both facing the river on Mawhera Quay; both two storeys high, and built of weatherboard. Starting from the high ground near the Gorge, the first section was Mawhera Quay, the land being let on lease by the Government and the money received handed over to the Moari inhabitants – who, by the way, were few in number. Then came Boundary Street at right angles – an overflow

Page 423
creek, really, of the big river; but banked up at the river end, thus keeping the waters out until the floods came down, when Boundary street again became a raging side river. Past Boundary Street, down towards the sea, was Richmond Quay, very low lying, and a great sufferer from the freshets and floods after heavy rains, the waters then rolling down the river quietly and ominously in the deep part, but boiling and surging, ~~but~~ [*in pencil*] \and/ with a mighty power behind them. At this lower part of the town the houses and shops were built upon extra high piles – in some cases amongst the dwelling-houses up to nine feet from the muddy ground. Many of these were carried out to sea when extra high floods came along, the people being first rescued in boats.
Those were exciting times and brought out the pluck of the people – women as well as men. I found the womenfolk a brave lot when occasion arose. With the floodwaters rushing under the floors, and raging all around them, I never heard any screaming. And I saw many a house topple over, head downwards into the flood, the furniture scattered abroad 'sailing down the golden stream!'
I found that the West Coast was no place for any but the strong and hardy – men accustomed to heavy, laborious work, such as navvying, for example. And many such there

Page 424
were – as fine a class of working men as I had seen. They were all stalwarts. I myself, being a light weight; was, unfortunately, handicapped, as I soon found.
We enjoyed the new scenes around us – at least, I did. On the footpath in front of us, when we first arrived, were two well-shaped and well-limbed Maori belles, a blanket of blue on their

shoulders. This was their only garment; and their dark hair was frizzed out to enormous dimensions. The two heads side by side took up the breadth of the footpath. They were as fair of skin as any European. In disposition they were gentle, good-natured, and sweet. They were bare-footed and bare-limbed, and fairly weighty. They were not the 'slight, frail', creatures that we read about in women's novels. They were more like Dickens's heroines. One of Dickens's scamps said to a mate like himself as he was abducting one of them, 'I find these fine gals uncommonly heavy!'
The roads were all deep mud. Schooners lay at the few wharves that were there. Other vessels were at the sloping edge of the natural riverbanks, which were of shingle. The River Grey was flowing silently, powerfully, and full. Later on, purchasing a pick, a shovel, and a tin prospecting dish to wash out the visionary gold that I, by this time, had no hope

Page 425
of getting, I went into the scrub at the back, on high ground, and sank some prospecting holes. I got as far down as eight feet, but no further, the water coming in too strongly. I had to abandon each shaft and sink another in a more likely spot.
When young and green, I once saw a picture of a prospecting hole sunk by a new chum on a Victorian goldfield. Its title was: 'A New-Chum's Claim.' The hole was a round well. I could not see the point then. But I could see it now. A digger's shaft is always oblong – not round – and as small as it can possibly be made, with just room to use the pick and shovel. It is surprising how one gets into the way of throwing the dirt high overhead from a hole hardly longer than the length of the shovel itself I worked like this for many days, standing in water all the time.
My mate did not help me!
Occasionally a stray man of the camp came and tried his luck with me. One man in particular helped me sink several prospecting shafts. At one spot we got down deeper by making a platform, the bottom digger throwing the dirt to that ledge, and the middle man shovelling it thence to the surface. By this means we sank a hole twelve feet deep without a windlass. The first few feet of sinking was always through black, decomposed, vegetable matter; and when the sand was reached, we had to get out.

Page 426
The fine gold was found in terraces high above sea-level  These terraces were once the sea shore; but the land having risen in successive jerks, they were now high above it – one above the other in succession, at irregular intervals. I had not the luck to strike any of the terraces.
All the gold found near the coast was flour gold – that is, gold dust. It had been washed down the rivers, ground to powder over the pebbles in the process, carried out to sea, then washed up along the seashore.
In the course of ages – aeons of them – the shore having risen suddenly by seismic shocks, the terraces went higher and higher. The very lowest terrace that I saw was between the Grey and the Teremakau Rivers. It was not more than ten feet above high tide. It consisted of from six to eight inches of black ironsand. Throughout this the gold was disseminated. Above the lot was twenty to thirty feet of ordinary sand and mould; on the top of that again, a dense forest of trees, shrubs, and creepers.
All that overburden had to be removed to get at the seam of black sand. It took strong men for such a job. The band of black sand was so rich in gold, that it actually paid handsomely to do that arduous work. Long toms, made out of planks, were used to recover

Page 427
the gold. Blankets being placed on the bottom for the whole length, the auriferous ironsand was spread in shovelfuls on them at the top end and a head of water let through. The black sand was gently washed away, and the flour gold was left behind in the blankets, mixed, of course, with more or less iron grains and iron dust.
The whole of the blanketings was then amalgamated with quicksilver in chamois leather bags, the quicksilver squeezed out, and the amalgam retorted in a furnace. During the heating process, the mercury went up into the air in the shape of vapor, and the gold remained behind. This retorting was done by the Banks. The mercury, when retorted, was not lost. The vapor was guided into pipes, like those used in a still, but not so complicated, and the mercurial vapor, when cooled, fell down again, like stream of rippling silver, into a receiver.
As I have said, my mate – Harry H. – did not help me do any prospecting. The Bush appalled him. He obtained a billet, and deserted me as I predicted he would. But, to revert back a bit. Upon arrival at our first camping-place at Greymouth, we put out our blankets to dry at every chance; but although the rain was holding up somewhat, it did not cease altogether. We found then that the big

Page 428
blue-bottle flies, directly the blankets were hung out, laid their eggs in the woollen fabric. Our 'blueys' were covered with white patches. They were flyblown as a matter of fact; and if we had not at once picked off the eggs, the live stock would soon have been wriggling about. Even the barks of trees had maggots – beg pardon, 'gentles' – wriggling about behind them – seeking what they could devour! I soon shifted my tent to a less exposed spot than the bank of the river. Some logs that I had chopped into firewood, I found emitted a phosphorescent glow at night time that was wierd and beautiful. All of the chips and the whole of the big logs were luminous, throwing out a cold, white, glow. The gloworms at night were also a pretty sight, their colors being prismatic.
Being short of cash, I obtained a fishhook, got a line, and also made a net, and proceeded to fish in the river to avert starvation. With the net I obtained whitebait in abundance; and I boiled them down into soup. It was delicious and nourishing. I caught fish occasionally with the line. One day a little robin redbreast sat on my rod most of the time I was fishing. Upon going to my tent that afternoon,

Page 429
I lay face downward, when another robin came in and sat on my shoulder. I took the little chap in my hand, where he nestled comfortably. Going out quietly, I closed the flap of the tent and left him inside; but upon returning, I found him gone.
This second mate of mine who had just deserted me was an amusing fellow to study. Being a Scotchman, he was intelligent. But being also exceedingly selfish and inclined to study only the interests of No 1, he was not always a success at things that he took in hand. As a wholsale manufacturer of confectionery, he was exceedingly clever.
Although he had deserted me, I had not seen the last of him by any means. He had obtained a position as chef at Moorhouse's Hotel, the two-story place mentioned before on Mawhera Quay. And he was well qualified to fill the position, but he did not keep it long. This second desertion by a mate I took as a matter of course. I bore neither of them the slightest animosity, recognising

that they were quite right to look after their own interests. I subsequently helped both with money to the extent of a big round sum in golden sovereigns, to be rewarded by base ingratitude on the part of both of them. But perhaps they could not help themselves.
Being now alone, I determined to strike inland and prospect as a 'hatter'. I spent almost my last shilling in buying

Page 430
food to take with me. I obtained four quartern loaves of bread = 16 lbs; four pounds of cheese; some bacon; and some coffee and sugar. Then I packed up.
It was still raining! I had not seen the sun for many days. My money now being about flown, I could stay no longer in the town. Accordingly, with no one to see me off, I shouldered my swag, weighing over one hundred pounds, and made a start. My tent, my blankets, and all my wearing apparel were wet; and when soaked with water, those things are weighty.
I made my swag up into two rolls – one for my front and one for my back, vertically, to prevent my being pulled back by the 'lawyers,' or wait-a-bit thorns. The track I selected was not more than two or three feet wide. It went through jungle so thick, that nothing could be seen a few feet away.
In addition to this double swag, upon the back half of which was fixed a pick-head, a tomahawk, and a large prospecting dish, I had a shovel in one hand and a pick handle in the other. Leaving the Grey River on the left hand I struck out on the right along the base of the six-hundred-foot range covered with trees and creepers to the top. I never set eyes on the range itself, but knew it was there by the slope. I was fortunate in keeping out of the marshes down below.

Page 431
It rained all the while, and big drops fell through the forest overhead. I was soon wet to the skin with combined water and perspiration, for it was the heaviest track I had ever been on. It would have been killing enough without the load. It was doubly so with it. As I shall give a full description of this journey in a separate article, I will not deal lengthily with it here.
My first big obstacle was a huge tree lying across the track. On my first essay at mounting it, I fell backwards right on my back into the mud. That was an advantage: no fear of hurting one's self by a fall! A nice, soft, cushion always ready to receive you!
By making a tremendous rush, I at last scaled the obstruction, and dropped into the all-embracing slush on the other side. On higher ground, where the undergrowth was a trifle thinner, I met three men coming down to the coast. The leading man walked for perhaps eighty feet along a fallen tree-trunk that was as straight as a ship's mast. Getting off the end gingerly, and stepping on to what looked like the hardest ground, he began to sink into the mud. His mates pulled him out. They advised me to go back. But I went on.
I crossed many rapidly-flowing creeks, full almost to the top of their perpendicular banks. Across each I straddled upon a single fern-like trunk that had been felled and thrown

Page 432
from bank to bank. Some of these fern trees grow to a height of sixty feet. I saw some forest trees – either Kauri or white pine – with trunks up to ten or twelve feet in diameter; but they were old and decaying.
Some of them had been embraced by a peculiar creeper named 'The Rata'. This climber, as I should call it, had gradually grown around its prey, till at last the whole circumference of the

trunk was covered with a solid mass of wood a foot or more thick, which squeezed it tighter and tighter till the noble tree had died, the creeper standing up in its place like a huge cylinder, being now a tree itself to all intents and purposes. Other tall white pines had climbers resembling great cables six or nine inches thick climbing up them. The stalks of these climbers swayed about like long snakes hanging from limbs one hundred feet high.
The supplejack was in evidence everywhere. It is dark-green in color, and of the thickness of the new wood of a grape vine, but with longer joints.
The 'lawyer,' or 'wait-a-bit' thorn was a creeper with sharp hooks on it that pulled one backward as they unceremoniously hooked themselves into one's clothes. The word 'lawyer' was a sarcasm of the diggers. 'Wait-a-bit' more aptly described it.

Page 433
I was pulled down by it several times that day, and accordingly had to wait a bit, willy nilly. By and by I came to a rather wide creek, with the usual torrential stream and a single trunk of fern tree thrown across it from bank to bank.
I was just about to rush across this little bridge standing up, and chance falling in, when, above the din and roar of the water, I heard a voice urging me back. I stopped, looked up, and saw a man on the opposite bank gesticulating, and heard his shouts warning me not to cross standing, but to do the sliding and shuffling act. He pointed out the danger of my toppling into the stream, when nothing could save me, loaded as I was. So I desisted, and flinging my pick-handle and shovel across, ignominiously straddled the narrow fern tree once more – with my legs dangling in the current, the balance of my heavy swag on my breast and back – and shuffled and wriggled across.
It was still raining. But as I was wet through, it did not matter about my legs dangling in the running water. There are lots of good fellows in the world. This man tried hard to deter me from advancing into that wild chaos of vegetation, roaring waters, and underfoot slush. But I was determined to go on, and I did. I was

Page 434
seventeen and a half years of age then, and I was just gaining experience – experience that makes one wise. I had no watch and the sun was invisible. The rain never ceased. I could not unrol my swag to have a feed. Thus I went on till dusk, when I came to an open glade, caused by the fall of either a giant Kauri or white pine.
A dank smell of decaying vegetation permeates the whole atmosphere of the West Coast forests. In places the decaying matter is six feet deep. Pitching my tent on a large heap of dead fern leaves – not by any means dry – I found I was too exhausted to even light a fire!
Water was running beneath fallen timber and undergrowth. It could be heard but not seen. However, I searched, filled my quart pot – for I still stuck to that Australian utensil – and quenched my thirst with cold aqua pura. I then had a little bread and cheese.
I fastened the edges of the tent down tightly into the fern leaves upon which it stood, and, tying the door flaps around the upright post, I thought I had done all possible against an invasion of the dreaded mosquitoes. Then I lay me down upon my little bed, exhausted, for it had been a strenuous day, with so heavy a load and so bad a track.

Page 435

I was not knocked up by any means – just tired out. I had gone only about eleven miles after all, but they were leagues to me. It was one of the hardest day's work I had ever done.
My four pounds of cheese and sixteen pounds of bread made one an excellent pillow as I lay there enjoying the luxurious rest. In the fading light I heard mosquitoes humming! They were inside the tent! I was horrified! But there was no help for it. They had arisen out of the bed of dead fern leaves! The irony of it after all my precautions!
Then, to make things still nicer for me, before it got dark I saw the shadows of strange animals that were climbing over the outside of the tent. The animals were rats! Hordes of them! They had smell the cheese. As I lay on my back, I knocked them into the air with right-handers and left-handers as they clambered over the tent seeking an opening. But it was no use. There were too many of them. And I was so thoroughly exhausted, that even this attack by an army of rodents could not keep me awake.
With my arms still whacking at them, I went off into a peaceful slumber. I slept without so much as a movement till daylight, when I woke refreshed and quite recovered

Page 436
The recuperative power of youth is great! The rats had got in, having knawed a big hole in the calico. All night they must have been wrangling over my body for the cheese.
The cheese was non est. The whole four pounds weight of it was gone. Not even the smell was left, let alone a crumb. Many years after this, while in Australia, I read an account of an invasion of rats at a certain spot in New Zealand, and it was regarded as a great mystery as to where they came from. I knew!
The uninhabited forests of the West Coast were full of them. During the night I had also been doped by thousands of mosquito lances. The roof \and sides/ of the tent were black with the pests. I had to turn the tent inside out to get rid of them, also shift my camp from the fern bed.
I prospected in the locality, and sank many 'duffers,' but got only the 'color' of gold. The bars of the creeks were flooded, and I could not get at them. These bars are the places to make for in prospecting for alluvial gold, as they catch most of what is washed down by the current.
If I had had a mate, we might possibly have made good wages. I did not see a soul – I mean a body. Nor did I find any tracks, or signs of occupation anywhere. So one day, when my bread gave out, I started back for Greymouth, a lighter but more experienced youth. I got back without mishap.

Page 437
The question now was, What should I do? I handn't hardly a nickel in my pocket. I had a balance in the Savings Bank in Adelaide. But that was out of my reach.
I had had two-and-a-half years' experience in the Register newspaper office, Adelaide – one year at daywork, and one-and-a-half years at night work – and had learnt the compositor's art, and almost everything connected with newspapers. I also knew all about paper-ruling and bookbinding. These latter arts I had learnt in Leigh Street, Adelaide, with Mr. W. Rose before I entered the Register office. But I had been away in the Australian Bush for two years, and did not know whether I was still competent – whether, in fact, I had forgotten the boxes of the type cases.
A newspaper had just been started in Greymouth. It was named the Grey River Argus, and was a tri-weekly, the publishing days being Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. The office then was in a canvas tent below Boundary street. I studied some posters in the shop windows on

Mawhera Quay, and wondered if I could 'set them up' creditably. I have 'set up' thousands and thousands since that hesitating period! At last I mustered up courage to apply for a billet as compositor at the Grey River Argus office. I did so, and was taken on at once. The wages were

Page 438
Three Pounds Ten Shillings – (£3. 10. 0) – per week, as I had not served my full apprenticeship of five years. The proprietors allowed the two and a half years I had been in the Register office to go towards the five years required to complete the indentures. Then I wondered if I was worthy of the situation!
A new office of galvanized iron in Boundary Street on the upper or Mawhera block of the town was nearing completion. It would be ready by the following Monday. In the meantime I was starving.
So I went to my erstwhile mate – Harry H – at Moorhouse's hotel. I had spent my last bit of money on him. So I asked him for the loan of sufficient to keep me going till I got my first wages. He was generous! First he gave me a drink of something warm. Then he handed me the magnificent sum of – half a crown! That would buy two pounds of steak and half a quartern loaf. It would be a fortnight before I earned anything. So there I was! Too proud to beg; too high-principled to steal! I had a good mind to throw the half-crown at him. But I controlled my anger, and pocketed the money.
I went to work on a Monday in the new office in Boundary Street, but had another week to go before getting any money. I hadn't a bit of food left, and I could not fish

Page 439
while working. Our hours were from 8 a.m. to 6 p.m; but on the three publishing nights we kept at it till one, two, or three o'clock in the morning, and returned to work at eight a.m. as usual, after a few hours' sleep.
We did not receive overtime pay. Nor did we expect it. I had already starved for three days and three nights, when a stranger to me whom I had met, and whose tent was pitched near mine – he was a painter by trade – invited me to have tea with him one night.
Glory, hallelujah! Having starved for seventy-two hours, working hard in the printing office all the time, I accepted with alacrity, and went. When I arrived at his tent, empty-handed, he looked at me in astonishment; and asked why I had not brought my tucker with me!! It was I who was amazed then! The idea! Asking a fellow to tea and expecting him to bring his food with him! I was taken aback. That was the first time I had had such a curious invitation. But everything was dear then, and giving a man even one feed meant money.
At last I had very reluctantly to confess that I hadn't any tucker to bring – nor money wherewith to buy it. He thereupon invited me to dine with him till Saturday, when, out of my first Three Pounds Ten Shillings I paid him liberally

Page 440
for his kindness. I was now in clover!
My experience of starvation was this: – On the first day and night I was ravenously hungry; on the second day, even more so; on the third day, very weak and weary indeed.
On the second day, I found a crust of bread weighing about one ounce. I ate that, and was astonished to find what strength it gave me for an hour or two!

Strange to say, now that I was in affluence, my ex-mate Harry H., got out of his job, and came whining to me for help. Being only too glad to succor him, I fed him gratis, and allowed him to share my tent again without charge.
Not only that, but after much trouble I got him a billet in the Grey River Argus office as 'Printer's Devil' – or roller boy – at Three Pounds per week. By the way, he was a 'boy' of about thirty-two years. I was a compositor – both 'news' and 'jobbing'.
The question now was where to find a new spot to pitch our tent. I chose the edge of the scrub, some distance in where the trees were a bit thinned, and the furthest out from civilization.
The ground was low and slushy. But there was no such thing as a dry, clean, spot anywhere. I set to work and cut a lot of timber to be used as

Page 441
a foundation platform for the tent. There was no knowing how high the floods arose in the winter time. The site I chose was half a mile back from the river Grey.
Harry H. laughed at me for going to the trouble of felling timber and building a high oblong base for our calico dwelling. Why not fix the tent in the slush like other people?
Why not, indeed? So easy! Following the lazy line of least resistance!
However, I differed. I was always original, and never exactly like other people. And it was well I had my own way! Often afterwards the floods arose to within six inches of the top of my platform, but left the floor of the tent dry.
I built up the logs Canadian backwoods fashion, horizontally – not Australian style (vertically). On top of all I made a corduroy platform of round logs, running across from side to side. The logs were six inches thick – the platform about two feet six inches high.
I then nailed some canvas on the floor of the platform. That was my bedstead and bed. I loved hard beds then. And that particular bed was about as hard as a man could wish for! I slept [*on*] the timbers. I had learned from experience that lying on logs placed longitudinally stopped the circulation of the blood very seriously, and sent the legs

Page 442
to sleep badly. That was all the mattress I had, and I found it perfection. Upon this substantial foundation I erected the tent securely, obtained a 'fly', and fixed that over all, thus making the tent fairly rainproof. In the muddy ground facing the entrance, or flap of the tent I planted four posts and nailed tin around them. That was the fireplace and chimney. This I connected with the tent by a light roof of brushwood. Thus we were made very cosy.
I was now fully established at the Grey River Argus office. It appears I gave the proprietors every satisfaction. There were then four of them – Messrs. Moore, Jack Arnott, Jimmy Kerr, and Jack Keogh – all good fellows. They were all compositors. I was very doubtful of my ability at first, being so young. I was absolutely the junior in the office. But I worked as deftly as the other compositors. My 'proofs' were always 'clean' – that is, they showed few errors. Some compositors' proofs are quite black with the correction marks at each side.
As before mentioned, the Grey River Argus was a tri-weekly, four pp. double demy, seven cols. to the p. twenty-inch cols, thirteen ems Pica wide.

Page 443

Every composition day I 'set up' by noon one column and a quarter of 'thin' bourgeois, solid; or the same of 'thin' brevier, leaded with eight-to-pica leads. None of the others ever composed more than three-quarters of a column in that time.
There was too much brandy about, and the men often stopped to have a 'nip'. I was practically a teetotaller, drinking ginger wine only when I was forced for decency's sake to join in a 'shout' – the said shouting being a thing I ever abominated. Compositors of those days were, many of them, big drinkers; and some of them were gamblers also. Insted of paying for a drink when they wanted one, they tried to make the 'other fellow' pay for it. In other words the 'jeffed' for the drinks. Taking nine em quads out of the type case, they shook them up in the hollow of their cupped hands and threw them scattering fashion on to the 'stone' – (a stone is an iron table). They did this three times each. Each 'em quad' had a nick on one side only.
The man who threw the lowest number of nicks had to pay for the drinks. It would be possible to throw nine nicks at one throw; but I don't suppose that has ever been done in the history of printing.
For one long period, Jack Keogh was let in for paying for all the drinks. He was a good-natured Irishman. He and the other three proprietors worked in the composing room as

Page 444
compositors. Being thus victimised every time, Jack, in desperation, said to one day. 'Come and jeff for me, Harry, and break my bad luck.' So I jeffed for him and got him out of his trouble, for he did not have to pay for drinks for a long time after that – but one of the others had to!
In the Grey River Argus office were: – W. H. Harrison, editor; Mr. Blackham, clerk, collector and canvasser; the four proprietors mentioned, all 'news' compositors; H.H. Tilbrook, news and jobbing compositor, and afterwards overseer; my ex-mate, Harry H., roller boy and P.D.; Bill Riley, pressman; one other compositor, and sometimes two. The personnel of the latter varied, but there were nearly always two other 'comps'. That would be seven compositors in all. Two of the extra ones were named Kirkbright and Stark respectively.
We were a happy family, all taking an interest in the newspaper. When the canvasser obtained a lot of 'ads', shares were up, according to the phraseology of the caseroom, and we were all pleased. At first the men were getting Seven Pounds per week, but this was afterwards reduced to Six Pounds. Then came other reductions. Jack Arnott was, by common consent of the proprietors, the real manager. He was tall and thin – a Scotchman, of

Page 445
course. One day a mate of his stuck a long, lean, lucifer-match upright in the centre of his lower-case 'e' box. When he came in and saw it, he thought the joke had gone too far, and words ensued.
I did not remain long on a salary of Three Pounds Ten. One Saturday, upon being paid, I took Mr. Jack Arnott into the front office and quietly asked him for a rise. I intended asking for an additional ten shillings. To my surprise, Jack Arnott, as soon as I had made my request, said, quite cheerfully, 'Why, yes, Harry, we intended giving you a rise, and from to-day you will receive Four Pound Ten Shillings per week.'
My next rise, without asking for any, was to Six Pounds per week. That was when they made me inside manager of the office. The men never resented the junior of the office being made manager. When I first went on, I was sensitive to my own shortcomings  So I worked as hard as

I could, and usually had my case [of type] pretty well empty by dinner time – it is called lunch time now.
One day, 'Kirk', a fussy compositor who thought he was in the good graces of the proprietors and thought no 'small beer' of himself, said to me, 'My word, Harry, you are a slogger!'
I was young then, and didn't know whether he meant it as a compliment or an insult. So I lay low until I found out what the word meant. I found it was a compliment. He meant a rapid compositor,

Page 446
which I found I was. 'Kirk' is referred to in a letter I received from poor old Jack R–, and which I shall quote further on. That was after I had left the office and returned to Australia.
A most amusing incident happened once in the composing-room of the Grey River Argus. A pert little fellow came down from Auckland and asked for a job. He was taken on as a news compositor – one of the easiest billets, to a competent man in a newspaper office. He left Auckland because of the Maori War still going on in the North Island. He had to go into camp every now and again; and even while in the tents, bullets from the Hawkers whistled through the air and pierced the tents. So he whistled to himself and went south.
In my diary is this entry: – 'These men were called militiamen, and were taken from the population of the North Island. This man was taken from his 'frame' in an Auckland newspaper office and had to fight against his will. He said the Maoris sent bullets through the British tents at every opportunity. If a guerrilla system of fighting had been adopted by the British, the Maoris would have been beaten in a few months. But the Redcoats – wearing a bright scarlet coat, mind! – were

Page 447
marched into the forests in close formation, whilst the Maoris lay in ambush for them, and were slaughtered wholesale.
Sir George Grey was a great muddler. He befriended the Maoris, and was the cause of the war lasting so long. To resume: – When the cheeky little compositor came into the composing-room of the Grey River Argus office, he perked himself up, and loudly acclaimed to all and sundry that he had always been the 'whip' \ [*in pencil*] hand/ in every office in which he had worked. I made a mental vow to myself that he would not be the 'whip' hand in the composing-room of the Grey River Argus. The others said nothing, but smiled.
When he went out, I heard Jimmy Kerr, one of the Scotch proprietors, say. 'I'll back Harry against him!' 'Harry' was myself. I smelt a rat! Nothing was said to me, however. But on the morrow, the perky little comp. was given a frame alongside mine. I knew the object well enough, and I was on my mettle. I had by this time adopted the most rapid method possible of picking up type. My left hand, with the 'stick' in it, followed the right hand close up, so that my right hand, with a type between thumb and forefinger, had not far to travel.
Some compositors let the right hand do all the travelling. They

Page 448
are thus very slow. With practice, I could set up a big stickful of solid bourgois every quarter of an hour; the same of brevier leaded with eight-to-pica leads; and six sticks of solid long primer in an hour. The tug of war began without a word. We started together. Everybody looked our way. I had one line finished and spaced out when he had only half-a-line set.

I gained on him rapidly. I had smaller type, too – solid brevier, very 'lean' – while he had bourgeois, or a size larger, and much 'fatter'. This was a big handicap against me. My 'stick' was about two inches deep – his one and three quarter inches.
In fifteen minutes I had my composing 'stick' full, and the type 'lifted' on to the brass 'galley'. All hands grinned! The little fellow, in tremendous disgust, clapped his 'stick' – only half full! – on to his 'frame', and went out to the back. A roar arose from all hands! Jimmy Kerr was especially pleased, for in his quiet way he had taken a liking to me. When that young man of thirty years or thereabouts, who had been the 'whip hand' in every office he had entered, came back to his 'frame', he was in a subdued state of mind.
He was not the 'whip hand' in the Grey River Argus office at anyrate!

Page 449
As a matter of fact, he was a very ordinary hand. He had rapid movements; but that did not denote speed by any means. I made it a rule never to miss a type. When my finger and thumb darted to pick it up, they picked it up without any false movements. Some comps have so many false movements, that they become absolutely slow, setting no more than two thousand type per hour – or even only one thousand to fifteen hundred.
My duties in the office were managerial as well as practical work. I had to design the posters and the various other printing in the jobbing department. But the newspaper always came first. As we issued tri-weekly, at least three days a week were taken up in composition for the paper. And the 'dis' had to go in and jobbing work done on the day of issue.
We started work at 8 a.m. – it was then dark in the winter time – and seldom knocked off till two o'clock next morning. There was too much stopping to 'jeff' for drinks to please me. But for that, we might have finished by midnight. The 'comps', when all 'copy' was set, and 'proofs' were corrected, could go home to roost. I myself, being overseer, was 'stone' hand, and made up the 'formes' ready for the pressman, who came at 5 a.m. to work off the edition. With him, of

Page 450
course, came the P.D. One hand had to stay behind to assist me in making up the formes.
One had to be careful. If a forme were smashed, it could be turned into Printers' Pie. 'Making up a forme' consisted of making the type into columns, and the columns into pages.
The pages were 'locked' into 'chases'. Two pages of double demy were locked in one strong iron chase, with an iron bar between the pp. It took two men to lift it on to the printing press. The front and back pp. were printed the night before. Our printing presses consisted of a double-demy Albion, and a foolscap folio Albion. That was all. We had no machines.
There were in existence two kinds of presses. – the Albion and the Columbian. The Albion worked with a very strong \steel/ spring to lift up the platen. The Columbian had a spread-eagle lever on top which did the same thing. We had a small book-binding plant, with an old-fashioned 'plough' for cutting the edges. Guillotine were not then invented. Neither were treadle printing machines.
As I have said, my ex-mate, Harry H., was sharing my tent with me again. He thought himself extremely fortunate to get into the office at a salary of Three Pounds stg. a week. He did his weekly washing on the 'Sawbath', being a Scotchman.
One day I discovered a lovely creek of beautiful

Page 451

clear water, away back in the scrub. Telling him of this, I, one Sunday, guided him to the spot. He had his washing and my big prospecting dish with him. I steered him straight through the thick scrub. The distance was no more than one-third of a mile.
Harry H. grumbled at the 'roundabout way I was taking him'! Stooping down to wriggle through supple jack creepers must have warped his judgment. My gorge had been gradually rising. So, his washing done, I told him quietly to show me the way back to the tent, as I was determined not to take the lead again. He said, with great self-confidence, that he would take me straight back, and not return the roundabout way that I had come.
With the broad, shallow, prospecting dish full of water, held in front of him with both hands, and his clean but wet wash across his shoulder, he essayed this wonderful task of showing a Bushman how to go straight through a forest of undergrowth! And that undergrowth all twisted together with creepers as strong as ropes! Above that undergrowth, too, a thick canopy of branches higher than a mallee scrub, and impervious to the sun's rays. I was amazed!
If he started wrong by even a few degrees of the compass,

Page 452
it would be all up with him. This he did. Then I knew he would never find the tent.
He soon tripped and lost the dish of water. I am giving elsewhere a full description of this wonderful journey of his, and will cut it short here. He rushed about that tangled mass of vegetation for a long time, going hither and thither, I laughing and following him, till we had got some miles away from home. We came to an unknown water, on the opposite side of which were big Kauri Pines and white Pines of immense size. We were getting the clothes torn off our backs.
At one place we came to an oblong clearing in the primeval timber; but it was almost overgrown again. I think it must have been a secret resort of the local Maoris when hostile tribes came down the coast from the north to kill them and capture their women.
By this time I was tired of following 'Harry'. And seeing him trying to force a passage through some extra dense timber – and going south instead of north – I told him so. I informed him that he could follow me back to camp or not, as he chose, but that I was going back. This was final. I turned around and started off in the very opposite direction from that which he had been going. At first he

Page 453
refused to budge, saying I was going the wrong way! Cocksure fellows are always like that. So I turned my back on him, knowing he would follow, which he did just as I was disappearing amongst the shrubbery.
I went straight back to the tent, through swamps and whatever came in the way. Then, when our tent came into view from the other side of a swamp, he would not believe it was ours, so bewildered had he become!
One evening after that, however, I got bushed myself, and he was nearly having his revenge. But I did not tell him anything about it, as he would have 'crowed' too much. I had gone, towards evening, into the scrub to get a new ridgepole for the tent. On my way I saw some tall flax plants with leaves seven feet long. I stooped down to cut one for bootlaces.
Upon standing up again, I found I had suddenly lost all sense of direction, and was as ignorant of any bearings as a child. I stood, and pondered, but was in an absolute mental fog. Then I started off, made a circle unconsciously, and came back to the same flax tuft beside a pool of

water. It was too near dark to distinguish any trail I may have left. But in any case I had made none.

Page 454
I tried again, made a similar circuit, bearing to the right all the time as before, coming back to the same spot. Then I thought I had better send out a Bush whistle, which I did, and also a few cooeys. No answer came back.
All was still. Twilight pervaded the low scrub. Then I sat down at the bunch of flax, had a drink of water at the pool – stooping down, of course, in order to do so – and got up again.
Instantly, like a flash, my bump of locality got into working order again, and I knew where I was, and in which direction the tent lay! I walked straight back in the gathering darkness. I had not been more than half a mile away from camp.
'Harry H.' asked, where had I been? Why had I been so long? And why did I not bring a ridgepole back with me?
Some people really want to know too much. I did not enlighten him It was a very good experience for me though. It showed that none of us is infallible. Therefore a good motto is, 'Don't blow!' Had I told 'Harry', I should never have heard the last of it. To show what kind of a man 'Harry H.' was, I may as well record the following: – One day, in the office,

Page 455
Bill Riley, the pressman, had had a drop too much from the brandy bottle on the stone. He was printing a small quarto poster that I had set up. In a case like this, the roller boy – i.e. Printer's Devil – should be extra careful. But Bill, who was quite irresponsible, kept calling for more ink. 'Harry H.' responded with 'more ink' – which, to make matters worse, he did not 'work up' (i.e. distribute evenly) on the 'table'. He gave about two dabs with the roller on the 'forme' till the type was chock-a-block with thick ink.
When Bill became sober next day and saw the job he had printed, he almost wept! The 'forme' had to be thoroughly cleaned with lye – we used pearlash to make our lye – and the job printed over again. Thus we see the diversities in people. – and in nationalities. Anyhow, I had no time for 'Harry H.' after that – although I still befriended \him,/ to my later loss.
One day 'Harry H.' preceded me in walking along a narrow track leading to our tent. A tree stood by itself after a clearing had been made, the debris lying thickly about. As he passed underneath it, I heard an ominous cracking overhead. Instinct told me the limb was falling. 'Harry H.' stopped to look up. I yelled at him to run like — well, the dickens, if you like! Anyway, I didn't mince my words, which were so

Page 456
vigorous, that 'H', omitting to look upwards, jumped nearly out of his boots! and ran as if Auld Clootie were after him! And at that instant the branch crashed to the ground on the spot where he had been standing. I had backed the other way. So no harm was done.
One of the proprietors of the Grey River Argus – Mr Moore – was leaving for Ireland. Before going, he gave a banquet in the office to all hands, I among the number. The toasts were going along, 'Harry H.' got merry, and was troublesome. I was drinking a non-intoxicant – to wit, ginger wine. 'Harry H.' officiously poured brandy into it, and I threw it away.

By and by, as the spirit went down 'H's' spirits went up, and I had to take him out and steer him for my tent. On the way, we passed a 'pub'. At least, we didn't pass it at first. He went in, and quarrelled with an Englishman – a painter by trade. He also was painting his nose red.
Let me here say that my ex-mate, 'Harry H.,' was not a drinker, but in this case he over-indulged at the banquet because he did not have to pay. I parted the two, and lugged 'Harry' along by the arm. By and by, we had passed the wooden buildings, and got to the edge of the scrub and swamp. But by this time 'H.' had collapsed. So I lifted him on to my back, spread-eagle fashion, and wound

Page 457
my way with my burden, like another 'Pilgrim', in and out among the old shafts, where a false step would have sent us into the water a little below – (none of these shafts were more than six or eight feet deep) – around the creepers, over others heaped on the track, through the muddy swamp, to the tent door.
Inside, I lay him down gently and tenderly, when he fell into a deep sleep. Soon I heard a noise as of some one scrambling through the scrub, and a sound of swearing. I went to the tent flap to investigate when up came the Painter! Dark as it was, he had found his way there.

'Where's that lurid Scotchman? I'm going to smash him!' he hiccoughed out to me.

Now, I always was and always am a peacemaker – unless imposed upon too much. So I took him gently by the arm and said,

'He's asleep. Run along home now, and come in the morning and give him a good thrashing.'

'All'r', ole fellow, I will! – So long! – you're a brick!'

Thus I made the peace between them. The Painter was so drunk that I knew he would remember nothing about it in the morning. And I saved my friend 'Harry H.' a thrashing. Little things often turn the course of a man's life. This was the case with my Scotch friend. Next morning he was

Page 458
very ill. Notwithstanding this, he ate two hard-boiled eggs for breakfast. Then he had a dreadful stoppage of the bowels. I went to the hospital for a doctor, and also to see if I could get him admitted there. But the place was 'full up' with rheumatic patients.
The doctor accordingly visited him at my tent. The patient suffered agonies for a fortnight. I purchased at a cost of Thirty Shillings, a single mattress for him to lie on.
At the end of a fortnight, I paid his passage-money, amounting to Nine Pounds, out of my own pocket, and put him aboard a Two-Hundred-ton schooner bound for Melbourne. I also lent him money to assist him in starting a business in Bourke Street, Melbourne, making his indebtedness to me something like Thirty-Two Pounds sterling.
That was the last I saw or heard of him for very many years. I may as well mention here when, where, and how I came across him next, and have done with it. It was long after I had founded the Northern Argus newspaper in Clare, South Australia.
He had come into a big business in Adelaide as a wholesale confectioner. The interval of our separation was perhaps fifteen years.
One day, whilst on a visit from Clare to Adelaide, I

Page 459
[*I*] walked into his chief retail shop in Rundle street, and asked to see 'Mr. H.' He came out of the back portion of the premises, and stood behind the counter.

'Hello, Harry! How are you?'

I said 'I – don't – know – you,' he replied, with a smirk of apprehension.

'Oh, yes you do! Don't you remember the other 'Harry' of Greymouth?

'Oh, are you Harry?' – with a long whine, and wishing me at the bottom of the deep blue sea with mermaids swimming around me.

'Yes, I am Harry, of Greymouth. How have you been getting on?

He told me a dismal story of how they all nearly died in the Tasman Sea on the way from New Zealand to Melbourne. The voyage on the little schooner was a protracted one owing to stress of weather. They ran out of provisions, and reached port only just in time to avert starvation. He said he never wrote to me because he did not succeed, the business he started in Bourke Street, Melbourne, turning out a failure.

I afterwards learned that he married a lady possessed of Two Hundred Pounds sterling. Leaving Melbourne, he came to Adelaide and restarted his late brother's business. His brother had retired, worth

Page 460
Ten Thousand Pounds. Harry still pulled a long face. Business was bad. After he had told his story, I said,

'Well, look here, Harry, I have a newspaper in Clare – The Northern Argus. I will allow you a two-inch double-column ad for one year for Five Pounds.' I mentioned not one word suggesting the return of the Thirty-Two Pounds he owed me. Neither did he!

'Very well,' he replied. Will you write it out?' Together we concocted the ad, and I sent it up to the office for insertion in the next issue. The Northern Argus was a bi-weekly then.

In due course the bill for Twenty-Five Shillings was sent to our Adelaide agent for collection, and paid. The next quarter's a/c was sent on in another three months.

Our agents wrote us, stating that 'Mr. H' said he had not authorised the ad for more than one quarter. I wrote back personally to our agents to collect the money and take no denial; that the order was for one year. Each quarter's instalment was paid regularly after that.

That ended my connection with him, except that, afterwards, when I went to the city to live, I saw him occasionally in one of his shops when I went to buy some lollies. Later on he had a large factory in full swing; but even that was not a success in the end. One of his shops for retailing confectionery

Page 461
was in King William Street. He told me he was paying Six Pounds a week rent for the shop alone, and had to make that much profit before he had anything for himself. He was always a miserable-looking man. He died suddenly, and the business came to an end. Vale!

Now to resume. After 'H's' departure for Melbourne, the proprietors of the Grey River Argus got a brither Scotchman – a brother-in-law, in fact, of one of them – to take his place as roller boy. Bill Riley, the pressman, was quick and smart, running off three hundred papers an hour on the d. d. Albion press. The Scotchman was slow. He also had the habit of putting his inking knife on the lower framework of the big press after spreading the ink on the table with it. I warned him

that he took the risk of having his hand crushed. He took no notice whatever. Bill was too busy working the press to look after him.
Then the catastrophe happened. Bill rolled the heavy, five-cwt, castiron table, with the 'forme' on it, under the platen, and caught the poor fellow's hand against the iron pillar of the press, crushing it badly. He was under the doctor for months, and was not taken on again. A slow man is of no use in a printing office!

Page 462
About this time a tall, lank, tough, wiry, fellow named Jack R__. from San Francisco, California, was his successor.
He, with his father, had caravanned it from the Eastern States of America to the Pacific Slope during the stirring days of the gold rush to California before there were any railways there. Caravans in those days were attacked and massacred by Red Indians at every opportunity. Brigham Young and his Mormonites, in conjunction with the Indians with deliberate cruelty and treachery, murdered a whole party of emigrants – all excepting a few children, who, so he thought, would not remember the awful deed.
It is known in history as the Mountain Meadows massacre. It occurred in 1857, whether before or after Jack R – and his father crossed I am not aware.
I met Jack in 1866, and the massacre occurred in nine years before. So I am inclined to the opinion that his caravan passed after that dreadful event. One hundred and fifty men, women, boys, and girls were assassinated in cold blood by these Religious fiends. Talk about a God in heaven to prevent such horrors!
Twenty years afterwards – in 1877 – an active leader of the band – a Mormonite named John D. Lee – was tried for

Page 463
his part of the crime, found guilty, and executed. Brigham Young himself died in that year. His age was 76
Jack R – told me of his adventures on that great trek of over three thousand miles. He brought with him from California an Indian suit of buckskin, with hair like that of human scalps running down the trouser-leg seams. Dressing himself in this, I on several occasions accompanied him through the main streets of Greymouth of an evening. So many nationalities were there, with all sorts of fashions in clothes, that we did not attract much attention.
In those free-and-easy diggings days scarcely anyone wore braces. Our tailors made our trousers to fit tightly over the hips, and thusly they were kept in position. But we all added a saddlestrap. White dude collars would at that time have caused as much sensation as a wild-Indian suit. But small inconspicuous paper collars were coming in.
One little, old, digger bought a dozen in a cardboard box. He had been fortunate enough to obtain a lot of the yellow metal, and was busily employed in getting rid of its value at the hotel bars. He had been in the sun a long time, and was very mellow. He staggered about the two main streets – Mawhera Quay and Boundary Street – with collars on his neck, on his hat, his legs,

Page 464

and his arms. He circled this way and that, cursing everyone better dressed than himself. He wore the whole dozen at once. He would show the blanketty blanketty swells that he could wear collars as well as they!
All his money went in the truly refined process of pouring spirits into his inside, and so, no doubt, he has long ago gone where collars \did/ not trouble him more. He would have made a firstclass communist or Russian Bolshie! Diggers from Mexico and California wore around their waists silk sashes, Spanish fashion. Fine fellows a lot of the diggers were.
One day, I saw little Stark – a Scotchman, working in the Grey River Argus office as compositor and reporter – standing on the footpath of Mawhera Quay looking up at the broad back of a giant Englishman quite seven feet high, and big in proportion. Stark himself was about five feet high, a real decent sort, with a good head on him.
Upon my coming up, he looked at me, and then at the giant with a look of admiration upon his honest countenance, and observed:

'There's a fine specimen for you, Harry!'

I said: 'My Word!' I don't know whether the giant heard us or not.
Alas! Little Stark died a few years after that. He took brandy neat, half a tumbler at a time. But he was never intoxicated. His was a good life lost. He left a nice little wife

Page 465
to mourn her sad loss. She came all the way from Scotland to marry him. Brandy was the curse of those days. Gin also. Now it is whisky.
One young man in the office lived on beer. And he smelt horribly. He was 'stone hand' with me, and helped me make up the formes after all the other hands had gone.. The perfume that emanated from \him/ was worse than eau-de-sewer. When he was on one side of the 'stone' and I the other, I really had to turn my head away, or I should have been as dead as the 'stone' in a few minutes. I have often wondered whether that young man knew that he 'smelt high'. I opine not. For a dentist once told me that the breath of some ladies whose teeth he had to manipulate was so foul that he had to fill his mouth with disinfectant lollies to try and deaden the awful thing.
It was a merry life on the West Coast for those who chose to throw their money away and go the pace. There were eight dancing saloons in the town of Greymouth. In each were eight girls at the disposal, for terpsichorean purposes, of any man who chose to dance with them. Entrance, free. The saloons were crowded every night. A man went up to one of the girls and took her as his partner, whether she liked him or not. If she refused him, the

Page 466
chances were she would get the 'sack'. But, of course, he had to be a respectable man.
Quadrilles and waltzes were the favorites, but jigs and polkas were also indulged in by the more lively ones. The reason there were eight girls was that it took eight to make up two sets of quadrilles. The music was entrancing to me, and the scene interesting.
How I wished dear Marianne was over there with her mother's piano! Pianos were very scarce in Greymouth.
The cost of a dance to the male partner was two shillings – for drinks. The dance over, the man took the lady to the inner bar and 'shouted' one drink for her, and had one himself. Every dance finished with a drink for both parties. I was informed, however, that each girl's drink was nothing stronger than toastwater.

One evening I saw one of these girls in a shooting gallery next door to the dancing saloon where she lived. Taking up the rifle, she fired seven shots and rang the bell each time, beating all the men she was shooting with. To ring the bell, the bullet had to go through the tiny hole in the centre of the iron target. I was shooting also with another man just before she came in. I won our contest with five bullseyes in succession. But 'she' was always on the spot! She was a very quiet,

Page 467
retiring, modest-looking girl of about nineteen or twenty. There was no rowdiness or loud talking with her.
The drinking saloons did not trouble me. That is to say, I did not trouble them. During my nearly three years sojourn in New Zealand I had just one drink of spirituous liquor, and one only. That was a nobbler of brandy one day when my brother George – who later on followed me to New Zealand – and I were wet through; and even then I joined him only at his earnest request. He thought spirits would take the chill away.
Gold was obtained on the West Coast in large quantities, as the figures that follow will show. The precious metal was first discovered at Ross and Hokitika in 1864. I believe coal was found the same year that brought the gold to light. To show that I was there in the very thick of it, I quote the following statistics: –
Gold-Production on the West Coast,

1863……None ) uninhabited except by a few Moaris
1864…… 1,463 oz )

Page 468.
1865…… 289,897 ozs
(1866 ) (552,897 ' )
(1867 ) *……(500,000 ' ) *During my time.
(1868 ) (400,000 ' )
1869…… 300,000 '

*It was during these three years that I resided on the West Coast and saw its rise; and I left just before its decline.I arrived there in the beginning of 1866. Some people had lots of money, while others starved.
The diggers, as a rule, were an improvident lot. With them it was Come to-day; gone to-morrow in self-indulgence. One digger made Three Thousand Pounds at Darkey's Point – now geographically named Point Elizabeth – [vide any map of New Zealand], and at the present time the site of a State coal mine. The Point was originally named after the digger named above, who was a colored 'pusson'. His claim being worked out, he straightaway went off to Melbourne and spent his money on drink and women, returned, and made another Three Thousand.
He sailed again to the Victorian capital, blew his money again, and returned once more. But no more fortunes awaited him!

Page 469
Things were lively on the West Coast right enough in the middle sixties of the Nineteenth Century!

Our newspaper – the Grey River Argus – reported a find of nuggetty gold in the Grey River. It was a true report. But the locality was inaccessible to all but the hardiest. The diggers who failed to reach the spot came back and declared it a false rush. Then they threatened to pull our office down, and, then, very kindly, to cut our hair off with a knife! Very nice of them! It would have saved us a barber's bill!
We all stuck to our guns, except the editor – W. H. Harrison, who bolted across the wide river to the Cobden side. I had my six-chambered revolver on me, loaded – though what I would have done with it I don't know, now I come to think of it. But at anyrate I would have bluffed them and fired in the air. The proprietors called in six members of the police force, with their batons and revolvers, to resist the attack. We had to get the Argus out despite floods, fires, or riots.
One of us went to a spy-hole in the front window occasionally and watched the threatening crowd in the bed of the very wide creek yclept Boundary Street. Stalwart fellows they all were!

Page 470
They must have heard of our defence preparations, for at 12 noon, after keeping us on tenterhooks for three hours, they had not come to the attack. There were two hundred of them. At the hour named, they adjourned to Kilgour's Assembly Rooms on Mawhera Quay, and fined the editor One Hundred Pounds – which I need hardly say was not paid.
These men had, just before this, pulled down the canvas town of Okarito, south of Hokitika – that is, all but one grog shanty, where a barman defied them with a loaded revolver. That shanty also belonged to Mr. Kilgour.
This Okarito attack was the result of a wild-goose rush organised by a digger named Hunt, and was the indirect cause of the discovery of the Thames Goldfield near Auckland, on the North Island. Hunt had been insulted by the diggers, and he had determined to have his revenge.
He accordingly reported the find of a mythical goldfield, and took them over hills and ranges, through swamps and forests, till most of them had fallen exhausted by the way.
Then giving the slip to the hardier ones who had stuck to him, he took a short cut to the coast near Okarito, boarded a schooner, and cleared out for Auckland. There he discovered the Thames Goldfield as mentioned. When the exhausted diggers discovered the trick that Hunt

Page 471
had played them, and that he had got away scot-free, they returned to the coast and levelled Okarito to the ground. And they intended doing the same to the Grey River Argus office, but thought they might be shot.
Hunt afterwards became a wealthy man. But, losing his wealth, went in later years to Western Australia, where he died in poverty.
The Okarito incident shows the value of a loaded firearm as a rogue-subduer. At this period, murderers were roaming about the West Coast seeking to garotte any victim who might have a little money on his person.
One gang strangled twenty-two men in my neighbourhood. This was on the confession of one who turned Queen's evidence. I escaped them, being too boyish-looking to attract their serious attention. Yet I always had more money on me than any of the men they murdered.
As I have before mentioned, they stole my revolver, but left me unmolested.
I afterwards found I had some narrow escapes from getting into their clutches, as I was prone to take long walks by myself, both on Sundays and after dark. They had other lairs and bases

besides Greymouth. On the day that one of their victims was being buried in Greymouth – (the poor fellow's second burial) –

Page 472
I walked up the right bank of the river six miles, and looked down upon the little shallow grave where the bushrangers had first buried his body after throttling him. It was that of young Dodgson, a surveyor, whom they mistook for Mr. Fox, a goldbuyer of the Ten Mile. My brother George was with Mr. Fox at the time, his intention being to buy the business. I will not place details of this tragic business here, as I am giving full particulars in a separate article.
On that Sunday afternoon, whilst returning to Greymouth, I and the companion who accompanied me – Jack R – re-discovered one of the murderers' lairs by the trackside.
I had often walked by it alone, little knowing who were lurking there. The lair was invisible from the track, which passed through dense scrub. Some people in Greymouth went sick with horror when the atrocoties were brought to light. Amongst them was Jack Keogh, one of our proprietors.
The subject of murderers reminds me that the only time I ever went to church in New Zealand was with the brother of a fascinating young girl-murderess. In other words, she was a condoned murderess.

Page 473
Her victim was a man whom she was supposed to have loved. The crime was perpetrated in Sydney, and a sympathetic jury let her off. She and her brother afterwards went to the West Coast diggings, where I met them. She was a brunette, and a most fascinating and beautiful girl, – just such a woman as described in Kendall's 'Campaspe'.
CAMPASPE

'Turn from the ways of the woman!
Campaspe we call her by name.
She is fair as the flowers of the fire;
She is brighter than brightness of flame.

As a song that strikes swift to the heart;
With the beat of the blood of the South,
And a light, and a leap, and a smart,
Is the play of her perilous mouth.

Her eyes are as splendors that break
In the rain at the set of the sun.
But turn from the steps of Campaspe –
A woman to look at and shun!

Page 474
Dost thou know of the cunning of Beauty?
Take heed to thyself and beware
Of the trap in the droop of the raiment –
A snare in the folds of the hair!

She is fulgent in flashes of pearl;
The breeze in her breathing is sweet.
But fly from the face of the girl –
There is death in the fall of her feet!

Is she maiden, or marvel of marble?
Or, rather, a tigress at wait,
To pounce on thy soul as a pastime –
A leopard of love or for hate?

A woman of shadow and furnace,
She biteth her lips to restrain
Speech that springs out when she sleepth
By the stirs and the starts of her pain.

As music half shapen of sorrow,
With its wants and its infinite wail,
Is the voice of Campaspe the Beauty,
At bay with her passions dead pale.

Page 475.

Go out from the courts of her loving;
Nor tempt the fierce dance of desire,
Where thy life would be shrivelled like stubble
In the stress and the fervor of fire!'

To some men, perhaps, this Sydney murderess would appear fascinatingly ugly; to others fascinatingly beautiful. My own taste is inclined to the former. I did not go to that Anglican church with her, but with her brother. She came up, however, and he introduced her. On the occasion of that church visit, I put half-a-crown in the collection plate.
When I landed, there were no churches. They came later. After being in Greymouth a few months, and whilst exploring one day, I discovered a Cave and Underground River of rushing waters. They were in the heart of the six-hundred-foot-high limestone range at the back of the town. The current of this subterranean river was too strong to allow of the Cave and the course of the stream to be examined. The chasm opening to them was eighty feet deep, with perpendicular sides – one of them overhanging slightly. I got down to this floor from a side entrance, and saw the waters rushing out of different archways and disappearing under

Page 476

others. I have described these phenomena in other place. After settlement had proceeded awhile, socially the people of the West Coast enjoyed themselves in various ways, and to the utmost. Swings fifty feet high were at most pleasure resorts, and at some of the outside hotels. They were always fixed to the limbs of some giant Kauri or white pine. Girls would get on them and the men swing the girls high into the air by the aid of long, thin ropes. It was a case of,

'Swing me higher, Obadiah!
Oh, swing me higher, do!'

There were pleasure gardens on the Cobden side of the river, which was in the Province of Nelson.
At that time Greymouth was in the Province of Canterbury; but now the whole of the West Coast is named Westland
Religious differences were as rampant then as now. A procession of Roman Catholics was assailed by a band of Orangemen on the beach near Hokitika, and a general scrimmage ensued. Fenian disturbances occurred also. Mr. Shaw, the mayor of that town, swore in one thousand special constables to preserve the peace there. I heard him speak in Kilgour's Assembly Rooms in Greymouth one evening. Standing on the platform there he said he expected to be shot

Page 477
where he stood, but he would do his duty whatever happened. Nothing happened to him, however.
From our own office, our editor, W. H. Harrison, stood as a candidate for Parliament in the Canterbury Province. He was defeated. An M.P.'s salary was Three Hundred a year. The Superintendent of each Province received One Thousand a year. A carpenter named Dale, from Adelaide, a great temperance advocate, also stood, and had to stand down.
One writer in our paper said that a great heap if unused aspirates was found in a corner of the room after one of his orations! But Dale had a thick hide. With the inner workings of the Grey River Argus I was, of course, intimately connected.
After I had been there some time, I was given charge of the inside department, including the jobbing and newspaper. Thus I was thrown into direct contact with all hands, including the editor and the proprietors. I had to hunt up the editor – Mr Harrison – for copy – copy – copy! In fact, we wanted an ever-flowing stream of it! Harrison would write a leading article of six folios octavo in a very short time. But he gave us great trouble; and I was the one who had to hunt him up.
Many scores of posters, double-demy broadside, of the sailings

Page 478
of the steamboats to Melbourne, I set up. I remember the names of the following: – Claude Hamilton, Alhambra, and Gothenburg. The latter, if I remember rightly, was afterwards wrecked coming from Port Darwin to Melbourne, when many South Australians were drowned, among them being the Hon. Thomas Reynolds, nicknamed 'Teapot Tommy' by our satirical papers, he being a temperance man
In our office at the Grey we printed various things. One long job was actually a book. It was \also/ my duty to design and set up a double-demy sheet almanac every year. Jack R—, our new Printer's Devil, chummed with me to a great extent, we being the two juniors, although he was several years my senior. He was a strict teetotaller, but a great gambler.
During election times I have worked twenty-three hours out of the twenty-four – and received no overtime pay for it, either! I happened thus because the election speeches of the night before had to appear in the paper next morning. None of us growled; we were a happy family. Owing to these long hours, I had a narrow escape from being burnt to death in my tent in the small hours one morning. I had a candlestick made of three nails knocked into

Page 479
a piece of deal close to my head. I lit a piece of candle in it, and then tumbled off dead asleep before I could get into my bed on the platform of logs. The candle burned down, the grease – tallow, not sperm, then – spread, the wooden candlestick was consumed, and the place was burning all around my head, and close to a canister of gunpowder under my pillow.
Just at this juncture, the corner of the 'fly' overhead, above the tent, broke away in the storm. The rain came in through the thin calico of the tent and extinguished the fire. That was the wreckage I saw when I awoke from a profound slumber!
The winters and the summers came and vanished. I had crops of chilblains on fingers and toes during the winters. But the summers were delightful. There was always something exciting going on – in the winter especially.
When floods and freshets came down the river, we worked sometimes up to our knees in water in the office, never knowing when the whole building would collapse, like others across the way. For, as I have before mentioned, our sunken street was once at outlet of the Grey River, which broke into its old by-channel when the flood waters rose over the barrier at the wharf.

Page 480
It was named Boundary Street because it was on the boundary line between the Government township and the Maori township – or the leased township and the freehold township.
Schooners and steamers were wrecked along the coast through missing the river entrance with its ever-shifting bar.
A schooner, when stranded, was always sold by auction to the highest bidder. If her keel lay towards the 'curlers' and her deck to the shore, she might bring a sum of Two Hundred Pounds. But if she lay with her deck to the waves, a Five-Pound Note might buy her. The steamer, all iron, I mentioned as having broken in two was totally lost. But another iron steamer of fairly large tonnage was thrown, during a very high tide, right on top of one of the sand-and-shingle hills bordering the seashore, and sat there on an even keel as comfortably as possible!
Some enterprising man bought her for a song, laid down ways a mile long, and successfully launched her into the Grey River, when she was immediately worth Five Thousand Pounds. One schooner I saw miss the bar. She was caught by a curler, turned turtle, and was never seen again, having drifted northward along the coast to uninhabited parts. The crew were washed ashore and saved.

Page 481
The waves rolled in on the shore in a slanting direction. Thus if a schooner missed the narrow entrance to the river, she hit the shore on the slant and drifted northwards. And there we no inhabitants between the Grey River and the Buller River, fifty miles further north.
'Dick' Seddon – afterwards called 'The King of New Zealand,' now deceased – landed in Hokitika the same year that I did. He took to public-house keeping, but also dug for gold. He was a big, burly, fellow, constitutionally strong as a horse. Such men are favored!
While referring to this Socialistic democrat, I will mention an incident concerning him which happened after I had left the Coast, but which has never been in print. Reefton was not in existence while I was in New Zealand. The Inangahua district was an undiscovered waste of vegetation. But, afterwards, gold was found there between the heads of the Grey River and the Buller River. Then the town of Reefton sprang up.

That was the first place where reef gold was discovered. My brother George went there, and, in conjunction with another man, started a newspaper which they named The Inangahua Herald. Dick Seddon went there as a digger – he and a mate. 'Dick' had a parcel of gold – about sixty ounces – in a trouser pocket. One night, Dick's mate saw a slit being made in the tent

Page 482
with a knife, and a man's hand coming through. Gripping the wrist with both hands, he called out to Dick. Seddon jumped up, rushed outside, caught the man, recognised him, and both of them gave him a good thrashing. This punishment being accomplished, they warned him to clear out within twelve hours, or it would be the worse for him. He went!
One day a young man was camped on the South bank of the Arahura River, which we crossed on our journey to Greymouth. Another man came up and slashed his tent into ribbons with his bowie knife.
An Irish woman, seeing this from the opposite bank, lifted her petticoats, waded across the river, and offered to hold the cantankerous one while the owner of the tent gave him a sound hiding. The chivalrous female and the youth did, between them, make it very unpleasant for the aggressor.
At some Greymouth sports which I attended, one event was a running long jump. I did not enter, as I never expected I could possibly win it, there being so many athletic diggers about. However, one contestant made the 'enormous' jump of twelve feet, and won the prize! I was disgusted. I \myself/ could jump a distance of ten feet four inches standing.

Page 483
When the sports were over, I told Jack R— that I thought I could beat that record. To prove it, we went down to the river strand, and with my first running long jump I cleared sixteen feet six inches. So it was a case of 'nothing venture, nothing win'. By my jump was really nothing, for the record long jump is over twenty feet.
When my brother George followed me over to New Zealand, I was unaware of his coming. Sitting in my tent one day, reading a letter from my beloved, I heard someone knocking at the upright pole near the tent flap. I called out, 'Come in and see the live lion stuffed with straw!' And, lo and behold! George entered. I made him welcome, and housed and kept him till he started on his adventures.
One day, going up the right bank of the Grey River with him, we came to a by-stream named Eel Creek, where the Maoris caught eels in wickerwork baskets We examined the small, deserted, Maori hut there. Near the hut was a garden. I picked a lot of radishes, took them home to my tent three miles away, and ate them with salt for my tea.
I afterwards learnt that they were turnips. They were so

Page 484
small and hot, that they were as good one way as the other!
At a Maori encampment, one day, I saw three handsome Maori women showing their well-developed lower limbs to some curious and interested white men. The women were good tempered, and thought it a fine joke.
I frequently had conversations with the Maori chiefs, and tried to learn some of the language from them.

I obtained the following interpretations:–

| | |
|---|---|
| Supplejack (creeper) | Kurrie-how. |
| Basket…… | Kit-thie. |
| Whiskers…… | Pah-how. |
| Hair…… | Hupu-Koo |
| Fingers…….. | Ding-a-ring-a |
| Cheek…… | Pap-ar-ing-a. |
| Nose……. | Ish-sha |
| Eyes…….. | Kun-o-wie. |
| Eyebrow…… | Kum-oo-Rum-oo. |
| Forehead…….. | Dlie. |
| Ears……... | Thuringa. |
| Leg……. | Thwhy-why. |
| Head…….. | Thing-aring-ar. |
| Dirt, or mud……... | T'winovar. |
| The earth……... | Th movar-cutava. |

Page 485

| | |
|---|---|
| The range of hills nearby | Th-moug-wa |
| Water…… | Th-why-ee. |
| Horse, dog, etc. …… | Th-Curr-ee |
| Fire…… | T'-a-chk-Ke |
| Bread…… | Kie-Kie. |

The chiefs were nice, mild, fellows to all appearances. But it is more than probable that they were the offspring of murderers, and even cannibals. Like Australia, New Zealand had no edible fruits or nuts of any kind. There were few birds, the Maori hen being one, but they were very scarce.
Therefore, before Captain Cook's time, the inhabitants lived upon what they could procure from the waters.
Then, Captain Cook having landed pigs for their benefit, they had those useful animals as an addition to their larder. Seals were numerous in the southern parts, and diggers obtained plenty of these below Okarito. Then, there were mutton-birds on certain islands. But on the Grey River, eels and fish (whitebait) were the staple foods before the advent of the gold-diggers.
With regard to the Maoris being murderers and cannibals, on Captain Cook's second voyage to New Zealand, in 1772, Cook

Page 486
himself, in the Resolution, of 462 tons, and Captain Furneaux, in command of the Adventure, of 336 tons, a boatload of the crew of the latter were murdered and eaten at Massacre Bay, near Nelson. That was the Bay we steamed across after leaving Nelson for Hokitika.
The Maoris in the North Island made incursions into the Middle Island in search of greenstone – otherwise jade – used in making stone axes, other implements, images, &c., before the Whites took possession. And they came down from Massacre Bay way – following the coast, of course, the interior being inaccessible.

They came down south as far as the Hokitika River, killing and taking prisoners the original inhabitants, but no doubt keeping those fine women that I saw for themselves.
Two chiefs – Niho and Takerei – settled at the mouth of the Grey River. As this last murderous raid took place only thirty years previous to my arrival there, the men and women whom I conversed with were, no doubt, their descendants, and the men may have been some of the original raiders.
Greenstone was found in abundance on the West Coast I had a piece once weighing ten or twelve pounds; but, with

Page 487
the indiscretion of youth, I threw it away like I would any other stone. But I bought my beloved Marianne a very handsome gold brooch set with a large piece of flawless greenstone. And I shall never forget how her beautiful eyes glistened as I gave it to her upon my return to Adelaide. Its cost was Seven Pounds Ten Shillings. I also bought myself a watch-chain set in gold. The greenstone was translucent. This I gave to my brother Alfred, who soon got rid of it, pendants going out of fashion. But I bought myself another one of inferior quality, the stone being dull and lusterless.
There was a deposit of this jade between the Grey and the Teremakau Rivers, some distance back from the shore. A town of the same name sprang up there afterwards.
In course of time, as civilization progressed, a racing speculator, named Hamilton, came over from Victoria, and a racecourse was cleared on a muddy, densely-thicketed flat four miles up the river Grey.
We did all the printing for these events, of course. As no overtime was paid for in our office, one thing troubled the proprietors. They did not know whom to ask to come back and work all night to set up the four-page double-large

Page 488
race cards, in solid ‘nonpareil’ – the smallest type in the office. The ‘copy’ would not be ready till ten o’clock at night, and the cards had to be set up and printed by eight next morning. Seeing their predicament, I told them that as I had charge of \the/ jobbing department, I considered it my duty. They were relieved – especially so, as they knew they could rely upon me to turn out the job sans errors.
Being a proof-reader, that was easy. A proof-reader on a newspaper has to correct everybody else’s errors. The Race Committee did not finish arranging the programme till ten p.m. each night. Accordingly, I went to Moorhouse’s Hotel, on Mawhera Quay, at that hour, got their ‘copy’, and returned to the office in Boundary Street.
Then I set to work. The title page was already set. The other three pp. I put into type, pulled proofs, read them, did all corrections, imposed the formes, and had everything ready for the pressman – who came at six a.m., with the Printer’s Devil, and they had the cards printed by eight a.m. This was done every day while the racing lasted.
I attended the races one Saturday afternoon. Coming back, a young lady on horseback, going full tear along the gravelly strand of the river at an open spot, nearly ran me

Page 489

down. The horse twisted me around like a teetotum, but I was uninjured. By the way, this first racing event on the West Coast must have been a failure financially, for the promoter went off to Victoria and forgot to pay the accounts!
The storms on the West Coast were sometimes very violent. One day I myself was caught in a very high tide, chiefly caused by the strong, continuous wind giving the tide a helping hand – or shove – landwards. I had to take refuge on one of the highest shingle-and-sand ridges south of the river's mouth. A girl of about sixteen, whom I accidentally encountered there, was in a similar predicament, and I assisted her to safety.
The residents of Greymouth were in dread of tidal waves, which had played havoc with the Island of St. Thomas, in the West Indies, about that time. Everybody was going to make for the back range on the indication of danger. But tidal waves don't usually send out advice notes to say they are coming. It is generally a case of 'Here I am!' Some pleasant walks I had on Sundays with a man of my acquaintance. It was from Greymouth to

Page 490
Darkey's Point – a distance of six miles – the place before mentioned, shown on the map as Point Elizabeth. My first tramp with my friend – a storekeeper – over the wide shingly beach was interesting. Gold had been found at the Point, and wood-and-calico stores were being erected pretty freely facing the beach along the edge of the scrub.
Although it was Sunday, the sound of hammers resounded as we wended our way along the coast. The Greymouth range was the background, running diagonally, with very steep sides, towards the sea, and eventually plunging into the waters of the ocean six miles from the Grey River. Hence the name of 'Point Elizabeth' – after some dearly-loved girl, no doubt.
The stores that were being erected, faced the sea, as hinted at before, there being then no road. The strand was a very rough shingle bed about half a mile wide from the scrub to the rolling and curling waters of the great South Pacific Ocean. The friend with whom I was tramping on that beautiful day was accosted by a very interesting young girl of his acquaintance who happened to belong to one of the

Page 491
then-being-erected stores. After a long chat, during which she sat down on the gravel with us quite sociably, we proceeded on our way. Reaching the Point, we found the cliffs came down right into the sea.
On another day that I was there, with a mate from our office, being thirsty, I went to a stream trickling down some sloping rocks to assuage my thirst. While drinking the cool, clear water, I saw a tiny nugget of rich-colored gold beneath my lips on a ledge of stone. I captured it and looked for more, but unsuccessfully. As we had no dish to pan out the stuff with, we were unable to try any of the 'dirt'.
Much gold was found above that spot, in terraces, the terraces being ancient seashores.
Since that time, the New Zealand Government has been working a coal mine there. The range consists of massive and solid carboniferous limestone, the same as at Greymouth. A road has also been made along the foot of the range from Cobden, on the Grey, to Point Elizabeth. Fifty years after my first visit to Point Elizabeth, and while the (then unopened) coal mine was in full swing,

Page 492

a tragedy was enacted there which reminded me of old times.

The following is the newspaper report, dated November 9th, 1917: –

> ROBBERY UNDER ARMS Two men shot One Fatally Thieves Abscond with £4,000
>
> 'A sensational robbery was perpetrated this morning on the Point Elizabeth road, Greymouth, recalling the Burgess, Kelly, Sullivan, and Levy gang's exploit at Maingatapu* [Maungatapu], between the Wakamarina goldfield and Nelson, when several men were killed for their hard-won gold – Burgess, Kelly, and Levy subsequently paying the penalty on the gallows. It seems that Mr. J. James, manager, and Mr. William Hall, a clerk, left Greymouth for the state coal mine in a motor car driven by Mr. John Coulthard, taking about £4000 for the payment of wages at the mine. At a point on the road near a spot called The Camp, the car, turning a sharp corner, ran into a box ladder placed on the roadway, the obstruction pulling up the car. A masked man sprang

Page 493

> from a dugout nearby and called out 'Hands up!' Mr. Coulthard endeavoured to remove the box and was shot. He rolled into the gutter, dead. Mr. James then leapt out, intending to shift the obstacle, but was struck by bullets in the thigh and leg, a third grazing his hand.
>
> 'When Mr. Hall, who is paymaster, heard the robber's command 'Hands up!' he refused to obey, but reached for his revolver and fired two shots, while the robber blazed away at short range with a revolver in each hand. Mr. Hall believes he hit his assailant, who seemed to be wearing protective mail. Mr. Hall was hit in the arm, and two bullets pierced his chest. He has been taken to the hospital, and his condition is regarded as hopeless. The nearness of the assailant is attested by the fact that Mr. Hall's clothes were on fire when he was picked up.
>
> 'Meanwhile, Mr James fainted. On his recovery, the car and the robber had disappeared. Two cyclists approaching the spot heard the shooting, and then saw a man, carrying a bag, take to the bush on the other side of the railway, which runs parallel with the road.
>
> 'The inhabitants of Greymouth are greatly excited. Two arrests have been made, but it is doubtful if the men are connected with the crime. A similar obstruction was

Page 494

> placed on the road a fortnight ago, but was removed before the paymaster arrived. Evidently the robbery was coolly premeditated.'

A further telegram stated: –

> 'The preliminary trial was opened at Greymouth on December 2 of William Frederick Eggers …….. Bank officials identified money found at the prisoner's lodgings in Christchurch' [on the other side of the Middle Island] 'as part of the pay for the State Coal Mines. He was identified as the man occupying an old hut near the scene of the tragedy. A piece of tin from this hut, discovered later in a coastal hotel bedroom occupied by the accused, put the police definitely on his tracks.
>
> The paymaster, Mr. Hill, is not yet able to give evidence. His depositions were taken some days ago. A bullet was extracted from his arm. But Mr. Hill is still in a critical condition, the lower part of his body being paralysed.'

I did not learn if this man was convicted of the crime. With regard to the 'Burgess gang,' Sullivan turned Queen's evidence. He was jailed, but was afterwards let loose. For a full report of their murders, vide 'MEMORANDA' No. Vol. fol.

Page 495
At the Teremakau River, south of the Grey dredging operations for gold have been carried on since my time. I know a spot on the Grey River where tons of the auriferous metal could be obtained by deep dredging. It is at a sharp, rocky bend – or, rather, elbow. But a coffer ? dam would be necessary to secure the prize. The stream there is wide – and deep and rapid near the rocks, where the gold would be found.
I have often stood upon the cliffs there and tried to throw stones across the stream when the river was low, but never succeeded. I have seen it a mile wide there when the floods were on.
On the Teremakau River, some distance up, the Town of Kumara sprang up. fourteen miles from Greymouth, ~~away back from the coast~~. A tramway with wood rails was made from Greymouth, away back from the coastline, to Kumara. I well remember a young man riding a horse furiously along this tramway track, when one of the horse's hind shoes became caught under a sleeper, and the poor animal's hoof was pulled off like a glove, with the iron shoe attached! The unfortunate horse had to be shot The hollow hoof with iron shoes was brought to our office, where I saw it.

Page 496
At the Teremakau River, at the spot where I crossed, an aerial cage on wires was afterwards inaugurated  The river Grey, and as a sequence the Town of Greymouth, were of course named after Sir George Grey, the then Governor of New Zealand. He paid the town a visit while I was there.
I had the honor of having printed for presentation to him a copy of the Grey River Argus, on silk. This, no doubt, is one of the heirlooms of his family. Our pressman, Bill Riley, was the man who actually printed it on the double-demy Albion press. And it did him credit, with just sufficient silk and no more. It was I who got the forme ready.
One day a golden pebble was brought to our office. It was just like any other pebble in shape but of pure, solid gold, without a flaw, and of a very rich color. Its value was Fifty Pounds sterling; its weight one pound troy. I had the pleasure of holding it in my hand. It goes without saying that it was weighty for its size! It was found in the bed of the Grey River – in the upper part – amongst other pebbles in the shingle.
This nugget was raffled for. Jack R– and I went halves in a ticket, each paying ten shillings. That

Page 497
sort of thing was not against the law then. Nowadays we are so goody-goody – so sanctimonious – that it is unlawful to raffle anything but an oil-painting. And why an oil-painting?
I was present at the drawing. A little girl drew the tickets from a barrel.
The very first ticket drawn won the prize, which went to a little baker, who was in the habit of dancing and indulging in other dissipations the most part of the nights, and then starting work at his trade at three o'clock in the mornings. I do not suppose the proceeds of that beautiful nugget of gold lasted him many weeks.
Whilst taking walks at night upon the upper track leading into the forest up the right hand bank of the Grey, I have distinctly heard the familiar Australian cry of 'Mo-poke! Mo-poke!' It emanated

from the New Zealand owl, the owl itself differing from the Australian owl in having a different kind of leg. Both these owls – the New Zealand and the Australian – are known as mopokes. Coal exists in unlimited quantities up the valley of the Grey. Brunnerton is the centre of production. It

Page 498
is only a few miles up the river.
Whilst I was there the coal mines were only just in their infancy. Diggers going up the river made fires of the loose coal lying about on the surface of the ground. The mineral was brought down the river in ten-ton barges to Cobden, where there was a coal wharf. Those barges were too heavy to be either rowed or sailed up-stream. They were poled up with long poles along the shallow edge of the river. But coming down, with ten tons of coal aboard, sails were set, oars were plied, and the centre of the swift current was chosen, when this combination of natural forces brought them down stream at great speed. From Cobden the coal had to be shipped to steamers in the offing.
Greymouth coal will always be expensive owing to the impossibility of making the river-mouth a port for sea-going ships and big steamers. Westport, at the mouth of the Buller River, forty miles north, is, I understand, a good port, and most of the coal sent from New Zealand comes from there. The Buller River reaches up to the head of the Grey River, and the coalfields of both are really one huge field.
Since my time, a new and extensive coalfield has

Page 499
been found in the big timbered plains of the Grey River catchment area. Those parts were inaccessible then. The coal is of the best quality.
The generally-swollen river – with an average rainfall of One Hundred and Sixteen Inches a year – the great Southern Ocean beating directly into its mouth, with deep water outside, and a surf upon which no rowing boat or small yacht ever floated greatly nullify the value of this vast deposit.
Moari Legends with regard to the Moa Bird were curious. This bird, now extinct, stood some fifteen feet high, had only rudiments of wings, like an emu and the African ostrich. The eggs were very large. A Moari chief informed me that in old days these creatures came out of the forests into the native camps, picked up children, and ran away with them. The incensed Maoris then burnt the Kauri forests, and thus did away with the lairs of their feathered enemies.
As this happened in the North Island, this was additional evidence that my Maori informant was one of the raiders who descended upon the West Coast inhabitants and murdered them. This also accounts for the fact that, in the Auckland districts at anyrate, Kauri gum is now found buried

Page 500
in the ground in tracts of country where no trees now exist. The conflagrations which destroyed the trees must have melted the gum from their bark and trunks. And now, at this period, gum digging is one of the industries of the North Island.
The text-books say that the Kauri pine exists only on the North Island. I think that is a mistake. I have seen thousands of what we all considered Kauris in the West Coast forests. They were exactly like the Kauri pines I came across in the North Island – the same straight stem, the same

umbrageous foliage, the same conchoidal bark. The white pines on the West Coast were also fine trees, with solid timber, but with spreading branches on top.
Ship's masts grew in these forests. They were cut down, rolled into the river, taken to Greymouth, and smoothed off ready for the ships. It was a fine sight to see this noble timber rising out of the dense forests with stems absolutely straight.
The text-books, I may say again, were written before any full exploration of the West Coast had been made, and so they may be inaccurate. Westland was then wholly

Page 501
inaccessible. The high Southern Alps on the east prevented access that way – while the coast was too dangerous for boats to land. Therefore the only way to get into it was along the rough and almost impassable north. The rainfall, too, drenched the whole land. This may account for the imperfect knowledge of the botany of the western portion of the Middle Island in those early days. It was only through the discovery of gold that these physical difficulties were overcome.
One digger, young and good-looking, I saw down on his luck. He was camped near me. His partner had deserted him, and had gone to live with his family in a weatherboard house. The said partner's daughters were fair and very beautiful. I took pity on the deserted man (like the young fool that I was) and succored him – to my sorrow.
After helping him in many ways, he told me ~~that~~ he thought that if he could purchase a boat, he would be able to get a living by becoming a boatman, ferrying passengers across the broad river between Greymouth and Cobden. Accordingly, I handed him the sum of Sixteen Pounds

Page 502
as a loan, and told him to buy the boat and make a start. This shows I was no business man at that youthful age! I should have purchased the boat myself and leased it to him for a term. Or, better still, have minded my own business, and let him look after himself. He bought the boat in his own name.
Ever after that, whenever he saw me coming on the Greymouth side, he rowed over the river to Cobden, and thus gave me the slip! If I followed in another boat, at a cost of one shilling each way, he was nowhere to be found. He used to hide himself like a criminal – as indeed he was, for he robbed me of that Sixteen Pounds sterling, as I never saw it again. Neither my business instincts nor my legal knowledge were keen then, it will be plainly seen. It must not be supposed that I let him off very lightly. For, whenever I had the spare time, I made for the landing-place near the Gorge on the Greymouth side. But it was always to see him scuttling across the water for Cobden in my boat! However, I gave him many a pull back and forth over that river for nothing!

Page 503
Criminals are strange characters! They are the missing links between man and the ape. It will be millions of years yet before they evolve and develop into men. He gained the boat, but the worry he had over it was not worth it. But what can one expect in this world?
Darwin's theory of evolution has long been proved a fact. We are always coming in contact with people whose brains, and consequent morals, are no more developed than those of the ape from which they sprang in the ages long ago.
To the mate who had deserted me in Toi-Toi Valley near Nelson, I also, at first, sent half of my salary. My old, experienced, father in Adelaide, to whom I chanced to mention the circumstance

in a letter, advised me to stop the remittances, which I did! Then my former mate never wrote me again. Nor did he repay any of the money!
One tragic affair in the social life of the residents of Greymouth caused a sensation. A bank manager was living with a married woman of medium age, or fairly young – a very common occurrence on the cosmopolitan goldfields. He received a command from head-quarters to either abandon the lady or resign his official position.

Page 504
For reply, he took a revolver and blew out his brains, pieces of his skull flying about the room. This shows the awful despair a man is in when he finds he has to give up the woman he loves. Concerning this subject, one of the most distinguished members of our staff was living in the same way. She was the wife of another man. She died!
Our proprietors and all the staff – myself included – attended the funeral to show our sympathy with him. Let me say the gentleman in question was not one of the proprietors. The \wife of/ one of the proprietors – she was a scotch young lady – put a crepe band on my hat for me on the occasion, showing her own and her husband's broadmindedness.
Many of these women were deserted by worthless husbands. So who could blame them for seeking the protection of another man? The divorce laws were not so lenient as they are now. A woman can now get a divorce for desertion extending over six years – or so I believe.
The phormium tenax of New Zealand grows luxuriantly along the swamps and the shores of the West Coast. It has long, sword-like leaves of seven feet or more long. Indeed, one species – the tai – grows nine or ten

Page 505
feet high, and is the best. We used to split the leaves into strips and use the strips as bootlaces. It was strong enough for that purpose.
Cabbage-trees grew luxuriantly, with their heads high in the air. Some diggers boiled the tenderest parts of the tops and used them as vegetables. Tree ferns – or fern trees – grew as high as sixty feet, as I have mentioned before, their feather-like fronds and leaves perched above, amongst the other vegetation. The beeches were 'lovely' trees to climb.
One Sunday, near the murderers' lair, – and at the time when the bushrangers were actively engaged in sticking up and murdering their victims – I climbed into a lofty beech tree. The stem went straight up, with branches springing from it on all sides. From limb to limb I went till I had reached the topmost pinnacle, and stood there, swaying in the wind.
This happened to be within four hundred yards of the murderers' lair, then unknown to me, or to anyone else except the bushrangers themselves. The lair was that distance away further up the track, just inside the dense scrub. Looking downward through the branches from my perch, I saw the figure of a solitary digger wending its way up the track.

Page 506
At first I felt inclined to call out to the man as he got underneath the tree, but then decided not to. He did not look upwards – people seldom do – and I watched him pass beneath me and disappear along the track into the everlasting forest. I have often wondered since if he was one of the numerous victims of the Burgess gang. I consider it highly probable that he was. The gang loved solitary travellers. Four to one was good odds to them! As with all cowards!

In this case, his dear ones, if he had any, would wonder what had become of him, and would hope – and hope in vain – for his return.
In this disjointed narrative I now turn to other subjects.
On the West Coast there was a little insect which burrowed into the live wood of trees. It was called a 'devil'. I often encountered it while splitting firewood, but did not know it was ferocious. A digger told me to beware of it! Then I found that the little 'varmint' would attack one like a bulldog! After that I killed them on sight. They were black in color, and very active.
A little incident occurred one night near me which showed that men may escape a peril, and yet know nothing

Page 507
about it. Near my tent stood a tree, left there when the other scrub had been cleared away. Under the tree two diggers erected their tent, and stayed there about a week.
One night they struck camp and disappeared up the river. That very morning, between midnight and sunrise, a storm uprooted the tree and threw it across the now-vacant site of the calico tenement. Had they remained there one night longer, the result might have been broken limbs, or even death.
All kinds of characters flock to goldfields. It is best to adopt the Bush motto – viz., 'Treat everyone as a rogue until you find him honest.' I ought to have done so, but did not always.
One day I bought a currant cake off my grocer – a Scotchman. With my first mouthful I chewed something hard. It was a gold signet ring, containing a green stone. It was a nice ring, and worth a few pounds sterling. Taking it back to the grocer, I told him to hand it over to the baker, and thought no more of the circumstance. Being English myself, I believed in doing the straight thing with everybody – and thought other people were the same.
Six months later, a man named 'Larry' who lodged with the Scotchman asked me if I would like to buy

Page 508
a gold ring. I told him I was willing to inspect any he had for sale. Opening a little portable iron safe, he displayed several. Amongst them was the one I had extracted from the cake!
Without mincing matters, I told him it did not belong to him. Calling in the Scotchman, I also politely informed him that he was nothing less than a rogue. They were too nonplussed to retaliate on me. I allowed them to keep the ring. It was not mine, and the owner could not then be found. Afterwards they both tried to get at me with playing cards. But I had been in the Australian Bush, and was not to be caught. 'Larry', I think, must have been a card-sharper. At anyrate he was especially clever at manipulating the cards. I never play cards for money, so they did not catch me. I saw through all their little games.
Then I came to the determination to beat them at their own game! This was on a Saturday night. Lying between my blankets all that night, I thought out some tricks with cards, and by daylight had successfully completed two. Getting up, I tried them. Yes, they were correct.

Page 509
One was to pick out of the full pack a card chosen mentally by the other man.
Accordingly, the next spare evening I had I was with them. I asked them to choose any card they liked. I would deal out the whole fifty-two cards into six heaps, three times [at this distance of time I am not certain whether it was three times or more than that – say five times – but that is of

no consequence: the principle was the same], when I would show them the card they had selected, provided they told me in which heap their card was at each deal. In telling the tale I am assuming that I dealt the cards three times. But, as I have said above, it may have been five times, although I do not think so.
To make the narrative easy of description I will assume that three deals were sufficient to bring the selected card into the position where I could find it with certainty every time. – for it was never in the centre of the pack, because a pack of fifty-two hasn't any centre. Neither has a heap of six cards any centre heap.
To proceed. I dealt out the whole fifty-two cards into six heaps, three times. Each time, the men told me which heap their chosen card was in. After the third deal, I placed the fifty-two cards

Page 510
together, and proceeded to count out – under my breath, of course – the cards, either face upwards or face downwards Then I threw out the card they had selected – to their great astonishment! The system was infallible! It never failed.
They never found out how it was done. I really do not think anyone could, unless it was explained to them – then it wouldn't have been 'found out.' It is easier to invent a trick than to solve one. They tried hard to get me to disclose it. But I refused.
One of them at anyrate might have used it for betting purposes. Besides, this was my reply to their attempts to get the better of me, and to show that I was not so green as I looked, if only a 'Boy', as the Scotchman always called me! 'Boy' indeed! I was seventeen! I had no hair on my face, I admit, because at that time I shaved it off with a half-guinea razor which I bought in Greymouth for that purpose.
In those days no man clean-shaved his face; it looked too effeminate. Every man grew whiskers of some kind, besides a moustache. So, with a clean-shaved face, I suppose I did look very boyish. I had better elucidate a bit about the card trick.

Page 511
Well, as mentioned before, the card selected was never in the centre of the pack – there was no centre! That was where the puzzle came in. Six times eight are forty-eight, leaving four over. Thus two heaps out of the six heaps contained eight cards each, and the other four heaps nine cards each. This used up the fifty-two cards in the pack. This looks very complicated. I intended it to be so, to puzzle the others. And it did puzzle them! They were thoroughly beaten. But in my own mind it was simple enough, because I filled in the two short heaps with an imaginary card extra, thus giving all the six heaps nine cards each. That gave a centre card – the fifth card – to each heap. That is to say, in my mind, but not visible to the eye.
Then it was only a matter of being very careful to place the heap their card was in in the imaginary centre of the big pack every time after dealing. After dealing the number of times specified, I knew where the wanted card was. But how to find it? That was easy too. For instance, I \had/ added – in my own mind – at every deal, an extra imaginary heap, which made seven heaps – one heap invisible to the eye, but visible

Page 512
to the mind. In this way I got a centre heap also – the fourth heap. And thus by degrees I got their card into the centre of my imaginary pack.
In this way, too, I had added eleven imaginary cards to the visible pack of fifty-two cards

So it was all very simple, as, in my mind, I had seven heaps of nine cards each – or an imaginary pack of sixty-three cards of which only fifty-two were visible to the eye. The rest w~~h~~ere ghosts!
It was now only a matter of counting correctly In counting down from the back of the visible pack of fifty-two cards, I first counted ~~off~~ eleven ghosts, and when I came to the thirty-second card \including the ghosts,/ I knew that that was the one they had selected, and accordingly threw it out – to their great mystification! If I counted from the face of the pack, their card would be the visible thirty-second.
What beat those two sharp men was the fact that their card was never anywhere near the centre of the visible pack of fifty-two, and yet that I could find it either from the back or the face! They did not even know that I was counting. They didn't seem to 'smell a rat' anyway.

Page 513
The other problem that I worked out was not new, although I re-invented it, for I knew nothing of it at the time.
It consisted of placing all the fifty-two cards in such a position that, taking the first card and placing it at the back, then throwing out the second card – say the ace of hearts – all the cards of each suit followed in order until the pack was used up. I solved the problem while in bed, and upon getting up and testing it, found it worked alright.
Neither of the men could do this either. They wanted me to enlighten them. But I declined to sharpen their already sharp wits. Knowing I was employed in the newspaper office, the Scotchman, who was rather illiterate, asked me one day how I managed to spell words correctly. I told him that, being a compositor on a newspaper, I had to.
In order to test me, he took up a fine dictionary he had there and called out words for me to spell. I said, 'Go ahead!'
For a quarter of an hour he tried, and I spelt every word aright, of course; for a 'comp.' who couldn't spell would not be 'comp' at all. 'Now,' I said, 'I will tell you why I can spell correctly every word that is in that dictionary.'

Page 514
He looked at me, puzzled. 'Why?' I replied deliberately, 'Because I have the same kind of head as the man who compiled the dictionary.'
In this man's employment – I repeat here, he was store-keeping, although a carpenter by trade – was a young Highlander. He was tall, and very handsome, with the bloom from the heather still on his cheeks. Modest in the extreme, he was a gentleman in every respect. We were great friends, and were often together of an evening.
One night we had a friendly contest. It consisted in each putting his elbow on the table, clasping hands with each other, and trying to force the other's arm down on to the table without lifting the elbow. We sat on chairs during the contest. I myself was always a light weight. I then weighed ten stone ten pounds. He was a six-footer; I only five seven and a half. We gripped and tried our utmost. But neither was the victor.
For fully fifteen minutes we each strained our muscles trying to put the other's arm down, without avail. Both our arms remained in the upright position, and we had to give up the contest. I was strong for my weight in those days, as I always practised gymnastics to keep up my muscles.

Page 515
When sixteen years of age I could carry a two hundred lb bag of flour in my arms with ease, and I have lifted a fifty-six lb weight above my head with one hand. But my father could beat me easily there. For he could lift two of them – one in each hand – lift them slowly over his head, clink them together, and lower them again slowly. And he didn't know he could do it until a bet was \ [*in pencil*] made/ by two others over it.
My brother George was up at the 'Ten-Mile' on the Grey River, with Mr. Fox, the gold-buyer, when those awful murders I have referred to were being committed, and when Mr. Fox had a narrow escape from being a victim.
Afterwards my brother and Mr. George Giles, an Adelaide man of standing, went over the great Southern Alps on foot to Christchurch. There was a road from Hokitika. They camped in the snow for several nights. George afterwards contracted rheumatic fever, and he credited its origin with that cold journey and the snow camps. He tramped back, and when he returned I gave him shelter in my tenet at Greymouth. When he appeared at my tent door, the soles of the Wellington boots that I had lent him for the journey were turned upwards through his tramping in the mud and

Page 516
slush so long. He was practically 'walking on his uppers.'
Where Giles went to I never heard. But this I know: He borrowed the sum of One Pound from me when he went away; and I never saw it again!
George afterwards started a Job Printing Office in Hokitika, which he kept going for many years, and did heavy work. This was after I had returned to Adelaide.
Then, later on still, came the Inangahua Herald, which he and another man started at Reefton, up the head of the Grey – where the first reef gold was found. George stayed at Reefton many years.
Poor George went much into society, and was very popular. He was Grandmaster of the Freemasons at Reefton, and was presented with a 'jewel,' the gold in which alone was worth Nine Pounds. Instead of saving money, he wasted it by mixing with and entertaining society people. George came to Adelaide many years later, and died suddenly of Bright's disease.
While on the Grey, I took nightly exercise on the nights I was free, by going up the river, or down to the pebbly seashore, the latter being a mile away A primeval forest at night comes next to an

Page 517
underground cave for blackness. Nothing at all is visible. I took the chance of being caught by the bushrangers Before my revolver was stolen, I carried it in my belt, loaded, on my left side, and a sheath-knife on my right. After the loss of my 'shooting-iron', I walked on the alert, with a heavy pebble in each hand, and knife in the sheath. The stones were the ammunition I intended using upon an assailant. But a knife I could not bring myself to use on a human being.
I was walking into the murderers' trap one night, but heard the signals, and backed out, with measured tread and slow!
The loveliest lagoons on earth existed on an extensive flat of many miles in extent south of the town of Greymouth, between the coastal range and the sea. They were unexplored while I remained on the Coast, not even a boat had been placed upon them. These lagoons were surrounded by luxurious vegetation, which included flax (phormium tenax), cabbage trees, and other trees up to twenty or thirty feet high on the flats and the seaward side; and giant trees of

white pine and Kauri on the range side, where the heavy forest began. Most of the vegetation was matted together by the

Page 518
strong, jointed supplejack climber. The waters of the lagoons, when I saw them, were placid as mirrors.
During my life on the Coast, there was generally something exciting going on. Floods raging around us in winter! People rescued in boats! I myself living in a lonely tent with murderers lurking around! Feeling out of the blankets at nights to learn whether the waters were rising about me! Scooting out when my hand splashed into them! Lonely trips on foot ~~up~~ \on/ the banks of the river on the Canterbury side, and also across the river on the Cobden side! In the winter the smaller creeks frozen solid!
In the summer the same creeks just water and mud where lurked the eels! In the winter the river Grey steaming like a cauldron, forming fogs! All these and other things gave variety.
The New Zealand people, in the southern parts at anyrate, must in time become a very hardy race because of the severe winter climate. Getting up before daylight, I used to take hard walks up the river in the dark to get my blood into circulation. Coming back at daybreak through the Gorge, I have seen sailors working in the frozen rigging of schooners lying at the wharves.

Page 519
The cold was so intense that the very ground rang like iron when struck by an axe or a pick.
The Scotch wives of the proprietors (Jack Keogh alone was unmarried) of the Grey River Argus were very kind to me, evidently looking upon me as a motherless waif, because I was young, beardless, and very quiet. They invited me to tea frequently, and were very nice indeed. They were Mrs. James Kerr, and Mrs. Jack Arnott. And afterwards another Scotch young lady – Mrs. Stark – her husband being a reporter and compositor. I notice in recent N.Z. directories that at least one street has been named after Mr. Arnott. The whole three ladies were good-hearted Scotch girls.
After my original tent had been blown to tatters by the winter storms, I purchased a standing tent, with a 'fly' overhead, from a tradesman – the aforesaid painter – who was leaving. It was on a rather high bank, say, six feet in height, overlooking a swamp. It was not so far in the scrub as my logged tent. But it was while occupying the old tent that I was robbed of my revolver. I was working at night. My revolver having been loaded for some time, I fired it off one evening, intending to clean and reload it. I

Page 520
placed it under my pillow in the logged tent and went to work. The next tent to me, further in the scrub, and about fifty feet away, sheltered the bushrangers – Burgess, Kelly, Levy, and Sullivan. They watched me fire the revolver, and during the night got into my tent and stole it.
It was early in the morning when I returned – 1 a.m. up to 3 a.m. – and I turned in to my blankets tired, and thus did not miss the firearm. I discovered my loss after daylight when I went to reload it. Then I watched the other tent and noted the inmates.
Sullivan was a sandy-haired man – a real Pecksniff! Burgess, the leader of the gang was dark – masterful, brutal, pitiless. Levy a cringer and a coward, as was also Sullivan. As to Kelly, he was sneaking, cruel, and a cur, always thinking of his own skin

Burgess, Levy, and Kelly were hanged, and Sullivan escaped with a sentence of imprisonment for life, but was let loose after a few years. He saved himself by the coward's remedy of giving away his mates.
It was only my apparant youthfulness that kept me out of their clutches. Had they got me, dear Marianne, in

Page 521
Adelaide, would have waited – waited – waited for my return, and would never have known what had become of me. My new camping-place and tent were much more comfortable than the old. There was no copper currency on the West Coast all the time I was there. Threepenny bits were the smallest coins.
My food usually consisted of beef steak at one shilling per lb, fried potatoes, fried onions, bread, cake, butter, cheese, eggs, bacon, dried green peas, and jam, with fruit in season, and Swiss condensed milk. I never touched tea, but always drank coffee – a bad thing for the heart, as I now know. I touched neither wine, spirits, nor beer. I occasionally obtained a case of insipid apples.
Once I bought a large white jar of English jam – raspberry. It was of such good quality, that each time after eating a little, I kept filling the jar with water, stirring it well. That jar lasted me a long time, and watering did not injure the flavor. That is how English people maintain there trade. Again, I bought a whole New Zealand cheese, than which better was never made. Owing to its always being there, I don't remember that I ever finished it!

Page 522
Eggs came down to one shilling and sixpence per dozen. They had been three, and even six, shillings. The came from Melbourne, packed in salt – and even then at some far distant date of the word's history! They were not rotten, but they had the vilest twang I ever remember being knocked down with. I boiled six at a time to try and get one sound one for my breakfast, but never succeeded! In eating them you had to put a clothes-peg on your nose. I have been in the carpenter-grocer-Scotchman's shop when a girl would come in, bringing back eight eggs out of a dozen, and say they were bad and mother wanted them changed 'Certainly, my dear,' says the worthy Scot. And straightaway he would carefully place the bad eggs with the others in the barrel, and give her another eight from the same place!
I said to him one day, 'How do you expect to prosper when you go on like that?' But he did prosper and afterwards became a comparatively rich man.. He did not mind what I said to him. It is nice to have a thick epirdermis! Later on I heard that tents had to be shifted. I then

Page 523
thought I had better make other arrangements. So I agreed with my carpenter-storekeeper that he should build me a little weatherboard hut on his allotment, I pay the whole cost of the material, and I was to deal exclusively off him.
When I left New Zealand, he paid me Two Pounds for the whole concern. It had cost me Twenty Pounds, so who got the best of the bargain? The hut was on piles. It was about eight by ten feet, with a galvanized-iron chimney, a little window, a door, and two ships' bunks one above the other. I slept on the lower one, and was very comfortable – for a time!
And thereby hangs a tale – the tale of a dog, with its fleas! This tale – or tail if you like – wagged as follows. When my brother George came to me at another time, I let him have the upper bunk.

Until he came, I always slept in my blankets like a top. There was no vermin – no parasites – about the place, and I was quite cosy.
I kept all dogs at a distance. I knew them! Then one day when I came home, I saw George patting a dog at my door! I was wroth! Wroth was no name for it. I was furious! Yet I said nothing to him. But I got the dog away, and tried to keep it away. There was no more rest for me! From that

Page 524
time onward the hut was infested with fleas. And long after George had gone, my blankets were rolling in the awful things! I placed the blankets in the sun. But in the winter time the sun had no power, even when the clouds opened a bit and let him shine upon us – and then the fleas rather liked it! Even washing the blankets (in my had basin, i.e. the prospecting dish) was no use; the hut was infested with them.
In Australia we can make a blazing fire, and get rid of the fleas by holding our blankets in front of it; but that wouldn't get them out of a room. I never got rid of the pests. And all this discomfort through the thoughtlessness of a man three years my senior. Religious people had better blame their god for making such things as fleas. But it is no use being sarcastic.
Fleas are other parasites that cause endless agony to other animals, including man, are just a product of Evolution, like everything else on this earth that has been evolved by the Sun's rays. For without the heat of the Sun there would be no life of any kind on this earth or on the neighboring planets. We can't get away from hard facts!

Page 525
Big cattle in the tropics are almost eaten alive by tick, and the poor beasts, having no hands, cannot relieve themselves of the intense irritation, and must suffer all their lives. I have never shot a euro in Australia without finding it infested with lice. And the one and only wombat was the same.
The germs of life are in the air, and will settle on everything they can live on – and evolution causes them to cross and multiply exceedingly.
To come to our moutons again. Alongside my little hut, fifteen feet away, was another hut, occupied by two coal-carriers – both seafaring men. The allotment was open, and there were no fences.
One of the men – a very decent fellow – who chummed up to me suffered much from rheumatism, the general West Coast complaint.
Coal was used as fuel by every householder in Greymouth. There being little vehicular traffic in the town, and none whatever outside, there being no roads, and tracks for horses could not be made through those scrubs, the coal was carried in sacks or hand-barrows by two men. The barrows had no wheels. They had four handles. The front man stood between his pair of handles; the rear man got between his pair. Then, stooping together,

Page 526
they lifted the barrow with its bag of coal and carried it to its destination. During this process, my man, every time he got a twinge, would let out a yell – 'Oh! – oh! – o! – o! – ooo!!!' crescendo fashion, and bend and twist his back, and set other people laughing. Then he would laugh himself. He told me about his adventures at sea as a sailor.

He had been engaged in the hazardous occupation of running the blockade in Charleston Harbor, South Carolina, on the Atlantic coast of the United States of America, in 1862, during the civil war there. Charleston was, of course, in the hands of the Confederates. He was on board an English steamer. The funnels were lowered, all lights put out, and in the darkness of the night they ran in both arms and provisions without once being caught.
The American war of secession began in April, 1861, and ended in April, 1865. So it was only just over then. He also ran into the blockaded Port of Wilmington, whence much cotton was exported from the South. The seamen got Fifty Pounds to Sixty Pounds each trip. They, of course, ran the risk of capture, for the Federal fleet was ever on the alert.

Page 527
Charleston was settled by the English in 1680, and they were afterwards supplemented by French Protestants – the Huguenots.
The blockade-running happened about the time of the Alabama sensations, when that Confederate steamer under Captain Semmes, played such havoc with the Federal shipping. She started her raids in 1862, and was captured in 1864.
If I remember rightly, England had to pay the united States an indemnity of over Three Million Pounds over that affair, as the Alabama was fitted in, and escaped from, an English port.
This man's little hut, next to mine, was a veritable smoke-box. The smoke from the g. i. fireplace used to pour out through the interstices of the weatherboards in volumes. It was further away than mine from the main store building, too, and the g. i. chimney was as high.
Even when my chimney-shaft blew down with the gales, and left only a stump standing, my chimney still was not what is called a smoky one. It functioned just the same. Being scientific, and born with an analytical brain, I always endeavor to fathom things – to trace an effect to a cause – to get at the origin of a thing. For everything that happens has a cause.

Page 528
In this case it was easy. A single glance at the two chimneys told the tale! Mine had a very graceful, tapered, shoulder. His had a very squat shoulder. There was the answer at once!
My tapered one drew well. His squat one did not! [*see diagram*]
One dark night, before the second hut was built, and when mine was standing there alone, I heard someone feeling stealthily around it. I was in my bunk. I jumped out, ready for emergencies, and got hold of a heavy club. I kept quiet, and waited in the dark.
The person – a man, of course – groped around, feeling for an opening. He tried the little window, and then got to the door and tried to force it open.

Page 529
It was like comic opera! There was I behind the door with a club, waiting to give him one on the twopenny directly he broke in, whilst he tried hard to enter and graciously receive what was coming to him!
At first he said nothing. I could hear his hard breathing. Then he began to swear and mutter in an undertone, for the door was well bolted. He tried his utmost to force it, but, fortunately for his nob, failed. After persevering for a time, he groped around the little wooden hut again, trying to find a weak spot, but couldn't find any. The window was too small to admit a man.
If I had had my revolver, I should have challenged him, and then perhaps fired a bullet through the door above his head. By and by he shuffled away, and I heard him no more. Then I went to

bed again and slept soundly – the sound sleep of youth – not the restless sleep of old age!
Before the weatherboard-hut era, to my tent at the scrub came a tall, well-built Englishman one day. He was six feet two in height. He asked if my name was not Tilbrook. I said, 'Yes'. He told me he had seen my name in the books of

Page 530
the storekeeper. He, also, was living in a tent not far away. He informed me that he knew my father's father's family – (that is, my grandfather's) – in Cambridgeshire, England.
We had many interesting chats together in my tent, and in his tent. He was a peddling hawker, and travelled up the Grey with a pack on his back – up those awful tracks of mud, slush, water, and logs – to the Ten-Mile and beyond the Brunnerton coalfields. Everything was carried on men's backs then.
I have often seen sturdy men going up the Grey River track on the right-hand bank with a Fifty-pound weight bag of Chilean flour strapped on their backs in such a way that they could not take it off till they obtained help at the other end of their journey. They plodded along the whole day with that burden upon them. When they sat down on some log, the bag of flour had to sit also.
My English did the same with his packs. He just managed to get a living. He was a 'fiddler', and every time he returned to Greymouth I could hear his fiddle going. He was not a 'violinist', but just a 'fiddle-de-dee' man.
He used to eat a two-lb tin of jam at his tea, and he reckoned that was nothing!

Page 531
His father was a large business man in London.
At that times the Fenians were making themselves notorious and were hated by everyone except their own class. He told me the reason he left home was that his father employed a lot of these firebrands at his establishment. He had a row with his father over it; and refused to work with him while they were there. He accordingly cleared out, and went roaming about the world.
He was a man of about 40 when I encountered him, and he was of a quiet, gentlemanly disposition. I omitted to put his name down in my diary, for which I am sorry. Whether he ever came into his own or not, I am unable to say.
In the Grey River Argus office we all worked well together, as I have said. The Typographical Association did not reach there, fortunately, so there were no 'chapels', and no 'Father of the Chapel', to cause disturbances. The 'props' never interfered with anyone who did his duty or his best. The men were a happy-go-lucky lot. The brandy bottle was always on the 'stone'. Most of them had spent their week's wages by Saturday night. Our pressman, Bill Riley, knew little about bookbinding; but he bound the 'stab'-sewn cartnote and

Page 532
other books of that class. One day Roman Catholic order came in for some books to be printed, octavo size, with the leaves sewn, and the covers in half-binding – that is, the back and corners in leather, and the sides of cloth. It was a heavy job, and I 'set' the whole book myself in spare time. I also imposed the formes, 800 demy, with sixteen pages in a d. d. forme, to be printed 'work and turn', for we had no demy press.
'Work and turn' meant, say, a double demy sheet was printed on the one forme of sixteen pages, and then the paper was turned over and printed on the other side.

The paper was cut into two, and that made two copies of sixteen pages each. When folded, the pages ran consecutively from One to Sixteen. The 'registering' of the pages had to be perfect. That was no trouble to Bill. The placing of the pages in their proper order was my work. That was called 'imposition.' But when Bill started to sew the books, I saw he was all at sea.
Instead of placing the thread around the three straps at the back, he stabbed the needle through the edges of the tapes, then missed them – the tapes – by passing the thread inside instead of outside. If he had finished them in that way, the books would have tumbled to pieces.

Page 533
So I took him quietly aside and showed him how he was bungling the job and the proper way to sew the folios. He 'tumbled' at once, and was very thankful to me for putting him right, and especially for not giving him away to the proprietors.
Soon after I had taken up the position in the office, a surprise was sprung upon me. A job had come in to be printed in sixteen pages 16 mo demy, one forme, work and turn. The type being all set up and corrected, quiet little Jimmy Kerr – one of the props – asked \ [*in pencil*] me/ to impose it. That is, make it up into pages and place them so that when printed twice and the paper cut into two copies, the pages would fall in rotation.
I was nonplussed for a time. I knew no more how to to impose sixteen pp. 'work and turn' – nor yet with two formes, one for each side – than the man in the moon. I had a shrewd suspicion that no one in the office knew, either!
The proprietors did not, for they were simply news compositors, and there were no experienced jobbing hands there. However, I resolved not to show my ignorance. So I thought it over in bed that night, and hit upon a simple mechanical way of solving the difficulty. This I put into practice next morning, and everything was all serene! Not

Page 534
[*Not*] a word was said. I think the others wondered. But not a word from me! I simply completed the job. From that day onwards I imposed every difficult job that came into the office.
When I left – after two and a half years there – they sent to Auckland for a man to take my place. He was called Kirk. I think his full name was Kirkbright. He was there when I went first, but had been discharged, as we had too many hands. It was c-o-o-ld on the Grey in the winter time! The sun shining on a thermometer all day did not rise the temperate above freezing point – 32 deg. Fah. The water in the bowl in the composing room used for wetting the type to make it stick together when 'dissing' and making up into columns had floating ice on it all day. My chilblains on fingers and toes were terrible They were all broken into open sores.
We had a coal stove going in the centre of the room all day and night while we were working; but it did not warm us. By the time we had a stickful of Brevier or Bourgeois set up, our fingers had gone white. Then we rushed to the stove, smacked our fingers and chafed them till circulation returned a little. The eastern wind, coming off the great snow-capped

Page 535
ranges of the Southern Alps through the Gorge froze us. That wind was nicknamed 'The Razor'. It penetrated the joints and openings of the corrugated-iron office, and under the floor between the piles which elevated us out of the swampy ground. And as to the floods! I am writing an article about them separately – quod vide.

Our editor – W. H. Harrison – was a terrible fellow for keeping us short of copy. We had to be on to him all the time. As we published three times a week, we wanted a lot. He nearly got the sack over it. He could write a leader of six 800 folios in a very short time.
When I started The Northern Argus newspaper in Clare, South Australia I designed the office from the Grey River Argus office of N.Z., with some little alterations. The little room leading from the public office is really the editor's sanctum.
The price of the Grey River Argus was Sixpence a copy And there was a great demand for it, it sometimes fetching One Shilling per copy up the river. In the office, sweeps were got up on the Melbourne races. I had to join in.
One of the props won Twenty Pounds once. They all betted one with the other also.

Page 536
Bill Riley, the pressman, won Two Pounds off me. I thought the matter over. It was a mug's game! Only the bookmakers could win on the average. So I made up my mind to get my Two Pounds back from Bill the pressman, and then give up betting on horses for ever!
There was a very swift mare named 'Cowra' running in the important Australian meetings. She was the favorite for the next Melbourne Cup. I said to Bill:

> 'You won £2 of my money, Bill. Now I am game to bet you Fifty Pounds to Two Pounds that 'Cowra' will not win both the next Melbourne Cup and the Hobart Town Cup.'

[It will be noticed that the city of Hobart was then called a Town.]

'Done!' says Bill, eagerly, with visions of £50 worth of my notes sticking out of his pockets. Bill lost! And he paid up like a man.
I forget now whether 'Cowra' won either event. But, having retrieved my £2, I have never from that day to this – and I am now eighty-three as I transcribe these notes – made a bet on a horse.
One great thing newspapers have to be careful over is libels. There is always some kind, friendly, fool who will get you into one if you are not careful. 'The greater

Page 537
the truth, the greater the libel,' is a true saying. Life would be unendurable if one's private character could be wantonly assailed by any vicious or envious individual, or by a Yellow Press.
At the Grey was a schoolmaster. He went away. Something was found to be wrong with his affairs. A man wrote a letter to the Grey River Argus about the absconder.
The schoolmaster brought a libel action against the proprietors, and the latter had to disclose the name of the letter-writer, and also apologise for the publication of the letter, although the subject-matter was true.
On Valentine's Day, valentines used to be sent out by one friend to another. The custom has disappeared now. One day I received one. It was delivered to me at the office. The address was in feminine handwriting. It felt satiny and soft, and smelt strongly of musk. I was the quiet one! Here was a chance for the others! All hands chaffed me. Calls were made that I should hand it around – this loving epistle, or verse, or whatever it might be, from my unknown girl! Nobody dreamt that a girl far away in Australia had a thought for me, or that I had a sweetheart in that land. But this Valentine addressed in feminine hand-writing gave me entirely away!

Page 538
At first I did not respond to their calls to hand the valentine around for inspection.

Then I cynically made up my mind that I would! I was still the curly-headed boy that I used to be! I handed the valentine around accordingly, to become common property.
A disgraceful thing to do, you say? Well, perhaps! But wait! This was the Valentine, redolent of perfume emanating from a silken pad:-
TO MY BROTHER.

'I wish thee all my heart would say:
All that's happy, all that's gay;
Cherub health, with beaming eye -
Well-deserved prosperity.

Joy and honor, fortune, fame,
All that merit ere can claim;
Inward peace, with placid mien,
And domestic joy serene!'

It was from my eldest sister in Adelaide! A sudden

Page 539
strange, mysterious, silence fell over the composing room of the Grey River Argus just then! A wonderful transformation, truly! That guileless curly-headed boy! Turn off the limelight, and shift the scene! – – –
It seems almost incredible that during my nearly three years' residence on the Grey River, the range, six hundred feet high at most, forming the immediate background of Greymouth had never been ascended. It was steep. It was covered with the densest vegetation. In addition to that, it was so slippery as to be almost unclimable.
I had very little spare time – never more than a half-holiday. On Sunday I often scrambled up it about four hundred feet. My highest point was to a big dead, bleached, fallen tree about two-thirds of the way to the summit. My only chance of seeing this tree was by crossing the wide river to the Cobden side, thence pushing a mile upstream. From there the bleached skeleton of a forest monarch was visible, and I noted it to be about the distance up the range that I have mentioned. It was while descending the range about half a mile from that spot, after an unsuccessful attempt to

Page 540
[*This page is numbered but has been left blank*.]

Page 541
reach the top, that I nearly fell into the great perpendicular chasm, eighty feet deep, beneath which were the caves, and through which flowed the underground river I have described in another article
One Sunday, while sliding down the slimy and slippery rocks, after a partial ascent, I lost three One-Pound banknotes on the Bank of New South Wales. I never recovered them. So the bank had the benefit of that loss.

Page 542
TIME COMING FOR DEPARTURE.
After a sojourn of two and a half years in this watery land, the time was coming for my departure. During chilblain time, my toes dripped blood, and my fingers too, and I wished to avoid passing another full winter there. I had to slit my boots to allow my feet to get into them, which made matters worse, for the frost got in too.
The time of my apprenticeship was up. This meant a full term of five years for me at the trade. Dear Marianne was calling me. And her mother would not let her leave South Australia.
I had made up my mind to start a newspaper of my own at the Burra, S.A. I sounded my brother George as to whether he would join me in the venture, but he had declined. I had saved up several hundred pounds by now, so could purchase a small printing plant.
I may as well say here that when I got to the Burra Burra, via Adelaide, to see about starting the newspaper, I found that the Burra Burra mine had stopped working. I went from there to Mount Bryan Flat to see

Page 543
Charley Dawson, who then kept the hotel there. He told me the Burra was done, and advised me to start at Clare, which was a promising town.
I accordingly walked the forty miles in one day, and got there at two o'clock in the morning, inspected the shops, and thought it would do. And so, with Alfred Clode as a partner for a time, I brought The Northern Argus into being in February, 1869. – – –
Well, I gave my kindly employers notice that I was going to leave them.
Some of my acquaintances gave me a banquet, but wild horses would not drag anything out of me regarding that function.
With my usual prodigality, I had lent money to my acquaintances, without interest and without security. I was young then, you see! Sixteen Pounds to the man whom I started as a ferryman across the Grey. I got not a cent of that back. Fifteen Pounds to Bill Riley. He borrowed the money from a barber, and repaid me like a man. Thirty-two Pounds to Harry H –, who left me in the lurch, and never offered to repay

Page 544
thirty odd Pounds to my brother George, who some years later repaid me honourably. My big Dictionary I had lent to poor Jack R –.
When I asked him for it, prior to my departure, he declared that he did not have it. Taking no notice of his assertion, I immediately, went straight into his house, and took the book from the dressing-table of his bedroom! Poor Jack! He was a great gambler, although a strict teetotaller. But his will was not strong enough to enable him to resist temptation. Vide my account of our terrible walk, most of it in the dark, from the Grey River to the Teremakau River and back – twelve and a half miles each way. The poor chap was devotedly attached to me.
I will now transcribe a posthumus letter I received from him after my arrival in South Australia. I will give it verbatim et litteratim: – 'Greymouth, Dec.5, 1868.

> 'Friend Harry, 'I suppose you will think I am an 'artist' not to have sent you a few lines before this time; but I assure you that I have often threatened to do so.

Page 545

you know that I have a great horror of making an attempt to scribble even a few lines, and therefore you must look over it this time, and I'ile (sic) be like the bad boy, and not do it again. 'After you left, we got an assistant in the shape of a boy about ten years old, who did everything the wrong way if he possibly could; but he is beginning to be of some use now. 'Kirk' came down from Auckland about a month after you left; he appears to me to be rather fond of himself and thinks he is very smart, but I can't see it. The other day we got into an argument about when the Duke of Wellington died. I said he died in 1852, but was put down immediately. I offered to lay a pound on it, he would not bet, but was certain the Duke had not been dead more than twelve years. We looked at the almanac and I was right; so he had to subside, and he didn't like it a bit. 'Bill is still rattling along in the same old style, he won seventeen pounds on the Melbourne Cup, which was quiet (sic) a 'touch' for him I can assure you. Arnot lost and so did Jimmy.' [Referring to Mr. Jack Arnot and Mr.Jimmy Kerr, two of the proprietors.]

Page 546

'Stark is still editor, and I think likely to remain so, as I think that Harrison has got the bullet. He returned from Wellington the other day, where he has 'been and gone and done it' by getting married to a housekeeper in a large hotel, or stewardess in one of the large steamers, I don't know which. however, she has not got a great deal of the needful, though it was reported some time before she came down that she was worth some seven or eight thousand, and we thought that W. H. had made a touch, but it was too good news to be true. 'Well, after he came down, he announced himself as a candidate for the County Council, but I think he had some barney with the props, because he withdrew from the field. He put in an advertisement, stating that the reason he had done so was that his professional duties had to be attended to, therefore he could not stand. After that he went down to Hokitika, where he remained until last Monday. When he went to work in the morning, I asked Stark for copy, and he said 'his occupation was gone.' W. H. would give us copy when he came in. Stark took my frame, and I went to the other side; but when the props came in and saw that there was no copy, I think they told him to go inside and stay there' [i.e.

Page 547

Stark was to go inside to the editor's chair] – 'as Harrison had not got back, he came up about two o'clock, and Arnott (sic) went to the door and spoke to him, but he did not come in, and from what I have heard since, I think he got the sack. [There is an old saying, 'Speak of the devil, and he is sure to appear.' Just as I am writing these lines W. H. has just passed through to the back, and I have not seen him for a week until now.] 'There has been a requisition got up and signed by the most influential men in both townships' [i.e. Wawhera Quay and Richmond Quay] – 'and Harrison has consented to stand again. It is the general opinion in town that he will go in at the head of the poll. His opponents are Lahman, Wickes, and Comiskey, the last-named having no chance whatever. For the Country District there are three candidates, viz.: Carraras, Dale, and Fox' – [i.e., the last two are mentioned by me in these 'Reminiscences'], the first is the favorite, although he is a spaniard, but I believe him to be a very smart man, and being a digger he is apt to be more thought of than such men as old Dale' [i.e., the temperance

advocate from Adelaide who dropped his ‘h’s’ on the floor] – ‘or Fox’ – [i.e., Fox, the gold-buyer]. ‘Old Dale is doing a good deal of spouting up at Maori Gully,

Page 548

Greenstone, Rutherglen, and those places, and I should not be surprised to see him give the Spaniard a tight run for it. ‘Masters is Mayor, and Whale is town clerk. The Maori township ‘– [i.e., Mawhera Quay] – is improving a little. Wickes has built a large timber yard between the engine-house and your old camping-ground. Simmons has moved up into Tainui Street, where he has built a large tinshop. ‘Little Jago, of the post-office, married Smith (of Smith & Powell) and built a very nice cottage up on the terrace at the back of the post-office, but after he had been married about two weeks, he was removed to Shortland. he sold his cottage to the props for one hundred and forty pounds.
‘Speaking of marriages, I may as well tell you that my affair is broken off, by mutual consent. ‘Richard is himself again’ once more. It is no use trying, Harry. I am going to give it up as a bad job. ‘I got a letter from home the other day, and my youngest sister’s husband is dead, and she wants to come out here, so we sent her the money to bring her out. father is very steady at present, he has a man working

Page 549

for him, not being able to do it all himself.’ [Jack’s father was a master tailor]
‘The ‘Argus’ has been in a very healthy state for the last six or eight weeks – in fact, in one issue last week there was – (sic) six and a half columns in the inside, front page full, and four columns in the back, and I suppose we will have another column next week for the Christmas sports, which will make shares look up. ‘I told Bill that I was going to write, and he told me to give you his best respects. I hope you will send me a few lines to say that you are not dead. I have nothing more to say, so I suppose that I must subside. With my love to you and believe me to be yours as ever ‘The Skipper.
‘P.S. – Don’t notice the bad writing towards the end, as you can see that I get worse the longer I write. – J.R.’

A long letter, well written, weak in punctuation here and there, but an interesting one to me.
Of the men mentioned in it, or concerned in it, three, to my knowledge, were dead not long after the letter was penned.
The writer of the letter was one! Poor Jack R— had gone to his long rest. Harrison died a natural death.

Page 550

Stark did not live more than three years after I first became acquainted with him. He was a fine fellow – one of the best – strong and sturdy. He was not a drunkard; but, sad to say, he drank brandy by the half-tumbler, neat. I tell the truth here simply by way of example to others. These memoirs will never be published. Therefore little Stark’s people – if there be any, for he had no family whilst I was with him – will never see these writings. His widow, if alive now, would be over eighty years of age. So no harm can possibly be done by putting the facts, as a warning, in these never-to-be-published manuscripts.
Jack R—, the writer of the letter, was found, with a discharged gun near him, lying across the bed, dead, one morning. It was supposed to have been a case of suicide. The sister whom he mentions seems to have been the innocent cause of this. She came out, and kept house for

Jack. By and by she left him to get married again. In his despair, after so many disappointments, I have no doubt that he had resolved to quit. Poor Jack had had many matrimonial adventures, and he always ran to me and told me about the whole of them. One of them nearly came to a head. He even had the house built,

Page 551
and the girl was ready. But one evening – as he ran to me and told me – such suggestive things were said at a mixed social evening at her mother's house, that he came to the conclusion that the company she kept was such as he could never countenance in a wife. So he crid quits and sold the house.
Weatherboard houses cost very little there. Poor Jack gambled, and was generally short of cash. One of his weaknesses was playing billiards for money – a habit that has kept many a man down.
I went to billiard saloons with him occasionally; but, putting on my considering cap, I soon gave that up. That road spells ruin. If my poor young friend had waited a bit, he would have got over his sister's desertion. But he was found dead the day after she left him. Jack always had a haggard look. His father was a tailor, as I have interpolated in his letter. Coming from California to the West Coast, and opening a shop in Greymouth, he often went on a drinking bout and tried to paint the town red. He was white headed and very active
He was a good tradesman. I paid him Five Pounds for a plain sac suit. And even before I had

Page 552
worn it, Jack came and asked me for the loan of the coat for a party. I let him have it. I have a photograph of him, carte-de-visite size. He borrowed my coat for that occasion also.
In one of my photos that I had taken in Greymouth to send to dear Marianne, I am wearing the same coat.
I may also say that I was the compositor who set up all the type on that card in the Grey River Argus office. There was no dry-plate photography then – only the wet-plate process, with very long exposures.
Mount Cook was a fine sight from the coast near Greymouth. I used to go down to the beach at intervals and view its snow-covered heights. In summer it showed a straight line at a given height.
The diggers on the Coast were very bitter against Chinese, who had flooded the Victorian goldfields. There were none on the West Coast at that time. I heard many diggers declare that they would shoot any Chinaman who dared to show himself there.
However, it happened the other way about. A party of Chinese were coming along the only road from Christchurch to Hokitika. They got as far as the great snow-covered range, and, at an eating-house there, they (the

Page 553
Chinese) murdered the inmates. I believe they were captured and hanged.
Certainly 'Ching-chong Chinaman, welly, welly bad!' did not reach the Coast whilst I was there.
The average rainfall on the West Coast – taken during the years I have been away – is one hundred and seventeen inches (117 inches – nearly ten solid feet of water, drawn out of the sea by our Sun!) a year. One year that I was there, the fall recorded was one hundred and twenty-two inches – (122 inches)

The Grey River Argus is now a daily paper. I think that all the old proprietors have gone to their long homes by now, and that \of/ all the people who were the life and soul of that newspaper in the lively sixties, there is none left but I.
Sad the thought! My own beloved one gone also! Too sad for words! With regard to my own beloved Marianne, it is the sad case of 'Oh, don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt?' over again. 'And 'Sweet Alice' lies under the stone.'
A railway has now been made between Greymouth and Hokitika, its length being twenty-four miles. So the old distances were very accurate. Greymouth has beaten Hokitika in population,

Page 554
and in 1919 was the premier town of the West Coast. That is owing to its coal deposits, gold having been practically worked out, both at Hokitika and the Grey.
The population of Greymouth in 1919 was 5,469 – (five thousand, four, six, nine ); that of Hokitika about 2,500 – (two thousand five hundred).
Concerning the ever-flowing Rivers of the West Coast, I give these particulars: –

The Grey issues from Lake Brunner and Lake Poherua.
The Teremakau from Harper's Pass in the big mountain range of perpetual snow.
The Arahura empties into the sea ten miles south of the Teremakau, issuing from Lake Browning, four thousand six hundred and sixteen feet – (4,616) – above sea level.
The Hokitika River drains a consideral portion of the Southern Alps. Its main branch starts from the Sale Glacier – a moving river of ice four thousand one hundred and eighty-three – (4,183) – above the sea.

So these great waterways will never run dry until our sun loses its heat. Then, as with the two Poles even now, they will be a frozen mass, devoid of all vegetation and life. For the sun is the creator of everything organic on

Page 555
this earth. Without its light and heat nothing organic could either come into being or exist.
In the Grey River Argus composing-room, in addition to setting up a lot of Scotch copy, which required an extra boxful of apostrophes, I also composed law documents without a single punctuation mark from beginning to end. That was always a terrible job! You never knew where you were. No mileposts, no landmarks of any kind for a guide!
That is a practice of the Law, and I think a very bad one. Properly punctuated, the subject-matter has only one meaning. Without any punctuation marks whatever, it may be twisted into some other meaning.
It is a singular fact, that no one but a newspaper compositor can be relied upon to punctuate properly – and not even all of them, for there are many duffers amongst them.
As I have said, a Law document can be punctuated to have one meaning only; and all lawyers who draft Law documents and Bills, and Acts of Parliament, should put the MSS. Into the hands of a journalistic proof-reader for punctuation before printing, and have the proofs revised by him, the lawyer to final say on the subject.

Page 556
VOYAGE FROM GREYMOUTH, NEW ZEALAND, TO MELBOURNE
In 1868. Once more Across the Tasman Sea.
After a sojourn of two and a half years in New Zealand, I bid farewell to its magnificent mountains and forests, its rivers, and its – in a double sense – watery shores on –
Tuesday, June 23rd, 1868
It will thus be seen that it was winter, and I was getting away from the chilblains early.
The S.S. Alhambra lay in the offing – or rather, out in the ocean. I boarded the tugboat Dispatch, which was to take me a mile down the Grey River, across the treacherous and ever-moving bar, and through the curling waves to the side of the ocean boat, as she lay tossing in the stormy billows. Concerning this same tugboat Dispatch, She was

Page 557
imported by Greymouth residents whilst I was there. She was the most powerful boat of this kind then on the West Coast, and the loyal citizens of Greymouth were proud that they had the pull of Hokitika, whose tug – the Lioness had hitherto beaten us. It was the Lioness that carried me from the S.S. South Australian across the Hokitika bar and up the Hokitika River to the town of that name, two and a half years previously.
I am now referring to our boat because if a little incident that occurred in the Grey River Argus office with regard to the spelling of the name.
The first time the name came into the office to be put into public print, the question arose, 'How should it be spelt? – with an e or an i? Nobody seemed to know.
Finally the proprietors referred the matter to me. I having been in the Register office in Adelaide, naturally favored the spelling adopted there for that word – viz., with an e. But I am against that method of spelling now that I am up in years, and favour the i.
However that may be, Mr. Jack Arnot, one of the props, said very loyally, 'We will adopt the spelling recommended by Harry.' 'Well,' I said, 'the leading daily newspaper of

Page 558
Adelaide always spelt the name with an e – thus, 'Despatch.' And Jack said, finally, 'Very well, we will spell the name Despatch.' So, ever afterwards, the boat was the Despatch.
The Despatch took us across the bar from fresh water to salt, giving us all a good shaking as a farewell reminder of 'The Coast'. She placed us alongside the Alhambra, aboard which we jumped from the vantage platform of the Despatch's paddle-box.
There was a large number of passengers on the ocean boat; but the Alhambra was not crowded as was the South Australian, which boat, poor thing! was now lying at the bottom of the sea.
Two and a half years had passed, and I had done well. I was going back to my sweetheart, dear Marianne, who had been true to me all that time, although others had attempted to win her, especially those of the squatter class, whom her brother Tom knew. Tom afterwards became Inspector Clode, of the mounted police.
My health by this time was not so robust as it had been after my two years of open-air life in Australia. Consequently my sea sickness was more prolonged.

Page 559
The passengers were not so lively, either. Many unsuccessful people were voyaging back to Australia. Some were surly, some pleasant.

Many young women who had been at service in Hokitika and Greymouth were returning. Flirtations were attempted with these girls by the other sex all the way over.
I was sick for three days and three nights! When I say sick, I mean I was heaving up bile, at intervals, all the time. There was nothing else in my innermost recesses except bile. So that was all that I could feed the fishes on.
During that period, night and day, I was on deck, near the grateful warmth of the great funnel. Sitting there very helpless, I saw all that was going on. Two girls of about twenty-five thought they had made inroads into the hearts of two returning diggers – of doubtful morals! But the girls were mistaken. They had not. I heard all that the girls said to each other concerning the men, after the men had gone below. – how one believed that he was very fond of her; and how the second girl was sure the second man was sweet on her.
These girls were not flappers – dear, delightful flappers who jump to conclusions about men being in

Page 560
love with them without the slightest grounds but just in accordance with their own wishes. They were not flappers, I say, but demure, staid young women who must have had considerable knowledge, if not experience, of the vicious ways of many fast men. And so they deceived themselves as easily as do young flappers.
The men gave themselves away before me, in the girls' absence as freely as all such men always do.. They were just free lances, and matrimony was far from their thoughts. I, the silent onlooker, quietly watched the game of the spiders and the flies. The 'flies' did not fall into the web, I am pleased to say, after all. Some sense of caution took possession of the girls, and they were saved.
Yet the men were not of the vicious class, but just ordinary people without a home whom we find everywhere knocking about the world.
One of those kind of adventurers whom I met in Adelaide long after this, when I had a happy home of my own with my beloved Marianne, said to me: – I have knocked about all over the world, but I have got no home! I am awfully miserable. My brother has settled down, and he has a comfortable little wife and a happy home. But I have neither!'

Page 561
And that is the sad fate of many others. The voyage was dull. The weather was dull. The clouds were heavy and dark. But we encountered no heavy storms as on the other voyage. Everything was mediocre. I was older, too – abut twenty years now. That made the outlook different.
The clouds loomed up like mountain ranges in the distance – heavy stratus and cirro-stratus showed around. No interesting cumulus as in the summer time. No very high waves – all at one dull, uninteresting level. The distant view was murky.
I was very ill! Was that why? I also had to ponder out my prospects ahead.
Although my brother George \had/ declined to join me in starting a newspaper at the Burra in South Australia, I had not given up the idea. Sitting there on the deck of the steamer, near the big funnel, grateful for its warmth, I pondered over these and other things. M
y real intention was to return to Adelaide, stay a week or two there, and go off to the Gympie goldfields in Queensland, from whence highly-colored reports were being received.

Page 562
One day, whilst in Greymouth, two diggers were walking in front of me. Said one to the other, referring to a Gympie report, 'Good God! A solid mountain of gold!!!' They were off there, of course! – to get their share of the golden mountain!
Steamship companies of those days were generally credited with rolling along these wondrous stories.
I sat on the deck of the Alhambra three days and three nights without a bite of food going between my lips. What my condition was at the end of that time – I every now and again trying to heave my very in'ards over the side of the ship – may be faintly guessed.
I saw the stokers come up from the inferno below, stripped to the waist, to get some of the cold air on their heated bodies and into their lungs.
At the end of the third day out, in the Tasman Sea, I was sitting, looking down the hatchway, eying some tempting apples displayed there. A humane digger had often looked me over.
On this occasion he came up and said, 'You look awfully ill! Can I do anything for you? Shall I fetch you some brandy?' I replied, No, – I could not touch spirits, but he might get me a pound of those apples down there. I

Page 563
handed him some money. He brought me the tempting-looking fruit. I tried to bite an apple, but got an electric shock!
My teeth were loose, several were on edge, and a nasty jar ensued when they met. However, by careful manipulation I got through one of the apples, and soon began to feel better. By the time the pound avoirdupois was disposed of I was another man. Then my appetite returned, and I was alright. We steamed on for several days.
At last, one day I saw land far away ahead. I observed to a surly-looking fellow who was a passenger, 'Do you see those trees on the ranges over there?' 'Trees!' he sneered. 'You must have dirt in your eyes!' – only the word he used was not what I have put down. I said no more to the human brute.
In a short time, however, the trees were visible to everyone on board. That land was Gippsland. We passed through Bass Strait on Sunday, June 28th, 1868, and saw Kent Group and several other islands. What a grand sight is land after a sea voyage! ) – or during a sea voyage! Islands look beautiful in the extreme!

Page 564
On Monday morning, June 29th, 1868, in the small hours, the vessel passed through the Heads, traversed Port Phillip and Hobson's Bay, and reached Sandridge – (now Port Melbourne) – before daybreak on Monday, June 29th, 1868.
Lodging-house touts and cabmen were there even at that early hour. Asked a cabby his fare to drive four of us to Melbourne. He replied Five shillings each! We were not having any just then! but stayed on the ship till daylight. Then took train for about sixpence each to Flinders street Station.
One of our party knew of a nice lodging-house in Lonsdale Street. Taking a cab from Flinders Street, we arrived there in time for breakfast, and were made very comfortable. The maid there was very civil and kind to me. She was of good figure, and handsome, and yet obliging and courteous – a strange combination, and hitherto unknown among modern girls!

That night I slept in a bed of down! But the motions of the ship seemed to heave the bed and floor up in sinuous waves. I experienced he same sensation while walking

Page 565
along Bourke Street in the daytime. The pavement kept rising and falling.
Melbourne I found much improved since my previous passage through it. Great buildings had gone up everywhere. Bourke Street on the hill near King Street, near the site of my old lodgings, had already been transformed. Old brick building had given place to new and handsome structures.
The prevailing tone was, however, black, or nearly so, making the place look sombre – in contrdistinction to the brightness of Adelaide. This was the result of using basalt as the chief building-stone.
As before, I explored the 'Queen City of the South' and enjoyed strolls in the various parks and gardens. I also once more visited the Botanic Garden on the south bank of the Yarra River.
I made up my mind to take the very first steamer for Adelaide to avoid further sea-sickness. But I did not escape, as the sequel will show. I had already, while in New Zealand, obtained a bank draft for the sum of Forty Pounds, payable at the Bank of South Australia in Adelaide.. I learned afterwards that I was travelling ahead of my draft!

Page 566
Upon telling the maid and her mistress that I was departing for Adelaide at once, the girl expressed her sorrow that I was going so soon. Whilst the mistress was exceedingly moderate in her charges.
VOYAGE – MELBOURNE TO ADELAIDE
June-July 1868. S.S.Coorong Twin Screws.
On Tuesday, June 30th, 1868, I left Melbourne, on board the twin-screw S.S. Coorong.
She was a small boat. The only available berth was in the bows, right up at the extreme point of the Forecastle! Had I had more experience, I would have refused it. It is absolutely the worst position in a ship. Another week in Melbourne would not have rendered me more liable to sea-sickness. After the voyage across the Tasman Sea from New Zealand I thought I was immune for a time. Therein I was wrong!

Page 567.
Getting through Hobson's Bay and Port Phillip, and out through the Heads, into the ocean we found it exceedingly rough.
I, in 'Newcastle Point', was tossed up and down, high into the air, and down into the depths I was being properly rocked in the cradle of the deep!
This continued mercilessly and without cessation, and I soon became as sick as I had ever been. But I must have been 'case-hardened' to a certain extent, for after twelve hours of violent sickness, I suddenly recovered.
Father Neptune had done his worst! I was mal-de-mer proof after that. All his desperate tossings and twistings affected me no more. I was as tough and immune as the hardiest mariner.
Going along the Victorian coast, we called at Port Fairy near Warrnambool, on Wednesday July 1st, 1868.
We left the same day, and passed close to Lady Julia Percy Island and Lawrence Rock

Thirty-seven years afterwards, whilst upon one of my land trips with friend Lester over the S.E. country of South Australia and the Western District

Page 568
of Victoria we got to Portland Heads (Vic.). I was taking photographs there. I asked a solitary Italian whom I encountered the name of a prominent flat-topped island out to sea. He told me that it was Lawrence Rock! A rather strange coincidence! I had thus seen the rock from both land and sea.
Lady Julia Percy Island was also a rock, with lofty, precipitous cliffs for sides. It looked very picturesque. Both these islands were once part of the main land.
Further along the coast I admired the scenery and the seascapes and the cloudscapes. Having that bent is why, I suppose, I took up photography when the leisure and the opportunity came my why.
On Thursday, July 2nd, 1868, getting out of sight of land I leaned over the engine skylights and watched the triple eccentric shafts rising and falling. I noticed the immense iron nuts on top of the three piston-rods above the steam cylinders. They were spick and span, and shone with a newly-cleaned brilliancy. I watched this interesting machinery awhile.
Then I went away a few yards and sat down

Page 569
upon a seat. The morning was calm, with no one on deck.
Suddenly, I felt the shock of a great explosion! The ship trembled. Had there been any U-boats about then, I should have thought it was a torpedo.
Looking towards the engine-room, I saw the skylights I had been looking down, flying upwards and splintered glass crashing about. Then followed a rush of steam. I, instanter, went forward to see what was the matter.
The Cook shot up from a narrow passage-way, through the obscuring steam, and bolted away from the danger zone. How he did run!
The Captain, Mate, and others, darting out of the cabin, made towards the scene of the explosion. With the steam clearing away, we saw that the top of one of the steam cylinders which I had been admiring a few minutes before had blown to smithereens, disabling one of the twin screws. Fortunately no one was injured.
After a time, one propeller was set in motion, and we commenced to drag a slow and weary way towards Adelaide. The dead screw acted as a drag-anchor, and

Page 570
retarded our progress. Keeping on thus for some days and nights till Cape Jervois was sighted, a tug was telegraphed for.
The tugboat Yatala was sent down the coast from Adelaide to meet us.
On July 3rd, we sighted Cape Willoughby, passed The Pages, Cape St Albans, Antechamber Bay, Cape Coudes, Christmas Cove, and Cape Jervois. Then passed through Backstairs Passage.
After going by Rapid Bay, the Yatala hove in sight. She threw us a towrope.
We went along then in grand style, with steam up on both vessels, and arrived at Port Adelaide on Saturday, July 4th, 1868.

We thus took five days to complete a voyage which is now done by the modern steamers in thirty-eight hours.
In 1911, the steamtug Yatala was still at work at Port Adelaide. She was very swift, and, while towing us, took us past other boats in fine style, up the Port river and to one of the wharves – – – On this voyage, I became acquainted with a

Page 571
young man who was a South Australian farmer's son. He had been to Victoria to work on a farm there. He recounted all his adventures in that colony. Circumstances compelled him to leave, and he was returning home.
After we had landed, I was his guide all over the city. He told me he was very pleased to meet a young fellow like myself who would show him around the metropolis without going into publichouses for a drink. This latter I never did, on principle. Bad habits are created too easily. And they stick to one!
With regard to the bank draft for £40, I took it to the Bank of South Australia on North Terrace – (where the South Australian Club Hotel stands now) – to have it cashed.
The bank teller said they had no advices regarding it, and reused payment until advices arrived. However, he eventually said that if I could get anyone to identify me, he would cash it.
Looking over the counter, I said: 'There's a man over there – Harry Sparks – who knows me and can identify me.'
My brother George had been courting Harry Sparks' eldest sister. They lived in a two-storied house in

Page 572
Kermode Street, N. A. Harry was a clerk in the bank, and I had spotted him immediately I entered the doors..
The teller look across at Harry Sparks, then handed me over forty sovereigns without another word. Harry Sparks was afterwards Manager of the South Australian Company which owned so much land in Adelaide.
Some years after this, when I had established The Northern Argus newspaper and printing office in Clare, Harry Sparks bought over for the South Australian Company land that I had lent Five Hundred Pounds – (£500) – on on mortgage. And upon the mortgage maturing, they paid me the money back, with all interest owing.
That land is where Messrs. D. & J. Fowler's wholesale warehouse now stands, on the corner of North Terrace and Morphett Street, near the Overway Railway Bridge.

Page 573
ARRIVAL IN ADELAIDE.
1868. Owing to my hurried departure from Melbourne, I had anticipated my letter to my beloved Marianne by arriving first. I knocked at the door in Tynte Street, North Adelaide. It was opened by a vision of the most beauteous womanhood I had ever seen! It was Marianne – my own beloved. She flew to my arms – her arms around my neck, mine around her shapely waist. I was nearly mad with happiness.
I at once gave up all idea of going to the Gympie Goldfields. I had had enough of partings. She clung to me in an ecstacy of delight. She took me inside and fed me with some of her exquisite cookery.

In her letters to me, she had told me that she did her hair in ringlets. I wrote her that I thought curls were fit only for little girls. But how handsome she looked in them! She was a fine girl, too, as well as handsome. Our love became a stark staring madness.

Page 574
She could not exist while I was out of her sight, and I was just as wretched when absent from her.
I now resolved to see if her brother Alfred Clode would become my partner in the newspaper venture I purposed launching at the Burra. I learned that he would be only too pleased to join me. We did eventually start The Northern Argus, but in Clare.
Upon going to the Burra to spy out the land, I found that the mining boom had collapsed, the great copper mine having ceased work. Being advised by Mr. Charles Dawson that Clare was a better spot, I walked across country there one day and night from Mount Bryan Flat, and came to the conclusion that that town would suit me.
And that was how The Northern Argus originated  In the meantime, my intended partner being \then/ at Mount Gambier, I thought I would try my luck at the Echunga diggings, which were then in full swing.
I accordingly tramped twenty-five miles, starting from North Adelaide, with my swag on my back, up the hills to Jupiter Creek, and prospected there while waiting for him. My mate not appearing, I saw it was useless staying there.

Page 575
The weather became wet and stormy. It appears that this affected my glorious sweetheart to such an extent that she was crying herself to sleep about me every night. I was right enough in my calico tent at Jupiter Creek, and it was nothing to what I had put up with in New Zealand. But she did not know this.
One afternoon I got a piteous letter from her, saying that if I did not come back to her that very day the anxiety would make her ill. It was four o'clock in the afternoon. Everything was wet – tent, blanket, clothing and all
Nevertheless I packed up everything at once, shouldered my heavy swag, weighing once again quite one hundred pounds, and started on my all-night tramp of twenty-five miles to Adelaide. The latter half of it was downhill at anyrate. But, oh, my swag was heavy! It bore me down. I shall never forget it.
My feet were tired. I was knocked up while bearing the swag, but light of foot without it. I kept on my way, over the ranges in the dark, till I had passed through Glen Osmond, and finally reached the Racecourse Hotel, on the border of the South Park Lands at Parkside or Eastwood.
Knocking up the publican thus early in the morning, for it was still dark, I asked him to take

Page 576
charge of my burden till the following day. He was one of the human sort, and, not a bit cross about being roused out of his bed, he accepted it with great goodwill.
What a relief! I felt as if I had wings! The rest of the journey across those Park Lands, through the city, and across the other Park Lands to Tynte Street, North Adelaide, was a mere nothing!
By this time it was daylight, and my glorious Marianne, en deshabille opened the door to me.
And she cried in my arms.

While at Jupiter Creek, I prospected considerably, but gold was very scarce. Only in the upper part of the gully was good, coarse, gold obtained. Another man and I sank holes on the banks of the Onkaparinga, but got only just a trace. One shaft that we sank was twelve feet deep. We had no windlass, but adopted the platform method as in New Zealand.
Nevertheless the place was not half prospected. Few of the holes were sunk to bottom – that is, to washdirt. Payable gold ought to be found there yet.
I stayed with Marianne in North Adelaide until her brother came from Mount Gambier. Barossa, beyond Gawler, was having its rush

Page 577
then. We decided to try our luck there. Taking train to Gawler, we tramped eastward to the diggings.
Nice-looking iron conglomerate was plentiful, and the country looked very promising for gold. The rich claims were all at the head of one long gully. There the gold was nuggetty, not having travelled far from the reefs. The only place left was down the gully, where the gold was fine. It had been washed down a long way from the matrix, and was consequently ground small.
We sank a few holes without success, then purchased a claim that was half worked out. It had a shaft thirty feet deep, equipped with windlass, rope, and buckets; besides which there were a cradle and a puddling tub – for the washdirt was clay (pipeclay), and had to be puddled before being put through the cradle. After that came the 'panning out' in a shallow prospecting dish. That was my special job, as I had learnt the art of 'panning out' on the New Zealand goldfields. After puddling out the clay and cradling out the mullock, it was pleasant to wash out the residue, and watch the grains of gold glittering around the edge of the dish.

Page 578
We had hard work driving tunnels. The washdirt was many feet thick, and might have paid to 'paddock' had there been plenty of water for hydraulic sluicing.
At Kumera, on the Teremakau River, N.Z., not far from Greymouth, where [at Kumera] 'King' Seddon lived before he became Premier by the Labor vote, hydraulic mining was carried on on a very large scale. But water was so abundant there, that any quantity of it at high pressure could be brought to bear upon any part of the field.
At dry Barossa things were very different. There we had to pick and shovel each bucket of 'dirt', haul it to the surface, puddle it, cradle it, and pan out the residue.
And we obtained the magnificent reward of one grain of gold from every bucket of dirt that we mined! That was the average. Our biggest nugget weighed one grain. I have it yet in a little bottle in my cashbox, along with my half of the gold that we obtained there – and a little gold from other parts – for did not sell so much as a shilling's worth.
Our tent was pitched on the bank of a picturesque creek. At the back of the tent, within a yard, was

Page 579
a big hole in the earth. I belonged to an iguana three or four feet long. He came out foraging every night.
On Saturdays my mate and I took it in turns, – that is, alternately – to go to Adelaide, coming back on Sunday night or Monday morning. Thus I had then a fortnight's seperation from my beloved Marianne; and it was with the intensest longings that we looked forward to those

meetings. Short-lived as they were, they were full of happiness for us. But the partings were hateful. Things were doubtful with me, too – for I still had to make my way through life and provide a home for her.
By this time I had news of the newspaper printing plant, which I had ordered from Melbourne, being on the way, and we left the Barossa diggings to make a start in Clare.
As I have mentioned, upon my arrival from New Zealand I went to the Burra to investigate, as I intended starting the newspaper there. But the mine had ceased working, and things were very dull.
Going further on, to Mr. Charley Dawson's hotel on Mount Bryan Flat, twelve miles out, I was made very welcome.

Page 580
But I had a queer experience upon entering the hotel parlor. Charley was telling a Bush yarn to the customers there. It was about the discovery of a whitened floursack in a cave during the Blackfellows' raids upon the huts on the Ooraparinna Run in 1865.
He told the story as though he were the finder. Whereas he had nothing whatever to do with it. It was I who had made the discovery, crawled into the cave, and brought out the sack, taking it thence on my horse to the head station, and handing it over to Charley.
Charley, good old boy, even then had a short-circuited memory – a troublesome lapsus memoriae – and he lived to a ripe age of over ninety. He had complained to me, after that, of his failing memory.
Here is another instance. We were talking together about Inspector Tom Clode, just then deceased. Charley and I had paid the funeral expenses of Tom's father, who died in the Adelaide Hospital. Charley claimed to me that he himself had paid the whole amount. Upon my correcting him, pointing out that he had written me asking me to pay half, which I did, he looked up at me in astonishment, but went on with his story.

Page 581
No doubt Charley had told the tale of the Cave and the Floursack so often, that at last he really believed himself to be the principal.
I have known other similar cases of mental aberration. I once told a friend of how I saved myself from sea-sickness by inhaling the strong fume of onions during a hurricane in the Tasman Sea. After this he himself went for a trip up Spencer's Gulf. When he came back he told me an imaginary yarn to the same effect. He had grabbed some onions from the deck and had saved himself from being sick! I never told him any more of my experiences.
To return to my subject. Charley told me that the best place to start my paper was Clare.
So next day, at 8 a.m., I started off, and walked the forty miles, getting into Main Street, Clare, at two o'clock the following morning.
I then decided upon Clare as the scene of my business venture.
Arriving at two in the morning, I camped on the creek that runs through what is now the Clare Oval, and started for Adelaide per coach to Kapunda at 6 a.m.
But no office or shop was procurable in Main

Page 582
Street. So eventually we enlisted the services of Mr. Durrant, a builder, to build us an iron Office in Lennon Street.

We stayed in this for two and a half years. Then I got Mr. Chas Kimber, the miller, to build us an office in Main Street, at a rental of One Pound per week.
The Northern Argus has been domiciled there ever since, although it has long since been too small for the business.
One thing people \don't/ know. Owing to the delay in getting a building, we had to cart the Northern Argus plant over the ranges to Mr. Joseph Brinkworth's farm on Blyth Plains, and keep it there till the office was ready.
Then, the Northern Argus was issued as a weekly. Afterwards I brought it out as a bi-weekly for several years. At the time of this writing, my son, Reginald Henry Tilbrook, is issuing it as a six-page weekly.
I had better state here, to dissipate all doubts, that I, Henry Hammond Tilbrook, paid for the whole of the Northern Argus plant with my own money. My partner, Mr. Alfred Clode, put no money into the plant, but bought one bale of paper, which

Page 583
Twenty Pounds sterling – (£20). Afterwards, less than two years from that time, when Mr. Alfred Clode went out of the partnership, I paid him nearly ten times the sum that he expended upon that bale of paper. He thus did very well out of £20 capital, as he received the same wages while working as I myself.
When I let my brother Alfred into the partnership, he paid Ninety Pounds sterling – (£90). to come in. But I took none of that money for my own use, but placed it in the office current banking account. Yet I allowed my partners to take equal shares in all the profits, and to receive the same weekly wage as myself. It will thus be seen that I treated my partners very fairly.
It was hard work getting the venture on a sound footing. At first I 'set up' the whole of the paper myself – six pp. folio demy. I arose at four o'clock each morning and worked hard till ten o'clock at night. Then we worked off the issue on Thursday nights
In order to see my beloved Marianne, I, one

Page 584
Thursday night, after printing and publishing the Argus, started at midnight, on foot, walked eight miles to Blyth Plains, hunted in the dark over Mr. J. Brinkworth's four-hundred acre farm for my horse, caught him, saddled and bridled him, rode to Tarlee – about forty-one miles – paddocked my horse at Sinclair's farm there, walked another eleven miles to Kapunda, – with spurs clinking at my heels – for I had carried my silver-mounted to New Zealand and back – and carrying an eleven-pound plumcake (a present from Mrs. J. B. to her mother, Mrs Clode) and then trained it fifty miles to Adelaide. Then happiness till Monday morning with my beloved. After that the awful parting, for I would not see her again for several months.
The Northern Argus was first published in February, 1869. – – –

Page 585
We were married on the first of January, 1870, in Christ Church, North Adelaide, by Archdeacon Marryat, who presented Marianne with a valuable book, entitled 'The Land and the Book.'
Then our happiness was complete. But after thirty-seven and a half years of happiness my beloved slipped from my grasp across the Great River, and was lost in the mists beyond, leaving me alone.
And now let the curtain fall.

Page 586
LEARNING NAVIGATION.
At one period I went through a course of Navigation under the personal tuition of Mr. J. L. Young at his well-known Acadamy on the corner of North Terrace and King William Street, Adelaide where the Bank of New South Wales now stands.
A shrewd, clever little gentleman Mr. Young was! I did not understand the Rule of Three then, and that was one thing I learned from him. I bought a copy of Norie's Epitome of Navigation from him for one guinea.
He was very conscientious, and he taught me thoroughly – plane sailing, taking the latitude and \longitude/ by both land and sea, and the various operations and calculations connected with the science.
He also taught me the use of logarithms – a very simple and short way of doing long sums.
The British Admiralty publishes, four years ahead, the Nautical Almanac, showing the positions of all the important heavenly bodies right up to that

Page 587
time for the benefit of mariners going on long voyages, and for scientists generally.
By its aid mariners find their way over the oceans. All eclipses, and all celestial phenomena, are there published four years ahead, for all nations to use. And it was by an issue of the British Nautical Almanac that our calculations for latitude and longitude were made
I went through this course of navigation because I wished to learn how to find the latitude and longitude both on land and sea.
At sea, in order to ascertain the latitude an ordinary quadrant only is required.
But for the longitude, a sextant is necessary, as it embraces a wider angle.
On land, however, a quadrant is useless. A sextant is indispensable, because an artificial horizon of quicksilver is necessary, thus giving double the angle obtaining at sea.
Of course I bought the necessary sextant and artificial horizon, but have since sold them.
I at one time wished to go exploring. Hence my desire for the above knowledge.

Page 588
It is men of big minds – supermen, really – who have brought all these \things/ down to an exact science, for the use and benefit of mankind generally.
After going through this course, under the careful tuition of Mr. J. L. Young, I could really, on an emergency, have navigated a ship across the ocean.

Page 589
MAKING A LARGE ASTRONOMICAL TELESCOPE.
Grinding, Polishing, and Parabolising, the 9¼ inch Speculum
A NEWTONIAN REFLECTOR.
In the year 1878, at the age of thirty, I started to make a large Astronomical Telescope in my spare evenings, after my arduous day-work in the Northern Argus newspaper office, Clare, South Australia
The reason was: I could not afford to pay Two Hundred Pounds sterling for one, and I wished to view the wonders of the starry firmament, with its billions of other suns besides our own sun, and the planets – and particularly the moon with its vast crowds of its extinct volcanic craters.

Astronomy was, to me, a fascinating subject, as giving one a knowledge of the universe, broadening ones mind, and banishing superstition.
I took notes, at the time, of the progress I was making. Having come across these notes lately -

Page 590
in 1832, in my eighty-fourth year – I thought it worth while to copy them out into this book, as showing the perseverance of an amateur when following up a hobby. It will be seen that the Notes are concise: –
NOTES.1878.
From a beam in the roof of the Northern Argus composing room, with a swinging rod sixteen feet long, I cut a zinc template in sheet zinc with a curve of that radius, corresponding to a globe of thirty-two feet in diameter. This section was my working gauge for the curve of the speculum. Now follow the Notes.

> 'Making Lathe of sufficient power and depth to turn 9¼ inch cast-iron tool.
> 'Got three glass discs – one 9¼ inch by 1½ inches thick; two six inches by 1¼ thick; from Messrs. Chance, of England. They were extremely rough.
> 'Making parts of Grinding and Polishing Machine ready to put together. 1879.
> 'Turned wood pattern in Oregon pine, but it warped. Turned another in seasoned cedar; turned it

Page 591
very accurately to fit template, and cut face into facets, or squares, one-eighth inch deep. This was a great error! It should have been left smooth.

> 'The Oregon pattern was an inch thick thick, without supporting ribs. The cedar pattern was only half an inch thick, with six radiating ribs on the under side, which was an improvement. Also had boss this shape: [*sketch inserted*] about three inches in the thickest part (diameter).
> 'Finished making Machine, but had to make it with some modifications of Purkiss's machine as described in the English Mechanic. The movements were: – Side eccentric, 6½ times to one of tool – or 18.27 times of flywheel to one of side eccentric. Tool on which speculum is ground revolves once to every 118.75 revolutions of flywheel. Purkiss's machine gave only about 28 revolutions of flywheel to one of tool, which is too quick a motion of tool for large diameters. The following is a rough diagram of the machine with its motions: – 'In the meantime had sent my turned wood pattern to the founders in Adelaide to have a cast made of it in cast iron. [*complex diagram of driving wheel and grinding tool*]

Page 592
Received Grinding Tool from Forward, Down, & Co., Adelaide. Metal excellent, and hole in boss bored in centre and perpendicularly; but the face a most annoying failure, and was entirely different from face of pattern turned by me with so much care, and varnished before being sent to prevent warping. Tool was hollow; not flat, but actually hollow! It should have been spherical. It was hollow to a depth of one-eighth of an inch! This, it seems, through the boss at the back being thicker than the other part of the tool and took longer to cool than the thin part. Found that I had made a mistake in cutting the facets in the pattern, as it was a great obstacle to turning the iron face. But as I had now to turn ~~the~~ away the whole \face/ of the

Page 593
tool to a depth below the bottom of the facets, it did not matter in this instance.
Ground up a lot of old steel files for cutting tools, and invented a sort of Slide Rest, with a tool-holder to fit into the Rest, so

that, while holding the cutting-tool firmly with one hand, ~~the face of the metal I was turning~~ I could make it traverse the face of the metal I was turning. It answered its purpose admirably; in fact, I could not have given the Speculum Tool the proper curve without it, as I had no Slide Rest. It is, of course, a very poor affair in reality; but I had to economise and make it all myself, and you cannot do blacksmith's work without a fire, so had to fasten most of it together with screws.

Before commencing to grind the Speculum \tool/ of nine and \a/ quarter inches diameter, I also found that my home-made Lathe went far too rapidly to turn castiron of so large a diameter; so I had to rig up some sort of back-gear apparatus on the Lathe to get the required slow motion. This I succeeded in doing simply enough. Having to fasten the Speculum Tool to the face-plate of the Lathe so very strongly so that no shock in turning while cutting the metal off the face would knock it out of position – not even the slightest fraction – I had to put two strong

Page 594
square bars of inch iron and fasten them tightly to the face-plate, bore holes through them in various places, and

corresponding ones in the back (but not through) the Speculum Tool, make threads in the latter holes, and then turn a lot of strong screws with square heads and shoulders and threads to fit into those of the Speculum Tool, by which means I got it (the tool) so securely to the face-plate that no shock, except one that would derange the lathe itself, could alter its position.

With regard to the Template, which I cut out first of all with a bradawl stuck through a long board hung up by the other end ~~as was tried before first of all~~ in a sheoak tree, I had a good deal of trouble in connection with it. As I could not get the face of the tool to fit it exactly, I determined to cut another. This I did one night, as before mentioned, with a long bit of timber hung up to the ridgepole of the Northern Argus composing room, some sixteen feet from the floor. This timber that I used being thicker, there was less vibration, and I got a far more reliable Template after I had ground the two edges together to ensure a perfect fit in all positions. This trouble was amply repaid. The metal was stout zinc.

Page 595
1880.
Commenced the rough grinding, with very coarse emery; but found it took a great deal. So got a friend to bring up some Glenelg seas and, which answered as well as the emery.
Followed a method of my own in the file-testing. Found that the Tool was not perfect; so fastened a piece of sharp emery cloth to Speculum – sharp side to Tool – and ground down the Tool with it till it got nearly the shape of the Speculum, to which I had given the first lot of rough-grinding. Tool very hollow in centre; so cut zones of emery cloth, and ground all parts but centre. After an immense amount of labor, nearer the mark.
Cut the nine-and-a-half inch iron Tool into facets, and rubbed down all the higher parts with a lot

of small pieces of emery cloth glued to long sticks until they seemed to fit the glass accurately. I used the very smallest quantity of oil to test with

Did all the grinding in the various gradations of emery recommended by Mr. Purkiss, and the same length of time. But I found that I ought to have used emery of far greater fineness than he used, and also have put gum into

Page 596

the water to hold the emery in suspension a little more. Another mistake I made was in not grinding the glass long enough. I followed instructions, and suffered for it My glass is a hard, dense Flint; his was, probably, a softer kind – perhaps Crown.

After completing the fine polishing according to Mr. Purkiss's instructions, I found that the glass was not nearly smooth enough to be polished by the Pitch polisher. There were, moreover, a great many nasty scratches on the surface of the Mirror, which I found were caused by a tiny air-hole near the edge of one facet in which were secreted minute grains of rough emery. So that little hole had defeated all my care and attention in trying to keep the glass from being scratched!

Cut out the air-hole with chisel and file, and commenced fine-grinding again with far finer emery five hours, and got a fine semi-polish without scratches.

Could do nothing during the summer, there being too much dust in the atmosphere

1881.

Made Telescope Tube during hot weather, and fitted everything in its place. Also completed Stand &c.

Page 597

1881. June – Got the Pitch, and made one Pitch Tool. It was so desperately hard and brittle, that after completing it nicely, I was afraid to try it. So melted it again, and added ~~more~~ \some/ clean beeswax to soften it. Made another Pitch Tool after a deal of difficulty, and cut too much off the marginal facets.

June. – Polished the Speculum. The Speculum would not work properly on Pitch Tool. Heated the latter two or three times, and after a lot of bother got it to work pretty smoothly. The Rouge I obtained was very good indeed – quite pure. [*word crossed* out] polished the speculum on the machine ~~for~~ three hours and a half.

Thought I had a perfect spherical figure, but considered that the stroke of one-third the diameter of the speculum was too long, as I ~~considered~~ \believed/ it would cause an abrasion of about one and a quarter inches all around the margin; so altered the machine to give a stroke of only one and a half inches.

[*The remainder of his own transcript of the Small Notebook is added below, see note at beginning of this transcript.*]

On standing the glass on edge near a window, and getting a glimpse of the sky from its surface, I could see see the ring about 1¼ inches around the outside edge bright and all the rest dull, while the polishing was as bright at one part of the glass as another, which proved that it was due to the length of the stroke.

June. – Tested the speculum, and was much chagrined to find that instead of a sperical curve I had obtained a hyperbolic one, with part of a spherical curve in the centre. This was a surprise, so I put it down to the ill-made pitch tool, [*illegible word crossed* out] ~~to~~ ~~the~~

which was full, on different facets, of small air holes caused by the water on the glass while shaping the tool, and the end facets which I had cut too small.

June.\11/ – Melted the pitch tool. Made another with larger marginal facets, and with less air holes in it. Making such a botch of the whole affair through clumsy management. Pitch is abominable stuff to work with. Put more beeswax in it, and made it a little too soft. Worked the tool & speculum for a couple of hours same night without graduating the facets, as I wished to get the central part of the glass ~~with~~ \of/ the same curve as the other part. Worked with 1 inch stroke, and for a very short time occasionally with a 1½ inch stroke. Tested the speculum and found I had improved it; but it still had a hyperbolic figure, with the central part nearly a parabola, or nearly approaching a spherical curve.

1881 June 18. – Having graduated the tool for a hyperbolic figure, but leaving the \4/ central facets only a trifle smaller than the largest ones near the margin, instead of having them very small, commenced polishing again, but could not get tool to work properly for fully an hour. At the end of two hours, tested the speculum, and was delighted to find that as near as I could tell, unless I was deceived in the adjustments, I had attained a parabolic curve, or nearly so. Took the speculum in and polished it for another five minutes, which I think very slightly overdid it.

1881 July 2. 9 1/4 inch speculum Tested on the moon, unsilvered. With power of 85 saw the mountains in the moon distinctly; but the whole field was very dark, owing to the mirror being unsilvered. The hollows and shadows were clearly defined, but not brilliant. With a power of 200 the mountains, plains, hollows, and shadows, were plainly discernible, but could not focus brilliantly, (although pretty ~~sharp~~ clear) owing to cause above stated. With a power of 400 could still distinguish the mountains and hollows, but rather dull, and very dark. Inserted a Barlow's lense, thus raising the power to 600 diameters, and could even then distinguish the mountains and hollows, but of course could not get sharp \or even clear/ definition

1881 July. – Tried the unsilvered mirror on a newly-erected bridge at ~~Da~~ Edwards's corner, 5 measured miles away. Day very dull; time, about 4.30 p.m. Counted 26 white posts on the bridge, being 13 on each side. Could distinguish white objects clearly; also posts trees &c., but the latter were very dark through loss of light from the unsilvered mirror. They were very clearly defined, however, although dark. Of course the ~~brige~~ bridge in question was totally invisible to the naked eye, and that was the first time I had seen it.

H. H. Tilbrook Clare The Silvering Particulars sent to English Mechanic London.

*End of Volume 2*

*End of PRG180/1/2*