

Sketches of the Present State of the Colony of South Australia (1850)

Southern Kurna Yerta Kurna Country

Portions of the Fleurieu Peninsula

Within fifteen years of colonisation southern Kurna Yerta *Kurna Country*, part of the Fleurieu Peninsula, had taken on a very different cultural landscape, particularly from the introduction of agriculture and grazing. In 1851 a series of articles *Sketches of the Present State of the Colony of South Australia, with Notes of the Resources of the Country, and its Adaption as a Field for Emigration* was published in the *South Australian Register* resulting from a journey made by an 'Old Colonist' late the previous year. The articles relating to southern Kurna Yerta (and some Ramindjeri Country) are reproduced here.

There is little mention of Aboriginal people still inhabiting the landscape. A summary of the writer's perception of Aboriginal peoples was given on the return to Adelaide. The articles provide valuable insights into the natural landscape, flora and fauna and a colonising perspective of land and place.

The sections of the articles in italics are our emphasis. To view original newspaper articles see *Trove*, National Library of Australia.

Introduction

The series of articles was introduced by the following editorial:

The essential characteristic of Colonial life is progress. Each day some new triumph is achieved, some fresh trophy added to civilisation, as the wilderness recedes, and the savage becomes humanized.

We plant our foot on the soil hitherto untrodden by the white man, and cities arise, homesteads are formed, and harvests ripen; the desert is reclaimed, and the foundations of a Nation are established. Such in few words is the history of South Australia, over the fourteen years which conduct us to the present time; when the community already asserts its nationality, and shadows forth its future greatness. Still, our state is a state of transition, and we have sent out our correspondent to depict the features and the scenes before they shift from our eyes; an undertaking which it is hoped not without utility. Among ourselves there is much ignorance with respect to the land of our adoption, and much interesting knowledge lost that can only be gathered by personal observation and patient wayfaring. (*The South Australian Register* 27 February 1851 p. 3.)

No. III. — Morphett Vale

On quitting Brighton we ascended the broad road towards the south, and leaving Seacombe on the left, crossed a considerable tract of downs with some steep pitches, which we then considered to be the right way, until mounting the last eminence of the range up which we had been travelling, we found ourselves looking down upon a locality where a German settler gave us to understand we had taken a wrong direction. This mistake we rectified with the aid of a Scotchman, whom we took the liberty to call from his plough. We were here inclosed in the hills, but cultivation was going on in every part, though in some places, from the dryness of the season, the crops were looking scanty. After surmounting another steep hill into another cross road, and finally descending some gullies and tracts of rather an uncomfortable character, we reached 'Happy Valley' at a place called No. 2, so named from its having once been the second of the South Australian Company's sheep stations.

We left a lately-built farm-house with a young vineyard and garden beyond us, belonging to a Mr. Thompson, and on an eminence, also behind us, St. Matthew's Church near O'Halloran Hill, which did not come into our present route. 'Happy Valley' did not realise to us, so far as appearance went, the essentials of its name — not that the essence of happiness more than that of roses depends on a name. The place looked forlorn, and we think that very many spots we have seen, and hope to see, would be formidable rivals, an impression perhaps strengthened by our recollection that two sharp litigants in one of our Courts had described themselves as of 'Happy Valley.'

Passing the Public Pound, which (happily for all but the Poundkeeper) had no occupant, and crossing a little bridge over a gully, we mounted a hill once more, and found ourselves on the highway. We now entered upon a road, each side of which was a continued succession of cultivated farms. Above this road, eastward,

lies Reynella, the farm of Mr. J. Reynell, who has also a large vineyard here, from the produce of which a considerable quantity of red and white wine has been made in the past season. We have lately tasted a sample of one of these wines, not inferior to some of the productions of the competing vineyards at the Horticultural Show; but we thought the Capey flavour too predominant, and think that it will so remain until age in the vine shall produce superior flavour and general excellence. Some judicious friends of ours, well acquainted with vineyards and their management in all parts of the world where the grape is grown, consider this country and climate unfit for the successful cultivation of the Hock or any other Rhenish grape, notwithstanding the alleged similarity of wines made here to those of the Rhine; but rather believe that, in favourable situations, wines may be produced in their general nature like those of the Cape, but far exceeding them in quality and body; more, in reality, perhaps, like those of some parts of Spain or the South of France. The present age, however, of any vineyard in the colony, precludes the probability of such an early result; and we shall never be able to test our real ability in this respect until we have among us persons who have been actively engaged in the same pursuits in the wine-producing countries of Europe.

We were now in Morphett Vale. The whole of the land appeared to be most substantially fenced, better than we had yet anywhere seen it, and well cultivated. *Hedges of intermixed prickly acacia* and broom gave a lively and English character to the inclosures. The corn crops on each side extended almost to the hill-tops and along every portion of the valleys at their base. Their appearance of quality was better than that of the plains we had left in the Adelaide district. With respect to quantity, great uncertainty prevailed: but there was a general complaint of the season, and in some places the deficiency was not doubtful. The Emu Inn is on the west side of the road through the valley; Mr. Anderson, its original proprietor, had quitted it, after a successful career, and now occupies a large and well cropped farm, where he has built a handsome house on the opposite side of the road, and cultivated the western halves of the three sections, adjoining each other; he also has a good garden and vineyard attached to his residence. A little further off the road, Mr. Anderson has a wind flour mill, and below, at the corner of the section, he has built a large brick brewery. We found the Emu convenient, much improved since our early time. After a very comfortable night, we commenced an excursion about the neighbourhood.

There is a small Roman Catholic chapel, with an enclosed cemetery, and two or three railed-in burial-places; this chapel may be capable of containing fifty or sixty persons. Very near it, a Scotch Church is building to hold nearly double that number. There is besides, a small chapel in which the Rev. Mr. Baker officiates; but we could not distinctly learn to what sect it belonged; *Mr. Teichelmann, the German pastor, also lives in this district.*

We turned, at a little distance from the road, into a road leading westward to visit Mr. Brodie and Dr. Kelly. Our way was between fields, cropped on both sides with wheat, much of it, we understood the property of Messrs. Miles, the sons of the Doctor, who has a farm near the road in the valley; part of his land is enclosed by the prickly acacia, forming a thick and beautiful hedge. After pursuing our walk for about a mile up an ascent from which we had a view of the sea, not more than two miles distant in a direct line, we turned southward to 'Claremont,' the farm of Mr. Brodie, who is the proprietor of two sections, one of which was cropped with corn; Mr. Brodie resides in a very comfortable well-furnished house, where we had the pleasure of seeing himself, his lady, and daughters. His garden has many vines of very good sorts, managed bush fashion; that is, not trained to poles, but topped and kept low and spreading; they were very productive. He took us through a plantation of about six acres of vines of different ages, in which there were some failures in consequence, as he believed, of the dry season. We tasted a very pleasant wine of the Champagne kind, made from the sweetwater grape; it was light, and not of a full flavour, but Mr. Brodie thought it not sufficiently well up, and therefore rather an indifferent sample of its real quality. Some part of his garden land was subject to standing water after heavy rains. In this spot, with the exception of one apricot tree, and that not looking healthy, all the trees bearing stone-fruit had died off, the moisture being unsuitable to them; but the apples and pears on the same locality were thriving.

Mr. Brodie showed us through his section up the hill towards a road leading to Dr. Kelly's. After a walk of about a mile-and-a-half, with a charming view of the Gulf before us, we descended into the valley, and crossed a bridge over a little creek to the Doctor's house; the double-flowering pomegranate in full bloom, and the fig, were growing in the gully at the bridge-foot; it seems this had formerly been part of the garden swept away by some flood. The position and form of the Doctor's cottage strongly reminds us of the Lodge of the Beulah Spa at Norwood. We were most courteously received by Dr. Kelly, and Mrs. Kelly his mother, one of the most agreeable elderly ladies it has been our fortune to meet with in this colony or elsewhere. They had dined at the primitive hour, of twelve, but during the luncheon which was hospitably provided we had an interesting discussion on vines, wines, vineyards and cellars, in which there was some new matter for us, though not altogether ignorant of the culture of the vine.

And then came the 'tug of war,' — we mean the tasting of the wine. The first produced was a red wine, 'Rousillon' it was pure and sound, and as bright as a ruby. This was succeeded by another red wine, equally pure and bright, but of greater body and flavour; indeed, a most inviting article, three years old, and having deposited a sediment, which left it as clear as could be desired for bottling in perfection. The third sort was a white wine made from the Verdelho grape; this was delicious, approaching to a sweet Madeira, full of body, and bright as a topaz. By professed connoisseurs the dry red wines we suppose would be preferred; we own our attachment to the white. Dr. Kelly obtained a first prize for one of his wines at our late Horticultural Show. He confirmed the opinion we had twice heard given by other persons of good judgment in wine, that the Rhenish wines could not be produced of any excellence here; that the wines of this country will be what are termed *warm*, and to which cool underground cellars are not of advantage. These wines, the Doctor thinks, should be stowed in buildings above the surface. Already impressed with respect for its good qualities, we were introduced to the vineyard. The extent is about eight acres. Dr Kelly is restricting the varieties to be cultivated: he denounced, among other wine grapes, the 'Pineau gris,' and the 'Grenache'; the 'Malbec' he considered valuable, and the 'Goaai folle' as a useful addition to fermentation; the 'Pedro Ximenes' he thought to be overrated, but spoke most highly of the 'Verdalho'.

In the centre of the older vineyard is a little square watch-tower with four apertures, where the Doctor had some idea of sleeping at vintage time, though he observed the fruit was too plentiful everywhere to entail much pillage upon him in particular. His house is about a mile from the seashore, in a direct line between Curracalinga Head on the south, and Witton's Bluff on the north, so called from the loss there of the *David Witton*. The Doctor has given up farming pursuits and agriculture to devote himself to his fine vineyard; he hinted an attachment to agricultural chemistry and mechanics.

We returned by another road between corn-fields for more than two miles on each side. On the rise from 'the Vale' on the west is the farm, with a handsome brick residence of Mr. E. Easths, now in England. The estate, we were informed, of this gentleman is very considerable, consisting of ten or twelve sections, but we did not learn how much of it was cultivated. We must have seen before us on this morning's excursion many thousand acres of wheat and other grain. Surely, this is the land of corn and wine; oil (whale oil excepted) we cannot add, as we nowhere observed the olive in cultivation. Reaping and winnowing machines are everywhere on the lands. We returned to the Emu to dinner, the landlord of which, Mr. Disher, has a farm opposite the inn; he has fallowed part of his section, and would have done so to a greater extent but for the dry season; the land proving impracticable. The live hedges, flourished in spite of the drought, and the smiling enclosures continuing to the foot of the hills, which form, the Noarlunga range and bound the Hundred of Adelaide, formed a scene particularly rural, and, to our thinking, not unlike the country on the slopes of Crickhowell in Wales. (*The South Australian Register* 10 March 1851 p. 3.)

No. IV. — Noarlunga

When we entered upon the downs of the Noarlunga range, the roads were under repair, the very bad places of our former recollections having been pretty well mended. Some fine corn crops were disclosed, in constant succession, and we noticed English barley looking well. Harvest with Cape barley had begun, and haymaking was vigorously proceeding, although but little hay was as yet stacked. *In this neighbourhood we observed the beautiful shell-parroquet, of a most lively and brilliant green.*

On attaining the summit of the hill, we got our first sight of the Onkaparinga; nearly to its mouth, with a bold sea view, and then descended by a rather steep declivity into the village or township of the Horseshoe, in the Hundred of Noarlunga, having traversed by the road we came a distance of 14 miles of undulating country, interspersed with cultivation. On the right, descending into Noarlunga, we passed a new church, in which it is intended to accommodate 200 persons and of which the foundation stone had not long since been laid by the Bishop. It is dedicated to St. Philip and St. James, but was yet unfinished. At the foot of the hill on entering, and in an excavation at its side, is a brewery erected by Mr. W. B. Edmonds; a malt house is lately attached, enabling him to make his own malt, and supply that article to the public. Mr Edmonds is an ale brewer, whose beer we think deserves patronage and encouragement, though it may derive no advantage from any recommendation of ours. We believe the beverage to be pure, honest, and undrugged: we know no more, not being either publican or connoisseur.

The township of Noarlunga is laid out on a spot nearly surrounded by the River Onkaparinga, in its tortuous windings, about three miles from its mouth. These twistings have formed a horseshoe-like oval, from which this locality takes its characteristic name. It contains at present upwards of 40 houses, and at least 150 inhabitants. This spot was fixed upon at an early period by the South Australian Company for a township, and streets and terraces were marked out in active anticipation. For some time, however, this was all; the progress of building and inhabiting was slow; indeed, for several years no marked increase could be noted.

Now matters have taken a turn, and, since eight or nine short months, the township has attracted much attention, new settlers are arriving, and new buildings springing up in every quarter, and that with a steadiness of increase. All the available land, and in fact all the land of any kind in the neighbourhood (even that before rejected), while any choice remained, has been eagerly purchased, and from the wants of the new settlers, and the demand for labour in fencing and agriculture, industrious hands are in request. On the right, at the entrance of the township, is a steam flour mill, the property of Mr. James Clark, who has made large additions to it, apparently doubling its original extent by the addition of four large floors to his capacious premises. The mill, which once belonged to Mr. Dehorne, is of brick; the added building stories of stone. We went over the mill and its various buildings. The steam-engine in use is of 12 horse-power, but may be made to avail as a power of 15. Mr. Clark, we were informed, could grind 2,000 bushels a week, and we saw some very clean wheat of Mr. Pethick's waiting to be ground.

We did not ask if these buildings are kept insured, but it is to be hoped they are; for a tremendous stock of firewood surrounded the premises, bristling like gigantic chevaux de frise. We were told that the large quantity we saw would only suffice for a consumption of five months. Opposite the mill is the Horseshoe Inn, kept by Bock, comfortable in accommodation, and well managed by Mrs. Bock and her son. Bock, besides his quieter custom, drives what is called 'a roaring trade;' indeed, according to his own account, too roaring, which we can in part confirm, particularly in the season (which it now was) for the transit of wool; one constant excitement being kept up day and night by the noise, clamour, laughing, and swearing of the bullock driver travellers and other worthies who pull up there; so that a man may speedily make a good fortune at Bock's Inn who has no regard for his night's rest or the drum of his ear. To meet the rapid increase of population, two new large stores are building. A medical man had settled there, who seemed tolerably satisfied with his position; and there was, it is hardly necessary to add, a Post Office. Fruit and vegetables are still very deficient, and a market garden on the other side of the river, where land may yet be obtained, would, we think, answer the expectation of any practical person in that line, as the communication is easy over a good bridge of stone and timber.

In the river there is abundance of fish — cray fish and bream in particular — on which account parties of the aborigines locate here during the full fish season. They are also, as we heard here, and found in our further progress, in request for harvest work, but they require some watching in this combustible country, as a policeman told us that he had recently been called up in the night to eject a party of "blackfellows" from a stubble field, where they had made a fire, and he said he had some trouble to get them away peaceably.

There are a few sheep and cattle-stations in the neighbourhood, but the runs are being rapidly enclosed. On the hill behind the new church is a board informing the public that they stand in the intended but yet houseless village of 'Chepstow.' We think it may by-and-by have a chance of success; but we could find no resemblance to the Monmouthshire gem of that name, except perhaps in its height from a river.

This place appears to have been a fortunate locality to many who have risen, from very unobtrusive positions, with, small means, to great comfort and even affluence. Mr. Holly, the owner of six or seven sections, Mr. P. Hollins, the former proprietor of the inn here, and a Mr. Lovelock were mentioned to us as instances in point. There are several brickfields in very active operation here, and quarries of good building stone and limestone: the new church is built of the former. We had the pleasure of inspecting the plan of this edifice, with the spire which it is proposed to add when the means will permit. When this may be is at present apocryphal, but we told the worthy trustee that we thought the building better without it.

A curious discovery had just been made in Noarlunga, to which our attention was drawn by Mr Knipe, the medical practitioner. In the centre of the road, at the end of the immediate descent into the township, and opposite to the Horseshoe Inn, a burial place of the aborigines has been disclosed, by the wearing away of the crown of the road in the traffic. Whether this was the scene of a furious fight, or simply a place of interment, then quite private, but now perhaps the most public spot in Noarlunga, it would be curious to know. The grinding and scraping of the drays and vehicles has brought the bodies to view, on the present surface, and in many cases in the perfect state of skeleton, to a considerable extent. They are doubled up, the knees nearly meeting the chins, and the whole complete forms are distinctly seen, as distinctly as if they had been powerfully drawn with white chalk on the roadway. It is believed that the bodies thus buried, or huddled in, go to some depth.

Passing over the bridge we have mentioned, leaving Noarlunga, and mounting the ranges above it, we noticed the farm of Mr. Harriott, who has three sections, all cropped with corn. Further on is the property of Mr. Bosworth, who we understand holds several sections; he is building a very good house; he had not, however, any land at present in cultivation, but has fallowed this season. The corn crops continued on both sides of our road. The mass of cultivation was perhaps less in this locality than nearer to Morphett Vale.

From what we could judge, we have little doubt that in this immediate district, drawing an imaginary line between that and the country approaching Willunga, there are not less than, 5,000 acres under corn crops.

A little further on, the road was under repair in a part where it most grievously required it. We reached a height which gave us a view of the Aldinga Plains, the sea, and the Willunga ranges, the latter rising in a splendid amphitheatre, displaying the cultivated valleys undulating with corn. We passed a wayside public-house called the Devon Arms, and traversing a succession of swells along a road which we saw before us in a vista for five miles, we entered the hundred and township of Willunga, after a very agreeable ride of 12 miles. Most of the land on both sides was fenced substantially with posts and rails; but near Willunga there was a great deal of fencing of a slighter kind, which marked the recent advent of many new comers. (*The South Australian Register* 14 March 1851 p. 4.)

No. V. – Willunga

We put up on our arrival in Willunga at the Bush Inn, now kept-by our old fellow colonist Rowlands, where every possible attention is paid to the comfort of travellers, who must be hard to please if they are not satisfied with their entertainment here.

The township of Willunga is in the Hundred of Willunga and County of Adelaide. Willunga claims to be considered the most picturesque township in the Province; and, to our mind, the claim should be admitted. Mount Barker alone could contest with it the honour of such pre-eminence; but while the land view from Willunga waits something of the soft and smiling appearance which mark the valleys near its rival township, it possesses an inestimable advantage in the view of the ocean, whose broad expanse here bounds the view to the westward, rises from the road on the south-east, and extends over and among the hills and down a portion of the valley opposite — the houses and buildings on the north side, with the Post Office, not being in the township itself. On the slope westward, are Roman Catholic and Wesleyan Chapels. The former is a rather large building with a square tower, and we should think would hold nearly 200 persons; but we did not understand that there were sufficient members of the Romish church in or near this place to fill more than half the space required. The Wesleyan chapel, built in 1844, is small; capable perhaps of containing 100 persons. It is also used as a schoolroom for Sunday teaching. The burial ground round it is uninclosed, and, though there are many graves, appeared as public as the highway. The episcopal church is placed at some distance westward on a road which leads to the Aldinga plains. It is a very unpretending structure, and can accommodate 80 persons with comfort. The church warden said that he had seen 100 there; but we think they must have been unreasonably crowded. Its situation is likely to prove as convenient to the Aldinga settlers as to those of Willunga. In a cross road, a little way below the church, and in the direction of the hills, was the most substantial four-rail fence we ever saw in the colony. It enclosed a piece of maize, which looked weakly, and patches of melons were interspersed throughout. Here we met a travelling clockmaker of our acquaintance, carrying the materials of his trade in a pack so heavy (for we lifted it), as to make us doubt the possibility of his transporting himself and his luggage with anything like comfort on so speculative an adventure.

The settlements on the Aldinga plains are rapidly increasing in every available quarter where the scrub does not interfere, and where land can be cultivated and cropped. The soil is light in many parts, where limestone prevails. That of much of the lower portions of Willunga is a blacker soil, adapted to the cultivation of the potato, and some in the immediate township is red loam. There are, we believe, more than 60 or 70 substantial settlers in and near the Willunga district, and there must be among them at least 5,000 acres under cultivation. The water is abundantly found, but some of it is inclined to be brackish. The houses are of various materials, chiefly brick and stone, with roofs of slate from the quarries near, and a few of wood. The fencing is almost entirely post and rail, and the occupied lands are substantially inclosed.

Labour is in demand; and we were informed upon good authority, that any number of really industrious hands will readily find employment, in Willunga and the environs. Irish reapers have presented themselves here with their characteristic propensities and eccentricities. At this moment a party of these (the 'finest pisantry'), are making very serpentine evolutions, the result of liquor, down the slope before us; occasionally courting each other's embraces with a loving attraction, and then flying off at various radiating angles from the drunken centre.

Two medical practitioners reside in Willunga — Dr. McDonald who occupies a residence and garden, with land adjoining, lately the property of Mr. Evelyn Sturt, and a Dr. Schmidt, a German. The former gentleman lives on a rise under the ranges, the latter on the valley near the road. On the rise is also the residence of the Rev. A. B. Burnett, the incumbent of the church. In Willunga township, beyond the inn, are a Police station and a hut formerly used on Government visits here; and opposite the inn is a day school kept by a Mr. Bassett.

All the land in and about this township has been purchased, and is for the most part under active cultivation. Nowhere in this part of the colony do agricultural operations seem more vigorously pursued. A small portion only of the township between the inn and the road in the valley is in abeyance, in consequence, we were told, of some legal or other difficulties. There are many good farmers here — Mr. Hewett, Mr. Polkinghorne, Mr. Kell (a Sussex man), Mr. Pethic, Mr. Stevens, and Mr. John James; at a little distance, and near McLaren Vale, the crops of corn, though thriving, were not considered fine, from the want of rain. Mr. Pethic's wheat was much spoken of as an exception. Shearing was a little later here, and hay was being got in. For a few hours of our stay on this occasion, the weather gave, some indications of an approaching change; but the signs too soon disappeared, and the hopes were disappointed. In other seasons the grain crops of Willunga have been remarkable for their productiveness; but it is considered that this year they will be greatly below the usual average, and in some places not more than 15 bushels an acre were expected, instead of at least double that quantity. The weight and quality of the wheat grown here have excited great attention, the weight per bushel having been as much as 67 lbs.

Along a tolerably level road, nearly west across the Aldinga plains, and at the outlet of a gorge called White's Gulley, a spot opens out to the gulf upon a beach eligible for a port from which to ship the grain of these localities to Adelaide, and where a township is about to be formed, to be called Port Willunga. It is in part laid out, 20 or 30 buildings being planned and in the course of erection, and several houses — one or two of which even visible from Willunga — being already built and occupied. A company is in the course of formation to carry this object into effect.

We noticed some open wells here in situations where it appeared to us dangerous to leave them so. It struck us too, but perhaps we are fanciful, that many of the buildings — not excepting the Roman Catholic and Wesleyan Chapels— were out of the perpendicular. We alone did not make this observation, nor make it after dinner, nor with any obliquity of vision. Several gardens here contained all the usual varieties of fruit trees, and also vines of free growth (Mr. Kell's in particular); but the little time that can be spared for garden pursuits prevents proper attention to them, without which their capabilities are entirely smothered. The best kept fruit and flower garden we saw, belonged to Harker, the blacksmith and wheelwright, at the corner of the road. The trees of all kinds promised abundance of fruit, and the garden had scarcely a weed in it.

The magistrates of this district are, Mr. Macdonald, Mr J. James, and Mr. Bosworth; and a Local Court is held in Willunga on the last Wednesday in every month, at which, occasionally, some of our talented Adelaide barristers are retained to attend, and afford these country districts the benefit of legal exposition. On the next day (Sunday) we attended the service in the church, and heard a discourse from Mr. Burnett; after which, the infant of a settler in the Yankalilla district was baptized. The gentleman, with his lady and two children, had travelled 24 miles the previous morning, on a bullock dray, to get this ceremony performed. They were obliged to return the same distance that afternoon, which they accomplished, we understand, during the night, after some adventures. Although there are several stores (one of these is the Post Office) and four butchers, there is no regular baker; bread, when not baked at home, being supplied from Noarlunga, a distance of nine miles.

A few miles from Willunga are slate quarries, many years worked, and very productive: as the fortunes made by some individuals here of the labouring class, concerned in them, are proofs. The slates are excellent for roofing and flooring, particularly for kitchen and dairy uses. The rain, so much expected, not having come on, and settled dry weather appearing likely again to prevail, we resolved to resume our route on the morrow towards Myponga.

November 18th. — On leaving Willunga and its surrounding belts of cultivation, we began to ascend the ranges by a road, which we were warned was, in one part, over a very steep pitch, called 'Loud's Hill,' and on the bald top of which hill, with its just perceptible track on the summit we had gazed from below, with some doubt of its practicability, and we were not much encouraged by our informants, except with the assurance, that if we got up, the effort would amply repay us by an almost unrivalled view of the Aldinga Plains, and their patches of cultivation. Our friend added, that it was rather the nearest road to Myponga, and that we should avoid some very heavy drags through a sandy tract on a road where there was little to observe. We mounted accordingly, till we soon obtained a fine clear prospect down to White's Gully and Port Willunga, and had ocular demonstration of the possibility of rendering productive the cleared sections between the Aldinga Scrub. We continued mounting, till we came to a place, called the 'Stony Pinch,' exceedingly well named, and with one exception — by and by to be recorded — the most execrable, nearly impassable, and break-neck spot of any road it has been our lot to travel; worse even than the memorable old road over the Alps, by St. Gothard, which was shewn to us, when very many years since we had the pleasure of being among the earliest passengers on the new one.

All our efforts to get our vehicle up this pitch would have been useless and wholly unavailing, our horse having deliberately backed into the scrub, with an imperfect idea of returning, carriage and all, down the hill by the run, had not two persons, apparently at work in reducing the atrocious perpendicular before us, heaved us over the main obstacles. This place, they told us, they were endeavouring to render passable, by their own labour and ingenuity, and at their own expense. We had now reached the summit of Loud's Hill, after a very heavy drag, and a very prolonged walk on foot to the crown of the hill range. The view almost proved a repayment for the trouble and fatigue of the ascent, as we began to think, when the breath, nearly beat out, returned. *A kangaroo, feeding on an opposite eminence, looked at us most unconcernedly for a few seconds, returned to feeding, and then walked deliberately into the scrub behind.* Before us lay all the Aldinga Plains and the whole country north and west, with the Gulf and coast to Holdfast Bay — Mount Lofty and his subordinates; bounding our landward new on the right, the glitter of a lagoon below contrasting curiously with the calm shine of the Gulf waters. On the right is the dairy farm and orchard of the Messrs. Everard, and on the left the sheep stations of Mr. Taylor.

Our route continued through a series of wooded ranges, ascending and descending, with now and then a bare spot between, and interspersed with gulleys and ravines at very frequent interval ; then along some sideling pieces, hardly safe for ordinary vehicles, but which are capable of being improved; *then again through closer forest scenery, among the shea-oak, the gum (eucalyptus), of most varieties (the white being the rarest here), the honeysuckle tree (banksia) and others, and finally through some tracts of scrub to the top of the range, and descended through some equally wooded but varied scenery,* having Mount Terrible a little on the right before us, one side of which has an almost sheer descent of precipice, and we alighted in the vale of Myponga, called by the settlers, 'the lovely valley.' A stream here, if stream it can be called, is crossed by three rude bridges in the road, near the inn. The name given to this part of it is 'the Myponga Water-holes.' But a mile below it rises a spring, with the waters of which the upper waters unite. This, then, becomes the Myponga river, and flows into the sea. Myponga is in the Hundred of the same name and County of Hindmarsh. This valley is beautiful, and affords excellent pasture for a limited number of cattle in the flats, and there were some cows in admirable condition for the dairy, as was the stock intended for the butcher. In winter the flat, almost to the inn-door, is flooded after heavy rains, and is ankle deep in water; it then bears the general name of the 'Myponga Swamps.' *The birds we noticed were the white cockatoo, the laughing jackass (the daceo gigantea of Leach, or largest kingfisher) the piping crow, the small kingfisher, various paroquets, and innumerable small birds.*

We have called the house here an inn: it is not so, having no licence as a public-house to sell beer or spirits. It is called 'Grant's boarding-house; and we most cheerfully recommend every traveller who may follow us to set up his staff here, provided he is not a grog-consumer; he will find accommodation sufficient, be he married or single, cleanliness in a high degree, and even some taste, if such a term can apply to the paraphernalia of a slab-hut; every article of provision we found unexceptionably good, and the landlord and landlady civil and unweariedly obliging. This may be thought an exaggerated praise of a wayside house of entertainment. We speak as we found, uninfluenced by the motives which dictated Puff's hints in the 'Critic' from 'Lord George' to 'Lady Mary Myrtle.'

Sheep and pigs were abundant, and *kangaroos and emus frequent in some localities. One of Grant's dogs bore some cruel looking scars, the results of kangaroo hunting. At the landlord's suggestion we made a two-mile excursion into the woods to get a peep at such large live game, now driven from the settled districts, but we were not successful.* Here was a garden containing peas well podded, onions, a few raspberries, melons, and potatoes. The growth of the flowering shrubs and underwood was very vigorous, and horses were thriving in the enclosed paddocks at hand. The land here is, we believe, the property of Mr. Duval, under whom Mr. Grant is a leaseholder.

Plovers, wild ducks, and pigeons in particular, abound; the plovers seemed to be a variety of that bird found on the Adelaide plains. The trees below are the gum, the wattle, the she-oak, the blackwood, the so-called peppermint, and the dwarf tea tree. From Grant's boarding-house, on the following morning we pursued our road to the south, *crossing the Myponga water and 'Hubback Bridge' over a rather extensive swamp, into the Yankalilla ranges.* After six miles we passed "Clark's Wayside House" where the traveller may get milk, and mix it, if he pleases, with water. A little further, at Mr. Heathcote's station, called *Cudlatyunga or some similar name, we passed over the little river Curricalinga,* and turned up from the road into a track among the hills, leading along an enclosure by a hut, which we thought deserted, but where we found a shepherd who piloted us along a few hundred yards of obscurity into a way which soon grew plain, and following which, as it widened, we came into a defined dray-track among the hills and dales of Yankalilla, where, we purposed visiting some settlers.

We now passed innumerable gullies, and went up and down a great number of hills, till getting puzzled on the top of an eminence, with Yankalilla Bay before us, we emerged from the range, dispersing some herds of

very fat and equally wild looking cattle, paused close on the edge of a farm belonging to a Mr. Pritchard, with some fine looking crops of wheat, not suffering so much from drought as those we had left at Willunga. At the junction of four cross-roads we came to a halt; but as one of these roads went right away from the sea, and another was the road we had quitted, the choice was reduced to one of two; so we mounted a smart hill directly in front of us, opposite Pritchard's farm, and observing a house immediately below, we dashed down the hill-side in a very dubious track, and found ourselves at its foot close to a roadside cottage, full a mile beyond the spot we had intended to reach. Directed again, we passed upwards along the farm of Mr. Kelly, the house of which we had first noticed from above, into the section of Mr. Dennis, when enquiries enabled us to ascertain satisfactorily the route we ought to take, which, it was admitted, a stranger could not easily find. While here, Mr. Dennis showed us a crop of wheat which astonished us, and which is, we presume, the finest that will be produced this season in any part of the colony. From circumstances and situation the dry weather has been favourable to this spot, and to this particular crop, from which Mr. Dennis confidently expects at least, 40 bushels to the acre. *Passing this section up one rise and down another, we found ourselves at the end of our journey, among the boldest of the bald hills of Yankalilla.* (The South Australian Register 26 March 1851 p. 3.)

No. VI. — Yankalilla

We were glad on the evening of today to reach our destination among these hills, as night was rapidly coming on. On arriving at our friend's house, near the foot of a declivity sloping down to the back of the little river Bungilla, we found that our friend had gone to see his friend, who occupied the upper portion of the same section; there we accordingly mounted, retracing our rather weary way, and were not a little surprised by seeing a vivid illumination in the slab-hut we were approaching, as well as by hearing the sound of more voices than we had anticipated to belong to its usual inmates and to the friend and his wife who had preceded us. We were ushered into a well lighted room, and into the midst of a supper party gaily met to celebrate the christening we had had the pleasure of attending at Willunga, and we were heartily welcomed. All was mirth, good humour, and enjoyment while the really elegant display before us, unexpected as it was in the bush, seemed almost an Aladdin-like enchantment.

We spent a very pleasant evening, and passed a luxurious night at Mr. Schuyler's, and after breakfast on the following morning looked about us at our friend's farm, of which a small portion only is as yet cultivated. The land here seemed to be good, perhaps rather too sandy loam, and the crops thriving; but the season had not been taken advantage of sufficiently early, and the labour bestowed had been too limited to produce all the desired results. The fencing here extended along the boundaries of the section, which was divided between Mr. Schuyler above and Mr. Wilkinson below, between whose crops there was no fenced division, but both looked well. Mr. Wilkinson occupies the lower portion, and his house of weather-board, with a garden forming towards the river, is situated so as to have ready access to the water; but Mr. Schuyler above must find the supply, which can only be obtained in that spot below, inconvenient.

Mr Wilkinson, to whom we are indebted for kindnesses and attentions various and not few, is the well known author of a description of this Colony, published in 1848 by Murray, and which has been followed by a small and compendious pamphlet, called 'The Working Man's Hand-book to South Australia,' both practical books, and useful to all classes of emigrants and intending settlers, farmers, workmen, and others, and which we conclude have been perused by most of your readers. Mr. Wilkinson is carrying his own precepts into active practical example.

We found a small cheerful group of the Encounter Bay tribe of aborigines, the women, and one or two of the men performing household offices; one black lady was energetically scrubbing in the wash-tub. They were all civil, and stared a good deal at our vehicle, like which we believe nothing had hitherto penetrated these hills and valleys.

The garden was quite in its infancy; but the pansy (heartsease) thrives here, and with care will become a good florist's flower. We subsequently had occasion to be surprised at the prolific growth of this very pleasing and memory stirring plant elsewhere among the hills.

We put forward, our friend Mr. Wilkinson offering to accompany us on our route towards Rapid Bay, first guiding us to a worthy blacksmith, the only one in that neighbourhood, to replace a shoe, which our horse appeared to have just lost. In this district of the '*bald hills of Yankalilla*' cultivation is everywhere progressing. One hundred and twenty sections had been purchased, and we were told that 70 settlers' families were located and at work here. The children are not in proportion here very numerous. We passed a vast number of gullies, and through grass flats, with good pasture, the grass looking in many places quite green from the sheltered position of the flats, and being close and full at the bottom, though rather coarse. We were piloted

by Mr. Wilkinson in a direction of an intricate description, intended to favour the passage of our vehicle, till, after a traverse of about five miles, and a glimpse of several herds of fine cattle, we came to Dairy Flat, on the border of the Yankalilla River, formerly a dairy farm and establishment of Mr. J. B. Hack, more recently of Mr. Field, but now abandoned as to the original purpose, and occupied only by the blacksmith we were seeking; he was absent, and our friend kindly undertook to ride for him about half a mile along the valley.

When he returned with the artist, we crossed the Yankalilla, and procured some milk from the blacksmith's small store in the old dairy, then proceeded to the forge half a mile farther on; the shoeing was duly performed at the expense of 1s. the shoe adapted not being a new one, but selected from a heap of retired horse-shoes reposing quietly in a corner. The Post Office is at Mr. Heathcote's station, about five miles from Mr. Wilkinson's; but out of our present road Captain Field* has an estate in this district, chiefly grazing land, called Hay Flat, and Mr. Field his brother farms another in the vicinity.

A church is much wanted by the settlers in this district, and Mr. Wilkinson was at this time endeavouring to procure subscriptions for the erection of one. From the contributions which had been offered, he seemed to consider, that the necessary funds might be readily raised, and that soon. Our blacksmith was also a sawyer, with the evidences of which trade, in the shape of a face covered with sawdust, he came to execute our order. We accompanied him, it being in our way forward, to his saw-pit, to obtain the luxury of quenching an oppressive thirst on a hot day with tea, sans sugar or milk; with considerable difficulty and some embarrassment, we accomplished the feat of drinking half-a-pint of it scalding hot from a wine bottle — but it was grateful even thus.

We crossed Blackfellow's Creek and came suddenly on another descent, also called the 'Stony Pinch' which is of a character so dangerous from its precipitous declivity of loose rocky shifting stones, as to make us at first sight consider it utterly impossible to get down without destruction to man, horse and vehicle. We did however get down, or rather performed a rambling scrambling roll down it, fortunately too without accident, and descended after some time to an inclosed section, and down it to a farm, which we understood to be Bullaparinga; but, which was Second Valley, the property of Mr. Randall, and formerly that of Messrs Jones.

Mr. Randall is a sheep farmer, and holds several hundred acres of enclosed land, of which he cultivated 40 with wheat and potatoes, and these are the general crops of these districts. He has likewise a dairy farm and establishment. The farm buildings were numerous, and apparently convenient. From the quarter where we entered the enclosures of this farm, the descent was of considerable steepness with a fine view of the sea towards Rapid Bay through a bold opening, and from which it is distant not more than about two miles. From the valley along which we proceeded to regain the road, we were guided by a cow-boy about to start for lost cattle, and who seemed very anxious to learn from us if his strays were on the way we had passed. More mounting, some dismounting, and a great deal of ascending and descending, though of a gentler character than some of our past track, brought us after a ride of three miles into the truly beautiful locality of Bullaparinga, the house and its very pretty and well arranged garden being visible for some time previously *through the rich green of the greatest mass of magnificent blackwood trees we had ever seen, contrasted at intervals with shea-oaks, and a few but seldom fine gum-trees. Crossing the Yattagolinga, here called Bullaparinga Creek, we ascended a gentle eminence from the bridge foot over the stream, to the house of Mr. H. P. Denton.*

* We were distressed to learn, while writing this, the death of that gentleman, who was much respected. (*The South Australian Register* 3 April 1851 p. 3)

No. VII. Bullaparinga

The situation of this place is beautiful, and the surrounding scenery, though hilly, is of a cheerful character. The house of Mr. Denton stands on a gentle eminence, overlooking the garden, which, for a bush garden, is of considerable extent. The dwelling is superior in its arrangements, and offers the appearance as well as the reality of more comfort than can be found in the greater part of the houses we have seen in this quarter, and the proprietor has done much more than could have been expected, even in profiting by the advantages of a favourable position and a fertile soil. He had two enclosures — part of a farm of. 400 acres, each containing a small wheat crop, looking better than any we had seen since that of Mr. Dennis

He had also six acres of very promising potatoes, notwithstanding the probable drought. The last crop of potatoes produced on this estate was, as some of your readers probably know, a very remarkable one - the tubers averaged nearly half a-pound each in weight, and once exhibited at the Exchange, weighed two pounds three-quarters. Seventy pounds of seed on one spot yielded 2,788 pounds of fruit! The, grazing land, too, is of good quality, and well adapted for sheep-farming.

Everything of the vegetable kind worth growing thrives in the garden here. The fruit-trees are young, and a yet unproductive, but the flowers of every sort and variety, though less important in an economical point of view, have taken a great precedence. Roses and fuchsias (especially, the fuchsia gracilis) abound, and the trellis in front of the house is covered with an intermixture of roses, honey suckles, maurandia, barclayana, jasmine, kennedia prostrata and passion-flower — all flourishing, and most of them now in blossom. The walks on the slope are bordered, some with southernwood, some with marjorum, which, when kept properly clipped, looks extremely neat; but the proprietor has no time to bestow upon this work, and but little assistance, in the garden. There are a few vines, some old enough to bear a fair crop of fruit, which they will certainly not do this season, from previous neglect and want of knowledge in their management. The rest are too young to produce anything for a season or two to come.

In thus noticing a garden, the pretension of which are certainly beyond those of any ordinarily seen so far south, we are perhaps bringing to notice a luxury considered by emigrant settlers (and rightly so), to be at best of second-rate importance. These settlers will live to find that supposed luxury, a substantial comfort. Not unduly to moralize, which is no part of our instructions, we may just observe of a garden that, without superseding the more necessary matters insisted upon, 'par les officiers de la bouche.' The innocent contributions of a garden to every man's master — the stomach — are not to be overlooked; and, above all, we may notice the increase of attachment to gardening, with the increase of years, the harmlessness of its amusements at all ages, and its adaptation, even to the solace of infirmity and decrepitude. Mr. Denton had a considerable number of dairy cows, of his own and others, on his home section, all those in milk yielded a full average quantity.

We made an excursion next day on foot about a mile among these rich woods, into a small clear, open valley, called Echicowinga, where we were surrounded by a richer forest verdure than we had seen — perfectly park-like. We fancied continually, and the impressions of others we found to be the same, that we were about to emerge from some opening of a glade into view of a stately lawn and mansion.

The three farms of importance in this immediate district are those of Mr. Randall, Mr. Denton and Mr. Burrows, at almost equal distances from each other, Mr. Denton's forming the centre. There are no stores here — the nearest with the Post-office being at Mr. Heathcote's station at Yankalilla, a distance of 14 miles. Flour, when purchased here, is sold at the town prices; but every settler endeavours to grow, at least, as much wheat as will supply his own family wants. Meat, by the carcass, is 12s. per 100 lbs., and in quarters is sold at 2d. per lb., of the best quality; but beef and veal are not to be had in any certain supply; pork is plentiful — as every man kills his own pig, and cures his own bacon, which latter, so far as our own experience goes (and it was a daily one), at breakfast is excellent. Carriage by dray, from hence to Adelaide, is charged at £3 10s. per ton; water carriage per cutter, for not less than three tons, is £1 per ton.

Very little care for politics appeared to prevail about this part of the country, and but little enquiry seemed to be excited as to the proceedings of the Local Government or the forthcoming New Constitution, beyond a few casual remarks on some of the leading articles of the journals which travel into this quarter, and an almost total indifference to any of the patriotic energies now so forcibly at work nearer Adelaide. Some complaints were made of the violation of the land regulations in the occupation of runs, but it was the better opinion that to notice them would bring the mover into discredit, and create enemies; and so the grievance, till it prove greater, will remain un-remedied.

We had an opportunity of learning the wishes of parties here, as to the insurance from loss by fire of their buildings and farming stock, and found proprietors and occupiers decidedly favourable to the principle, if the benefits could be brought within their reach; and those whose means and circumstances would admit, could render their buildings eligible for that purpose by substituting stone buildings for slab and weather-board huts, and displacing their thatched roofs for shingle. Such a dry season as the present, might be well supposed to redouble caution in avoiding accident by fire, which every prudence is required to do, and which must strongly bring to mind the comfort of providing against the losses inflicted by this raging calamity. We saw a portion of almost every road of any traffic in the Yankalilla district, and think the ways as good as the peculiar nature of this up and down country will permit, stony pinches always excepted; and the overturn of drays was rare, every transit by blocking them with trees from the immediate fringes of the road-ways, removing continually the most prominent obstacles.

The birds we observed in and near Bullaparinga were the lovely little blue mannikin, the white cockatoo, the black macaw, the bronze-winged pigeon, the piping crow, the magpie, the largest king fisher, the bee eater, and the bronze cuckoo. The emu is occasionally but not often seen in the immediate neighbourhood: the indigenous quadrupeds are the opossum, and the bandicoot, and occasionally also the kangaroo.

The soil here is good red loam and black loam, strong and partially sandy, the rocks cropping out in places on the lower ridges of various parts of the so called 'bald hills'. The land produces excellent wheat, yielding in ordinary seasons from 25 to 30 bushels per acre. Grazing and sheep farming are extensively carried out by Mr. Burrows and Mr. Randall, and water is abundant and good at all times, even during this very dry time. The water in the Yattagolonga Creek, is fresh even a few yards from the sea. Grazing rents are 1s. per acre.

The weather here is usually mild with few storms, but the temperature is decidedly at least 20 degrees cooler than that of the country to the north, near Adelaide. On the 25th, the morning was considered for this place insufferably hot. On inspecting the thermometers at Bullaparinga, one in the house and one on the verandah post, that in the house at 11 o'clock was at 76 degrees, the other in the shade outside stood at 88 degrees. In Adelaide, as we were informed by good authority, on the same morning the thermometer at 9 o'clock a.m. in the shade stood at 108 degrees.

The settlers here and in the surrounding neighbourhood appeared contented and happy of course, like any other neighbourhood; little jealousies existed but not in the upper class. Those of the labouring class have we think good reason to be satisfied; they have almost in every instance bettered their condition, and have risen from labourers and servants to masters, landlords, and proprietors, chiefly freeholders. The only J.P. here is Mr. Randall. The want of a second magistrate, and the distance of the nearest Local Court, Willunga, with its monthly day of hearing, are felt as serious inconveniences in the adjustment of differences.

A great deal of good, hard, sound stone for building may be procured. Mr. Denton has built his house of it, only two other farm buildings elsewhere, were in the course of erection, of the same material. The houses of slab will soon disappear, and the settlers large and small will replace their present dwellings with stone houses, good and substantial, drawing from the forest round very little timber but for fencing and fuel. Wages are considered high, 10s. or 12s. a week with rations were paid to shepherds, 8s. to hutkeepers. In some parts 14s. with rations were given to shepherds; we believe that Mr. Ransford, a large sheep-farmer, near Cape Jervis, which we have yet to visit, has given these wages.

There is of course as yet no place for public worship but from the manifest demand for land here, and for labour in every direction where land can be made available, a population will soon cluster, to form the nucleus of a very respectable congregation. We set forward this morning on an excursion to Rapid Bay. About a mile from Bullaparinga, on our road we passed through some windings of the same park-like scenery, where the foliage of the cherry and the silver wattle predominated. After a ride of three miles, we descended by a good open road and a gentle descent to the farm of Mr. Burrows, a short walk from the bay, where we were welcomed with acceptable refreshments. Mr. Burrows occupies his farm under the South Australian Company, with a right of run over 2,000 acres, and is a sheep farmer on a large scale. His homestead and inclosures slope towards the bay, and extend parallel with the beach and on each side, except a small Government reserve on the south, of which no use has yet been made.

Above, on the same side of the bay, are two lead mines — one, the property of the South Australian Company, the other formerly belonging to Mr. Phillips, but both, we understood were abandoned, or nearly so, as is the building erected for receiving the ore in the valley: the mines not proving productive. The bay itself, though small and confined, is a useful port for shipping the produce of the fleece, though the conveniences of the *little harbour at Second Valley*, are sometimes preferred. The beach is very easy of access, and would be well adapted for bathing and exercise, should this ever become a watering place, which its distance from Adelaide may at present preclude, but which will not always remain an objection.

The rocks here are of considerable height, and bold projection, particularly that forming the northern boundary of the bay; its overhanging shelves and caverns, and the receding woody ranges, afford some very fine land and sea views. Mr. Burrows's house and some adjoining cottages for workmen, and other buildings, were constructed of slab, with thatched roofing; some were placed in excavations near a creek, where water is always found (This is the creek we noticed as being so fresh near the sea.) The house fronts a garden with many gay flowers, double stocks in particular: this seems everywhere a favourite plant. Melons seemed here particularly promising, the plants looked most healthy. Mr. Burrows had a crop of wheat, through which, and some potatoes, we passed to the beach. The wheat, from the exposed situation and drought, seemed, we thought, scorched and burnt in some degree in patches in the lower parts.

Land here also is in request; it seems that 46 sections have been purchased in this vicinity. The extent of run occupied by Mr. Burrows enables him to feed and manage a great number of sheep, mostly free from disease. We returned in the afternoon, by a road through the woods, rather varying in its forest scenery from the track of the morning, but of the same general character. *The birds were particularly vocal; indeed, we were usually roused in the early morning by the warbling and chirping of numerous vocalists,* said however, by writers on this colony, to have no song. This is decidedly untrue.

*There is now a small chapel in course of erection near Yankalilla.— Ed. S.A.R.
(*The South Australian Register* 10 April 1851 p. 2-3)

No. VIII — Cape Jervis (originally published as No. XI)

December 5 — To-day we set out to visit Cape Jervis and the fishery beyond. The morning was highly propitious, clear, and fine, but not too hot, the thermometer being 82° in the shade at 11 o'clock. *We noticed great numbers of locusts now getting their wings, but they did not commit any material ravages.* This species, though now greatly diffused throughout the settled districts, is decidedly not migratory as often asserted.

The vegetation and the woody scenery for the first part of our ride were very similar to those of the road to Rapid Bay. The sheoak (casuarina), the blackwood, the cherry, and various species of gum and wattle; none of the gums luxuriantly or scarcely even well grown. Further on were the stringy barks (eucalyptus robusta), which we understand is its proper designation. There were several varieties of the banksia on the sandy tracks, and large numbers of the greater grass-trees, growing gigantically, with their tropical-looking trunks and towering flower-stems.

Passing along we heard places in the neighbourhood quoted with what appeared to us most absurd an unmeaning names, such as the 'Yo-ho,' the 'Blow-ho,' 'Nowhere else,' and the 'Bedlam Flat.' We attempted to reason for these names, but in vain. After ascending several hills we came to an open locality, called 'The Stockyard,' so called from having contained the stockyard of one of the stations of Messrs. Jones. Mr. Randall uses it at present for his sheep. This locality is settled by some small proprietors and leaseholders. The first place we came to was a small farm, a freehold of Mr. Collins, whose wheat looked well; a good stone house was almost finished, and the enclosure well fenced with post and rail. We next came to the farm of Mr. Cassels, also a freehold, and here received the hospitality of a cup of tea from Mrs. Cassels. *Her husband we found employed in eradicating with energy the atrocious thistle, the curse of the colony, and so abundant more to the North. Its bad character is shared by the hore-hound, which, by casually seeding in a very confined space near Bullaparinga, now overgrows in the densest manner large spaces on the hills and in the dales of Bullaparinga.* The last place in the stock-yard district is the farm of Mr. Butcher, and who holds under Mr. R. L. Milne, the proprietor of one or two sections here. Mr. Butcher's wheat was one of the best looking crops we have seen; he had also some potatoes.

We now entered upon a line of forest scrub, which we pursued on a tolerably well-defined track till we came on the brow of the fenced hill of this range, to a very steep descent into the valley, in the bottom of which is the farm of Mr. Ransford. *For our vehicle the road formed by the dray-track was rather inconvenient, the horse ex necessitate taking the centre of the road, which, not being trodden to any practical purpose, abounded with thick and half-sized grass trees, between each of which we found it occasionally difficult to steer without collision, especially among the scattered boughs, and tree-trunks and stumps.* On the eminence we now had to descend, we stood some time endeavouring to take in the view before us. It was a most sublime and almost unrivalled prospect, the valley below forming a rich foreground, with its diversified vegetation. The Gulf presented a large amphitheatre, or rather an enormous and shiny crescent, extending broadly from the promontory of Backstair's range to the farthest headland of the range we were leaving to a most impressive extent, and forming a half-moon, round Shetland, of which Cape Terris [Jervis] itself was the prominent convexity.

We now descended this not very safe hill with much circumspection and after long traverses, and about a mile beyond stopped at Mr. Ransford's farm. Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Ransford were there, but they were expected from town. We left a notice of a visit, and had afterwards the pleasure of meeting them on their return; their loaded dray, with town supplies, having preceded them. Mr. Ransford is a large sheep farmer and grazier; he also cultivates wheat and potatoes. His house is of slab, but plastered outside; its front commands a fine view of the sea from the verandah, Cape Jervis being almost the central boundary of the coast. A garden has been made here, and fruit trees are planted, and seemed thriving, so far as we could judge, without a very near inspection. From Mr. Ransford's a level road runs parallel with the coast, and for about a mile or two we were able even to 'bowl along' with comfort till we came in sight of Mr. Barnett's fishery, which, with its scattered sheds and buildings near the shore, we saw from a rise which terminated in a slope where the hut of Mr. Clark, the manager, was placed. Mrs. Clark received us with much attention and civility, in a slab hut, the picture of neatness and order, though the premises were surrounded by ducks, fowls, pigs, turkeys, four caged parroquets, a tame magpie, a pet cat, and an infant cockatoo. Mr. Clark was at Kangaroo Island.

We scrambled down to the rocky beach to examine the remains of the only whale of the season, a humpback, which had yielded five tuns of oil. It measured 40 feet or a little more in length, as we made it out. It no doubt forms a rich treat to the birds of the district, but was of an odour to prevent much dwelling on the subject; it will be a long time yet, however, before the carcass will be fairly stripped. We looked at the oil-boiling coppers and apparatus, and threading a maze of empty tuns visited a boat-shed where were three new handsome strong boats, built by Mr. Clark; the largest, a six-oared boat, valued at £25. We were so fully in view of Kangaroo Island, and could so plainly see the vegetation there, as to make it appear singularly near, as it sometimes does. The distance is 12 miles from the fishery, and the passage is made in a few hours. Mrs. Clark said, that her husband and herself could manage the boat without assistance on these occasions, Mrs. Clark, as she technically phrased it, hauling the sheet.

The whaling season here had been unproductive, as we before affirmed, owing chiefly, Mrs. Clark said, to the men employed not being 'up to their work', but it is also said that the failure was more attributable to a spirituous influence. Mrs. Clark had attempted a little garden north of the house, a little above it, which she said her husband laughed at, but we told her that it might prove no joke. She was ambitious of growing melons, which were thriving, and coveted cucumbers, but had no seed. Water was scarce and distant, and all about certainly looked very thirsty, attributable of course in part to the season; but in no case can the situation be called a pleasant one, except for the objects of whaling and sea air. We returned at dusk, when the evening had become pleasant, and the magpie was warbling, the bronze pigeon cooing, and the woods growing sombre, as we came again among the hills. We have since learnt that this fishery has been sold by Mr. Barnett to Messrs. Boord, Johnson, and Bennett.

December 6th. — We have just returned from a visit to 'Second Valley,' after experiencing the friendly hospitality of Mr. Randall and his lady. We reached the house by a three-mile walk, tracking the gullies and the creek along the valley and the hillfoot, being thus able to keep the low ground for the whole distance, and were particularly well disposed, at the conclusion of our walk, for an excellent early dinner at a country hour, with every English elegance and comfort, rendering it impossible to consider our treatment in any way approximating to 'bush fare.'

Mr. Randall then accompanied us over the farm and along the hills, which skirt and overlook the beach and the gulf. The beach is very varied, in the inlet between each little headland alternately sandy or rocky. This spot was named from its being the second valley, or landing place, of the brig *Rapid* in the earliest days of the colony. The home farm is leasehold under the South Australian Company, but Mr. Randall is also the freeholder of much land adjoining. This place, formerly the property of Messrs. Jones, has been frightfully neglected, and the attempts at any system of cultivation quite unsuccessful. Mr. Randall, viewing the task before him with the eye of an English farmer, with means to carry out his views, is fast reclaiming the property from its recent melancholy condition. About 15 acres of wheat, a crop for hay, and about 12 or 13 acres of potatoes, are all thriving according to the season, and show the spirit of his improvements.

The house is small, but convenient, and very comfortably furnished, but the outbuildings, are very scattered. A flower-garden has been made in front of the house, but it is not at present sufficiently defended from the ravages of the pigs to warrant success. Mr. Randall intends to build a new house on a site near his kitchen-garden, which is favourably placed, and in which fruit-trees and culinary vegetables are thriving. The Cape gooseberry (*physalis edulis*) was growing very freely and fruiting. A valuable spring waters this garden. Mr. Randall has 130 or 140 pigs; he is a large sheepfarmer, grazier, and dairyman. His cheese — which we partook of — is rich and good, and fetches a first-rate price in the market.

The hills near Second Valley, which terminate the coast, about a mile to the north-west of the house, afford extensive sea-views, and from the valley behind peeps of the sea are obtained between every eminence in the line over the gulf, and to a high point of sight, and form a pleasing variety. The hot winds are here tempered to a considerable degree by sweeping along the gulf; and although the day on which we visited it was, we think, the hottest of the season, it was proportionably cool, but the sultry feeling portended a storm. At a little harbour close by, Mr. Randall ships his wool, deep water enabling the craft coming there to put in close to the shore. There is rather a steep and unmanageable declivity to the beach, frightful enough, we thought, and so unprotected, as to threaten inevitable overturn to any dray hardy enough to attempt the pass. This, however, has not happened, and so exhibited our ignorance of the mysteries of hair-breadth bullock-driving. Bathing is easy and comfortable, and its advantages ready here. The sands are a good walk for Mr. Randall's two fine children; the younger, the boy, born in the colony, is a favourable specimen of its climate, and a noble little fellow.

Close under one of the hills is a mine said to contain manganese. Mr. Randall thinks there is no doubt that it will produce plumbago. This will render it valuable, as it may be easily worked. We returned to tea and walked back through the gullies to our friend's house after dusk. Mr. Randall had fired a tea-tree swamp of

some extent, with a view to clear it and plant potatoes. The column of smoke which we discovered at about a-mile's distance from the farm gave great anxiety to the friend who accompanied us, one of Mr. Randall's near neighbours, who was painfully alive to the dreaded effects of any accidental fire to the crops and herbage. The drifting ashes, however, of light fern, of which the form remained when calcined enabled us to feel easy as to the nature of the fire before we approached much nearer. This matter which gave us some opportunity of remark about sudden fires at this combustible season, was very uncomfortably brought again to our notice on the following morning, when, immediately after breakfast, the opposite 'bald hill' was seen in flames, rapidly descending towards our locality. It was said to be accidental; how occasioned, however, no one knows. It has spread greatly, and is spreading while we write; leaving blackness and desolation behind it, and filling the valleys and hill-sides with a dense smoke, while all hands here are mustered and in action to burn away all connection with any more important parts of the cultivated ground – a job of constant watchfulness and alert locomotion, and which probably may continue requisite for many hours.

December 8th. - A fine steady rain, partially in the night and continued during this day from 10 o'clock a.m., has extinguished the fires so much dreaded. Mr. Burrows and Mr. Randall had begun to reap; the former also had embarked a part of 75 bales of wool in the cutter just arrived at Rapid Bay. To this the rain will of course be unfavourable, but will be of almost incredible benefit to the potatoes, particularly the late-sown crops. We shall take advantage of the wet weather, and return by a different road from that we came into the hill districts of Yankalilla, and thence through the Valley of the Inman to Encounter Bay.

We have now visited the settled districts of the colony in a line of road ending at the extreme *South* of the mainland. The journey has been made under some disadvantages. The roads which we have traversed, after quitting Willunga, are adapted to horsemen and bullock-drays. To a traveller on horseback almost all roads are practicable and comparatively easy; while for bullock-drays, the local knowledge of the drivers may make a bad road good by the deviations they can adopt, and the power they can bring to bear upon obstacles of any kind. Those who travel in lighter vehicles must be good pedestrians, and have a facility in jumping in and out of their carriage when and where occasion may require in these southern districts to ascend and descend hills, and ford or traverse creeks at very frequent intervals in the mountain gorges. It is worthy of remark that wherever a fallen tree blocks the road, a new way is made, and no attempt set on foot to remove the obstacle, whatever circuit its remaining may occasion; and this has occurred sometimes at distances of a few hundred yards. For the encouragement of future tourists, we may add that these hill and dale roads, like far-off dangers, are most to be dreaded when distant; for we do not remember one ('Stony Pinches' always excepted), that did not prove less hazardous and more easy than it appeared in anticipation. That we have had near chances of overturn (*vulgo* 'capsize') is not to be denied; but such chances were in spots, not where we had 'no business to be', but, judging from what is doing and intended to be done, our successors will shortly have 'no business to go'.

(*The South Australian Register* 25 April 1851 p. 4)

No. IX. – Valley of the Inman

Today we left Bullaparinga for Encounter Bay, and passing the junction of the road to Second Valley, with a good view of the sea beyond Mr. Randall's farm, we pursued for a few miles the way we came, then, leaving on the right, the road to Smith's station, we took a left-hand track leading to the Great and Little Gorges, through the former of which, after some friendly directions, and some consideration of its supposed facilities in preference to the Pinch Road, we resolved to pass to Yankalilla. We did not learn that any settlers had located in Waitpinga hundred, a Mr. Lush excepted.

The entrance to the Great Gorge is of rather an impressive character, but the eight stony creeks we had to pass before we could emerge from its recesses were much more impressive. It required all the skill and coachmanship of our driver to get the carriage safely through these gullies of rocks, and even some care in passing them on foot. We blocked our springs to prevent their action over the stones, but the blocks deserted us at the first burst over the boulders, and tossing the vehicle about like a shuttlecock, the passages fairly undid all our work. We, however, accomplished this matter of ricocheting over the eight nuisances, something in the fashion of schoolboys ducks and drakes; and felt rejoiced when we had done so, and were driving close, under the last and most lofty-looking precipice which crowns the exit from the valley. Of this road we must observe that it is not the usual one. It was taken by us to avoid the Stony Pinch. It since appears that a road round this 'bugbear' to travellers has been found by the bullock drivers, much easier of passage, but the proprietors of the drays were, as yet ignorant of it.

Looking back at the scenery, it really appeared of a very grand nature, and, with the subordinate hills diverging on each side of the pass, formed a Brockedon-like subject for a picture. One of the hills on the right, as viewed immediately after passing the gorge, presented the almost perfect shape of a pyramid. We now entered upon a level tract of sand scrub, interspersed with 'Bay of Biscay land,' and crossed the River

Bungilla into the flat of the same name, bounded by the little stream near the farm of Mr. Barrett. Mr. Norman, the dentist, we were informed, is the owner of seven or eight sections here, two of which he underlets to Mr. Barrett, who has cultivated a portion of them. Barrett is another instance of the prosperity of the labouring classes in this colony, having risen from the condition of a farm servant to be himself a farmer of some mark. Mr. Norman, as we understand, was about to lay out a township on his property, and, in anticipation of its success, was building a blacksmith's shop and a public-house, of stone.

We next passed in Bungilla Flat, in succession, the properties of Mr. Septimane Herbert, Mr. Worthington, and Mr. Kemmis, all on the rise of the range on the left; the residences of the two former up on considerable eminences, quite overlooking the valley, and, apparently, rather difficult of access by any very good road, but as we observed a dray in motion on the platform of land near Mr. Worthington's dwelling, we conclude that the road must be better than we conjectured. Mr. Herbert's wheat harvest, as well as that of Mr. Kemmis, had begun. The latter was erecting, a substantial stone house on his estate: it was as yet unfinished and in part unroofed, but appeared to be well built. A hill near this place is known as 'Kemmis's Hill.' We came out at last into Cockatoo Flat, another part of which we had before traversed on our road from Yankalilla southwards, and ascending the bald hills just as the sun was declining, we once more experienced the kind hospitalities of Mrs. Wilkinson and Mrs. Schuyler, the gentlemen of both families being absent. Mr. Dennis's crop of wheat mentioned before was now nearly ripe, and looked beautiful, as did Mr. Richards's; the neighbouring crops, later sown, consequently not ready in proportion, but to them the rain had apparently done good. The situation of a few of these farms is disadvantageous from the occasional want of water, which the present season especially has proved to be a matter of vital importance. The feed, here too is in some parts very scanty.

Next morning, after a very substantial breakfast, eaten like Dalgetty's meals, with a view of an uncertain future supply for some hours, we finally, as we presume on this journey, descended the Yankalilla hills, and passing the house of Mr. Pritchard, below them we entered the 'Valley of the Inman.' About four miles on our road, and up a branch of this valley, on the left, are the property and farm of Mr. Boucher James, who, with his lady, as we understood were absent. This gentleman has a good stone residence of four rooms, with barn and out-offices, and a good garden of a promising description. Mr. James is the owner of a considerable number of sections, and has some good crops of wheat and potatoes; he is also a large sheepfarmer, and occupies the whole of his valley as a run beyond his enclosures.

We passed, from this spot many fenced sections with herds of fine cattle grazing, and the dwelling of Mr. Lush, a sheepfarmer, some of whose flock we saw, of Mr. Robertson, and of Mr. Pollard, formerly of the police, now farming his own land; he is the owner of one section and the renter of another. All these lands are well fenced, and form a continued line of enclosures on the north side of the road, including the section of Mr. Clisby, which appeared to have only a bush fence, but had good looking crops of potatoes to a considerable extent, terminating the several sections with the property lately purchased by our present Governor of Mr. Giles Strangways and Mr. Ambrose Taylor. This property, we were told, is available to feed dairy cattle to some extent, but is hardly adapted for the generality of farming purposes in its present undrained condition, as almost the entire estate shown to us as the purchase in question appeared to be swampy, and in many seasons liable to inundation. We have heard that it is intended by His Excellency to establish German settlement upon them, under the superintendance or management of Dr. Schomberg.

About four miles on this side of Encounter Bay the road again passes along a flat, and skirts the well-fenced land of (we believe) Mr. Richard Lindsay. Some of it appeared in cultivation with wheat and barley. Mr. Lindsay owns a great number of sections here, and one in the valley of Encounter Bay, where there has been some talk of a township. On the road we were, now travelling near Mr. Lindsay's, we crossed a creek, over a bridge in a most scandalous state of dangerous dilapidation, demanding speedy and efficacious attention from those who use it, unless they are contented to lame their horses and break the springs of their vehicles whenever they cross it, instead of passing quietly over. We were now at the foot of the range which overlooks Encounter Bay, and at the junction of four diverging roads upwards. On enquiry at a farm on the right (Mr. Barrett's, late Dr. Wark's as we afterwards learnt, and where a beautiful wheatcrop was being reaped) for the right way, we were told that either road led indifferently to the Bay.

We, therefore, took the broadest and plainest track, and an indifferent one it proved to us, when, on descending the very steep hill, we found it blocked out by a fence, it being somebody's private and particular estate. We retraced our steps to the top of the hill, where, making a pause for want of breath, we stood some time to admire the bold, animating, and splendid prospect before us. The bay, or rather bays, for it forms two, were spread out shining like (a very, old simile) molten silver. Rosetta Head, with its towering bluff, formed the boundary of the semicircle to the right, and Freeman's Nob the visible boundary to the left, though it is really terminated at a very long distance by Cape Jaffa. The rocky little islands, 'Granite' and 'Wright's,' near the shore, and Pullen's Island at a greater distance between them, stood prominently up, their rugged and

uneven surfaces catching the lights and shadows, while the waves, roused by a brisk breeze then blowing, drove the waters of the open ocean in towering sheets of crested foam over the stony barriers high into the air.

We thought we had never seen so charming and so cheerful a South Australian coast scene. On the shore, just discernible to the left, were the four buildings of the Police-station; on the right, near Rosetta Head, the dozen buildings of the whale fishery. We descended the same hill by another road again to be blocked by another part of the same fence across it, where at, growing wrathful and fidgety, superadded to divers cravings of the stomach alarmingly strong, we traversed a few paces along the brow, then drove the vehicle right down the woody and stumpy declivity, road or no road, canted out our driving box, and canted it in again; then running a sort of 'travelling muck' down the remainder of the distance, we alighted safely on our feet — horse, vehicle, and man— near a straight road, bounded by a large wheat field, in which half-a-dozen black natives were reaping, and, heedless of their calls, yells, and screeches for our names, made our way along level roads, at sundry right angles and various bevil, to Simmons's Fountain Inn, near the bay shore. (*The South Australian Register* 16 April 1851 p. 3)

ABORIGINES

From No. XIV. — Currency Creek to Adelaide

The aborigines we have met with on this branch of our excursion were parties of four different tribes — the Adelaide, the Encounter Bay, the Murray, and the Currency Creek. The last are said to be a finer race than the others; the few we saw, however, did not seem to us remarkable. All were apparently good humoured, cheerful, and perfectly harmless; but all were invariably and anxiously curious to know who we were, where we came from, and where we were going to, and appeared to have the same characteristic indolent recklessness of manner. Many, we are sorry to add, of every tribe, have the reputation of decreasing honesty — if the accounts of their thieving propensities were not exaggerated, which, in one instance, we are inclined to think they were.

Both sexes are hired as reapers, as we have before noticed, and the women have learnt to be useful as laundresses, which we have experienced on our way; but they cannot be reckoned upon for two consecutive days, if their black partners make a sudden requisition of their services. Their dialects differ greatly the particular words we endeavoured to ascertain being totally different for the same thing. At Encounter Bay the sun was called "thulderni" (so we understood it after numerous repetitions, unless our friend hoaxed us); at Currency Creek the sun is called "nange", a Mrs. Sunman in that neighbourhood being invariably called "Mrs. Nange" by the tribe there. The moon, at Encounter Bay, is "mukkerie", or a word so pronounced (it sounded too, very like 'mercury'). This we verified at an after period, by enquiry from others of the tribe in a different party, who pronounced it in manner identically similar.

Mr. Higgins, of the Bay, introduced us to a great surgeon of his tribe, who was then squatting in the courtyard of his house. This reverend practitioner, with an exceedingly long beard of a rather confused consistency, had been called in to Mr. Higgins by other 'blackfellows' on occasion of a fracture of the ribs he had received from an overturn. The black M.D. insisted upon sucking the wound and muttering some charm over it, in doing which he seemed highly gratified, and is persuaded that Mr. Higgins recovered by this treatment. We asked that gentleman what effect of any kind that operation had upon him, who replied, none perceptible.

The inland 'wurlies' generally resemble each other. Those at Encounter Bay have the advantage of seaweed and whales' bones in the building. At Encounter Bay we saw a most hideously obese specimen of the fair sex, resembling an unwieldy black Silenus, and not more clothed than that gentle heathen divinity. (*The South Australian Register* 9 May, 1851 p. 3)

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