

The Western Port Times

Grantville & Districts



Volume 3 Number 10

FREE

February 2021

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This magazine is a continuation of the original Western Port Times, which was published in Grantville from 1898 until 1908 by T. C. Monger, and from 1908 to August 1910 by Harold B. and J. A. Sullivan, at which date the premise is said to have been destroyed in a fire and everything lost. Publication never resumed.

At its peak, the paper was distributed from Flinders and Hastings on the Mornington Peninsula, to San Remo and Phillip Island, Inverloch and the Powlett region, through to Jumbunna and Loch, and as far north as Lang Lang.

This version of The Western Port Times is produced for the U3A Local History Group, based in Grantville.

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A Ramble Around Phillip Island

In December 1889 a small party of Melbournians travelled to Hastings then on to Phillip Island to explore this mysterious location. Part One covers Cowes, Churchill Island, San Remo and Cape Woolamai.

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GOLD ESCORTS DISCONTINUED.

FROM and after the 31st December instant, the Police Gold Escorts will be discontinued between Clunes, Creswick, and Smythesdale and Ballarat, and between Blackwood and Kyneton.

A Police Guard will be prepared to accompany persons conveying treasure on each of those lines on the first Wednesday in each month, if desired and requested three days previously.

FREDK. C. STANDISH,
Chief Commissioner of Police.

Police Department, Chief Commissioner's Office,
Melbourne, 24th December, 1866.

Announcement in the *Victorian Government Gazette No.147*, 24 December 1866

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The Bass Valley U3A Local History Group is looking for photos and information on places of significance to our local history.

If you have anything you would like to share with us, we have the facilities to scan or photograph your items so they do not have to leave your possession.

Links to other historical groups

- Bass Valley Historical Society: <https://bassvalleyhistoricalsociety.com.au>
- Friends of Churchill Island Society: <https://focis.org.au/about-churchill-island/>
- Grantville History: grantvillehistory.com.au
- Hastings–Western Port Historical Society: <https://www.hwphs.org.au/>
- Inverloch Historical Society: cv.vic.gov.au/organisations/inverloch-historical-society/ Also: <http://inverlochhistory.com/>
- Koo-Wee-Rup Swamp Historical Society: kooweerupswamphistory.blogspot.com.au/
- Korumburra & District Historical Society: Janet Wilson 5657 2267 or PO Bo 293, Korumburra 3950
- Lang Lang & District Historical Society: langlang.net/historical.html
- Leongatha and District Historical society: leongathahistory.org.au
- Phillip Island & District Historical Society: <http://pidhs.org.au/>
- Phillip Island Nature Parks, Churchill Island Heritage Farm Collection <https://victoriancollections.net.au/organisations/churchill-island-heritage-farm#collection-records>
- South Eastern Historical Association: seha.org.au
- Western Port Historical Society Inc.: hwphs.org.au/
- Wonthaggi Historical Society: wonthaggihistoricalsociety.org.au/



From the *Argus*, Wednesday 12 April 1922, Page 9

A Neglected Road

To The Editor Of The *Argus*.

Sir,—I beg to direct attention to the bad state of the Country Roads Board road between Lang Lang and Grantville. Unless steps are promptly taken to complete what was begun two years ago, I do not think cars will have a chance of getting through once the rains set in. Opposite Pearson's a hill that never presented any difficulties was graded, cut down 3ft. or 4ft. into soft clay. Last year some sand was put on, making it softer than ever. After rain on Wednesday it took me all I knew to get through on first gear. Then the formation through the Frenchman's calls for early attention. There is no pitch on the formation to shed the water, and there are plenty of holes from last winter to retain the water and make the road a bog.—Yours, &c., Motorist.

East Malvern. April 11.

From the *Great Southern Advocate*, Thursday 26 April 1894

Jess vs. Jumbunna

A trotting match will take place on the Bass to Grantville Road on Saturday next, between Mr Lang's Jess and Mr. Finlay's Jumbunna, the distance being two miles. As both horses are well known as being up to the mark a great deal of interest is being taken in the event. A racing track is also being prepared at Grantville, which promises to once more attain the reputation of being a prosperous township.

From *Sportsman*, 8 May 1894, page 5: Inches and Yards.

A trotting match took place recently at Grantville between W. Finlay's black horse Jumbunna and W. Lang's chestnut mare Jess. The distance, 2 miles, was from Queensferry-road to Grantville. Jumbunna carried the most money, and beat the mare easily. The time taken was 6min. 48sec.

Royal Mail Hotel, Archie's Creek

A. J. GROMBIE, Proprietor.

DESIRES to notify the Public of the surrounding district that there is FIRST-CLASS ACCOMMODATION AND MEALS at the above Hotel

Only Best Brands of Wines and Spirits.

SALE DAY — NOW THIRD WEDNESDAY IN THE MONTH.

Good Free Stabling and Excellent Grass Paddocks.

— TERMS MODERATE. —

From the *Powlett Express*, 12 April 1918

From the *Age*, Saturday 5 April 1924, page 22

Bad Coastal Road

To The Editor Of The *Age*.

Sir,—Allow me to bring under the notice of Cranbourne shire council the urgency of doing something to that portion of the road known as Pearson's Cutting, the Frenchman's, and portions of the Gurdies before the winter sets in. That part along Pearson's flat has been very badly constructed, and badly wants gravelling on the formation. The better portions of the main coast Westernport-road, between the Frenchman's and the Bass cemetery, are the old bullock tracks, with the exception of two pieces of metalling at Grantville, one portion of a mile at the sand hill, and the other portion of half a mile through the town of Grantville. The Country Roads Board would be well advised to utilise the material which lays right alongside the road. There is unlimited quantities of the finest ironstone gravel. The road, if constructed, with this material, would make motoring a pleasure, and would greatly benefit the tourist and seaside resorts around the eastern portion of Westernport Bay, also the rugged ocean coast line from San Remo to Lakes Entrance. Apart from the road-users side of the question, this road would be the direct military road to protect vulnerable portions of our southern coastline, also the unprotected entrances to Westernport Bay. It is a matter that concerns both the Commonwealth and State, and is a road that should be classed national—Yours, &c.,

W. B. Lang.

Grantville. 2nd April.

Athletic & Debating Club

From the *South Bourke and Mornington Journal*, Wednesday 25 July 1900, page 2: Poowong.

The Grantville Mechanics' Institute held a fairly good audience on Tuesday night, when the first meeting of the Athletic and Debating Club was held. Mr W. B. Lang, the President, occupied the chair, and after a few preliminaries, called upon Dr. Healy, who delivered a very interesting lecture entitled, "The anatomy of the human frame." The audience was appreciative and listened intently, and at the conclusion, Dr Healy was accorded a hearty vote of thanks. Songs, &c., followed, interspersed with a little boxing and a very pleasant evening was spent.

**For Chronic Chest Complaints, Woods
Great Peppermint Cure. 1s. 6d.**

The Young Folk (at Corinella)

Some letters to the *Weekly Times* from the under 14s in 1935.

From the *Weekly Times*, Saturday 27 July 1935, page 30:
Mail Bag Gleanings

A Young Rabbit Trapper

There are quite a number of animals in our district of Corinella. The one I am most interested in is the rabbit, as I set traps for them. My two brothers and myself made 7/ from the sale of 50 skins. Dad skins them for us. There are only a few hares here. We often see a koala bear up in a tree. We often hear them fighting and then one of them crying. There are ant eaters and a few dear out in the heath country. In our timber, there are bandicoots and wallabies.—Alfred Argent (Corinella)

From the *Weekly Times*, Saturday 27 July 1935, page 30:
Letter From Readers

Koalas At Corinella

Dear Charles Barrett.—I am writing to tell you about Corinella and its surrounding districts. It is situated north-east of Westernport Bay. It is a small place, but is very nice. On the point you can see slight depressions where the guns were placed more than 100 years ago. French and Phillip Islands are near us. On French Island there is a penal settlement. Many different kinds of fish are caught here. We grow a lot of chicory in this district too. We have not very many different kinds of animals about here. The main ones are koala bears, foxes, rabbits and wallabies. The birds are starlings, parrots, jackasses, magpies and swallows. Wild flowers, however, are plentiful. There are jonquils, orchids, heath, buttercups and many others. In summer we go swimming and have quite a lot of fun.—Stanley Albion (Corinella, Westernport).

ANSWER.—I agree with you that Corinella is very nice, Stanley. I suppose many readers have never seen a koala or a field of chicory in flower.

From the *Weekly Times*, Saturday 10 August 1935, page 39:
My Letter

Naughty Boy

There are rosellas, blue-wrens, sparrows and butcher-birds near our house. The blue-wrens play underneath the trees and among the lucerne trees. The thrush near our house says, "Naughty boy, naughty boy." I am 7 years old today.—Murray Argent (Corinella).

From the *Weekly Times*, Saturday 31 August 1935, page 30:
Letters From Our Readers

Historic Victorian Settlement

Corinella is a very interesting place; situated 70 miles from Melbourne. It is one of the oldest settlements in Victoria. The first record of settlement was in 1826. At the first settlement, near Ferguson's Creek 50 houses were erected. When the settlement was abandoned, because of a scarcity of water and unsuitable land, the houses were dismantled and the live stock removed. This happened in 1828. My father now owns the property where the first saw-pits were dug. Owing to high tides and rough weather the gun emplacements at Settlement Point are gradually wearing away. Several aboriginal stone tomahawks have been found here. After the settlement Corinella was used as a cattle station; but I don't know the exact date.

Bird life is fairly numerous. Some of the birds are kookaburras, miners [*sic*], parrots, starlings, thrushes, larks, gulls, ducks and black swans. I hear the kookaburras laughing about sunrise every morning. The native animals here are koalas, wallabies, possums and kangaroos. The koalas feed on gum leaves. There are a store, a post office, a hall and a school here; also two tennis courts.—Valda Palmer (Corinella, Vic.).

From the *Weekly Times*, Saturday 14 December 1935, page 32:
Letters

Bird Day At Corinella

Another letter from Corinella. We celebrated Bird Day on October 31, and among the birds seen were hawks, curlews, magpies, summer-birds (Wood swallows), blue wrens, swifts, white-eyes, and many others. I listed 29 species. We went from the school to Gise Creek. We saw about half-a-dozen eels in the creek. There were many birds in the locality. There are 13 children going to Corinella school.—Walter Albon (Corinella, Vic).

His girl has asked him to join the club and learn tennis.

"I'm afraid I'll look a silly ass on the courts," he said, dubiously.

"You'll look no different there to anywhere else," said she.

Koo Wee Rup Sun and Lang Lang Guardian 19 Oct. 1933

From the *Herald*, Wednesday 1 February 1933, page 4

Native Bear In Court

Adventurous Trip From Phillip Island The Principal "Witness"

A soft little bundle of fur, which cried and spluttered when lifted out of a box, and then uncurled from the hollow of a policeman's hand and revealed itself as a baby Koala, was the principal "witness" in a case at the City Court today.

Since the baby teddy bear wandered away from its mother on Phillip Island yesterday morning, its life has been one long adventure, according to the story of its wanderings told by witnesses today. Here is a list of its movements:—

It was picked up on the roadway by a racing motor cyclist.

Was the centre of attraction at one of the Island boarding houses.

Saw the Victorian coastline road from Stony Point to Melbourne from the inside of a motor car.

Caused a furore at a city hotel.

Was "arrested" by the wireless patrol last night and solemnly locked up at the City watchhouse as "wandering native game."

Was again petted and pampered by the police and matron.

Entered the witness box in the hands of a policeman.

Sent Back Home

More is in store for it, for after it was put back into its box and contentedly commenced



The key witness in the case.

to munch gum leaves again. Plainclothes-Constable G. Figgins told the Court that it would be sent this afternoon to the Fisheries and Game Department. Tomorrow it will be back at the sanctuary on Phillip Island—perhaps telling the youth of the bear community there all about its trip.

The man who was the cause of the bear's adventure was Donald Edward Bain, 22, of Wilson Street, Newtown, Sydney, who went to Cowes to take part in the motor-cycle Tourist Trophy races held there on Australia Day.

He told Mr Bond, P.M., that he did not know that bears could not be taken from the sanctuary, and thought that the notices displayed on the Island referred only to the fact the native bears were protected from sportsmen.

He saw many bears in captivity at private houses there. He wished to take the bear back to Sydney and keep it as a pet.

Mr Bond: I cannot understand how you gathered that impression. The notices are set out all over the island stating that no person may have native game in his possession, under penalty of a fine of not more than £5. The whole island is a sanctuary.

Sergeant De la Rue: Bain came to court of his own volition today to clear the matter up. We could not have prevented him leaving for Sydney, and he certainly looked after the bear well.

Bain was discharged on putting £1 in the poor box.

From the *Powlett Express and Victorian State Coalfields Advertiser*, Friday 6 August 1915, page 3

Patriotic Inverloch

Amongst the first to arrange an entertainment in the cause of the Empire, Inverloch patriots have been consistently working for the splendid cause of King and country. The Patriotic Art Union will be drawn on August 18. A dance will also be held on that evening and music will be provided by Mr H. Evans, Wonthaggi's popular dance musician, Tickets 1s in the Art Union will admit to the dance. Cr A. McDonald, president of the Shire of Woorayl will preside, and a concert will be provided by pupils of the local State school. The sale of tickets will close on August 11 and intending patrons should get in early, and buy up for a good cause.

The Bass River

by Ernest McCaughan

From the *Argus*, Saturday 22 July 1922

Possibly the shallow entrance, tortuously threading its way for nearly two miles through the mud flats, proves the river's best safeguard against the excursionists who have invaded the more accessible parts of the great tidal bay. Near the river mouth float great flocks of black swans and smaller ones of teal. They are scarcely more disturbed to-day than when Bass, the naval surgeon with the unappeasable wanderlust, first ruffled these placid waters with the stem of his whaleboat nearly a century and a quarter ago.

The fact that Bass discovered the existence of a stream is a great testimony to his powers of observation, so well is the mouth concealed. But the medical course was ever a good training to develop discernment, even that provided by the crude schools of the 18th century, when the student was compelled to rely more on his own researches than he is today with the track blazed, and the way made clear by anatomical charts and text books innumerable.

For half a mile the river runs through mangroves, those dwarfed, misshapen trees of sombre hue that grow like something evil out of the oozy grey mud. The air is sultry, and there is lacking only a background of cocoa nut palms to transport ones thoughts to other rivers, rivers sweltering under the line, seen long ago but now, after the passage of years merely a memory.

Rounding a bend in the stream we are in deeper water, and on one side the mangroves and mud give place to banks of solid clay, topped by a deep dark soil. The sedimentary deposit of centuries, this soil is rich, and on it grow luxuriantly rye grass and native couch interspersed with rib grass and succulent white clover.

The galvanised roofs of two homesteads, one overshadowed by some pines, appear above the banks, and a few minutes later we tie up to a wharf. It is now seldom used, for the sawmill, established by Captain Henderson an enterprising master mariner, has ceased work for some years, the only evidence of its existence being some rusty machinery on the bank; and the goods for the district, formerly water bourne, are now mostly carried by the railway that runs to Wonthaggi.

There is a high rise and fall of tide, and the wharf being consequently built high above the bank, we scramble up the side to get from

this vantage ground a view of our surroundings. West over the water lies Phillip Island, with the little hamlet of Rhyll, by the magic of refraction magnified for the nonce into quite an important looking township.

Out past the furthest beacon that marks the entrance to the channel lie three oyster boats, becalmed, the light of the air not being sufficient to enable them to tow their dredges. North, past the low-lying Reef Island, looms the headland of Settlement Point, where a detachment of twenty men of the Buffs was stationed from 1827 to 1828. In my boyhood one could trace the old earthworks, with the embrasures for the guns, but all vestige of the troops sojourn has now vanished.

East for four or five miles extend the flats till they meet the low range of the Bass Hills. These flats settled only a week or two after Melbourne have long been cleared but knowing that they were once covered by dense tea-tree one cannot but marvel at the indomitable pluck and stolid Scotch singleness of purpose exhibited by the three Anderson brothers, the first settlers who, disregarding the clarion call to Ballarat and Bendigo in the fifties, hung to their holdings and transformed several square miles of scrub into some of the richest pasture in the State.

In the early days wheat was extensively grown here; and hard by, beside a tiny tributary, formerly stood a flourmill, said to have been the first erected in Victoria. However, despite the fact that good yields were obtained, according to local tradition as high as 50 bushels to the acre, the land is now almost exclusively used for grazing.

Despite the interest attached to the mouth, I think the upper reaches of the river are its greatest charm. Here the stream winds through green rapier like bushes, and big-framed solemn-eyed bullocks, roused by the rattle of the rowlocks as one pulled up stream, raise their heads from the lush grass to graze curiously at the unaccustomed intruder.

At intervals a thin fringe of tea-tree lines the bank, and under their shade we pass an angler patiently watching his float in expectation of hooking a mullet. While we are in sight he catches nothing, but his optimism seems justified by the numerous rings caused by the fish as they jump about in the mid-stream.

(continues on Page 7)

The Bass River (continued from Page 6)

Swallows skim the surface of the water, and occasionally a flock of cranes leisurely wing their way to the sea shore, while once a pair of kingfishers, with their brilliant blue plumage, dart across our course in pursuit of some elusive insect.

Though beautiful by day, it is perhaps at sunset that the river is at its best, when the dipping sun, flooding the western sky with gorgeous orange, transforms the discoloured water into a ribbon of gold, its brilliancy accentuated by the banks silhouetted in inky blackness on either hand.

“And after that the dark!”

Then as we head down the stream the necessity for exertion minimised by the swiftly ebbing tide, there is leisure for reflection, and one is lost in wonderment of what lure the city can possess to induce the majority of our population to leave such scenes as these in order to spend their lives in towns, oftentimes to vapour and fume in some squalid suburb, their horizon a range of walls or buildings that even the sun, alchemist though he be, cannot transmute from a monotone of bricks and mortar.

And Now A Word From Our (retro) Sponsor...

Attention all shoppers from Koo Wee Rup to Bass and from Bayles to Corinella!

Tired of the long, weary trip to Melbourne to shop; nothing attracts you at Wonthaggi or Cranbourne; Leongatha too far away; Cowes too much of a tourist trap? Well then, genial Jim Fisher has an offer for you! Why not try a hidden shopping Mecca, one full of bargains and delights yet to be discovered. Come to Warragul – yes, Warragul – for all your shopping needs. If you need it, you'll find it at Warragul. A bus leaves daily. For more details, see below or phone Jim on 116.

We thank Jim Fisher for (retro) sponsoring this edition of *The Western Port Times*.

Warragul Shoppers' Trip

LEAVES LANG LANG EVERY THURSDAY AT 10 a.m.

Bus leaves Lang Lang Post-office via Soldiers road, Caldermeade lane, Yannathan Store, Yannathan Butter Factory P.O., Heath Hill School, thence by Westernport road to Drouin and Main Highway to Warragul.

Connects with train from Melbourne at Lang Lang arriving at 9.54 a.m. Bus leaves Warragul on return journey at 2.45 p.m. via same route. Passengers from Kooweerup travel on down train, reaching Lang Lang at 9.54 a.m., and return by Bus to Kooweerup, reaching there at 4.50 p.m.

All enquiries from—

JIM FISHER

LANG LANG. Phone 116.

From the *Koo Wee Rup Sun*, 7 July 1951.

From the *Great Southern Advocate*, Friday 16 January 1891

Untrucking Stock at Nyora

(Re-paragraphed for the sake of clarity.)

The following letter has been addressed to the editor of the *Argus*:—Sir, In the interest of our constituents and the public generally, we beg leave to draw the attention of the responsible persons to the following facts respecting the management or rather mismanagement of things on our new railway here:—

Since the line has been opened at Loch-Nyora, people have taken advantage of the convenience (or what, they expected would be the convenience) of this mode of transit, of stock from Newmarket, or a distance, as the case might be, to Nyora, but, as we have termed it, this expected convenience proved instead a perfect source of distress and humbug, inasmuch as cattle trucks and sheep trucks, goods and the rest of it are hustled together on a side track and left for consignees to shunt about as best they can, which necessitates no small amount of time and labor, and then jump his stock out on to the passenger platform, which, in case of sheep, is attended with a good deal of damage in their getting their legs broken in their performance of jumping some 5 feet from the top story of a sheep truck on to the platform, and this simply for the want of what should have been attended to as soon as the line was opened for traffic, viz., trucking yards; and not only are the facts we have just mentioned attributed to the wants referred to, but serious losses of sheep are being daily reported through there being no yards for confining the contents of each truck as it is unloaded. As it is, as soon as the doors are opened, the sheep escape and scatter in all directions and nine cases out of ten when they are mustered a large number are missing.

Only to-day a case occurred when 400 sheep consigned to Nyora were taken out of the trucks, and after mustering again 110 were found to be missing, and it is doubtful whether they will be got again. Now, sir, this is no simple matter, but one that calls for immediate attention on the part of the Railway Commissioners. They did not forget to erect tracking yards at Carrington, Caldermeade, and Monomeith stations, which being only one mile and a half apart, proves that they were not above pandering to influence, for why three trucking yards should be erected one mile and a half apart, is a mystery to most of us, especially on a new line.—Yours, &c.,

Geo. McCord and Co., Auctioneers.

Poowong, Dec. 23.

From the *South Bourke and Mornington Journal*, Wednesday 12 November 1879

Phillip Island And Woolamai Shire Council

Saturday, November 1st 1879

Present Solomon West (President), Councillors Duffus, Misson, Kidd, Norton, Turnbull, Delaney, Dickins, and Aldridge.

The minutes of previous meeting were confirmed, and correspondence read.

From Swords Bros., requesting a share of the Council's patronage in printing. It was moved by Councillor Dickins, seconded by Councillor Kidd, that a special meeting be called to rescind all former resolutions in connection with the Council's printing.—It was moved as an amendment by Councillor Norton, seconded by Councillor West, that no action be taken.—The motion was carried, and the amendment lost.

Mr. Harbison's request for a slaughtering license was granted.

From Edward Misson, stating that the nomination papers for the Corinella election of August 14 1879 had been accidentally torn up and burnt.

From J. Turner and sons, as agents for Mr Inglis, stating that they had been informed that Mr Inglis' fence was on the correct line of road at Griffiths' Point.—Moved by Councillor Kidd, seconded by Councillor Dickins, that Secretary employ Mr. Burbank to define the two boundary lines of the block.—Carried.

From J. E. McCarthy, asking the Council to grub and remove a tree and stumps near his house.—On motion of Councillor Aldridge, seconded by Councillor Kidd, permission to be given to Mr. McCarthy to remove the tree and use the timber therefrom.

A petition from numerous ratepayers and residents of the Shire praying that the Council would take steps to get the restrictions removed from the taking of mutton birds and oil from Cape Woolamai was read.—Moved by Councillor West, seconded by Councillor Kidd, that the Council approve of the petition, and forward it to the Minister of Lands with a request that the prayer of the petition be granted.

The postponed petitions from ratepayers of Woolamai, asking for road to racecourse to be cleared and drained as read.—Moved by Councillor Dickins, seconded by Councillor Misson, that the road be cleared half a chain wide on upper side of road of all scrub and dead timber to Lee's corner.—An amendment by Councillor Kidd, seconded by Councillor Turnbull, that the road be cleared to Noone's corner from Bass bridge was lost, and the motion agreed to.

The adjourned petition from the ratepayers of Phillip Island, asking for all roads to the Back Beach from Greenlake to Newhaven to be opened, was read.—Moved by Councillor Dickins, seconded by Councillor Aldridge, that the petition be postponed till after the official report of the Commission on Closed Roads.—Moved as an amendment by Councillor West, seconded by Councillor Duffus, that the prayer of the petition be granted at once, and steps taken to have the roads opened at once.—The amendment was lost, and motion carried.

Clerk of Works reported small works necessary on Douglas' flat.—On motion of Councillors Misson and Dickins the works to be tendered for at next meeting; also repairs necessary to pipe culverts at the water reserve, Cowes, repairs to be done by day labour.

The tenders of H. Jenner, contract 181, for £7 7s. 6d., and J. Sykes, contract 182, for £29 13s., were accepted. On the motion of Councillor West, seconded by Councillor Misson, the tenders for 183 to be postponed for one month for report.

Mr. Crump was appointed valuer for the year 1879, no other application being sent in.

Payments to the amount of £85 3s. were passed.

On the motion of Councillors Kidd and Turnbull, tenders to be called for about 20 chains formation between the Government contract on Bass road and Stephenson's corner. The Clerk of Works was instructed to report on works necessary on Morrison's and on Furze's Hills; also, on road from Rhyll to Centre road, Cowes.

Notice Of Motion

By Councillor Duffus: That a double metal roller be purchased for the Phillip Island Riding.

By Councillor Turnbull: That 50 chains of clearing and grubbing be done on the Griffiths' Point road at the Big Hill.

By Councillor Aldridge: That about 13 chains formation, clearing, draining, and culverts be done at Anderson's stockyard, Griffiths' Point road.

By Councillor Kidd: That the approaches to the Bass bridge be fenced.

By Councillor Misson: That the road to Queensferry, from the Main Bass road, be drained and formed.

By Councillor Delaney: That about 100 chains of the road from the Bass bridge to Dowell's selection be drained and bridges erected.

The Council then adjourned.

From the *South Bourke and Mornington Journal*, Wednesday 3 December 1879

Phillip Island And Woolamai Shire Council

Saturday, November 29th 1879

Adjourned Annual Meeting

Present: Mr. S. West (president), Councillors Duffus, Misson, Norton, Turnbull, Aldridge, Delaney, and Dickens *[sic]*.

The accounts and balance sheet were submitted, also the auditors' report.

Councillor West moved, seconded by Councillor Turnbull, that the balance sheet be finally passed and certified to and the report of the auditors stating that the expenses of audit had been considerably curtailed owing to the correctness of the Secretary's books although the income of the Shire had considerably increased be adopted.—Agreed to.

Ordinary meeting

Present: The same Councillors.

Correspondence

From J. D. Nicholson requesting use of Shire Hall for divine service.—Granted.

From R. S. Peters asking for road to be made to his premises.—No action taken.

From Thos. Anderson asking for scrub clearing, &c., on road near his property.—Referred to Clerk of Works for report.

The Secretary handed in renewal premiums for *[unclear word]* policies for himself and the Treasurer.

The Clerk of Works reported on works necessary to Morrison's Hill, Eastern Passage road, and on the motion of Councillors West and Duffus, adopted, and tenders to be called for same; also on Furze's Hill; tenders to be called for the work; also on drain, Mr. Duffus'; day labor to be employed to repair damage; also on numerous works requisite on Rhyll road from Lambert's to Centre road.—Adopted, and tenders to be called for he *[sic]* work as *[sic]* also for a culvert on Cemetery road; also on the bad state of the Powlett bridge.—The Secretary was instructed to get a load of sawn planks and place close to the bridge for purpose of repairing.

The valuer presented the valuation with his report thereof, showing an increase of £1120 over last years' valuation.—Report adopted and the valuation postponed to next meeting.

The committee appointed to consider the desirability of obtaining the services of a photographer, to take views of different parts of the Shire for the Melbourne International Exhibition, reported that Mr. Patterson was the most reasonable of any who had offered,

and recommended that he be employed to take 12 views in the Shire. The action taken by the Committee was approved of.

The following tenders were accepted on motion of Councillors Dickins and Turnbull; M. Monk, cont. 151, £10; W. Hickey, cont. 185, £7.19s.; J. Uprichard, cont. 186, £6 9s. 6d.

Payments to the amount of £115 10s. 7d. were passed.

The Secretary was instructed to procure a double metal roller for the Phillip Island Riding at cost of £30, and also sell the old roller by tender; also to call for tenders for grubbing and clearing about 50 chains of the Griffiths' Point road, near the Big Hill; also for 15 chains formation with culverts and drains at Anderson's stockyard, Griffiths' Point road, for fencing the approaches to the Bass Bridge, and for forming, clearing, and draining the Main Bass road.

Councillor Delaney's motion for improving the road from new Bass bridge to Dowell's corner was postponed for one month for the report of the Councillors for the Riding.

It was decided that day laborer be employed in filling holes on Centre road, Phillip Island, and on the bank approach to the Nobbies.

Notices Of Motion

By Councillor Norton: That Clerk of Works inspect the rocks on the east and west side of Cowes jetty, and report on best method of providing temporary accommodation for bathers.

By Councillor West: That about 6 chains of formation be done on South Beach road, near Green Lake.

A special meeting was held. It was moved by Councillor Dickens *[sic]*, seconded by Councillor Misson, that the resolution giving the printing and advertising of the Shire to the *South Bourke and Mornington Journal* be rescinded. For the resolution 3, against it 6.—Motion accordingly lost.

The Council then adjourned.

HUNTERVILLE HOUSE

GRAHAM STREET, WONTHAGGI
(Under New Management)

Miss Davies

(Late of "Casa Despana," Melbourne).

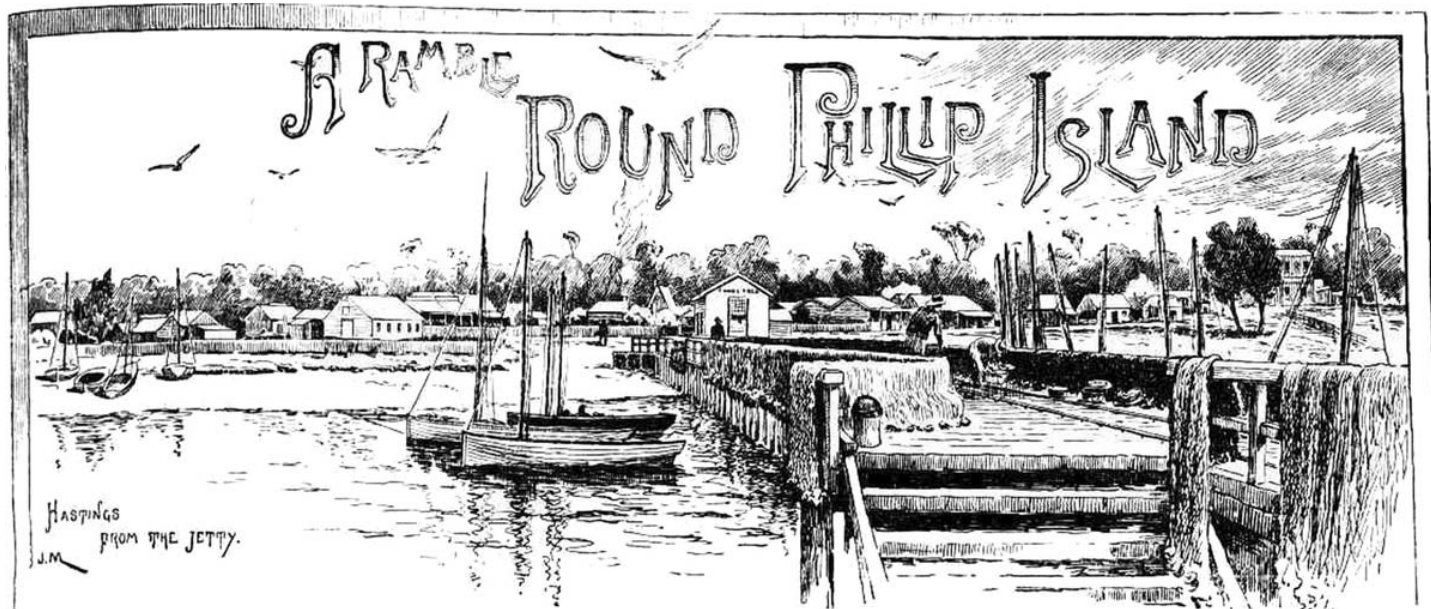
Superior Accommodation.

Moderate Tariff.

The arrangements throughout this establishment are up to the metropolitan standard.
Ample Accommodation. Well appointed Bedrooms. Excellent Cuisine.

Prompt attention to Enquiries.

From *Powlett Coal Field and Coal History of Victoria 1825-1910*, Rae Brothers, No date of publication given.



From the *Leader*, Saturday 21 December 1889, page 5

A Ramble Round Phillip Island Part One

by "The Vagabond"

Note: punctuation, and spelling of Cleeland, as per original. Re-paragraphed for the sake of clarity.

The Christmas holidaymaker bound for Phillip Island will take the train from Princes bridge station to Stony Point, the terminus, on the western shores of the harbour, named in 1798 by its discoverers, Bass and Flinders, Western Port, from its geographical relation to Sydney. Until the last three weeks the terminus has, however, been at Hastings. And Hastings is well worth a visit.

When, however, we alight from the train there close upon midnight, and the few station lights being put out find ourselves in utter darkness, with no sign of settlement or habitation, naught apparently but bush paddocks around us, we repent of our desire to pass a night and morning at Hastings before starting by the steamer to Phillip Island. But for the kindly offices of Guard Scanlon we should possibly have camped for the night in one of the railway carriages. But Scanlon, who runs the train on the branch line from Frankston, is, like all Victorian railway officials I have been brought in contact with, obliging and courteous.

"O'Reilly's is the only place you can get accommodation," says Scanlon. "It's late, but we'll knock him up. I'll carry one of your bags and show you the road."

Scanlon unfortunately for himself takes the smaller bag, which contains a liberal supply of revolver and gun cartridges and is heavy in proportion.

With this in one hand and his railway lamp in the other, he leads the way out of the

railway reserve and across a paddock, well timbered and with much undergrowth. The small moving circle of light from the lamp is our only warning against tree trunks or pit falls. The surrounding darkness is accentuated shadows by this dim ray which casts picturesque shadows on bushes, and gum trees, and stumps. But following Scanlon in single file it is often difficult to properly judge the distance from any obstacle which for a second only has been shown by the moving light before us.

"Mind that hole gentlemen," says our guide. And in another sense we do "mind" it.

"This is a nice *Malanga* you've brought me on," growls my companion.

We at last reach the fence on the other side of the paddock. It seems to me that we have been half an hour on the journey and stood a good chance of being bushed for the night, Scanlon making great detours in his track, losing his bearings, as it seems, when changing the heavy bag from hand to hand. Now we are in a dusty road, to reach which we have made a short cut. Soon we strike another road and ahead see a faint light, the beacon which, according to the Victorian laws, all publicans must hang out for weary and belated travellers.

"There's O'Reilly's," says Scanlon, resting for a minute, evidently as much rejoiced as we are.

"But where is Hastings?" I ask.

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A Ramble Around... (continued from Page 10)

"This is Hastings—all along here," and Scanlon waves his hand behind us whilst he raps at the door to arouse Host O'Reilly.

There is nothing but black night around. The low, one-storied building before us is in still darkness. The outlook is not promising, even if we get in, and O'Reilly does not seem in a hurry to rise, like his namesake.

At last there is a grumbling voice from a window, an argumentative conversation with Scanlon, a protest that there is no room, that Mrs. O'Reilly is away, that the speaker strongly objects to be called out of his bed at this hour of night, that if he does open the door we'll have to put up with what we can get, and then a foot is heard walking along the passage, and the door is opened by Host O'Reilly, a tall man, who at once strikes the stranger as the possessor of a fine grey beard and a magnificent brogue.

The flickering candle which lights up the bar parlor does not cast any picturesque shadows around. The faint odor of stale colonial beer from the bar is not enticing to the nostrils, the suggestion that we shall have to put up with "what we can get" in the way of accommodation is not promising, and Scanlon's remark, "If Mrs O'Reilly were here she'd make you comfortable," implies that we shall be made uncomfortable. Her husband laments his wife's absence, and we also greatly regret it. Very few women have ever been so missed by total strangers as the estimable lady who apparently rules the fortune of O'Reilly's hostelry.

The son of the house, aroused from his sleep to show us to "the cottage," does not sympathise with our late advent. He takes a candle and a smaller bag in his hand, at which Scanlon grins satirically. Good night! and good luck! to our guide, and we follow Larry O'Reilly down the road for 100 yards and into a garden and a four-roomed cottage containing half a dozen beds. We can take any of these we like, and we can have breakfast at any time we like. And so we are left in possession of the cottage.

But absent Mrs. Reilly has left evidence behind her in the cleanest of sheets and beds. We sleep as soundly in this cottage as we would in the best of Melbourne hotels. No milkman, no early pests in the shape of chattering Chinese hawkers disturb our morning's rest. We awake late, and standing on the verandah watching the waters of Western Port Bay and inhaling the pure air, agree

that if one has not the time to visit Phillip Island, a day's change from Melbourne to Hastings must do anyone much good.

Our breakfast at the hotel, served by the daughter of the house, is enlivened by Cellier's music played by a young lady from Fitzroy, and everything is so good that we almost dispute Host O'Reilly's deprecating apologies for the absence of his wife. No one could treat us better than this descendant of Irish kings. The sun and the morning air have changed every thing, and Hastings in our memory will remain as a charming commencement to our trip around Phillip Island.

Hastings is chiefly known as a fishing township, largely supplying the Melbourne market. Many of these fishermen are Italians, fine, industrious fellows, who have settled down and taken British wives and reared Australian families. But there is one fisher's wife whose light hair is an object of mystery to the British community. It would open a vein of argument if I explained to Host O'Reilly that there was once a settlement of Goths in the north of Italy whose descendants are blonde. Garibaldi, the man of bronze beard and blue eyes, was one of these. For O'Reilly is of course a good Catholic.

The church of that faith is built in his paddock. There is also a Church of England and a Wesleyan Church here. The souls of the inhabitants of Hastings are well looked after.

The healthy climate makes their bodies independent of doctors. I am told that a medical man once settled in Hastings, but was starved out. Some Mormons, however, have settled in the district and are it is said making converts.

There are a few stores and a State school, a bank opened on Friday, another hotel besides O'Reilly's, a coffee palace for cheap trippers and an efficient and smart trooper to look after strangers at Hastings. But it lacks a court house and there are no justices of the peace handy.

Larry O'Reilly drives me about Hastings in the morning before the arrival of the Melbourne train. The terminus is more than half a mile from the township, which is scattered along the beach. Everyone at Hastings appears to drive like Jehu, the son of Nimshi. There is one lady from the country who sends her pair of greys along at a pace which in Melbourne is only allowed to Vice-royalty.

But the township of Hastings cannot be

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A Ramble Around... (continued from Page 11)

said to present any attractions, except in its climate and the view over the bay from the beach and the pier. French Island lies directly opposite, the promontory known as Tortoise Head quaintly outlined. Tooradin which a rising young *litterateur* calls the "Sportsman's Paradise" is on the shores of the bay northwards. Beyond this is the great Koo-Wee-Rup swamp, and then the ranges stretching from Dandenong to Gippsland. Many a sail skims over the waters of the bay, the fishing boats here being trim and taut and managed by men who know their business.

The fishermen mend their nets on the pier, to which their boats are made fast. Italians with gold earrings, old grey bearded "shell-backs," young Australians of the *nil admirari*, care for nothing type, developed in country districts, are all respectful and courteous if not so full of "character" as the north country or south coast fishers of England. I have to acknowledge the invitation brought to me by the trooper to join a party of fishermen on a sail to Cape Woolamai to watch the yearly arrival of the mutton birds. But that other arrangements had been made for me in Phillip Island nothing would have given me greater pleasure than to be one in the *Malanga* of my fisher friends.

It is from the pier and from the Vixen's deck as we steam out to Cowes that one gets the best view of Hastings, the buildings nestled in the trees and surrounded with orchards, the fishing smacks at the pier scarcely moving on the gentle lap of the tide. A quiet, peaceful spot is Hastings, and it will be quieter and more peaceful this Christmas when the railway ends at Stony Point, at the pier of which we halt to leave some stores for the workmen. Here the line is close to the shore. The sail hence to Cowes is only of half an hour's duration. At Sandy Point we see the buildings of the old police depot established here years back to look after smugglers.

This voyage across the bay is very enjoyable; the Vixen is a good little boat, but at Christmas will be replaced by a larger boat, the Genista. Captain Clarke is a careful and courteous commander. He is quite a figure at the helm, with his long beard streaming in the wind. The mate in his knitted cap is also picturesque. I astonish the Welsh engineer, Edwards, by speaking to him in his native *Cymrag* and giving him late news of his birthplace in Merionethshire.

Captain Clarke has difficult navigation here

at times, as there are many shoals and strong currents in the bay. The wind blows freshly as we cross the passage which divides the mainland from Phillip Island. There is a suspicion of salt spray in the air, which kindles healthy action in our veins. But the ladies knit or read and the children amuse themselves on the Vixen without any fear of sea sickness. And our artist finds congenial subjects for his pencil.

Cowes appears to owe its existence to the fact that it lies in the centre of the island, and so the pier was erected there as being the most convenient place for traffic. But I am told that in rough weather it is the worst possible spot in the whole of Phillip Island, there being no shelter. At Christmas time, however, there is not likely to be any bad weather in Western Port Bay.

From the sea Cowes has a foreground of pier and sandy beach and chocolate colored volcanic rocks and gnarled mountain ti-trees old and venerable, and picturesque as English oaks. Beyond these gentle green slopes a cottage peeping through the trees, a red brick chicory kiln, and, half hidden by great Norfolk Island pines, the far famed Isle of Wight Hotel, belonging to the most celebrated chef in Victoria, Monsieur Bauer, a Parisian native, a true *cordons bleu*, or blue ribbon man, who first came to Australia as cook to Sir Henry Barkly.

"Cowes," said my junior counsel to me before leaving Melbourne, "is Bauer's Hotel." The gentleman learned in the law is right. Without this hostelry Cowes would have been little known and would be a very one horse place indeed. But the gentleman with the grey beard and the black velvet coat, who is waiting the arrival of our steamer, on the pier looks a great deal more like a count than a cook. I who have never hitherto been nearer to Phillip Island than Langwarrin camp am very much surprised to find that this is the celebrated chef.

"This is the best hotel I have been in in Australia," says the sportsman after he has been here three days, and my Scotch friend is hard to please.

Bauer's is a picturesque Swiss looking house, with its peaked gables and long galleries and verandahs. But in Switzerland you would not see such gardens as the one which the Scotch gardener tends with such loving care. Monsieur Bauer declares that he is the best working man he ever knew,

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A Ramble Around... (continued from Page 12)

and I believe it. Tree ferns and passion fruit, pines and salads, flowers and shrubs to look at, fruits and vegetables to eat, all receive the most careful attention. There are shady arbors and seats under the trees, and a sort of Rosamond's Bower or camp, where one can swing in hammocks hung from the trees and be cool in the hottest day in the year. There are many visitors who will not care to go outside the Domain of Monsieur Bauer.

The conveniences for flirtation are unequalled, the approaches to matrimony made easy here. Young people naturally pair off here, and pairing in a great majority of cases ends in mating. A sojourn in Cowes is sure to be fatal to any susceptible bachelor. Some years ago I had a friend who came back from Cowes to Melbourne to borrow my revolver with which to frighten a hated rival. But the hated rival would not agree and my friend still finds that life is a hollow thing through the heart blow he received at Bauer's.

To the dear little children who are paddling with bare feet on the beach Cowes will mean the sands and sand castles and sand dumplings. To others it will mean Woods's Hotel, also a good hostelry and well situated. To none will it mean business.

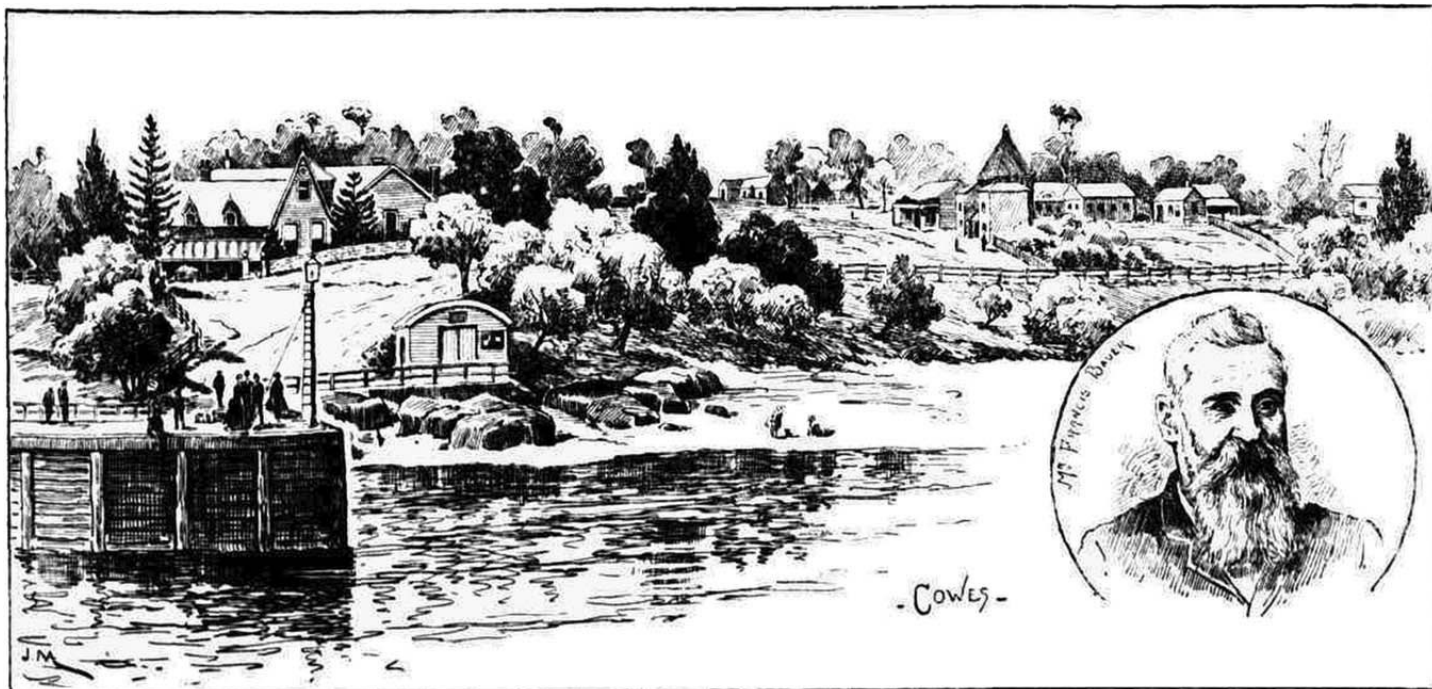
West's store supplies not only Cowes, but the entire island, with everything required by visitors and residents. Small steamers and sailing craft from Port Phillip bring hither articles consumed on the island, and take away wool and chicory and mustard, its only produce except cattle and horses. The post office, embowered in roses, is of course a necessity, but is little used except in the

holiday season. The red coated post boy gives a touch of color to the knot of boatmen loafing on the pier, but has not much work to do. The telegraph office is useful for errant husbands to send telegrams to anxious wives in Melbourne, but otherwise is superfluous. One police trooper represents the power of the law over the whole island. In breeches and boots he is a smart and pleasing figure to meet. But the Church is not represented on Phillip Island except by a building used occasionally for service when a stray parson or minister turns up here. There are a State school and mechanics' institute, however, at Cowes. At the former I see fine healthy children, but fail to find any mechanics on Phillip Island.

There are reminiscences of the Land boom here in bold advertisements of residential sites for sale, a paddock close to Cowes being on paper cut up into small allotments. But these are not yet sold, and I hope will not be. People having country residences on Phillip Island require ground on which to keep poultry and cows and make a garden, and not be cooped up in small spaces, as if in East Melbourne or Collingwood Flat. Before we leave here we shall see some of the most charming sites in the colony for country or seaside residences, but none of these should be less than an acre in extent. Mentone has pointed a moral in this respect. At present Dr. Wilson visits Cowes periodically but his services are not much required.

The pier at Cowes is a great promenade at night. To some it is the only promenade

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A Ramble Around... (continued from Page 13)

by day. Young ladies boast that they "have walked to the end of the pier" before breakfast. The daily arrival and departure of the steamers is an event which attracts visitors. But the ante-prandial walk is not always for the purposes of appetite. Angelina on the pier is an object which Edward cannot mistake. From "morn till afternoon, and afternoon till night" the pier is the meeting place of strangers, who soon become intimates.

It is astonishing how intimate people become at seaside resorts. At Cowes I put it down to the air and the cookery. The pier at night is a promenade on which everyone can meet in the full blaze of the glare of the visiting Mrs. Grundy. And there is always a Mrs. G. at Bauer's as at elsewhere. Sometimes she is young, sometimes she is old, sometimes she is married, sometimes she is single, sometimes she is good looking, sometimes she is ugly enough to know better. But Mrs. Grundy can say nothing against moonlight walks on the pier. One does not always want a glaring ballroom for "eyes to look love to eyes which speak again."

Young people can feel and understand a mutual attraction towards each other ending in affection and love without the looking into each other's eyes business. Many a heart has been jarred, many a match made on the pier at Cowes. There is a trolley [*sic*] here running on the rails from the warehouse to the pier head, on which Edward can give Angelina a ride, and show his manliness and muscle in pushing her and her companions to and fro amidst their laughing plaudits.

Monsieur Bauer proudly introduces favored visitors to his "workshop," the kitchen of the hotel. Ladies should see this and obtain hints for their own establishments. This blue ribbon man has magnified his art. When he takes off the velvet coat of the count and assumes the white apron of the cook he is truly in his real element. To a Frenchman cookery is a sacred thing. The Maison Legal is educating Australians in this respect. We have a soup and a salad at Monsieur Bauer's which will remain in our memory for ever. To quote Byron it may be said that the former was—

A most superior mess of broth,
A thing which poesy but seldom mentions;
But the best dish that e'er was cooked since Homer's
Achilles ordered dinner for new comers.

"Very weak lines indeed," said the poet of the party. "Tom Hood's rhyme was better in which he said that man was 'rational' because he

was a 'cooking animal.'"

At Bauer's Hotel I only meet one old acquaintance, good Mr. Johnson, who 13 years ago I stuck up in the bank at Heidelberg, and afterward knew as manager at Nathalia. As we are only a day at Cowes I make no fresh friends, but have to say good-bye to the host and his kind partner to visit the other parts of the island.

One can drive to Cape Woolamai, on the east, but I recommend everyone to take the steamer or sailing boat to San Remo, the new name given to Griffiths Point. The voyage along the coast is much more interesting than a drive on dusty roads. The Vixen steams due east for a distance till we round a long sandy spit, covered with pelicans and curlew. Southwards of this is Fisherman's Point, now known as Rhyll, a Government township.

Hastings, Cowes, Rhyll and San Remo are far enough apart in the old world, but in our county of Mornington are within a short sail of each other, owing to the nomenclature of those not possessed with a spirit of the fitness of things. This Rhyll is very unlike the watering place on the north coast of Wales. At the same time it is a very charming embryo township, which possesses a pier built by a paternal government, a few cottages and the residence and flagstaff of Captain Lock, the oldest trader along the coast and in Western Port Bay.

Long Point is the next prominent landmark. Covered with sheoaks and honey suckle trees, and with sloping grassy banks, this in time may be a waterside township superior to Cowes. Churchill Island now looms up before us. This is the property of Mr. Amess, formerly Mayor of Melbourne. Its 140 acres rise from the waterline to the crown of the hill, on which the residence is built. At low tide it might sometimes be possible to walk across to the mainland of Phillip Island. A most desirable property this, and it is also surrounded with historical interest.

For here on Churchill Island was formed the first plantation in Victoria, the first wheat and corn having been sown here ten months before H.M.S. Nelson sailed through the Heads, and Port Phillip was discovered by Lieutenant John Murray. Bass and Flinders had discovered and named Western Port and Phillip Island in 1798. Lieutenant Commander James Grant, of the Lady Nelson, of only 60 tons burden, sailing from England in 1800, was

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A Ramble Around... (continued from Page 14)

the first known white man who sighted the south-western coast of Victoria. He was the first European after Bass to sail through the straits to Sydney. He named all the headlands on our shores from Cape Northumberland to Cape Schanck, but passed Port Phillip Heads in the night.

In March, 1801 he was commissioned by the Governor of New South Wales to survey Western Port, and sailed from Sydney in the *Lady Nelson* with an ensign and four privates of the New South Wales corps and a few convicts as crew. Entering this bay, Lieutenant Grant landed on this little island we are passing, which he named "after John Churchill, of Dawlish, in the county of Devon." He appears to have been much impressed with the beauty of its situation and apparent fertility.

On the hill side of Churchill Island, Lieutenant Grant had the bush cleared and burnt away for "a space of about 20 rods," and with a coal shovel, the only suitable implement on board, planted wheat, Indian corn, onions, peas and potatoes. He also made a block house out of the larger trees which had been felled. Churchill Island was the permanent camp of the party whilst surveying the bay. The first harvest in Victoria was reaped in December of the same year on Churchill Island, when the corn and wheat was found to be growing feet high and the onions were of a very large size, the potatoes only not having taken proper root. Now this is the charming island dominion of "King Sam."

I always have a reverence for sites on which the corner stones of a nation's history have been laid. The real history of Australia doubtless began in 1851. The shepherd who in 1849 sold the nugget of gold to Mr. Charles Brentani, Esmond and Hargreaves and Michel and Peters—these are the men whose discoveries made Australia possible as a free home for a better British race which is springing up under the Southern Cross. But for gold, Australia would to this day be a country principally controlled by wealthy sheep farmers and "old hands." Yet the history of our country before the memorable Fifties is worth remembering. It is amusing to hear, as I do, from an old and esteemed citizen of Melbourne, that he remembers when Governor Latrobe had to groom his own horse and black his own boots.

It is interesting to watch Churchill Island in the distance, and to call up mentally the

figure of plucky Lieutenant Grant bossing his convicts as they cut down the trees or scraped the ground with the coal shovel. I look on Churchill Island much as I did on James Island in the river of that name in Virginia, on which still stands the red church tower, constructed of bricks made in England, in which the early pioneers often had to take refuge from Indian attacks. When a boy I used to take off my hat as we steamed up the James River past this relic of ancient days.

Captain Clarke points out another old historic landmark in Settlement Point, on the mainland facing French Island. In 1826 this was the camp of an expedition despatched from Sydney to prevent a supposed design of the French to occupy the southern portion of Australia. Detachments of the 3rd and 30th regiments were landed at this point on the shores of Western Port Bay. Port Phillip then was not thought worth defending. Now, apparently, we do not think Western Port worth defence.

Earthworks were erected at Settlement Point, the remains of which, I am told, can still be seen. The place was occupied for about a year and then, as the French did not come, was abandoned. Mr. W. C. Hovell, who with Hamilton Hume first crossed the Australian Alps in 1824, was one of the expedition. He explored Phillip Island, and in reports to Governor Darling wrote that the land was of little or no value. If old Settlement Point had not been abandoned Western Port might have become a place of importance, and this part of Victoria opened up and colonised. But the English went back to Sydney leaving their earthworks to decay and some cattle which ran wild in the forest of Southern Gippsland.

The eastern passage into Western Port is not more than a quarter of a mile wide. The pier at Newhaven, on Phillip Island, is almost faced by the pier at San Remo. The telegraph wire is carried over the water between two of the highest posts I have ever seen. Crossing cattle at this eastern passage is a rather venturesome business. One or two animals are taken over at a time, their heads being held up in the water by men in the stern of a boat pulled by four others. The beasts are first dragged, into the water by a rope, but would drown in the swift running current unless supported. Bullocks have often been swept out to sea here.

Griffiths, the old hunter and fisherman who lived in a hut at this point, would be very
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A Ramble Around... (continued from Page 15)

astonished at seeing San Remo now. There are two piers, one public and the other in connection with the short line which brings the coal from Kilcunda mines, a post and telegraph office, shire hall, police sergeant and station, a State school, a good store, and a good hotel, kept by Mr. Fraser, ex-captain of Light Horse and M.L.A. This gentleman has settled at San Remo for his health. And there cannot be a healthier place than this if we judge from the appearance of the children and the "school marm."

San Remo is like Capri and Apolima, in that girl children appear to predominate in the population. After the Sleepy Hollow of Cowes this seems quite a stirring place. And it is more picturesque than any spot around Hobson's Bay. The large honeysuckle trees on the shore, under which seats have been placed, remind me of Lake Omeo. The green sloping hills and ranges in the distance have a bounty of their own. The heliotrope bush in the garden of Mr. Fraser's hostelry has a perfume, sweeter it seems to me, than any flowers in city gardens. San Remo is a coming place.

The people talk about a connecting line with the South Gippsland railway. Promoters of land syndicates, with this in view, have mapped out a new township on the bluff above the Straits. But the sales have not been particularly successful. Again I draw the moral that one wants more than city allotments for seaside residences.

At San Remo we met a strange character in the person of Charles Greyden, the elder, the "White Chief" of the extinct tribe of blacks which at one time inhabited the district of Western Port. He is a brown, bronzed man, clad in a wide-awake and a jersey, and trousers with capacious pockets, in which his hands are deeply buried.

"Too lazy to take them out," is his saying if attention is called to this attitude. There is not much hair on Greyden's face, though there is still plenty on his head. He does not by any means look his 68 years. According to his own account he "landed" at Port Phillip from his ship (which I suppose means ran away) in 1840. He took up life with the blacks, living with them for over 15 years, becoming chief of the tribe and well acquainted with their language.

No one can contradict him on this point, for all the blacks have gone, and in Greyden is found "the last dim trace of tribe and race."

When he "slings the hatchet" about early days in Western Port and the doings of himself and the blackfellows no one can controvert what he says. When he talks some gibberish which he says is pure native Australian as spoken by the original inhabitants around Phillip Island, he is quite safe, as he is the only living man who knows, if he does know, this language.

I dare say one could make a book out of the experiences of Charles Greyden, whose real name, according to his own account, is O'Grady; but says he "My grandfather changed it to Greyden in England, for it was death to be an O'Grady then."

One cannot doubt the statement that he was born in London, the deficiency of H's bearing witness to that fact. He still remembers the Tames, and Searle's boat building yard, and the New Cut. Greyden does not say anything about his native wives, and since he returned to civilised habits he has been legally married and has had close upon a dozen children. At the present moment he is the proud progenitor of 33 grandchildren and 2 great grandchildren.

"Old!" says he. "I am never going to get old; I walked 10 miles last night to a ball and enjoyed myself amongst the girls as much as the youngest of them."

San Remo, we find, is well worth a visit in itself, but we have only come hither as a starting point whence to sail and view the scenery of Cape Woolamai, and above all we must be there this night to witness the yearly arrival of the mutton birds, who come from Tasmania and New Zealand and far off Arctic lands to lay their eggs in holes in the sand of Phillip Island. "Mutton birds" were so named on account of their fat. They were a great delicacy with the Maories [*sic*] in Otago, and are to be seen for sale, smoked, in shops in Hobart.

The male birds, it is said, come a month before and scoop out the nests, which are 4 and 5 feet deep. Then they return and fetch their mates, and to a day in the last week of November, the 23rd to the 25th, they land in myriads on the cape, coming in clouds at sunset and going to sea in the early morn, returning in the evening to pass the night with their eggs. My friend Professor M'Coy tell me that the mutton bird belongs to the *Procellarida* the petrel family, which has tubular nostrils. Our mutton is specially known as the *Nectris Brevicandus*.

In November the eggs are sought for as

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A Ramble Around... (continued from Page 16)

articles of food. In April the young birds, who are feed on seaweed and grass, are caught for the oil, which, by simply squeezing them, pours out of their beaks. The young birds are, in fact, nothing but balls of fat. Mutton bird oil is an article of commerce at San Remo and Hastings, being largely used by carriers and saddlers.

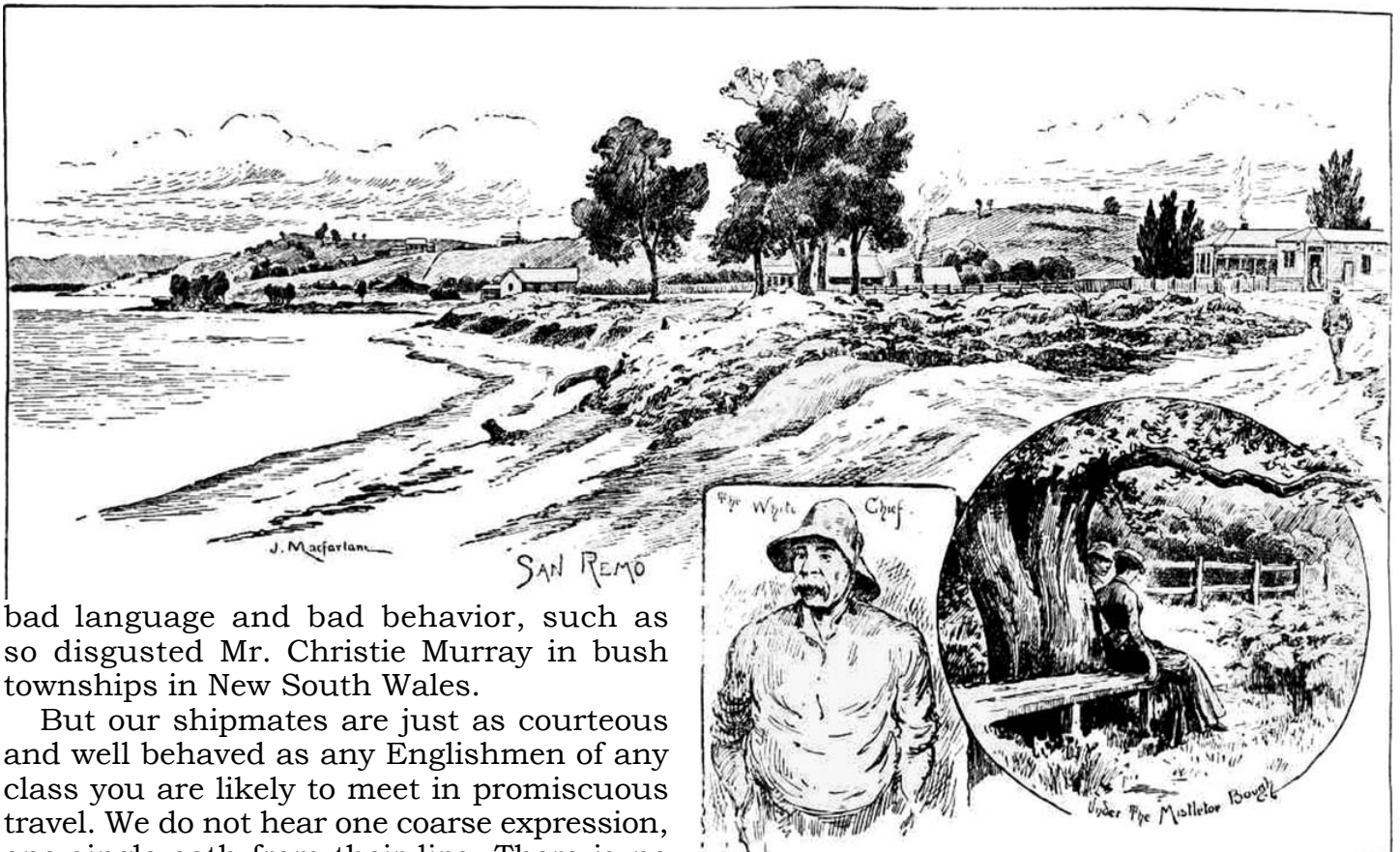
We sail from San Remo to Cape Woolamai in a boat owned by Greyden, junior, and quaintly named the Italian Fly. This little craft previously belonged to an Italian fisherman now living at Hastings. It is a good seaworthy boat, and carries a dozen passengers with ease. Besides our party of three, there is a gang of "mutton birders," armed with long sticks, which have a crook of double wire at the ends. Many old fences, I expect, have suffered to make these weapons of the egg hunters.

These men are types of the Australians who are to be found in every bush and country township. There is the old man with [a] battered felt hat tied round his neck with a piece of string. There are youngsters in shabby prosaic attire, sallow complexions, lean in body, and with a general disjointed appearance. There is the boy Tommy, just free from a State school, smart and active. It is a sort of crowd from which judging by outward appearance, you might expect

appearance, for when people go mutton-birding they find it a good thing to put on their old clothes.

I have had many disputes with travelling Englishmen as to the quality of the courtesy which the traveller meets in going to and fro in the country districts of Australia. As one who has seen the kingdoms and inhabitants of the world, and as one who came to Australia in mature manhood, with a full knowledge of men and manners in other lands, I, taking my mutton birding friends as a text, declare that man for man, and class for class, you meet with better manners and greater courtesy here in Australia than in Great Britain. This boast of mine on behalf of the people of my adopted country is not intended as a reflection on the British race. It is a sober reply to the many accusations levelled against us by globetrotters.

It is only natural that our country lads should be better behaved. They have had greater advantages with regard to State schools than their equals in England, and in our Democratic society, where there is so little difference between class and class, there is a general fusion of men and manners that makes the people of Australia better behaved and more courteous than those of the old world. We have not servility here, but civility. It may be said that there has been too much



bad language and bad behavior, such as so disgusted Mr. Christie Murray in bush townships in New South Wales.

But our shipmates are just as courteous and well behaved as any Englishmen of any class you are likely to meet in promiscuous travel. We do not hear one coarse expression, one single oath from their lips. There is no doubt that they are superior to their outward

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levelling down instead of levelling up. We may not have such a high standard of education and culture as in the old world; but, on the other hand, there is a general medium standard which the majority of our people reach.

There is a strong current in this eastern passage which divides Phillip Island from the mainland. This extremity of the island is shaped very like the southern end of Italy. Between Newhaven and Cape Woolamai there is a bight which forms the hollow of the foot to which Italy has been compared.

There is a long stretch of sand hills between the fertile paddocks on Phillip Island, owned by Mr. Cleland and Cape Woolamai. Past these we land on a fine beach near to a pile of granite rocks, which seem to have no connection with the surrounding formation. A select picnic party of the first families of San Remo is camped here. There are ladies and children, and the local parson to give the blessing of the church thereto. Willie Fraser leads the way up the side of the hill. Cape Woolamai on the top is about a square mile in extent. The extremity is a public reserve, but the rest is owned by Mr. John Cleland.

I suppose it is good grazing ground, but it is awful country to travel over midst thick, tussocky grass, high bushes, and holes in which you slip and tumble. To walk here is bad enough, to ride would mean almost certain death. Willie Fraser guides us to the extremity of Cape Woolamai, which, 350 feet high, is the highest point on Phillip Island.

To the west is Cape Patterson, to the east Cape Schanck. Northwards over the county of Mornington the sky line is cut by the Dividing Ranges. Southwards the great lone sea is at our feet, looking like a sheet of dark glass. From this height there is no ripple perceptible on its surface, but still the waves dash high up the precipitous cliff as the rolling waters meet the rocky shore. The jagged, ironbound stern coast is picturesque and grand in every respect. Byron's description in Don Juan of Lambro's island home seems very applicable to the coast around Cape Woolamai:—

It was a wild and breaker beaten coast,
With cliffs above and a broad sandy shore,
Guarded by shoals and rocks as by a host,
With here and there a creek whose aspect wore
A bitter welcome to the tempest tost;
And rarely ceased the haughty billow's roar,
Save on the dead long summer days, which make
The outstretched ocean glitter like a lake.

Walking through the scrub we hear strange groans, as of a woman in distress. Our sportsman cocks his revolver and forces his way into the bushes. There is nothing to be seen, but still a sort of groaning or gurgling noise around us. It is as if someone were being strangled. A drinking man might imagine that he had "got 'em bad again." But Willie Fraser coming along solves the mystery by inserting his crook into a hole and bringing out a mutton bird, the author of the strange noise.

It is a black, elegantly shaped bird, with a small body and long wings, a keen eye and a sharp beak. Thrown on the ground it runs along in the helpless way of all sea birds. It is captured by the small boy Tommy, and held up by one wing for our inspection. It strongly objects to this proceedings and groans, and gurgles, and worries my umbrella, shaking it as a terrier would a rat.

Willie Fraser, finding no egg in the nest, informs us that this is the male bird come to clean out the habitation for its mate, so Mr. Mutton Bird is allowed to go flopping in to his hole again, whilst we roam about the top of the Cape and enviously watch the picnic party in the scrub, and I come across the track of the biggest snake I have seen out of Queensland. Cape Woolamai is a well known haunt for these reptiles as well as for the mutton bird. Holes are already made for them to lie in, and the young birds when hatched form toothsome morsels for black or tiger snakes.

Willie soon shows us the first mutton-bird's egg we have seen, deposited by some early arrival. It is large and white like that of a turkey, being nearly 3 inches long. It is astonishing how a bird with such a small body can lay such an egg, and it is astonishing how such a large egg should only produce such a small bird. The odor of this egg is peculiar, being musky and oleaginous. The boys set to work to root out every hole they come across, and Willie soon gets a dozen eggs, which he carries in an old kerosene tin packed with grass.

All over Cape Woolamai there are mutton birds' holes, but in one slight hollow on the Southern cliffs there is a perfect warren. This has been locally christened "The Rookery." Four acres of land are completely honeycombed by their holes, which are within a yard, often a foot, of each other. We lie on the Bluff near this warren looking over the sea at the setting

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sun, waiting for the dusk.

Soon the light on Cape Schanck glimmers in the distance. The sun goes down. There is no moon, and a few clouds obscure the horizon, still there is sufficient gloaming to make everything visible. Yet neither in sky nor sea can the sign of a bird, mutton or otherwise, be seen. We are getting impatient.

“Here he comes!” says Willie Fraser.

A black bird suddenly flies past us, and with that strange gurgling sound disappears into the ground. Two more follow, then four, then in a few seconds, from the firmament above and the waters below, as if created on the moment, hundreds and thousands of birds appear, and whirl around, and fill the air with bizarre sounds, and cover the ground with black moving forms, which run from hole to hole, each one, as it seems, seeking its proper residence. They disappear, and the earth covers them, but still thousands more arrive. The mystery of their coming is as great as the mystery of their disappearance. The darkness deepens, the numbers of the birds increase. They fly near us; they will fly

against us if we are in their way. They run on the ground beneath our legs, they are caught with the hand. It is the strangest, weirdest sight I have witnessed in animated nature. It is a Walpurgis night of the feathered tribe.

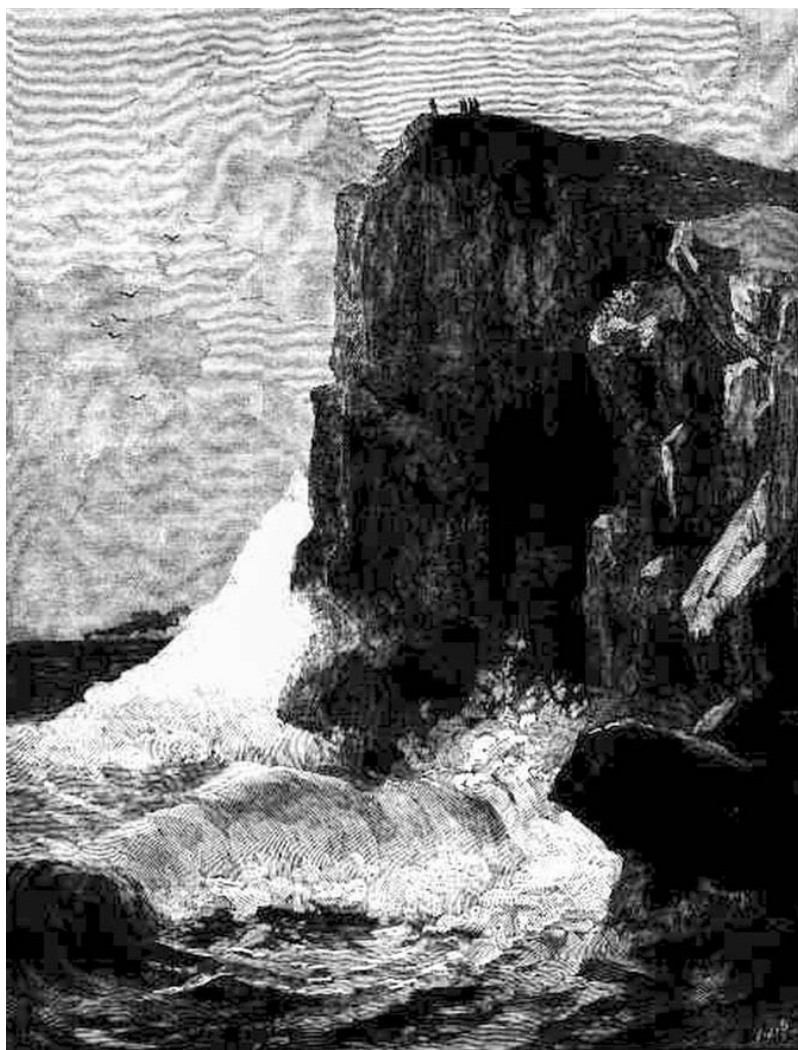
The darkness increases, and we must wend our way to the boat or we shall be bushed for the night. This march back over Cape Woolamai from the western shore to the Eastern Passage is one of the hardest parts of this *malanga*. We are perpetually tripping in mutton birds’ holes as we force our way through patches of thick scrub and tussocky grass. I do not think it is any exaggeration to say that there are millions of holes on the seaward side of Cape Woolamai.

The birds follow us wherever we go. They flop around us in the air, they dive under our feet into the ground. They gurgle and groan in their holes. Earth and air are filled with “uncanny” sounds. The nearest thing in nature to which we can compare this note of the mutton bird is the first note of the great Australian kingfisher.

Very glad indeed am I when we reached the cliffs on the other side of the cape, and by the reflection of the camp fires on the beach below see our boat with others at anchor. The party of San Remo ladies are waiting to sail back with us. They are carried on board by sturdy Greyden amidst much laughter. Up with the sail and the anchor. The Italian Fly slips fast through the waters. Looking back we see the camp fires, which cast deep shadows on the background of cliffs, and light up the faces of the mutton birders.

Many boats have already arrived, and there will be more here by morning, when I am told perhaps 300 people will be camped under Cape Woolamai, who all next day will be egg hunting. These men come from all around Western Port; and yearly take away a large number of eggs, which are preserved for future food, beside having a pleasant picnic—a true *malanga*. Last year in two days a party of five fishermen from Hastings obtained 285 dozen of mutton bird eggs. There is profit as well as sport in this.

The lights of the camp fires fade away. I suggest to my artist friend that the scene we have left is worthy of Salvator Rosa, a suggestion which he rather scorns, as



The highest point on Cape Woolamai

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also the hint that this sail through the dark waters reminds me of Venice. The young ladies sing sweetly to while away the time, and altogether it is a very pleasant trip back to San Remo, where at half-past 10 at night the tired and hungry party feast on tender steak, cooked at this late hour by kindly Mrs. Fraser, and sleep the sleep of the just on good beds and awake thoroughly refreshed in the early morning with renewed appetites for breakfast, at which I eat a mutton bird's egg, part of the spoil of the young Ballarat lady, the "school marm" who was one of our last night's party. I had been told by many that these eggs have a strong, disagreeable fishy flavor. I find them, when eaten fresh, to be as good as any fowls' eggs, with no perceptible difference in taste.

After breakfast, our artist sketches San Remo, and then we are captured by the owner of Woolamai and taken across the passage in his skiff, pulled by "Captain" Cox, a young Australian lad, who is as handy with the oars as he is in hitching up the horses in the buggy which awaits us on the other side.

Mr. John Cleland will be known by many as the owner of Woolamai, the winner of the Melbourne Cup in 1875, and of other first class racehorses. The colt was bred on Phillip Island, and trained on the sands under the cape from which he was named, as also is Woolamai House, the residence of Mr. John Cleland, about a mile from New Haven pier. A spacious township is marked out here in the Government plans, but as yet New Haven is very much in embryo.

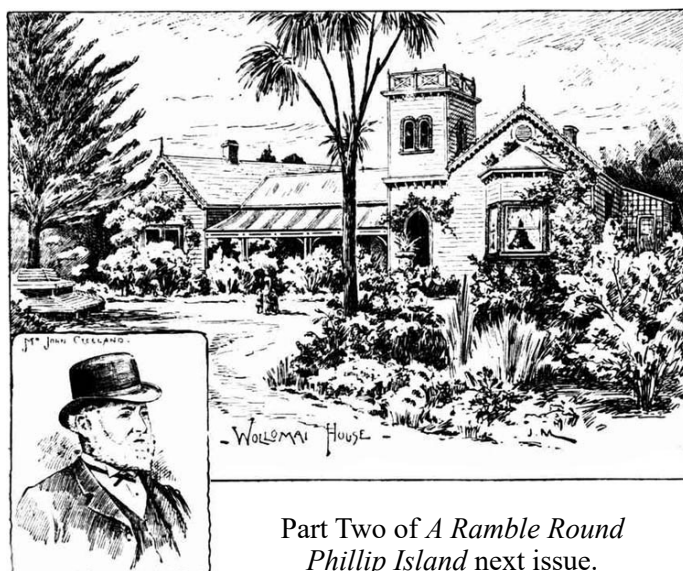
Mr. Cleland has a stable and a boathouse near the jetty, where he keeps a lifeboat in readiness to help any vessel which might get into difficulties off Cape Woolamai. He says that in case of shipwreck he could easily get a volunteer crew from the fishermen and boatmen of San Remo. Newhaven also possesses a post office, a charming little residence embowered in roses. Otherwise it is yet in a condition of grassy paddocks and banks sloping to the inner shores of Western Port, the finest possible sites for country residences, the proximity to San Remo being a convenience to settlers.

Our host drives us round the shore, and through paddocks in which Shetland ponies are galloping, about 200 of these being on the estate. By and bye, we come to an admirable view of Churchill Island, which our artist sketches. Then we strike the main

road again, and enter the avenue of thick pines which leads to Woolamai, a country home, surrounded by groves of pines and cedars, which shelter it in the winter, and by a garden and orchard and fernery. The garden is a mass of flowers, and the trees are bending with fruit. Care and cultivation have done as much as soil and climate. Woolamai House has the look of a long settled home. I can understand now why in the midst of healthy climate and country ease my friend John Cleland has such a clear eye and looks not one day older than he did when I last saw him 13 long years ago.

We pass a day in sketching and writing and note taking and walking on the beach and in the thickly grassed paddocks. 7000 sheep are sheared at Woolamai, and it must be good country to carry them, as well as the Shetlands and other stock. Mr. John Cleland and myself have many mutual acquaintances and friends; not only in Melbourne, of which he was a prominent citizen for 20 years—not only among sporting men and sublimated coach drivers and millionaires, but amongst men in the South Seas, the beachcombers and missionaries, with whom my host lived for six years, sailing to and fro in his own clipper schooner, the Harriet.

A painting of this once well known Chinese opium smuggler is on the diningroom walls at Woolamai, facing a water color of one of Nelson's sea fights. Other sea pieces are in the house along side portraits of Woolamai and Shenandoah, for Mr. John Cleland, though of late years a successful sportsman, still retains his love for the old shellback life, and the blood of one of England's greatest naval commanders flows in the veins of my little friend, Miss "Dot" and her sisters and brothers.



Part Two of *A Ramble Round Phillip Island* next issue.