

# The Western Port Times

## Grantville & Districts



Volume 3 Number 11

FREE

March 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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Part two, covering Pyramid Rock, The Nobbies, and Swan Lake and surrounds.  
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**For Chronic Chest Complaints, Woods Great Peppermint Cure. 1s. 6d.**



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 Geoff\_Guilfoyle@aanet.com.au

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](http://grantvillehistory.com.au)
- Hastings–Western Port Historical Society: <https://www.hwphs.org.au/>
- Inverloch Historical Society: [cv.vic.gov.au/organisations/inverloch-historical-society/](http://cv.vic.gov.au/organisations/inverloch-historical-society/) Also: <http://inverlochhistory.com/>
- Koo-Wee-Rup Swamp Historical Society: [kooweerupswamphistory.blogspot.com.au/](http://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](http://langlang.net/historical.html)
- Leongatha and District Historical society: [leongathahistory.org.au](http://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](http://seha.org.au)
- Western Port Historical Society Inc.: [hwphs.org.au/](http://hwphs.org.au/)
- Wonthaggi Historical Society: [wonthagghihistoricalociety.org.au/](http://wonthagghihistoricalociety.org.au/)



From the *Great Southern Advocate*, Friday 10 April 1891

## Westernport Turf Club Races

### Annual Meeting

The above club had beautiful weather for their race meeting at the Queensferry Course on the 3rd inst., and the attendance was very good. Unfortunately the entries were not as numerous as anticipated and several events were rather poorly contested. However, everything considered, the meeting was a very fair success, and Mr H. Misson, the Secretary, and the few other sporting spirits that bear the brunt of the work, had the satisfaction of knowing that their efforts were thoroughly appreciated. The following are the details of the programme:—

#### Hurdle Race

Of 8 sovs. with a sweepstake of 10s. for starters to be paid at scale; 2nd horse 3 sovs. Distance 1½ miles.

T. Keys' Good Iron	...	...	...	...	1
W. Garry's Milton	...	...	...	...	2

Won easily.

#### Maiden Plate

Of 6 sovs., weight for age, distance one mile.

M'Donald and M'Fadden's Octroon	...	...	...	...	1
W. Garry's Milton	...	...	...	...	2

Won by a head.

#### Selling Race

Of 1 sov. Winner to be sold for £10, any surplus to go to Race Club; weight for age. Distance one mile.

J. Nowlan's Slim Jake	...	...	...	...	1
J. B. O'Meara's Darkie	...	...	...	...	2
J. Harbeck's Nimmo	...	...	...	...	3

Winner brought in at £16 6s.

#### Tenby Bracelet

Of 8 Sovs., a Handicap Flat Race, welter weights. Horses to be nominated by Ladies, and owned and ridden by members of W.P.T. Club, amateur riders, to be approved of by the Stewards. Open for all horses within a radius of 15 miles from racecourse, and to be *bona fide* property of resident 3 months prior to race owner to sign a declaration if necessary. Distance one mile.

Miss Key's Gannet	...	...	...	...	1
Miss Eileen's Esa	...	...	...	...	2

Won easily.

#### Pony Race

Of 5 sovs, 13.2 a.u. Distance 5 furlongs.

R. Howe's Doll	...	...	...	...	1
J. Donovan's Kitty	...	...	...	...	2
C. Davis's Halo	...	...	...	...	3

Won by a neck.

### W.P.T. Club Handicap

Of 10 sovs, with a sweepstake of 10s for starters, to be paid at scale; 2nd horse 3 sovs. Distance 1¼ miles.

T. Keys' Good Iron	...	...	...	...	1
W. Garry's Milton	...	...	...	...	2

Won easily.

### Consolation Stakes

Of 5 sovs. For all beaten horses during the meeting. One round the course.

A. Biggar's J.H.	...	...	...	...	1
C. Wilson's Endeavor	...	...	...	...	2
J. Freeman's Dalkeith	...	...	...	...	3

Won by a head.

From the *South Bourke and Mornington Journal*, Wednesday 17 February 1886, page 2: Advertising

## Auctioneers' Notice

### Grantville Market

Thursday 19th February, 1886

JOSEPH CLARKE and CO. (in conjunction with D. B. Kennedy and Co.) will Sell, in Moore's Yards, on the above date, at two o'clock.

Fat, Store and Dairy Cattle, Horses, Sheep, Pigs, &c.

Also, on account of W. J. Craig, Esq.,  
 1 Three-year-old pedigreed Shorthorn Bull  
 3 Two-year-old do.  
 4 Well-bred do.

1 Pure-bred Yearling Alderney Bull.  
 1 Pure-bred Shorthorn Cow, near calving.

And on account of A. McNab, Esq.,  
 Five-roomed Weatherboard House, erected on  
 Twelve Acres of Land, the pick of Queensferry.

And a Lot of really nice Store Cattle.

For further particulars, &c., apply

JOSEPH CLARKE and Co.,

From *Warragul Guardian*, 23 August 1898, page 2: Grantville.

## A Special Sale

Owing to the want of food, the result of the disastrous fires of last summer, heavy losses of stock have occurred all through the Bass Valley district, and but for the exceptionally mild winter experienced the mortality would have been at least doubled. The general misty weather of the past fortnight has caused a wonderful growth of grass, and all kinds of stock are now in brisk demand. At a special sale by Alex. Scott and Co. on Friday, milk cows and heifers realised extreme prices, a pen of 18 Jersey and Ayrshire, 18 months [*sic*] heifers, bred by C. F. Bates, Bass Park, brought £5 8s. per head, and other classes of stock sold equally well.

## And now A Word From Our (retro) Sponsor...

When it comes to powering your tractor and other farm machinery, you cannot beat kerosene. Other fuels may claim to be cheaper and more efficient, but for sheer value and efficiency, kerosene will be powering tractors for many decades to come. And of all kerosene available, Cross Power kerosene is the best. Why? Minimised crankcase dilution and a much reduced chance of detonation. More work to the gallon and general efficiency. What more could you ask for in a power kerosene.

Remember: Cross Kerosene is made from carefully selected crudes.

More proof needed? Just read the very genuine and not made up testimonial from a very satisfied customer from a country town not found on any map because it is very small and not because we made it up.

Cross Power Kerosene. The best fuel for your tractor. Not available anywhere.

We thank Cross Power Kerosene for (retro) sponsoring this edition of *The Western Port Times*.



**Four Outstanding Qualities**

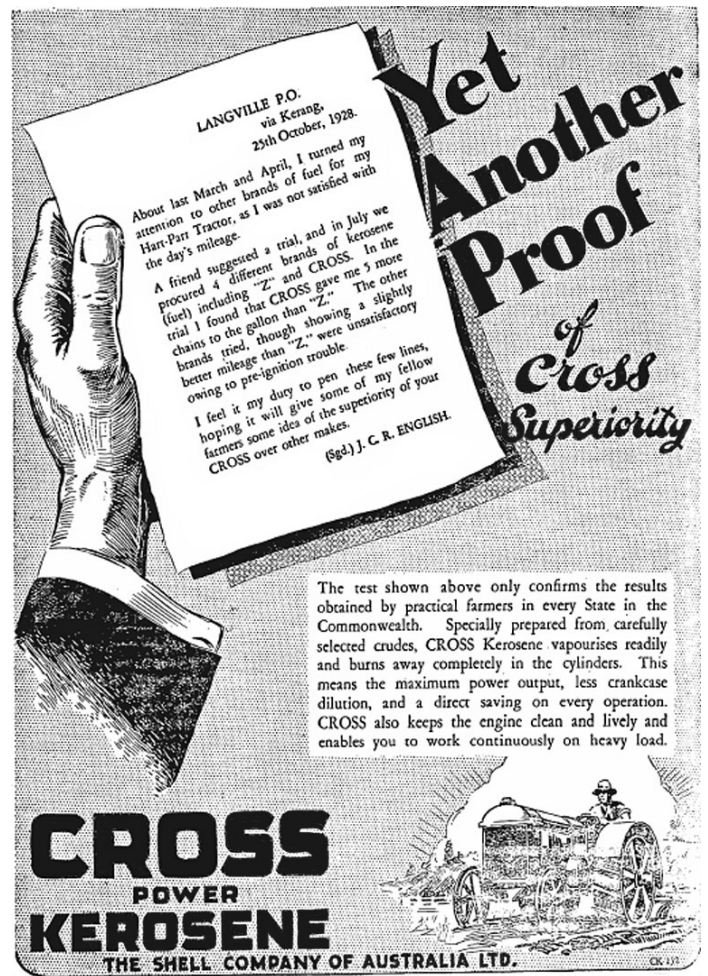
Owing to its outstanding qualities, CROSS has always been recognised as the standard power kerosene of Australia. No one quality has been increased to the detriment of the others. While being sufficiently volatile to change over smoothly to kerosene in a reasonably short time, CROSS maintains to an exceptionally high degree the more important qualities of low fuel consumption, anti-detonation, minimised crankcase dilution, and all-round engine efficiency.

- 1. More Work to the Gallon.**  
This is the most outstanding characteristic of CROSS, which proves it to be the most economical fuel for tractor operation.
- 2. Freedom from Detonation.**  
CROSS at all times prevents detonation even in those tractors which have accumulated carbon deposit on the piston heads.
- 3. Minimum Crankcase Dilution.**  
In practice, CROSS has always shown lower crankcase dilution figures than any other power kerosene.
- 4. General Efficiency.**  
CROSS will change over easily from Motor Spirit, sold satisfactorily, and pick up on full load readily.

To get the best results from your fuel, keep your tractor engine hot.

**CROSS POWER KEROSENE**  
THE SHELL COMPANY OF AUSTRALIA LIMITED

From *KooWeeRup Sun and Lang Lang Guardian*, 9 May 1929



**Yet Another Proof of Cross Superiority**

LANGVILLE P.O.  
via Kerang.  
25th October, 1928.

About last March and April, I turned my attention to other brands of fuel for my Hart-Parv Tractor, as I was not satisfied with the day's mileage.

A friend suggested a trial, and in July we procured 4 different brands of kerosene (fuel) including "Z" and CROSS. In the trial I found that CROSS gave me 5 more chains to the gallon than "Z." The other brands tried, though showing a slightly better mileage than "Z," were unsatisfactory owing to pre-ignition trouble.

I feel it my duty to pen these few lines, hoping it will give some of my fellow farmers some idea of the superiority of your CROSS over other makes.

(Sgd.) J. C. R. ENGLISH

The test shown above only confirms the results obtained by practical farmers in every State in the Commonwealth. Specially prepared from carefully selected crudes, CROSS Kerosene vapourises readily and burns away completely in the cylinders. This means the maximum power output, less crankcase dilution, and a direct saving on every operation. CROSS also keeps the engine clean and lively and enables you to work continuously on heavy load.

**CROSS POWER KEROSENE**  
THE SHELL COMPANY OF AUSTRALIA LTD.

From *KooWeeRup Sun and Lang Lang Guardian*, 13 May 1929

From the *Age*, Tuesday 8 December 1931, page 9

## Girl Burnt To Death

Clothing Catches on Fire

Wonthaggi, Monday.—Edna Florence Thorn, the twelve-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thorn, of Woolamai, was assisting her sister to prepare the breakfast on Saturday morning when her clothes caught fire. Before her parents were able to give assistance the clothes were completely burnt from the child. She was taken to Wonthaggi Hospital, where she died on Sunday afternoon.

From the *Dandenong Journal*, 21 January 1937: District News

## Lang Lang Court

Mrs. Amy Nicholson, of Carnegie, who, with her husband as passenger, drove her car through Grantville, on November 29, in a dangerous manner, was prosecuted by Inspector Rice, at the Lang Lang session, was fined £1, in default distress, with £1/19/6 costs. Mrs. Nicholson claimed her car had skidded, when she ran into a truck driven by William Wheatley, but the police stated they could find no marks of any skid.

From the *Great Southern Advocate*, Thursday 21 April 1904, page 3

## McNabb vs. Uprichard

### Korumburra Country Court

Tuesday April, 12th, 1904

Before His Honor Judge Molesworth

McNabb action for ejectment from a block of land, comprising 20 acres, at Queensferry, which had been leased to defendant till February 1st, 1905; and claiming £40 for breaches of the covenants. Mr. Meagher (instructed by Messrs Maddock and Shegog) appeared for the plaintiff, and Mr W. H. Roberts for the defendant.

Alexander Galloway, photographer, said he took photographs produced on February, 23rd. Uprichard, Andrews and Cracknell were present; the photographs are true and correct and not fused in any way. To Mr. Roberts: Went from Korumburra on the order of Mr. Walker, managing clerk for Messrs Maddock and Shegog; was supposed to go on Monday; did not go till Tuesday.

James Uprichard, farmer, of Corinella, produced Crown grant of land endorsed; registered proprietor by endorsement; lived next to the land in question for 20 years, and produce lease 8th February, 1900. James Cuthbert to defendant McNabb; purchased the land and became registered proprietor of land on 17th October, 1902; produce letter plaintiff to defendant, dated December 2nd, 1902, giving one month's notice to comply with conditions of lease on allot 87 (land in question) by repairing fencing and drains etc; no notice was taken of letter; sent notice of re-entry dated April 1st, 1903; served it personally; the fencing is the same that was on it 25 years ago; it was a post and two rail fence; McNabb took possession in February, 1900; he did not renew any part of the fence; in February some old material had been put in; was present when photographs were taken. (Several photographs were put in showing conditions of fencing which was not so good as in 1902.) The land is covered to a certain extent with *[unclear word]*, sword grass, ti-tree and prickly moses; the fences and drains are not in good repair; a drain running east and west through the paddock has not been cleaned out, also drain along the eastern boundary.

Cross-examined by Mr. Roberts: Gave notice to McNabb on April 1st, 1904; sent him notice by registered letter to repair the fence; told him what was wrong and he (McNabb) said he would do as he liked; the

property is not as good now as it was then; a little scrub has been cut on the land; paid the whole of the rent to Cuthbert; did not repair any part of the fences when held the lease from Cuthbert because he had no instructions; believe his bull walked through from one paddock to another; the fence is lying down already; the bull did not break the fence down.

Cross-examined by Mr. Roberts: Have been living next to the land for three years; am prepared to pay a portion of the cost of fencing; the wire netting was formerly used for keeping pigs in; did not repair the fence except after taking some firewood out of McNabb's.

Spencer James Diaper, farmer, said that on 4th April, 1903, he saw Uprichard and McNabb at McNabb's house; plaintiff handed notice dated April 1st to defendant; defendant would not receive it and told him to burn it; inspected the boundary fences of the land, which were in a very bad condition: they were patched up with ti-tree, wire and stakes; have seen the photographs which convey a fair idea of the state of things; the drains were not cleaned out; the under growth was very thick; inspected the land again on February 13, 1904, and saw ferns as shown in photo, which is a fair stamp of the paddock; there is prickly moses and sword grass all over the paddock; on 13th February, the occasion of the second inspection, wrote a detail report on it about a week afterwards; took notes at the time. (The report showing in detail the state of the fence was read.)

Cross-examined by Mr. Roberts: Live about 4 miles from the land; have not seen any cattle walking about; don't remember the place five years ago; am a farmer; milk several of Uprichard's cows.

Jas. Andrew, residing at Queensferry, said he knew the place very well, and made an inspection of the fence between January and July, 1913; Uprichard and witness was present; made a detailed report. (Report produced and read.) It would cost about £27 to make a new fence; some parts of it could be repaired but most of it would require a new fence.

Cross-examined by Mr. Roberts: It is an old

*(continues on Page 6)*

*McNabb v. Uprichard (continued from Page 5)*

fence and the repairing has been reasonably well done.

Albert Eden, dairyman, living on Bass river about four miles from the land in question, said he made a casual inspection of the property; the photographs give a fair idea of the state of the fence.

To Mr. Roberts: Was not over the place five years ago; there are other old fences in the district.

This closed the case for plaintiff.

Jas. McNabb, farmer at Queensferry, said he had 20 acres under lease from McNabb [*sic*]; know condition of land; have no objection to Uprichard, but he is worrying him a lot; when he became tenant the land was all covered with undergrowth consisting mostly of ti-tree, prickly moses, etc.; did not clear the land of undergrowth within six months; did not clear it because he had re-let it to Uprichard; have cleared all the undergrowth and scrub and burnt it; cleaned out the one drain on the property; it has cost him £27 for four years; renewed such portions of fence as were required with wire and posts, also sowed grassseed and at the present time the paddock is the best in Queensferry; sometimes Uprichard's bull got in and was followed by other cattle; part of the fence between Cracknell and him is in bad repair, but he is not liable to repair it; the photograph of the ferns does not give a true idea of the extent of them in the paddock; the ferns were not undergrowth as understood in the terms of the lease, and was not expected to cut them.

To His Honor: Have done all repairs that he considered his duty to do, according to his lease.

To Mr. Roberts: Went round on Sunday, 21st February and saw two panels shown in photos as broken were not broken then; first noticed them broken on the Monday morning; have put about 40 new posts in the fence; did not hear anything about 216 panels.

Charles Hutcheson said he knew the property; on 1st February, 1900, it was under ferns and the fences were broken; was employed to do clearing and to erect fence about March, 1901; put a new wire fence along beach frontage, repaired along Tenby road, repaired half way along east and south sides, also cut undergrowth; it is quite fit to be used as a grazing paddock; am not obliged to clear ferns when clearing

undergrowth; was with McNabb on Sunday, February 21st; did not notice fences broken as shown in photographs; the fence was in good repair; on Monday repaired the fence; was always going round repairing the fence.

William Misson said, on south-east and north-east side the fence is not in good repair; fence next to plaintiff's and Cracknell's is not in good repair.

John Hutcheson said that part of the fences were in good repair, except those next Uprichard and Cracknell; consider the paddock one of the best in Queensferry; was lessee of piece known as Cracknell's, and kept the half from the top corner down in good order; as a matter of fact had to repair most of the fence because Uprichard would not do it; had to repair the paddock to keep cattle out; wire fencing is now becoming general.

To His Honor: The paddock is very good and could carry eight head of milking cattle; worth about £8 or £10 per annum.

George Peters, farmer, Corinella, gave evidence of usual practice in fencing.

His Honor, who at one or two stages in the case suggested a settlement, said he would give what be considered an equitable verdict. On the legal point in regard to the tenant keeping all the fence round the block in repair, he was against Mr. Roberts who contend that it was not necessary to keep a certain portion between him and the adjoining neighbour, and the owner of the adjoining block had to do his share.

His Honor held that he should keep the whole fence in repair as stated in the lease. However, it was a legal point. Also in regard to ferns as undergrowth, His Honor held that they were, while Mr. Roberts contended that it was the custom in that part of the country not to consider ferns as undergrowth. That also was a legal point, which could be taken to a higher court and argued upon. The notice of re-entry served in April 1903, was very vague.

He would give a verdict for the plaintiff on the ejectment, with costs to be taxed. He would allow no damages in regard to case for breaches of agreement.

When the doctor arrived he found the patient in tears. "Cheer up, my good man," he said; "you'll pull through all right."

"It isn't that doctor," groaned the patient, "but just think of the money I've spent buying apples to keep you away."

From KooWeeRup Sun & Lang Lang Guardian, 1 Feb. 1934

From *Winner*, Wednesday 12 January 1916, page 9: Motor Boating

## Katandra's Cruise To Westernport

Joys Of A Holiday At Sea

by Hugh G. Hanna

(Re-paragraphed for the sake of clarity.)

Gladly accepting the invitation of Messrs. L. and B. Abrahams to accompany them on a cruise to Westernport on the *Katandra*, I went aboard early on Christmas Eve. Our party consisted of Messrs. L. and B. Abrahams (skipper and engineer in chief respectively), George M'Cormack (chief mate), the writer, and, last but not least, "Charlie," who did every thing for us, short of putting us to bed.

The start was made on Friday, December 24, at 7.40 p.m. Just as we left the river mouth the palatial liner *Indarra* passed us heading for the South Channel. She looked a magnificent sight, with all her lights flashing from portholes and decks. We anchored off Portsea at 2.30 a.m., and waited a favorable opportunity to clear the Heads; this we did with the first of the ebb tide at 5.10 a.m. on Christmas Day.

The morning being a hazy one, Cape Schanck was not sighted until we were 8½ miles out. Just at this time we received a Christmas present, a fine barracoutta fresh from its ocean home. The skipper of the fishing boat *Thistle*, hailing from Queenscliff, thus earned our 'deep' thanks, and we would, like him to know his gift was greatly appreciated. Our skilful "Charlie" cooked it to a turn. There is something altogether different in the flavor of these fish under such conditions.

Near Cape Schanck a vigilant look-out had to be kept, as numerous floats attached to crayfish pots were encountered. The tide out of Port Phillip favored us right round to Cowes (Phillip Island), which was reached via Western Entrance at 11.10 a.m. on Saturday. The thick haze continued, and partially obscured the coast line, the Nobbies, and Round Island, due to the heat, which but made us all the more thankful we were afloat.

### Christmas Day Afloat

Christmas dinner was thoroughly enjoyed here, and while on the subject, we had plenty of green vegetables, fresh meat, game, or fish three times per diem throughout the cruise. A great treat after the practice followed on most craft, where 'tinned horse' and other canned goods are the order of the cruise; even if one can eat almost anything under these conditions.

On Saturday evening the gramophone [*sic*]

was brought on deck, and an extensive repertoire of Melba, Caruso, and other popular celebrities was given, and greatly enjoyed by a large crowd on the pier. Early next morning we left Cowes for Long Point to snare a bunny or two for dinner. Returned laden, and found the blue peter mast-headed, so took the hint that a start was to be made for Hastings. Calling at Stony Point en route, we anchored for half an hour, but found the place deserted. While approaching Hastings via the devious and narrow channel, we ran aground on the soft mud, owing to the removal by some means of one of the beacons.

The engine was at once put full astern, and kedge anchors run out in an effort to get afloat before the tide fell too much. It was found impossible to get off, so both of the large anchors were run out, and the lines strained well up the masts, sails unbent, and the booms and gaffs used as shores to prevent the boat heeling over. The dinghy was sent ashore three-quarters of a mile for more timber and had to traverse over a mile and a half on the return journey, as the channel banks were by this time well defined, and the flats quite bare.

In the meantime the craft had rolled gently over on her bilge at about an angle of 30 degrees. A local fishing boat was so intent on watching us, that they, too, went ashore, but managed to get off after some difficulty.

### A Helping Hand

When the dink arrived they called for us to come across to them, so, donning sea-boots, we essayed the task. The memory of the effort made to retain those sea-boots will not soon fade, as I sank up to my hips before getting 20 yards from the ship, and still 30 to go. I got there eventually amid shrieks of laughter, and made the return trip on two fence rails, resting my weight on one while I slid the other, ski fashion, ahead for a fresh step. One of the others removed his breeks, and came across clad in a blue sweater, sea-boots, and a smile. I wish my readers could have seen the ludicrous figure he presented. We did not reach the jetty until 3 a.m.

We were called up at 6 a.m. as half a gale

(continues on Page 8)

*Katandra's Cruise... (continued from Page 7)*

was blowing from the east, and the ship was dragging on to the pier in spite of the two heavy anchors fore and aft. Clad only in pyjamas, and buffeted by spray and wind was enough to shift the cobwebs, and after everything was snug again we lost little time in securing some more well-earned rest.

### Away Again

About 2.30 p.m. a start was made for San Remo under sail to Tortoise Head, where canvas was furled, reaching our destination in good time. Leaving there at 8.30 a.m. next day, we had a good passage through the eastern entrance, past Woolamai to Port Phillip, and anchored at Swan Bay for the night.

Leaving on the morrow, Mornington was safely reached, where we lay until Monday, January 3rd. when we started for Melbourne, arriving at the moorings. Prince's Bridge, at 3.45 p.m. Thus ended one of the most delightful cruises any of us ever had.

The experience at Hastings reminded me forcibly of "The Riddle of the Sands," by Erskine Childers, published by Nelson and Sons. I would advise every boaterist and yachtsman to procure a copy of this intensely interesting book. It deals with matters of peculiar interest and value in war time.

### Ironround Coast

During the trip round we kept at a safe and respectable distance from the ironbound coast, where in former years so many vessels came to grief. Western Port is a noble expanse of water with its many islands. Churchill Island is the property of the Amess family, whose father, I believe, was at one time Mayor of Melbourne.

The island contains about 160 acres, and is most fertile. The soil is volcanic. It is but a short run to Cowes jetty (on Phillip Island), where there is a long stretch of golden sand on either side. The soil close to Cowes is excellent, and is principally utilised for the growing of chicory, for which the place has long acquired considerable celebrity. It and Lancefield supply most of the chicory used in the output of coffee in Melbourne. There are kilns and other up-to-date methods of dealing with it at Cowes.

The island contains about 30,000 acres, and was originally a station owned by the M'Haffie Bros., the first persons to settle on it. The M'Haffie reef is named after them. The coast line is well indented, and of beauty spots the most prominent are the "Nobbies" and Pyramid Rock, on the western side; and

the sand dunes on the southern extremity, where Cape Woolamai, a high granite headland, watches over the Southern Ocean like some patient sentinel. The faint outline of King Island may at times be seen from this vantage point.

It is a drive of 18 miles from Cowes to Woolamai. A Melbourne Cup winner owned by the late Mr John Clelland, of Albion Hotel fame, was named after this prominent landmark. Round Cowes, which occupies a nice rising ground, the view across to French Island, 50,000 acres in area, and Tortoise Head, is beautiful. Phillip Island is undulating. On the western side the landscape bears a strong resemblance, I believe, to the Downs of the South of England.

### An Old Hostelry

There is a Cloth of Gold rose at the Isle of Wight Hotel which is said to be nearly 50 years old. Certainly it has the largest main stem of any rose I have ever seen. The Casuarina (bottle tree) grows to a great size at Cowes. Evidently the light sandy soil suits it well.

In one place the sand dunes invaded a number of farms on the south-west coast. They completely buried one farm—house and all, and had not the onward march been stopped by a recent plantation of marram grass, it is possible hundreds of other acres would have shared a similar fate. Phillip Island, owing to the equable character of the climate, has a decided advantage over other watering places. In summer it is cooler than the mainland; in winter warmer.

There are historical associations connected with French Island. A French vessel landed about the end of the 17th century on the mainland opposite the Island, and an English transport remained for a short time near the same locality, but the commander of the former considered the surrounding country of too poor a character to justify his remaining beyond the short time he did.

How unfortunate, in one way, the decision he came to on insufficient observation of the district! Westernport would have made an ideal site for the future capital of Victoria. The bay is sufficiently large to accommodate the whole British fleet, and the water is deep everywhere round its coast—up to 80 feet in many parts.





From the *South Bourke and Mornington Journal*, Wednesday 31 December 1879

## Phillip Island And Woolamai Shire Council

Saturday, December 27th 1879

Present: the President (Mr. West), and Councillors Misson, Norton, Aldridge, Delaney and Dickins. The minutes of last ordinary and special meeting were confirmed, and outward correspondence approved.

### Correspondence

Applications for slaughtering licenses from M. Turnbull, J. Monk, J. Sloss, A. Aldridge, R. Gale, W. J. West, W. Harbison, J. Richardson, S. Denny and Thomas Bergin, were read and granted on the motion of Councillors Dickins and Misson.

From A. H. Burbank, surveyor in *[sic]* re northern boundary of allotment 9 parish of Woolamai, stating that he had surveyed the line in question and found that it encroached on the road as per plan.—It was moved by Councillor West, seconded by Councillor Aldridge, that the Secretary communicate with Messrs. Turner and Sons, and request them to remove the obstructions at once.—Agreed to.

From H. W. Hewett, asking for road to the Kilcunda road.—Postponed till next meeting.

From R. Fulton, offering to supply roller for £45.—Secretary to write to Mr. Cleeland, requesting to know his price for his iron roller.

From Secretary of Lands refusing to allow the restrictions placed on the taking of mutton birds or their eggs to be removed.—Postponed till next meeting.

From Shire Council of South Barwon, advocating the re-establishment of tolls by municipal bodies where deemed necessary, recommending that a clause to that effect be introduced into the new Local Government Bill.—It was moved by Councillor Norton, seconded by Councillor Aldridge, that this Council co-operate with the scheme advised, but do not feel directly interested.—Agreed to.

From a landholder at Griffiths Point complaining of unfairness to himself and others at Griffiths' Point through the opening of certain reserves by the Minister of Lands, and requesting that all roads and reserves may be opened equally.—Postponed till next meeting.

### Clerk Of Works Report

On road between Kidds P. R. and Anderson's, recommending scrub clearing, draining &c. at a cost of £25.—It was moved by Councillor Aldridge, seconded by Councillor Misson, that tenders be called.—Agreed to.

On temporary bathing accommodation Cowes, recommending stages and platforms on east and west side of rocks at Cowes at cost

of £10.—It was moved by Councillor Norton, seconded by Councillor West, that the report be adopted and work done by day labor.—Agreed to.

The Secretary was instructed to get some placards printed notifying to the residents of the Shire that all dogs must be registered before 15th January next, and to insert advertisement in both local papers.

The valuation for year 1880 was finally adopted. Payments to the amount of £105 9s 3d were passed.

### Tenders

Were accepted as follows:—187, J. Dykes, £17; 189, S. Davies, £46 8s.; 190 P. Quinlivan, £35 10s.; 191, P. Quinlivan, £32 5s.

It was moved by Councillor West, seconded by Councillor Dickins, that Councillors Norton, Delaney, and Aldridge form a committee to bring up estimate of revenue and expenditure for year 1880.—Agreed to.

Councillor West then gave notice that it is the intention of the Council at their next meeting to strike a rate of 1s in the £ on the estimate prepared and submitted.

It was moved by Councillor West, seconded by Councillor Dickins, that tenders be called from persons willing to collect the agricultural statistics of the Shire.—Agreed to.

The Secretary was instructed to get the dates of ordinary Council meetings printed and sent to each Councillor and post office.

The report of the members for Corinella Riding on road from Bass bridge to Dowell's corner was then read, with Councillor Delaney's notice of motion for works thereon.

It was moved by Councillor Dickins, seconded by Councillor Misson, that the Secretary apply to the Lands Department for the excision of 1 chain from Mr Long's southern boundary up to Hayes' corner—the petition presented by Councillor Delaney to stand over till next meeting.—Agreed to.

Tenders were ordered to be called for five chains of formation on South Beach road, near Green Lake.

Councillor Norton gave notice of motion that Smith's road be loamed.

Councillor West gave notice of motion that two and a half chains forming and pipe culvert be done at Evans', at Salt Creek.

The Clerk of Works was instructed to get the road up the Big Nobby done by day labor. The Council then adjourned.

From the *South Bourke and Mornington Journal*, Wednesday 28 January 1880

## Meeting Of Local Bodies

# Shire Of Phillip Island And Woolamai

Saturday, January 24th. 1880

Present: Councillor West (President), Misson, Aldridge, Norton, Turnbull, Kidd and Delaney.

The sum of £2 2s. was voted to each of the following institutions:—Victorian Deaf and Dumb Institution, Victorian Asylum for Blind, Alfred Hospital, Hospital for Sick Children, Melbourne Orphan Asylum, and Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

From John Keys, secretary to Central Group of Municipalities.—The sum of £1 1s was voted, and Councillor West appointed delegate.

Slaughtering licenses were granted to J. Kidd, J. Stephenson, Alex. Scott and F. A. Nowell.

From H. W. Hewitt, stating that a road from his selection to meet the old Coal Bore Track on Kilcunda road would be a great boon to all the selectors in that district.—Secretary to reply that no action could be taken as the track referred to was outside the Shire boundary.

Postponed letter from J. T. Chavasse, complaining of the injustice done to him and others through the partial opening of Back Beach reserves.—No action taken.

A petition from Corinella ratepayers was read, requesting that the road recently surveyed along Paul's selection might be cleared.—Referred to Clerk of Works to report.

Petition from ratepayers of Woolamai, praying that some improvements might be made at the Woolshed Creek was read.—It was resolved that tenders be called for the works requisite.

The sum of 1s. was ordered to be paid to Mrs. Dunsmere, for salvage on a quantity of rails, the property of the Council, recovered by her.

Councillor Aldridge and the Secretary were appointed to let the Shire Hall to any one requiring the same on terms to be left to their discretion.

The Secretary was directed to summons all defaulting ratepayers by next meeting.

Payments to the amount of £103 7s. 1d. was passed.

Tenders were accepted as follows:—Findlay and Morrison, £15 7s 6d; W. Misson £6 10s; D. C. Harding £41 7s; Findlay and Morrison £3; M. Monk £33; Richard Walsh £12.

It was resolved that a rate of 1s in the £

be struck upon the rateable property of the Shire for the year 1880, payable forthwith.

It was resolved that Smith's road be loamed when already formed, that 2½ chains formation with pipe culvert be done at Salt Creek; that the Clerk of Works get the thistles in the township of Cowes cut down and destroyed by day labour; that the Clerk of Works report on the best mode of preserving Swan and Green Lakes, with a view to stocking them with fish. The Secretary was instructed to write to the Lands Department, requesting the permanent reservation of the Swan and Green Lakes for recreative purposes to be under the control of the Council; also to lay a return of all dogs registered up to 15th January on the Council table at next meeting.

The Council then adjourned.

## The Herdsman and the Constable's Horse

From the *Powlett Express and Victorian State Coalfields Advertiser*, Friday 19 May 1916, page 3.

A good deal of laughter was occasioned at the council meeting of the shire of Phillip Island and Woolamai, when Councillors received a report from Mr A. J. Walton, herdsman for the Phillip Island riding; who is also the rabbit inspector. The officer reported that on April 20 he had impounded off the roads a horse supposed to belong to Constable Wilkins.

He considered that his office of rabbit inspector gave him a permit to camp on Crown Lands, but Constable Wilkins asked him for his permit to camp which he did not have. The constable then told him to shift his camp.

He asked, "How long will you give me to shift", and the constable replied, "As long as it took you to impound my horse."

The herdsman asked if a permit was necessary [and] to forward same at once. He had shifted but would go back.

Amidst laughter, Cr McIlwraith suggested that the herdsman might shift camp when ranging.

Mr Bonwick, secretary, said he wrote stating that in his opinion the herdsman had a permit as rabbit inspector to camp on Crown lands.

## Edward Sheepway Recollects...

The second week in July, thirty years ago this Winter, my old and esteemed friend, Mr. Joseph White Senr., and myself came by coach from Dandenong to Grantville to peg out land in what is now called the Krowera district, and found everything very rough and expensive. We were supposed to stick our pegs in the four corners of the blocks we were applying for, but they were not surveyed, and the scrub was impenetrable, so we stuck them all in at Mr. Walker's place, about a mile above the Bass bridge, where there was quite a collection of pegs, sticking all in a group. When we crossed the Bass River our guide said, "Now we are in the land flowing with milk and honey." We could not see any about then, but the milk has flowed there pretty considerable since.

We came back in the following November to get some scrub cut. We started with four men from Grantville and camped at a settler's about half way, and slept on his verandah, and had fried wallaby for breakfast—it did not go down too well.

We had to pay our guide £5 for each block that we took up, and he was supposed to pilot us on to it, but the blocks not being surveyed, and no track in, we started and cut a pack-track through the standing scrub for three or four miles, and started cutting the scrub, on the chance that we were on the right blocks, and when it was surveyed we had made no mistake.

Being strange and new chums, we got men that could only cut scrub in front of a hung beer in the "pub" at Grantville, and, of course, progress was very slow, but we managed to get down about 40 acres.

I went over to see Mr. L. Stewart. Senr., and had a look at his clearing, and it was a mass of standing bare poles. He had, I think, cut to nine inches in diameter, so we decided to cut to eighteen inches. I am afraid to say what that 40 acres cost us. Supplies were very difficult to get in.

At first everything was 1¼d. per lb. to pack in from the Bass bridge, no matter what it was, but later on we got it to 1d. per lb., at which it stood for some considerable time. Butcher's meat was the worst to get. In a camp of six men we had to put up with sheep 18 lbs. the carcass, and nearly as old as the youngest of our party; that sort that you can read the newspaper through. The beef we got was very little better. An enterprising young fellow in the neighbourhood wanted to

supply the camp with wallaby at 1½ per lb. We asked him if he could not throw in a bear or two, or an iguana for a change, but whether the price was too high, or our stomachs were too particular—it is so many years ago that I forget—but anyhow his offer was declined with thanks.

The only place we could get stores from was Grantville, and if the boat got wind-jammed (which was often the case) you had to wait until she did get in before you could get all the stores you wanted, for the storekeeper was bound to be out of some of them.

The track in here was very bad for several years. One day I and another man were riding in when we came upon a man (I think he worked for Mr. R. N. Scott) lying in a spot called the Glue-pot. He had one arm on the bottom, to keep his head from going under, and the other outstretched above his head, with a bottle of brandy clasped in his hand, and was calling out, "One more drink before I die." But unfortunately, he had not drawn the cork before he took the header. We rescued the bottle and then the man—both recovered.

Cocksfoot seed was 5½d. per lb. in Melbourne, then boat freight to Grantville, then bullock waggon to Goding's shed, after which it had to be packed at 1d. per lb. on the ground. We showed 11 lbs. of ryegrass, 9 lbs. of cocksfoot, and 2 lbs. of white clover per acre.

The first year we sowed 40 acres, and the second year 250 acres. I have seen grass that was sown in the Autumn up and in seed in the first week in August, that was when the clearing was surrounded with scrub; the seasons are quite different now to what they were then. After the first year, neighbours came in all round us, but it was some time before we saw who our neighbours were on the north side, as we had nothing but a survey line to go by, but in time Mr. R. N. Scott and myself blazed and opened a track going north, and that now is our main road to the railway station.

Chock-and-log fences were erected mostly then, as taking the logs off the land helped to clear it, and they made a very fair fence for a few years until wire could be got on to the ground.

Excerpt from *Land of the Lyre Bird: A Story of Early Settlement In The Great Forest Of South Gippsland*, published for the Committee of the South Gippsland Pioneers' Association, 1920. Reprinted with the kind permission of the Korumburra Historical Society. This book is still in print and available from the Korumburra Historical Society (see Page 2 for contact details) or from the Korumburra Newsagency.

From the *Powlett Express and Victorian State Coalfields Advertiser*, Friday 8 January 1915, page 2

## Terrible Catastrophe in Wonthaggi

### A Miner's Home Demolished

### Four Children Incinerated

An outbreak of fire at the residence of Mr. Owen Lovell, in Caledonian Crescent, on Saturday night last, was attended with extremely sad, painful, and tragic circumstances, and resulted in four bright little children meeting the awful fate of being burned to death. How the fire actually originated still remains a mystery, but the particulars surrounding the very sad accident can be gathered from the evidence which was given by the mother of the unfortunate little victims at the Coroner's inquiry. The terrible catastrophe a *[sic]* cast solemn gloom over the whole community, and widespread sympathy is expressed for Mr. and Mrs. Lovell in the awfully painful affliction they have sustained by losing under sudden and tragic circumstances their most precious possessions on on *[sic]* earth.

Cr. F. J. Bird, J.P. (Deputy Coroner), held at enquiry into the cause of the accident at the Town Hall on Monday, when the following evidence was tendered:—

Ethel Mary Lovell stated: Am a married woman residing in Caledonian Crescent.



Mrs Lovell and Sylvia.

On Saturday last, 2nd January, 1915, at about 8.30. I bathed and put to bed my four children, I put Leonard aged 6 years and 10 months, and Cecil aged 4 and 2 months, at the foot of the  $\frac{3}{4}$  bed, and Florence Ethel, 5 years and 11 months at the head of the bed, and I put Sylvia, aged 2 years and 10 months in a double bed by herself at the opposite corner of the room; I then done some ironing and at about 10 p.m. I looked at the children, they were asleep. I was going to the railway station to meet my husband, who was away from home, seeing his mother, who was ill. There were only a few live coals in the stove and every thing appeared to be alright.



Irene Lovell, 8 years from *Herald*, 4 Jan. 1915  
[Note: actually Eileen]

I blew out the kerosene lamp, locked the back door and went to the station, taking my child Eileen with me. My husband did not come home by the train, and when I returned the house was burned down; I did not see my four children that I left asleep in the house again. I have no idea how the house caught on fire. I thought everything was safe when I left; there were only two rooms in the house.

Constable Thomas Duane deposed: At about 10.55 p.m. on Saturday last, the fire bell rang, and on inquiring found there was a fire at Caledonian Crescent, Wonthaggi, went with Constable Edwards and the fire brigade to the place and on arrival found a 2-roomed house practically burned down; we examined the inside of the building after the fire was put out, and in a  $\frac{3}{4}$  bed in the room found the bodies of three children in a huddled position at the head of the bed, one body on the top of the other two; we also found the body of another child in the centre of a double bed in the opposite corner of the room. The four bodies were in a very charred condition and past recognition; we then removed the bodies to the hospital mortuary. They were the same bodies that I showed to the deputy coroner.

Elizabeth Whelan, who resided next door, gave evidence to the effect that her attention was first drawn to the outbreak by a crackling noise. When she rushed outside to give the alarm, the flames had a good hold and *[were]* bursting through the building.

James Joseph Whelan gave evidence of identification of the bodies. A verdict of accidental death was returned.

The Funeral took place on Tuesday, and was the largest yet seen in Wonthaggi. The cortege was headed by the Union Band playing the "Dead March in Saul," then came the Sunday School children. Over 300 miners marched, and there were about 50 vehicles, besides the general public. Little boys and girls (companions of the unfortunate little victims), acted as pall-bearers. The remains were interred in the Methodist portion of the local cemetery, and the scene at the graveside was most impressive, the Rev. Mr. Rogers being the officiating clergyman. Messrs. Knox and Sons, undertakers, satisfactorily carried out the mortuary arrangements.

From the *Argus*, Saturday 8 January 1910, page 21: State Coal Mine.

## Proposed New Town

The Powlett River coal mine is known as the State emergency coal mine. It is an emergency mine in so far as it was opened in a hurry, when the coal supply of Victoria was cut off by the strike at Newcastle. But people must not run to the conclusion that shafts have simply been sunk into the ground, and headings pushed out at haphazard to get coal. All the workings now under way at the mine are of a permanent character. The four shafts will not, in the future, be all used for hauling purposes. No.3 shaft is to be equipped with a winding-engine, while the other three shafts will be useful for ventilation purposes. The headings are lofty and wide. It is much easier to walk through the workings than through the drives of a big quartz mine. The coal is being taken for a height of 6ft., yet 2ft. remains in the roof to be taken out at a future date. The timbering is solid, and is always kept well up to the face. The size of the pint [*sic*] at a depth of 60ft. at No.3 shaft, together with the skill and completeness with which the timbering has been carried out, would gladden the eyes of any mine manager. Mr. D. C. Mackenzie has good reason to be proud of his men's work.

The means of hauling the coal to the surface is the only form of emergency work which impresses the visitor. When word came from headquarters that the mine must be started immediately, Mr. Stanley Hunter's boring machines were collected, brought to the sites of the four shafts, and turned into winding and pumping engines. There was no heavy initial expenditure in machinery. The cost was nothing. But as the mine becomes less an emergency concern, and more a permanent property, the need for an up-to-date winding plant grows. Such a plant will be at the mine shortly, and then No.3 shaft will be graced with poppet-legs 70ft. high. Big iron cages, capable of carrying half-ton trucks, will take the place of the baskets in which the coal is now being hauled to the surface, and the boring machines will resume their legitimate work.

No.3 shaft will control almost all the shallow coal area and the whole of the onsetting operations will be controlled from that shaft. The site of the main shaft has not yet been fixed. The selection will rest with the general manager, who is to be appointed in a few weeks. One point must, however, be emphasised, viz., that no matter where the

site is fixed the present workings will remain a permanent and important portion of the general scheme.

According to bores put down by Mr. Stanley Hunter, the engineer in charge of boring, the coal extends over a proved area of between seven and eight miles, and the thickness varies from 3ft. 2in. to 9ft. 11 in. The average thickness is a little over 5ft. The quantity per square mile is estimated to run into three and a half million tons, or more than the total amount of coal which has been mined in Victoria since the industry was started. Coal-mining began in this State about 14 years ago, and it has supported an average of about 5,000 people.

Bret Harte wrote:—"It was water the darned cuss was seeking, but he had luck that made him sure to find gold." They were boring for water the other day on the western edge of the site reserved by the Government for the new township when the bore at a depth of 27ft. 6in. entered a seam of coal. The coal was proved for a width of 7½ft. Mr. Hunter thought hard when he heard the news. He did not want coal in the township. Another bore was then begun a little further into the township site, and if coal be proved there a bore will be put down in the centre of the reserve. The existence of coal in this area would mean that the residents of Powlett River would have to seek a permanent home elsewhere. People cannot build on good coal seams. The geological indications are, however, against the extension of the field in this direction.

An area of 320 acres has been reserved for the town, to be called Wonthaggi, which in a few months is to replace the present camp. The site of the new town is east of the camp, and the eastern fringe is located about half a mile from the shafts. The land is gently undulating, and is clothed with bracken, and a fairly thick forest of messmate trees stunted in growth, twisted, and stripped of leaves by south-westerly gales, and burned by bush fires.

The highest point in the area is 210ft. above sea level, and the lowest point is higher than any other part of the surrounding district. A better site could not be chosen within reasonable distance of the mine. The land has been brought by the government at a cost of £15 per acre, but it is expected that

*(continues on Page 14)*

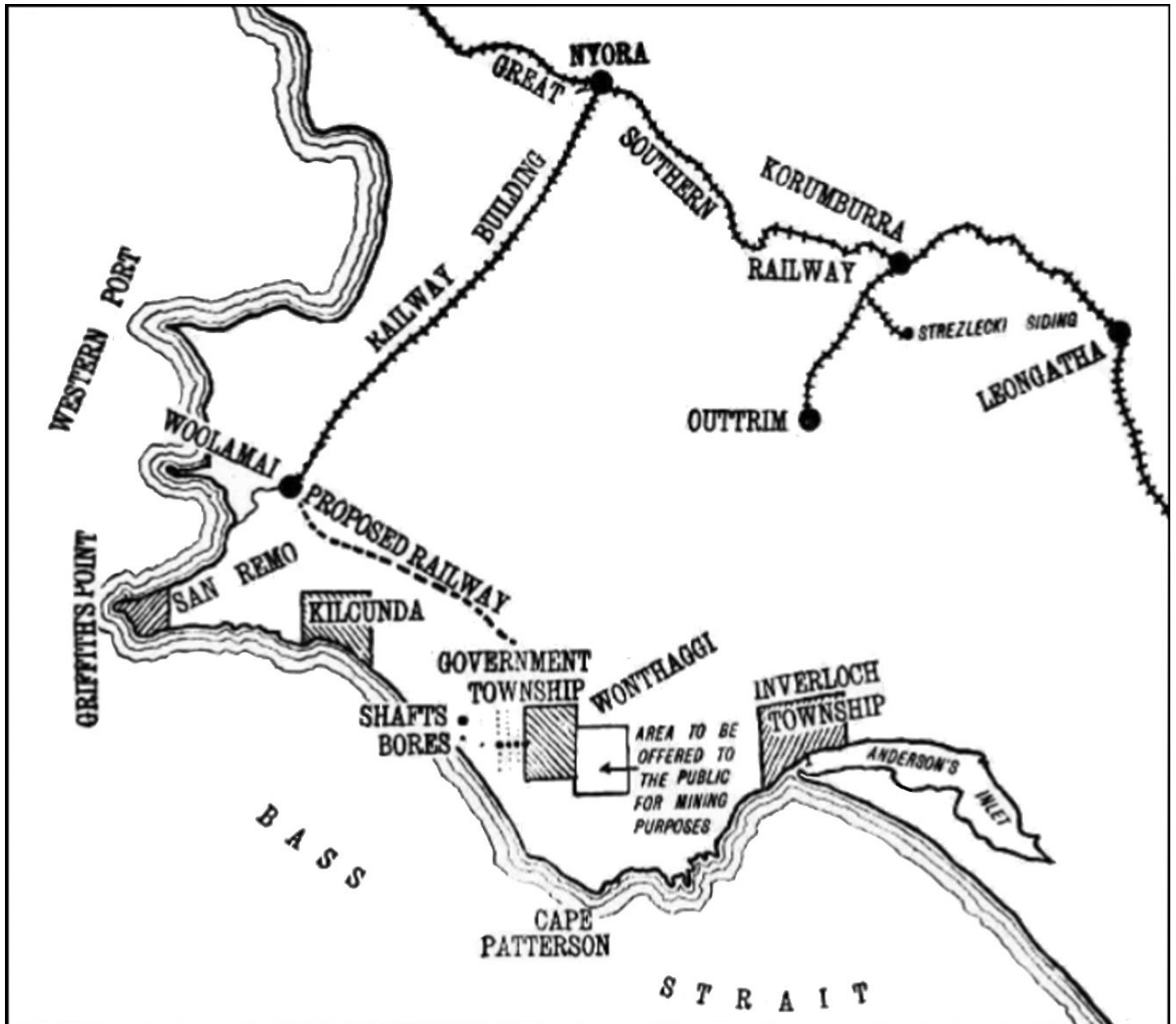
*Proposed New Town (continued from Page 13)*

a good profit will be made out of the transaction by the sale of allotments. Apart from that expectation there is a possibility of much revenue being derived by the opening of a quarry on the site. Mr. Hunter estimates that the whole of the purchase money will be repaid by the sale of road metal. One only needs one drive on the roads to see the need of road metal in the district.

Mr. Hunter, in a scheme which he has submitted to the Minister, proposes that the public should be prohibited from competing for the purchase of blocks in that portion of the area reserved for miners' homes. He has recommended that 50 houses of attractive design should be built, and that 20 should be sold to miners and other mine employees at £180, including the value of the land; that 15 should be sold at £200 and 15 at £220.

Each house, Mr. Hunter has proposed, should be lit with electricity and equipped with a bathroom. The rate of purchase is not down at 18/ per £100 per calendar month, for a term of 15 years. Provision is made by the reservation of the area for a population of 5,000, to be reached within the next four years. The site is surrounded by what is practically Crown land. Grazing leases are held over the land, but the land can be resumed in time. Mr. Hunter has prepared a map of the proposed town, showing the positions intended for a public park, for the town-hall, public library, and a racecourse. He has recommended that blocks should not be sold until roads have been formed, in order that intending purchasers may fully grasp the plan of the town. Furthermore, he has urged that street trees should be planted simultaneously with

*(continues on Page 15)*



Powlett River coalfield, with site of Government town and route of proposed railway from south-east Gippsland main line.

*Proposed New Town (continued from Page 14)*

the formation of roads.

While all these schemes are under consideration the headings are extending further into the coal, the mine being steadily and systematically opened up, the canvas town is growing, new avenues for business are appearing, and the population is increasing. The water supply is a graver question. The spring from which the present supply is being drawn – from which the many tanks at the camp are being daily filled – shows signs of exhaustion. There is the mine water to fall back upon, and Mr. Hunter says that it is good drinking water.

The output of coal has reached 240 tons a day, next week it will probably reach 250 tons. The quality of the coal has been testified to by the Railway Commissioners. There is a very slight faulting in the seams. The only fault yet met with in the working of the mine is being made use of as a boundary line in carrying out the plan of operations from the present shafts.

So far all the coal sent to Melbourne has been hauled over unmetalled road, a distance of 10 miles, and then shipped to steamers. Five steamers are now engaged in the trade from Inverloch to Melbourne—the Queenscliff, the Wyrallah, the Manuwatu, the Ceres, and the Ripple. The Moonah will shortly be added to the service. Two traction engines are on the road to the mine, and it is anticipated that they will be capable of conveying 250 tons a week to Inverloch. It is not intended to curtail the service of bullock and horse waggons. The traction engines have been engaged more with the view of keeping pace with the increased output from the mine.

The draining of the country by means of the Powlett River is also engaging the attention of the Government. Drains are being cut to the river, and men have been put on to remove snags from the stream.

Between the men and the officials the best feeling exists. Everybody is anxious that the township shall be a model one, not only from a health point of view, but in the relationship between employer and employees. It is a place in which everybody is willing to work hard. One has only to look at the men who after a tramp of 118 miles stand patiently awaiting the verdict of work or no work to appreciate the desire of everyone to put his shoulder to the wheel

## Mr. Stanley Hunter

Engaged for some years in the Public Works Department of New Zealand, and later on as assistant-engineer, Mr. Hunter had charge of some 30 miles of railway construction work for the Thames Valley-Rotorua Railway Company. About 18 or 19 years ago he appeared in the Wonthaggi district, presumably on behalf of the Mines Department, and might easily have been mistaken then for a “coal crank,” as he tramped about ranges, examining the country closely for indications of coal, and doing a certain amount of prospecting work. Towards the end of 1901 he mapped out certain bore sites with the idea of striking coal at shallow depths, but the department then decided not to proceed with boring, which was deferred for two years. Thence onward to present date he has been closely associated with boring, and other preliminary work. As is now generally known, Mr. Hunter was (with Mr. D. C. McKenzie) responsible for the opening up of the State emergency coalfield.

Source: *Powlett Coal Fields and Coal History of Victoria 1825-1910*. Published by Rae Bros., The Strand Publishing House, likely 1910 (no date on book). Photograph of Mr. Hunter by Borroni.



Stanley Hunter M.I.M.E.

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

## A Ramble Round Phillip Island

### Part Two

by "The Vagabond"

(Re-paragraphed for the sake of clarity.)

In the morning we bid good-bye to our kind host and hostess at Woolamai. The 10 mile drive from hence to Inishowen along the main road of the island is a solitary one. We pass three houses and one shepherd and his flock. No wonder that the roads of Phillip Island remain so good when there is so little traffic on them.

Mr. W. Harbison is the owner of Inishowen, and of many hundred acres of land on Phillip Island. He and Mr. Cleland nearly divide the island between them. Mr. W. Harbison is the president of the shire of Phillip Island, and it is owing to his invitation that we pay this visit. This shire council incongruously meets at the shire hall at San Remo. There are now such few ratepayers on Phillip Island that it cannot support a municipality by itself, and is therefore tacked on to a slice of territory on the mainland.

Mr. Harbison explains to me how the selectors, and small proprietors have disappeared from Phillip Island, until there are only a handful of mustard and chicory growers left. Twenty years ago Phillip Island was all one station, leased by Mr. J. D. McHaffie. Then the cry arose, "Unlock this land." Selectors flocked hither, the land was taken up, and fenced and improved, and ruin followed the small holders.

Hovell in 1826 was right! Phillip Island is generally unfit for cultivation. The gardens at Bauer's and Woolamai and Inishowen contradict this statement, but these are small patches of fertile soil improved by care and fertilisation. Phillip Island has been pestered by a caterpillar which proved the curse of the crops. Mustard and chicory are the only things which can now be profitably raised. The former is too hot and the latter too bitter for the caterpillar's palate. So Phillip Island has again become pastoral land, and ruined deserted cottages are met with in every direction.

Ill fares the land to hastening ills a prey,  
Where wealth accumulates and men decay.

But if the population has decayed from Phillip Island, it has been to the advantage of the individuals. The selectors are now prosperous in the Goulburn Valley or Gippsland, making their own wealth and adding to that of the community, whilst here they would have been in poverty. Mr. Harbison pleads,

like Mr. Cleland, that he has had to buy land in spite of himself. Selector after selector came to them and asked to sellout to get the means to start in a more fertile part of the colony, and so little by little they have become large landed proprietors.

These ruined homesteads look mournful to a political economist, but our artist finds them charming studies. He is much taken with the ruin at Long Point, where flower beds and fruit trees are choked by the growing scrub in a manner which reminds one of the lines in the Deserted Village. But Long Point is far too beautiful a spot to remain only the pasture ground of the colts, who so curiously come to inspect our old mare May. Its honeysuckle covered banks, sloping to the Bay, will some-day be the site of Melbourne citizens' country residences.

The view to French Island in front, and Rhyll on one side, and Church Island on the other, is perfect. Our artist declares he has seen nothing like this in Australia. And Mr. Harbison declares that he wishes the original owners could have remained on their selection, for he, as a member of the old Liberal party, believes in acres maintaining men and not sheep. But now the only cultivation which he attempts is for winter keep for the hundred brood mares and hundred ditto cows which his land carries, besides some 3000 sheep.

In the stables at Inishowen, too, the manager, Mr. Hull, shows me Clydesdales of strength and symmetry and aristocratic breeding. Here, too, is the thoroughbred Bait, whose sire was Fishhook and grand sire Fisherman. I believe I saw the latter win the Chester Cup.

The hospitality of Inishowen is equal to that dispensed by the famous monks who lived in the "island home" of Donegal. But it is very different to the Inishowen of to-day, the haunt of illicit potheen [*sic*] distillers. I wish I could do justice to the character of the shire president, a true Liberal and henchman of the Chief Justice in the days when Party meant Principle, and not Coalition and Office. I have many long and interesting conversations with Mr. Harbison as he drives us round the country to all the objects of interest.

The boldest scenery is found on the "Back

(continues on Page 17)



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

Beach," the shores facing the Southern Ocean. Pyramid Rock is at the end of the road which runs due north and south the entire breadth of the island, 5½ miles. We drive hither, over a hill clothed with sheoaks, from which one has a fine view of Inishowen, to a high promontory looking over the ocean. Beyond this Pyramid Hill stands out, an islet worn into fluted columns by the tide waves of thousands of years. It is girdled by foam. The breaking waves dash high over it. On an outlying reef below us a huge boulder has fallen, and with the tide action is grinding a deep basin in its rocky bed. Some day it will be dislodged by a storm and the basin become a sea garden. Far away in the east Cape Woolamai borders the horizon. From this point to the Cape there is a long bight, with here and there a little sandy cove fit for bathing purposes, and with healthy sites for residences, with which someday these shores may be covered.

As we take our lunches on the Bluff, overlooking Pyramid Rook, we witness a strange example of canine nature. The mare May has been hitched to the nearest fence post, and we sit on the buggy cushions and consume sandwiches and cake and milk. It is a simple pastoral repast in accord with the surroundings of Nature. My companions are great on Cake, and I have to caution them against excess, which is as bad for the health in cake and coffee and ice cream as in whisky and wine. Tea drinking, perhaps, is worse than all.

A shepherd in charge of a flock of Mr. Harbison's sheep, feeding on the cliffs, has also camped for his mid-day meal. His horse is grazing near. In England and Scotland shepherds have to walk. In Australia they ride after their flocks on good horses. The shepherd, with his back against a fence post, is deep in meditation, wondering, no doubt, when he will again see his best girl, or what he will do with his next cheque.

Come, all ye jolly shepherds  
Who whistle thru' the glen,  
I'll tell ye all a secret  
That courtiers dinna ken,

sings our artist. He is reprov'd on the frivolous ground that Burns is not always quite proper. But his voice has attracted the shepherd's dog, which leaves his master's side and creeps towards us. He sniffs the air with hungry nostrils. He has evidently had nothing to break his fast. Sheep dogs, like hounds, must not be fed till after their work is over. Eating makes men and beast

inclined to laziness and dereliction of duty. I whistle to the dog and throw him a sandwich. He comes towards it and then halts. There is a contest between duty and inclination. He licks his mouth, the food tempts him, he advances a step and then turns and flees the temptation, actually hiding himself in a ditch that he may not see us and be led to break the bond of duty.

This collie dog reminds me of my clever canine friend "Paddy," and of "Mickey," my four-footed mate on Lake Manapouri in New Zealand, and of the mysterious dog which adopted me in Southern Virginia [*sic*], coming no man knew whither and disappearing in the same manner. I never had a better dog friend than this latter, until one day on his flying at a small boy, one of the many who loved me in those parts, I took the animal by the throat and shook him. How reproachfully he looked at me. His eyes plainly said, "You, my master and friend; are you going to treat me thus for the sake of a nasty little boy?" He ran out of the house and was reported to have drowned himself in the Roanoke River. No one saw him afterwards.

There is another noted dog on Phillip Island belonging to one of Mr. Harbison's shepherds. He has become old and deaf, but still wishes to be faithful in all things. The mission of his life he knows is to round up sheep, and he fulfils his mission to the last. He trots around the paddocks and musters the flocks on his own account. He divides them in a knowing manner, and will bring a mob to the head station at Inishowen, upsetting all the shepherds' arrangements. He is so deaf that he cannot hear any words of command, and first in one part of the island and then another does much mischief by his over devotion to his work. "A warning to the over zealous," says one of our party.

But the poet quotes the lines—

When some proud son of man returns to earth,  
Unknown to glory, but upheld by birth,  
The sculptor's art exhausts the pomp of woe,  
And storied urns record who rests below.  
When all is done, up on the tomb is seen  
Not what he was but what he should have been;  
But the poor dog, in life the firmest friend,  
The first to welcome, foremost to defend,  
Whose honest heart is still his master's own,  
Who labors, fights, lives, breathes for him alone,  
Unhonor'd falls, unnoticed all his worth,  
Denied in heaven the soul he held on earth.

Our host drives us in the early morning to spend a day in viewing and sketching "The

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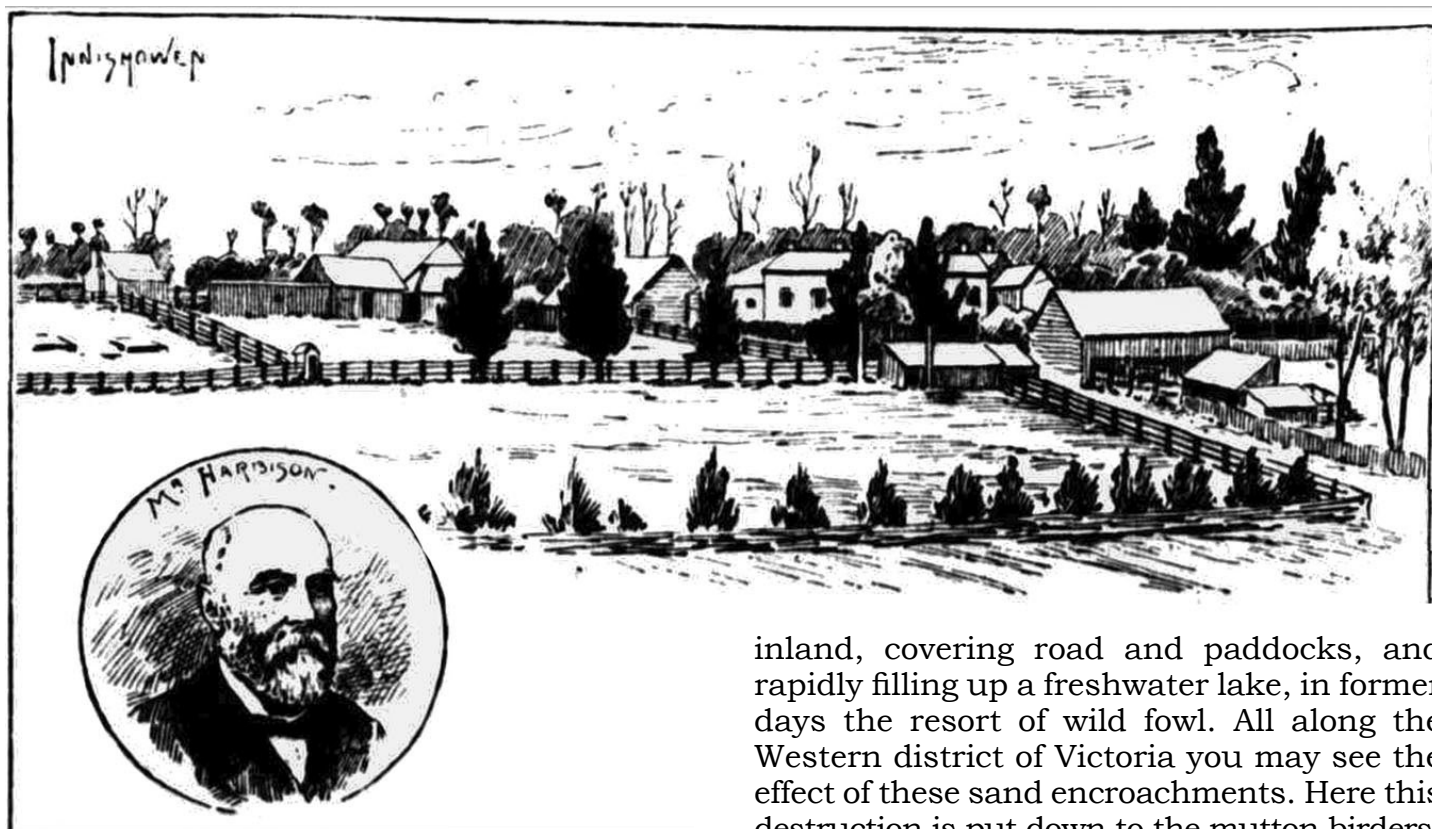
*A Ramble Around... (continued from Page 17)*

Nobby,” the extreme western point of the island. Two miles from Inishowen we strike down the road leading to the township of Ventnor, which at present only exists on the Government maps, two residences being the sole buildings there. But Ventnor in the future will very probably be more popular and populous than Cowes itself. When the railway to Flinders is completed this will be the nearest point of connection with the mainland, and on the authority of Captain Clarke the anchorage and shelter here is much better than at Cowes. The paddocks of Ventnor offer splendid sites for residences. Grassy banks slope down to the waters of Western Port Bay, and the country is dotted with sheoaks. Looking over the Bay one sees French Island and the main land bordering this inland sea. Ventnor, facing the Northwest, offers the best shelter to vessels coming in by the Western Passage.

place of commerce, is likely to be a healthy and popular seaside resort, if people will not overcrowd and attempt to live on too small allotments.

The original Phillip Island pre-emptive reserve of Mr. J. D. McHaffie adjoins the township of Ventnor. The selection of this site for the head station of the island is a proof of the advantages it possessed. In the old days many of the early fathers of Melbourne enjoyed seasons of holiday making and sport here, but the glory has departed from the old homestead, and it is now occupied by two Irish selectors.

It is a long straight stretch of road past the site of the future Ventnor, past the old preemptive reserve, past a shepherd's hut, from whence we are followed by an old sheep dog to the shores of Cat's Bay. This, on the eastern side, is bordered by high sand dunes, in places partly covered with scrub, in others bare, and blown by the wind far



Writing in 1801, Lieutenant Grant says:—“Western Port is capable of containing several hundred sail of ships in perfect safety from storms, and will admit of being fortified. It is a convenient harbor for going in and coming out at all times. It is situated in a country which may be easily improved by cultivation, and in an excellent climate.”

Port Phillip was not then discovered, and Western Port to this day is only a harbor for fishing boats. Ventnor in the future, if not a

inland, covering road and paddocks, and rapidly filling up a freshwater lake, in former days the resort of wild fowl. All along the Western district of Victoria you may see the effect of these sand encroachments. Here this destruction is put down to the mutton birders, who, by digging the nests, loosened the surface soil and gave the wind opportunity to use its destroying forces. This road is in one part completely blocked up by a hill of sand, over which we find it hard driving. The track leads nowhere except to “The Nobby,” and is only used by picnic parties.

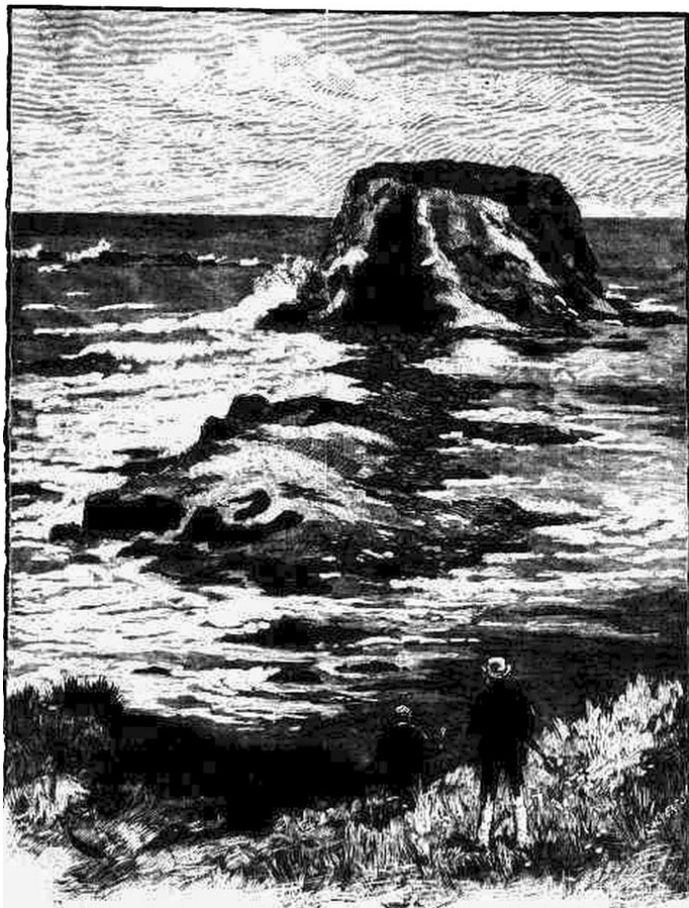
“The Nobby” lies off the western end of Phillip Island, known on the charts as Point Grant, which name should always be perpet-

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*A Ramble Around... (continued from Page 18)*

uated, in memory of the plucky navigator. It is a detached flat-topped rock, not unlike "The Nobby" off Newcastle, in New South Wales. "The Nobby" is perhaps an acre in extent, and at low tide it is possible to walk thither across the rocks. At high water "The Nobby" and another islet are surrounded by the beating waves. Point Grant, which is a permanent reserve for lighthouse or defence purposes, slopes down towards the shore facing "The Nobby." From above or below one can obtain equally beautiful views of sea and shore; and the near "Nobby," and the Seal Rocks lying in the distance. There the gentle *phocidæ* still have their homes and rear their young free from the attacks of man, as it is dangerous to land. But the Phillip Island boatmen will take fishing visitors around the Seal Rocks, and afford Melbourne Cockneys an opportunity of seeing the most graceful of amphibious animals in their natural state.

There is a sensation of weird loneliness when one stands on Point Grant and looks across the channel to the dark shore opposite. These high cliffs seem in primal desolation, the shelving beach seems to be never trodden by the foot of man. The waves break monotonously on the outlying reef, and striking the rocks send clouds of spray into the air, out of which the gleaming sunlight forms great rainbow masses. The rocks are black



and sombre even in the strongest sunlight, the white foam of the waves around forming a dazzling contrast. Outside Point Grant the water is hundreds of fathoms deep. Inside, protected by the reef running to "The Nobby," it is as shallow, and clear and still as a coral atoll. It is a magnificent view from Point Grant, but there is a finer one half a mile away on the southern coast looking over Bass's Straits. More rocky cliffs, jagged and worn, little reefs lying at their base, over which the waves dash and churn, and run around, and search out every crevice. On the far sea there may not be a ripple, but here the ocean, accumulating its strength as it rolls from the distant Southern Pole, ever hurls itself against the shore with a force that sends up clouds of foam and spray.

Mr. Harbison leads us down the rocks to where there is a bed of reef which at highwater is covered. The outgoing tide leaves many a tank, which has been hollowed in the reef, and converted into the most lovely sea gardens. The incoming tide rushes over the rocks like a live thing. It seems to have a joyous roar with it, as if in gladness at seeking its old haunts. The waves pour off again in miniature Niagaras. A little later the tide reaches the "Blowhole," a hollow cave into which the water is driven and ejected with the noise and force of a cannon.

"There is nothing finer than this on the Australian coast," I say to our artist, whose memory is stored with the romantic surroundings of Highland scenery.

"There is not anything much finer anywhere," he replies.

Yet while he finishes a sketch of the "Blow hole," I climb another hill and find something much finer. Mr. Harbison may well rejoice at the success of this day's excursion. But for him we certainly should not have seen this in Australia. Lindsay Gordon might have had it in mind when he wrote—

With short sharp violent lights made vivid  
To southward far as the sight can roam;  
Only the swell of the surges livid,  
These as that climb and the surfs that comb  
Only the crag and the cliff to nor'ward  
And the rocks receding and reefs flung forward,  
And waifs wreck'd seaward and washed shoreward  
On shallows sheeted with flaming foam.

The coast is worn and jagged, sharp reefs running out from each point like the teeth of a saw. There are many detached rocks which at one time formed part of this coast. One of these is the "Pulpit Rock," in its way

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*A Ramble Around... (continued from Page 19)*

as striking a feature as the "Pyramid Rock" we have visited. I lie on the cliff 150 feet above the waves, into which I cast pebbles, whilst our artist sketches the view with a cunning hand. Wave after wave comes dashing in at our feet, and the churning foam spreads itself into wonderful kaleidoscopic patterns. Overall there is a thin grey mist of spray which is blown from the sea to our faces. Masses of seaweed are floated to the seething cauldrons, the vortices beneath our feet. One of these takes human form. We can imagine it is a drowned man whose life is being dashed out on the cruel rocks below. Our artist says that no painter could represent the color of the waves and foam beneath us, much less can ink and type bring to the mind's eye a true idea of the scene before us.

I feel that I could lie here for days watching distant Cape Woolamai in the west and the waves beneath my hand, and pluck the wild flowers which grow to the very edge of the cliff—one daisy shaped with a lavender tint, the other the larger flower of the "pig face." This is as lonely as seat-girt Apolima. As I lie here I can see no trace of man or man's work on sea or shore, save perchance in the smoke of a Sydney steamer, or the white sails of a "liner" beating up to Port Phillip. Looking in shore, however, paddock rails give proof of man's occupancy, but there are no residences for miles.

Mr. J. W. Syme, the brewer, of Hobart, once owned the block surrounded by the reserves at Point Grant. He built a house and recovered his health here, and then left Phillip Island, selling out to Mr Harbison. When I hear this I wish to make arrangements to get the house for a summer residence, but am informed that it has been burnt down, together with miles of fencing, by a bushfire, started by a careless party of Melbourne picnickers. The average holiday maker is very thoughtless and unmindful of other people's property.

On the Bluff at Point Grant some posts have been erected to which visitors can hitch their horses, but some of these have been pulled up to light fires, the remains of which may be seen all about, as well as hecatombs of broken bottles. Why people should smash bottles to cut horses' feet and make picnicing uncomfortable for those who follow them is a mystery of the Philistines.

Our artist is a long time sketching on this spot on the South Coast, west of Point Grant, but gets better effects as the wind rises and freshens into storm. The roar of

the ocean increases, the waves are dashed against the rocks with what seems irresistible force. The impact is terrific, the foam and the spray mount over the waves and up the sides the cliff till it seems that the ocean itself will engulf the onlooker. Dimly through the storm rack the reefs are visible, black and angry, looking like cruel monsters waiting to devour the bones of shipwrecked mariners. Old Ocean crying out in the might of the tempest is the greatest force on earth. Very small and weak do we feel looking on the devouring waters. The mightiest monarch is here as impotent as a slave.

"What care these roarers for the name of the king!"

Yet standing up on the edge of the cliff, held there in perfect safety by the strong wind, which almost forces us backwards, one gets in time a sense of elation. You can almost laugh and cry out with fierce joy as the mad sea-horses come surging in, but when they bear with them a broken piece of mast which is thrown and shattered half way up the cliff, you feel a sense of personal hatred against the cruel forces of Nature. Whence come this flotsam and jetsam? Where is the good ship to which this mast belonged, where the captain and crew who sailed it?

We drive back across country through paddocks mostly owned by Mr. Harbison. We skirt the shore of Swan Lake, a lovely mere bordered by ti-trees and rushes. Here are ducks and black swans, and in the ti-tree clumps Mr. Harbison says wallaby are still to be found. Here, too, a few deer are left, descendants of those placed on Phillip Island years ago by the Acclimatisation Society, but which the selectors were allowed to kill off.

A quarter of a mile away on a sloping bank we see something moving. Mr. Harbison imagines that these are sheep which have not yet been driven in to the shearing, and as the objects look brown we agree with him. But they turn out to be a herd of 13 deer.

The drive from Swan Lake back to Inishowen is for *[sic]* miles over a long, green, deserted road filled with thin bushes, the home of the rabbit. Roads in Phillip Island, where the country is nearly all owned by pastoral proprietors, are now of little use except to visitors like ourselves who otherwise might get bushed. One last night's peaceful rest at Inishowen, and then good bye to the kindly shire president, Mr. Harbison, and back to Melbourne to record our impression with pencil and pen of this *malanga* around Phillip Island.