

Police Experiences with the Natives.

Reminiscences of the Early Days of the Colony.

BY THE LATE JAMES MCLEAN, of Mounted Police Force and Sheriff's Officer, Adelaide.

I am the youngest of five brothers, and was born in August, 1818, in the Parish of Maine, County Westmeath, Ireland, and came to this colony in the ship "William Nicol," of Glasgow, captain and owner, William Elder, belonging to Kirkaldy, one of the most gentlemanly men I ever met. His crew also were all Kirkaldy men (having sailed with their captain from his apprenticeship) excepting the chief mate, Mr. Thomas Ferrers, who was the only Englishman on board. Our doctor, David Moor, was from the County Tyrone. The cabin passengers were a Mr. David Sutherland, wife and young family; also Mr. Sydney Bernard, son of Dr. Bernard, the Emigration Commissioner in Dublin. We had two hundred emigrants on board. They were from nearly all parts of Ireland. Also as (passengers Mr. Robert Bruce and Mr. William Reid (father of Inspector Reid) and their families. We made a quick passage of ninety-seven, days, having sailed from Kingston on March 31 and landed at Holdfast Bay, South Australia, on July 6, 1840, all well. Captain Elder got me into the Mounted Police on September 29, 1840. At the time I joined the force consisted of Major T. S. O'Halloran, (Commissioner), Alex. Tolmer, Esq. and David Gordon, Esq. (Inspectors), H. Alford, H. Dean, and J. Eastop (sergeants), Daniel Swaffer, T. Naughton, and W. Freestone (corporals), besides saddlers, farriers, and twenty troopers, of which I was one. My first night in barracks I had to mount guard over a prisoner named Billy Bist. He was taken that day on board a vessel at the Port dressed as a woman.

The first place I was sent to was Encounter Bay, and arrived there on October 23, 1840. This was a lively place. The whaling station had been doing well, and there were stationed here Sergeant McFarlane, Constables Ward and Smyth. The latter was a shipmate of mine, and had joined the foot police. A station was just formed at Goolwa; the men there were Creery, Paynter, and Wells. They belonged to the Mounted Force, but as yet had no horses. This was immediately after

the wreck of the "Maria," and the murder of her crew and passengers. For so doing Major O'Halloran hanged three of the natives on the ground, where they committed the murders, and left their bodies hanging as a warning to others.

My duty was to convey despatches from one station to another. I was sent on one occasion after a native who had killed a native woman. I found a blackfellow and two lubras encamped on one of the sandhills near the mouth of the Murray. He told me the man I wanted had gone across the river and proceeded up the eastern branch of the Murray to the Island of Towagirie, where they were going to have a grand corroboree, so I left and rode back to the bay, when the sergeant sent Ward and Simmonds next morning with me, and ordered us to get two of the Goolwa men and the boat, and go up the eastern branch. Our party in the boat consisted of Ward, Simmonds, Paynter, Wells, and myself, besides the boat's crew of blacks, Peter, Solomon, Encounter Bay Bole, and Joe. When we landed on the first island the natives crossed over to another, and we pursued them up to our necks in water till we came up to them, where they had a large encampment, but the black we wanted had crossed the river to the sandhills, so we had to give up the chase for that night and make a wurley, light a fire to dry our clothes, make a pot of tea, and cook fish. Seeing nothing of the man we wanted, we returned to the station. Nothing particular occurred here until I was called to head-quarters to attend to the opening of Port Adelaide. This was a grand affair. The Governor, Colonel Gawler, and Major O'Halloran, were in full uniform, and every man we had was mounted, and from the figure some of them made it was plain that they were never on horseback before. Allworthy, the assistant saddler—his horse could take him anywhere—and he kept galloping through the crowds with the muzzle of his carbine scraping on the ground, until at last he rode over the old Harbormaster, Captain Lipson, and knocked him down. Most of the troopers got to barracks a little after dark, but through the jollifications we lost several on the road; but they kept arriving at all hours in, the night, and some not until stable call in the morning. So ended the memorable opening of Port Adelaide!

A few nights after the opening of the Port, as we were preparing for bed, there appeared a great glare of light, and immediately after the man on sentry called out, "Turn out; Government House is on fire." We were on the spot in a few minutes, so was nearly every person in Adelaide.

There were two engines, the South Australian Company's and the Police, but they were of very little use, as the premises

were composed of "wattle and dab," and thatched with reeds (all done by the sailors and marines of H.M.S. "Buffalo"). It burned as if it were flax. There were several narrow escapes through guns and pistols exploding, also powder canisters. Nearly all the papers connected with the Government business were destroyed.

The next event worth noticing was a case about the French ship "Ville de Bordeaux." It being Sunday, we were at Church (Trinity), in the midst of the morning service, and heard the clanking of a sword, scabbard, and cavalry spurs, which caused us to look round, when we saw the orderly for the day. The wave of his hand was sufficient to make us all turn out, leaving the minister and congregation to wonder what was the matter. We found the horses all ready for us at the Church gate, and learned that the French ship had sailed away from Holdfast Bay with sheep and other cargo, which was a breach of the navigation laws. She also took away Mr. John Anthony, Customs officer, who was on board on duty. We made no delay in mounting and getting to the Port, where Mr. Torrens, the Collector of Customs, had the steamer "Carrier" ready to receive us, having her crew and (provisions on board and her steam up. After we got out in the Gulf we sometimes went very well for a few hours, then had to stop for an hour puffing and groaning, as the fuel was very little good, being the shingles that were used for the roofing of Government Bonded Stores. In this manner we kept knocking about the Gulf and Troubridge Shoal for two days and two nights, but no French ship could we see, so gave up the chase. When we got in sight of Holdfast Bay there was the French ship at anchor in her old position, the captain having regretted the step he had taken.

The sheep were landed and taken charge of by a trooper, the vessel was brought round to the Port under seizure, and the crew taken to Adelaide, and quartered in Captain Ferguson's iron store in Waymouth-street, pending the decision of the Court. The supercargo shot himself in Grenfell-street. The case was referred home to be settled by the Admiralty and the French Government, and the vessel was subsequently converted into a light-ship, and afterwards broken up.

In the month of January, 1841, I was dispatched, along with Inspector Gordon, Sergeant Alford, Troopers Prewett, McCulloch, and Lane, to form a station on the River Wakefield, Mr. John Horrocks and Mr. E. B. Gleeson, having settled there with their stock. We halted to camp near the River Light, where we killed a young kangaroo, and cooked part of it, and next afternoon camped at Macaw Creek. This being

McCulloch's first two nights in the bush, he could not sleep, and was standing at the fire at daybreak having his smoke, when he was startled by a number of laughing jackasses, who were in a limb of one of the gum-trees. He never having heard these birds before, commenced to laugh also, and the more the birds laughed the more did he, to the amusement of us all. Next day we halted on the Wakefield Plains at a large waterhole, and remained here for three days, until our baggage came up with Mr. Gleeson's teams. A number of the sappers and miners, with laborers, tents, and baggage to commence a survey party, also arrived. After this we went up to a bend of the river, where Mr. Gleeson had several flocks of sheep. His overseer, Sandy McDonald, and his wife were here, and a number of coolies shepherding. Here we erected a large wurley or shed for our cooking place. One afternoon we saw coming along the banks of the river two horsemen. When they got up to us the eldest asked if it was a survey camp. I replied it was a police camp, when he introduced himself as Captain Bagot, and the younger man as his son Christopher. As a matter of course, we made him welcome, and were glad to do what we could for them and their horses. He said he had only just arrived in the colony, and was then on the look out for a likely part of the country to settle on.

Captain Bagot was of opinion that there was no land fit for cultivation between Adelaide and Mount Horrocks. Prewett and I arranged that night to go with them as far as Mr. John Horrock's place, on the Hutt River. We then started for his station, and remained there for the night, and next morning the captain and his son started on their exploration. Prewett and I likewise started on a day trip taking a circular route through the ranges. West of our camp I never saw a prettier country; nice sloping hills down to the banks of a creek of running water as clear as crystal. The hills also were lightly timbered with sheoak and honeysuckle, and wattle in full bloom, the scent of which was delightful; and the grass everywhere way up to our saddles, no cattle having as yet found their way to it—only the kangaroo, wombat, and opossum. I believe there had been one or two exploring parties. When we arrived home we found Lean and some sappers enjoying themselves. Lean, who had been a Cornish miner, went about in his spare time picking up small stones round the hill at the back of the tent, and declared that there was plenty of copper ore to be found. I laughed at him, not knowing anything, of minerals, though old Menge, the mineralogist, had previously declared that South Australia was a copper-bearing country. Lean was correct about what he found, for several years afterwards Messrs. G. & G. D. Young, who had

purchased the land, opened several shafts and spent a deal of money, and always found copper ore, but not in quantities to pay.

I had a little dog, who spent the greater part of the day hunting snakes. Sometimes he would come home with his head very much swollen; but after a day's drowsiness he would get all right and be off again hunting, to return in the same state.

Prewett and I went to Mr. John Horrocks to learn, something of Captain Bagot and his son, it being a week since they left, and they had not returned. Mr. Horrocks was also uneasy about them, and got his horse ready to start with us, but while we were preparing to mount, the father and son just emerged from the valley where we last saw them enter on their outward journey. When they joined us the captain declared he saw no country fit for either agriculture or depasturing stock.

Shortly after this Mr. Gordon came with orders to take me back to town; and next day, February 27, 1841, we both started, taking a circular route by the head of the Gilbert and over the range by the Butcher's Gap. The following day we called at Dutton's sheep station, on Allen's Creek, proceeding on to where Captain Bagot had just arrived and pitched his tent. We continued our journey to Mr. Ned and Bob Leak's, where we stopped for the night, the next morning starting by way of Walker's Creek to Gawler, and then on to town. On the following morning news arrived that the natives on the River Murray attacked Mr. Inman's party on their way from Sydney, and had speared Mr. Inman in several places very badly, also taking all the sheep, about seven thousand.

The day this report reached Adelaide we had just buried one of our men, who died very suddenly. The following are the particulars: B— was an atheist, and on the previous Saturday, while on parade, Inspector Gordon, gave orders that the Governor requested that every man except those on duty should go to Church regularly. This angered B—, who swore after he went into his tea that he hoped he might drop dead before he would go to Church. He slept in the same room with me, and was last on guard on Sunday morning. It was his duty, being on morning watch, to call the trumpeter at 6 o'clock, and for this purpose he came into our room, where the trumpeter also slept. Immediately after calling him I saw B— reach down his carpet bag and then fall down. I called to Alphy to see what was the matter with him, when he replied he was in a fit. We got him on a bed, and one of the men, rode as fast as he could for the doctor but B— was dead in five minutes after he fell. Another

strange occurrence came to our knowledge. About six months after his death there came a letter directed to him from his father, and stated that his sister, who was also an atheist, was dead, but had renounced atheism before her death, and her last request was for her brother to do the same. Comparing dates, it was found that both had died on the same day.

On April 17, 1841, the force being collected, they started for the Murray, having Major O'Halloran (Commissioner) at their head, with Inspectors Tolmer and Gordon. I followed after them the fourth day with despatches, and overtook them at the Nancoota Springs, the Murray side of Mount Rufus. We proceeded on our journey merrily, keeping with the baggage, the Major taking the opportunity at every plain we came to to have us drilled; and after we got to the; Murray everything was regularly arranged as to our general duties.

We went forward for nearly a fortnight, and when within one day's march of where the encounter took place between the natives and Inman's party we were overtaken by Trooper Kufe with despatches ordering the Major to return with the whole party to Adelaide forthwith as Governor Grey had arrived. The Major very reluctantly had to obey orders, so we all returned to town, but found out afterwards that if we had gone on for one day's march we should have recovered several thousands of the sheep. After a week we started again, augmented by a strong force of volunteers, consisting of Captains Ferguson, Berkeley, Berry, and Daniels, also Captain Field's brother, Messrs. B. T. Solly, Edward Bagot, James and Charles Hawker, Jacobs, James, and Charles Fisher, and several others well mounted and armed. We also had five bullock teams loaded with, baggage, and our light cart as usual carrying our day's supply, all guarded by twelve foot policemen. We arrived at the place we previously camped on, without any mishap. When we got to where the attack was made we found several large holes filled with dead sheep. Had we gone on at first we should have saved the sheep, as they did not appear to have been long dead.

We saw plenty of natives, but they always took to the river and swam across, and we dare not fire on them. We halted here, built a strong stockade round our tents and baggage, erected a flagstaff, and hoisted a flag on it every morning at gun fire. The Major called it the Hornet's Nest. From here we scoured the country nearly every day, and had several sharp gallops after the natives, but they always took to the river and crossed over.

When we were within five or six miles of the Rufus we met

Langhorne's bullock team, with Mr. Miller lying in it in great pain, having seven spears in him, the barbs still being in the wounds. The men with him informed us that while crossing the Rufus they were attacked by the natives, the cattle dispersed, and the remainder of the party killed with the exception of two cowardly rascals who, though better armed than the others, ran away at the commencement.

The place where the attack was made was at a bend in the Rufus, which was then called Langhorne's Crossing. There we found the bodies of three men with their thigh bones extracted and carried away. We dug a grave and put the bodies into it, Major O'Halloran reading the burial service of the Church of England over the grave.

We then proceeded up the river to the lake, and on our way we saw some broken guns and other things belonging to the party. When at the camp we saw a number of canoes out in the centre of the lake, and when night came on we could easily count them, as each had a fire in it. We kept a good watch all night, but in the morning there was not one canoe to be seen.

The natives will never show fight to a number of mounted men, particularly if they have swords, which they dread far more than the carbine. Next day we returned to the Hornet's Nest, where we caught one black, and took him to the camp. We called him Jim Buck, the name the natives give the sheep. When we arrived at the camp we found everything all right and Miller getting on nicely.

Soon after this we bid adieu to the Hornet's Nest on our way homewards, and our black prisoner, who had a rope spliced round his neck, ran behind the cart.

We arrived at Captain Bagot's thirteen days after we left the Hornet's Nest, and nothing occurred worth notice on our homeward journey, excepting a little matter with our black-fellow, who at one time we thought was done for. He was running on a cattle track alongside the cart, but went the other side of a sheoak tree by mistake; but instead of breaking his neck the new rope snapped as if cut by a knife. He picked up the fallen end of the rope and called to the driver, holding up the broken piece. Those in the cart felt the sudden jerk, but thought it was caused by the cart getting into a rut in the road. On examining the black we found that it had only ruffled the skin on his neck. We arrived at Gawler and stayed for the night, and after eating something made another start next morning, and got to barracks by 3 o'clock.

Four new men had joined while we were away. Those took

charge of our prisoner, but they had had too much ale, and forgot all about him, and all of them, went to sleep. The poor black, not seeing any of us (his old mates) laid his rope across a fire stick and freed himself, and was not missed until the morning, when Paddy Pike gave the alarm; but we were unable to fall in with his tracks, so that nothing was seen of the native after.

We now commenced regular town duty, and Spencer and I were told off as orderlies to ride after Lady Franklin, Mrs. Grey, and His Excellency as they went out daily.

After this I was sent to form a new station on Julia Creek, as the natives had been troublesome at Dutton's and Bagot's sheep stations. Our duty was to patrol as often as convenient to the different stations on the Light, the Gilbert, Burra Creek, and Mount Bryan, Mr. John Hallett having just got his sheep there.

On our rounds Dawson was continually picking up specimens as he called them, and carrying them home in his holster pipe, having to cross the ground where the Burra Mines were afterwards discovered every fortnight. He always picked up some stones there, and I saw plainly afterwards that Dawson was the first discoverer of copper in the Burra hills.

The first races held at Clare came off this week. Dawson and I were at them. We there met Donald Stewart, and Lamb, who were stationed at Bungaree. There was some good sport, and no publican's booths; but the race committee had plenty of spirits and ale and porter and wine, which they got up from town for the occasion. The promoters were E. B. Gleeson, George and Charles Hawker, J. B. Hughes, Charley Green, Harry Rice, John Horrocks, Hogden, "Stein," and Jacobs. Clare was not laid out as a township then, and there were no houses but Mr. Gleeson's and a shepherd's hut at the Twins waterhole.

Dawson and I went home with Donald and Lamb to their station at Bungaree and made an early start for home, coming across the racecourse. Then we proceeded across the Hill River Range to J. B. Hughes' station at the Springs, near Mount Horrocks, where the E. & A. Patent Copper Company have now their horse paddock. Next we passed our old station on the bend of the Wakefield, near where the township of Mintaro is now. From here we steered for McGinness' stone chimney hut, where we stopped for the night at what is now the township of Saddleworth.

When our six months here were expired we were relieved by Eastwood and Carter, when Dawson and I proceeded to head-

quarters in Adelaide, and again commenced town duty, such as Governor's orderly, stable guard and serving summonses from the Police Court, Jury summonses from the Supreme Court, and attending drill when not engaged on other duties.

Governor Grey was now about talking a pleasure trip with Mrs. Grey and party to the South. The party consisted of His Excellency, Mrs. Grey, and Mr. Godfrey Thomas (the Governor's Private Secretary), who was step-brother to His Excellency. The first day we stayed for lunch at Major O'Halloran's, and rode on to Willunga in the afternoon, and next day, after visiting the State quarries and other places about the township, we started for Encounter Bay. From here we rode out daily, visiting the whale fishery and a few settlers that were there, viz., the Rev. Mr. Newland, Mrs. Keeling, Mr. Helmores, and Mr. Matthew Moorhouse, who was staying there after his marriage. A few days after we moved on to Goolwa, where we remained three days. Mr. Thomas and I got dogs from Captain Pullen and survey party, when we had good sport, and killed three large and one small kangaroo. This place was called by the surveyors "Port Pullen" or "The Elbow of the Murray," but the natives called the river "The Rawie" and the land "The Goolwa." The fourth day we returned to Encounter Bay, where we stayed for the night, and left next morning by way of Yankalilla, there halting at Captain Field's for the night, and in the morning started for Henry and Frederick Jones' Station, "Rapid Bay." The last day we were here a native woman was bitten on the ankle by a whip snake. The men took her immediately and made a shade for her about 300 yards distant from the wurleys. On asking them the reason why, they said, "By and by that one 'crackaback' (dead) when sun go down," and the poor creature did die in great pain in the evening.

Next morning struck tents and started for Adelaide by way of Willunga. After proceeding a mile or so we came to a house, in front of which was a honeysuckle tree with a board nailed to it notifying that tea and coffee were to be had at all hours; and His Excellency and Mrs. Grey said they would stop there until the cool of the evening. After the Governor had been talking to the proprietor for some time he ordered dinner for the whole party, including those coming behind us. The Governor and Mrs. Grey retired to the shade of a tree, and Mr. Thomas and I went into the house. I was greatly surprised to find Mrs. Clark was a shipmate of mine, her maiden name being Taggart. She was quite glad to see me, and got a first-rate bush dinner ready in a short time. I

rather suspected that they sold a little hard stuff on the sly, for when I took the first sip of my coffee it brought tears to my eyes. Mr. T——saw this, and said, "I wish Mrs. Clark was a shipmate of mine; if so, I think she would put cream in my coffee." Mrs. C—— then saw things were all right, and she gave *him* cream also.

I had to ride back to meet the cart and dray and inform those with them the road we had taken. When they arrived at Clark's there was a plentiful dinner ready for them, and after they had dined they again started ahead of us. We did not leave until the cool of the day, but before we started Mr. T——and I had some more of Mrs. C——'s cream. I think Clark lost nothing by His Excellency calling, for when asked for his bill he said he thought about £1 would pay him; but the Governor paid him two, and I saw Mr. Thomas also give Mrs. Clark something yellow for her trouble.

We arrived at Willunga at sundown, and came at a splitting pace to town, and passed in through Government gate before the sentry had time to turn out the guard. Again commenced the regular routine of town duty every day, and also drill.

We had been on the lookout for some time for Big George Dwyer, an African, who had made his escape from, the Gaol. He had been on Kangaroo Island, but we got information that he had come back to the mainland. One of our men saw and fired at him, but he could run like a deer, and he got clean off. I received instructions to go through the country and see what I could do. I started next day in disguise, and got as far as Mrs. Neal's, "The Travellers' Rest," Houghton, whom I told that I had left the police, but got a Government job to take the agriculture and live stock statistics. She told me Dwyer was there on the previous night. I heard enough to convince me that I was on the right track, so I asked but few direct questions about him, and proceeded on to Mr. W. C. Spicer's at the Chain of Ponds, all the time keeping my eyes open. Mr. Spicer asked me to stop to dinner, so I walked out with him while it was preparing, and saw Dwyer's lubra, whom I knew at once. She went into an old dairy dug out of the bank of the river, which confirmed my previous opinion that this was Dwyer's place of abode. I hastened on to barracks and reported progress. So it was arranged that I should guide Mr. Tolmer and a party of men on the Saturday night, and be there by Sunday morning at daylight.

The party told off with Mr. Tolmer was Sergeant Alford, McCulloch, James Hall, Dawson, and myself, and we arrived on the bank of the river east of Mr. Spicer's house about 5

o'clock, when Mr. T—— decided it best to remain there until daylight. It was arranged as soon as it was light that Mr. Tolmer, Alford, McCulloch, and Hall should take the north bank of the river to a ford opposite Spicer's door. Then Dawson and I were to cross the river and come in at the rear of the house. When we saw the rest coming up in front, Mr. T——'s party started first, Dawson and I afterwards, and halted in the rear of the house. At this time we heard the clashing of the other party's sword scabbard against their spurs, so we knew they had taken the wrong road, and as Spicer's dogs were also alarmed, and seeing there was no time to lose we decided on making the attempt ourselves; so Dawson and I started at racing speed, and on coming round the corner of Mr. S——'s house I saw Dwyer's head thrust through the roof of the dairy. I called to Dawson to come on, as Dwyer had forced himself through the roof with nothing on but a shirt and vest, and carrying his trousers in his hand. He leaped into the Torrens, but as my horse took the water in fine style I got over nearly as soon as he. Dwyer made for the opposite cliffs; but I headed him, when he dropped his trousers and made back for the bend in the river, where there was a deep hole, into which he plunged. Seeing it impossible to follow him with the horse, I dismounted and got on to a dead tree that was lying in the river, and before he could get up the opposite bank I leaped from the tree astride on to his back, when he turned over and tried to get me under the water. I could get no hold of him for some time, he having no clothes on but a vest and shirt, and his hair was cut quite short, but at last by chance I got hold of one of his legs, until Dawson got to my assistance and caught him by one of his hands. At this time his lubra came, who was nearly as powerful as himself, and the first thing she did was to get hold of his shirt and vest and try to tear them off him. I told Dawson to draw my sword and use it on both of them if they did not give in, as I was afraid one of them might take it while both my hands were engaged. Dawson then said to Dwyer, "George, if you don't surrender, we must disable you." He answered, "I'll die first." And then, as he made another effort to free himself, I said to Dawson, "Let him feel the sword." Dawson then gave him a cut across the loins, which made him still more desperate. Then D—— gave him a dig between the ribs, when he immediately fell and called to "Maria" to bring him the Book of Common Prayer! Dawson and I held him down while I passed my sword belt twice round his neck which gave us a good hold of him, for neither of us had our handcuffs with us, as they were in our holsters.

We then got Dwyer on a door and carried him into Spicer's house, he praying all the time to try and make us think he was dying. I then told Mr. Spicer that I would hold him responsible for the safe keeping of our prisoner, and to assist Dawson in any emergency, while I was absent after the horses. On my way I saw Mr. Tolmer and his party coming up at full speed, they having taken the wrong road at the commencement, and went a circle of ten miles through the hilly country. I told Mr. Tolmer that we had Dwyer all right up in the house, so they galloped on. Hall assisted me to catch the horses, so that I got back soon after Mr. Tolmer had gone.

We then procured a bullock dray from Mr. Fordham, got our prisoner into it, and started for town. When we got to the cleared road we left McCulloch and Hall to guard the prisoner, and Mr. Tolmer, Alford, Dawson, and I started for town, as Mr. Tolmer was in a hurry to report the case to the Commissioners, and to send out Dr. Nash to meet the wounded prisoner.

We came along at a hard canter from town, and sent out the doctor, after which Mr. Tolmer, Dawson, and I went to the Commissioner's office and made our statement of the whole affair.

The doctor met the guard with the wounded prisoner just as they were coming into Teatree Gully, and after examining the wounds he said that they were but "flesh deep, and mere scratches." When McCulloch heard this he immediately slipped a pair of handcuffs on to him, then passed a chain, round them and round the tail of the dray, locking the two ends with another pair of cuffs. This was not done a moment too soon, as Dwyer got better at once; and seeing there was no use shamming any more he sat up and told them that his intentions were when passing this very spot to throw himself off the dray, and run down the steep gully, and risk a shot or two, as he knew that the horses could not follow him. But the timely arrival of the doctor frustrated all his plans. He arrived at barracks in the afternoon, and was forwarded to his old quarters in H.M. Gaol, and at the following sessions he was sentenced to fourteen years' transportation to Van Diemen's Land.

Next day after his capture His Excellency gave a reward of £25 for his apprehension, to be divided amongst us; but Mr. Tolmer came forward with the three shares in his hand, and said, "McLean and Dawson, you are the parties who deserve this, so I make you a present of my share."

My first journey to Port Lincoln was in the month of June,

1842. The natives were very troublesome in the Port Lincoln country. They had murdered a sheepfarmer named Brown and his cook and his housekeeper, who was wife to the overseer named Stubbs. Stubbs escaped after they had left him for dead, and whom I afterwards saw when a piece of a spear was extracted from his eye, the eye coming with it.

The leader of this murderous gang was a fellow who was always kindly treated at the station by Mrs. Stubbs, who daily dressed a badly burnt foot he had until it was cured, and this is how he paid for her kindness—by murdering her.

On hearing the sheep coming home at sundown the rascals retreated, and it was then that poor Stubbs made his escape, and went to Mr. White's, at Talala, and reported the whole affair.

On the news reaching Adelaide, Governor Grey lost no time in making arrangements to send protection to the settlers, and Lieutenant Hugonin, one sergeant, one corporal, and sixteen privates belonging to the 96th Regiment were ordered to prepare to embark forthwith for Port Lincoln; and I was the trooper selected.

We sailed in the South Australian Company's schooner "Victoria," commanded by Pilot Benjamin Germein; and after very rough weather and a long passage of eight days we got to anchor in Boston Bay on a Saturday night about 11 o'clock, when Mr. H—— sent me ashore accompanied with Pilot Germein and two of his crew.

On the second day we started to scour the country for the natives. The party consisted of Mr. Driver (Government Resident), Lieutenant Hugonin, Mr. Sam and Fred White, Captain Hawson and his brother Tom, Medithan (a mason), McEllister, Swaffer, and myself, with Constable Innes driving his own horse and cart carrying our rations and tents; also Mr. Hugonin's servant, Lacy, and Big Jack, a native guide. We proceeded by Mount Gawler to Mr. Biddle's station, the scene of the late murders, then to Pillawarta, where we stopped for the night, and next day through the Downs and new country, where we fell in with some natives, who told us that the blacks who committed the murders had fled to the interior across the Marble Range. We took one of these with us as guide, and after a day's preparation we started again with the soldiers, tents, stores, &c., and formed a camp at the Fountain. From this place we made several excursions, and next day we halted to camp for the night in a dry gully on the plain, and while we were preparing supper our black guide disappeared as if he had sunk into the earth. Immediately the soldiers

and Adelaide natives ran in all directions, but he was nowhere to be seen, though there was neither bush, stump, or rock to hide him.

After this we again scoured the country for some days until there came a letter from Mr. Driver, reporting a large number of natives camped on the Peninsula, south of Port Lincoln, proper. We then broke up camp and marched for Port Lincoln, and arrived there the next day. Old Harker had his cutter ready, assisted by Captain Bishop and Hawson, who accompanied our party, which consisted of Mr. Hugonin, Sergeant Holder, and ten soldiers, myself, and my two blacks.

We sailed up the Proper until we sighted their camp, then landed under cover of a neck of land, leaving on board Captain Bishop and Harker, who sailed up past them, when the natives left the camp, and, collecting on the beach, hailed those on board. By this time we had extended our files and surrounded them. On coming up to the wurlies Mr. H——, Captain Hawson, Old Garlie, along with myself and my two Adelaide natives, leaped into the camp and secured two old men, and two young women. We then got on board the cutter, taking the two women and my prisoner, for the other had slipped through Hugonin's hands and escaped. After a most miserable and stormy night the wind right ahead, we anchored in the morning, and now took up our quarters in Port Lincoln, where I stopped with Mr. and Mrs. Swaffer.

One night we were aroused by the report of firearms. Some thought the natives had attacked the town, and that the soldiers were firing on them, but on turning out we found that it was a vessel that had arrived from Adelaide with a party under Mr. C. C. Dutton for the purpose of collecting all the cattle and driving them overland to Adelaide. Amongst them was an old friend of mine, Sandy McDonald, formerly overseer to Mr. E. B. Gleeson, and lately in the foot police in Adelaide.

A few mornings after this we were surprised to see the three soldiers we left in charge of the stores at Pillawarta, one without his boots, the other two bare-headed, having been attacked by the natives, when they ran for it like good soldiers!

We immediately prepared for a start, and the soldiers were to follow after with Mr. Dutton's party. When we got to the station we found it was plundered of everything. We got on their tracks easily, as some of the plunder being sacks of wheat, the wheat had run out as they went along, thus giving us a sure trail. As we got out on the Downs we saw two

natives running, to whom we gave chase. After a smart gallop we came up to them. They were two boys, who gave us some trouble to catch, as they fought like cats with both teeth and nails. They pointed in the direction of the camp, and we made for it, but having to cross a small shallow lake our horses made such splashing that the natives heard it and fled. We saw three of them return for their spears. Those we gave chase to, and Mr. Hugonin got hold of one. We then left him and went to join the remainder of the party, who were at the native camp collecting things belonging to the different parties who were murdered. We found this camp well stocked with the plunder taken from Pillawarta, consisting of bags of wheat, tea, sugar, and many other things; and also a clothes bag marked with the murdered Mrs. Stubbs' name, and put into it several things which were identified as belonging to the different parties who were murdered, some of the things being marked with their names. Those things being found in the camp of Mr. Hugonin's prisoner proved that he was connected with the murderers.

We then started with our prisoner and arrived at Pillawarta tired and hungry after a ride of forty miles. The soldiers had arrived, and had a good feed ready for us, and Mr. Dutton's intended overland party were there also.

After a night's rest and an early breakfast of cold pork and damper, with a pannikin of good tea, the mounted party and soldiers started for Port Lincoln, leaving Mr. Dutton's overland party to collect the cattle.

Mr. Hugonin and I rode out to Pillawarta to see the party before they started. It was a sorry equipment for such a journey—only one horse, team of six bullocks, some tea and sugar, no flour, only wheat and a hand mill to grind it, and so on.

Next day Mr. H—— and three soldiers, I, and my blacks sailed from Port Lincoln and arrived in Adelaide on the third day. . . .

After some time had elapsed the friends of Mr. Dutton's party that had started overland began to get uneasy, as there was nothing heard of them at the farthest out stations, and they being out now seven weeks, the case was laid before the Governor, and he gave orders for a party to start to look for them. The party selected was Inspector Tolmer (in charge), Corporal Rose, McMahan, Spencer, Brooks, Look, and Barber (driving the ration cart), and myself. There was also a party of volunteer gentlemen to join us at Bungaree Station. First day we got to Gawler Town, and Mr. Tolmer and Rose galloped

ahead of us to select a camping-place on the Gilbert, but there being no station or hut we formed a good shelter in a cave or crevice in the cliffs on the west banks of the river, where the remainder of the party arrived in, good time.

Next morning the whole party started, all being under the command of Mr. Tolmer, and crossing the River Broughton, where the Crystal Brook comes out on the plains, we camped at the Brook for the night, and commenced our journey just up the plains west of the range.

Everything had been going on well until the day previous to our arrival at Depot Creek (Mount Arden), where the volunteer party began to show signs of dissatisfaction in having to obey the orders of Inspector Tolmer; and as he had been appointed by the Governor to take charge of the entire party he would not give in, and so after a regular growl it ended by his giving us orders to prepare for a return to Adelaide next morning.

In the morning, true to his word, we counter-marched, he leaving the volunteers behind us, and hastened on to town to report the circumstances, we following after him. When we got to Gawler orders then came for us to proceed no farther, as we were again to go back with a fresh leader, Edward John Eyre, the explorer.

Next day we were again joined by Mr. Tolmer and a fresh baggage and escort party. Mr. Eyre joined us with Mr. Burr, Deputy Surveyor-General. Mr. Eyre also said that he would take but three men along with his black, and when finally starting from Mount Arden he, therefore, selected Rose, McCulloch, and myself.

We left Gawler next morning, and after a quick journey of six days arrived at Depot Creek (Mount Arden). We had to go up the bed of this creek a long way, leading our horses over great boulders of rocks. The sides of this chasm were perpendicular, and nearly 400 ft. high; and we saw at the top several natives looking and shouting down at us. If they had only rolled the stones down they could have killed the whole lot of us, horses and all. It was now the month of September, 1842.

After a day spent in preparing, the next morning Mr. Eyre, his blackfellow "Nandora," Rose, McCulloch, and myself started, we leading three packhorses. (The remainder of the party, with Mr. Tolmer and Mr. Burr, proceeded to town.) The same afternoon we crossed between the head of Spencer's Gulf and Lake Torrens, where our horses sank to their girths in the stiff clay.

Next day the same miserable country, and the day after

arrived at Baxter's Range at noon. Mr. Byre expected to find water here, but it was dried up. We found here an old tin bucket, which I recognised as seeing with Dutton's party, but there were no tracks to be found of either the horses or cattle. Then I came on a rock and discovered a crevice in it quite 10 ft. long and fully that depth, full of the finest rain, water. This raised our spirits, and Mr. Eyre determined to rest here until the cool of the next afternoon, then start after giving the cattle plenty to drink, and travel all night, as he said there was no chance of water for seventy miles, at a place he called Refuge Rocks. He said also there was no fear of our horses going away, and that we need not watch them—a mistake that nearly caused the loss of the whole party, as next morning at daylight there was not a horse to be found. After a hasty breakfast McCulloch and Rose started on their tracks, and in about an hour Mr. Eyre followed after them, leaving his black and me at the camp. Night then came on, and there being no sign of men or horses, I took up my position on the high ground, lit a fire as a guide, and dozed off, but was woken by the arrival of Mr. Eyre, who told me that he had walked about twenty miles, and had seen one of the tracks, and followed this up a short way, when he found my horse, caught him, and put his swordbelt round his neck, and rode him back to camp. He rested until morning, and again started on the tracks with a little more confidence.

Two hours afterwards Rose and McCulloch made their appearance, knocked up and dejected, who said they walked nearly thirty miles the previous day, but no horses. They also told me that they had met Mr. Eyre that morning, and he told them as soon as they got to camp to start me and the black to follow him, and keep on his track, and not quit it until I either overtook him or met him returning, and that he would keep the same track coming back. I started with only my hat, trousers, shirt, and boots, my carbine and some cartridges, also a nosebag and a horn of tea, as the day was getting quite hot and not a breath of air.

After we passed where Rose and Mac's tracks turned back we began to get disheartened, so we resolved to return. It now commenced to thunder, the native said "Big one rain come," and advised me to return, to a large wurley we had passed four or five miles back for shelter. We then commenced our return march, though disobeying orders; and it was well we did so, for had we gone on we would not have overtaken Mr. Eyre, nor met him returning, as he had got the horses, but found it impossible to keep them on their outward

track, so he had to follow them as best he could. Before we arrived at the wurley the rain commenced to pour down, and the thunder and lightning were awful. With some trouble we lit a small fire inside the wurley, but I never suffered with the cold as I did that night.

The morning came at last, and we continued on our homeward journey, two of the wettest and most miserable wretches possible, so I lay down and fell asleep. When I awoke I was much refreshed, as the heat of the sun put warmth into my body after the cold of the previous night. But a fresh misfortune now appeared. My native companion was nowhere to be seen, so I made another attempt to shorten the distance between me and the camp, and while looking wistfully at the place where my companions were I could see plainly a man on horseback leading another horse and coming to where I was. It was McCulloch riding his own horse and leading mine. Mac told me that the native had just arrived at the camp, and told them that he left me while I was asleep, and that Mr. Eyre had arrived at the camp only a short time before the native. He had overtaken the horses on the seabeach, west of Point Lowly, where one of them (Camel) took to the sea and swam for the opposite shore (Yorke's Peninsula), steering a direct course for Adelaide. He watched him till he was out of sight, and then faced the others towards the camp, but had much trouble to keep them together, and travel all the night, so he had his share of the rough weather.

Mr. Eyre had come across Dutton's party's tracks with the dray and cattle, but they were facing back in the direction of Port Lincoln again, so we concluded that they were all safe back at the place they had left.

Next morning we made an early start, and then gave the horses as much water as they could drink, Mr. Eyre saying we were sure of water twenty miles farther. After this we got to Refuge Rocks, but were sadly disappointed at not finding any water, as the horses were getting quite done up for the want of food and water, and from the great heat.

Started again at daylight, but in better hopes, as we could see the hilly country, and knew we had a better chance there of Water and feed.

Nandra then called our attention to a wild dog on the top of one of the hills. As we looked in the direction we saw also a black make his appearance, who commenced running down to us, shouting all the time. Mr. Eyre called to us to get to our horses and mount quickly, as we were going to be attacked. When we got over the hill we saw about thirty

blacks running towards us with their spears raised, and all in fighting attitude, but we were fully prepared to meet them and fight for the water. The one who came to us appeared to be a chief; waving his hand above his head and calling to them, they all halted, laid down their spears and squatted on the ground. Mr. Eyre then told them our wants, and they ran in the direction of at pine creek, where we saw a number of lubras and children and a splendid waterhole. Mr. Eyre told two of us to remain mounted ready and the other to water the horses and light a fire. We kept a close watch over the natives, and they needed it, as they soon commenced to show signs that they meant mischief. He then ordered two of us to fire over their heads, when they scampered off to the other side of the creek, leaving us to ourselves. We then filled our water bags, had our tea, but kept a close watch on our horses all night. We allowed only the black we first saw to come across that night, and so had very little sleep; made an early start in the morning, and the old black came with us. Mr. Eyre said he would take him to Port Lincoln, and show the people there that if the natives were kindly treated they would not commit the depredations they did. I told Mr. Eyre that I believed this to be one of the murderers, and that I thought he would not persuade him to accompany the party to Port Lincoln. However, he kept on running along all day quite merrily, and brought us to a hole on the side of a hill, and went down into it, and in a short time returned with a large shell full of the purest water.

Next morning we watered the horses in the same manner, the old black still keeping with us.

When we were about an hour on our march, we came across Dutton's track. My horse was now showing signs of knocking up, and about noon he completely gave in. It was no wonder, he having done four hundred miles more than any of the others; besides, it was he who carried Mr. Eyre after the others when they strayed away; and it was he that brought me back when I was left in the scrub by Nandora, and my weight, including saddle and kit, was over eighteen stone. So Mac, with Mr. Eyre's permission, had a good rest for a time, while the latter and the others went ahead. After giving them about two hours start on us we set off after them, Mac going ahead on the track and driving the two horses after him, they keeping well up when we came in sight of the others, and after shifting our saddles to our own horses again we made for the camp. Mr. Eyre told us he would take the two best packhorses for himself and his blackfellow and hurry on to Port Lincoln, leading us

to follow after him, leisurely, and that he would send out a party to meet us with some provisions, as ours were nearly done.

Mac and I and Rose started early next morning, and camped at noon in the centre of the scrub, with splendid grass, fine sheoak trees, and a fine waterhole. Another early start, when we also got a sight of the sea; but coming in the direction we had I could hardly recognise at first sight where we were, but as soon as I saw South Island I said we must be very close to Pillawarta. And so it was; but it had quite a different appearance to when I saw it last, as there were a number of houses. We found the remains of a fire in the garden, and had a feed of turnips and some damper, and halted for the night. We could see there were no cattle here, though this was the place where Dutton took his mob from; but the stockyard, being grown over with wheat, showed plainly that they did not return there.

In the morning we tied our two packhorses together, and started them before us on the track for Port Lincoln, we following them at a quick pace, and arrived at Port Lincoln at midday.

We got two days' rest to repair our saddles, and on the third day we took to the scrub again in the direction of Franklin Harbor. The party consisted of Major O'Halloran (in charge), Inspector Tolmer, Sergeant McEllister, Corporals Swaffer and Rose, Constables McCulloch, Lamb, Geharty, and myself, with Farrier B. Clark; there were also Mr. Driver, J.P., and Mr. Charles Lloyd Hawker. We stopped at Pillawarta that night. Next day about 11 o'clock we saw a large number of natives all over the plains. We gave chase and cut them off, and before many of them got into the scrub we rounded them, up and made them lay down their spears; but we were some time before we could get the Port Lincoln police to point out any of the suspected murderers, as they were quite paralysed with fear; in fact, they always appeared so whenever we came in contact with them. After some time they pointed out two, whom McCulloch, Lamb, and I immediately secured. Then the cowards felt themselves safe, and commenced to talk. One said, "Did you see the black that killed Mr. Brown?" Another said "Was it not a pity that the fellow that killed Fastings was not taken?" And soon we learned that we had allowed to escape some of the principal murderers, as we Adelaide men did not know them, and the Port Lincoln fellows were too frightened to point them out. When the Major heard this he gave orders to give chase us

quickly as possible, so we started at racing speed, and after going through the scrub for about a mile we came out on the sea beach, where we had first-rate galloping ground. We intended to keep on the beach until we knew we would be ahead of them, then turn through the scrub and round them up. From this place we got into the scrub again and faced back, extending our files fifty yards apart, covering a large extent of the country, but no natives were to be seen, so we kept on until we met the rear party. The Major's horse was quite done up, though he was considered the best horse we had. We then halted for a short time, and returned to Pillawarta, and remained there for the night, and proceeded to Port Lincoln the next day.

We made several excursions into the country, but saw nothing more of the natives. One day we were out looking at the soldiers who were fishing. McCulloch called my attention to a noise up at the Barracks. We both ran up; and not a minute too soon, for in coming to the end of the station house we saw our two prisoners going along the garden fence and making for the bush. We very soon caught them and dragged them back, and tumbled them, irons and all, down into the cell again. How they managed to come up the steps with their leg irons locked on to a bar 7 ft. long, I cannot say, for it would puzzle white men to perform such a task. They made another attempt that night. By some means they had procured a piece of a broken shears, and with this made an opening round the stone sill of the window where the iron bars were inserted. On hearing them we went down and found the stone quite loose. This made us keep a strict watch over them until we could deliver them into more safe keeping in, the Adelaide Gaol, as the vessel had now arrived to bring us to Adelaide.

Soon after this, Major O'Halloran left, and was succeeded by B. T. Finnis, Esq., as Commissioner and Police Magistrate.

Our first duty in company with the new Commissioner was to go to Kangaroo Island to suppress smuggling that was carried on there to a great extent by some old Sydney and Van Dieman's Land hands, who then resided on the island. There were ten of us told off for this duty, and the, Victoria schooner, with Pilots John and Benjamin Germein and a pilot boat's crew got ready to convey us from Port Adelaide, where a boat came off from, the schooner and took us on, board; we then steered for the island, but did not land till after dark next night when the settlers were all in their beds. We took up our position on a hill in Kingscote in the rear of Charley Thompson's house, he being the principal smuggler. While

lying in wait until daylight, before making a descent on his house, we kept as quiet as possible, only that Eastwood, who was a great snorer, would give a snort, when he got a poke in the ribs to keep him awake. The Commissioner here told us that he who laid hold first on Thompson should get five pounds. When we had sufficient light we surrounded the house, and, the back door not being secured, we got in there and spread through the house. We then found our way into Thompson's own room, where we found a woman sitting up in bed, and a man's clothes on a chair. Mr. Finnis asked her where Thompson was. She said at Flour-Cask Bay Fishery. He then asked, "Whose clothes are those?" She said "her son's," but we knew well Thompson was in the house. After examining the passage, Eastwood called out: "Here is a trap door," and, putting his finger into a ring-bolt, lifted it up, showing the steps down to a capacious cellar. I then commenced to descend, but had not gone more than a step when I saw a man at the foot of the steps with nothing on but his shirt. He spoke, saying: "You need not come down, I will go up." I backed up, he coming after me, and I forgot all about Mr. Finnis' five pounds until Sergeant Naughten, who always had his mind collected, put his hand across me, and, laying it on the man, said: "Thompson, you are my prisoner."

The sergeant got the five pounds, but gave it for the benefit of the entire party. Leaving a guard over the prisoner, the remainder of us went to search the out premises, where we found a quantity of tobacco, but no spirits; but we seized five splendid new whale-boats. We then got the prisoner, tobacco, and boats secured on board the schooner, and stood off as if we were steering for Port Adelaide, but returned when dark and landed at the American River, leaving only a guard of two men on board. From there we commenced to walk across an arm of land to Hog Bay until we saw the settlement, but those we wanted were too sharp for us, and made their escape before we got up to the houses, as we saw them running on the beach a long way off. It was useless to attempt to follow them.

After remaining here for about three hours, our schooner arrived, so we got on board and steered for Port Adelaide, where we landed safely and conveyed the prisoner to town, leaving boats and tobacco with the Customs authorities at the Port. Thompson was afterwards tried, and forfeited his boats and tobacco. Some time after our arrival a report reached Adelaide that Captain Sturt and his whole party were murdered by the natives on the Darling. Mr. Gordon then

came for Dawson and me to go on with him and his party to Moorundie to join the head-quarters party, who were already on their march for the Murray to follow up Captain Sturt's track. We started next morning, and halted at Bill Jones', the farriers at Penwortham, and on the day after halted at Julia Creek for dinner, and again resumed our journey.

The next morning we faced the Murray scrub and got through to Moorundie by noon. His Excellency Governor Grey, Mr. Tolmer, and a strong muster of our fellows were there, and were waiting for the return of a party sent up the river to learn more particulars before making a final start. After waiting three days longer the party returned, as they had met the natives with Captain Sturt's letters. The captain and his party were, therefore, all right, so we all started back for town, but Dawson and I went direct to our station at Bungaree.

I was next sent to Moorundie to relieve John Carter, where I was under the orders of William Nation, Esq., S.M. I had to take charge of the natives' stores, and also to act as clerk to the church, as Mr. Nation read the Church of England service every Sunday. The duties to be performed at this station were more like pleasure than anything else. The floods came down this season, and the oldest of the natives never saw such rains before. The flats in the rear of the police and soldiers' barracks had fifteen feet of water over them, and but for the house being built on a sort of natural rampart which ran along the bank of the river, we should have been all swamped out.

The natives would never be a day behind the full moon when they came down the river for rations, some travelling even a hundred miles, and would be knocking at my window and calling, "McLean, what for you no get up and gib it flour." When the flour was issued it was amusing to see the shifts they had to make for something to receive it in. Some had a leg of trousers, and others a piece of bark. Immediately after the issue, when counting the tally, we would find that several must have got supplied more than once, as the women lent their children to each other, and so got a double lot.

Immediately the issue was over each family went by themselves and lit their fire and commenced damper-making on a large scale. They carried water from the river in many ways, mostly in pieces of bark, and sometimes in their mouths.

After this came the eating, which they stuck to until they went to sleep. They had always plenty of fish. There was one sort for the children, another sort for the young men; then the young women, and after this came the women with

husbands. Each was proscribed from eating anything but what was allowed them by their lords and masters. The old men were privileged to eat all sorts, thus ensuring themselves, no matter which class went without.

I was one day engaged in writing my weekly journal when I heard some of the soldiers, who were fishing in front of the barracks, call out that a snake was swimming across the river. I immediately commenced to load my carbine with shot and ran out, and there saw him coming straight towards me. I fired and hit him, for he sank at once. They opened him and found five young snakes about six inches long each. The natives said he swallowed them for the purpose of taking them over the river, and that such a thing was quite common. They very soon had him on the fire, cooked and ate him together with the young ones.

The old women are the most expert divers. I often, when fishing off the bank, got my hook fast in a log in the bed of the river. I would then call an old woman, holding my rod to show her where the line was sunk. She would then swim to the place, dive down, and return in a short time with the hook between her fingers. I have frequently employed the women to catch large crayfish or lobsters, which they could get in the bed of the river amongst the reeds alongside the banks in ten or fifteen feet of water. I have often watched them go down, and it was surprising the length of time they would stop under water. I could always see the spot they were in by the shaking of the long reeds as they walked through them, but they never came up without having one or two of these fish with them. They would keep at this for hours, and be quite satisfied with a pannican of flour for payment.

There were but few stations about there. The first was Jaffrays and Macbeans, next was Mr. Williams, then Mr. Wyleys, and that of Mr. J. C. Hawker, who lived at Moorundie. Mr. Hawker had a large mob of pigs running wild on the flats. They subsisted on the roots of the reeds and flags.

The Murray was a favorite resort for a lot of young men who had spent what money they took out with them while living in Adelaide, and, while waiting for further remittances from home, they would retire to the banks of the Murray and camp there. This was a wise precaution against the temptation of getting in debt in Adelaide, as there was fishing, fowling, wild geese, black swan, and several sorts of ducks abounding on the creeks and lagoons; also plenty of kangaroo and emu on the high ground adjoining the scrub. I often thought it the happiest life a single man could live. Any person having an income

of less than fifty pounds a year could live the life of a prince. He had no occasion to do anything he did not like, as he could get natives to do this work.

One day I saw Henry and Bob, two of the natives who accompanied me on the Port Lincoln expedition; they brought a letter which informed me that Mr. Tennant and Mr. Anderson had arrived in the Port Lincoln country with sheep from Adelaide, and that they came on Dutton's dray, and underneath were the bodies of the whole of that unfortunate party; but it was impossible to tell how they came by their death. The place where the dray was found was but a short distance from where Messrs. Eyre, Rose, McCulloch, and I quitted the track. Had Mr. Eyre followed it up we should have known more of their fate, though they must have been dead then. So ended the days of my old friend, big Sandy McDonald.

About twelve o'clock one night we were turned out of our beds by Mr. Tolmer, accompanied by Mr. Montefiore. Mr. Tolmer said there was a ship ashore on the seabeach opposite the Coorong, and he wanted to send a party immediately. He selected Donald Stewart, G. Dains, J. Lamb, and me, and sent for Sergeant-Major Alford in a hurry, stating there was no time to spare, as the crew and passengers were in danger of being murdered by the natives. We started at seven o'clock next morning, and were to call at Encounter Bay for Corporal Pollard, who was stationed there. Sergeant M. Alford was also instructed to employ two whale boats and their crews from the Fishery, which were to be conveyed by bullock teams to the Goolwa, then to sail up the eastern branch of the Murray to the nearest point to the wreck, and convey back the passengers, crew, and cargo to the Goolwa. We hastened on our journey to Goolwa, from which we crossed with our horses to Hindmarsh Island, where we camped for the night. Early in the morning we went up the bank of the eastern branch of the Murray and lost no time in mounting and getting over the sandhills and on to the seabeach. The tide being out, we went at racing speed. After an hour's ride we got sight of the vessel high and dry up against the sandhills full twenty yards from the sea, but we saw no person moving about anywhere, neither was there any person to be seen when we got there. There were spars, sails, and cargo strewed about in all directions. We then came on a beaten track entering a gap in the sandhills, and, following this, came suddenly on the crew and passengers where they were encamped. A Roman Catholic clergyman, Rev. Watkins, was standing at the fire bare-headed, reading to the crew and passengers, who

were all paying the greatest attention. They were greatly afraid of the natives, who were collected in large numbers, and every day increasing. The principal part of the cargo was hops and dried mutton hams. The natives had broken open some of the cases and fitted themselves out in all sorts, both men and women—coats buttoned behind, and some with their arms shoved through the legs of trousers, but they very soon disappeared when they saw us. We were too hungry to bother about them, as we saw two large pots boiling mutton ham and potatoes that we stood in great need of, having eaten nothing since the previous day. The poor people were quite overjoyed at our arrival, particularly Father Watkins.

There was plenty of meat, besides potatoes, sugar, coffee, and flour. The passengers and crew were making a sort of flat-bottomed boat to enable them to cross to the main land, but they knocked off boat-building when we told them there were two whale-boats coming. These arrived the next day, and, after we got the crew and passengers with their luggage on board, along with what cargo they could take, the boats started for Goolwa, leaving Lamb, Dewins, and me to remain until all the cargo could be removed, which we expected to do in three trips.

The next morning, after giving the boats a start of us, we followed after them down the bank of the river, and passed them about half-way between the wreck and the mouth. When we arrived at the crossing place we halted for the boats, expecting them in an hour or so. Night came on and no boats, and then it commenced to pour with rain, and not a bush to shelter us. Daylight came, but still no boats, and raining hard. Next morning we were preparing to go back when we learned what caused the delay of the boats. The whalers were determined not to come on until we were off, as they had a quantity of things they had planted on their two first trips which they did not wish us to see. Next day we started for town, and arrived at barracks after five o'clock in the evening.

After this trip I was kept at town duty so long that I was getting tired of it, and when I applied to be sent to an out-station, the answer was "my horse, Savage, was not fit for bush work, and that I need not expect to be sent out until he was more manageable."

I was then sent to the Port for a month, thinking that, having to come up the Port-road so often, it would be a good way to make him familiar with the different objects he would meet on the road.

Soon after this Governor Robe arrived to relieve Governor

Grey, and I was called to town to join in the escort to see Governor Grey away. Our orders were to allow no person between us and the carriage but the Colonial Secretary. His Excellency took his seat in the carriage accompanied by Mrs. Grey and his private secretary (Mr. Godfrey Thomas). Immediately the carriage drove off we rode close after it, but the bustle in starting frightened "Savage," so that he jumped clean over a large holly bush, and then kept on one string of jumps until he was over Frome Bridge. One gentleman, Mr. Frederick Bayne, a lawyer, would come between us and the carriage, and though we spoke to him he repeated it. In passing through Hindmarsh, a Mr. Ridley fired a salute for His Excellency. At the first report Savage was so frightened that he leaped right over Mr. Bayne, sending both him and his horse rolling in the dust. I could not stop to see if he was hurt; but after a while I saw him amongst the crowd; he never came in front of us again. When we got to the Port we filed off right and left, fronting each other, leaving a clear passage to the boat steps, where the man-of-war's barge was lying ready manned to convey His Excellency to the vessel, which was to sail next day for New Zealand, that being Governor Grey's next seat of Government. After the barge had moved off amid the cheers of the sailors and crowds of people assembled, His Excellency Governor Robe took his place in the carriage, accompanied by Mr. Godfrey Thomas, and dashed off for town, followed by ourselves! as his escort.

Some time after this I was not satisfied at my position. There was a station at Mount Gambier, and I expected to be one of the men selected to go there ; but not one word was said about me. There was also a man promoted to the rank of corporal who was some years my junior, and who had never done any particular duty, so I made up my mind to leave. After telling Sergeant-Major Alford a little of my mind, I wrote out my resignation to leave on the 31st of the month.

Mr. Tolmer asked me that evening what were my reasons for leaving. I told him that I considered I did not get justice done me for all the special duty I performed; and that there were men favored who never did any duty, besides being my juniors. He advised me to change my mind, and gave me his word that he would see there was justice done me. I replied it was too late now, as I had taken the carpentering work of a new public house Alford was building in Piriestreet. He said he was sorry to lose me, but if I required his influence at any time I should have it. I thanked him and we parted. Next day, 31st January, 1846, I quitted the Mounted Police of South Australia.