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JOURNALS OF DAVID HARFORD

Born 1851 Clare South Australia
Died November 1941 Adelaide South Australia

These Journals tell the story of David Harford's trip across the Nullarbor from Streaky Bay to Albany commencing in June 1886. He was accompanied by his wife Laura Susan Wise who he had married in Adelaide in January 1884.

David was a grandson of Samuel Harford and the eldest son of Samuel's first born, Stephen. He was a Stone Mason but he also wrote verse and in 1883 had published a small number of poems. Above all he was a wanderer and on his travels he wrote about what he saw of the Australian landscape and its people.

A copy of the journals is held in the Manuscript Collection of the State Library of Victoria which was provided by a descendant relative Estelle Carroll (nee Richter). Also included in the copy at the library, but not reproduced in this document is a second part containing a collection of his poems written both before and after the journey across the Nullarbor. Two of these were written at Streaky Bay in 1885 and 1886 prior to the journey.

The copy obtained from the library is difficult to read and contains a number of misspellings. It has been typed by Bernadette Holmes to make it more easily readable. The misspellings have been corrected although there are some commonly occurring instances which have been left for example, oer for over, an for and, and to for too. In these cases the context is quite understandable.

Some headings have been included as an indication of where David and his wife were located on the journey. Also some explanatory notes have been provided in italics to assist the reader's understanding of some of the words and their context.

The references to "Mazzine" are important to an understanding of the journey. They refer to Henry Mazzini who crossed the Nullarbor in 1886/7 with his family. Further details of his experiences are of value to appreciating the trials both families endured in the harsh environment. The West Australian of 27 August 1887 published an account of Mazzini's travels. This may be found on line at the National Library of Australia Newspapers website.

I am very grateful for Bernadette's painstaking efforts in typing and interpreting the details of the copy and also to Jenny Carollo in Adelaide in identifying and providing further details especially in relation to Henry Mazzini.

Peter Harford
March 2009

1. STREAKY BAY & WATSONS RUN

It was the fourteenth day of June
 When we left the port of **streaky bay**
 We made the final start at noon
 For to cross the wilds to WA.

As soon as we left streaky Bay
 Our heavy road it then begun
 And though we made good head way
 We found it anything but fun

The weather it was very dry
 For four months no rain had fell
 Nor yet a cloud upon the sky
 When to it we bade farewell

We passed over **Watsons Run**
 Our course it lay out back
 For the heavy road to shun
 We took the inland track

Of horses now we had got two
 The old Black was the best
 But the both were good and true
 For well they stood the hardest test

2. MOODY MOOKLA, LAURA BAY, DENIAL BAY

Here was many a fertile plain
 That was well clad with grass
 But which sadly needed rain
 As we over them did pass

We passed the moody **mookla** tank
 Which lay off on our right
 And came to where a well was sank
 And rested there that night

Next day in a rock of limestone
 The welcome fluid we found
 Where scattered near was many a bone
 For a good many yards around

That day it been Sunday
 We rested there that **day**
 And started on the Monday
 And arrived at **Laura Bay**

Tuesday we reached **Denial**
 Where we stayed an hour or two
 And though we came many a mile
 We very soon bade it adieu

3. CHARA & FOWLERS BAY

For not a blade of grass was there
 Some mallee scrub was all we seen
 For far and wide was dry and bare
 With scarcely a shade of green

There was for us a little luck
 But our horses fared much harder
 For I shot a Turkey and a duck
 That helped to fill our larder

I will not linger with my tale
 or your patience I may worry
 Or perchance be rather stale
 So excuse me if I hurry

We passed **Chara** on our way
 And some other stations too
 Which did belong to **Fowlers Bay**
 But it took us days a few

On the twenty ninth of June
 The date we reached **Fowlers Bay**
 Mr. Murray then its manager
 Those uncheering words did say

4.

Said he Eucla you will never reach
 With those two horses you have got
 But twas little did I heed his speech
 Because I really thought it rot

We passed oer many a broken plain
 And through stunted mallee scrub
 Some singular roots that did remain
 Looked not unlike some zulu's club

Again we fell in with our friend
 I mean those heavy tracks of sand
 With whom some time we did spend
 But no I could not take his hand

Late that night we made the well
 Little thinking what there was in store
 For we intended there to take a spell
 And rest there a day but no more

Our horses after the heavy track
 Were tired when we got there
 So we put the bell upon the black
 And hobbled Bess the mare

5.

They were not long upon the grass
 When I heard the black horse neigh
 Then I saw some object moving pass
 Then bounding quick away

I went to ascertain the cause
 That broke their midnight meal
 There I saw which made me pause
 And far from pleasant did I feel

Yes there in the dark starlight
 Two monster camels stood
 And the both a dirty white
 Seemed rooted there like wood

Over the plain our horses went
 With the camels in their wake
 Our horses maddened by their scent
 Unto the scrub did take

After them I did give chase
 But soon I did come back
 For on they went lightning pace
 And like pistol shots did bushes crack

6.

Before the dawn I was awake
 Whilst the stars were on the sky
 And as the day began to Break
 It was then I passed the camels by

I had passed them about a mile
 When I came up to the mare
 When me she saw she gazed awhile
 With a terror stricken stare

I got on her back without a stump
 Then after the truant Tom did go
 Who fence after fence did Jump
 His tracks too well did tell me so

Many a nice patch of feed
 He had cut up in his stride
 Which to well told his speed
 As he madly on did glide

When twenty three miles from camp
 That is as near as I could guess
 We came upon the truant scamp
 Who whinged loudly unto Bess

7.

There feeding on a grassy plot
 As tranquil as could be
 Though the day was very hot
 He would not seek a tree

When we arrived at the cart
 It was three in the afternoon
 And quickly we made a start
 And not a bit to soon

For a camel coming to the well
 About ten chains away
 Bid us hastily say farewell
 Unto the last of **Fowlers Bay**

But the others camels footmarks
 Before us they were plain
 Who still was bent to play his larks
 And give trouble once again

We about three miles or so
 When lo! there behind a tree
 Stood our noted camel foe
 That had made our horses flee

8. NULLARBOR PLAIN

Our horses they little knew
That that enemy was near
Who like a wolf did them pursue
And haunted them with fear

To drive him to a little grove
Not easily was it done
To reach the horses hard he strove
Again to have his fun

Soon we left him in our rear
But lo! when looking back
The camel had broke his hobble gear
And was trotting in our track

I drove him back time after time
I could have killed him on the spot
And sent him to another clime
By just one single rifle shot

Once more he did come again
About ten o'clock that night
To our camp upon a plain
This time we had the horses right

9.

I drove him off towards the west
 On our route that lay before
 And it proved to be the best
 For the camel came no more

That he should behave so well
 I of course did think it queer
 He must have heard the camel's bell
 For camel teams were camped near

Next day we met the camel's teams
 They were bound for the engine well
 And those camels so it seems
 Had been left by them to spell

Loud did crack the camels whip
 For that morn we passed them by
 We bade farewell to the desert ship
 And wished them a long goodbye

The country had but little changed
 The weather still was very fine
 As we crossed oer many a sandy range
 That was decked with porcupine

10.

The myall and the mallee
 In places did abound
 The gongdonge (sic) and the tea tree
 They too were often found

(Quandong = Native Peach)

With bluebush two on either side
 Along our route it grew
 Where kangaroo did often hide
 And the wild turkey too

At last we reach the welcome tank
 Where the fluid was but two inches deep
 And so rapidly had it sank
 It could but little longer keep

But providence did us befriend
 Who wills all things for the best
 Who the precious fluid did send
 Which bid us Sunday for to rest

Our horses they had fared well
Though short had been the stay
But we could no longer spell
And Monday we were on the way

11. BIGHT

We reached the station at the bight
Where we stayed a while for lunch
When some camels hove in sight
Which were coming in a bunch

The mail came and stayed a while
From the driver I enquired the way
Eucla's a hundred an forty mile
And but little water he did say

There's a little water in a tank
And ere this it may be dry
A few bucket and will be drank
So my advice is not to try

The driver's words I did not doubt
The weather too was very hot
But we resolved to face the rout
And not be like the wife of lot

The camels they were drawing nigh
When first seen were far away
We took a track to pass them by
For to avoid another fray

12. TWELVE MILE GATE

Here a turkey was about to rise
Upon the wing to take its way
But a bullet did secure the prize
And soon it was riding in the dray

That night we reached the **Twelve Mile Gate**
That's what they call it from the bight
When we arrived twas very late
Been about twelve at night

We reached next day the camp at noon
Where Mr Higgins was the boss in charge
Here the desert ship did prove a boon
But a plague an fiend when at large

The boring camp seen from afar
In the distance looked a lofty pile
Whose framework held the driving bar
Was from the bight just seventeen mile

Four hundred feet when we passed by
 Salt water struck yet still did bore
 And got water fair a good supply
 For since they have sank three hundred more

13. NULLABOR PLAIN

Again we faced **Nullarbor Plain**
 And when we halted for to stay
 Down that night came heavy rain
 And heavy showers the following day

Next day we reached the water shed
 Whose iron tanks were brimming oer
 Thanks to him above let it be said
 As a blessing sent this good downpour

Our horses soon were on the grass
 Which here in plenty could he seen
 So we here resolved a day to pass
 For the road had very heavy been

Good land with feed everywhere
 Stretched further than the eye can see
 With timber belts here an there
 And in many places not a tree

Turkeys unplucked we had galore
 All one day we both did toil
 For to supply our larder store
 Turkeys we did in buckets boil

14. W. A. GROUND, EUCLA

An Australian prairie here you'll find
 Where the kangaroo and turkeys dwell
 Fanned by the southern ocean wind
 May roam at ease oer grassy swells

But no longer could we tarry here
 For necessity bade us onward go
 For water we had naught to fear
 Yet still there was another foe

Across Nullarbor's plain so wide
 We had plenty water all along
 And good grass on either side
 And to South Australia does belong

We tread now **West Australian ground**
 To Nullarbor we have bade adieu
 The mallee tree again is found
 When **Eucla**'s lowlands came in view

Now we leave those tablelands
 And descend unto the plains below
 Neath the cliffs Muirs station stands
 Where blacks are running to an fro

15. MUIRS STATION

Muirs people they were very kind
 We at least did find them so
 The motto is speak as you find
 Whether they be friend or foe

Having bid our friends good bye
 We again continued on our way
 For quick the time was flitting by
 And fast declining was the day

The cliffs rose high upon our right
 Whose course ran east and west
 The sun at times shone very bright
 Upon its slopes and lofty crest

Eucla was twelve miles behind
 When we halted for the night
 That night no water could we find
 For darkness hid it from our sight

We found water the next day
 High upon the steep cliffs side
 Where in a limestone rock it lay
 That once lay far beneath the tide

16.

We came upon a deserted hut
 Where there was a yard and well
 The door ajar we found unshut
 When heavy rain in torrents fell

A week had nearly slipped away
 Before it ceased the heavy rain
 When we ventured out one sunny day
 And were marching soon upon the plain

A sheep shearing Shed lay to our right
 That belonged to Kennedy and Magill
 Here we met a black who laughed outright
 Until his eyes with tears did fill

Twas a black we learnt called Antony
 Who when seeing us was overjoyed
 When he was beside himself with glee
 Though my wife she felt a bit annoyed

17.

He thought we were some friends returned
 From beyond the grave from shadow land
 Friends whom he loved and long had mourned
 And had came back white to join his band

But everything must have an end
 And the sun too was getting low
 So we bade adieu to our dusky friend
 For we had still some miles to go

Mr Kennedy came to meet us
 As we drew up near his door
 And did kindly entreat us
 For to stay a day or more

So here for two days we did stay
 Which passed like so many hours
 For Kennedys tales did wile
 While fast did fall the showers

He many a thrilling tale did tell
 How the black did often seek his life
 How they gave him battle near a well
 And caused him not a little strife

18.

Every moment he thought was his last
 For he had to reload while at a run
 And oft some spear would come past
 Fore he could turn and fire his gun

It was August about the seventh day
 When we left this brave old pioneer
 And once again we were on our way
 For the weather had began to clear

His mutton did by far excel
 Any we had previous tasted
 The quarter he gave but would not sell
 We not a morsel wasted

We travelled for two days or more
 When we came to another station
 Where I paid a visit to its store
 It was the pastoral association

After about an hour or so
 We were on the track again
 The cliffs ran west a mighty row
 A massive limestone chain

19. EYRE

For days we kept along its base
 Till to Graham Tank we came
 Twas here an emu I did chase
 That was anything but tame

Before us lay the noted patch
 That is named after Mr Eyre
 As we gazed we thought we had our match
 In which we would badly fare

We turned our horses on the grass
 And for a while did spare the lash
 Before we faced that sandy mass
 Before we made the final dash

And as we spelled our horses here
 Please permit us also for to rest
 And in another part we will appear
 Where each horse will have to do his best

20.

Oer high hills and sandy dale
 Our horses like the chamois scale
 Yet steadily on through sand and shale
 Ah! poor Mazzini here did fail
 For to cross this patch alone

(Henry Mazzini crossed Jan. 1886)

Sand hills everywhere abound
 Of a dazzling whiteness all around
 Hark! we hear the barking of a hound
 Lo yonder Grahams place is found
 While loud the sea does moan

We were met by Grahams as we drew nigh
 While the dogs caught up the hue an cry
 Joined by the blacks to by the by
 While loud did laugh the pet magpie
 As nude black assembled round

We were invited for to share
 To join with them the midday fare
 And kindly told not to spare
 And for the time to banish care
 A hearty welcome here we found

21.

Still there was five miles or more
 fore our days journey would be oer
 Our course it lay by the wild seashore
 Where leaping waves like cannons roar
 Here was many a handsome shell

The sun was sinking in the west
 Before we halted for to rest
 Our horses had been sorely pressed
 And gamely had they stood the test
 Their sweat like rain drops fell

On the morrow we resumed our way
 And left behind the glittering spray
 Before us again the cliffs does lay
 Which we ascend about midday
 Here an object came in view

It proved to be Archie a Chinaman
 Who neath his bamboo load did stand
 Then shuffled of and waved his hand
 And soon was plodding in the sand
 After we hastily exchanged adieu

22.

We have left the sand patch far below
 Tis no longer now a dreaded foe
 Through native heath an scrub we go
 While drifting sand in the distance show
 For which our poor horses tire

Faint is the track that marks the way
 As we Journey on from day to day
 On our left the telegraph does lay
 Some whose poles are burnt away
 And are braced with bits of wire

Some water tanks we did pass by
 Of water there was a good supply
 But a while before was parched an dry
 So close again was danger nigh
 Which we but little knew

We pass oer splendid grazing ground
 Where the kangaroo again is found
 But is startled by the slightest sound
 As he passes us with flying bound
 Not many but just a few

23.

The dingo here was often seen
 Skulking through the mallee green
 With meagre form and body lean
 He soon was lost behind the screen
 As he prowled in quest of prey

All signs of grass doth disappear
 The firm ground to is in our rear
 Through sand drifts our course we steer
 The cliffs we have gained the verge is near
 Downwards we wend our way

The cliffs we have now passed oer
 Down four hundred feet or more
 Here treacherous ruts by water wore
 And earth an sticks have washed before
 And left the roots quite bare

Above the sea the route we are bound
 We still are yet on higher ground
 On a little plain our path wends round
 Where we camp in shelter of a mound
 Again our horses bad did fare

24. POINT CULVAR

The sea far below does meet our gaze
 On which the dancing sunlight plays
 The sea hawk is lost in the distant haze
 Where high in air leaps snowy waves
 Most awful to behold yet grand

It looked like some gigantic lake
 As we viewed the course that we must take
 Where doth the spiteful waters break
 Till the very earth doth seem to shake
 The ground on which we stand

Towering high above the ocean blue
Point Culvar plainly stood in view
 Where myriads of the sea fowl flew
 Where huge water walls doth break in two
 Only A few short miles Away

For a time we will our horses spell
 Free from the hobbles and the bell
 The heavy route has told to well
 Then for a while friends farewell
 No track now marks the way

25.

Along the beach we make our way
 For we only stayed a single day
 Across lagoons we do make haste
 Whose water's reaches to my waist

The last of them we have passed through
 And our sea beach journey doth pursue
 Here our horses shy but do not jib
 The cause we found was a huge rib

Above high water mark upon the land
 It lay deeply embedded in the sand
 In the morning sun it glittered white
 Hence the cause of our horses fright

A large sandhill does loom in view
 Whose colour was a cream like hue
 Seem to vie with cliffs though alone
 Of a tent like shape was this drifting stone

We traverse the beach's sloping side
 While fast comes in the roaring tide
 No human soul or place is nigh
 No sound save the waves or seagulls cry

26.

Onward our brave and faithful Tom
 Tis many miles where we came from
 With weary limbs an shoulders sore
 Oh how it grieves us to the core

With sunken flanks and bones so bare
 Still in thy eye I read defiance there
 Onward and onward with our freight
 Brave sable steed we cannot wait

Gamely he responds to my call
 As he staggers along the seaweed wall
 I doubt if ever there was a horse so poor
 And lived such trials for to endure

High seaweed banks stood near the shore
 And a huge wave would add a little more
 Towering above our head a wall like mass
 And between it and the sea we had to pass

We measured each wave in its backward roll
 Then made a dash through to reach our goal
 And often betimes we were out of the race
 When some wave would come in at terrific pace

27.

Fairly now drenched I would dash to the lead
 And wade my way through the floating seaweed
 My wife in the cart was silent and grave
 And I knew to well too she had a taste of the wave

He has bore it alone has the gallant old Black
 And Bess coming behind is following our track
 To work one at a time I found it the best
 When each in their turn could then have a rest

You must now our bonnie bay Bess
 Though sadly we know you to want a rest
 You must now again take your turn
 Onward brave mare the danger do spurn

The sandy mount was now not far away
 And near it we camped after a hard fought day
 The wind it had rose and was blowing a gale
 And before it the sand was driven like hail

Our horses when loose went of helter skelter
 To a hollow quite near where they found shelter
 Hidden from view they were clean out of sight
 And no bell could be heard for the rest of the night

28.

A rising cloud a dark like form
 Which warns us of the coming storm
 While lightning bade us plant our steel
 And loud and long did the thunder peal

Heavy rain it now was falling fast
 But in an hour or less the storm was past
 When once again there was a lull
 Broken only by some distant gull

Some fires on the cliffs van imposing sight
 Looked picturesque on that wild night
 At times they shot up like golden spires
 Perhaps the Bardox haunts or council fires

(Bardox Aboriginal Tribe)

Save the occasional breaking of a wave
 All now was silent as the grave
 Our horses had now broke from cover
 On fodder bent for to discover

But alas! no feed grew on this land
 For all around was shifting sand
 We had enough of this place of late
 And daylight found us on the wait

29. WATTLE CAMP

With the morning came a pleasant day
 All signs of clouds had passed away
 The coast at last we do forsake
 And traverse the margin of a lake

As we Journey across a sandy plain
 The telegraph line we meet again
 And ended that days weary tramp
 At that lease known as **Wattle Camp**

Our horses could roam now at leisure
 And to watch them feeding was a pleasure
 Here was feed to their hearts content
 And it appeared to us like heaven sent

The waving grass did here abound
 Twas like an Eden we had found
 Here three pleasant days did pass
 Before we left this field of grass

And thus we left this desert homely
 Like wayward children doomed to roam
 Our path again lay by the sea
 With horses fresh and going free

30. ISERLITE (ISRAELITE) BAY, POINT MALCOLM

Iserlite bay we that eve did reach
 Which lay near sandbanks by the beach
 Only a few rude huts I must confess
 Was all we saw in this wilderness

And to keep on hand a food supply
 More provisions here we had to buy
 And camped not far from **Iseralite**
 When again we had a stormy night

Heavy thunder seemed to rend the air
 While vivid to did lightning flare
 Heavy rain it did in torrents pour
 Nor did it cease till night was oer

We started when the morrow came
 And reached **Point Malcom** on the same
 Some snakes asleep lay in our track
 Some carpet like and others black

And so infested did the grass appear
 That we scarcely knew which way to steer
 To avoid treading on some deadly snake
 I hardly knew which course to take

31.

At last we left them in our rear
 Then there was little cause for fear
 Some times after we saw their trace
 But not like that infested place

We reached the point at days decline
 Where we camped among a belt of pine
 Some shallow wells here I did sink
 To get some water for to drink

Fresh water alas! it was not to be
 Where ever I sank it was like the sea
 Our poor horses to the same did fare
 Our suffering steeds that brought us there

On the morrow which was the Sabbath day
 To a granite shoal I made my way
 There was plenty of water in many a hole
 Just out of reach of the breakers roll

Good feed here in the hollows grew
 Where our horses cosy in the lieu
 At leisure they could roam at will
 And loll at ease and eat their fill

32.

For hours at fishing we did toil
 Where the southern ocean waters boil
 Where I had a rather narrow shave
 Of been swept off by an angry wave

So we sought the quiteness of the camp
 And rested for the morrows tramp
 For we found the sea was far to rough
 And of fishing we had quite enough

Once more our journey we renew
 Through lagoons and swamps not a few
 Water everywhere did deck the plain
 Caused by some recent heavy rain

Next day there came at dinner time
 A man a little past his prime
 And who settled down for a chat
 On a black boys head on which he sat

That he was a shepherd soon we found
 And that we were on his grazing ground
 That he a flock of sheep did follow
 Oer grassy slopes down vale or hollow

33. THOMAS RIVER STATION

Over a flock of sheep he acted jailer
 For a squatter known as Cambell Taylor
 Who had gone to Albany for a spell
 But at the Thomas River he did dwell

In this shepherd I felt interested
 While both we and horses rested
 And oblige us did kindly volunteer
 To find us good feed and water clear

We went about three miles or four
 It may have been five but no more
 When we came upon a grassy glade
 And camped beneath a sheoak - Shade

The hours that day did quickly fly
 That the stars were appearing in the sky
 And our huge camp fire was burning low
 Before the shepherd to his hut did go

Next day we saw our shepherd friend
 Who kindly offered us a horse to lend
 I thank him but there was no need
 For fast improving was each steed

34.

But the best of friends at last must part
 And once more moving was our cart
 To our shepherd friend we bade farewell
 And thus we left this grassy dell

Our route it now was upwards tending
 And among hill and rises were ascending
 The yate a tree much like a mallee (Yate = *Eucalyptus lehmannii* screen tree)
 Could now be seen in every valley

We now came upon numerous traces
 Of poor Mazzines camping places
 Some camps a few short miles between
 A struggle desperate must have been

(Henry Mazzini)

We are drawing near to civilization
 There below is the Thomas River station
 Among some yates in a cosy spot
 Has this squatter cast his lot

We camped on the margin of a brook
 Where the grass it grew in every nook
 Our horses had not long to wait
 And were feeding soon among the yate

35.

We met with a hearty welcome here
 From Mr Dunn the station overseer
 Who with his wife proved very kind
 And whose betters it is hard to find

Poor Mazzine lost horses here
 Those horses that he held so dear
 Bugged and dead I saw them lay
 One a creamy white the other bay

(Henry Mazzini)

Thus they were shown to poor Mazzine)
 Who never more will hear them whiney
 Thus they were found when to late
 They deserved poor brutes a better fate

(Henry Mazzini)

Never more to urge them on to toil
 They were at rest upon an alien soil
 Their weary course at last is run
 They bleach now neath a western sun

Here with your leave I will retire
 And seek the pleasures of the fire
 There to enjoy its warmth an light
 Then readers once more I say goodnight

36. BLACKBOY CREEK

The morning it was bright an mild
 With scarce a cloud upon the sky
 When we left this Eden of the wild
 And bid our station friends goodbye

We came upon the **Black Boy Creek**
 Whose crossing it was swept away
 So we gathered up stick after stick
 For to make a crossing for our dray

Twas here we met with a mishap
 We had almost gained the other side
 When there over went our little trap
 That strewed our wares far an wide

For a while we had some delay
 Before we could get out the cart
 And nearly spent too was the day
 Before again we made a start

The country now was very bare
 For timber it was seldom seen
 And grass it to was very rare
 Along the route that we had been

37.

In a gorge near a running brook
 That eve we halted for a stay
 The country here had a better look
 For waving grass it grew like hay

Here I thought I heard some quacking duck
 I my way did wend among the logs
 With gun in hand to try my luck
 When I found the quacking came from frogs

My wife she had begun to cook
 Already (she had made the tea
 From the waters of this brook
 When she found it salty as the sea

I searched the place some distance round
 But the result was just the same
 Fresh water nowhere could be found
 And surely we were not to blame

There was no alternative but to stay
 For stay there that night we must
 But we left with the following day
 And to say the least with disgust

38. DUKE OF ARGILE (ARGYLE)

The morning fresh but cold and chilly
 The road getting rough and full of ruts
 And the country too was getting hilly
 When we sighted some deserted huts

Downwards we went the horses slipping
 And sometimes nearly at a run
 Rough was the road sometimes dipping
 And hard it was those ruts to shun

At the station we did quench our thirst
 Which man and beast stood much in need
 But the horses they were watered first
 And turned out soon upon the feed

At noon there fell A little rain
 Some surface copper here was seen
 I traced it for about a chain
 The colour was a faded green

The **Duke of Argile** was the name
 Where we camped that night a salty creek
 It was full of frogs to but no game
 I could have hit it with a stick

39.

Some granite hills we did pass by
 Next day that lay off to our right
 Some hills were low while others high
 Stood out boldly to the sight

We came upon some dwarf like hills
 And where we rested for a day
 Here and there they stood in drills
 And appeared to me like cocks of hay

We came across a shepherd here
 Who a large flock of sheep did mind
 A pair of blacks brought up the rear
 Some lagging sheep that were behind

Here singing birds in leafy bowers
 Sweet warbling notes with glee did sing
 Almost every shrub were bearing flowers
 Where numerous bees were on the wing

Again we had some heavy sand
 As we journey now along the coast
 And Esperance bay was near at hand
 About five miles distant at the most

40. ESPERANCE BAY

We made **Esperance Bay** that afternoon
 My pen does fail to describe our joy
 Even the sheep bells seemed to play a tune
 It was gladness pure without alloy

There came to us a linesman here
 Mr Anett I learnt was his name
 It was his cottage that we halted near
 Where he lived in harmony with his dame

We heard they were about to shear
 At the Esperance station shed
 So for a day we tarried here
 Whilst our weary horses fed

Darkeys they were nearly all
 That were clipping of the wool
 Some were short and others tall
 Of which the board was full

Here I saw a black almost nude
 Who gathered wool about the shed
 Save for a shirt don't think me rude
 With red handkerchief upon his head

41. FANNYS COVE

This native had but a few days before
 For the first time he had seen the sea
 His tribe they lived far from the shore
 So Mr Dempster then told me

I learnt he was a Bardox Black
 A savage tribe for murder famed
 A tribe that roamed the bush out back
 A fiery tribe that remained untamed

That night they held a quite Skivoo (sic)
 For friends we found we were among
 They conversed on things to us quite new
 And in between good song were sung

The morning came and found us starting
 Here we arrived so full of glee
 Now we felt a little sad at parting
 With just a taste of misery

As we journeyed on day after day
 We passed through many a paper grove
 When a wire fence did bar the way
 It was Muir's fence at **Fannys cove**

42.

Here we saw Mazzine and his wife
 The latter appeared a trifle pale
 And the baby seemed quite full of life
 And its mother did not seem to ail

(Henry Mazzini)

Mazzine told us how he did fare
 How at times they pulled him and his load
 And horses had to try and raise a pair
 When again he would be on the road

Shortly after leaving **Fanny's Cove**
 We passed numerous lakes that were salt
 And a long stage that day we drove
 Before we attempted for to halt

We crossed oer miles of barren sand
 And through many a thicket clump
 And were often brought to a atand
 By some hidden root or stump

Among some hills we drew nigh
 Which we some days had seen before
 Some to our right blue as the sky
 While some lay close along the shore

43. COCONARUP

In the distance lay an inky pile
 Whose spike like peaks were jagged
 Lay to our right full twenty mile
 A mountain group called ragged *

* *Author's note*

"I have since learnt ragged is between Esperance and ????? (illegible)"

Here the country greatly changes
 Our rut worn road is hard to follow
 Our route it lays oer stony ranges
 Through mallock clump or gumtree hollow

We wend our way across stony ridges
 Some difficult to drive the mare up
 At length we cross some rustic bridges
 Then arrived at Dunns at **Coconarup**

There in the centre of a clearing
 Stood this place of Bardox fame
 Who made hostile raids at cattle spearing
 And slaughtered them as native game

For a brace of days here we rested
 For pleasant fellows were the Dunns
 And to pass the time our rifles tested
 And did some practice with our guns

44.

We learned a little of their history
 While each in turn some story spun
 Of a dark deed still a mystery
 Of a brother slain upon the run

In a grave not far from the station
 About fifty paces off the track
 Where lays their poor dead relation
 Who was murdered by the wily black

The first night we spent at Coconarup
 Been weary we soon retired to rest
 When at midnight there was such a flare up
 It came from the Curleu feathered pest *Curleu migratory shore bird*)

Around the grave they seemed to gather
 There to give their plaintive song
 Those birds of the Curleuc feather
 Must have been some hundreds strong

The very air it was infested
 Some they ran while others flew
 All at home here unmolested
 Reigned supreme the wild Curleu

45. JERRAMUNGUP

After two days again we started
 And left this wild romantic spot
 Twas to Coconarup thus we parted
 The scene of many a hostile shot

The next place of human habitation
Which to the west before us lay
Was Jerrimungup Hassel's station
From Coconarup eighty miles away

In the west the sun was waning
When Jerramungup came in view
All that day it had been raining
And everything was wet through

We a day's spell here the horses gave
With hobbles off to take their ease
Twas here the silver grass did wave
So their hunger they could soon appease

Some Sandalwood we saw in heaps
Where there were numerous trees the gums
Here browsing near were many sheeps
And ewe mothers calling to their lambs

46.

It seemed a tempting place to settle
It was something new so quite a treat
All stock were here in splendid fettle
And as squatters home is hard to beat

It was the Salt River station run
That we were then passing through
Where I had some sport with my gun
When I shot some ducks and kangaroo

Some lofty hills we pass between
One towering high above them all
Twas here the Jarrah first we seen
As the shades of night began to fall

When we got some miles beyond the pass
On a clear spot we stopped for rest
On our right there rose a wall like mass
Twas the Jarrah scrub the dark forest

We crossed some rivers on our way
That wends their way down to the sea
At the king for dinner we did stay
For King Georges we were soon to see

47. KING GEORGES SOUND, ALBANY

To Georges sound we are drawing near
Two granite hills marks where it lay
It in brief I will but mention here
Its peaceful look and splendid bay

Strange and mingled were our feelings
As Albany lay glittering in the sun
In fancy we heard the church bells pealing
And the struggle was oer and victory won

Kind readers now our tale is closing
Our weary journey at last is oer
Sweet be your dreams when reposing
Of the desert path and the wild sea shore