

OLD PORT MEMORIES.

A TOAST.

(Written Specially for "The Mail" by "P.")

After sending on to you some rambling notes last week, the writer had a few quiet talks with himself, and decided to pen a second edition. In our last we had hurriedly got round the Port and back to the Dockyard, where the Congate street wharf is now built. Messrs. Beauchamp, McAllen, and Mitchelmore had a shipbuilding yard, where Mr. W. Milne's yacht *Hygeia* was launched, also the Napierby ketch, to augment the fleet of Messrs. Dorman & Gell, of Port Pirie. They also owned the *Amelia*, fore and aft schooner, Capt. Webber, who once brought her in to Port Adelaide with wheat from Port Pirie, with the bags wet, three tiers high. She was better known as the "Sudden Jerk," as she was said to proceed in jerks. Also the *Normanville*, cutter, or Roaring Gimlet, on which the present pilot-in-charge had his first command. Farther south, towards the bridge, Messrs. Robert Lowen and Sons built some fine ships—the *Cygnets*, *Lotus*, *Elise*, the ill-fated *Postboy*, and others. Before this, opposite the North Pier, on the Peninsula side, the same firm had built the *Walter* and *John*, and where Mr. Ben Lowen cut down the "Pine" favourite. This was a very tall pine tree, from which we lads could get a good view both to seaward and also of the river. Needless to say, we were indignant at the destruction of our lookout.

Just beyond the E. & A. Telegraph Yards, to the south of the bridge, the blacks had a large camp, and another just off St. Vincent street, in the Port, on the land now occupied by Laumondais's workshop. Many a good corroborree have I seen there. Opposite to this was the Copper Company's works, in full swing. It was a sight at night to look in at the open door and see the Welshmen with arms and legs thickly padded lading out the molten metal, and running it into moulds for export. At the rear of the copper works was the flourmill of John Hart & Co. (now the Adelaide Milling and Mercantile Company), Mr. R. Leicester, engineer. The old gentleman used to always go to business in a white bell-topper. His son (Mr. R. W. J. Leicester) is the present manager of the mill. Mr. J. Williams, the builder, a genial old gentleman, also always drove about to his contracts in a white "topper." Mr. John Deslandes, late town surveyor, was coachman to Capt. John Hart, and used to drive him from Glenville Hall to the mill in a spring cart before the advent of the brougham—and the beautiful pair of crows. They were high-stoppers, indeed.

Glenville as a district was unknown, but the land was known as Bucks' flat. Here in the early spring the combined Sunday schools of Adelaide held a picnic, marching from the Port Railway Station hundreds strong, with banners and bannerettes flying. Hawker's Creek was then a wide stream running back near to Glenville Hall, and was crossed near where

Woolly's wheel turning back near to Glenville Hall, and was crossed near where the Glenville Railway Station now stands by wooden planks on trestles, and known as the Penny Bridge. William Lavington was the tollkeeper, and demanded the "humble brown" from each pedestrian. At the great shamfight of which "A. T. S." wrote, this bridge was protected on either side by sandbags. The clay for forming the Semaphore road was dug out of the water on the site of the present Glenville Railway Station. The sides of this hole were cut square down. The tide used to fill it up, and made a splendid lake for the sailing of our model yachts. The original portion of the present Lameroth

Hotel was a one-storied building, built of nondescript material by the late Mr. W. Knapman (which, by the way, fell down one Sunday morning, and was rebuilt), and was at one time a private dwelling. The writer was once sent on a message to this house, but was unable to approach it, as it was surrounded by the tide from Hawker's Creek.

The earliest yacht of any pretensions was the *White Cloud*, owned by Mr. (afterwards Mr. Justice) Bunder. Then the *White Squall*, a tiny packet owned by William Hubert. Then came H. D. O'Halloran's *Banshee*, W. Russell's *Vivid*, W. Christie's *Isabella*, Steve Goldsworthy's *Xanthe*, which used to come from Black Point, and so the yachts increased, and were later merged from the South Australian Yacht Club to the South Australian Yacht Squadron. The only means of transport in the early days was by bullock team. John Dewar had one team, and "Soup and Bouilli" Williams another. Wilson's Hotel did business where Jenkins's shop now is, and Lawrence Gifford landed passengers from his waterman's boat where Fletcher's Dock was dug out before the bridge was built. John Griffiths kept the old Lefevres Hotel, which was burnt down. Another hotel of brick was erected on the site, and now the residence of Mr. Richard Stanton. The writer's father planted the gum trees on this block 60 years ago. Most of these were removed when the present Exeter Hotel was built, and but one now remains opposite the Methodist Lecture Hall in Young street. The land between Harris street and Martini streets was under hay crop in some years, and sometimes in piecemens for pig feeding. This land was then owned by Mr. W. Sperring, a baker, who owned a mongrel bulldog. This brute was once let off the chain to turn a wandering canine off the premises, but instead jumped into a sty and killed quite a number of pigs. The late Mr. Mark Mead's services were requisitioned in dress what was worth saving of the pork.

Our favourite playground for rounders &c., was "The Flat," a nice level piece of ground off Chariton street, now owned by Pilot Muir. Next to this was the property of the late Mr. J. Loader, where native cherries grew abundantly, and some of the trees are still to be seen on the northern boundary. The present gas works property was then the bounds of civilisation, and near there in the scrub Jim Davis, fisherman and birdcatcher, used to get rosellas and other birds in large quantities. The first crabbing of

used to get rosellas and other birds in large quantities. The first experience of school life of yours truly was in a wooden house next the Beehive Buildings on Semaphore road, kept by a lady now still living at the Semaphore. The next a school kept in Emes's Row, Emes street. This row was pulled down many years ago. On November 1, 1863, I was taken to the Government Grant School (of which my father was a trustee), under the late Mr. John Millard. The old Government Grant School is now part of the present State School of which Mr. Millard was the first head master. My recollections of the first day at the school were strongly impressed on me, as I took the opportunity to slip out of school and off home. The mother, a daughter of a navy veteran, at once traced the offender up to a wooden bedpost and administered a round dozen with a piece of clothing. I was so impressed by this that I can honestly say I never afterwards played the waz.





MR. CRAWFORD VAUGHAN.
THE NEW LEADER OF THE LABOUR PARTY.

"A. T. S." mentions the "Coorong" cutting the pilot boat down about this time. Ben Blakeley was drowned, and the same day the boarding boat was capsized. Most of the crew were drowned, including the pilot, J. Wright. The water supplied to the Port was obtained from a well just north of the Peninsula School, and lifted with a steam engine. Mr. William McKenzie was the engineer, afterwards partner in the firm of Clark, McKenzie, and Co. The well and machinery were the property of Mr. W. Davis. The large pipes ran past the school, and we lads used to cut the lead from the joints for snipers, and, incidentally, let the water out. The antiquated beam engine used for the work is now on vacancy and at the corner of Montpelier and Nile streets, and was used by the late W. Buck for cutting firewood. Could not the Port Corporation obtain this piece of obsolete mechanism and mount it in some conspicuous place as a relic of old Port Adelaide?

Another well and tank were on the property now known as the Birkenhead Reserve, the water being laid from there to the slip. A powder magazine was also on this land. The Port Adelaide Artillery, under Capt. Quin, Lieuts. Edmunds and the evergreen J. C. Haddy, used to fire round shot from the old smooth-bore Howitzers, which were kept in sheds where the waterworks shops are now in Nile street. (The writer also helped to manhandle these guns 33 years ago.) The firing ground was the Semaphore beach, both north and south. Writing of relics, the figurehead of the *Ville de Bordeaux* (the French ship seized by the Government in the early days) is, or was, in Fletcher's yard, also the figurehead of the *Camilla* and *Saxon* grace Mr. Abernethy's grounds on the south esplanade. Nearly every boy could swim, and on summer mornings the water was alive inside the I head of the yette (public baths were unknown). A ship crane stood on the I.

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head, from the top of which Tom Bickers used to dive. I am afraid Tom's adipose tissue would deprive him of this pleasure now. Mounted Constable John M. B. Marshall, now in charge of Kingston, south-east, was called "The Amphibious," as he took to salt water as soon as he could walk. His early experiences of salt water have served him in good stead since then. The writer could continue detailing experiences of the days that are gone, but your readers will by this time be crying "enough," and as I conclude I raise my glass, in silence, and drink "To those that have crossed the divide."