

James Gilbert, blacksmith, and his wife Mary, Charles Wise, ploughman, and Thomas Morgan, general servant.

“The voyagers passed out with a fair wind, but a foul one soon set in, and for three nights and two days contrary weather kept the vessel almost within sight of George Town Heads. J. P. Fawcner became very ill from sea-sickness and other causes, and ordered the captain to return to George Town. He then resolved to let the expedition go on, he giving them full written instructions to guide and direct their plan of operations. And landing one of his horses at George Town, J. P. F. proceeded overland to Launceston, and the “Enterprise” passed over to Western Port, followed by a sloop, in which Mr. John Aitken embarked without a navigator, merely keeping up with the “Enterprise,” which, from her slowness was no great difficulty. Mr. John Aitken had been lying perdue, in order to slip over with our party, without our knowledge. This Western Port was to be carefully examined by a series of triangular marches each day, the Bay forming the base, and ten miles or more was the distance they were to march inland, returning from four to five miles further west, or nearer the West Head, until the whole Bay was examined. They entered Western Port on Saturday the 8th day of August, and left it and passed into Port Phillip on Saturday the 15th day of August. One out of many bits of fun was often talked over in the Western Port exploration. The weather was very cold, and much rain had fallen, many swamps had to be crossed, and, on one occasion the party had got very wet ashore, and when they pushed off the boat, so thick a fog came on, that the sailors missed their true course, and got on a sand flat. Imagine six men, no food, no bedding, hungry from a hard day’s travel, and obliged to sit all night in a cold fog and wet clothes. One of the party, a cockney, bitterly lamented in a most droll manner, the sorrow he felt for having suffered his brother to drag him from London; and putting up his hands in an imploring manner, earnestly prayed that he might once more reach White-Chapel, and nothing on earth should ever tempt him to leave that glorious spot again. Yet this man has, in defiance of bad management, made a fortune—and that a large one—by squatting pursuits.

“After carefully examining the lands around Western Port and giving them up as not likely to form a good site for any very dense population, the “Enterprise” pushed out of Western Port on Saturday, the