



WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

WE have had another arrival from Western Australia, the *Emu*, from Albany, King George's Sound (September 4), with six passengers.

The Geraldine Silver-Lead Mine was to be wrought forthwith, to the extent of 100 tons at least, under military protection. The Geraldine Mine proprietors had made a call, amounting to £500, and the mining party with the military escort only awaited the return of the Government schooner, in which they were to proceed to Champion Bay.

Whatever our Western neighbours may think, when we tell them of their presumed faults, we are nevertheless heartily desirous of their welfare; and are free to believe that all are not discontented in the settlements bordering upon the Swan and the Sound, although so many have quitted those localities for more busy scenes. Among the contented settlers in Western Australia is the writer of the following letter, addressed to his sister in England (Mrs L. McKerr, residing at Plymouth), and for the genuiue-

ness of which we believe we can vouch :—

“ Fremantle, January, 1849

“ My dear Sister—A ship is about sailing for England, and I have taken the opportunity to inform you that I received last week, from you, two Plymouth papers, dated last April, for which I feel much obliged. I hope this will find you and all your family in health I am happy to say we are all enjoying that blessing at present. Ask Mr Ackland if he will pay the duty and expenses of freight of a hogshead of wine of my own growing, if I send it to him ; and, if he will, tell him to let me know his agent in London to receive it. I sent William a hogshead by the *Hindoo*, about four months since, which I suppose he has received by this time. If Mr Ackland goes to Totnes, and calls on William, he can ask him to let him taste it, and drink my health. It is twenty years since, next October, that I left Plymouth, during which time I have seen many ups-and-downs in life, but I am happy to say that I think I am pretty comfortably situated for the remainder of my days. I farm my own land—I grow my own wine—I kill my own cattle—I catch my own fish—I ride my own horse—I drive my own gig—I sail my own boat—and I sit under my own vine and under my own fig-tree. I have all

my family round me—children and grandchildren—we number twenty-one. Tell Mr Ackland I am not ungrateful—his kindness to me when I left Plymouth (although twenty years have rolled over my head since) will never be erased from my memory; if he will accept the wine, I shall feel obliged. My vineyard is three acres, containing about seven thousand vines; my vintage commences next month. If my vines continue to improve (of which I see no doubt), I shall in four years make from forty to sixty hogsheads per year. I have an immense vein of emery on my land. I have sent two tons to London to ascertain its value; if I receive a favourable account of it, and it is worth sending home, I shall ship one hundred tons, and come home with it. I have not had a letter from you this long time; do write me oftener—none can tell the pleasure or the gratification it gives to receive a letter from relations or friends, but those who have been absent from them for twenty years in a foreign country. Charlotte and all the family join with me in our kind love to you and all your family. And believe me to remain,

“ Your most affectionate brother,

“ J. DUFFIELD.”

We have seldom had any news of you since I left

We have seldom had conveyed to our mind's eye a more delightful picture of "green old age," and can only hope that Mr J. Duffield is one of many practical and exemplary colonists in the western province. Our impression is, that it possesses many undiscovered resources as well as others which have been so imperfectly developed ; and we shall hail with satisfaction the commencement of a more generally prosperous colonial career.
