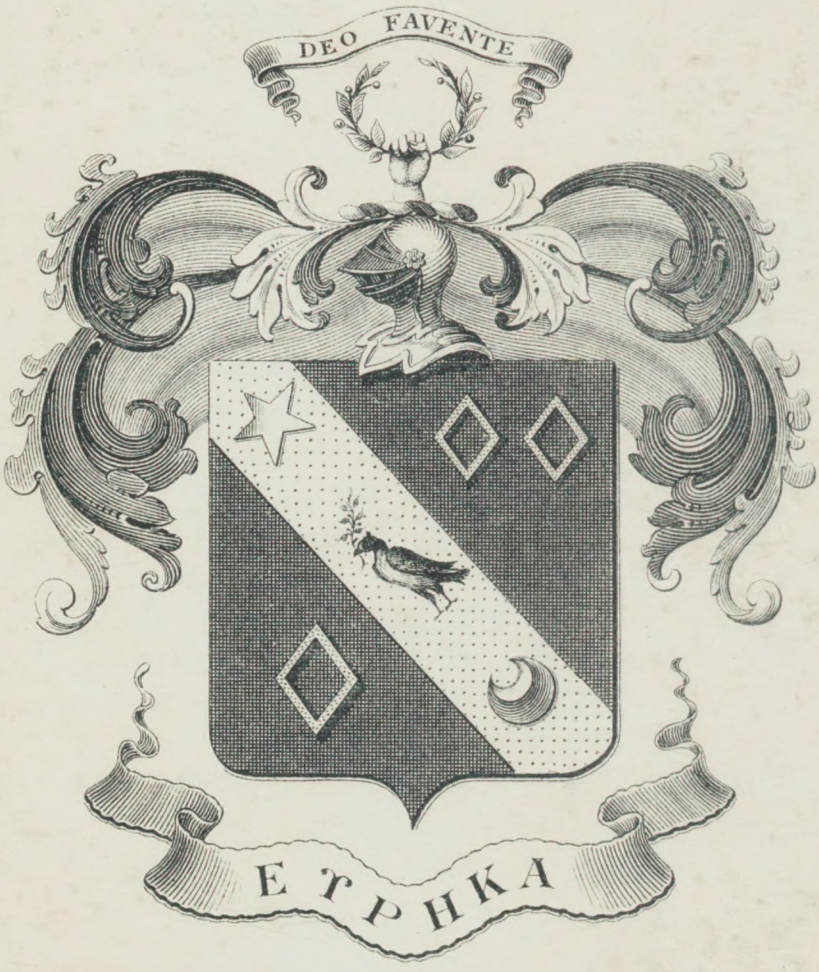

David Scott Mitchell.

THE

EARLY SETTLEMENT

OF

QUEENSLAND

AND OTHER ARTICLES,

BY

JOHN CAMPBELL.

WITH WHICH IS ALSO PRINTED

"THE RAID OF THE ABORIGINES,"

BY THE LATE

MR. WILLIAM WILKS.

PRICE ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE.

QUEENSLAND :

PRINTED AT THE "IPSWICH OBSERVER" OFFICE, NICHOLAS-STREET

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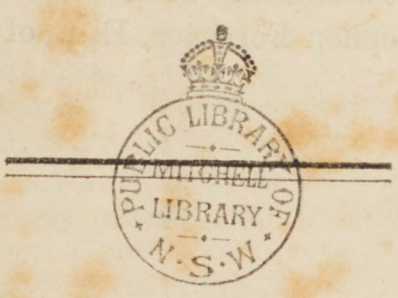

QUEENSLAND:

PRINTED AT THE "IPSWICH OBSERVER" OFFICE, BRISBANE-STREET.

1875.

PREFACE.

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The following chapters were originally written for and published in the *Ipswich Observer*. Many of the Author's friends have expressed a wish that they should be published in a pamphlet form, thinking them worth preserving. With these papers will be printed the original "Raid of the Aborigines," written by the late William Wilks, better known as the "Sydney Man," but at that time residing at Helidon Station, the property of the late James Canning Pearce, Esq., and who is described as the "Hotspur of the North."

In looking over some old papers I have found a description of the loss of the steamer "Sovereign," by which event many valuable lives of old Queensland pioneers were lost; and as that shipwreck has nearly gone out of the recollection of the present generation, I also append it.

The Mr. Ferritt mentioned in the "Raid of the Aborigines" was the late John Stephen Ferritter, Esq., of Tenthill, where he then resided.

EARLY SETTLEMENT

OF

QUEENSLAND.

I.

In January, 1840, being in want of a station, I left Dight's station, on the lower M'Intyre River, and struck out due north to look for new country. I was accompanied by two of my own servants, and, after crossing some twelve or fifteen miles of a miserable sandy country, fell upon a large creek, since known as Campbell's Creek. Following the creek down, we soon reached a large river, which I there and then named the Mayne, in honor of the then Crown Lands Commissioner. The river, however, turned out to be the Dumaresq, of Cunningham, and is now generally known as the Severn. I immediately removed my cattle from the Gwydir, where my run was disputed, and sent men to build stock-yards and huts at a place called by the blacks Kittah Kittah, but now better known as Bebo, and the country on the north side of the river being the best, my cattle camps were made upon the Queensland side, and thus I accidentally was the first stock-owner in Queensland—I mean as a squatter, there being a Government stockman at Ipswich years before.

In March, 1840, Mr. P. Leslie passed my station on his way out upon Cunningham's track, whose chart, I believe, he had with him. He visited the Condamine country and formed the station of Toolburra, which was thus the first station formed on the Darling Downs. Their stock, however, did not reach the station for nearly a year afterwards, and the road they came has since been known as Leslie's marked-tree line. Messrs. Leslie were extremely modest, only claiming the whole heads of the Condamine from Toolburra upwards, some fourteen creeks I believe,—enough to form a principality. However, they deserved a good run, for their expenses were very great, and their pluck in being the first to take stock over the wretched country from the Severn to the Condamine was undoubted. Swarming as the country was with wild blacks, men obtained very high wages to go as shepherds, demanding two pounds per week and rations, and bullock drivers and stockmen in proportion.

The Leslies were soon followed by the Messrs. Sibley and King, who took up King's Creek, better known as Clifton. Messrs. Hodgson and Elliot took up the next creek, now known as Eaton Vale; I myself took up Westbrook; and Messrs. Hughes and Isaac took up Gowrie. All these stations were taken up in '41.

In the same year Mr. Henry Dennis came out to look for a run for Richard Scougall, Esq., who had a large stock on Liverpool Plains, and after a month's exploration, he took up Jimbour, for Mr. Scougall; Myall Creek (now Dalby), for Charles Coxen, Esq.; Warra, for Mr. Irving; and Jondaryan in his own name. With the exception of Jimbour, these stations were not stocked for long afterwards, but the owners' rights were respected, nevertheless.

The first time I visited the Downs there was but one wood and bark humpy upon the whole Downs—the hut at Toolburra. Mr. Sibley was camped under a tarpaulin. Messrs. Hodgson and Elliot had a small cloth tent, where we found Mr. Elliot, the son of a British admiral, mixing up a damper, with his sleeves rolled up, and in flour up to his elbows. What would the New South Wales Judges think of their decision under such circumstances? I assure you that a wood and bark humpy would have been a palace then.

——o——

II.

Towards the end of 1840 I sold out on the Hunter River and removed to my station of Kittah Kittah, on the Severn River. On our way out a heavy flood set in, and we were stuck up at Messrs. Dight's station, on the Lower M'Intyre, for twelve days—within twelve or fifteen miles of my own place. While waiting for the river to go down, I was told that there was a great number of blacks in at my station. As the hut had some time before been robbed of every particle of ironwork and tools, such as axes, wedges, and even the ironwork of a plough, I felt greatly exasperated at hearing this, and declared that I would make short work in clearing them out. It certainly was not a pleasant prospect to take a wife and young family among a tribe of some hundreds of blacks, and I began seriously to reflect upon the step I was taking. However, the mischief appeared to be done, as the men who had been some time there had allowed them in and were on friendly terms with them. Ned, the hut-keeper at Dight's, was a sensible fellow, and had had great experience in the bush, and upon hearing me express a determination to clear them out, advised me from doing anything rash. He said they always had one station to go into as a place of call, and to hear and exchange news; they had apparently selected mine as the only one that they were allowed into, and were on friendly terms with the men; that they were

very numerous, and as I occupied the very frontier station on the north I might depend, if I began on them, I should get the worst of it. I took Ned's advice, since I could do no better, and made up my mind to make the child's bargain with them—"Let me alone, and I'll let you alone."

Upon arriving at the station I found the blacks in great numbers, as they had been told we were coming, and there must have been two or three hundred, all a recently wild tribe—but for this they were all the better. It is the half-civilised knowing ones that are most difficult to deal with. I soon came to a good understanding with the blacks, and having plenty of men and the station well armed, soon ceased to feel any uneasiness on their account. For my stores I had brought out wheat instead of flour, and had a good deal of grinding to do. Accordingly I set up a steel mill at a convenient distance from the house, and whenever the blacks appeared in force I selected half-a-dozen of the strongest of the young men and set them to grind wheat. Two at a time would man the handles of the mill—a steel mill—and when they were tired two others, and thus the mill was kept constantly going the day through. In this way they would grind three or four bushels every day, and greatly enjoy the sport; for when two were warm with the sport they would run hooting and yelling to the river and plunge in, and after a while return to resume their post at the "Bungy Bungy"—the name they called the mill. At night I gave every man, woman, and child a pipe and a small nugget of colonial tobacco, of both of which I had brought a large stock, and to those who had done the work, in addition, a small portion of the coarser parts of the flour. In this way I satisfied all parties, and was "budgery fellow—baal greedy." In fact, I made them understand that they must not go across the cattle camps, as that would disturb the cattle and set them running. They promised not to do so, and kept their promise faithfully, for during the next six months that I remained there they never disturbed the cattle, although they must frequently have gone a long way round to avoid them. An old stockman knows that even the smell of blacks is sufficient to set cattle running, and they frequently leave a run so infested.

Notwithstanding my good understanding with the blacks, the Severn was a solitary place to be in—the country was not over good, and I knew well enough that the blacks were not to be depended upon. So I only considered it as a stage towards Moreton Bay, and therefore, when Arthur Hodgson and Joseph King, Esqs., came one evening to the station and invited me to make the fifth settler on the Downs, I eagerly embraced the proposal. I agreed to overtake them on the road, and did so. After camping with them one night, Mr. Hodgson left the stock in charge of Mr. King and accompanied me to his own station, where we found Mr. Elliot as described in the last chapter. Upon coming down Canal Creek we observed signs of flood, and

upon arriving at the Condamine found it running bank high. There had been no flood at the Severn, but in Moreton Bay district it proved to be that great flood described by the oldest inhabitant of Ipswich, Mr. George Thorn. I mention this merely to show how partial our floods are. But I am disgressing. After marking Westbrook as a run I returned to the Severn, and shortly despatched a bullock-team with a carpenter and a number of men to assist in putting up huts, determined to remain where we were, well-housed, in preference to again turning out of doors; but it was necessary that I should be there as soon as the men were, in order to show them where to build. So, after they had been some time on the road, I started with only a wild Severn blackfellow for company, and he one of the roughest looking of his tribe; but he was a young chief, and had been on the former journey, and I could depend upon him. At the end of our first day's journey I came upon the camp of Mr. M'Donald, the Commissioner of Crown Lands for New England, in whose district the Downs then were. He was, as usual accompanied by two troopers, so our journey thenceforth was a pleasant one. My run was confirmed and license issued and boundaries marked out. I started home with my blackfellow; and, to do him justice, he was a very faithful, trustworthy fellow, but much more afraid of blacks when out of his own district than I was. When about half-way home I met Mr. George Gammie, who was on his way with sheep to take up Talgai. He had an alarming account to give me, which was that the blacks were going to attack my station and kill all hands. The information was sent by William Horton, who then had charge of Mr. Cox's station, some 30 miles up the Severn, and Mr. Gammie had promised to go down and alarm my people, but had failed to do so. As Mr. Gammie fully believed in the plot, I must confess I felt somewhat alarmed. "Tomo," my blackfellow, however, treated the matter as nonsense, saying that while he was with me there was no danger; that the whitefellow's road was crooked—or, as he expressed it, like a snake track—saying if I would go his road he would have me home that day. It was then 10 or 11 o'clock a.m., and the distance by the road was fully sixty miles. Anxiety to get home made me agree to this, and he started ahead, leading at a good pace up one gully, down another, sometimes through a dense scrub—frequently an old burnt one—but always by a fair open track where one might gallop; and sure enough at sunset I found myself at home. Nothing had happened of moment—no attack of the blacks, nor likely to be. No doubt the blacks about Cox's station entertained such a design; but as they were of another tribe, and would have had to have the consent of our own blacks, there was not much danger. However, the time had now arrived for flitting, so we set to mustering and preparing to be off. Upon mustering I could account for all except 18 head. These consisted of nine cows and their calves, which I had recently turned out of

the milking-yard. After several days' search I began to fear that the blacks had something to do with them, and more especially as none had been to the station, except Tomo, for some time. However, at length an old blackfellow and gin put in an appearance, but could not speak a word of English. I sent Tomo to question him. He said yes, he had seen the cattle a long way down the river; and immediately took a stick and marked my brand on the sand. So the next day myself, Tomo, and two others started to bring them home. For the first twenty miles there were no cattle, the grass had recently been burnt, and the ground saturated with rain. Many times I saw where the cattle had been running, making deep tracks and throwing up the mud, and several times I said to Tomo, "I believe blackfellow been delew bullock"—*i.e.* spear them. At last he became very sulky, and refused to answer me at all. About one o'clock we stopped for dinner, and crossing the river Tomo declared that he saw the cattle. Blackfellows' eyes are proverbially quick and long-sighted in the bush, and I could see nothing. However, in about a mile we came upon the cattle sure enough. I suspect his old friend had told him the exact spot where to find them in, as, after crossing the river, we turned directly away from it in heavily-timbered country. Tomo was greatly elated upon recovering the cattle all right, and on our way home came sidling up to me and speaking, in an undertone, as a blackfellow always does when he means to be confidential, said, "What for you wooler me that blackfellow delew bullock belong to you?" Rather ashamed of my suspicions, I replied, "Oh! I don't know, Tomo. Blackfellow kill plenty bullock belong to other fellow, why not me?" He said, "Baal you pho-pho (shoot) musket belong to blackfellow?" I replied, "No." "Well," said he, "that fellow" (pointing down the river) "pho-pho musket belong to blackfellow always, and blackfellow kill bullock belong to him always,"—thus declaring it was open war with them. I have always thought that much depended upon the impression made upon the blacks by the first white men they met, and that the ancient stock-keepers and hut-keepers were far too ready to use their fire-arms rather than try to conciliate them; and my experience at the Severn went to prove it, since I brought away every head of cattle upon my run, there not being one missing upon the day we were leaving.

The blacks, being told of it, gathered in considerable numbers to see us off. Many of the gins and piccaninnies had a regular crying match over it. Having shown the inside of the huts, that nothing was left in them, and nailed up doors and shutters, I cautioned them not to open them, and having written upon the doors that the station was not abandoned, but would be re-stocked, the blacks promised that nothing should be injured—and they kept their word. The huts were not opened for some months, when Mr. Dennis, passing with stock in wet

weather, opened them for shelter. I afterwards sold the station to E. W. Hargraves, Esq., of New England, to whom it was legally transferred; and thus I got out of the Severn country. My successor was not equally fortunate, as the blacks afterwards became very troublesome and killed many cattle and horses there.

——o——

III.

Cecil Plains was the next station—taken up by Henry Stuart Russell, Esq., who also first discovered Rosalie Plains. He also, in company with Mr. Dennis, made across the Main Range and took up the station now known as Burrandowan. I believe they named two rivers as the Alice and Mary, now the heads of the Burnett—but there was no Burnett River then, nor did Mr. Burnett, the surveyor, arrive till long after in the district. Before this, however, several parties had crossed the Range farther south to look for stations in what is now West Moreton. The first were two superintendents, Messrs. Rogers and Summerville. The former, with sheep belonging to Mr. George Mocatta, took up Grantham, and the latter, with sheep of Mr. Jones's, took up Tenthill and Helidon stations. They were quickly followed by Messrs. M'Connel, Balfour, and the Messrs. Bigge, Messrs. Graham and Ivory, Scott, etc., etc., all of whom settled upon the waters of the Brisbane River. After this it became the rule on the Downs to recommend all parties in search of runs to go over the Range.

And thus the Logan began to be settled about 1842; but the settlement was for some time retarded by an absurd order of the New South Wales Government that no station should be formed within fifty miles of Brisbane, and this was construed by the commandant at Brisbane to mean within fifty miles of Ipswich, where the sheep belonging to the Government then were. I cannot, however, here forbear to do justice to the memory of the late John Kent, Esq.—then a commissary-general, and as such having full control over the Government stock—who gave every assistance and information to parties requiring runs, frequently sending out stockmen, or going out himself, as he did up the Brisbane, to assist parties in finding runs, and who was in this, as in many other instances, of great assistance in settling the country.

A friend of mine requiring a run, I agreed to accompany him to the Logan to look for one: and accordingly, taking with us a well-known Government stock-keeper, named Dick Allen, we struck out for the Logan. My friend—Mr. Walter Smith—took up the station of Bromelton, which, as his stock did not arrive as expected, he afterwards sold to Mr. Aikman. After marking trees upon this run, we went up the river, and I marked Tamrookum for myself. Knowing that Messrs. Mocatta had gone out before us to look for Innes Plains, we did not cross the river, but made tracks for Brisbane, where, upon due

application to Dr. Simpson, the Crown Lands Commissioner, these runs were granted to us, and proved to be the first licenses granted on the Logan waters. Poor Mocatta, however, with a man named Crow, were lost for nine days and nearly starved, and did not reach Brisbane for some days after us. During our journey we found ourselves suddenly surrounded by a tribe of blacks. Among the number one was pointed out by our guide, Allen, as the murderer of Mr. Stapleton, a surveyor ; but we soon made the child's bargain of "Let us alone and we'll let you alone," and, as Dick was well known to the whole tribe, we were in no way molested by them. Allen, however, asserted that although two blacks had been hung for Stapleton's murder, they were the wrong ones, and were given up by prisoners for the sake of the reward, while the one he pointed out, and whom he named, was the real criminal ; which, considering the sort of men that were then prisoners at Moreton Bay, is not improbable.

In my next I intend telling you something of how I dealt with the blacks and how they dealt with me.

——o——

IV.

I had resided for some months very quietly on the Downs, intent upon getting my cattle broken-in to their runs, and otherwise attending to my own affairs, when I was one day astonished at hearing a French horn being blown, and upon looking out on the plain saw a single horseman approaching. Upon coming up he proved to be Mr. Summerville, the superintendent of Mr. Richard Jones's, stock, which stock, it appeared, was on its way to what is now Helidon station. I had known this gentleman before, and did not feel at all inclined to accompany him over the Range, as he appeared very anxious I should do—saying he wanted my opinion of his run, etc. After having some dinner, on his offer to lend me some tea (of which I was short), I decided to accompany him, he assuring me that his stock would encamp at the head of Hodgson's Creek, and not cross the Range before the next day, as the only road at that time led out of the head of that creek and was a very bad one. The afternoon turned out rainy, and when we arrived at the top of the Range no stock was there ; it was nearly dark, our horses were unshod, the roads mountainous and as slippery as glass. Of course we proceeded very slowly, and did not reach the drays before eleven o'clock at night. They had crossed the Flagstone Creek, and we found them encamped between two scrubs with a mob of blacks about them. As soon as we came up the blacks went sullenly away, and while we were getting a pot of tea S. asked his bullock-driver if the blacks were friendly. He replied—"Oh ! yes sir, very friendly ;" and he repeated an offer which they had made him, which I knew meant anything but friendship, and told him and his master so. However, we were all soon asleep, and did not

dream of blacks or whites. For my own part, I was completely knocked up, owing to which I overslept myself, and when I awoke I found the sheep all gone, the bullocks yoked to the dray under which we had slept, and the camp surrounded by at least twenty blackfellows, all well armed after their fashion. While I was snatching a hasty breakfast, the bullock-driver, an exceedingly flash fellow, picked up an old flint musket and fired at a gum-tree, and although not thirty yards from it he did not hit it—nor do I think he could have hit a hay-stack at the same distance. The blackfellows all ran to the tree to see the effect of the bullet, and seeing that he had not hit it, began making fun, saying, "Pho-pho—only make a noise!" Now, nothing is more dangerous in the presence of wild blacks than to fire a gun unless you are sure of killing : if you miss your aim they treat you with their utmost contempt. Knowing this, I thought it was time to be off, and picking up my bridle said to Summerville, who was still sitting upon his horse, "Don't leave until I get my horse," which we could both see standing about a quarter of a mile away. He replied, "No, I will not leave you ;" so leaving my saddle on the ground I went to my horse, putting on the bridle and pulling off the hobbles, and turned to lead her back to where we had camped.

Imagine my surprise to find Summerville, the dray, and, in fact, every white man, who had lately been there, gone, notwithstanding their promises to wait. My saddle indeed lay where I left it, and within fifteen or twenty yards of it were ranged across the road at least twenty naked blackfellows, standing as regular as a platoon of soldiers, each grasping a spear in his right hand and resting it in the hollow of his left arm. I must own my reflections were not pleasant, and my first impression was to try to get away, but a moment's reflection convinced me that it would be useless. I could not ride up the mountains without a saddle, and besides, I must run the gauntlet through and past unknown blacks to do so. My reflections ran somewhat in this wise—"Well, old fellow, you're in for it, so don't show the white feather." That, I knew, would never do among blacks ; so I coolly walked up to my saddle, leading my horse. As I neared the saddle, a young stalwart, blackfellow singled out from the rest, brandishing an immense club, evidently with the intention of knocking me on the head. As he approached me I caught his eye, and looking him steadily in the face began talking to him in his own lingo, taking care never to take my eyes off his. After a minute his eyes quailed and his looks fell to the ground. I knew I had him then, and suddenly striking my horse under the flank caused him to jump round between the blackfellow and my saddle. I picked it up, and stopping only to put on one girth, sprang into it, then placing my hand upon a pistol which I always carried at my saddle-bow, persuaded him to come along with me until I overtook the

drays.* I well knew that so long as I kept him at my stirrup-iron there was no danger of the twenty blacks, who still stood in the same position, with their spears at rest (evidently awaiting our conference), throwing their spears, which otherwise they might have done at any moment. But I shall never forget, in the glimpse I got in turning the sharp angle of scrub, the expression of their countenances. Evidently the white man had outwitted them and won the game.

I kept the blackfellow with me until I overtook the drays, and then dismissed him with some flour and sugar, and we parted very good friends; but I did not forget to give my friend the "rounds of the kitchen" for his cowardly desertion. Upon reaching Grantham I found the blacks had already a cause of grievance. Rogers, requiring bark to cover his stores and huts, had appropriated some four hundred sheets of their bark standing in humpies at a place called "Humpy Flat." This bark was stripped from the iron-bark tree after the rough or outside had been removed, and in this state it very much resembles sole leather. Each of these humpies was the shelter of a family in wet weather, and as the bark was taken without payment or leave of any kind, it was of course resented accordingly, and a system of reprisals and aggressions which culminated in the death of, I think, seventeen white men—most of them shepherds, who were treacherously stolen upon and speared or tomahawked without resistance—was the consequence. This state of affairs was only put an end to by the Sydney Government sending up a detachment of the military, who were some time quartered at the foot of the Range, at what was afterwards known as the "Soldiers' Barracks."

Some of my own personal experiences I will give you in another chapter.

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V.

Some few weeks elapsed when I had occasion to again cross the Range, this time, however, in company with several other horsemen, among others Mr. Summerville. When we arrived at the old camp between the scrubs, who should come out to claim acquaintance with me but my *ci-devant* friend young "Moppy," the hero of the last chapter. He immediately proposed to change names with me and thus become my brother. He asked, "Name belonging to you?" I told him. "Well," said he, "Me Multuggerah; so now me Mr. Campbell, you Multuggerah." "All right," replied I. Summerville went through the same ceremony, and became Jimgulthue. Poor young Moppy had been fighting, and had his back fearfully cut

* Jumping into my saddle I drew a pistol, and, clapping it to his head, there was no compulsion—only he "must come." I was determined to make him cover my retreat until I was out of reach of their spears.

across the muscles, and immediately wanted me to go into the scrub with my tololpin (the name they call a pistol) to shoot the fellow who had cut him ; but my brotherhood did not extend quite so far, so I excused myself. I mention this trifling circumstance to show that however little importance I attached to the ceremony of changing names, to him it was a matter of importance, and to show how nearly my neglect of a warning he sent me a year or two afterwards was to losing me my life. Under my name young Moppy became rather a celebrated character, and as his father and brother soon after bit the dust, he became king or head of the tribe. By-the-way, old Moppy, it appears, was a very powerful chief. It was said by the late John Kent, Esq., who was a man of figures, that Moppy could raise twelve hundred fighting men ; but I have heard that the old fellow was too fond of mutton, and so brought down the vengeance of the white men upon him and many men of his tribe. But of this more anon.

Soon after my exchange of names with young Moppy I joined my friend Mr. Scougall on his way to Brisbane. The road was still in the old track through Hodgson's Creek ; and, as it was a long round from Westbrook to Grantham, it took us all day to accomplish the journey. When we reached there, a fearful tragedy awaited us. Two white men—shepherds —had just been brought in dead and fearfully mutilated—in fact literally cut into mincemeat by chopping with tomahawks ; there were hundreds of such wounds in each body. We found several gentlemen assembled, among the rest Arthur Hodgson, Esq., J.P., who was holding a magisterial enquiry into the cause of death. The verdict, of course, could only be "murder." The deceased men had evidently been sneaked upon while sitting upon a log, probably conversing together, as their guns were afterwards recovered and found to be still loaded. So they could not have made the least resistance.

Next morning we were preparing to start for Brisbane. Our horses stood at the door saddled, only waiting for the magistrate to finish his papers, when a horseman came galloping across from Tent Hill to say that their head station was then being attacked, and begging us to go to the rescue. Not a moment was lost. Some half-dozen of us jumped into our saddles and galloped for Tent Hill—only about three miles from Grantham. We were quickly upon the spot, but too late to prevent the blacks from robbing the place, which they did of all the iron tools lying about a new hut in course of erection, and whatever else they could conveniently lay hands on. Of course the white fellows had all run away, and so had the blacks. As there were sheep up the creek we followed after them. Three miles further up the creek we came upon a gunyah occupied by a hut-keeper ; and upon enquiry if all was quiet he replied, " Oh, yes." He had not heard anything of the murders of the day before, nor of the robbery of their own hut that

morning. While some of the party were talking to this man, I looked up the flat and saw a blackfellow, spear in hand, suddenly glide from tree to tree. I immediately said so, but the over-confident hut-keeper said, "Oh, no; that is our shepherd, and his flock is also on the flat." Some of our party seeming to be of the same opinion, I reluctantly turned to follow them across the creek. Knowing that my eyes were mates, I felt disgusted at my word being disputed. However, we had barely got to the bottom of the creek, some ten yards from the humpy, when such a hulloo was raised as brought us all back. The shepherd had discovered his enemy, and hence the outcry. Never men spurred or rode harder than we did to cut off the blackfellow before he reached the scrub, but we had lost too much time, and, slapping himself in a very significant and expressive manner, he darted into the scrub. Of course we could not ride into the scrub after him, so we returned to the humpy. It appeared that when I saw him creeping upon the shepherd he saw us, and when we turned to go over the creek he delivered his spear, but fortunately missed his man. It was now evident that the blacks were up in all directions; so it was resolved to take the sheep into Grantham for protection. Accordingly Mr. Scougall and myself guarded the shepherd, hut-keeper, and flock of sheep to Grantham, where we found the grave dug for the two poor fellows killed the day before. Two sheets of bark had also been procured, one to lay under, and the other over them. After reading the Church of England service over them, they were both laid in one grave, the bark their only coffins. "Peace to their manes."

—o—

VI.

The morning after the foregoing events, our party—now reinforced by two Messrs. Hodgson and one or two others—started for Brisbane, escorting a prisoner recently taken in a blacks' camp. This fellow, who was called Black Brown, and was an Indian Coolie, had been transported from the Mauritius to the penal settlement of Moreton Bay years before. Here, with the usual craft of his race, he had pretended to reform, and in due time was made a constable. After he became free he had taken up a vagabondising life with the aboriginal blacks. Upon this occasion he had been taken in the midst of a barbecue held by the blacks, to furnish which they had deliberately entered a sheep-yard and knocked seventy sheep upon the head.

Brown's story was that in the midst of the feast some white men, well mounted, dashed into the camp, and upon his calling out that he was a Christian like themselves, spared and made him prisoner. We escorted him to Brisbane and handed him over to the authorities there, to what end will appear by-and-bye. This fellow and another white man, an escaped prisoner known to be among the blacks, were accused of putting up the

blacks to kill both shepherds and sheep, and of this fact I think there could be no doubt.

This was the first time I had visited Brisbane. At this time Ipswich—then called Limestone—contained only one house—a small brick cottage occupied by Mr. George Thorn, and near his present residence. About the place where Mr. Gorry's house stands there were two thatched roofs, apparently to protect hay-stacks, and this was all that then existed of the "City of Sentry-boxes," as it afterwards came to be familiarly called. South Brisbane was even less, for upon our arrival there, there was not a single house or building in the place. The land, however, had been cleared and farmed by the prisoners in times gone by. There was a small stock-yard, however, standing upon the exact site where M'Intyre's house now stands, upon the bank of the river. The Government had at this time cattle at Redbank and sheep about Ipswich, and an agricultural establishment upon the Ipswich race-course, which, however, we did not see. Upon our appearance on the south bank of the river at the usual crossing-place, a boat was immediately sent over to bring us across. The place was then a penal settlement, governed by a commandant, who was a lieutenant in the army, and had a detachment of soldiers to enforce the obedience of the prisoners. In order to visit the settlement a permit from the Colonial Secretary was necessary, and this Mr. Hodgson had taken the precaution to obtain on a late visit to Sydney. There was no hotel in Brisbane then, but we were kindly and eagerly invited by the officers residing there to stop at their houses—in fact, vieing with each other who should receive us. For myself, I went to the late Mr. Andrew Petrie's, and a friendship then commenced between us, which only ended with his life.

At the time we visited Brisbane most of the prisoners had been removed, in anticipation of the settlement being thrown open to the public, about 150 only remaining, who were employed in the Government Garden and other necessary Government work. We found a schooner called the "Piscater" at Brisbane, which had come there with Government supplies. In this vessel several of us obtained passages to Sydney at the enormous sum of £10 each. No extra stores were provided, no beds—nothing but the bare boards of an empty bunk. We were detained in the Bay several days, during which we landed upon Peel Island and several other places, and at length brought up at Amity Point, where Sexton, the pilot, then resided; and here, for the first time, I saw the blacks fishing. There were many hundreds along the beach with their towrows (nets) in hand. As soon as the shoal of fish appeared in the offing some two or three of the blacks would advance to the water's edge, and, striking the water with their spears as a signal to the porpoises to drive the fish into the bank—which signal the porpoises would instantly obey—the main body of

blacks, some hundreds in number, would rush in with their towrows and dip up the fish. In this way an immense quantity were got out of every shoal of fish passing. The towrow is a net about a yard or more deep and four feet across the top, which is kept open at the top by what we should call a half hoop made of wood, with one flat side so as to fit close upon the beach and prevent the fish from jumping under it. They are, in fact, a hand dip net, each blackfellow holding one in each hand.

Doubtless this statement about the porpoises and blacks fishing together will be pronounced—as I myself did upon first hearing it—to be a myth; in fact all nonsense; but further enquiry and observation has convinced me that it was a fact, and any persons doubting it can convince themselves by going to Amity Point during the fishing season. The blacks even pretend to own particular porpoises, and nothing will offend them more than to attempt to injure one of their porpoises.

As soon as we were over the bar at Amity Point, the wind set in from the north-east, accompanied with rain and thick weather; but the wind was fair and strong, consequently we had a quick passage, but it was a hit or miss one. From the time of leaving we saw no land until we sighted Broken Bay Heads, which the captain fortunately knew, and so made out Sydney.

Upon arriving in Sydney some of the passengers, thinking £10 too much for less than a week's salt junk and bad biscuit, applied to the owner to return part of the passage-money, but it was "no go."

For my own part I was glad to get rid of the "Piscater" at any price, and so, as soon as my business was finished, returned home overland.

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VII.

Time wore on, although life on a station is monotonous enough, and at length a new road was to be found and made over the Main Range, the one previously used out of Hodgson's Creek being too bad to take any large quantity of wool over; so, after some exploring by Mr. Hodgson, a better line *vid* Drayton was marked, and a day appointed for all the station teams to meet and assist in making the new road. This line ran between the Sugar-loaf and the One-tree Hill, through a dense piece of scrub. At the bottom of those two mountains the teams were accordingly assembled at the Springs, since known as Drayton, but which was then in a state of nature. Those who sent teams were—Messrs. Hodgson and Elliot, Sibley and King, Messrs. Gore (of Yandilla), Hughes and Isaac, Mr. Denis (of Jimbour), and myself. With each team as many men were sent as could be conveniently spared from the various stations, and, after clearing a road, the drays were to proceed to Brisbane for supplies for the approaching shearing season. As the teams were strong and the men pretty numerous, in about a week or

ten days a passage was effected as far as Grantham. After leaving the top of the Main Range this road ran for some distance along a leading spur of the mountains, but towards the bottom it became steep and somewhat dangerous for wool teams. Many boulders had to be got rid of; ugly gullies and creeks had to be crossed; so that when the scrub was reached all parties were about sick of the job. It was, therefore, resolved to make the narrowest possible cutting through, so that a dray could just pass and that was all. I do not think the road here averaged more than eight feet wide; why I am so particular about this will appear in the sequel. In due time the whole party arrived at Grantham, but here a new surprise awaited us. News had just arrived that a party of soldiers, headed by Lieutenant Gorman, the commandant at Moreton Bay, were on their way up to arrest the men supposed to have interrupted the barbecue at the time Brown was taken. Of course Brown accompanied the party to give evidence. When the whole matter became known the excitement ran high. No one appeared to know what the nature of the proceedings were to be, nor what charges were to be made, nor against whom; however, it soon appeared that little "Cockey" Rogers was to be arraigned for disturbing the barbecue of Messrs. Moppy & Co. There being a barrister-at-law present he immediately volunteered to defend, or rather watch the case for Rogers, and accordingly spent most of the night in examining the witnesses in Rogers' behalf. The little man proved equal to the occasion, and asserted that he had only done his duty in rescuing his employer's sheep.

Next morning betimes the Commandant, accompanied by his Clerk of the Peace and a party of soldiers, duly arrived and opened the Court. Most of the forenoon was consumed between the barrister and commandant as to whether the former should be heard, the latter asserting that he wanted no lawyers there. However, as there were two other magistrates on the Bench, his decision was overruled. In the course of the examination it came out that besides the story told by the coolie constable, mentioned before as having been arrested in the blacks' camp, an anonymous letter had been written to the Attorney-General at Sydney, giving a similar statement to Brown's. As this letter wound up with a Latin quotation, it was evidently a scholar who wrote it. From some cause or other suspicion fell upon a Dr. Goodwin, who had just taken up the Rosewood Station, and he was accordingly summoned to give evidence. Of course he could give none, not having arrived in the neighborhood till some time after the affair was supposed to have happened. However, the poor Doctor suffered great obloquy and abuse, being for a long time supposed to be the author of the letter which was believed to be false, or if not false at least treacherous. However, poor Goodwin was a very harmless man, and, whatever were his faults, writing this letter was not amongst

them. The examination went on until some seventeen witnesses had been examined. Nothing, however, could be proved against Rogers, except that they had rescued the remainder of the flock of sheep, and that their overseer had been speared by the blacks. All of them knew this, but none of them knew of any blacks being shot. One witness would have shot at them, but, loading his gun in the hurry of departure, he had made a mistake and got the bullet down before the powder. Others had various and similar *contretemps*. One man was, indeed, committed for prevarication, but was afterwards let go upon his own recognisance.

So the whole thing was voted a bottle of smoke. The night after was spent in jollity, and what two days before threatened to be a *tragedy*, turned out to be a *farce*, greatly to the relief, no doubt, of some fifteen horses, who were said to be tied up in the neighboring scrub, all saddled, all bridled, all fit, if not for fighting, at least for flight; but I heard nothing of this at the time, and it may have been Liverpool Plains' news after all.

Shortly after this event the commandant was relieved, and went with all his detachment to Sydney. He was relieved by a Police Magistrate, and Brisbane was proclaimed a free settlement.

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VIII.

Early in the year 1843 the question became debated among the squatters as to what they should do with their fat stock, particularly cattle, when they had got them. For two or three years great drought had prevailed on the Liverpool Plains, and along the road where cattle must pass if taken to Maitland, the nearest market. So great was the drought of those years that I have seen whole forests of box-trees killed by drought between Loder's station on the Liverpool Plains and Tamworth on the Peel; and in an overland journey, I myself made, I was obliged to feed my horse upon the leaves of the oak trees or upon such rough tussocks of grass as sheep had run over and would not eat, for two hundred miles of the journey. Under these circumstances, it became manifest that to start fat cattle for Maitland with any hopes of them reaching there fat, was simply absurd.

The low price of cattle in the south, and the generally hard times, induced the Sydney people to try the experiment of curing beef for export, and it soon became evident that this was our only resource; but who should undertake it? The risk of purchasing the cattle was evidently too great for any one individual to undertake, so at length an agreement was come to that each cattle-owner would send a portion of his fat stock, and as I had some knowledge of curing beef, I was unanimously picked upon to make the experiment. The agreement was that

I should find salt, casks, and labor, and cure the beef at 25s. per cask, and retain the hide, tallow, and offal as my commission—a price, however, that proved far too low, and I lost heavily upon the transaction.

However, early in the year '43, I repaired to Brisbane to make arrangements for beef-salting. The premises must be on the south side, since most of the cattle would come by that road, and there were no punts to cross cattle in those days. Mr. Petrie had just removed from the Six-mile Creek a large store which was in every way suited to my purpose, but it then lay in pieces upon Kangaroo Point, which, as the land had been all cleared but had only one house upon it, was the locality chosen. This store I agreed to rent, with slaughter-house and other erections to be put up by Mr. Petrie; but owing to various causes, principally to scarcity of labor, several months elapsed before the premises were finished. However, on the 23rd June, 1843, I began by slaughtering the first cattle. My beef proved a great success as far as curing went, as I cut, salted, and packed it according to the Deptford Rules, and as the cattle were very fat, it turned out a prime article, and I was extremely lucky in never having lost a pound by imperfect curing. However, it and all other colonial beef had a great prejudice to contend against in London. Not being properly represented there, the provision dealers in the Irish, German, and American trade set their faces against it, and unfortunately, much that went from Sydney was so badly cured as to be obliged to be thrown away.

I had been some three month engaged in this business when a party of gentlemen arrived from Sydney, most of whom were squatters, with the news that Mr. O'Brien, of Yass, had discovered that fat sheep might be boiled down for their tallow and made to pay. As all stock was very low then, all Sydney had gone mad upon the subject, and thenceforth everything was to be boiled down; even horses (then by no means so numerous as now) were mentioned. Those gentlemen immediately called a public meeting in Brisbane to see who would undertake to get up pots and boil down the cheapest. I was rather amused at all this, having at that moment some two or three tons of tallow packed for export on hand. I had, in fact, made the important discovery beforehand. By general consent I was fixed upon as the party who was to do the boiling-down, and agreed to do so at a certain price, the gentlemen present undertaking to send the number set against their names during the ensuing six months. But this proved a miserable delusion. One gentleman who booked 2000 sheep could only send 500, and this was generally the case the first year. Meantime, I was obliged to keep up a constant staff of butchers, tallow-chandlers, coopers, etc. Most of these had to be imported from Sydney at my own cost and charges, and, worse than all, very few of them knew anything of the work they were hired to perform. For instance,

upon one occasion, when greatly hurried, we sent for a butcher; one was sent with a formal agreement, and turned out to be a shoemaker. Another, a tallow-chandler, was hired for six months at £2 per week; he proved to be a candle-maker, and had never packed a cask of tallow in his life. And so on *ad infinitum*; they would do or say anything to get out of Sydney. My greatest difficulty, however, was to get suitable casks. All these had to be imported from Sydney empty, to be filled here; thus causing a double freight, besides being very dear and frequently defective. This set me to try all, or nearly all, our own timbers. I first tried the black-butt, from Toowoomba, then the pine, of our river scrubs. These, however, did not answer; and after trying many others, I finally fixed upon the timber known as silky oak and sally, both of which I found to answer admirably. Hence, unless upon some special occasions, I imported no more casks.

While upon the subject of boiling down stock for their tallow, I may mention that that was the turning point of the squatters of those days. Nothing else could have saved them from ruin, as for four or five years after 1843, owing to the very low price of wool and general tightness of money, neither the merchants nor bankers of Sydney were willing to make advances upon stock, nor was it done to any extent until a lien upon stock and wool was established by an Act of Parliament, in New South Wales, which greatly relieved the pressure. As for myself I struggled on, hoping, as stock increased, to regain my losses, and at length, having gone extensively into beef curing, I made a final loss of fifteen hundred pounds in one season, which necessitated my selling the station of Westbrook for £300, and the cattle at 12s. 6d. per head. Ten acres, in different allotments, at Kangaroo Point, on which the boiling-down house, fellmongery, and numerous buildings were erected, at an expense to me of three thousand pounds, together with twenty-seven acres in Fortitude Valley, cleared and fenced in, were all sacrificed for £650.

I mentioned in the last chapter that the new road over the Main Range was narrow and in some places dangerous. I may mention one instance, as it shows the difference between the feather-bed life of the squatter of the present day and the rough one of the old pioneers. Some drays loaded with supplies—one belonging to Captain Living, then of Burrandowan station—were passing up the Main Range, where the road at the top was very narrow. Several other drays were in company, and, as usual, agreed to double up-hill. Accordingly, some twenty extra bullocks were hooked on, and all went well until the dray arrived near the top of the hill, when the chain next to the pole broke. The pole bullocks being entirely unable to hold it, the dray turned round, capsized, and descended into the gulch below, some thousand or fifteen hundred feet deep. As the dray turned over, by some accident one of the pole

bullocks got his head out of the yoke; the other went with the dray. Not a particle of the property was ever recovered. The dray was smashed to splinters. A bag of flour could be seen lodged in the top of a gum-tree, and that was all. The loss was a serious one to the gentleman, who had just purchased the station, and these were his first supplies.

A somewhat similar accident happened about the same time at Bundanba Creek. A man named Smith had purchased the good-will of an inn at Gatton. He went to Brisbane, purchased a dray load of goods as stock, and returned with his loading as far as Bundanba Creek. The crossing was then a few yards above the present bridge; it was a dry crossing in ordinary weather. Smith, who was driving the team himself, drove into the creek, apprehensive of no danger, but before he could get up the other side, the creek came down a "banker," overturned his dray, and swept it away. Those who have seen an Australian creek come down suddenly, as they do after a heavy rain in the mountains, like a wall of water some eight or ten feet high, can realise the situation. As it was, the dray was instantly turned over. As it did so, the pole-pin fell out and the bullocks scrambled up the bank. The owner also escaped, but neither dray nor any of the property was recovered; and poor Smith, having invested and lost all his money, never opened the house.

So much for pioneering in a new country.

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IX.

My first salting season was nearly over at Kangaroo Point, when one day a black-fellow came to me, and in a very earnest manner warned me not to go to Darling Downs. He proved to be a messenger sent by Multuggerah to tell me that it was to be war now in earnest—that their intention was first to spear all the commandants, then to fence up the roads and stop the drays from travelling, and to starve the "jackaroos" (strangers). Altogether, they, in fact, intended to let no more rations go to the Darling Downs. As I began laughing at the notion, he became greatly excited, his nostrils expanded like a horse under a fright, and finally he wound up with, "By God, Mr. Campbell, baal you go."

By-the-way, these messengers are a curious institution among the blacks. Like the heralds of old, they may travel unharmed through hostile or any strange tribes. Their business is to carry news, new songs, dances, corroborees, etc., as also to announce war or peace. As an instance of the efficiency of these messengers, I may mention that when Leichhardt's party were attacked on his first journey, although that happened at the Gilbert Ranges, the news was brought in to Darling Downs very soon after, and proved in the main to be correct.

I, however, thought little of the message from what I could

gather from the messenger. I concluded that it was the plot of some white man among them, as it seemed too consistent to be made up by the blacks. However, it proved to be serious enough. News constantly reached Brisbane of shepherds being killed and sheep being driven in from the out-stations, the men refusing to follow them longer at such risks. In the midst of all this, a gentleman, a Mr. Hicks, who held a station on the Albert, arrived in Brisbane on his way to the Downs. He was a nephew of Captain Mallard's, who then owned Felton and resided there. Finding that I intended to go home shortly he proposed to wait for me and accordingly did so for more than a week. Nothing occurred until we arrived at Gatton, where we learned that a Mr. John Uhr (a brother of the late Sergeant-at-Arms) had been killed at Sandy Creek, while shepherding a flock of his own sheep—that the shepherds at Helidon, then the property of the late J. C. Pearce, had brought in their sheep to the head station and given them up—that the landlord of the Gatton Inn had gone to Pearce's to assist him in keeping the sheep. Up to this I had no arms with me, but the person in charge of the inn strongly advised me to take a gun, which he offered to lend me, and Mr. Hicks joining strenuously in this request, I reluctantly consented to take it, for I did not seriously believe that the blacks would ever attack a man on horse-back when there were more than one. So making an impromptu gun bucket out of the toe of an old boot, and using the end of one of my blanket straps to tie round the gun, after having sighted and carefully loaded her, we started on our road. Upwards of half a mile from Helidon house we found Pearce and the landlord (both well armed) tending the sheep. Their account was bad enough—men killed in all directions, and squatting evidently at a discount. Their description of the blacks rendered my friend Hicks more nervous than usual, and he was always a nervous man; but after stopping half-an-hour with Pearce we ventured upon approaching the scrub. My friend Hicks was uncommonly cautious, telling me to look out on the left and he would look out on the right. I replied "All right," and, falling into a train of thought, I gave no more heed to the matter, nor did I observe that my friend had dropped some twenty yards behind me. We had proceeded in this manner until we were nearly through the scrub, when I was suddenly aroused from my reverie by what I at first thought was a bird flying in my face, but the rattle of the wood in the scrub beyond soon let me know what it was. Quick as thought I clapped spurs to my horse to jump her out of the range of the spears, at the same time calling "Look out Hicks, the black scoundrels are here!" and set to to undo my gun. I had just got her in my hand when Hicks' horse came rushing past me with a spear stuck in his ribs, and banging the spear across my own horse's heels caused it to rush off the road into the scrub, and as nearly as possible pulled me off amongst them. Calling to Hicks to

hold up, he replied "I cannot, my horse won't stop." I then for the first time saw that his horse had a spear in him, which he was dragging behind him. Getting alongside of him I told him he must hold up, his horse had a spear in him. The poor fellow's reply—"You don't say so"—conveyed a better idea of his feelings than any other description I can give. Getting hold of the spear I pulled it out of the horse, and was in the act of breaking or bending it over my saddle-bow to prevent them from using it again, when they rushed in with such a "durally" (shout) as left no time for breaking spears. In a moment more we were out of the scrub, and had clear bush on both sides. Knowing we were now comparatively safe, I began slanging them in their own style, asking them, "What for blackfellow jerran? (afraid.) Baal white fellow jerran," etc, but to no purpose; they had had some experience of white men's guns, and refused the invitation.

By this time Hicks' horse had become so faint that he refused to carry him, and Hicks proposed to get off and abandon him, only taking and carrying his own valise. This I was determined should not be done, as I knew that the killing the horse would be counted by them as a great victory. The tail being taken as a trophy would be whisked in the first white man's face they met. All this time we could hear their signals passing along the side of the Sugar-loaf Mountain towards the Red Hill, then some two miles ahead of us, and up which the road led, and which road for some miles either way could be overlooked by the blacks on the mountain. I therefore expected that we should be again attacked on arriving at the Red Hill which was a steep pinch, and was generally walked up on foot by horsemen, and I told Hicks so.

I then made him the following proposition—that he should lead his horse, while I whipped him up behind, and in case of attack again that he should stand by my side, holding his gun and not attempting to fire unless in case of an actual rush in, and that I would soon clear a road through them, as they would not stop long after even one of them was shot. This promise I exacted, as I expected the blacks to attack with sticks and stones at that place, and knowing that we must walk up the pinch. I knew also that while the blacks saw that one gun was not discharged, they would be chary of rushing in; whereas, if both were discharged, we should be utterly at their mercy. He immediately promised to be guided by me, and as I was determined to save both him and his horse, the plan was immediately put into execution. So we proceeded at a foot-pace until we arrived at the hill. Here I kept a sharp look-out, examining well every top of the trees we passed, fully expecting every moment to see them; but when we reached the top of the pinch we were joyfully surprised to meet friends instead of enemies. Mr. Joseph King and his stockman were both proceeding to assist Mr. Pearce, and as both wore red shirts and could be seen from

the Sugar-loaf Mountain for three or four miles along the spur they came, the blacks were too wary to place themselves between two fires. As it was, our escape was little less than miraculous, for the spears flew thick and fast. Upon Mr. King finding what was up with us, he declined to face the same road, saying he knew the way into the old road by Flagstone Creek and he would take that. Upon examining the ground afterwards we found the blacks had posted themselves where the road turned a sharp corner, and thus had us on each side of the angle. They were also on the bank of a creek, so that if they were worsted they could jump into the bottom and run away. A favorite tactic with them is this of hiding in creeks, so as to sneak upon you or run away along the bottom, as may best suit their purpose. I have seen the bottom of a creek as full of tracks as if a flock of sheep had been along.

When we arrived at the present site of Drayton we found Mr. Alford there, who had just commenced to build a house. With him Mr. Hicks left his horse, and from him borrowed another. The poor horse lay down for four days, during which the men carried him grass and water, and he ultimately recovered.

Our adventure happened on a Sunday. On the next day—Monday—the blacks killed sixty sheep for Mr. Pearce ; but as Mr. King had seen a bush sheep-yard, evidently built by them and not yet used, he suspected what they were up to, and accordingly a party went after them. Although not in time to prevent the blacks killing the sheep, they were in time to prevent their eating them, and the carcases were all burnt to prevent their getting them for food.

By this time a general muster of the squatters had taken place, and Tuesday proved a day to be remembered. Three bullock-teams belonging to Messrs. Francis and David Forbes, of Clifton, were passing up loaded with shearing supplies. They were accompanied by a number of men—some looking for employment and some hired for stations, etc.—eighteen altogether, and all said to be armed. Upon arriving at the scrub they found several logs fallen across the road ; these the bullock-drivers drove over. Before, however, getting through the scrub they found saplings triced up to the trees on each side of the road, and thus the road was completely fenced. Of course the bullock-drivers had to stop, for, as I have said, the road was so extremely narrow that there was no turning out ; and the moment the drays stopped the blacks gave a tremendous shout, and the " croppies " all ran away. The blacks robbed the drays of everything they could carry away—flour, sugar, sheep-shears (the latter they broke, and armed the point of their spears with them). They also broke open boxes and took several watches that had been sent for repair, clothing, and, in fact, whatever suited them best. There were also some cases of gin and port wine ; these they opened and got out some of the corks, but did

not drink any. (A different set to the blacks of these days.) I have said the men ran away. Two or three miles below there was a party of squatters at camp, who had not yet realised the danger, and had not guarded the drays through. Upon the men meeting them they were quickly in the saddle, and arrived at the drays within two hours after the attack; but the birds had flown. Although they had a black tracker with them they did not follow the tracks up a spur, but attempted to scale the mountain on the side next the road. The blacks took up a position above them, and rolling down stones upon them, fairly drove them back. Several of them were hurt more or less severely, some guns broken, etc., so they returned and camped at the drays which had been robbed, and this was what was known as the battle of the One-tree Hill. Thus, within three weeks of young Moppy sending me the message, the blacks had carried out their programme. It now became evident that they must be conquered, or there really would be no more rations go to Darling Downs; so it was resolved to follow them up until they gave in. The horses were accordingly sent back, and some twenty men started on foot to follow the blacks, which they did persistently, giving them no time to procure their food, and pouncing upon them by night or by day, in camp or in trees, when trying to procure food. The white men had this advantage that they could carry their own rations. At the end of three weeks the blacks sent in a message to say that they would fight no more, but make peace now—they had had "plenty fight." To this the white men heartily agreed, and so, in that direction, the war between the races ended; and, to make assurance doubly sure, the New South Wales Government sent up a detatchment of soldiers to be stationed near the scrub, and their old camp is still known as the "Soldiers' Barracks." They remained a year there, and, the country being quiet, were then withdrawn.

In the foregoing pages I have endeavored to depict some of the difficulties of the early pioneers. At first all supplies of flour, tea, sugar, and salt, had to be brought overland from Maitland, and during the first Chinese war it was almost impossible to get tea, and many stations were for months without this almost indespensable article; or, if peradventure any was procured, it proved to be a nauseous stuff known as painted tea, apparently made up tea that had once been used and mixed with some coloring matter, and even suspected to be poisoned. Some stations, too, were frequently out of stores for months together, owing to floods. No wonder then, that men possessing stations acquired under such trying circumstances consider they have the best right to them.

And now upon the subject of blackfellows I have no more to tell, except that with all my hair-breadth escapes and risks among them I now, in my old age, have reason to thank God that I have never pulled a trigger upon a blackfellow.

JOSEPH FLEMING.

Few men in Queensland have contributed more to its early settlement than Joseph Fleming, Esq.—a member of its first Parliament, and at that time one of the largest employers of labor and capital in it. But I am not going to write a biography of Mr. Fleming, whose life is known to most of the old hands at least; but to mention a circumstance that occurred about 1838. In or about that year there was a gang of bushrangers out in the district of New England and Liverpool Plains known as "Dick's mob"—or, more familiarly, as "Dick the Devil's gang." They consisted of seven white men and a black gin. Whenever the gang bailed up a traveller they placed this black gin with a loaded pistol over him, she swearing that if he moved she would blow his brains out. Of course people felt much more afraid of her than they would of any of the convicts, the latter knowing there were hangings to that, which she did not know or care for. After a long career of crime in New England, the gang crossed over towards the Namoi country, carrying terror and destruction wherever they went—destroying rations or any other property, breaking fire-arms, etc., wherever they found any. To show their deviltry: at one station where they found a fresh chest of tea unopened, they took it out and sowed it in the grass as a sower would wheat, so as to make it impossible to pick any of it up again. Mr. Fleming, who then possessed a large cattle station on the Namoi, and was on his way out, accompanied by a Mr. Freill and his stockman, resolved to capture them if possible, and took his measures accordingly. Upon arriving at his own station he learnt that the bushrangers had taken possession of an empty hut of his a mile or two distant, where they had encamped for the night. It appears that the bushrangers were aware of his presence, and were prepared for him; for they procured a spade and sunk a trench inside the hut, so that each man exposed only his head above ground. They also knew that in early life Mr. Fleming had been a chief constable, a determined man, and therefore not likely to be trifled with. Having done this they dispatched two of their number and the black gin to bring in their horses. These Messrs. Fleming, Freill, and the stockman managed to seize and secure, and proceeded to attack the old hut with its five occupants. The fellows under cover showed fight, and their captain, Dick, had his gun pointed through the slabs when Mr. Freill—who, it appears, was a dead shot—took aim at the point of Dick's gun and sent his bullet right down the barrel, knocking Master Dick down, but in no way otherwise injuring him. Upon this the cowardly ruffian sung out that he would surrender, swearing to his mates that if they shot like that it was no use resisting. The whole gang were safely conducted inside the boundaries of civilisation, and delivered up to the proper authorities.

The Mr. Freel (or Freill) referred to was a superintendent of the late John Panton, Esq., late of Ipswich, but then a merchant of Sydney, who was purchasing cattle for Mr. Fleming. I mention him thus particularly that so gallant a man's memory may not be lost.

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THE LAST OF A PIONEER.

I append an interesting reminiscence of "Old Times," written by a gentleman for the *Darling Downs Gazette*, and signed W. C. B. I do not know who the writer is, but I know the facts there stated to be perfectly correct, and I republish it here to prove what the early pioneers had to contend with, when one was obliged to bring down two hundred sheep to boil down, which probably would not net him above five shillings each; and a whole station and stock sold for £650—a fact I had from the purchaser, Mr. Henry Hughes himself

"With regard to the death of poor warm-hearted John Thane, your 'Special Reporter' on the 'Downs' is not correct in saying that my old friend, Thane, was drowned in the creek bearing his name. John Thane, who, like many of his countrymen, was pushing and enterprising, was educated at Aberdeen, and was a young fellow of good ability. He brought a moderate capital to the colony, which he invested in sheep, and on the rush to the Downs in 1840-1, brought on his stock, in company with Mr. George Gammie, to the new country; in fact the last gentleman, who ultimately became a wealthy man, had by far the smallest share in the venture. Talgai fell to the lot of Gammie, Thane taking up the adjacent country which he named 'Ellangowan.' Immediately after this period stock fell in value, and the colony went through the greatest monetary crisis it had ever experienced. Sheep fell in one year from 12s. and 15s. down to 2s. 6d. and 2s. 9d. Ruin stared all in the face. The never-to-be-beaten John Campbell at that time started boiling down sheep for the tallow at Kangaroo Point. Thane, who had been to Sydney to endeavor to make monetary arrangements, on his passing through Brisbane at that time, contracted with Mr. Campbell to deliver two hundred sheep at the 'Pots' in a few days, and hastened up to the Downs, taking with him, on a spare horse, an old Malagese cook. On reaching the Condamine, he found it a 'banker,' and knowing the river well, he made for the Talgai crossing. Thane, was a very impetuous fellow, and as it was getting towards evening, rushed the horse at the stream, but the old horse the Malay was riding would not face the flood; so Thane at once returned, and mounting the Malay's old horse, dashed into the stream, telling the old man to follow, and as Thane got half way into the current his horse turned over, and, it is supposed, struck his rider, who was a good swimmer. Both man and horse were swept away. The Malay, struck with horror and frantic with

excitement, dashed his horse across the river and galloped up to the station. Mr. John Gammie and the writer at once, from seeing Thane's favorite horse, guessed the purport of the man's gesticulations and attempts at explanation, and at once rushed to the river. Not a sign was to be seen of our friend, and for three days we searched the river at all points, swimming to and fro to no purpose. On the third evening it was suggested to fire a gun over the water-hole below the crossing. This was done, and at day break the body floated and was discovered by the writer. A blanket and a rough plank received all that remained of a fine hale young man. Mr. A. Hodgson kindly came over on the next day, and poor John Thane was buried with all respect under the shadow of a clump of wattles. I may mention, to show the vicissitudes the early pioneers—or rather cormorant squatters—had to sustain, that Ellangowan and Thane's Creek, huts, sheds, paddock, horses, team of bullocks, 10 bales of wool, implements, and 3200 sheep—1200 hundred lambs given in—sold for £650 cash."

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THE FIRST QUEENSLAND EDITOR.

Mr. Arthur Sydney Lyon was the first editor, as the *Brisbane Courier* was the first newspaper, in Queensland. This paper he established, in connection with James Swan, Esq., about 1844 or 1845. I believe the paper was started with a list of subscribers not exceeding one hundred in number. I suppose it could scarcely have been a commercial success at that time, as, after a year or two, Mr. Lyon retired from the management not much richer than when he commenced. Previous to the establishment of the *Courier* he had edited a newspaper in Sydney, and was, upon the whole, an able and graphic writer—as witness his account of the loss of the "Sovereign," steamer, with her forty-five lives lost, than which a more truthful or graphic account could scarcely have been written had he been upon the wreck instead of fifty miles away, at Brisbane. After the discontinuance of his connection with the *Courier*, he procured a tent and boat, and with only a black boy to wait upon him—now familarly known about Brisbane as Jimmy Lyon—spent a year or two about the shores of Moreton Bay, collecting shells and other natural curiosities, and going just where his fancy led him. At length he appeared in Ipswich, where he was engaged by the Messrs. Bays to edit the *North Australian*, which he did for about two years. Again his anxiety to be an independent editor prevailed. He went either to Drayton or Toowoomba to establish the *Darling Downs Gazette*, which he successfully did, and I think fairly entitled himself to be considered the father of the Queensland press.

Previous, however, to his connection with the *Courier* as editor, I had known Mr. Lyon as the superintendent for Captain Living, of Burrandowan station. To his other accomplishments,

however, our friend did not add horsemanship. Indeed, from some defect or lameness in the legs, none but a very quiet horse would answer him. Fate was, however, against him. The horse allotted to him at Burrandowan had a vile habit of bolting whenever he was mounted, frequently ending in a spill before the rider could get fairly into the saddle. Of this vile habit our friend determined to break him, and accordingly hit upon the following ingenious plan. He procured a long, strong tether rope, one end of which he made fast to the horse's neck and the other end to a stump, all the time telling the horse—"I'll learn you to bolt, you beggar, I will." Having, with the assistance of men to hold the horse, mounted, the animal was let go and, as usual, started at full speed, and of course, upon arriving at the end of the rope, was turned fairly over, all his four pins in the air ; and poor Lyon was sent like shot out of a shovel several yards ahead of him. Of course the experiment was not repeated, but Lyon never heard the last of it until the day of his death, which happened many years ago. Peace to his manes !

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THE STOCKMEN OF LIVERPOOL PLAINS.

The first time I visited Liverpool Plains—somewhere about 1837, and long before the days of fencing, which has doubtless altered its appearance—it more resembled the sea, with its long points, capes, and headlands, than anything else I can compare it to. The illusion was almost perfect, and I thought it the loveliest country I had ever seen ; and so it decidedly was, and still is, I presume, although I have not visited it within the last twenty years. At that time the huts were from some seven to ten miles apart, and as it was before the days of squatting licenses, each took all he could get, and each kept all he could. Of course there were none of those ruinous squatting law-suits which have since been so rife, and which have taken so much gilt off the gingerbread. But the men of those days were very hospitable. No sooner was a stranger seen approaching or the crack of a stockwhip heard than down went the quart pots, and the beef and the damper was set on, so that by the time the strangers reached the hut all were soon ready for them. Some of the larger stations were presided over by a "super," but more generally by a stock-keeper and hut-keeper only. The owners did not reside upon the stations, but sent a dray loaded with rations about once or twice a year; and if one station ran out of rations it was usual to borrow from the others until their own arrived. It was somewhat a primitive state of society, but the men were upon the whole very good fellows. Of course the outsiders had to maintain a constant war with the blacks, and scarce a station in all that wide-spread country but has its own tale to tell of fights with them—a very different state of things from that which the present feather-bed squatters enjoy.

Bushranging, too, was rife in those days, and after plundering pretty extensively inside the colony, they would take a stretch out into the Plains to escape the police—at that time only consisting of a few mounted soldiers detached from Sydney. Sometimes these gangs of bushrangers would show fight, as witness their exploits with Mr. Day, Mr. Henning, etc.

The first time I visited Liverpool Plains was in company with a Mr. M'Cullum, the superintendent of Mr. Hales' station of Boomerah. My business was to buy a draft of horses from him which he had for sale. In going out we stopped the first night at the station known as Yarraman, then superintended by Mr. Richard Wright, now of Ipswich. We were kindly received and hospitably entertained, and I arranged to call on my way back. After a day or two at Boomerah in drafting horses and breaking them in to lead, I started back at sunset, accompanied by a stockman belonging to the station. The moon was at the full and the night bright; consequently bowling over the plains by moonlight was very pleasant. We arrived at Mr. Wright's at about one o'clock, and putting our led horses into the stockyard, I rode forward myself towards the hut, leaving the stockman to put the rails up. Something struck me that it was not quite the thing to ride up alone to a strange place at night, so I stopped my horse and called out to the stockman to know if he had not got the rails up. The moment I spoke Mr. Wright knew my voice, and, to use his own words, I might have knocked him down with a feather. It appeared that a gang of bushrangers had sent Mr. Wright word that they were coming to serve him out, and he was equally determined they should not; and mistaking us for the bushrangers, at the moment I spoke he had me covered with a gun and his finger upon the trigger.

Here was another narrow escape—close enough, in all conscience; but Mr. Wright did not tell me at the time nor until many years after, when we were better acquainted,

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A PERILOUS NIGHT RIDE.

Early in February, 1842, I had occasion to make one of those numerous journeys overland to Maitland, and, as the nature of my business was pressing, I started from Westbrook in company with a single companion—a Mr. Ross, of Greenbank—trusting for my way back to falling in with some of the numerous parties then travelling with stock, for company through the long monotonous country from the Severn to the Downs, a distance of fully one hundred and twenty miles from hut to hut—viz., from Kittah Kittah to the Drummer's hut of Hodgson's Creek.

Nothing unusual occurred until we arrived at the M'Intyre Brook, which we did after dark after a hard day's ride, and were just preparing to camp when we discovered the place

was occupied by a large encampment. It proved to be Messrs. Graham and Ivory's stock, accompanied by their owners, by whom we were most hospitably received and entertained, and moreover, had a tent over our heads at night. Such an event was an oasis in the desert, for we had hoped for nothing better than a lie-down under the canopy on the bank of the creek, if, indeed, we were undisturbed by the blacks—an event by no means improbable, as they were here very numerous, and not a bit too good-natured. We found Messrs. Graham and Ivory were likely to remain here for some time, as they had stopped upon the first good bit of county they had found to lamb down their sheep, which had begun dropping their lambs. So, unlike many of their compeers, they had made up their minds to stop and save their lambs, instead of pushing on and knocking the lambs on the head. As these gentlemen contemplated remaining there some six weeks longer, I fully expected to return in time to accompany them through to the Downs.

On my return from Maitland I pushed on night and day until I reached my old station of Kittah Kittah. Here I had some business with Mr. Hargrave, to whom I had sold the station on my way down country; but, as I had casually met him on the road, the necessary transfer and payment were not yet completed. I found that Mr. Hargrave was absent, forming stations down the river; but as he was daily expected up, I saw nothing for it but to wait for his return. After waiting and spelling my horse for three or four days, three of Mr. Hargrave's men arrived from Goondiwindi, where they had been left in charge of a new station. Their story was that while they were in the tent the blacks had come up and warned them off, declaring their intention to come the next day and kill them all, and accordingly the next day the blacks appeared in four different war paints, denoting different tribes; that they had defended the hut all day; and that they had had seventy rounds of cartridges served out to them, of which they had only three a-piece left. When the blacks went away, which they did at nightfall, the men despairing of being able to defend the hut any longer, had planted the property and made their way up the river to the head-station. They also reported that Mr. Hargrave was thirty miles below Goondiwindi, where he was forming another station, and would not return to the head-station for another fortnight. Under these circumstances my business must wait for another opportunity. So I resolved to start at once, although it was then near sunset, hoping to find Messrs. Graham and Ivory still at camp at the M'Intyre Brook. This stage was fully thirty-five miles, over one of the most barren, scrubby flats in Queensland. So, getting a little beef and damper from the hut-keeper, I saddled up and started. By the time I had ridden five miles up the Severn to the turn of it I had begun to repent. It was then getting dark, and, seeing fires on the river bank, I concluded it was stock encamped

there; so I rode towards them, but only to find it was a black's camp. This was not the company I sought, so, turning my horse's head up Brushy Creek—a name it well deserved—I resolved to continue my way. For the first few miles of my journey the night was extremely dark, and I had great difficulty in keeping the track, and was often more indebted to my intuitive knowledge of the country and to keeping a general north course than to anything else. The road was lined with a small bush, very thick, and from its imaginary resemblance to the tea-plant was generally called tea-tree scrub. Several times on that dark night I inadvertently rode upon the small twinkling fires of a blacks' camp, and was generally rewarded with the barking of a score of their curs. Of course I immediately regained the road, no doubt leaving the blacks to imagine that "'debbil debbil' set down there." They are extremely superstitious, and everything strange to them, even to the flying of a large night-bird, is set down to "debbil debbil." At length, about ten or eleven o'clock, the moon rose, to my great joy and relief, and I went on for a few miles more, quietly enough; but suddenly I found myself with too much light. The road led through a pine forest (all the pine of the interior is of that description known at Moreton Bay as cypress pine), and the forest was *on fire!* At first I did not realize the danger, and rode on, but soon found myself getting into what appeared like the mouth of a furnace. The road was plain enough, but it led through high trees alight, and the limbs and trunks falling in all directions, and as often across the road as any way. To turn back I knew was useless, as the fire had probably spread upon the road I had come; and, besides, as I was in the midst of it, it was an equal chance going back or forward. The situation was a painful one, but I did not lose my presence of mind, and resolved to make the best of it. Between the moon and the fire it was as light as day; so, as the road approached too near a burning tree, I turned out to avoid it, taking care to mind on which side the road ran, so as to be able to regain it. At times, when the fire caught fresh fuel, or the wind rose a little, it was hot enough. It was a perilous ride, for many a time the trunks of the trees lay across the road. However, the night wore on, and just before daylight I crossed the M'Intyre Brook and arrived at the old camp, to find it *deserted.* It was not pleasant. However, there was no help for it, so I rode on three miles further to a sandy waterhole, where I resolved to rest and have some breakfast, after which I intended to lie down and have a sleep. I accordingly adjourned to an open-timbered ridge and lay down, but the excitement of the night had not passed off: I was restless and nervous, and could not sleep, so I resolved to push on. At twelve o'clock I again camped, thinking I was tired enough to sleep. I accordingly pitched a blanket for a shade, but neither the ants nor flies would permit me to sleep; so I was obliged to go on again four

miles farther, and came to the old sheep-yards, now a part of Bodumba run. Here the marks of the stock were so plain and distinct that I immediately concluded they had stopped there to dinner; and accordingly, putting my horse into a sharp canter, I expected every minute to overtake them. What rendered me more sure that I was close upon them was the fact that I met four working bullocks, apparently just let out of yokes. Miserable delusion! the teams were yet far ahead. It was near dark when I arrived at the sandy waterhole in Canal Creek, three-and-twenty miles from my last attempt at camping. For a mile before I arrived there I could discern the camp-fires of a great number of blacks encamped on the side of the ridge at a short distance off the road. The road was a deep sand, so that my horse's feet made no noise, and I crept silently past them, all the time fearing that my horse might neigh, and so betray our presence. Fortunately I got past without alarming them. I had hoped when I reached this camp to find my friends, as this was the usual camping-ground. Not so; they were still ahead. Having watered my horse, I again mounted him, but the poor brute was completely knocked up, and refused to budge. Reflecting that I could not carry him, I resolved to camp and make the best of it. I knew it was dangerous, as the blacks' nearest fire was still in sight and not more than a quarter of a mile away; but still I felt confident they had not discovered me. So taking off my saddle and hobbling out my horse, I went down to the water, and, collecting as much sticks and grass-tree as would boil my pot of tea, had something to eat, and then, carefully putting out the fire, I picked up my saddle and paced off fifty paces down the creek and away from the road, and lay down to get what sleep I might.

After the moon rose, I took up my bridle and pistol and sought to find my horse, listening repeatedly for the clink of his hobbles, but could neither see him nor hear him, so I gave it up and went back in the direction of my saddle and blanket; but here too I was at fault. For two good hours I searched for my saddle before it struck me to go back to the waterhole and pace off my fifty paces as I had done before. I now did so and had the good luck to come right upon it. I again lay down upon the wet ground, and awoke with a fit of shivers, every tooth in my head chattering. I could stand it no longer without a fire, so resolved to have a good one. I put fire to a large log, and lying down before it, got the first sound sleep I had had for two nights. I was suddenly awoke by a loud cry of "Wahgon! wahgon!" over my head, and having the dread of the blacks upon me, one bound brought me upon my feet, pistol in hand—for I had slept with it under my blanket. The alarm, however, was a false one; it was only an old crow attracted by the smoke of my fire. I now discovered that there was no grass, all having been burned. But it was now broad daylight, so I took up my bridle, and, following my horse's tracks for a mile

or more, discovered he had made off, as many a knocked-up horse will do; but, fortunately, had kept wide of the blacks' camp. Three miles more and I overtook Messrs. Graham and Ivory. They were just upon the point of starting, but upon my coming up they stopped their drays, gave me some breakfast, and in fact behaved in the most hospitable and kindest way. I accompanied them to the present site of the town of Leyburn. There we found several hundreds of blacks fishing; they had in fact, come across country from the place I had seen them the night before. Upon Mr. Ivory and myself riding down towards them, they began cutting all sorts of antics, one of them pulling on a striped shirt and calling out "Jackey, Jackey," "whitefellow," etc., apparently wishing to convince us that they were on terms with whitefellows. However, as they did not molest us, neither did we them; and a few days afterwards they killed two men of Mr. Gammie's—I suppose by way of proving their friendship.

After passing the site of Leyburn, Messrs. Graham and Ivory took the road leading by Thain's Creek (Ellangowan), intending to camp there that night. Mr. Ivory strongly urged me to accompany them, camp with them, and go home next day; but I was very anxious to reach home, and had much overstayed my time. So, notwithstanding the jaded state of my horse, I resolved to push on by Leslie's marked-tree line across the swamps. It was nearly dark when I reached the Drummer's station on Hodgson's Creek. Here again I was urged to stay the night; but I was now but twelve miles from home and had no intention of stopping. At length I found myself on my own creek, but what part of it, or whether above or below the station, I could not in the darkness tell. Again my horse was hobbled and a rousing camp-fire lit, for I had no fear of blacks here. I laid down and waited for the moon to rise, that I might be able to see the outlines of the country. When it did so I found myself within a quarter of a mile of my own house, where I arrived before 12 o'clock, tired enough.

I had thus accomplished in a night and a day ninety-five miles to where my horse knocked up at the sandy waterhole above Leyburn, and another forty-six miles the next day and part of the night, during which time my horse fared worse than myself, for he scarcely got a bite of grass during the whole journey.

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SOME FACTS RESPECTING LEICHHARDT.

I first met Dr. Leichhardt at Mr. Andrew Petrie's house in Brisbane, in A.D. 1843. I was introduced to him by Mr. Petrie, and found out that he had just returned from Mr. Archer's station of Durindoor. I well remember some conversation between Mr. Petrie and the Doctor respecting the petrefaction of wood in this district, Mr. Petrie asserting that he could

take him to a tree out of which chips had been cut with an iron axe—a tomahawk—and therefore since "the penal settlement was formed, which were already turned to stone." This hypothesis Leichhardt strenuously denied, asserting that it would take ages for wood to turn into stone. For my own part, I felt rather inclined to think Mr. Petrie right, as petrified wood is so very common all over this country, and I have seen a large gum tree lying upon Westbrook station in almost as perfect a shape as when growing, the trunk, branches, and roots of which were as perfectly petrified and turned to stone as stone can be. Upon this occasion Dr. Leichhardt returned to Sydney, and I saw no more of him until he again returned from Sydney, accompanied by Mr. Calvert and Mr. Roper, to start upon his expedition to the Gulf of Carpentaria. As the Brisbane public felt great interest in this exploration, it was resolved to give Dr. Leichhardt and his friends a public dinner. At this dinner Sir Evan Mackenzie presided. It so happened that I sat next the Doctor, and after dinner was over I got into conversation with him. I asked him what plan he had formed. He told me that he intended to go out to Durindoor, where he had been before, and start from there in a northerly direction, and so explore the country between the Main Range and the sea coast. I at once told him I did not think it possible to do so. I pointed out that since I had last seen him at Mr. Petrie's, an expedition (Mr. Henry Stuart Russell's) had explored the Wide Bay country, and found it surrounded by mountains and exceedingly difficult to get over. I also told him that most likely the numerous saltwater rivers and creeks he would meet with would be lined with mangroves and be exceedingly difficult to cross; whereas, if he went up to the Darling Downs, which was, as far as we knew, an open sound country, in all probability he would be successful. I also advised him to keep as near the range as possible until he got into the latitude of the Gulf, in order to ensure plenty of water, as I was aware that many of the streams, although running at the top, lost themselves for considerable distances in the plains. He then enquired what I considered the general lay of the interior of the country to be. As we were just having coffee, I picked up a table knife and hanging it over the saucer said—"If you knock out the side of this saucer and take the inside of the saucer as a map, you will find that all the rivers of the interior run out through the gap, which I take to represent the Gulf of St. Vincent;" and facts have since proved that I was pretty near right. Dr. Leichhardt then said —"I will come and spend the day with you to-morrow," which he accordingly did. I found upon enquiry that he had twelve horses in all—most of them old and in poor condition; he had also a spring cart. I told him it was not likely he would be able to take his cart far, and asked him how he intended to transport his provisions and luggage. He replied that they would pack their horses and walk themselves. I asked him how many pairs

of boots he had. He said he had three pairs for each man, and for a supply of meat he intended to drive a small flock of sheep. I at once told him none of these plans would answer—that he must ride his horses in order to be able to see the country over the grass, which he would generally find up to his saddle girths and sometimes over a man's head—that three pairs of boots would not last as many months in walking through the long grass—that I had seen a horse return after three weeks' riding with the skin on the fetlock joints completely worn through (I refer to Mr. Dennis's horse, the gentleman who took up Jimbour)—as for driving sheep he could not hope to get them far, and if once lost he might have some difficulty in finding them. I therefore advised him to procure as many bullocks as could carry his packs—old workers if possible—and for meat to take young bullocks if possible, quiet milkers, calves that could be easily driven and would stop well in camp. I invited him to go to my then station—Westbrook—from which my family had just then removed, and recruit his horses and get bullocks broken-in to pack; and to back my opinion I began by giving him one old working bullock and four milking cows' calves two-year-old. The young bullocks were killed for beef, but the old poley went all the way to Port Essington, and proved himself invaluable to the party by hunting the blacks from the camp whenever they attempted to come in.

To resume : The Doctor took my advice, also accepted my invitation. As heavy rains occurred on the road up, he sold his spring cart at Laidley to the late Major North. Mr. James Sibley, then residing at Haldon station, gavehim twelve bushels of corn to recruit his horses. I immediately wrote to my superintendent not to allow the party to consume any of their own rations, considering they had little enough for their long journey.

The party remained six weeks at the station, during which time Dr. Leichhardt purchased bullocks in the neighborhood, which my men helped to break in. Here also the party was joined by Mr. Pemberton Hodgson, as it was further on by Mr. Gilbert at Mr. Coxen's station. The party remained at Westbrook six weeks, Mr. Hodgson returned after a few days' ride. Mr. Gilbert was killed by the blacks, and the rest of the party arrived at Port Essington in due time, and shortly before that settlement was abandoned.

Dr. Leichhardt was accompanied in his second expedition by Dr. Daniel Bunce, an eminent botanist ; Mr. Hovendon Healy, of Brisbane Water, N.S.W.; a Mr. Mann, of Sydney ; and another whose name I do not remember. This journey, however, proved a failure, as upon reaching the Peak Downs most of the party were taken down with fever and ague, the cattle and mules were lost, and the party quarrelled amongst themselves, so that a return became inevitable. I well recollect the

surprise when one evening Messrs. Healy and Mann walked into the Queen's Arms Hotel in Ipswich, upon their unexpected return, and at the way they abused Leichhardt, calling him anything but a gentleman. Among other things they asserted that if any game was shot—such as a duck, or even a pigeon—it must be first brought to him, and that he generally appropriated it to his own use, leaving those who shot it to go without. They also accused him of camping at a short distance from the rest of the party in an exclusive manner, and not talking over the events of the day nor of the route to be pursued on the morrow. And, finally, they declared that he was no bushman but merely a good navigator who could find his way by quadrant and compass only, and that he was a martinet and an extremely disagreeable companion.

However, that party was broken up, and Dr. Bunce remained at Rosenthal while Dr. Leichhardt went to Sydney to organize another party for the great journey from the Peak Downs to Western Australia. Bunce remained at Rosenthal some three or four months waiting for Leichhardt's return from Sydney. During that time the twelve or fourteen mules lost at the Peak Downs came up to the paddock rails at Rosenthal and were let in. It is to me a wonder that none of those mules have ever turned up since, as Dr. Leichhardt took them all with him on his last and final journey, as he came on to the Darling Downs overland from Sydney.

I again met Dr. Bunce shortly after Leichhardt had left, and upon expressing my surprise that he had not gone as I knew he intended, he told me that Leichhardt refused to take him, as he had made up his mind to have no one who had ever been with him before—that some friends of his had arrived from Germany, and he would "have none but his own countrymen." However, he did finally take two old bushmen, one of whom—a Scotchman—had been several years with the blacks, and could live upon anything the blacks could live upon. His (Leichhardt's) party, I believe, consisted of seven in all, himself included.

I have always thought it a great pity that Dr. Bunce did not accompany him, as he was a thorough bushman and quite as capable of leading the party in case of accident as Leichhardt himself—indeed more so. Old Victorians will remember him well as "Old Ironbark."

Hume's story of the mutiny explains much that has been incomprehensible to me for years past, but now appears plain enough.

Some years ago a party of convicts escaped from Western Australia, and went to Sharks' Bay, about eighty miles from the settlement in Western Australia, and there found some huts built by white men, large heaps of oyster shells, five human skeletons, and the barrels of five *police carbines*, which had been

unstocked, apparently to break the oysters off the rocks. The convicts then returned and gave information to the authorities, who thereupon sent out a party to ascertain the truth of the report. They found the statement of the convicts true, and searched the neighborhood to see if any boat, or the remains of one, could be found, as would have been if they had been a shipwrecked crew, or if the men had arrived there by water. No such remains, however, were found, and the carbine barrels were all found to be marked with the well-known Board of Ordinance brand—the broad-arrow.

Now, I recollect perfectly well seeing it stated in the Sydney newspapers that when Leichhardt was fitting out, the Sydney Government gave him permission to go to the Government stores and select anything he required, and that he accordingly selected a police carbine for every man in his party.

Upon the finding of those remains, the Governor of Western Australia sent a despatch to the Governor of New South Wales, which was published at the time, stating his conclusion that the relics found were the remains of Leichhardt's party; and such they undoubtedly were—or, rather, of the mutineers—for, after having lost their leaders and reached the sea shore, although as it afterwards proved only eighty miles from a settlement, they were too ignorant to know in which direction to look for it; and I think the marks on their gun-barrels clearly identify them, as no other party was known to be missing. Another circumstance is that about the same time a horse was discovered in the South Australian territory, a long distance to the west, which was clearly identified by Charles Marsh, Esq., of New England, as one his brother gave to Dr. Leichhardt on his way through New England. From all these circumstances it is clear that Dr. Leichhardt got far beyond Mr. Gilmour's search.

For years past there have been vague reports of a very old white man having been seen with the blacks in the direction of country indicated by Hume, and, upon one or two occasions, as having been seen by passing vessels or boats' crews. True, it might have been a shipwrecked man, but it may have been Classan just as likely.

Hume states that Classan at first believed him to be insane, and therefore refused to trust him. If Classan thought this, probably the blacks thought so too. This may account for Hume being enabled to go among the blacks with impunity, as it is well known that a person so afflicted may always do so. There is another light in which to look at it. No prisoner of the Crown, unless absolutely mad, being in Queensland during the great gold rush, would have voluntarily gone back to Sydney with that sentence hanging over him unless he fully believed he could make his statement good.

From all these premises, I believe that Hume's story is mainly true. I think the mutiny is probable from Dr. Leichhardt's exclusive habits, while Classan's absence at the time gave the mutineers every opportunity, and very likely the party were near starving, as Dr Bunce told me that Dr. Leichhardt took only three pounds of flour per week for each man, calculating the journey to last two years—evidently far too small a quantity. I do think another effort ought to be made to clear the matter up.

THE

RAID OF THE ABORIGINES,

A HEROIC POEM,

"AFTER THE STYLE OF VIRGIL AND OF HOMER."—*Byron.*

IN ONE CANTO,

BY

JAMES ARROWSMITH,

CORDWAINER,

(Mr. W. Wilks.)

———:o:———

"Begone, brave Army, don't kick up a row!"

Vide BOMBASTES FURIOSO.

PREFACE.

———:o:———

The following rhymes were written merely for the amusement of the Author during a few leisure moments. If they cause a laugh, though it be only at their absurdity, they have not been written in vain; for as the wise man of the East says—"Every moment that you enjoy, count it gain."

With respect to those who may be alluded to in the text, it is highly improbable that they will ever see this; but if ever they should, I am certain that they would be the first to laugh at a burlesque which was never intended to wound the feelings of any person. Nothing that could be said by the humble Author hereof would deprive them of the popularity which, with one or two exceptions, they enjoy in this district.

JAMES ARROWSMITH.

THE RAID OF THE ABORIGINES.

———:o:———

Great tidings of war have come down from the west,
For the waddy is rais'd, and the spear's in the rest ;
And the tribes of the Severn have poured down the gap,
And they've vow'd to have "bullock" whatever may hap.

Oh ! 'twas glorious to see those free sons of the soil,
Unfetter'd by garments, uninjured by toil,
Streaming down to the valley—as shining and black
As Newcastle coals shooting out of a sack.

Each warrior was greas'd from the heel to the head ;
Each cobra was charcoal'd—each limb streaked with red ;
And plain might you see that each snake-eating elf
Was inclined to think no table beer of himself.

They'd a forest of spears that would turn a man pale,
Like a *chevaux-de-frize* on the wall of a gaol ;
And they bore in each girdle the swift boomerang,
And a toothpick, the lugs of the white man to bang.

The war song was sung—the corobree done,
And they cried "With the white fellows let's have some fun.
They have settled old Moppy—a life for a life—
So death to the Croppy, and war to the knife."

They marched down the Lockyer in battle array,
And they bade old Boralshi the time o' the day.
Then they cross'd to dark Minor's—just over the way—
And they told him there'd soon be the devil to pay.

They paused for a short time near Helidon Hill
With savory 'possum their "binjies" to fill ;
And the sweet flying-fox and the delicate grub
They gorg'd till each paunch was as round as a tub ;
Then they roll'd in the ashes, like kittens at play,
Or like over-fed hogs on a hot summer's day.

But stomachs love change—even civilised man
Will vary his dishes as oft as he can ;
So they vow'd and they swore with a terrible shout
That of mutton or beef they must have a "tuck out."

Then up spoke great Campbell, a chief of renown,
"At Wingate there budgery bullock sit down ;
Let us send three old women to drive them away,
While I and two more will go bail up a dray ;
For I know his beef well, it has fat an inch thick,
And unless we've some mustard it might make us sick.
And to trust the old women you need have no fear,
Wingate soon "cuts his stick" at the sight of a spear.

Meantime the main body can roam up and down,
Twixt Tenthill and here just to take off the down ;
For though, as you know, when a shepherd we kill
The Jackeroos all smoke their pipes and sit still,
Yet they'll turn out like madmen and boldly give battle
If they think we've been spearing their sheep or their cattle."

The advice was approved—he set off for the "grub,"
But first planted his delicate wife in the scrub,
And he promis'd, if safe he returned from the fight,
With a whole bullock's liver to blow out her kite.

Now Campbell, the chief, to the Brisbane hath sped—
Let the pale Jackeroos view his waddy with dread ;
Their grass he hath fired, their sheep he hath ta'en,
Their drays he hath plundered, their oxen hath slain.

But think not a squatter can tamely look on
When all his fat kine to the devil are gone ;
Much blood must be spilt if with Wingate you meet,
For with death-dealing thunder his foes he will greet.

On a mountain they met—but the three sable hags,
Who had filled with fat beef all their dillies and bags,
Their tomahawks brandish'd, and threw a short stick
Which gave Master Wingate a d——nable lick.
He rubb'd his red head—clapp'd the spurs to his horse,
And fled like a racer on Newmarket course.
To Tenthill he hasten'd, resolved not to bear it,
So laid his complaints before great Justice Fairit,
Who piously vow'd, by the mother that bore him,
He'd issue his warrant to bring them before him.

The warrant was written and laid on the shelf,
"By the L——d," said bold Fairit, "I'll serve it myself,
For I have the power to bind and release—
Let us see if they'll sneer at a Justice of Peace.
But lest the rude savages *dare* to attack us,
We'd better get five or six soldiers to back us ;
For Milton or Homer—or some such low *fellow*—
Has said that discretion's the best part of valor."
"You, Blucher, ride over to Piercy and see
If anyone there is inclin'd for a spree ;
But don't let them think I want their assistance—
The rebels won't *dare* to make any resistance.

Let them come but to see their black foes on the chain,
To do grace to my triumph, and ride in my train."

But now my muse the strain must change—
My thoughts must take a loftier range ;
For valiant deeds, and perils strange
'Tis now my lot to tell—
What cliffs were scaled, what creeks were crossed,
What skirmishes were won and lost,
What flights o'er flood and fell.

The East was tinged with twilight hue,
The dunghill cock his clarion blew,
And swift the sportive echo flew
Down Lockyer's pleasant vale,
When every squire and gallant knight,
With bosoms burning for the fight,
Assembled in the dale.

Across the creek Lord Piercy rode,
Proudly his raven charger trode,
And skilful horsemanship he show'd,
All as he sallied forth;
A knight he was renowned in arms,
And long inured to war's alarms,
The Hotspur of the North.

Behind him rode, in sanguine mail,
The burly Lord of Irvingdale,
Whose rifle ne'er was known to fail;
A valiant youth was he,
Of generous heart and open hand,
Beloved by all throughout the land,
Of high and low degree.

But ah! the bard the truth must tell—
'Twas said he lov'd a pun too well,
And for a lass would go to h——,
Or even face the bush.
His crest was gules a bullock's head;
But I could not the motto read,
Because it was "I Rush."

Full oft he'd felt the amorous smart,
And Cupid's swift and fiery dart
Had prick'd his plump and tender heart
Through half a yard of fat.
But though in sport his comrades all
His name would "Tracy Tupman" call,
He never cared for that.
In short he was allow'd to be
The flower of Northern Chivalrie.

Then, on a sorry, jaded hack,
With feet extended, bridle slack,
Long Blucher came, but he turned back
Before the fight begun.
His heart was base—the craven knight!—
And home he fled in shameful fright,
The battle's brunt to shun.

* * * * *

Then there was half a dozen more—
Perchance there might be half a score.
The first was pretty Billy Ure,
His mammy's pride and joy;
Then eager, thirsting for the fray,
Came Ludovic-le-Balafré,
The captain's darling boy.

Next Bardolph Pittson came in view,
With frosty air his nose was blue;
But Boney-fat, his partner true,
Was nowhere to be found.

* * * * * *

Much hope had they of stout Balfour,
But he'd been too well lick'd before,
And so resolv'd to go no more,
Nor risk his precious life.
And Hebrew Geordie might have come,
But he was told to stop at home
By S———'s enchanting wife.

And hungry Dennis—dirty face—
Was always first in such a chase;
But now he must resign his place,
For he at home lies ill.
He caught a cold and surfeit both,
In Sydney, where, though very loth,
He changed his linen—'tis the truth!—
And ate, for once, his fill!

Full many a name I have forgot
Of those who came, and who did not;
But Isaac, from the Downs, had got
A blister on his heel,
And thought the same a good excuse
His share of danger to refuse,
And home again to steal.

But now, ye multitudes, draw near,
And deeds of daring list to hear;
For, proudly bringing up the rear,
The mighty Fairit comes,
Shouting, "On! on! your laurels reap,
Fight for your cattle and your sheep,
Your altars and your homes!"

They traversed many a wild morass,
And many a steep and gloomy pass,
Through lots of long and blady grass,
And many a gully cross'd,
When to the army's great dismay,
Ere noon upon the second day,
Bold Piercy was unhors'd.
The knight himself look'd rather blue;
His sable mare, so leal and true,
Poor thing, was brought to bed;
So he, not knowing what to do,
Sat down and scratch'd his head.

At length he from the ground arose,
And turn'd his back upon his foes,
And this, as you may well suppose,
Nigh broke his heart with grief

He hied him to a hostelrie,
And emptied porter bottles three,
Which gave him great relief.
Then straight he laid him down to steep
His active brain in balmy sleep.

The Jackeroos still onward rode,
But wisely kept the beaten road,
And proudly to the shepherds show'd
Their military might;
At length—oh, joy !—at close of day,
They saw a fire a mile away
Upon a hill—"Halt ! halt ! " said they,
"We'll ride no more to-night,
But sleep beneath the trees till morn,
And battle give at early dawn."

Now Somnus reigns within the camp,
And stretch'd upon the heather damp
The warriors lie—their only lamp
The stars that twinkling shone;
While, through the darkness, faintly glows
The fire of Pittson's brandy nose,
Which heralds forth his deep repose,
With nasal trumpet tone;
The watchman only is awake,
And he does sweet refreshment take,
Gnawing a mutton bone.

Sleep on, sleep on, thou gallant band,
Thou pride and glory of the land !
Sleep on, sleep on, your sinews brace,
You'll want them in the coming chase !

Oh ! brightly above the tree-tops shone the sun
When the gallant adventurers gaily march'd on;
For fast to the trees they their horses had tied,
As they found that the ground was too rotten to ride.
And a great deal too soon for themselves they arriv'd,
At the lair where young Moppy and Campbell were hived,
With a few picaninnies and sundry black gins,
Who with grease and red ochre were daubing their shins:
While two bullock heads and a buttock of beef
Were spread for the breakfast of Campbell, the chief.

Said Fairit "I'll make them their plunder disgorge,
"For I'll read the commission I hold from Sir George,
"To our trusty and well beloved so-and-so greeting,
"In the name of the Queen I dissolves this here meeting—
"You'd better disperse, or you'll surely regret it."
"Hookey-Walker," said Moppy, "I wish you may get it !"
Around him a glance full of fury he sends—
He sees nought before him but black latter-ends :
And two picaninnies, who stood on his right,
With their hands to their noses were "taking a sight."
While Campbell was gravely expressing a doubt
If his mother was fully aware he was out !

Indignant he turn'd and made off to the rear,
Crying " Charge, gallant gentlemen, charge without fear ;
Nor tremble the dastardly knaves to attack—
Don't you see you've a magistrate here at your *back* ?"

Undaunted the army obey'd his command ;
Bold Tracey came first with his rifle in hand.
He was follow'd by Pittson (in brandy well skill'd)
Who had solemnly promis'd to eat all he kill'd.
Next Wingate with fetters the captives to bind,
And the tag-rag-and-bob-tail came lagging behind.

The rifle of Irvingdale rose to his eye—
Now, plunderer, now, your death moment is nigh.
But ere on the trigger his finger he laid
His heart was ensnared by a beautiful maid—
For a maid Tracy called her, in thought and in act,
Though some people " very much doubted the fact."
She stood with the air of a naiad of grace,
And earnestly gazed on his jolly round face ;
'Twas just such a gaze as I've seen an old glutton
Bestow on a saddle of five-year-old mutton.

Her age might be twenty or more, I suppose,
And she did not seem greatly encumbered with clothes.
In fact the bold chieftain observed with amaze
That she wore neither petticoat, stockings, nor stays ;
But a girdle of squirrel tails down to the knees
Was much more convenient for climbing of trees.
Her head no ridiculous ringlets display'd—
She had cut off her hair with a rusty shear-blade.
Her calves were so small they seemed running to seed,
And her beautiful mouth was a wonder indeed.
Her eyes would have melted the heart of a stone,
And her nose was adorned with a kangaroo bone.
Oh ! who could the gaze of this beauty withstand ?
The death-dealing implement fell from his hand ;
Struck all of a heap by her manifold charms,
He swoon'd, and she dragged him away in her arms.

Meantime, with the others, the battle raged high,
For Pittson already had got a black eye
From the fist of young Moppy, and Campbell had flung
At the head of poor Wingate a hugh bullock's tongue ;
While one of the gins, with a kangaroo spear,
Had sadly annoy'd Billy Ure in the rear.
You may see to this day that the part is affected—
He waddles along with it greatly projected.

In short 'twas as plain as the nose on your face
That the whites would be forced to retreat in disgrace.
So Fairit with sorrow gave out the command—
" I fear we the foe can no longer withstand.
" Bold Pittson is maimed, and young Billy is lamed,
" And brave Tracy Tupman (I hope he's ashamed),
" Like Marcus Antonius—that silly old Roman—

"His duty forgets for the smile of a woman.
"Besides gallant Wingate has had some hard knocks,
"And is smeared with his own blood—or that of an ox.
"Let us haste to our horses, they're not very far,
"And hold, in the saddle, a council of war."
Then one and all cried "To the right about face,"
And bolted away at a slashing round pace.
But poor Justice Fairit, who, fainting with fear,
Still kept at his favorite post in the rear,
Being hotly pursued by a little pug dog
Plunged up to his knees in the midst of a bog.
In vain were his struggles, in vain did he shout—
Like Yorick's poor starling, he "could not get out."

His Melton top-boots were the pride of his heart,
But, oh! with those natty top-boots he must part;
So he cut them in pieces without many words,
And mounted his horse in his stockings and cords.
But, oh! when the Justice came up with the rest,
Some fingers and thumbs on some noses were press'd;
And Pittson said slyly to young Billy Ure,
"Were his breeks with his boots 'twere as pleasant, I'm sure."

The heroes were scarce on their saddles re-seated,
When Wingate cried out that the blacks had retreated.
"March forward!" cried Fairit, "The day is our own,
"And all they have left in their camp we can bone."

But when they came back to the scene of the fight
No signs of bold Irvingdale greeted their sight.
He could not be slain—no, they one and all hoped—
He had but with the girl of his fancy eloped.
For the trophies of war then they search'd all around,
And here is a list of the plunder they found:—
Imprimis—One spear and a raw bullock's hide;
One dog, who lay dead with a ball in his side;
Three pieces of pipe-clay; an old tomahawk;
And a tooth-pick (the prong of a rusty old fork);
A bullock's heart roasted; two pieces of tripe;
A bandicoot's head, and a dirty short pipe,
With a coolaman left by some lazy old gin;
A kangaroo's tail, and a blackfellow's skin.
All these things they carried in triumph away,
To remind them in future of this famous day.

Oh! blythe was the feasting at Wingate's that night,
And strange were the tales that were told of the fight;
Yet sad was each heart, and o'erburthened each mind,
For brave Tracy Tupman nowhere could they find.
O'er hill and o'er dale they had sought him that day,
And they'd sought him in vain when the light passed away.
In the parlor and kitchen—the likeliest spot—
Bold Fairit sought wildly, but found him not.
At length, when they all fear'd no more he would come,
Late, late in the evening bold Tracey came home.

But a mystery hung o'er his actions that day,
And what he'd been doing no person could say;
For when Fairit enquired the cause of his flight
He tuck'd up his cuffs and he ask'd him to fight.

And yet, I can tell you, a sly little bird
Has brought to my ears all the things that occurr'd;
For when the grog bottle is brought on the table,
No man to keep secrets much longer is able.
Now Tracey, half drunk, was of secrets a scorner,
So Pittson had lugg'd him away to a corner,
Where he pump'd him as dry as a burnt piece of rag,
Till he foolishly "let the cat out of the bag."

It seemed that the lass he had met with that day
With sugary looks had enticed him away,
For he thought, (and I'm sure you will own he was right)
His behavior looked very like love at first sight.
When she playfully tickled his fat double chin,
He thought 'twas affection and smiled at the gin,
And he thought how delightful for her it would be
Opossums and grubs to cut out of a tree,
To bask in the light of her beautiful eyes,
And to eat flying foxes and kangaroo fries.
But all those sweet visions and prospects so fair
Soon melted as smoke is dispersed in the air—

For she smack'd her thick lips as she mumbled his ears,
And her look, like a vampire's, awakened his fears;
And she pinch'd his fat cheeks as she sat on his knee,
Crying, "Budgery goori belonging to me."
Like thunder the horrid conviction did greet him—
The cannibal jade only wanted to eat him!
He rushed from her arms with the speed of the wind,
Nor heeded the spears that came flying behind.
And since that dread day there's a gloom on his brow,
And the heart of the chieftain is desolate now!
If you chance to behold him you'll see in his face
That blighted affections have left a sad trace.
But ask him no questions—he thinks it a bore,
'Tis a subject on which he's remarkably sore.

My story is told, and my harp is unstrung.
Farewell to the heroes whose deeds I have sung!
Their praises must live in the songs of the just,
When the bones of the minstrel are crumbled to dust.
And if you to smile at my poem think fit
I shall say you've an excellent notion of wit;
But if you reject it, I only can say
You've a very bad taste, and I wish you good day!

THE LOSS OF THE "SOVEREIGN."

(*From the Moreton Bay Courier Extraordinary, March* 17, 1847.)

Owing to the night being far advanced when intelligence reached us of the wreck of the "Sovereign," steamer, we were unable to furnish our readers with anything like a full and accurate account of the lamentable occurrence. The excitement —the hurry and confusion that prevailed amongst the inhabitants—exceeds anything of the kind we have witnessed before on similar occasions. On this account we have felt it necessary to publish an Extraordinary sheet, in order that the public may be put in possession of every particular relating to this dreadful event.

The steamer left Brisbane on the 3rd instant, with the undermentioned passengers, viz. :—Mr. and Mrs. Robert Gore, two children and servant, Mr. Henry Dennis, Darling Downs; Mr. W. Elliot, Clarence River; Mr. E. Berkeley, Brisbane; Mr. Joyner, Sydney; Mr. Richard Stubbs, Brisbane; two female and sixteen male passengers in the steerage, with a master and crew consisting of 26 persons—in all 54 souls.

The following is an account of the cargo that was on board, viz.:—1 cask tallow, Sutherland; 18 hides, Chettle; 9 bales of wool, Hughes and Isaac; 12 bales wool, Mort; 10 packages (equal to 19 bales) wool, Bigge; 7 bales wool, M'Donald; 6 bales wool, Atkinson; 6 bales wool, Dennis; 3 bales wool, Forbes; 9 bales wool, Pitts and Bonifant; 6 bales wool, C. Campbell; 4 bales wool, Sandeman; 10 bales wool, Logan; 2 bales wool, C. M'Leod; 8 bales wool, W. Barker; 1 bale wool Andrew; 2 bales wool, Pickering; 19 bales wool, John Balfour; 4 bales wool, Coxen; 1 bale wool, Marsh; 11 bales, 1 package wool, G. Gammie; 1 package, Hampden; 1 box pine-apples, Davidson; 1 cask pine-apples, Leathes; and sundries. A portion of the wool, probably about 40 bales, was upon the deck, besides a large quantity of billets of wood for fuel. A succession of southerly gales detained the steamer at Amity Point until the 10th instant, when Captain Cape got the steam up, and proceeded to the bar; but not deeming it prudent to go out, he returned to the anchorage.

On the following morning the steamer proceeded to the bar, which did not present a dangerous appearance. As she passed over the first roller, the passengers on the poop were in the highest spirits, and one of them remarked in a jocular manner that the "rails" were down. On going over the second breaker, Mr. Gore observed—"Here is a five-barred gate—how nobly she tops it!" Little did he dream of what would transpire, or what one short hour would effect. The steamer had still another wave to encounter before getting over the bar; and at this critical juncture, the engineer called out to Captain Cape that the framing of the engines and part of the machinery had broken down. As the vessel was making way he could hardly

give credence to it at the time; but on descending from his post on the paddle-box, he examined them, and found that the frames of both engines were broken close under the plummer-boxes, which were turned upside down. He then went away to ascertain the position of the ship, and found that she was drifting on the north spit. The engineer shortly afterwards let the steam off, by order of the captain, to prevent the vessel from being blown up. The sea at this time was making breaches over her, and the rudder chains parted. Captain Cape rushed instantly to the helm, and endeavored to secure it, but his efforts were unsuccessful. As the vessel still drifted, the larboard anchor was let go, the starboard one having been carried away from the bows, with about fifty fathoms of chain, which parted in the swell. Notwithstanding there was no wind at the time, she continued to drag on the north spit. Previously to letting go the anchor the sails were set to provide against the danger that had been foreseen, but all to no purpose. The rollers now broke upon the devoted vessel with great violence, carrying away bulwarks, and causing the wool and billets of wood to move violently about the decks, whereby three men were killed, while several more had their arms and legs broken, or were otherwise disabled. The captain then told the passengers that he saw no hopes of saving the vessel, as she was still dragging towards the spit. He had just ceased speaking, when a tremendous sea broke over the ship, and swept the fore-cabin companion flush with the deck, and washed away the fore hatches. Tarpaulins were then nailed over them, but they proved of no service.

No pen can describe the awful scene which presented itself on board at this time. The passengers were in the utmost consternation: they set up most piteous cries for help; some ran to the side, and, in the agonies of despair, plunged into the sea, in the hope that they might reach the shore in some way or the other. Messrs. Dennis, Berkeley, and Elliot, worked for some time at the pumps, which, however, soon got choked up, and they then assisted in heaving overboard the remainder of the deck cargo. While they were thus employed a heavy sea came and washed Mr. Stubbs overboard, but he managed to get on deck again. He then went down to the ladies' cabin, which he found half-full of water. Mrs. Gore and her child were lying down in one of the berths quite exhausted, while large quantities of water poured over them through one of the dead-lights, which had been stove in. He went to her, and taking her child away from her, deposited it in the arms of the servant girl, who was standing with the stewardess on the steps of the companion hatchway. He then returned to the cabin, and conducted Mrs. Gore to the same spot, being the only place of safety at the time in the vessel. He then procured a small quantity of spirits from the stewards' cabin, which he administrated to the females. Mr. Gore shortly afterwards was heard

to call out for his wife, when Mr. Stubbs informed him that she was in safety, and requested him to come down through the skylight, and assist him in blocking up the dead-light. Mr. Gore accordingly went down, and both gentlemen endeavored to thrust mattresses through the aperture ; but all their efforts were unavailing, for the water still continued to pour in as each wave broke upon the ship. Mr. Gore and Mr. Stubbs then went on deck, and assisted in heaving the wool overboard. Whilst the latter was working at the wool bales a billet struck him on the left arm and disabled him. Just then Mr. Gore joined him, and they both went aft. Mr. Gore, addressing his wife, said, "Mary, there is no hope for us now ; we shall go to heaven together." Mrs. Gore, turning to the stewardess, said, "We can die but once. Jesus died for us. God keep us." She repeated these short sentences several times, and seemed perfectly prepared to meet the inevitable fate which awaited her with calmness and Christian-like resignation. Mr. Stubbs now told Mr. Gore that he thought the vessel was sinking, as the water was nearly level with the top-stairs. The doors of the companions were then opened, and the females came on deck together. The dreadful moment which was to determine the fate of all who still remained on board now flew on ; and every one saw in the countenance of his companion the vivid expression of his own feelings. At this particular juncture Mr. Dennis was observed to be standing near the poop with his head cut open and bleeding profusely, Mr. Elliot was close to him, and Berkeley a little below them. Captain Cape, who had more than once been washed overboard, was holding on by the shrouds. Mr. Stubbs, who appears to have maintained his presence of mind throughout, now cried out, "avoid the suction," and jumped overboard. One dreadful shriek was heard, proceeding from one of the females in the fore part of the ship, as she took one roll, heeled over and sank, and then all was still. The struggle for life then commenced ; some of the passengers clung to the wool bales—some to portions of the wreck—while others, who had been disabled on board, soon sank to rise no more alive. Mr. Stubbs states that the first thing he saw after he jumped overboard was the body of Mrs. Gore floating with the face upwards close alongside the vessel. The poor unfortunate lady had, doubtless, died in consequence of the fright she had undergone ; her child was between the vessel and Mr. Stubbs ; Mr. Gore was about thirty yards off ; Mr. Dennis and Mr. Elliot were clinging to a wool bale, and Mr. Berkeley was swimming. Mr. Dennis called out to Mr. Stubbs, "For God's sake save the child!" Mr. Gore also cried out, "For God's sake bring me my child!" The appeal was not made in vain—Mr. Stubbs swam towards it, and, catching hold of it by the hair of the head, conveyed it to its distracted parent. He nearly, however, lost his life in the attempt, by the child clinging convulsively to him, as it was

in the arms of Mr. Gore; and it was only by main force that the father obtained possession of the object of his strong affection. Mr. Stubbs then struck out and reached a wool bale, when he saw Mrs. Gore's servant girl, who implored him to have pity upon her and help her. He desired her to cling to the wool; and releasing himself from his superfluous clothing, tried to lash two bales of wool together with a strap which he carried about his person, he did not, however, succeed, in consequence of one of the bales sinking. He then told the girl to hold on until she could get some wood; for he did not think the wool would be of service to her much longer. On reaching the breakers, supported by a plank, he observed Mr. Gore with his child inside the skylight. Feeling very much exhausted, he swam towards them, and got into it; in about a minute afterwards a sea struck it and washed them all out of it. As Mr. Stubbs was swimming, he saw, for the last time, Mr. Gore clinging to the skylight, with the child in his arms. Shortly afterwards a man with a blue shirt and dark hair came close to him, supported by a long piece of wood, which hit him on the head in passing and nearly rendered him senseless. Having escaped this danger, he had to encounter another still more formidable. He saw breakers a-head proceeding from the bar, which appeared coming towards him like a wall, upwards of fifteen feet in height, frothing and foaming, and enough to appal the stoutest heart. How he got through them he does not recollect, for he saw nothing more until he reached the shoal water on the beach, which was about four miles from the spot where he left the vessel. He had just vigor enough remaining to get out of the reach of the breakers, when a native belonging to the pilot's crew seized him by the waist, and supported him till his strength returned.

Captain Cape states that the vessel went down and foundered in about four fathoms of water. Nearly all the passengers on leaving the deck clung to bales of wool. He called out to them not to trust to them for support, but to catch hold of portions of the wreck. Just before the vessel went down he saw Mr. Joyner, John Scarb, and some others, on the foremast head; others were clinging to the mainmast. After swimming some time he fell in with Mr. Berkeley, who was holding on by a wool bale. While making his way to him he managed to catch hold of the paddle-box, and called to Mr. Berkeley to come to him, which he did; and they kept company together for an hour and a half. On nearing the surf Captain Cape advised him to hold on with all his strength in going through the heavy breakers; when Mr. Berkeley immediately called his attention to the mountain wave behind. The water broke upon them, and poor Berkeley disappeared. Captain Cape sustained three more breakers, and does not remember anything else until he found himself on a hillock of sand on the beach, where he had been carried by the blacks,

who dragged him through the surf. As soon as he had partially recovered his strength the natives conducted him to the part of the beach where Mr. Stubbs was. On going there they found the body of Mrs. Gore, which had been washed up near the spot where Mr. Stubbs landed—and shortly afterwards they found the body of her eldest child. Fortunately for the survivors a chest was thrown up containing some wearing apparel, which enabled them partially to clothe themselves. Mr. Richards and Mr. Clements, who were fishing in that neighborhood, rendered every assistance in their power, and, aided by a prisoner of the Crown, named William Rollings, a servant of the pilot, and the native crew, by the most arduous exertions succeeded in saving the lives of six more individuals, who, but for their assistance, must have perished in the surf.

About two o'clock Mr. Hexton, the pilot, made his appearance, having walked round from Cowan Cowan after leaving the "Tamar." On learning what had occurred he was greatly shocked, and instantly sent for a bottle of brandy, which he caused to be distributed amongst the shipwrecked men; which was of the greatest service in recruiting their exhausted strength. Messrs. Hexton, Richards, and Clements, assisted by the blacks, then carried the wounded men to the boat, and placed them in it; which being done, they covered the bodies of Mrs. Gore and child with sand, to prevent them from being disfigured by the birds. They also found the body of a seaman, which they buried in the same manner. The only articles washed up before the party left the island, at sundown, were some trinkets belonging to Mr. Stubbs, one bale of wool, a chest supposed to belong to Mrs. Chettle, and a small but heavy case with Mr. Gore's name upon it. The last mentioned article weighed upwards of twenty pounds, and it is most extraordinary that it should have been washed up when lighter materials of equal bulk failed to reach the shore. It must have passed through, as it were, one continuous cauldron of boiling surf, which fully accounts for the difficulty experienced by the unfortunate sufferers in attempting to pass through such a formidable barrier—a barrier placed between them and death. The party, finding it useless to remain any longer on the island proceeded to the pilot's house, where they received every attention, and where a substantial and abundant repast was soon spread out for those who had sufficient appetite to partake of it. We had nearly omitted to mention that previous to leaving the island the mail-bag was observed by one of the boys, who was saved, floating in the surf. The little fellow promptly jumped in and and brought it on shore. This lad ought to be handsomely rewarded for his praiseworthy exertions under such trying circumstances. On the following day the survivors were brought to the settlement in the pilot's boat. Their statements are corroborative of the facts contained in this account.

At daylight on Sunday morning Lieutenant Blamire and Mr. Thornton, of the Customs, with his boat's crew, and several other boats, started for the Bay, with the view of rendering any assistance that might be in their power to recover the bodies of the shipwrecked people, as well as any property that might be washed up from the wreck. Captain Wickham, accompanied by Mr. John Balfour, also went in the evening to the Bay, for the purpose of conveying the bodies of Mrs. Gore and child to Brisbane, but upon their arrival decomposition had already commenced, and it was found to be quite impracticable. Captain Wickham attempted to read the burial service over them, but was so overpowered by his feelings that he was utterly unable to do so; and the sad office was undertaken by another person who was present on this occasion.

Search was made along the beach for the remains of the other passengers and seamen, but it turned out fruitless. The tide was going out when the vessel foundered; and it is supposed that the unfortunate people drifted out to sea until they got within the influence of the current, which would probably carry them far away to the southward. The beach was strewed with wool and portions of the wreck; the timbers were literally ground to pieces, hardly one plank or beam having been found entire.

The following is a correct list of the persons who have met a watery grave—

CABIN PASSENGERS.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Gore, two children, and servant girl, Mr. H. Dennis, Mr. E. Berkeley, Mr. Joyner, and Mr. Elliot.

STEERAGE.

Mrs. Bishop; Mrs. Chettle, Chettiegins; Bremmy, a shearer; Isaac Smith, Brisbane; Jas. Anderson, Mr. Gore, Jas. Merry, hutkeeper; Mr. C. Mackenzie, buried at Moreton Island; Frederick M'Keller, bullock-driver to Mr. C. Mackenzie; Joe, and a one-armed man, lately in the employ of Dr. Ramsay; three men lately in the employ of Mr. Leslie, and four whose names are unknown.

CREW.

James Ryan, steward; Mary Ann Griffiths, stewardess; Michael Mooney, second steward; Henry Neil, 3rd ditto; Henry Wood, fore-cabin steward; Mr. Gibson, first officer; Mr. Brown, second officer; Mr. Sommerville, first engineer, Mr. Robinson, second ditto; George Smith, fireman; Isaac Jones, Robert Mackenzie, Henry Cumberland, John Miller, and Robert ———, seamen; George Blair, first cook; and William Horsemann, second ditto.

SAVED.

Captain Cape and Mr. Richard Stubbs, cabin passengers ; John M'Quade, John Neil, and Lawrence Flynn, fore-cabin passengers; John M'Callum, and John Scard, firemen ; John Clements, seaman ; Thomas Harvey, stewards' boy ; and James M'Govern, boy.

Our painful task has now been completed. We understand that no less than seven families have been bereft of parents in consequence of this severe calamity. While, therefore, we feel for the injury the Company has sustained by the wreck of their vessel—we have greater sympathy for those who have lost their lives by the fiat of Him who rules the mighty waters—we have still a deeper sympathy for those who have become parentless, and who are now either widows or orphans. The loss of property—the slight interruption given to the current of business —are nothing compared to the ruined hopes and broken hearts of those who have lost their all, and more than all by this dreadful shipwreck.

The notes and money sent by private hands exceed, we believe, the sum of £2000. The total loss of property, vessel included, cannot be far short of £20,000.

[Since the above particulars were furnished, two other bodies have been washed ashore and buried, (Mr. Brown, second officer, and Frederick M'Kellar, steerage passenger). A great quantity of the wool, about fifty bales, has also been washed ashore. The wreck of the hull was sold on the 16th instant, by auction, for £14 10s.

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MURDER OF YOUNG KELLY BY BUSHRANGERS.

Some time early in 1842 a party consisting of an old man, his wife, and son—the latter a fine young man of about 21 or 22 years of age—passed Westbrook station on their way overland to Maitland. It appears they had been hawking goods, and it seems that they were also suspected of selling grog.

Two circumstances make me particularly remember them —one was that a policeman arrived almost as soon as they did, to search them upon the latter charge—viz., grog selling ; and another, that they were finally fined five pounds for not having a hawker's license. The fine was paid and they continued their journey. Upon arriving at the site of the present town of Leyburn, just then taken up as a station by Messrs. Pitts and Bonifant (who were shearing at the time), they were joined by two supposed shearers, but in reality both were bushrangers.

At the end of the second day's stage young Kelly was induced to sleep at the camp fire with them, leaving his old father and mother to occupy the last camp. The distance between the two camps was but short, and it appeared the young man was totally unsuspicious of harm. At daylight the old man heard a shot fired, and, knowing that his son had no fire arms, instantly divined what was up—they had shot young Kelly in the bed where he lay asleep. Seizing a double-barrelled gun, he rushed upon them, daring the cowardly villains to come on. They, however, both took to their heels and ran away, and appeared to have taken different directions. One, supposed to have taken the Big River country, was never more heard of; the other, who tried to double back, is the subject of my story.

The object of those dastardly villains in joining the drays was unquestionably to murder the whole family, and then to steal the horses, drays, and goods; and this they were only prevented from doing by the plucky conduct of the elder Kelly. Having got rid of the youngest and strongest of the party, they undoubtedly thought the old people would fall an easy prey, but the sudden rush of the old man upon them upset their calculations.

After dispersion of the bushrangers, the poor old people, seeing the forlorn condition to which they were reduced, took their two horses and improvised the best saddles they could of their blankets, with only the blind bridles, and started to seek assistance. Unfortunately, they missed the nearest station, and kept to the regular line of road until they reached Messrs. Cox's station, on the Upper Severn, where they received every sympathy and assistance—much needed, as the poor old people had thus performed a journey of 80 or 90 miles.

A party was instantly made up to proceed to the scene of the frightful tragedy, and, if possible, to find and arrest the bushrangers. After identifying and burying young Kelly, the investigation of the party proved that the bushrangers had separated, as one had passed my old station of Kittah Kittah and made for the Big River country. That one succeeded in making good his escape, as far as I know; but the other, a small dark man with his right eye out, took up the Severn and doubled back towards the Darling Downs. Of course the excitement was great throughout that region, as this fellow appeared at various stations, but not the less sure was Nemesis upon his track. A young gentleman—Mr. William Barker—then residing at Eaton Vale, being on his way overland from Sydney, resolved to take up the chase. Accordingly, he left the main road for the track taken by the bushranger, and followed him from station to station until he arrived at Pikedale. Here the scoundrel had bailed-up a hutkeeper, and taken a horse, saddle, and bridle, and Mr. Barker could find no further trace of him. The fellow, however, made his way to

Jimbour woolshed, where, finding he was suspected and perhaps known by some of the shearers who were at Pitt's and Bonifant's when he left with Kelly, cleared out on foot. On a Sunday two gentlemen, Messrs. Irving and Dennis, arrived at Westbrook in hot haste and told me that the villain had slept in a vacant hut of mine the night before, only three miles from the head station. They accordingly proceeded to Eaton Vale to set the police on his track. As was natural to suppose, he had made over the Main Range. The police arrived at Gatton only half-an-hour after he had left, but here all traces of him were lost. It was known to the police that on his way from Jimbour he had shot off the middle finger of his left hand by accident, and they suspected that he had gone to the Rosewood station to Dr. Goodwin to get it dressed—which subsequently proved to be the case. Shortly after, I was at Gatton, on my way to the Logan, to take up my newly-acquired station, when Mr. Barker came there too. He had come over to look for a station, at the same time lamenting his folly in having lost a year's time at Eaton Vale, while all the best stations had been taken up. In fact, he considered he had been residing in "Do-the-boys-Hall," and had been regularly taken in and done for—a phase of colonial life which many new chums have experienced.

In the course of the evening I agreed to sell him my new station, provided he approved of it; and accordingly we started the next morning ahead of my teams to see it. When we arrived at Telemon we found that Mr. Mocatta had already erected huts and removed his sheep there from Grantham. We accordingly agreed to remain there for the night and take Tamrookum on our way back. On our way down we had been talking of the bushranger and of Mr. Barker's exciting chase, and it now suddenly struck him that this, being an out-of-the-way place, it was very likely the bushranger might make that way, as, knowing that the earths were stopped at Brisbane, he would probably try to make the Clarence to get away by water. He accordingly gave the hutkeeper a complete description, and moreover told the hutkeeper that the Government had offered one hundred pounds reward or a free pardon if a prisoner took him. "By George!" replied the man, "I am a prisoner and want a free pardon, and if he comes here I will nail him."

I must own that I was somewhat amused at all this, and thought the pardon somewhat remote; but, strange to say, within two days after we left, the little dark man with the right eye out and the middle finger shot off walked into the hut and was most hospitably entertained by the hutkeeper while he sent for assistance. He was taken, sent to Maitland, tried for the murder and hung—Mr. Barker thus proving his Nemesis. He is now, and deservedly so, the Honorable William Barker, of Tamrookum.

THE MURDER OF YOUNG GRAHAM.

Although the following history belongs more to New South Wales than to Queensland, yet, as I happened to be at the scene of the murder on the day that the men who committed the crime were committed for trial, I cannot resist putting the matter in print—more especially as several Queensland men will remember the affair.

In the year 1839 there was a gang of bushrangers infesting the Hunter River and Liverpool Plains district. They consisted of some eight or nine men, fully armed; and, as they took care to steal all the best horses they could find, their motions were so rapid that it became very difficult to overtake them. For instance, they would commit a robbery at one place, and next day would be heard of sixty miles away. Under these circumstances it became exceedingly difficult to arrest them—in fact, they appeared almost to possess ubiquity. Therefore, at the instance of Edward Denny Day, Esq., then Police Magistrate at Muswellbrook, the Government offered a large reward and a free pardon for such private information as might lead to their apprehension—the name of the party giving information not to be disclosed. Shortly after this word was brought in to Mr. Day that the bushrangers were passing Muswellbrook by a bye-path and through a shepherd's run. The shepherd went to Mr. Day with the information, who immediately prepared for pursuit. He called upon such ticket-of-leave men as he could command, and also applied to his neighbors—some of whom came and some did not.

At seven o'clock in the morning they (the gang) reached Turinvale, the seat of William Dangar, Esq., where they compelled a lady to get out of bed while they cut open the sacking and robbed her of seventy pounds which she had concealed there—of which they must have had accurate information. Proceeding towards Scone, they divided into two parties—one going to Mr. Thomas Dangar's store and the other to the public house on the other side of the road, opposite each other, both of which they robbed. While Mr. Dangar was parleying with one of the bushrangers, poor young Graham—who was comparatively a new hand in the country—came out from his bedroom, went behind the counter, and taking out a pistol, deliberately fired at the bushranger. He had often said that if they came there he would do so. It was a rash act, as his pistol was too small to be of much service, but it cost him his life. Finding he had missed his man, Graham jumped over the counter and ran for the police-station. One of the mounted bushrangers rode after him, overtook him, and placing a loaded carbine to his back as he ran, deliberately shot him down in sight of and within 300 yards of the police-station and Court house. They then proceeded up the road with flags and ribbons flying, showing off in the flashest manner possible. But by

this time Nemesis was upon their track in the shape of Mr. Day and his party, which, upon his arrival at Scone, was rapidly augmented. He was joined by Mr. Warland and Messrs. White and Gill. At Murrurundi the bushrangers enacted the scene of the morning by robbing the inn and store, and fired at a man who did not understand their order to stop, one of whose pockets their bullets cut off and emptied of some silver coins, but he escaped with his life. In half an hour after they left the Inn Mr. Day and party came up during a heavy thunder-storm. Had the gang been there when Mr. Day arrived, no doubt some valuable lives would have been lost, as they would then have had the advantage of a dry house to fight from, while Mr. Day's party were thoroughly wetted, and had little chance of keeping their powder dry. As it was the bushrangers arrived at Dough-boy Hollow thoroughly wetted, having been caught in the storm on the mountain. There were some drays encamped there, under which they took shelter, and when the storm was over proceeded to dry and clean their arms, of which they had twenty-five stand. These they had loaded and ostentatiously laid along a large log when Mr. Day and his party came thundering down upon them. Each bushranger had seized his arms and took a tree for a cover and commenced to fire upon their assailants, and in this manner fired eighteen shots. Twice the Jewboy (the captain of the gang) took a pot shot at Mr. Day, whom he fortunately missed; when Mr. Day, who had coolly reserved his fire, slapped a bullet into the Jewboy's shoulder and disabled him, thus settling the question. The gang surrendered, but only to end their career upon the gallows, which they did at short shrift.

Jacob Low, Esq., now of Welltown—then a new chum—was with the drays, and, I believe, witnessed the fight throughout.

Poor young Graham was a lad of scarce twenty years of age, and for his gallantry and pluck deserved a better fate.

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THE LAST EARL OF STAFFORD.

One of the first superintendents of the station of Maryland was a gentleman named William Stafford Perrott. He was a wild "harum-scarem" fellow, who was fond of company and rather fond of drink—one who had evidently seen a good deal of the world, was highly educated, and evidently a gentleman; but still a reckless one. Among his exploits, one was that of throwing a Spanish knife open from his sleeve—an accomplishment he had learnt in Mexico; and in one of his drunken bouts he wounded a boon companion very severely by thus launching a knife. He was a tall, spare man, fully six feet high, dark complexion, and altogether more resembling a Spaniard than an Englishman. His own story, told me by himself, was that

when a young man he had been cast-away on the coast of South America, where he lived for some time among a tribe of wandering Indians. After a time he made his way to one of the copper-mines of Mexico, from whence the copper-ores were sent to the port of Mazatlan for shipment. Being desirous to reach the coast, he took charge of a convoy of llamas and alpacas, then used as beasts of burden, each being loaded with copper ore. He evidently understood the animals well, of which he informed me there were three species—the largest, or llama, being principally used for packing. He also said that sometimes they would become sulky and lie down, and on such occasions they generally had to be abandoned, as well as their loading, as nothing would induce them to rise up and go on. About the time he told me this, a great deal of discussion was going on about importing the animals to New South Wales, Mr. T. S. Mort and other gentlemen having sent a ship for that purpose. Mr. Perrott at once said the animals would not succeed here, as even in their own country, where the smaller kinds were kept for wool, they had to be fed upon beans and other dry food for several months in the year. The event has proved that he was right. They have proved anything but a success. From Mexico, Perrott made his way to Sydney, and after some years to Queensland; where, besides at Maryland, he was employed on several stations until the gold fever set in, when, as the sequel will show, he made for the diggings. The last time I saw Perrott I met him at Clifton, then the station of Messrs. Francis and David Forbes. To these gentlemen he appeared to be well known, and was apparently received as a friend. As our roads lay the same way, we left Clifton together for Drayton, the nearest post-office, where Perrott expected English letters, as he was in the habit of receiving small remittances. He got his letters, one of which he told me was from an aunt of his, who offered to send him £5000 on condition he would marry. "Marry!" says Perrott, "a pretty fellow I should be to get married!" and finally made great fun of the old lady's proposition. I have said he took the gold-fever and went to the diggings. After some years he turned up at Deniliquin, where he was found by his friend, Mr. David Forbes, now Crown Prosecutor of New South Wales; when shortly there appeared in the local newspaper a paragraph stating that Mr. Forbes had found Perrott acting as hostler and boots at the inn in Deniliquin, informed him that he was now Earl of Stafford, and at once advanced him £100 to enable him to reach Sydney, where he would receive any further sum he might require. Stafford, however, could not leave without changing his cheque and treating his friends, and a few days afterwards died in a fit of *delirium tremens*. So much for one of the notabilities of Queenland.

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