

# *PERSONAL REMINISCENCES*

*By*

*JOHN WATTS*

*Allendale, Wimborne.*  
*1901*

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Allendale, Wimborne.  
1901

John Watts  
From his Father

John. L. Watts.

"Toombilla"

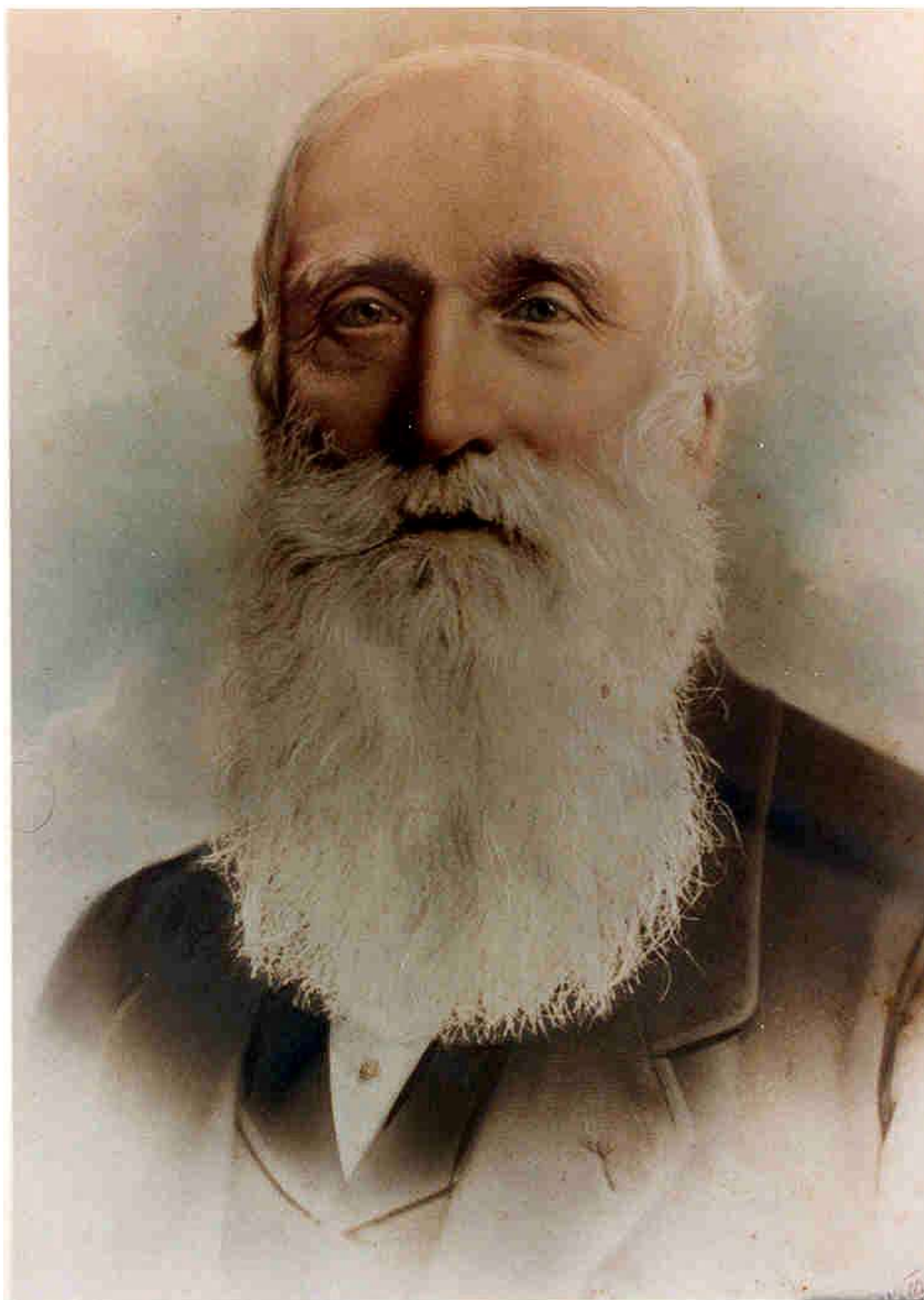
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Copy given to son, John Watts by his father, John Watts, Esq.



John Watts, Esq. Age 80.



I was born on February 27th, 1821. My father was Thomas Watts, Surgeon, of Frampton-on-Severn, in Gloucestershire, and when I has finished my education I was to follow in that profession.

My brother and myself went to Paris, under the care of Dr. Allen LLD, to learn the language and go through the School of Anatomy. This plan came to grief by the constant talk of a Revolution, so we were ordered home and went to Dr. Hale's School, at Sion Hill, Bath; Dr. Hale having taken Mr. Bucher's School at Richmond, we went with him there to finish. My brother was apprenticed to my father, but disliked the profession so much that I went to a practical farmer to prepare myself for a Colonial life. I went through all the usual course, learning to plough, shear, milk cows, and the general management of a farm. Our butcher let me go to his place and learn to slaughter both sheep, pigs and cattle.

Our blacksmith was also glad to let me come to his shop and learn to turn a horseshoe and put it on. Being now prepared, as I thought, for a Colonial life, I left home with a young Gloucester friend, a Mr. Edward Trimmer, on board a barque called the "Guiana", May 1840, and we were to go to an establishment at Mount Barker, in South

Australia. Our voyage was a long and tedious one but we arrived all safe at Port Adelaide in four months. On our way we called at the Island of St. Vincent to get fresh provisions, which we obtained by barter, and during the time we were there one of the passengers, a Mr. Stephen Hack, purchased ten donkeys and made arrangements to take them on board. He had also on board one entire horse, ten dogs, six pigs, and a pen of Dorking fowls, all of which were to go to the new colony of Adelaide. He had a man in charge by the name of Norman, a fine big man but not much good at his work. Mr. Trimmer and myself offered to do the work, being both active young men, and we thought it would help to while away the time and keep us employed. This necessitated our being up at daylight every morning to help wash the deck with the sailors, and at the same time clean our coops; this had not been done by the former men in charge so we soon got into good repute with the sailors and they would help us in every way. When we got as far as the Cape of Good Hope, the Captain found he would not have enough provisions to take him to Adelaide, so we went into Table Bay and remained a week, and having obtained all that was wanting we started again our voyage, but we soon got into bad weather and in our first severe gale, and the constant break of the seas on board, and our donkeys having no good shelter, they were all

washed to death and we had to put them overboard; all the rest of the stock arrived safe in Adelaide.

Port Adelaide in these days was a very poor place, with a Custom House erected on excavations taken out of the river, and the road to it for over a mile was made in the same way. There was no conveyance except by bullock dray, so we had to walk to Adelaide and lead the entire horse; the dogs, pigs, and fowls came on by dray. Times were very bad, so the hounds and other dogs were never taken from Adelaide and were sold for what they could fetch on the spot. The horse had to lead to Echunga Springs, a distance of about twenty-five miles in the Mount Barker district. This was a task after being on board ship so long, and my feet got very sore, but I accomplished my task and delivered my horse all safe and sound. Then came my initiation into Colonial work. The first was trenching ground for vine growing, the next was clearing land for the plough, many of the trees were over six feet through and we had only a six-foot saw to do it with. The establishment had a dairy and a hundred cows to be milked every morning; then my knowledge of milking came into use, and I soon found I was able to milk sixteen cows in the hour. There were three men kept as permanent stockmen, whose duty it was to get the cows collected in the morning and then finish off milking (all that were

left after breakfast) when we went to general station work. There was a good dairy, and a man and his wife managed it, very little butter was made but a good quantity of cheese was turned out. The cleared land was all under the plough and over a hundred acres of wheat, the crops were very good, and in these early days we threshed quite sixty bushels to the acre. There was a cattle station on the coast at a place called Yankalilla, and as a whale fishery was established at Encounter Bay a good price was obtained for fat bullocks, and all the cows as they calved were brought to Echunga Springs for the dairy. All calves were put into a pen at night and kept from the cows until after milking in the morning, then one man went out with them herding all day, and night after night brought them into the stockyard, and after all the calves were put into the pen the cows were allowed to go where they pleased until the following morning.

I was to get forty pounds a year and rations for my services. also lent all the money my father has given me, five hundred pounds at six per cent. interest. At the end of the year, I was expecting to get pay and interest, but things in the Colony were so bad that there were very few solvent men to be found, and no money was to be had. I was, however, paid by a mare and foal and four yearling mares which was considered equal in value to my demands. I had not got

possession more than a month or so before the Bank took possession of the whole estate, and what was more distressing to me, they claimed my horses as belonging to them by mortgage. I was told they could not take them from me, but what was I to do? I had no place to keep them in, and they were bound to go into the bush to obtain their living, and all I could keep on hand was the young mare and foal, and the other four I took to the Murray River, a good day's journey from our station, and turned them out to do for themselves, trusting to find them some future day as they had my brand on them, •W [with curved line above] on the near shoulder. Not a month had passed before I got information that the Bank Stockmen had got my four young mares and one had been sold by auction in Adelaide. What to do I did not now, but I thought if I went on to Adelaide and saw the manager of the Bank of Australasia and lay my case before him, I might get them restored; so I started down and had an interview with that gentleman. I now was reduced to my last penny, and I felt sadly out of spirits, but I was in hopes that I might save my stock. The manager received me very politely and acknowledged my case was a hard one but said he could do nothing himself but if I would call the following morning he would give me an answer. His directors were to meet that day and he would place my case before them, and I authorised him to say I would give



up either the mare and foal or the four yearlings whichever they liked, provided they would give me possession of whatever part they agreed to let me have. I went the next morning with great anxiety to hear the decision at which the directors had arrived, and the manager told me they had agreed to let me have the four young mares, and I was to deliver the mare and foal to their manager at Echunga Springs. I was fortunate in having an old friend of my father's in Adelaide, a Dr. Mayo, and he told me to come and live with him until I could get something to do, and he gave me an introduction to a Mr. Barker, who had a station near Encounter Bay, and he agreed to take my four young mares on agistment. I accepted my dear old friend's invitation to live with him, but said I would work for him, dig his garden, or anything rather than eat idle bread. This I did but was not very long in finding something to do. Dr. Mayo had a section of land at a suburb of Adelaide on which was erected a nice little house, and he gave Mr. Trimmer and myself permission to live there. I got a contract with the contractor of Government wood supply to cut up wood for Government offices at 2s. d. per load, and my friend, Mr. Trimmer got into the first flour mill in Adelaide as clerk. I found I could earn thirty shillings per week, and as we did all our own work, such as cooking, washing, etc., I

managed to save one pound per week out of my wages. In these days it was not possible to get an answer to any letter under eighteen months, there were no mail steamers in these days, and as only about one ship came direct a year from England, and that one ship had great difficulty to get freight enough to fill her, we had to either send by this one ship, or via Sydney by sea, I thought I might be able to save enough in time to pay my passage home. By the end of the year I got a letter from my father anticipating my wish enclosing a draft for 100 pounds. Mr. Trimmer and myself broke up our home, he went to Sydney a short time before me and obtained a situation in a Brewery at Parramatta, and I started in a small brig, called the "Dorset" to take my passage from Sydney, but we had a wretched passage and being three weeks in doing it I just missed the "Vimeira" which I saw leaving the Heads as we were coming up to it. The next ship did not sail for a month, she was a barque called "Fama", so I had to economise all I could to make my funds last out; but to make sure 'I 'went and paid my passage money at once and then cut my cloth according to my means. I went to see my friend at Parramatta and stayed with him a week, and just managed to pay my way, and when the ship was ready went on board in the month of September, 1843. All went well until we arrived off the coast of New Zealand, here we got

very bad weather, it was blowing a gale but it was favourable to get through Cook's Straits, and we made for it, but just before entering these Straits it began to blow just as strong dead against us, and we then tried to go round the Southern Island, but we were doomed not to get far before the wind changed and we again bore up to get through the Straits a second time, this time we were successful, but the gale increased on the other side, and the next day when eight bells were sounded we went to get our usual meal and we found all had been prepared by our cook, but no cook was to be found, and all we could think of was that the poor fellow had gone to get a bucket of water over the side, and as the ship was going very fast, and leaning over to draw it in he must have been pulled over into the sea. We never saw him again and no one saw him go. Then our second mate got very ill and we had no doctor on board. The weather got worse and worse, until we reached within about 400 miles of Cape Horn; here it became a perfect hurricane, sails got blown away, and the ship lay in the trough of the sea; all our boats and livestock were washed overboard also the cabin skylight and halfdeck hatchway, and the bulwarks fore and aft. Part of the covering board got broken off, and tons of water went into the ship through it and the cabin skylight. All the passengers' baggage was being washed about their cabins,

and to add to our difficulties our first mate got so injured in his back by being washed against the long boat just before it went overboard, so that he was unable to render any assistance. The Captain we never saw. At this stage all hands were ordered to the pumps and we sounded and found we had six feet of water in the hold. The carpenter and myself volunteered to try and get sail over the cabin skylight, and a Scotch lad, who had been made third mate only a short time before this, volunteered also. The carpenter and myself were fastened round the middle with a rope fastened to the windward mizen rigging and having got a sail out of the middle hatch we proceeded to our work, when I discovered that our Scotch lad had not secured himself with a rope. I shouted to him and threw him the end of my rope. I had not done so one moment when a heavy sea washed clean over us all, and I felt a tremendous pull at my waist and that was all, and when we again felt the deck and were able to look and he was gone, and at the same time the two goats which were in a cask fastened to the mizen mast and which were kept to supply milk for a baby of Mrs. Chambers, one the cabin passengers, they went over the side in this cask and I saw them no more. The carpenter and myself managed to finish the work by ourselves and we did it well. He then sounded the pumps, and although the men had been pumping several hours there

was a foot more water in the hold than before. As there was no water now going down through the cabin, the question was, where did it get in? When it was discovered that the covering board before mentioned was off for some distance, and tons of water must have poured in when the side of the ship was under water, so the carpenter and myself again volunteered to try and stop it if two men could attend to our ropes fastened to our middles, and as I had taken care of all the skins of the sheep slaughtered and put them in a safe place, I suggested that these would do to stuff down between the outside and the casing of the ship. I went and got them and began our work. The skins proved just the thing wanted, and having stuffed them all in, we then got a board over them and a piece of tarpaulin over all, nailed it to the outside and the deck of the ship. Then we joined the others and pumped for about five hours when we sounded again, and the water was reduced many feet. We went to work with greater heart than before, and to our joy before night of the second day we had cleared the ship. Having neither Captain nor any officer to direct our movement, our poor second mate having died in the midst of our troubles, I asked an old sailor, by name Thomas Doubble, if he had ever been in such a storm before upon a ship broached too, and if so what was done to lay her up to the wind, and he said, "Yes,



and they set a hammock on the mizen rigging and she at once lay to." "Then," said I, "let us do this. "But he said, "I do not know how this is to be done in such a hurricane as this." I said, "will anyone volunteer to go to the fore-castle and bring a hammock, and I will show you how to do it?" One of the sailors at once volunteered to go, and a rope being placed from quarter-deck to fore-castle and made tight, he ran along the deck, holding on to it, and told him to take with him some cord to fasten his hammock when rolled up, and then sling it over his shoulders and return with it to the quarter-deck; this he was successful in doing, and having taken it in this way yself when delivered, I proceeded with my friend Thomas Doubble to pass it outside the mizen rigging, and then unrolling it up the shrouds and fastened it bottom and top, and to our delight the ship at once lay comfortable. We had nothing to eat or drink for twenty-four hours, and our kitchen had been washed away, the boiler being left with one leg broken oft; "two men had been injured during the hurricane, and no cook, only a makeshift, since the loss of our ship's cook, so again I came to the rescue and offered y services to see if it was possible to make a pot of tea. To do this, it was necessary to fix the boiler to the windlass, and get some coal from below, also water from

some of reserve casks below. Plenty of willing hands and this was done, and I managed to get a fire after much difficulty and my water to nearly boil, when over came a sea and all was spoiled. The carpenter now set to work to cover me in, and did it very cleverly, and this time I succeeded and made all hands a good pannikin of tea, and with a biscuit satisfied our craving; then all hands turned in to try and get some rest. By this time, the wind and sea had gone down considerably, and being so done up we were soon in the arms of a dead sleep. Next morning, our first mate called all hands, but there was no response, not even grog would entice our men who now placed little faith in those who commanded, as during all this dreadful time we had seen neither Captain nor Mate. When we had rested all hands turned to clear the wreck and get up fresh sails from below. We were indeed in a sad plight, not one sail left, all our bulwarks gone, no cabin skylight or half deck hatchway, all our boats except the Captain's gig gone, and that stove in, foreyard split, royal masts and yards and jib boom also gone. By night we had put things in as good order as we could and again started on our course, a sad but thankful crew. Next morning, we buried our second mate by sewing him up in his blanket and placing a shot at his feet and throwing him overboard. Now we began to count our

loss and see how to work the ship with those left alive. Two of our men were so injured that they were not able to work, our cook as before stated was lost, our second mate died, the young Scotch lad gone, thus leaving us very short handed, so I joined the crew and had for some time to go to the helm two hours out of every four day and night. We reefed top-sails every night as we could not have taken the sail in time if bad weather came on suddenly; as a precaution this was done every night before eight bells. At first my watch consisted of the first mate, one boy, one man and myself. We had no fresh meat, and our salt beef was so hard that it was not possible to cut it with a knife, and our biscuit, most of it, weevil eaten. In this way, we managed to exist and in about a month arrived at Rio de Janeiro for repair; here we remained about a month and after a refit we started again on our way for England; but the fates were against us, and although we had no bad weather we made but slow progress. We at last arrived all safe after a voyage of seven months. Being anxious to get to my home, I started by rail as far as Cirencester and coached the rest of the way to Gloucester and walked from there ten miles to my parental home. All were glad to see me alive, and I found my father had put my business into the hands of a very clever young solicitor and he

had placed in it Chancery, there being a sum of about 3000 pounds which had fallen in since the bankruptcy of the gentleman to whom I had lent my money, and the solicitors to the creditors in Adelaide were doing all they could to obtain it. It being placed in Chancery there was little chance of their being able to do this without first settling with those who had a claim on this side. Here it remained for nearly three years with as little prospect of its ever coming to trial, and the creditors began to get tired and directed their solicitor to try and square those who stood in their way; so one morning I received a letter from this gentleman from Lincoln Inn Fields to ask me what I would take in settlement of my claim. I at once went up to London and had an interview, and he offered me 150 pounds to settle my claim. Now as my poor father had advanced to me 500 pounds when I left my home five years before, and I had lost interest and valuable time, I politely declined to accept it, telling him if he could not make a better offer than this the lawyers might fight and eat it all up, for I would never accept such an offer as this. Then he tried a little bounce, but all to no avail, and I was about to take my departure when he said, "Well, what will you take?" "Give Me three hundred pounds and I will sign anything to enable you to obtain the

cash". To this he agreed, and soon all was settled, and the following month I came across Mr. H.P. Hicks, who had been a partner of Mr. J.J. Whitting and rented the station belonging to his relative, Captain Mallard, called Budelaing, now Felton, on Darling Downs, who wanted a young man to go out to manage for him. So, I offered my services, and Mr. Hicks, who was an old friend of my father's, gave me all the information he could and strongly advised my accepting the offer. I was most anxious to be doing something and not be a burden to my parents, so at once accepted the offer. In May of the year 1846 (actually July 1847), I found myself on board the good ship "Johnstone" on our way to Sydney. Captain Mallard, his wife and two daughters, both quite young, Miss Stephens, the Chief Justice's daughter of Sydney, were under their charge; myself, Mr. John Campbell, of Campbell Bros. of Glengallen, and two others were our fellow passengers. We had a fine passage and arrived all safe at Sydney in 120 days. On our arrival we found that Sydney was in a state of ferment owing to a sad accident which had happened the day before our arrival to the Governor when driving from the Government House at Parramatta himself with Lady Fitzroy and his aide, Captain Masters; his horse being very fresh bolted down the drive and just before he got to the lodge at the entrance gate the coach



wheel came against a small oak tree and Lady Fitzroy and Captain Masters were killed on the spot, and the Governor being severely bruised. It was a very sad accident and all Sydney were present at the funeral, Captain Mallard and myself went also. We were about fourteen days in Sydney, during which time I remained on board ship, the Captain having invited me to remain as long as I liked, being very grateful to me for my services on board during the voyage, there being no surgeon and my little knowledge of surgery, and having a good medicine chest of my own, I had done all I could in this direction and had been successful in my efforts. One poor man was very ill, and I felt sure if he returned home in the ship via Cape Horn that he would in all probability die on the way. It was the carpenter, a very good man, and I took a great interest in him. He was consumptive, and I thought if he could remain in the beautiful climate of Sydney he might live many years. I told him this and he was anxious to follow my advice, but there was a difficulty in the way and the Captain was very averse to part with him, and without his consent he could not leave, having signed articles for the voyage out and home. The poor man came to me to see if I could exercise my influence with the Captain to release him. I had some difficulty to get him to agree, but after pointing out to him what might

be the consequences, he at last said if the carpenter could find a man as good as himself to take his place he would release him. Fortunately, the carpenter discovered a Scotch friend who had come out to Sydney some time before and wanted to go home, and he brought him to the Captain and all was settled. I ever remember the gratitude of this man - his name was Cockrane and he got employment at the slip at once, and in about a year established a boat building yard and became a successful man, married a wife, built a good house, and when Captain Mallard went to Sydney about two years after, he went to call upon him and sent a message by him to me to say how grateful he was to me for all I had done for him, and that if ever I came for a visit to Sydney he would have a room prepared for me and do all he could to make me happy and comfortable. My duties were too many on the station in these early days and I never was able to get to Sydney for many years and never saw him again, but I know he established a good business and made money and left his family well-to-do in the world before he died. During the time I was in Sydney, I went to the market-place, and also to several places for a horse to take up to Moreton Bay with me, and I purchased one roan colt which was only partly broken in, at thirteen pounds, and a beautiful little mare for ten pounds; these I rode every day to

get them ready for the voyage and to carry the Captain and myself from Brisbane to the station. This horse I had in work for twenty years, and I left him to Mr. Ramsey to end his years. There was only the little steamer, the "Tamar", in this line, so we took our passages in her and when we got above Newcastle, here we had to call for coals, a severe gale set in from the north, and as we could make but little way we put into Port Stephens and remained for about four days during the time the gale lasted. We had good fishing during the time of our stay, and when we got under way again made good progress and arrived all safe at Brisbane in the early part of 1848. At that time, there was only this one steamer trading between Sydney and Brisbane; the other was lost in attempting to go out by the South passage, and Mr. R. Gore, his wife and, I believe, all but two were lost and the steamer, the "Sovereign" became a total wreck. The "Tamar", the other boat belonging to the Australian Steam Navigation Company, went down at their South Brisbane wharf about three years after; there was little or no trade above Brisbane and what there was, was carried on by two brigs. One wharf only, and that belonged to the A. S. N. Co., and that was on the south side of the river, and Henry Buckley there was in charge, and, I believe, the only agent in Brisbane. John and George Harris were the

only merchants, and their establishment was also on the south side. All the Government buildings were on the north side of the Brisbane, the private buildings and business belonging to the port was done on the south side. All shipments of produce and receipt of goods went and came by the steamers wharf. The only way to cross the river was by a punt situated where the new bridge now stands, and it was fastened to a gum tree which was standing on the south bank leaning over the river. Captain Wickham was Government resident, and his office, police court, gaol, and all the old convict buildings were on the north side, one public house was also there, kept by one McAdam. There was also one public-house on the south side kept by Mr. Thomas Grenier. Dr. Simpson was Crown Lands Commissioner for Moreton Bay, and he lived at Woogaroo, and he had the best stud of horses then in the Colony, and held all the country round as a run for cattle and horses.

Limestone was about 25 miles from Brisbane on a branch called the Bremer, and in convict time the Government had a station there for cattle and sheep, called the Plough Station, and Mr. G. Thorne, I believe, in charge.

Mort and Laidley had a station at Laidley Plains; John and Donald Coutts held Rosewood; Galt belonged to Tent Hill and I believe Mr. Pearce then held it.

Grantham belonged to Mocatta and Helidon to William Turner. From thence the old road crossed the Lockyer up a steep spur into a place called Darkey Flat, at which place a company of soldiers were located to convoy all drays through the scrub, as a protection against the blacks who were very bad in these days, and it was not safe to pass through this scrub without escort.

Mr. C. Coxen told me a story about this scrub. On one occasion when returning to the Downs from Ipswich he had Mr. P. Hicks, who was a partner of Mr. J.J. Whitting of Budelaing, with him, and he was not a good rider and seldom went out of a jog trot; all at once he said, "Coxen, did you see that long-tailed bird fly across between you and me?" "Yes," said Coxen, "and if you do not mind you will find one of them sticking into yourself if you do not look out; it was a black's spear, and put spurs to your horse and lets get out of this as soon as we can, or we shall find the point at the entrance of this scrub impossible to pass. It is only a question of which can go fastest, we on horseback or the blacks on foot, and they have the advantage of being able to cut across the point before we can get around; we will do our best." So, on they went at full gallop and just as they got to the open they saw a man coming towards them down the range in a red shirt; this was a gentleman we



used to call Cocky Rodgers, a little man but very plucky, and carried pistols and a long sword, and there is little doubt the blacks thought the soldiers were there, and at once disappeared into the scrub. All three went up the range which was very steep from this to the top of the Main Range, Rodgers thought it best not to chance it by himself so returned with Hicks and Coxen to Drayton, then called the Springs. At this place there was one public-house, kept by Mr. Stephen Mehan, one store kept by Mr. William Handcock, a second public-house was being erected by a William Horton which was very shortly opened for business, one blacksmith's shop kept by Mr. Flanigan and one or two more huts. Soon after this Mr. Thomas Alford put up a new store, and a post-office was established. The Alford family were very nice people, they did not remain very long in Drayton, and Mr. and Mrs. Lord came and put up a store and had the post office for many years. Eton Vale taken up by Mr Arthur Hodgson, and at this time his partner was Mr. Crawford. Mr. Christopher Rolleston was Commissioner for Darling Downs and lived at a place called Cambooya on a reserve taken out of Eton Vale, and the police office, constables and lock-up was there at that time, and not removed to Drayton until sometime after. Bugelaing, now Felton, was sold by Mr. Hodgson to Capt Mallard for 250 pounds for run and 1000 sheep at 14s each, and

he leased it to Mr. H.P. Hicks, his cousin, and Mr. J.J. Whitting, his partner, for a period of five years, and the lease having now expired Capt. Mallard came out to occupy it himself, and I who had gone home after three disastrous years in South Australia, came out with him and family to manage it for him. The stock which belonged to Capt. Mallard and had to be delivered by Mr. J.J. Whitting (Hicks then having left the Colony for home) consisted of 3,000 sheep only, and of these about 1,500 ewes, any of which were very old. In February of that year we had a flood, and feed sprang up, and the oat grass soon became as high as my head when on a horse sixteen hands high. The next winter we had a fire which extended for miles, and the country was as black as coal, and little or no feed left for sheep or cattle, the whole stock being little over 3,000 sheep and 120 cattle, the latter were mine and I was to have the run of these for my services, and it was understood when he place was out of debt and 10,000 sheep upon it I was to have the chance of renting it, and the Captain and his family were to return home. The north branch of the Condamine Station was offered to me by Mr. C. Coxen for 100 pounds, but as there was but little water on it I refused it and it was sold to Mr. R. Gore, of Yandilla, for that sum. We lost nearly all our lambs which began to arrive in September, but in October we had some more rain and I

managed to save all that came after, but the ewes then to lamb were not more than 200. In the following year, 1848, we had a great flood and any quantity of grass, and Captain Mallard was anxious to obtain more stock, and as we had 1000 good wethers we made an exchange with Mr. David Probes, then of Clifton, who was anxious to boil down as much as possible that year, and our exchange was a good one - 1,200 maiden ewes for 1,000 wethers. I went over to deliver the wethers and take delivery of the ewes and remember crossing the Clifton plain very early in the morning to take delivery at the Table Top Station. I was delighted at being able to get such good sheep, and the Clifton flock was noted both as to the quality of the wool and size of carcass. It was also arranged to take Mrs. Arthur and Edge Manning's sheep on agistment; the former were at Eton Vale and Mr. William Archer was in charge during the time Mr. Hodgson was in England. I found these quite different class of sheep to those I got from Clifton; Leicester sires had been used in these flocks, and the wool was of a very inferior character, and we had to use good Merino sires to improve the increase. I had then to go down to Warroo at the head of the McIntyre Brook, a station then belonging to Mr. F. Bracker, formerly manager for the North British Co. at Rosenthal, near Warwick; this was in the year 1848, and I was there to receive Mrs. Edge Manning's

flock; we had great floods and when I got to the Condamine, it was bank and bank. I could not cross so we camped on its bank the first night and as only one of us could swim we thought it better to try and make a start early next morning. I went up the river a little distance and found a place where the drift wood had piled itself up, making half a bridge, and by felling a small oak tree we managed to get it fixed from pile to pile, and in this way Cox, who was a shepherd, and able to swim, got into the water and by the aid of this tree crossed and recrossed until we got over all quite safe. Then I had one horse which was quite blind and lame, and in order to get him over we fastened our tether line on to a halter made out of the same rope and got him on to the steep bank, my two men having the end on the other side of the river made tight, and I got behind him and pushed him over the bank into the river, and he went down out of sight being drawn up like a fish out of water on the low bank on the other side. I had no difficulty to get over the other horses, and in a short time we got under way and made a short stage that day to Ellangowan Station, then held by Charles Coxen, remained that night and started on our way next morning for Canal Creek, at which place there was a small public-house; here we remained that night and started next morning for Glenelg. I do not remember who was living there at that

time, but we were well received and warned that the blacks were very bad all over this part of the country. The road from this to Warroo was more like a cattle track and difficult to find. Just at this date, a gentleman, as we found when we arrived at Warroo, had left that station two days before and we were asked if he had arrived at Glenelg, and being told he had not, a party was sent out to try and find him with a black tracker. They got on his track and found he had left the usual road and gone on that of a cattle track into the bush, and as usual in such cases he had gone round and round gradually making the circle smaller and smaller until he was no longer able to stand, and he had crawled some considerable distance, and when found he was alive and that was all. I presume he had lost his horse the first night after being "bushed" as we call it, he had been a week out when found and never regained his senses and died next day; I do not remember his name. On our arrival at Warroo, we found the McIntyre Brook bank and bank, and the shepherd with his sheep on the other side, and he had been there two or three days, and by this time his rations had come to an end, so we got one of Mr. Bracker's black boys to try and swim over the brook, but owing to the rapidity of the water and the quantity of timber he got half way and was too frightened to go on, so he got into a river oak and we could not get him either to go on or come

back, before night, however, the water had gone down, and we managed to rescue him. The poor shepherd had to remain two nights more before we could get to him, on the third day we got him and the sheep over, and I got delivery. I was in hopes to be able to engage this man, but having had such a bad time of it he would not engage with me; this put me in a great fix, for my third man was the stockman who had charge of Capt. Scott's cattle, and he had gone on the Beeboo to remain there until I arrived, and he had been engaged by Captain Mallard in the same capacity. I did not know his name, but he was called Harry the Scrubber. There was no alternative but to turn drover myself, but again there was a difficulty, as there were about 100 rams and it was necessary to keep them separate, and as there were but two of us, the question was how was this to be done, so I arranged to drive the flock of about 1,500 myself and let Cox drive the rams. The sheep were a nice lot of fine woolled sheep, and speaking to Mr. Bracker on the subject and telling him he had got the wool to grow over their eyes, he said, "Yes, I do make it grow on de horns yet." I obtained rations enough for myself and man and started on our journey. I sent on Cox with the rams, pack-horse and rations, and at mid-day he used to light a fire, boil the tea, and prepare our meal: I used to come a little ahead of my flock and get them to camp during the time we had our meal and rest, and then start again in the same way until

night, when I again went ahead and helped Cox to make a bushyard for his rams, he as before preparing our evening meal, then he camped with his lot and I did the same with mine, and in this way we duly arrived at Thanet Creek, which flowed by Ellangowan and divided the large from the small horse paddock round the house; this creek was high but we managed to get over at the crossing place without swimming, and then had to camp as we found the Condamine had risen so high as to cover all the flats between river and creek. We had to make the best of it for two days, during which time the water had drained off the flats and we started to try and cross the river; when we got there, we found it still very high, but after a day's delay we made an attempt to cross, as the river had fallen very considerably by this time. Cox went first with his rams and got over all safe, I followed with my flock, there was no difficulty to get the sheep to take the water, but I had to take off my clothes and get into the river to guide the sheep and so prevent them floating down stream; this was rather a difficult task, and I had to stop them from time to time and so keep them from going down stream, as sheep will follow where they see the ones before them, and as the current takes them down if you did not stop them you would find it impossible to land them at the crossing and many would be drowned. Every time you stop them it

makes it more and more difficult to start them again.

However, by patience and great exertion I managed to get my flock all over safe without the loss of a sheep; but when I got them collected on the other side, I found five or six of them with swollen heads and eyes running, this frightened me very much as I thought I had brought catarrh with me, a disease all sheep-owners dread, so at once killed all of them and burnt them, and sent Cox on to Felton, a distance of about six miles, to tell Captain Mallard of my position and directing him to engage a man to look after the rams and not place them with any of our own, to send out Cox with rations, axe, saw, etc., to a hut in the back ridges, as we then called what was after known as Beauaraba. This hut had been put up by Mr. Gordon Sandeman, when on his way out to the Burnett, and I believe he intended to occupy these ridges, but finding only a small spring on the whole of this fine country, he left it, and Mr. Rolleston told Capt. Mallard if he did not obtain a license for it he would get someone else to do so, and as our boundary lines were not well defined in this direction, he did so, and Beauaraba was added to Felton. It was a magnificent piece of ridgy country and extended to the big Condamine Plain, which belonged to Mr. Andrews of Jondaryan in one direction, Hughes & Issac of Gowrie and Westbrook, and Cecil Plains on the others. On my arrival at the hut I found Cox had arrived with all



things necessary to make a bushyard for the sheep. Next morning, we began to cut down trees for our work, and as there was plenty of grass close at hand by feeding early we had no difficulty to get the sheep to camp and devote most of our time to our yard making. By the end of the week we had finished our yard, a good large one, also made the hut comfortable so that I could leave him and return to head station and take a day or two's rest to prepare before my return to the Severn to collect the cattle, which had been purchased from Capt. Scott. Before I started on this trip I again visited Cox and let him have my single gun to enable him to cope with the native as which were very numerous in these days. He was most ingenious in the way in which he turned this gun into a trap. First he cut a rest for the butt end of the gun at the foot of a large gum tree about a hundred yards from the hut, then he drove a small fork into the ground in which to rest the barrel and placed a piece of whipcord on to the trigger, drove a staple into the tree on a line with the gun, made a small hedge on both sides of the gun, then passed a strong cord through the ramrod loops, fastening the end to the trigger, first passing it through the staple in the tree to the muzzle, and fastening a piece of mutton on the end of the string; the moment the dog gave a pull he discharged the shot into his chest, and in this way he managed to destroy

all the dogs that bothered him and had rest both for himself and flock. I was also glad to find there was no catarrh, but I discovered that poison weed was growing on the low ground between Thanes Creek and the Condamine, and as we had to pass over this no doubt some of the sheep had taken it. I again started on my way to the Severn, and I was enabled to make longer stages, and on the third day found myself at Captain Collin's station on the McIntyre Brook, and two days after at Beeboo, this station being in the hands of one of the Sydney banks, and under the management of Mr. Anderson and Mr. Abercrombie. Now I must digress a little to give a history of this herd of Capt. Scott. His station was in the Patterson Hunter River district and like all Pioneers the land he held under lease from the Crown had become too valuable for pastoral occupation, and was wanting for close settlement, so he had to turn out and seek pastures new further north, and his manager had taken up a run on the lower end of the Severn not far from the junction of the McIntyre Brook and after being there a few months the blacks had attacked the place and killed some of the shepherds and destroyed some of the sheep, the cattle were driven in all directions. It was not possible to remain there, so the sheep were taken away and put under the charge of a Mr. Spears, he having taken up a very bad piece of country at the back of Yandilla, where the sheep did no good,

and they were shortly after disposed of. The cattle could not be collected so Harry the Scrubber with a hutkeeper was left in charge and were to collect the cattle as they could, intending to make it a cattle station only. Captain Scott had gone to great expense in the purchase of imported bulls, and the whole herd was a rather superior lot; shortly after the sheep left, Harry and his hut keeper made a large yard and put up a small horse-paddock, and as soon as this was done began to collect the cattle; they had not been molested by the blacks for about six months, and during that time had managed to muster about 500 head, and one day when going down as usual to bring his cattle into the yard he thought they looked so happy he would leave them a little longer, and got off his horse and sat on a log and began to smoke his pipe, when all at once the cattle made a rush; he got on his horse and went down to steady them when he discovered himself surrounded by tribe of blacks about 300 strong; he at once turned his horse to get away but in his haste he struck his spurs into horse and he began to buck jump; spears and boomerang began to fly all round him and as one struck the horse on his crupper he started off at a gallop. The next boomerang, however, cut the bridle in two and severed the left-hand reins from the Pelham bit, but he just managed to get through the opening in the circle and get away to his hut; being afraid

they would follow him, he took his horse into the hut with him and he and his man began to pile up bags of flour against the door; they then loaded their muskets, sixteen in number, and placed one opposite the loop-holes in the hut to be prepared for the attack. They remained at their posts all night, and in the morning after their breakfast Harry went out first collecting the horses and placing them in the yard, then taking a fresh one he started out to see what damage had been done to his cattle, and arriving at the spot he discovered thirty-two had been killed where they had been rounded up by the blacks, and amongst others the imported bull which had cost Capt. Scott, so Harry told me, 400 pounds; they had taken none of the meat but they had opened them all, and not finding them fat enough to their liking they had only taken their tongues. Harry told me he had a good cry over the loss, he followed on the track of the cattle for twenty miles and found many that had been injured all the way and lots of them died after. He now saw it was useless to remain any longer, so he started up to Beeboo to ask Mr. Henderson if he would allow him to come up there and so look after his master's interest in the best way he could, and in helping himself them also. Mr. Henderson was very pleased to lend a helping hand and at once agreed to let him do so, he then got his stores and all his chattels up to Beeboo and discharged his hut-

keeper and abandoned the station. It was here I found him. As soon as I arrived we set to work to help the Beeboo people to begin their muster. Mr. Carden Collins, son of Capt. Collins, had come over the help also, and we could help each other; he was a first-rate little fellow, full of fun and a splendid rider, could be trusted to take first flight at rounding up any mob of cattle we came across, and at night could sing a good song, so we had a merry time of it, notwithstanding the natives; besides which being so many there was little chance of their attacking us. In about three weeks, we had finished our muster, and I had collected a nice lot of the Scott brand and started up the river to Texas to help the Macdougalls in their muster. Here we found Mr. John in charge, the only married one of the family, and I have often wondered how Mrs. Macdougall provided for so many of us having only one little girl to help her. Texas was a larger run, and owing to the blacks the herd was much scattered. We collected one day and branded the next, and during the-ten-days we were on the station we branded for them over 500 calves. I never saw such good workers or men so strong as all this family were at this date. The dust in the yards was frightful and every day after we had finished our work used to go into the river, wash my clothes, and dry them on the bank, and felt quite fresh for our next day's work. From Texas we went up

to Mr. Cox's station, about twenty miles up the Severn, here I met Thompson, a first-rate stockkeeper (after that he went to Yandilla, and was stockkeeper there for many years) and under his direction we got through the muster there and from thence to Mr. Dight's station on the McIntyre, and having finished their muster we returned with what we had collected delivering at all the stations any that belonged to them as we passed. During these musters I had been very successful, and when I joined the lot at Beeboo, I had about 500 head. The following day after my arrival I started for Darling Downs with my mob, with Harry, one man and myself. Capt. Collins's station, managed by Mr. Milks was our first stage, then Warroo and Glenelg; on our way between these stations we nearly lost our cattle as blacks had crossed the track on which we were travelling, and cattle bolted in all directions, and the country being thick with timber we had great difficulty to pacify them, but we managed to keep them all and arrived at our next stage all right. From here we went to Balumba, then owned by St. George Gore. Capt. Moffatt's was our next stage, and then Canal Creek and then home. We had no yard large enough to hold this lot, so we had to herd them by day and watch them by night; this was not an easy job, but the cattle seemed to like their new home, and in a short time they became quite contented and settled down and put

on fat. I had to take a second trip to finish up my work. On my arrival at Beeboo they told me their black boy had told them that white fellow with plenty of musketry was on the road, thus showing how the blacks had been watching me, and yet I had not seen one. In camping out I was very careful not to sleep near my fire; after my pot of tea I used to put a good lot of logs on the fire and then retire me distance, and thus prevent the chance of being 'rushed'. By taking this precaution I never had to pull a trigger on a black. Abercrombie told me they had been collecting at an out-station called Wimo, and at this station they had a good yard and small paddock for the horses, and once a good hut at which a stockman and hut-keeper was kept, but owing to the blacks they had to give it up, but at times collected and branded there as it was too far to drive to the head station, and on this occasion they had gone out and got a nice mob of cattle yarded, and intended branding in the morning; the hut had no roof, the blacks in having taken it off for their own use, and the slabs and door were only standing. They camped inside this shell, and having brought a bottle of grog with them / expect they got merry and all went to sleep and kept no watch. In the morning they discovered that the cattle had all gone, and two bullocks had been killed in the yard that night by the blacks and one of their best horses was as good as dead in

the small paddock round the hut. It was indeed a mercy that they were not all killed and showed what folly it was not to have kept a watch. So we all went down here again, but this time we had a proper watch and all went well; we had two or three days here and I got a nice lot of my cattle. I did not remain long this time and returned in about a month with 200 head, having made, I believe, a clean muster, and got more than I expected. A few days after the Wimo misfortune, Abercrombie was going up the river from the head station when he saw a cow dead, and on going up to it he found it had only just been killed by the blacks and yet warm, he had great difficulty to extricate himself out of the clutches of a large tribe who had seen him coming and lay in ambush to kill him.

I arrived at Felton all safe, and found Harry had managed to keep his cattle fairly well, we both worked very hard to make them form camps, and in a very short time the task became easy, so that I could attend more to the other branches of station work and leave Harry to take care of the cattle.

Shortly after this, Mr. Alfred Sandeman arrived from New England on his way to seek a run further north, but the blacks were so bad at this time, and the whole of the Fraser family had been murdered on the Dawson with the exception of one boy, that he made arrangements with Capt. Mallard



to sink wells at Beauaraba and remain there for a time, and he was to shear his sheep in our shed. The Fraser family were Scotch; and engaged with Hughes and Issacs to take a station to shepherd and watch, and it was situated at Drayton Swamp, not far from where Mr. Taylor put up the first saw mill which was afterwards called Toowoomba, and they had a daughter, a fine handsome girl, who went by the Swamp-Pheasant, and she had no end of admirers; but she would accept none; she was murdered with the rest of her family, the youngest boy was the only one saved, and he got a blow from a nulla, and falling down between the slabs and the bunk saw his mother, father and others of the family brutally murdered, the details of which are too horrible to relate. Next day, he managed to get to next station to tell the news, when a party was made up, with a black tracker followed the tribe and punished them well for this outrage. There was strong feeling in the Colony at this time, and the Government then formed a native police, which was commanded by Capt. Walker, a first-class man for such an appointment, and he went to the Murray River to obtain his recruits; he got a fine lot of men and soon got them into shape. He appointed one of them as corporal, his name was Harry, but his nation I never knew. They came up to the Severn during the time of my last visit, and a few days before their arrival a carrier, who went by the

name of the Smiler, he being the only carrier on the road at this time in this district, and he had supplies for the McIntyre, on his drays arriving at Beeboo he was told there (and the information came through the black boy) that the blacks intended to attack him at a camp where the scrub came down to a point on the river, and the place where he usually camped, about ten miles. He was afraid to go on, and hearing that the native police were to arrive in a day or two, waited for them, with a hope that they could escort him past this camp, after which the country was more open and therefore more safe. Capt. Walker on his arrival told him to go on and camp as usual in his old camping ground, and take no notice of what he heard, and when he got to this place to turn out his bullocks, but first placing his drays as close to the river bank as he could, to pull down the tarpaulins all round his dray, leaving the end next the river open, and he would be there as soon as he had camped. This he did, and had not been there long before the police stole along the river close under its banks, which by the action of the floods had been left about three feet high. They had left their horses about a quarter of a mile up the river, and had stolen unseen under the drays and got under the tarpaulin much to the delight of Smiler, who had been in a great fright for fear they would not be there in time. It was only a very short time

before two blacks came out of the scrub and requested him to give them tobacco, which he proceeded to do in the usual manner by taking out a fig from his pocket and breaking off a piece for each, when one said: "Bale break 'em, we want 'em all, and suppose you bale give it me take 'em altogether, dray and bullocks." And as Smiler refused he gave a cooey, and in a moment a large tribe came out of the scrub dressed in their war paint, intending to kill, no doubt, both Smiler and his mate. The police were so excited that Capt. Walker could not control them, this being the first time they had been in action, and they discharged their muskets and an immediate retreat was the result of this discharge. But the natives, who had up to this time never seen nor heard of a native police, only went inside the scrub where in former days they were quite safe, for no white man dare follow; so no doubt they thought they might be able to get round and yet accomplish their end. But the police were too quick for them and followed them up, and the number they killed no one but their commander and themselves ever knew. Just before this, Mr. Marks, who had taken up a station, which he called Yelloroy, was attacked by the blacks, lost some of his shepherds and sheep, and was obliged to abandon his station, came in and brought his stock to the station that Capt. Scott's people had left, and not being able to obtain a shepherd had to go out with them

himself; he had only one flock left, and every morning he went out to follow his flock and brought them back to camp within reach of his hut by middle day, when his son, only a lad, came out to be with them during his father's absence at dinner; when one day, about a month after being at this station, he had as usual brought his sheep to the usual camping ground, and his son came out to take charge, and as there is nothing to do when sheep camp, the lad sat down on a log, where his father left him, and on his return he could see neither sheep nor son. Marks was a splendid shot, and the blacks were very much afraid of him, and from information I obtained from the Beeboo people they had long been watching to kill him, but he never let his rifle go out of his hand; so after waiting several days and not being able to kill the father they made up their minds to kill the boy, so on this day so soon as the father left him they stole up and killed the boy, and having done so cut him to pieces with their tomahawks, and placed the remains all along the log where he had been seated. For a time the father did not discover the remains of his son, and when he did one cannot wonder his vowing vengeance against every black he came across. In a few days he managed to get up a party to follow on the tracks, but before this he had managed to recover his sheep which the blacks had found it difficult to move. They followed the tracks with the

assistance of a black tracker, and on the third evening came up to them at Callandoon, not far from Goondiwindi, which station was owned by Mr. Morris, and not waiting until morning they fired into the camp, and the only one that was killed was a black gin which had been shepherding for Mr. Morris; this caused a great trouble and warrants were taken out for the murder of this gin, and although there could be no justification for their action, it caused a very bad feeling in the Colony. It was a most foolish thing to do to fire into a camp in which there were many who had taken no part in the murder of Mark's son, at the same time one can understand their action, and the more so as the father was smarting under the pain of his great loss, and anxious to be revenged on these murderers, and as up to this date there had been no protection to the settlers, they had to defend themselves. Some may say we had no business to take this country from the natives, and therefore it was natural they should try to drive us out of it. If that is so, then it was equally wrong of the Government to grant licenses to occupy, and then leave the settlers to protect themselves. I am one of those who think this fine country never was intended to be only occupied by a nomad race who made no use of it except going from place to place and living only on the wild animals and the small roots of the earth, and never in any way cultivating one single inch of ground.

Marks declared he would never be taken alive, and when I saw him, I asked him how he managed to escape service of this warrant, and he said, "I have friends all over the country who let me know when Mr. Walker is in the neighbourhood, and I never leave my rifle out of my reach, and whoever tries to take me must kill or be killed, and I retire into the scrub and my people supply me with food until all is clear again." I saw him some years after in Brisbane, and the warrant was never executed, and I expect the Government, after the trial of the two who were taken being acquitted, thought it was no use to try any more. The native police put such fear into the tribes in this district that there was no more trouble, and the country began to settle down and progress. By the foregoing it will be seen that a pioneer's life was no easy one, but the pluck of the Anglo-Saxon race is such that they overcome all difficulties, and I think there is no question that they have proved themselves to be the best colonists in the world, to prove this we have only to look at Australia, New Zealand, the Cape of Good Hope, and to see as I myself remember the enormous change that has taken place in my life only; vast cities have sprung up where all was a wilderness, steamers of vast magnitude now traverse the seas where a ship of a few hundred tons and of slow speed used to take a month to fill, and who thought, if they made a passage to Sydney in 120 days, they

had made a good passage. Now we see steamers of over six and eight thousand tons filling every week at both ends and doing the distance in five weeks; wonderful indeed is the change.

Well, we will now return to the Darling Downs and to the work that was before me. With the new increase of stock it was necessary to erect new huts, and place them in such places that there was both feed and water provided for them. In these early days this was a difficulty, but it had to be done, and although men were difficult to get and wanted high wages and little work, we did now and then find a willing hand. So I engaged a bush man, and having just gone out to our new run of Beauaraba and finding a small spring, I took out my man with me and set to work to split slabs, strip bark for covering, and build a hut and make yards. I found my man very handy, and although we had to carry most of the timber on our own backs, we soon got up our hut and yards, and two flocks established at it, where they did well during winter, and we were enabled to remove them into the front station during the summer; but to enable us to do this we had to put up two more huts and make two sets of yards for each; having accomplished this and sinking a well, we were then prepared for any eventuality. I then had to prepare for my lambing, and now we had two good flocks of ewes, one under the care of William Reynolds, and the

other under a man - a good shepherd - whose name I do not remember. All being in good order and plenty of spring feed I expected a good return of lambs, and the shepherds had been promised a premium of one shilling for every lamb over 80 per cent. and were looking forward to a good cheque. Capt. Mallard had gone to Sydney, and when there, he had arranged to engage an overseer for the sheep, not having told me of it before going, but writing said he wanted me to look to the cattle and place the sheep in charge of this overseer whom he was bringing up. His name was George White, and on his arrival I duly handed over the sheep to him. I did not like the look of this man and I told Capt. Mallard so, but I found he was not pleased at my saying so, therefore I left things to him, although I saw he upset all my arrangements, which I had so carefully prepared, and I was afraid he would make a mess of it. I then turned my attention to the cattle and had gone out with the stock-keeper to Spears Creek, to see if any of our cattle had strayed away and bring them back, when on my return home, quite tired, I found the old gentleman in great trouble, and in a fix to know what to do. Reynolds had come in to say he would not shepherd any more and that White had boxed his lambs and those of the other shepherd so that half of them would die. No more fatal mistake could be made to box a lot of young lambs, as it is quite impossible for the mothers to find their lambs, and when so



young they soon die for want of nourishment. So there was nothing for it but to go at once and see what was to be done; on arriving at the station, the Drummers, I found old Reynolds furious, and he told me the other shepherd had bolted and left him an hour before. having settled all things with Reynolds and promising him he should recover his premium as it was no fault of his, I started on the track of the absconding shepherd, and in about an hour I pulled him up near Clifton. I got him to come back with me and take charge of the flock again, and I told him the same as I had told Reynolds, and also that I would see that the new overseer had nothing more to do with them. To be successful in lambing in hand it is necessary to keep all the young lambs and ewes in small lots and not mix them for a week or ten days, and by that time they are strong enough to know the call of their mothers and the mothers to find them. White had in this case mixed eight or nine hundred, and this had made the shepherds and lambers furious. I did not like having to take charge of things when I found all my plans had been frustrated, but seeing the Captain in a great fix I did not like to refuse although much hurt because of his not consulting me as to the engagement of this overseer, and having worked so hard for his benefit. White was at once discharged and all then went well, and notwithstanding this misfortune I was able to mark eighty per cent. of lambs

after all, thus showing what a splendid lambing it would have been if we had saved all our lambs. Then came the shearing, and again we were in a fix for want of bush hands to make a wash pool, so again my former men and myself had to do this, and Kirk Patrick, a first-class man at the house who did all sorts of work, got the team of bullocks and brought in our poles and slabs, and we set to work to make the wash pool. I had nearly finished when on fixing a dividing spar in the soak hole, and my old man not quite understanding what I wanted, made me jump up out of the water and take the axe to chop off a small spar in this pole, and having only my serge shirt on and bare feet, I made a slip, and the axe in place of cutting off the spar cut off the top of my anklebone. Now came in my little knowledge of surgery; I at once placed the bone back in its place and bound it tight with my handkerchief and had to walk home about a quarter of a mile without my shoe; as soon as I could I went to my medicine chest and cut some strips of plaster and bound it up properly. I was unable to do anything for a week, after which I managed to put on a slipper and attend the shed and shearing, and in these days it involved rolling up the fleece also. After shearing came some difficulties in the shape of disputed boundary lines. Captain Mallard claimed the fall of the water from Ruberslaw Ridge, and Mr. Hodgson to a tree marked at the point of

timber cut from that ridge, so Mr. Burnett, then a Government Surveyor, was directed to settle and mark it, and I had to go and see it done. He started from a marked tree in the ridge between Emu Creek and Clifton Falls, and from thence to this marked tree at point of Ruberslaw and from thence to the Creek, and I was astonished to find it came to the Creek just opposite the Drummers hut. This being finished we had a dispute with Ellangowan then belonging to Mr. Charles Marshall who had purchased it from the Forbes. Francis Forbes, who lived there for a short time, having gone to the Californian gold fields, and in place of finding gold met with his death, as also did young P. Hicks and Hawkins who went for the same purpose, the last two being drowned when going up the Sacramento river in a boat. When we got to Ellangowan, Marshall was just beginning to prepare for shearing, and had to manage the washpool himself, here we found him, and he said, "Oh, come up to the house and have a glass of grog and we will talk it over as soon as I have finished here." So in due course, we found ourselves at the house, and it was arranged that the question should stand over until after shearing; but before this could be done Mr. Marshall had sold the station to Mr. J. Gammie and we had gone over to Talgai to settle with him. We had much bickering over it before the starting point was arranged, so the following day it was agreed we should meet at this

point, and I took with me Captain Mallard's cattle-brand C.M., and first cutting a piece of bark from each side of a good sized gum tree and lighting a fire I burned into the tree the M. on one side and the C. on the other, making the C. into a G. Mr. John Gammie turned round and said to me, "Now you can mark the line from this to the middle of three trees standing on the plain close to the river timber at the Condamine. I at once saw this would cut off all water from the lower portion of the run. I said to him, "You are a big man with three or four big runs, and we are only small people with a small run, and it can make little difference to you if you let us have half a mile on the river in place of a quarter of a mile." And he said, "Do as you like." So I marked the line and got the big water hole I wanted in the Condamine, and it is strange how in after years my knowledge of the various boundary lines came into use. I may here state what took place soon after the Queensland Government came into power, and a renewal of the pastoral leases had to take place, and before they could be granted all boundary lines had to be defined, and the Rev. W. Gore, head of the firm of Gore Bros., who had come out from England, came into my office at Brisbane to ask me to act for them in a dispute between Yandilla and Cecil Plains, to which I agreed. In a day or so after Mr. P.G. King, Manager of Peel River Co., came to ask me to do the same for

them; as there was a dispute between Ellangowan, Felton and Talgai this I agreed to do for them. I had never seen the boundary tree between Cecil Plains and Yandilla, but I had been told where it was, but like most of these lines which had been marked when the runs were first taken up, a tree was selected which had the best chance of standing against fires or any other misfortune. The day was appointed by the Surveyor-General, Augustus Gregory, Esq., the great explorer, and a mark one placed the utmost confidence, and a most genial man to do business with. I found it difficult to get up from Brisbane from my work, and Mr. Taylor offered to drive me from Toowoomba to Cecil Plains, and as this would save me much trouble I accepted, and he also drove me to the place of meeting on the north branch of the Condamine where the Surveyor-General had his tent. Here I met the whole party which consisted of the Surveyor-General, his brother, Captain Preaux, Mr. William Beit of Westbrook, Mr. Taylor and myself, the latter was to act for Mr. Taylor. Captain Preaux, who had married the widow of Mr. R. Gore, and therefore had an interest in this estate, was angry with me for not having gone to Yandilla in place of Cecil Plains, and hinted that I might not be able to give a just decision, and had it not been for the genial and kindly feeling of the Surveyor-General there might have been a scene. I felt, however, that I was acting for Gore

Brothers whom I had known for years, and feeling myself quite capable of doing my duty honestly (although much hurt at the time) I went on with my work. The dispute was as to two points on the branch, one a mile back, claimed by Mr. Taylor, and the point at which we were then camped. This point had been used by the Gores for years as a lambing place, and I was quite satisfied Mr. R. Gore would never have done so if he had no right. I found I was expected to point out the tree; I at once saw my difficulty so I proposed to Mr. Beit that it would be better to divide the piece of disputed ground. He, however, refused this, and as Mr. Gregory stated that if I did not satisfy him as to the tree he should have to give his decision in favour of Mr. Taylor. As Mr. Beit would not give way I said, "If I stay a week here I will find the tree," and knowing it was usual often to blaze a tree close on the edge of the water-course, and then select a tree that was sure to stand, as before stated, for years, and having found this mark on an old iron bark tree I moved out about a hundred yards and discovered a rather young tree on which a rather large blaze had been made. I said, "This is the tree, but Mr. Gregory said, "I expect it is only a black's mark." However, the axe was brought and a cut made above and below the mark and out flew the piece and revealed the R.T. which I thought had been placed there by Rolland and Taylor; however the

first occupants of the run were Gore Brothers. I shall never forget the look of Mr. Belt and Mr. Taylor as this gave to Yandilla two miles by seven, and I think satisfied Captain Preaux that it was quite possible for friends to meet and yet do justly by those he was acting for.

From here I went up to Ellangowan, Mr. Snell in charge, to settle these boundary lines. I had no difficulty in pointing out the line I had marked myself some nineteen years before, but I found it more difficult to discover the line between Clifton, Ellangowan and Talgai. I had seen them twenty years before, one tree being marked S.K. King and Sibley, who had taken up this Clifton run and sold it to the Forbes, and in these days the Clifton Creek did not empty itself directly into the Condamine but into a large reed bed of some extent on the plain, and the outlet of this swamp was rather boggy, and what impressed this upon me was the fact that I got my horse and myself bogged when crossing it in company of George Gammie, who came over to Felton on my first arrival and invited me to come and stay with him at Talgai, and to see the nephew of my old friend , H.P. Hicks, who was what we called a new chum there, and when I got into this swamp Mr. Gammie pointed out to me his marked tree close on the bank of the river; the fact riveted my memory and I thought I should have no difficulty in discovering it again, although over twenty years had elapsed. To my astonishment no tree

was to be found, and Mr. Thomas Coutts, who had sold the Ellangowan run to the Peel River Co., could not help me, and as all things had changed, there being no swamp now, and a new channel cut close under the ridge at least a quarter of a mile from the old swamp, the doubt was that a tree had ever stood where I expected to find it, when it suddenly occurred to me that it was quite possible the river might have changed its course; I therefore got Mr. Coutts to go with me up the bank, and just as I got to my old place of misfortune I saw an island in the river, and on it my tree. I was sorry for Mr. E. Douglas, as it gave a large slice of what he thought belonged to Talgai to Ellangowan. Talgai at this date belonged to E. and J. Douglas, who were most charming people to know; the former after they sold out went home to Scotland, and the latter is still in Queensland, and acting as Government Resident at Thursdays Island close to Cape York in Torres Straits, the extreme point of North Queensland.

We will again return to Felton. When Mr. Sandeman came over to shear his sheep in our shed, I arranged to purchase a thousand sheep, and as it made no difference to him as he had to boil down largely to meet demands, it was as well for him to sell to me at five shillings cash as run the chance of the boiling return. I had therefore a good chance to select the sheep with the best class of wool by



marking them as the fleece was shorn off in the shed, and in place of a thousand at the end I found that I had marked twelve hundred. He was to keep my sheep until I could find a place to put them, and I thought it quite possible that when the Captain left the station he would fulfil his promise to let me the same; however, this was not to be, for I found Mr. Sandeman had taken it and I was left out in the cold, after four and a half years' hard work with no salary except the run of one hundred head of cattle and their increase. These cattle I had purchased from Mr. J. J. Whitting when he left Felton at one pound a head. I never was told that Mr. Sandeman was to rent Felton until Captain Mallard had left the place for good, when he wrote me from Sydney that he had done so, and stipulated with Mr. Sandeman that I should have a run for my sheep at Beauaraba. This, however, I declined to do, and just at this time Mr. Hodgson called on his way to Yandilla and asked me if it was true that I was leaving Felton, as he wanted a person to come to Eton Vale to work off his cattle; at the same time I had been offered 300 pounds a year to go out North, but I thought if I could arrange to place my sheep I might do better than join in taking up a new run with so few sheep and cattle, and I did not like to run into debt. Mr. Hodgson's offer was to live in the house with them and receive a salary of sixty pounds a year, so I said the better plan would be

seeing he had but a small stock of sheep in Eton Vale, to take my sheep, keep them for nothing, and let me do his work for the same; then came the question if I did not come up to his expectations what was to be done. "Well, discharge me, but not my sheep," and in that case he was to receive one shilling and sixpence per sheep per annum for one year only. I then sold my cattle to Mr. R. Gore for one pound per head taking bills for one year without interest, they had increased to three hundred head, so I got three hundred pounds in bills and he stipulated that if I wanted to discount them, I should let him do so. It was not for want of cash that he did not give me more for so choicer a lot of cattle, for there was no firm on the Downs so well to do as the Yandilla people, they were charming people to know, and had one of the best kept stations in the district, with a beautiful garden and fine vinery. I delivered my cattle to Thompson at Tummaville who their stockman was then and the same I had met at Coxes' station on the Severn, when collecting the Scott brand. I had to deliver the last mob of cattle belonging to Felton before I could leave, so it was arranged that by a certain day I should return and commence to collect a mob of Eton Vale cattle to take down to the pots. I had been delayed by bad weather with my last Felton mob and did not get home until the night before I should have been at Eton Vale, so on my return over the range I went to

Eton Vale to get Mr. Hodgson to send down his dray to Felton to take away my boxes, and let his stock-keeper meet me next morning at the boundary line, and in this way I was enabled to collect all the fat cattle I could get on the lower part of the run, and the next day made up my mob from the top camp and on the following morning start off on my way to Ipswich. I had told Mr. Hodgson that I should not go by the way of Drayton but from the top of the run via a creek or watercourse called Stoney Battery. I knew he had to go into Drayton police-court that day, and I expect he thought it impossible for me to carry out my plans, so in place of his returning the usual way he came back by the track I told him I should take, and I think he was pleased to find he had a man he could depend upon to do what he had promised to do, for in these days it was not always such could be found. In due course I got down with my cattle, boiled them down, saw the tallow put into the cask and brought back the result, which was very satisfactory/ and in about two days collected a second lot and started in the same way with like result. When one looks back to these days and remembers that Drayton swamp was my first camping ground, and not a house to be seen and only a few splitters located in the range, one is astonished to know and see a city like that of Toowoomba standing in the same place, and there can be no doubt that its future, by its position, climate and

fertility of soil must become one of the finest cities in Queensland. I know there are many who think the original settlers, the squatters, pastoralites, or whatever they may be called, were a great nuisance, and never should have been permitted to take up this beautiful country, and that they have stood in the way of settlement, but I ask the question what would Australia have done without them? If it had not been for them the great interior of this great continent would never have been known. By their pluck and indomitable perseverance, risking their lives, their capital, and all as much for advancement of others as well as themselves. And, surely, have they not contributed in some way to the advancement of these great cities which we now see springing up in all parts of Australia? I remember the day when Mr. Hodgson exerted himself to obtain from the Sydney Government a sum of money to make a road down the range, and with the assistance of Mr. Yates, then a most useful man living in Drayton, selected that gap which brought the road direct into Toowoomba in place of the old bullock track to Drayton, and thus turning the interior roads and bringing them to a camp which was established just behind where the King's Head Hotel now stands. Then, again, if the railway has been taken up Flagstone Creek via Drayton and Cambooya, it is quite possible the latter place might have been the capital of the Downs in place of Toowoomba and I think the cost of

the railway might have been much less if it had been so placed, and it is strange that Mr. Hodgson opened the first road and when I was in office in the works I opened the first railway to Toowoomba. I had not been at Eton Vale more than a year when Mr. Hodgson was anxious to purchase his partner's share of Eton Vale, and having approached Mr. Davidson on the subject an advertisement was put into the "Courier", "Wanted to purchase a station within seventy miles of Water Carriage, to cost not more than L 6,000 cash, answers, Post Office, Ipswich." The following week the answer was found at the office and it was from Messrs. John and Donald Coutts of Rosewood, and after some little delay the place was purchased for L 5,000. Mr. Davidson, however, wanted a manager, and he selected me to take this place, and without my knowledge it was so arranged between Mr. Hodgson and himself that I should do so. At first, I did not like the change and refused. I felt so comfortable in my new home, which was a perfect paradise to that I held the four years and a half before, and with no responsibility except doing my duty to my employer, which I felt quite confident in doing, and also knowing that I could accept a much more lucrative employment if I wished to do so, made me hesitate in accepting this situation, However my employer who was ever kind to me felt anxious that I should do so; I accepted. The advance, of course, was great to that

I had been receiving, and my kind employer also offered to keep my sheep for the year for nothing: The agreement was one hundred a year salary, the run of a thousand sheep, and my horses, about twenty head, servants, and rations. I had only a week to prepare myself and take delivery of the stock and station of eleven thousand sheep, out of which there were four thousand three hundred ewes, and only a week before the commencement of lambing, no hurdles or yards prepared, and no hands engaged. So I got a man to go down with me to Eton Vale, his name was Bennett, a very good man, and on our arrival we set to work to make a bush-yard, and with the assistance of a few hurdles we soon had all prepared, and just at this time an emigrant ship arrived at Brisbane, so I started off with my two horses, arrived at the barracks and introducing myself to the agent went amongst the emigrants and selected an Irish family by the name of McGrath, it consisted of father, other and five sons, two old enough of the sons as well as the father to shepherd. I got them up to the station in a few days, quite in time for my work, gave the flock to Bennett and took the other myself, dividing the boys between both of us. We soon got them to do what I wanted and our efforts were crowned with success and we made the best return I had made since I came to the Colony, about 90 per cent. all round. I had then to prepare for shearing and in those days, it was

difficult to get shearers, so we used to go to the nearest shed to ourselves and engage those about to finish there to come on to us. This was Mr. Henry Mort, of Franklin Vale. This having been arranged I washed the first flock myself and engaged Mr. Martin Boulton who was seeking employment to go on with the work. The shed was a very old one and covered with bark for a roof, but I made it do. The old proprietors had been accustomed to make the men do both wash and shear, which was a most dilatory way of doing work as it necessitated washing one flock and then shearing it, and so on to the end. I could not stand this kind of work so arranged as before stated much to the delight of the shearers who very much disliked leaving the shed to go into the water, besides which sheep were only half washed by men who disliked it so much. All things worked well, and I had finished my shearing in fourteen days, and having arranged with our bullock driver beforehand had nearly all the wool delivered at Ipswich by the end of three weeks. Walter Gray was our agent. Mr. Cameron of Tarampa our nearest neighbour came over to see about shearers the week I began, and wanted to engage our men and said he would come over in about a fortnight to see about it, and he seemed astonished when I told him he would be too late, and if he did not come on the following Saturday he would not find the men, for I intended, if weather continued fine, to finish and pay

off on the Saturday. He laughed at me and said this shed had never got out under five weeks and he did not believe I could do it in fourteen days, so he came on the Monday and found all gone and had to seek others or wait a month until the same men finished the next shed. I do not think the men liked to go there, as they told me they were never able to get to work in time in the morning to enable them to make a good tally, and not knowing me they stipulated that I would let them enter the shed by six every morning. "Yes," said I, "and before the end mind I do not have to call you, and not you me." I was never a very late man, and my short stay at Eton Vale had stimulated me, for I found Mr. Hodgson up by daylight, but I doubt whether he ever found me in bed when there was anything to do; as old James Wood, the Miser Banker of Gloucester, used to say, "early crow catch worm," and I am quite satisfied the early farmer will never be caught by the late one, and he who throws his whole energy into his work and does so with judgement is bound to succeed. This reminds me that Mr. John Coutts told me he and his brother sold Rosewood because they expected to make more money at gold digging than sheep farming, and that their nephew T. Gordon had gone to Victoria and taken up a claim and made five hundred pounds in fourteen days, and that he had returned to Rosewood to get them to join him, and he said, "I will send you a bit of gold to



make a ring;" but I never saw it, and I was told after that when T. Gordon returned to his claim it had been what they call "jumped" and all the gold had been taken out of it, and they never found any more. Poor Mr. T. Coutts returned to Sydney, and there he died, and Mr. Donald Coutts returned and purchased Jondaryan and only returned there a short time and sold it to Mr. R. Tooth, Mr. J.C. White being in charge for him, and I was asked to go, over and take delivery of the cattle, and as they had no yard large enough at Jondaryan to hold them I had to go down to St. Ruth's yard which the North British Co. had lent for that purpose. Mr. Donald Coutts then purchased Bulimba House from Mr. Robert R. McKenzie, and he was killed by a kick from a colt when drafting in his yard. Here may I tell a story of my having a conversation with a shepherd which happened in this way. I had camped one night with my last draft of fat cattle from Eton Vale on Sandy Creek which was on Rosewood run, and I had been watching for two nights and was very tired, so after lighting our fires round the cattle I arranged with my stock-keeper and lad to take each two hours, and at twelve I turned in and left the boy to take his turn directing him to call the stockman at two, I went to sleep and suddenly awoke and found the watch firm asleep and only one cow in the camp. I made no noise but got my horse which had been tethered and having saddled up I went very quietly and being

so dark I could not see the cattle I had to listen until I got quite beyond them and then I turned them back to the camp, but the leading cattle, about thirty of them, started out on the other side; by this time my two assistants had come to life and had got their horses, but the three of us found it difficult to pacify them, so in the morning I discovered my loss and after driving my cattle to a nice little plain at the top of Rosewood run left the young man in charge to feed them during the time the stockman and myself went to find the track, which was difficult as we had a thunderstorm in the early morning which had washed out the tracks. I went one way and the stockman the other, and about a mile away I came upon fresh tracks and ran them into a swamp with high reeds, and in the centre of this I discovered my cattle taking a rest. I got round them and soon had them back and joined to the rest, and as it would not be possible to take but a short stage that day I decided to let them feed for two or three hours, and seeing a flock of sheep at no great distance I went towards it and discovered the shepherd sitting on a log reading a book. I went up and entered into conversation with him, and I soon discovered he was a man of education by his conversation, so I said to him, "What brings you here as a shepherd?" "Why?", said he. "Because I fancy you have seen better days, not only by your speech, but I see you are reading a book." "Well,", said he,

"you are quite correct. It is the old, old tale." "Oh, I see," said I, "you are fond of the bottle; well, tell me your history." "Well," he said, "you seem to take an interest in me, so I will, I am of well-to-do parents and was in a solicitor's office in the old country, but because I had associated with fast companions I was advised to go to Australia and begin a new life. I arrived in Sydney with letters of introduction and soon got employment in a solicitor's office there, went on well until I found some more fast companions and soon had to leave, so there was nothing for it but the bush life, and I engaged with the Messrs. Coutts to come and shepherd, they promising to get books for me to read from Sydney. I have been here now two-years and have saved my money and have not tasted any grog during that time, and now I feel no longing for it, but the life is very monotonous and I long for a change." "Well," I said, "save your money and remain where you are, and if you only keep sober the day will come, and with your education you will be able to obtain a place of trust." In a few months after I had to take delivery of this very station, Rosewood, and spoke to Mr. Coutts about him, but he had left and taken his money, saying he was going to Sydney for a change. Twelve months afterwards, when at the stock-yard, having just slaughtered a bullock for station use, I saw a dirty man walking up with his swag on his back, and when he came up to

me he said, "Do you want a man?" and after a little conversation he told me he was the man that I had seen on the log when on my way with the cattle, and that he had got his cheque from Mr. Coutts intending to go to Sydney, but on arriving at the first public-house, called Sally Owens, about eighteen miles from Ipswich, he spent all his money and had to leave it with only his blanket, and he did not like to come near me being now reduced to nothing. He thought if he could get under my influence he might be able to reform. Next morning, I engaged him and when Mr. Davidson purchased Canning Downs I got him to take him and make him an overseer, his salary was £100 a year, cottage and rations, and it was agreed if he got drunk he was to be discharged. He did his work in a most satisfactory way, and his sheep returns were about the neatest and most complete I ever saw. He then married and got a second ration in addition to his salary. Here we will leave him and return to my work at Rosewood. After shearing, it was arranged I should purchase a flock of maiden ewes of 2,000 and the price was five shillings a head from my employer, the one thousand was to run in the flock as per agreement and the other thousand I arranged with Mr. Hodgson to share between us; and he was to keep, lamb, and shear them, and at the end of the year deliver one half the wool to me and pay the half cost of the sheep. This turned out a good thing for us both, and at

the end of the year we divided eighteen hundred ewes and lambs besides the wool, and my thousand at Rosewood produced about the same result, except that I had all the wool in place of half; thus with my increase at Eton Vale I found myself possessor of about 6,000 sheep, and at this stage seeing I could make a return of a little over two thousand a year from the stations, and knowing that my employer would like a trip to England, I offered to rent the station for three years at two thousand a year; and I was to be allowed to put over twenty thousand on the run. An agreement was drawn out by Mr. Walsh, solicitor, at Ipswich, and a clause inserted that if either should fail to carry out this agreement he was to pay the other five hundred pounds; my good friend, Mr. G. Davidson, and myself signed the agreement, and he left to go home by Sydney, in fact there was no other way in these days, and having arrived at Sydney he found Mr. George Leslie there anxious to sell Canning Downs, and in place of going to England he purchased this station, and sold Rosewood, and in a very short time I received a letter from him to tell me what he had done, and that he was in debt to me the five hundred pounds, and also to direct me to deliver the Rosewood station to Mr. Mort who had purchased it with 16,000 at sixteen thousand pounds, and the surplus stock sold to Captain Masters who had just come out to the Colony to settle. I prepared all for

delivery, Captain Masters coming up first bringing with him Mr. J. Hay to see he got fair play, and the bargain was a fair share out of each flock. I told him there was one flock of culls out of which he would have to take his share. At this he was very indignant and declared he would have none of them, so would not deliver until Mr. Mort and Mr. Davidson arrived, which they did in about a week, and when all this dispute had been settled, I said, "Now you are here the better plan will be to toss up who shall get the first run." This having been done, and Mr. Mort having gained the toss, I began my work, and when the second flock came into the yard I expected them to toss again, but Mr. Mort said, "the toss was for the lot." I did not think this was quite square, but said nothing as it was a question only concerning Captain Masters and Mr. Mort, but thinking that it was a little sharp I intended when I put into the yard the last flock, which was one of 2,700, that I would give Captain Masters the advantage, and I ordered the shepherd to let about one hundred of the tail end of the flock outside the hurdles, knowing that all the lame or crawlers would be in this lot, and I was about to count them when Captain Masters called out, 'Why don't you put them all into the yard ?' At this, Mr. Mort, who had been smoking a cigar at the wool-shed steps and talking with Mr. Davidson, and taking no notice of what I was doing, called out and said, "What is

it?" I burst out laughing, and said, "Well, I thought you had had the advantage all through this delivery, and I was anxious that Captain Masters should have none of the crawlers or lame sheep of this last flock, but he has prevented me doing so." "All right," said Mr. Mort, "put them all in and stir them up;" and the result was that Captain Masters got them all simply because he had a doubt that I could not act honestly by him and did not like to trust anybody. Now came the question of settlement, and as I had now six thousand sheep and about thirty horses, I said to my good friend and employer, "If you will take my sheep for one year on to Canning Downs and keep them for nothing for that year, lamb them down, it will not be necessary to pay me the five hundred pounds, and as you have plenty of room on your new run, it will not cost you the sum, and it will help me very much." So this was agreed upon, and as I had entered into an agreement with Mr. Hodgson to return to Eton Vale and take a share in that establishment, but being engaged to be married to the daughter of the Rev. W. M. Nelson, of Ipswich, I got frightened to take a wife and a large debt on my shoulders at the same time, so in place, accepting a share, I agreed to manage Eton Vale for three years at a salary of three hundred a year, servants and rations; thus at the end of the first year I had ten thousand sheep of my own, and arranged to let them to Mr. Davidson who wanted stock for

Canning Downs at fifty pounds a thousand for the same period as my agreement at Eton Vale. So now we had arrived at an income of eight hundred a year, and having now entered on my work at Eton Vale, I did my best to improve the stock and increase it. I found the rams so bad that I got Mr. Hodgson to let me obtain about twenty from Rosenthall, then managed by Mr. John Deuchar, and went to that station to select them, and I got a nice fine lot. It was arranged that I should drive down with Mr. and Mrs. Hodgson to Ipswich on their way to England and that I should get married and return with my wife to the station. This was done, and in about fourteen days after I was settled most comfortably at Eton Vale and very happy indeed with my new life. Things went on well, and I set to work to cull as much as I could, and boiled down every year about four thousand sheep and had a good increase although the seasons were very dry, but we had just enough in the way of thunderstorms to give enough feed but not enough to rise the Creek for four years, two years of this taking place before I came, and during that time we had to get all the water for the house from a well which had been sunk in the bed of the Creek by Mr. Hodgson. At the end of this period of drought things got so bad that I did not know what to do for grass, and having a flock for winter lambing I went with Mr. Patterson, our overseer, up the Creek to look for a place where it was possible to do



so, there being no grass on the lower part of the run, and on coming to the bend of the Creek outside the large horse paddock, where in former days there was a spring, I discovered that there was a stream as big as my arm running down the centre of the channel. I called to Mr. Patterson to come and see, and he exclaimed, "Ah, man, you will have a flood." I said, "There is no indication of any rain;" the sky was blue and clear as it had been for long before. "Never mind," he said, "you will have it." We found the place under the range where there was a little dry grass and decided that would do as being the best we could find. The next day I had to go to Canning Downs on business, and taking two horses made my journey in good time, and just as I was entering the Canning Downs paddock, I saw before me a sight I had never seen before: large white clouds rolling up over the dividing range, and when I stood to have a look at this strange sight I heard thunder, and I at once made the best of my way to the house, and on entering into the stable yard I had not time to get off my saddle before it came down in torrents. Mr. Davidson wanted to go into Warwick, so we put on our overcoats and went on, the Condamine had been dry for a very long time and we did not go over the old bridge but over the drift, we were not more than two hours at the only hotel in Warwick, kept by a Mr. Collins, when we returned and found the river bank to bank, in fact the water was so high that

it began to run over the bridge. I got over, but was nearly making a mess of it, so Mr. Davidson would not try, and went back to the hotel and remained the night. Captain Daveney was then at Canning Downs in charge and he had a splendid retriever, and Mr. Davidson wanting to get home and coming into a paddock, called the Jew's Retreat, opposite the stables, we got the large doors off the coach-housel and made a raft of them; we fastened a good long rope to the doors and on the end of the rope we tied a strong string and on to that a stock, throwing this into the river we got the dog to go in after it, and by Mr. Davidson calling him over he landed on the other side, and by Mr. Davidson carefully pulling got the rope landed and fastened to a stake, and then-pulled over the raft, and in this way we were able to land him all safe on our side. Two days after I started on my way for home and I had to swim Dalrymple and King's Creek, but having horses that could swim well I got over all safe, and on my arrival home found, as Mr. Patterson had said, our Creek very high, and the well from, which we had taken our water gone forever; I never saw it again during the time I was at Eton Vale. We had now to prepare for shearing, and I was anxious to get up the wool in as good condition as it was possible to do, and thus obtain a good name in the English market. So I purchased a chain pump and tank and horse gear to drive it; I found it answered

very well, and having four spouts I was enabled to wash about eight hundred a day as white as snow, in place of five hundred by hand, and these only half washed. By this change I was able to put the wool in the market in first-class condition, and get through my work in much less time. Now I turned my attention to the improvement of the flocks, and as I had not enough breeding ewes to keep up the number if I culled too close, I had to take time; so I began by boiling down one flock of ewes and one of wethers every year and breeding from about six thousand. In this way there was a gradual increase going on, and at the same time a great improvement in the character of the sheep and wool. About this time Mr. Patterson left me, wishing to make a start for himself; he was a good, honest, worthy man, and I was very sorry to lose him. He went into Toowoomba and built a house for himself and opened a butcher's shop, and I was enabled to help him by selling him good wethers and I believe he did fairly well; he has long gone to join the majority, but some of his family must be still alive. Just at this time I received a letter from Mr. Davidson to tell me that Mandell, his overseer, was leaving him because he had broken out drinking again, and he could not keep him, that he was a splendid man if kept away from drink, and he was anxious for me to take him, believing I had more influence over him than anyone else, and as I wanted a man I engaged him with

this understanding that he should take a pledge for three years, and if he broke it he was to be dismissed at a moment's notice; and on these conditions he entered my service, his salary was the same as that he received at Canning Downs- 100 pounds and double rations. I found him a first-class man, and like his predecessor, willing to help in the muster of cattle and any other work that was to be done when not engaged with his sheep, and so things went on until the end of three years, and as all was so satisfactory and the stock had done so well under his charge, I gave him, in the name of the firm, five hundred maiden ewes, and if he remained to keep them, in the flock at the usual agistment of two-thirds of the wool and half the increase, and he was to again take the pledge as before. All went well during this period, and at the end of this period I was so satisfied that I agreed to make up his number to one thousand ewes in place of all ages as they would have been if he had only received his own and their increase. He then entered into the same agreement again, but in a short time after doing so came across one of those sly grog carts, could not resist, got drunk, and when he was in this state the cart passed over him and broke two of his ribs; thus after six years' soberness and being possessed of a thousand sheep he got his discharge, and what was still worse he spent the proceeds of his sheep which I purchased from him at full market price;

his end was a sad one.

Well, we will now return to my own position at the end of my three years. Mr. Hodgson returned to the Colony, having taken over the management of the Australian Agricultural Co.'s stations and Coal Works at Newcastle, and bound himself not to go to his own station; so on his arrival he sent for me to come and see him at Sydney and he offered me again to take a share in Eton Vale, either a quarter, one-third, or half. By this time I knew what the station could do with good management, and I accepted to take half. The conditions were that my stock was to be valued into the concern at time's price without station, and his with the station, and two valuers were to be appointed, one by each, and they, if not agreeing, to appoint an umpire. It so turned out that my good friend Mr. G. Davidson and Mr. Deuchar were in Sydney at the time and we went to them and placed this business in their hands, and before the day was out all was settled, and the valuation was my sheep, 10,000 at 8s. and Eton Vale, and 30,000 at one pound per head. The balance to be secured on the whole estate with six per cent. interest until paid off, all proceeds to go into Mr. Hodgson's hands until all was paid. This left me over 13,000 pounds in his debt, but I had a nice lot of breeding ewes and a good class of sheep in those of my own to come from Canning Downs. This enabled me to cull a little harder and yet breed more,

so that in a year or so I was able to lamb ten flocks of two thousand each or twenty thousand in all, and being very successful I had little short of twenty thousand lambs a year. I now began a stud flock, and so rapid was the improvement that with the aid of ten Spanish rams and some from Mr. Steiger I soon had a flock of one thousand first class sheep, and this enabled me to breed a good lot of rams for sale, and the value of our clip going up I was enabled to sell all I produced at a good price, and the more so as the country up North was being taken up by men of capital from the south, and from this date I was enabled to dispose of all my ewes at a very remunerative price. All these things combined, I was enabled to pay off my debt by the end of five years, and I also purchased forty thousand acres of our run and was free of debt.

In the year 1859 came separation, and we became the Colony of Queensland; a well-signed requisition was sent to me to contest the seat for Drayton and Toowoomba which I accepted, and they sent up from Brisbane Mr. T. B. Stephens, a very strong man, to oppose me, but being a local man and known to all, I was able to defeat him and was returned by I think the largest majority of any to the first Parliament of Queensland in 1860. Sir George Bowen was our first Governor and Mr. R.W. Herbert our first Colonial Secretary, R.R. MacKenzie Colonial Treasurer; R. Pring, Attorney

General, Arthur McAlister, Chairman of Committee; Gilbert Elliot, our first Speaker. We had no Government House, and Dr. Hobth's residence was taken until we could build one suitable for our Governor to live in. The place selected was a nice one, close to the Botanical Gardens, but I think it was a mistake as it takes a large frontage to the river, and some day it will be wanting for wharves, and being rather low a better site could have been selected with some of the beautiful views which surround the City of Brisbane. I believe this house cost the Government over 10,000 pounds. No doubt in these days mistakes were made which if we could have seen into the future would not have taken place, and this puts me in mind of a conversation I had with the Bishop of Newcastle when on a visit to this part of his diocese and when Brisbane was a very small place and without a church. He came to Eton Vale, and after service, which he held in our dining-room, he said, "I am anxious, Mr. Watts, to build a little church at Brisbane, and I want you to give me a subscription." I said, "Why a little church, my lord?" "Oh, a little church is all that can be required, as it is only a small pastoral town and never can be of any size." I said, "I think, my lord, you make a mistake, you have a splendid site given you by the New South Wales Government, and I think you should lay the foundation of a good large church, and so plan it that you can now erect one

aisle, and in some future day let those who follow complete it, but if you build a little church, future generations will find it difficult to do more than pull it down to make room for such a church best calculated to supply the needs of what I think must be one of the largest cities in the north of New South Wales." I could not make him alter his ideas, and so he got his subscription and a little church was built. We had no clergyman for some time until the Rev. B. Glennie came up as an itinerant, and he was a good man and did most of his work at first on foot, and arrangements were made to visit each of the Darling Downs stations once a month and hold services. No man could have worked harder than he did, and I was always delighted when our turn came for his visit, and we were able to assemble a good congregation at all times. He devoted the whole of his life and gave all he possessed to the church and built the first church on the Downs at Drayton, and he died at a good old age at Brisbane in the year 1898. I worked very hard at my Parliamentary duty and I got seriously ill three years after my election, and my doctor said I must take a change, and suggested I should take a trip to England. My constituents sent a deputation to me at Eton Vale through the hands of the Hon. W. H. Groom, expressing sorrow and a hope that I might be spared to again return with renewed health and strength. I resigned my seat, and Mr. W. H.



Groom came forward in opposition to Mr. F. N. Isaac of Gowrie, and Mr. Groom was returned by a large majority, and has proved himself to be an excellent member, and he has retained his seat from that time to the present, and for some time he was placed in the Chair as Speaker, in which capacity he acted with the greatest impartiality and with great satisfaction to all parties of the House. It was intended that my wife and family should accompany me, but at the last moment she was not able to do so, and I left by myself, joined the P. & O. Steamer "Bangalore" at Sydney and had a good passage to Suez. There was no canal in those days, so I went by rail to Cairo and from thence to Alexandria, and there joined the service again, and we had a good passage with the exception of a gale in the Bay of Biscay, and on entering the English Channel and in sight of Plymouth, at about four o'clock in the morning, the shaft broke and we lost our propeller and came to a full stop. The boat was sent off to Plymouth to try and get a tug and we set sail, but being now quite calm we made up with the tide as far as Portland, and when the tide turned we went back again to about the same position we left in the morning about four o'clock. A little wind helped us and with the tide in our favour we managed to get up and cast anchor inside the Needles, not far from the shore of the Isle of Wight, and the next morning a tug took us up to Southampton, where I met

my brother whom I had not seen for seventeen years. He at once recognised me on my landing, and we started for my old home by the first train leaving Southampton, and arrived all safe early in the afternoon of the same day. How strange all things seemed, all had got older and many were no more, but my mother was still alive and delighted to see me. I remained a week and then went to see my partner, Sir Arthur Hodgson, who was then living at Drayton Hall, West Drayton, and after a few days with him, arranged to take a trip on the Continent through Germany and France, and we thought we might combine business with pleasure. We went three of us, Sir Daniel Cooper, Sir Arthur Hodgson, and myself, direct via Calais to Berlin, and having obtained letters of introduction to some of the best sheep breeders through the Minister of Agriculture, we first went to Dresden, and after visiting the Picture Gallery, where we saw Sir Daniel Cooper looking at a small picture with rather long face, and on Sir Arthur asking what was the matter, he said, "I thought I had the original myself, for which I had given a good price, and here it is." No wonder at his long face. We then went to near Stettin to see a Mr. Their and his flocks. He was a nice old gentleman and received us most politely. It was a very large establishment and he kept a very large herd of cattle as well as sheep, and his Merinos had taken many prizes for first clothing wool. He gave us

a very good dinner, and after a good night's rest and a good breakfast we went to inspect his rams. The farm-yard was a very large one and surrounded on all sides with large barns and cattle-sheds, also a distil house. He took us into one of these large barns which we found divided into pens, and in each of these pens were various classes of sheep, and the shepherd and his young men were ordered to bring a ram and place him on a large stool in order that I might examine the wool. All that I could see in this barn were much inferior to my own in Australia, and I declined to examine them, and explained to him through an interpreter that I wanted much better than any I could see, and if I purchased it must be of the best, upon which he took us to another large barn fitted up much in the same way, and in one corner I espied a good looking lot and pointed at once to them, when he said, "These were selected to go to the great Show at Hamburgh, and they were not for sale," but I persuaded him to put one of them on the bench and after examining him said, "What price ?" and he said "Seventy-five pounds." I then got him to let me into the pen and I put my hand upon a second which was also put upon the bench and the same price was demanded, and I agreed to take him, but nothing would induce him to let me have any more, as he said I was selecting those which would give him the prize at Hamburgh. I only therefore arranged to take two or three more at a

very low price. We then arranged with him to take these sheep with his own to Hamburg and I agreed to meet him there, he giving the name of the hotel where I should find him. Here I went, and on my arrival a Mr. Otto Neihouse, whom I had known in Australia and from whom I had purchased some of Mr. Steiger's sheep of Leutervitz near Dresden, and he told me that Mr. Their was in a great state of mind at not finding me at the hotel on his arrival, and now it was only the day before the show opened, and I had not put in an appearance. He said he had told him he need not fear for he had been to our establishment in Australia and that it was one of the best in Queensland and people thoroughly to be depended upon. On my arrival at the hotel I at once went to his room and he was so delighted to see me that he put his arm round me and gave me a kiss. I soon settled with him and went in the morning with him to the show. He obtained the first prize for the class he had entered his sheep. I wanted to get a longer staple class, and in walking round the show came to Mr. Stieger's lot. His son had been educated in England and spoke English well, so he explained to me all I wanted to learn, and introduced me to his father, who was a very nice man but did not know a word of English. I was very delighted with these sheep and I arranged to purchase eighteen lambs, the increase of these sires, and to be equal in character, and Mr. Otto Neihouse

was to select them for me and ship them to Australia and engage a young man to come with them. I had gone to Paris with Sir Arthur to see the French Merinos at Ramboulette, but they were too strong for our flocks and I did not purchase. I got my sheep delivered to the steamers for London and on my arrival got Mr. Bartholomew of the Minorities, London, to take care of them and to ship them to Queensland. After a short stay at my old home, and seeing so many of my old friends, I again started on my way to Queensland via Sydney, returning the same way as I came, and had a splendid voyage. On my arrival at Melbourne I got a "Courier", a paper printed in Brisbane, and there saw the death of my dear wife, which had taken place only a week or so before my arrival. This was indeed a blow, and for some time I felt quite unable to realise it, but it was a sad blow to me. I, who had been so ill, now returned restored, and she, who was in perfect health when I left, was no more. It was some time before I could get over this blow, and my brother-in-law, now Sir Hugh Nelson, who had acted for me for some time on the station, took full charge.

It was now seen that we had for some years introduced first-class sires for the improvement of our flocks, and we obtained the first prize for fine wool in the Great Exhibition in London in 1862, and every year we got many prizes at the Royal Agricultural Show at Toowoomba. The

name of the flock being now well established, and as we also obtained a top price for our wool in the London market, I was enabled to breed and sell a good lot of rams every year, and when I handed over the station to Mr. Robert Ramsey, to whom I sold my share, I believe the whole of the flock were almost as even a lot as could be found in the whole Colony of Queensland; not but there were many quite as good and one or two [as far as stud flocks were concerned] much better, such as Marshall & Slade Clark, of Talgai, the North British Co. at Rosenthal, but I doubt if taking them all round any better could be found. I was out at Eton Vale on a visit to Mr. Frank Ramsay in 1892 and went over the stud flock, and saw the sheep intended for the Royal Show, and I was delighted to find that not only the character of the sheep had been kept up, but much improved, in fact arrived at such a state of perfection that it would be difficult to improve much further, and by the reports I have seen in the papers, the present manager, Mr. King, still continues to hold the top position and obtain more prizes than any flock in the colony. I went to the Show held at Toowoomba that year, and here again I was perfectly delighted at the very great improvement since Mr. Taylor, myself and others first started the Royal Agricultural Show at Toowoomba, and obtained the grant of land from the Government of the day, and erected the first buildings. I believe this show to be one of the best in all the Colonies, and had been

brought to great perfection under its present management. I must now return to the year 1864 at which time the Government were anxious to get me into harness again, and appointed me to the Upper House. I was not more than a year in the Council when my old friend, Thomas De Lacy Moffatt, died very suddenly, and a man was wanted to contest the seat for Western Downs, and the Government thought as I resided in that electorate, and being a supporter of the party then in power, that I should resign my appointment in the Council and come forward to contest this seat. I did not care or first to do this, but upon their urging me to do so, I sent in my resignation to the Governor, Sir George Bowen, and came forward for the constituency and was elected without opposition, and took my seat in the Legislative Assembly in the session of 1865. Mr. Herbert left for home and resigned his Premiership in 1866 and in the formation of the new Ministry I accepted the portfolio of Minister of Lands and Works, the following being those who formed the Ministry: George Elphinston Dalrymple, Colonial Secretary and Premier; J.D. McLean, Colonial Treasurer; R. Pring, Attorney General; John Watts, Land and Works. We had not been in office but a very short time when we found it impossible to carry on with so powerful an opposition, we therefore reformed and became a coalition Ministry, as follows: Arthur Macalister, Premier and Colonial Secretary; T.D. McLean, Colonial

Treasurer; John Watts, Works; J.P. Bell, Lands; Charles Lilly, Attorney General; The. Hon. St. George Gore, Post Master General, to represent us in the Legislative Council.

When I got into the Works things had drifted into a bit of a mess, and I had much trouble to contend with. The Engineer and Chief had come into coalition with the Contractor's Engineer, Mr. Wilcox, and Mr. Brassy had sent out Mr. Ogilvy to see into things, and he having sided with Mr. Wilcox I had to investigate the whole dispute or go to law. I had no desire to plunge the Colony into such a disaster as this, so I went all over the works with Mr. Plews and Mr. Stanley, Mr. Plews being the Engineer of the Northern Railways and Mr. Stanley in the office at Brisbane; they were both good men and such as I could rely upon, and I made up my mind to act upon their report. Two of the questions were the lining one of the tunnels and the ballast, a large quantity had been condemned by the Engineer in Chief as some of the stone that had been broken was very bad and not fit to use for that purpose, but as a large quantity of it had pulverised to earth I made up my mind after the report which my Engineers made to pass all that was good and reject only that which was bad. The next question was the tunnel, as to whether it should be lined by brick or stone; the brick had all been condemned and there was great difficulty to make more in time for the work, so the engineers



of the Contractors had offered to line it with cut stone which had been rejected. The only question with me was, could this be done in a satisfactory way and as safe as lining with brick. The question, therefore, I put to my Engineers was, first, Is it necessary to line the tunnel at all, and if so can it be done as well and safe with stone as brick and their report was: It will be necessary to line the tunnel or detached pieces might fall and produce accidents, and that the lining by stone was quite as good as brick, if properly done. So as to save time I gave an order to line the tunnel with stone, and the whole thing was finished in a very short time, and Mr. Ogilvy said, "now you have settled all things in an honourable way, I will see that not one inch of this ballast shall be used for packing, but shall go into formations and thus make a far better road than under the contract, and I will break new ballast all of blue metal and ballast up with it." Strong articles were written in the "Courier" against me, but I am glad to say my action has not resulted in the decay of one stone of this tunnel or the loss of one life, and I hope, as I think, that I shall have long passed away before there is decay in this work.

Then came another difficulty: the ship in which all our bridge work was conveyed became a total wreck at Kings Island in Bass Straits, and all was lost. This necessitated

an alteration in the construction of some of the bridges, and as I had been told it was impossible to open the line for two years, I called upon the Engineer in Chief to draw up fresh plans and specifications for this work, when he surprised me by saying he had contracted for the work and having done so and finished this work it was no part of his contract to furnish fresh plans. I was perfectly taken aback as I could not understand how a man could be Engineer in Chief of our Railways and refuse his political chief to do the work of such engineer. In looking over the documents connected with this business I found there had been a contract and I had no power to alter it, and seeing I had no chance of working with him I dispensed with his services, and I believe Mr. Stanley was appointed to act in his place. My great ambition was to open this line within contract time, and after consulting Mr. Ogilvie and Mr. Wilcox on this point they said if I could advance three hundred a week more money they would be able to finish the work two months before the contract time expired, but that they expected to get two thousand pounds in addition to this contract. To this I replied the agreement must not be all on one side, and I would agree to this on three conditions: first, they to receive the above-named sum if they completed the work two months before contract time, nothing if opened at contract time, and a fine to the same amount if after that time. My

friend the Treasurer agreed to find me the cash and the Contractors' Engineers agreed to my terms. This involved their carting from Helidon to Toowoomba all the rails by road to enable them to lay from both ends: having plenty of material in hand the work went on rapidly and although they were not able to complete the work before the time it was linked in before contract time, and although they got no extra pay, it was as satisfactory to them as myself. The night before the last rail was laid Mr. Ogilvie came into my office to say he should be prepared to go up with me on the morrow and take an engine the whole length of the line into the station of Toowoomba. I wanted to do this as my old friend, Mr. Taylor, had written to me to say that I could not open the line for a year. Well do I remember how delighted I was to be the first to enter Toowoomba with the two engineers and myself on the engine, with the whistles screeching all the way, and the astonishment of the people at my advent; numbers came down to the half-finished station to meet me, and amongst the rest my old friend Mr. Taylor, who was angry because I had not told him before. But as he had so persistently told me of my inability to perform this work, I wanted to take him and others who had taken the same side by surprise. It was not long after this that the line was opened for traffic and a day appointed to bring up invited guests to open it. Our good friend, Mr. Groom,

the member for Toowoomba, arranged for a banquet, and I prepared two trains to take up about a hundred people with me for this ceremony, and the Governor, Sir George Bowen, was to be there for this grand entertainment: but two days before the opening there came a great flood such as we had not seen for years, as during the whole time the line was being made there had been little or no rain of any consequence. The Brisbane was so high and the wires all down that I could not communicate with Brisbane by road or wire, and as I had with Mr. McAlister and the Hon. St. George Gore gone up to Ipswich to prepare all things I did not know what to do. We had a meeting of Ministers at Mr. McAlister's house, and it was decided not to postpone the day and the more so as Mr. Groom had telegraphed to say all was ready at Toowoomba. I was in a great fright, knowing that this heavy rain might cause some of the embankments to subside, and we might have an accident, so I arranged that Mr. Ogilvie should come on the front engine with me, there being two engines to each train, and that Mr. Wilcox should be on the first engine of the second train. All went well until we got to one of the sharpest curves on the Main Range, here the embankment had subsided and in going round this curve the second engine of my train went off the line; we were not long in lifting it on again with our jacks and got the train over, when we halted to see the other safe over, and

to my horror the same thing happened to the second engine of the second train, but as before we soon got all in order and arrived at Toowoomba all safe. I did not enjoy the banquet very much, being full of anxiety for the morrow, and I was satisfied it would be much more difficult to go down than up. The banquet was a great success and all seemed delighted; the railway communication with the city of the Downs was now accomplished. Thus it will be seen that the two men owning Eton Vale had taken their share in assisting to establish the future Capital of Darling Downs. Sir Arthur Hodgson, by cutting down the range under Mr. Yates, and John Watts being in office, opening the first railway. Early next morning I arranged to start on our return journey; in the first place I found we had not enough brake power to prevent the train from forcing the engine down the steep gradient on the first incline over the range, and we had great difficulty even reversing the engine to prevent the train from running at full speed down these inclines, but with care we got over the difficulty safe to Helidon, and when we got to Lindley Plains we discovered that the floods had washed out several parts of the line up the Little Liverpool range, and there was no chance of our proceeding further that night. The ladies had to make their beds in the new station house and others in the carriages. Men were sent up the range early on the next morning, and by

12 o'clock we were able to proceed, but it was not possible to go faster than a snail's pace and so prevent accidents. By night we arrived all safe at Ipswich, and no man could have been more thankful than myself to find I had delivered all my passengers quite safe at the termination of the line. Ipswich then was the starting place into the interior, and from this to Brisbane passengers had to go by either Cobb's Coach on the road or the river steamer. A short time before the opening of the line poor Mr. McLean died, and after this I found my position was not the same in the Ministry, and as we could not agree on some questions which came before the Council I resigned, and shortly after this I sold my share in Eton Vale to Mr. Robert Ramsay and left the Colony for England, and Mr. John Douglas succeeded me; but before I close this narrative I wish to make some remarks on some of the questions of the day, and amongst them as regards a speech made by myself in the Assembly when we were amending our land laws. In these days we were not very correctly reported, and leaving out one sentence placed a very wrong construction on what you intended to convey, and there are politicians eager to catch hold of any point that casts discredit on those who are opposed to them, and as I have often seen speeches delivered by the Hon. Member for Toowoomba and repeated by even Governors of the Colony who never knew me, I will try now before I follow those who have gone

to their last rest place on record what was said on that occasion. It was a question about close settlement and the dividing the lands into small lots of twenty acres. I wished to confine these small allotments to a place where there was a chance of rain, and from my long experience in the Colony I knew this area was to be found on the Main Range and a distance of six miles from it into the interior, and beyond that the farms should be of a much larger size, and I ended by saying that it was useless to ask people to come out from the old country to take up land on which you could not grow a cabbage. Well, my experience in this respect was this, that during my long residence at Eton Vale I was never able to grow a crop of cabbages but once, and I am inclined to think if people will honestly tell the truth, hundreds may be found who could say the same thing. The Chinamen were the only people who could get over this difficulty, not that the soil was incapable of growing anything, but the climate and the insect pests made it impossible except by expending very much more time and labour upon such products and so to make it unprofitable, and I was under the impression to have a prosperous farming population the farms should be large enough to enable them to carry on mixed farming, so that when one branch failed

others might do well and enable them to make a good living. To show my meaning I will just mention that at the first Show of the Agricultural Society of Toowoomba, held in 1865, which was got up mainly by the exertions of the Hon. Member, Mr. Groom, I obtained five prizes, as follows: - Ram, Ewe, Fruit, Horses, Wool, but I could not produce a cabbage. I am quite satisfied that the Hon. Member himself or any that knew me in these days, cannot say that I did not throw all my energy into my duty as the first Member of Drayton and Toowoomba, or endeavour to do all I could to advance those around me and the prosperity of the great Colony of Queensland. I can look back now to those happy days when at Eton Vale, when at the end of each year we had our Harvest Homes, and all our employees assembled for a whole day of pleasure and ending by a dance in the wool-shed at night at which all from Drayton and Toowoomba were welcome, and I venture to say that each and all thoroughly enjoyed themselves. My great desire was to make all around me happy. and as in these early days there were no schools or churches except Drayton, I established a school on the station, and employed a good master, and made all in my service send their children to it. My house was ever open to the Minister of any denomination to come and hold service and call their people together. Most of those who could remember these times have now passed away to their long home,



but I except there are yet a few still living, and amongst them two for whom I have ever had a great respect, James and Alexander Porter, who were good workers and earned for themselves enough to start in life and own a good property and send to the English market wool which brings the highest price. Well do I remember when the election of Western Downs took place and I went to them to ask for their votes, telling them although in my employment they could do just as they liked, how honestly they replied that they liked me very much but their political principles were liberal and mine conservative, and they could not promise me. My reply was, "Well, James, some day you will think differently. I am only a liberal conservative, and as I have no doubt both of you will become someday men of property, then you will be more ultra-conservative than I have ever been." I still have the same veneration for the Colony I ever had, and have never removed my capital from it, and I have visited it twice since I left it in 1868, and was much impressed by the great advance the Colony had made up to my last visit in 1892. When I look back to my advent to Brisbane in 1846, at which time there was only a punt in which you could cross the river with a few or no private residences but the remains of the once famous convict establishment which came to an end in 1840, and leaving behind it the old gaol, lock-up, police office, barracks, and Commissioner's

establishment, with no wharf except that at South Brisbane it is no wonder that one should be astonished to see a splendid bridge just where the old punt crossed; the city grown up not to be despised by any, steamers up to 5,000 tons carrying the mails to England direct via the northern settlements coming and going every day, it looks like a dream and one cannot believe this has taken place during one man's life. I must now end by saying that just before I resigned and left for England, I married a second time in 1866 the widow of the late Mr. F.N. Isaac of Gowrie, and have spent a long and happy life in the enjoyments of all the comforts of a country life, and although I am no longer able to hunt or shoot, I have up to this year been able to play with success, taking many prizes at several croquet tournaments.



John Watts, Esq. Age 80.





Bush Scene. Westbrook, Queensland.





Alkerton Farm  
Eastington.





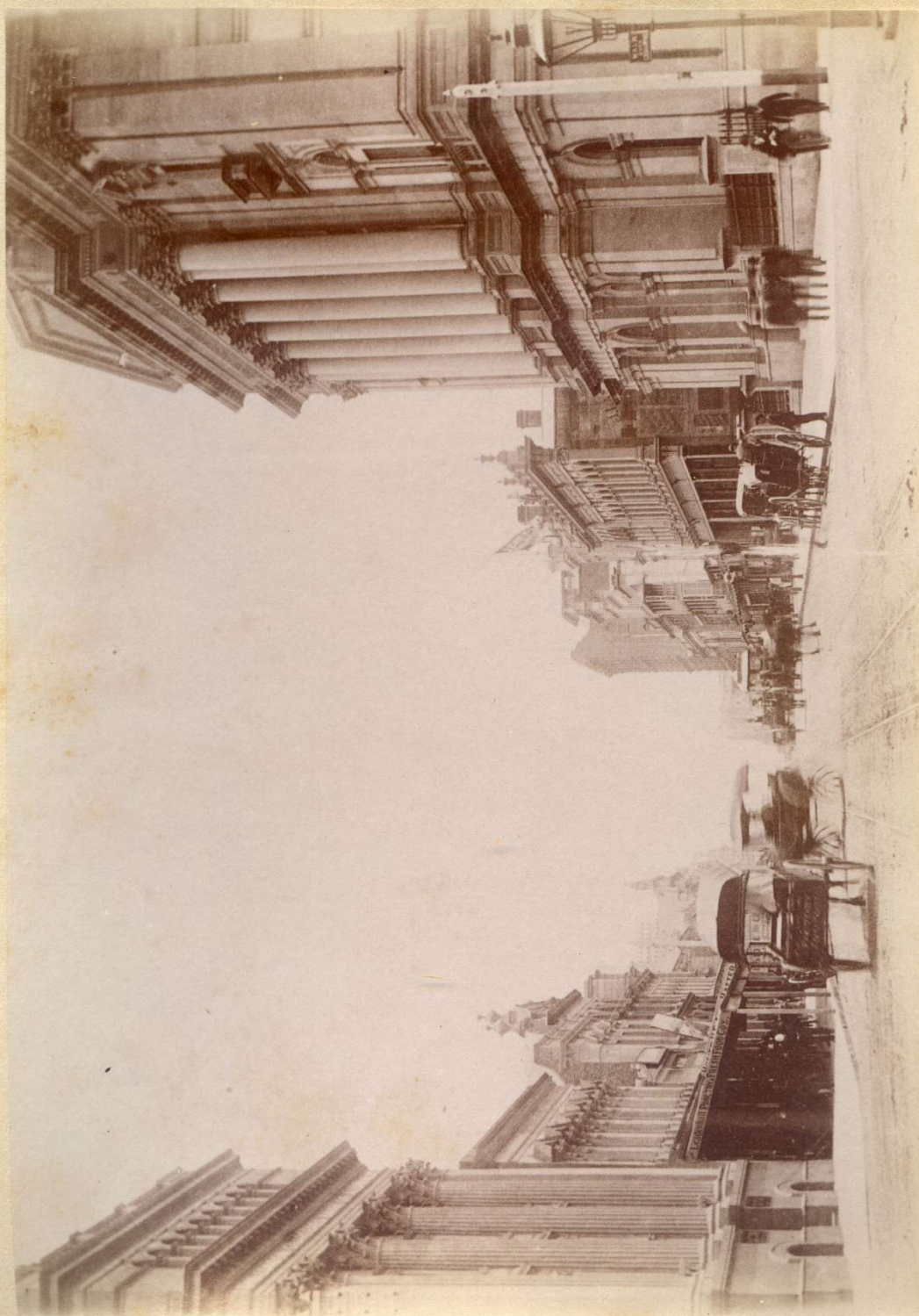
Eastington House  
Formerly property of H. P. Hicks, Esq.,  
Purchased by Mr. J. Watts on his return from  
Australia.





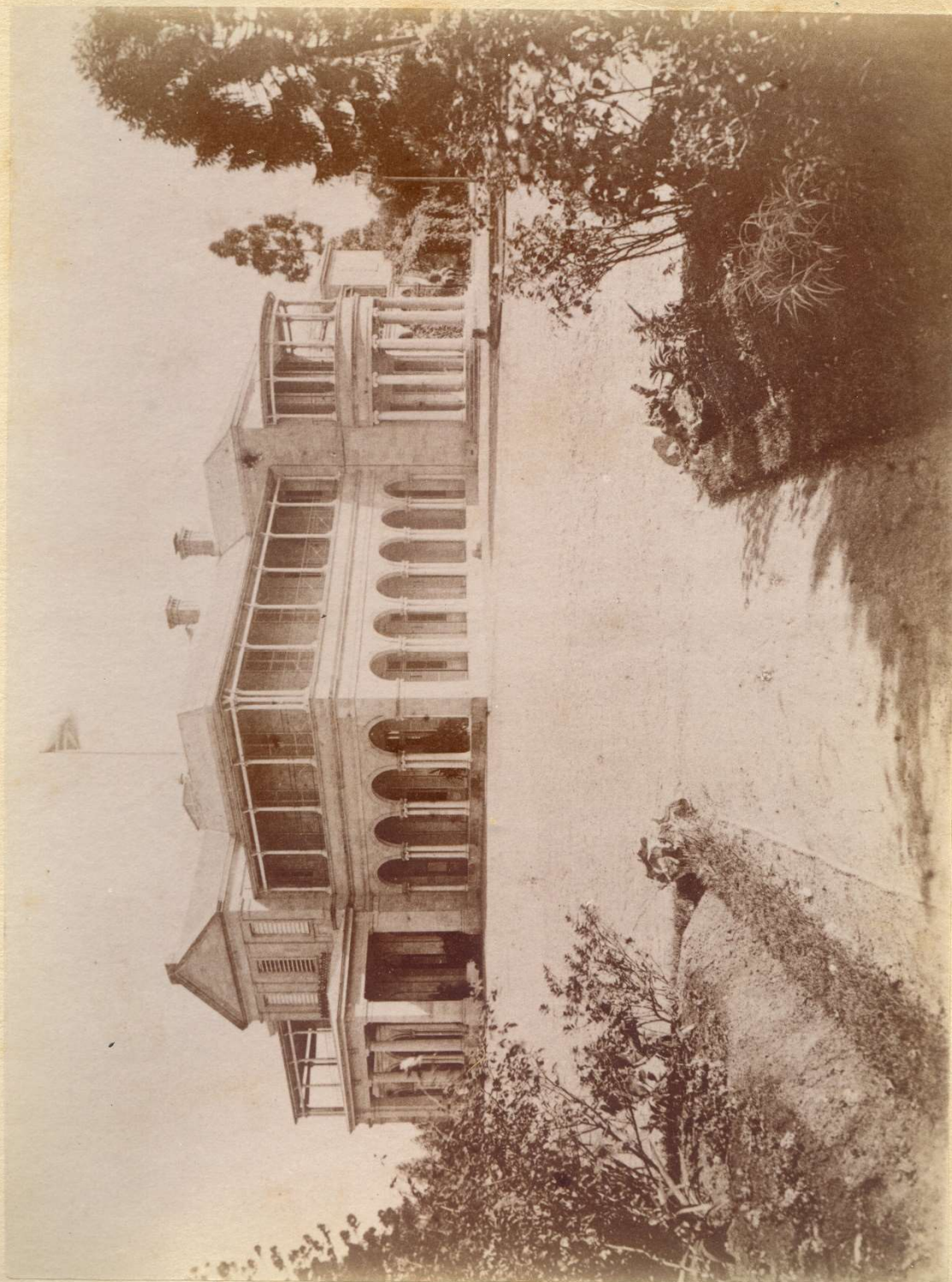
The Ferry, Brisbane 1850.





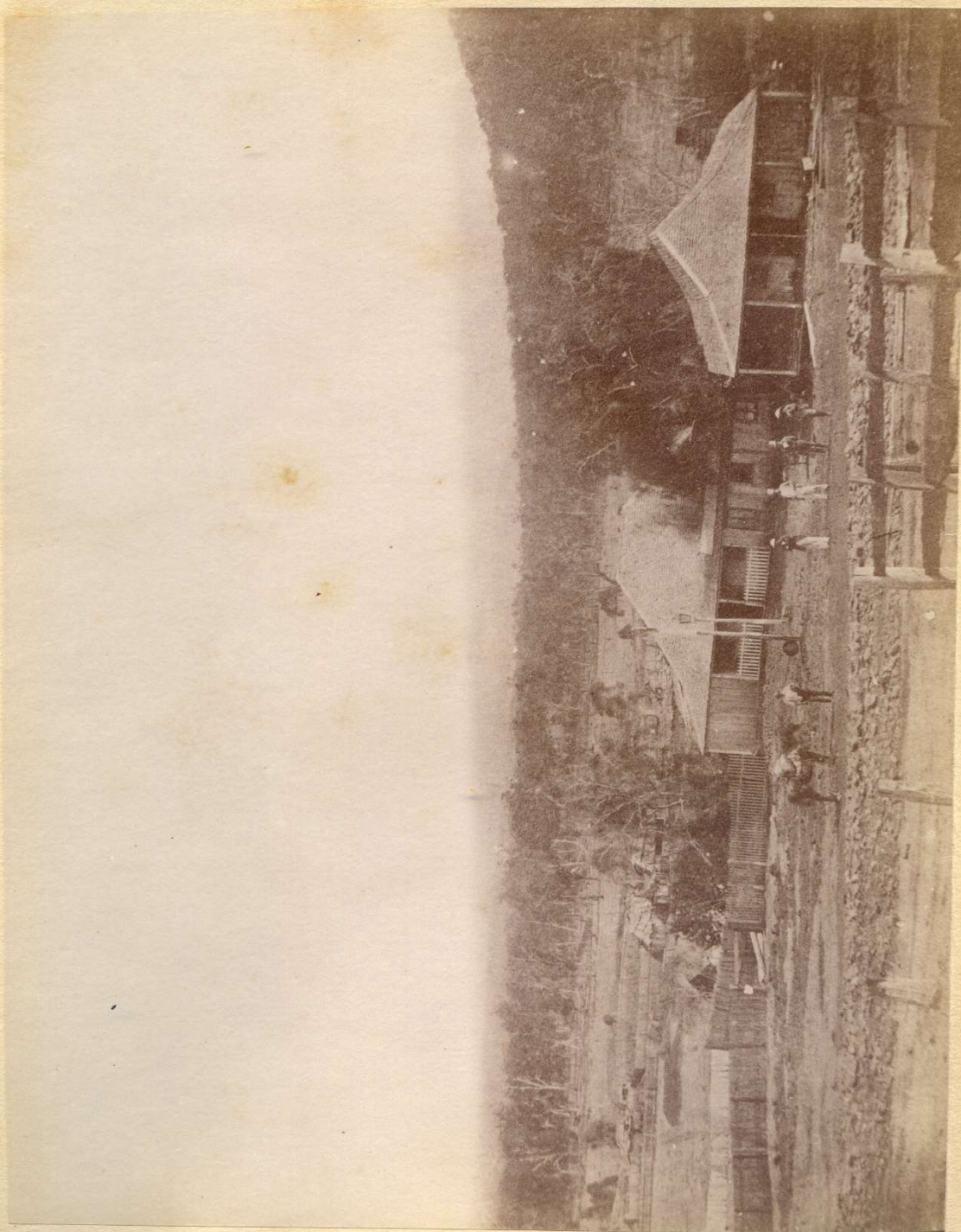
Queen's Street, Brisbane 1894.





Government House, Brisbane  
1864.





Stephen Mehan's Store, Drayton 1856.





Harris Street, Toowoomba, 1892.





Gabbinbar, Toowoomba,  
Seat of  
Sir Hugh M. Nelson.





Sir Arthur Hodgson.





Lady Hodgson.





J. Watts, Esq.





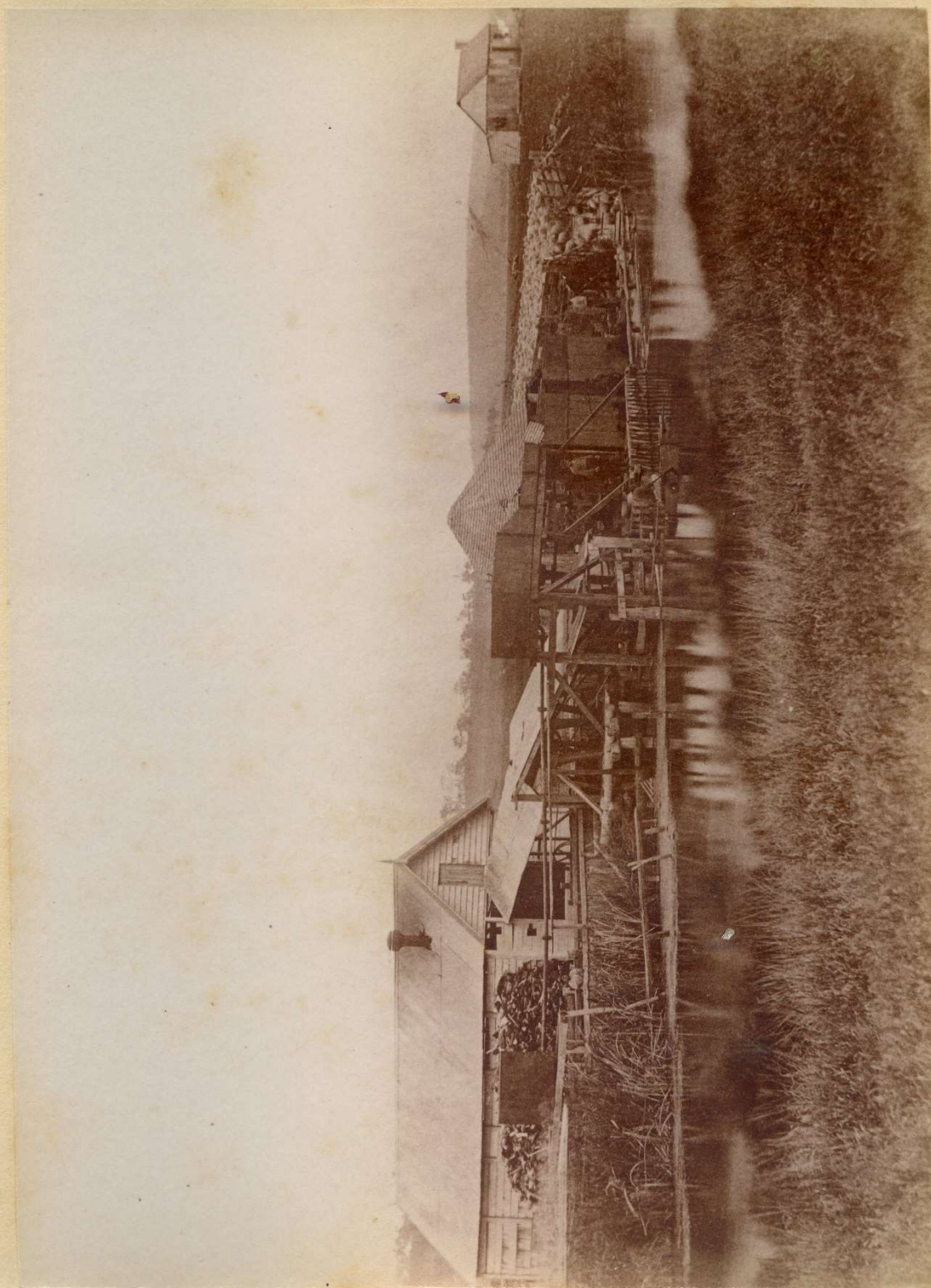
Mrs Watts--née Nelson.





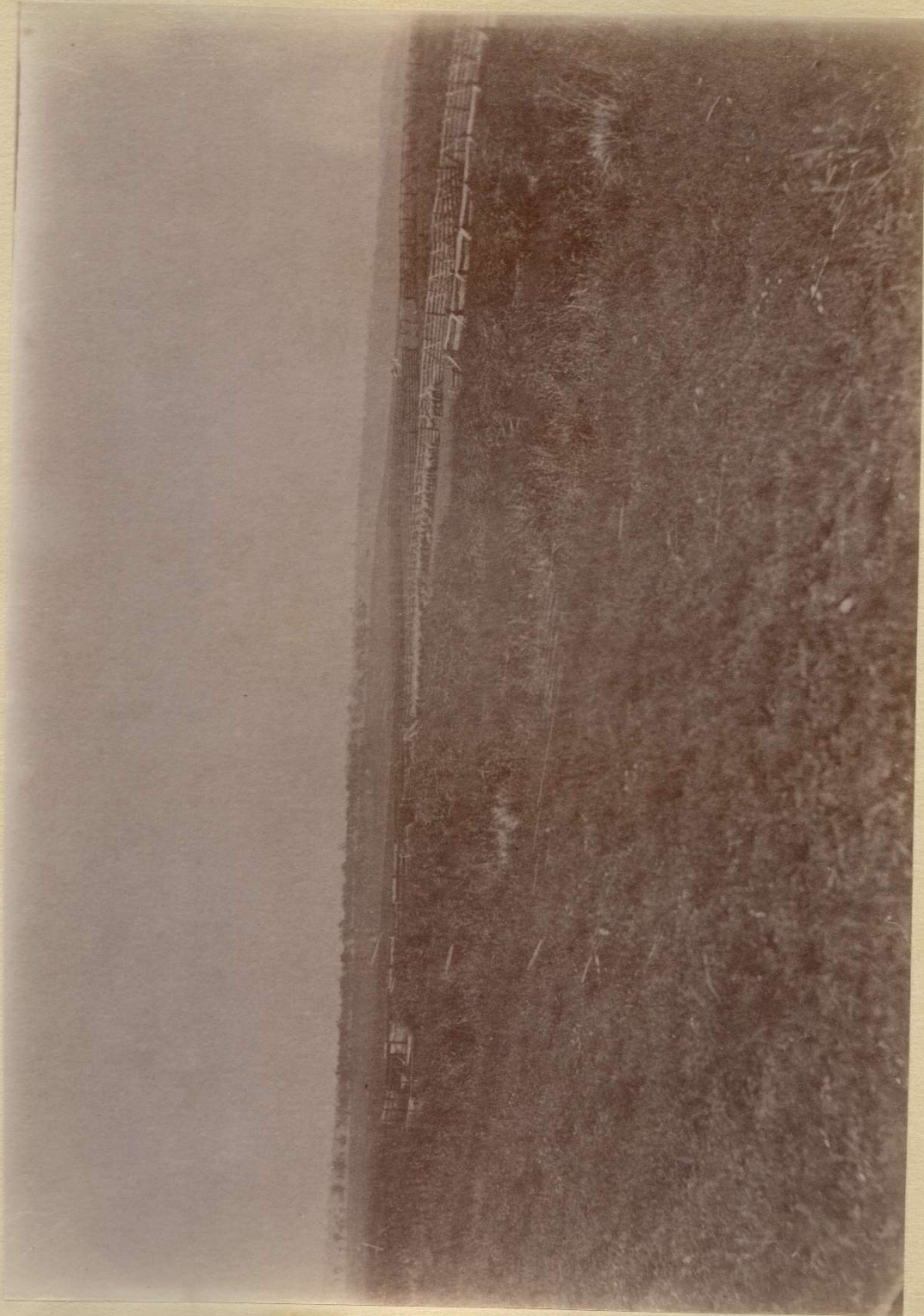
Eton Vale Head Station  
1860.





Eton Vale Washpool.





Eton Vale Washpool.





Sir George Bowen  
First Governor of Queensland.





Lady Bowen.





*L. A. Steiger  
Sauter & Co. Zürich*

Herr L. A. Steiger,  
From whom the 1st Stud Sheep for Eton Vale  
were purchased.



Leopold Steiger  
LOEWEN & LEWIS  
HAMBURG

John Watts Esq.

Eaton Vale Queensland

anzuſt bezeichnen  
1. Photograph. v. d. Steiger  
4 Photographien von Leuten und Jungs  
dort.

6 Rind Loh. for John Watts. in No. 26.

47. 81<sup>4</sup>. 120<sup>2</sup>. 152<sup>3</sup>. 195<sup>2</sup>.

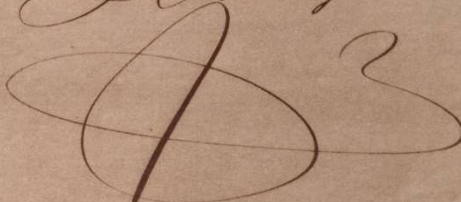
6 Rind Loh. for the Honorable the Colonial  
Treasurer of Queensland. No. 9. 21. 82<sup>4</sup>.

120<sup>3</sup>. 127<sup>2</sup>. 202<sup>2</sup>.

Mit dem Wunsch, daß Alles in bester Ordnung  
ablaufen möge, freigezeichnet

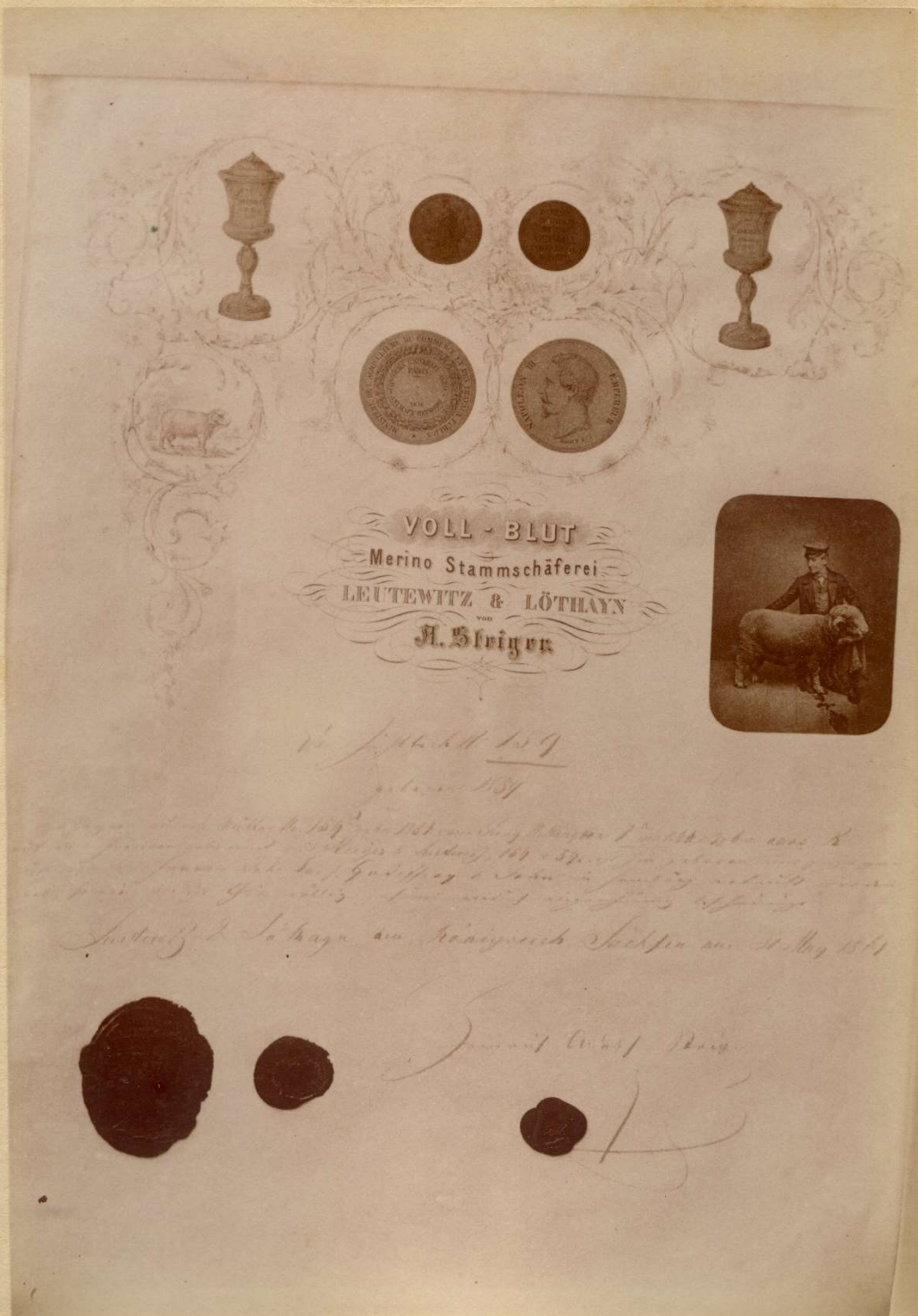
Leuten & Lohs

26 May 1867

anzubau  
für Herrn  


Copy of Letter of L. A. Steiger,  
Giving numbers of Sheep purchased May, 1867.





Certificate of one 1st Ram.





Robert Ramsay, Esq.  
Purchaser of J. Watts' share of Eton Vale.





First Prize Fed Ram Hoggell.

Toona & Brisbane 1888.

Lambled May 1887

# VICTOR.

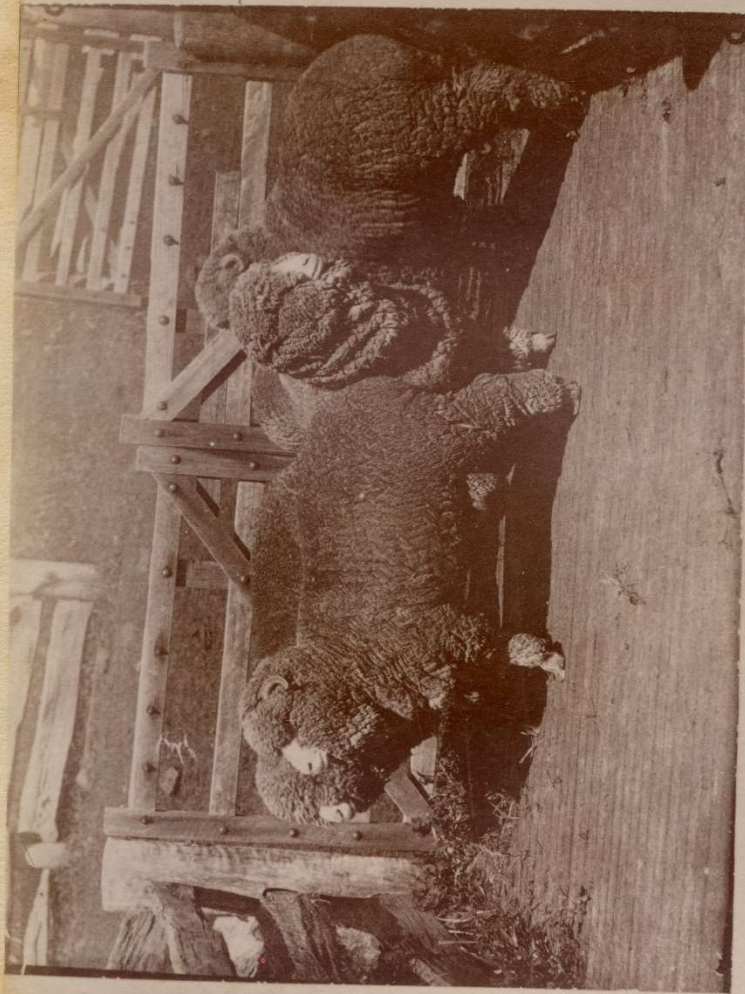
Second Prize Fed Ram Teow 1889.

Champion Ram at Yard Brisbane 1889

cut 10<sup>lb</sup> 11<sup>oz</sup> 365 days growth.

Prize Ram of Sir Arthur Hodgson's  
Bred from Eton Vale Stud Flock  
1887 & 1888.





### FINE COMBING

Second Prize Ewe

Toowoomba & Brisbane 1889

cut 15 1/2 lbs 355 days growth

Champion Ewe

Toowoomba & Brisbane 1889

cut 16 1/2 lbs 365 days growth

### STRONG COMBING

Champion Ewe

Toowoomba 1889

Second Prize Brisbane 1889

cut 15 1/2 lbs 355 days growth

Champion Ewe

Brisbane 1889

Second Prize Toowoomba 1889

cut 16 1/2 lbs 365 days growth

Prize Ewes  
Bred from same Flock  
1887 & 1888.





Botanical Gardens, Toowoomba 1900.





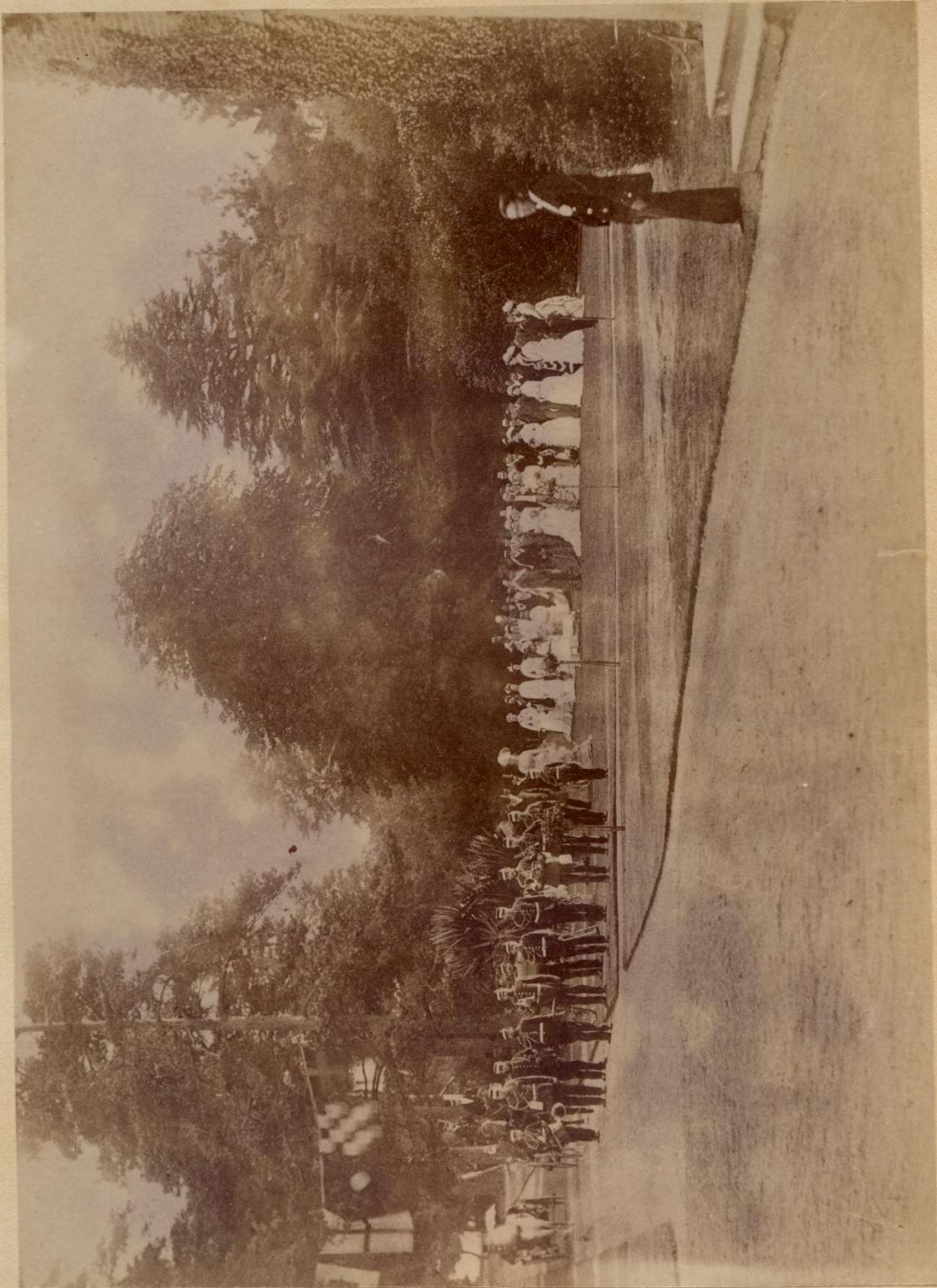
The Hon. John Watts,  
Minister of Works.





Mrs. Watts.





Norton Court Garden  
On the Wedding-day of the younger daughter of  
J. Watts, Esq. 1876.