

## Migrations in Burke

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BY CHRISTOPHUS.

As one rides along, now crossing a small plain, now plunging into a clump of gidya, again negotiating a dry billabong, behold on your left to the south the McKinley Range with the soldier's cap, a flat mountain encircled with a border of red stone, rising up conspicuously amidst its brother mountains. Camped that night with the manager of Strathfield, Mr. Bell, who is busy making a head-station in a well-sheltered situation about a dozen miles or so from Beaudesert. He had got a first-rate stockyard all but finished when we passed, and was busy pushing on his well. He had sunk 30ft., and was at rotten rock. The country now begins to be more thickly timbered, and there is a good deal of spinifex. We rode through some very wild-looking places, and camped on Bull's Run Creek. Next day camped at Fullerton River; country spinifex, well-timbered, and road abominably dusty. Reached Maitlands on the 2nd August, crossing the Williams River en route, and following day made the Cloncurry. On the road from Maitlands to Cloncurry, after passing through a wide flat plain, you commenced to ascend into the McKinley Ranges. From a distance, the mountains seem to be all running the same way, but when you get amongst them it is quite different—they seem to spread everywhere. After a stiff pull up a steep incline the horses in the spring cart were given a breather.

It was just where the telegraph line from Winton comes bowling over the plain and cuts straight on to the road at the first angle towards Cloncurry. The view was grand. You stood on a goodly elevation, all round you were blue mountains, immediately beneath for a few miles a thick girdle of dark trees, then the great boundless plain, and again a dark girdle. You can't beat nature. It was like drinking a glass of clear cold water on a sweltering summer's day. But now we rattle down another incline, and so on wend our way Cloncurry wards. At the **Gilded Rose** claim we stopped for dinner. I believe men here working on tribute for the proprietors, with the machinery they have got, can crush about 5 tons per diem, and average 1oz.1dwt. to the ton. They only crush about five days in a week, so I was informed. I was also informed by a very civil individual, who showed us all over the place, that he was confident they lost nearly as much as was obtained, owing to the machinery.