

This station is not Lances Promestation an outstation  
A water in a paddock by itself. For a married couple, a large  
house, one large room below, for men to get their meals in  
& one large one above, full of benches, fitted up for the use  
of the shepherds & shearers. A lean-to at the bank, benches  
for the cook & blacksmiths, & a cook room. A strong brick  
stone, two rooms. (splendid bricks) a brick forge, it  
would be an ornament to Etch. A splendid woolshed.  
a good store for wool above, the pens & skillions, & shearing  
pens fitted up in the main building, the wool press & sorting  
room, is a wing attached to the centre of the west side —  
every accommodation, they sheared 40,000 sheep last  
season. We arrived about 4 P.M. feed the horses & turned  
them adrift in the paddock. Had a good supper myself  
& retired to rest, in a bunk, I had a sheep skin to lie  
on, I did not undress, stuck my feet into a sack covered  
my shoulders with my oil coat, & so laid for the night  
as I forgot my blankets.

Sept 14. Monday, post. by L. O. N. & after 3 P.M. up early  
got in the horses, started on our way after breakfast  
about 8 a.m. we crossed the Wai-toti flat, it ought to  
be called the stony flat, a fitting name for it, for it is  
very stony. (Lances is about 11 miles from Heneggs.)

the Wai-toti gorge is about 6 miles from Lances, We reached  
there about half-past 10. The terrace of the Wai-toti is a  
steep, & there is a cutting cut, but very steep, I took off the  
leader, locked the rear wheel, & so steadied it down, just  
at the foot of the terrace, stands Taylor's wool shed, built  
of H. Cobb, & thatched with grass, divided into two, one to  
store wool in & the smaller has a hearth for any one to  
stop in. We unloaded & fed the horses, fried some bacon,  
& made tea & took a last repast together. Just at the back  
of the shed runs the Wai-toti, a rapid mountain stream  
now running gently murmuring along a level place &  
now rushing, roaring & foaming down, a rapid, warring  
war with the boulders, a little stunted bush here & there  
a picturesque stream.

We killed a weka just before I started, I bid them  
adein & wished them every success, turned my face  
homewards, a big sharp gince up the terrace. This  
is the same line taken by poor Wilcombe & Brown  
two surveyors, & both met with watery graves. I hope  
this party may fair better, Tailors station back 11 miles from  
here, near Lake Sumner, he has to pack all his wool  
11 miles to this shed, over a narrow bridle track, cut  
partly at his expense & partly by Government.