

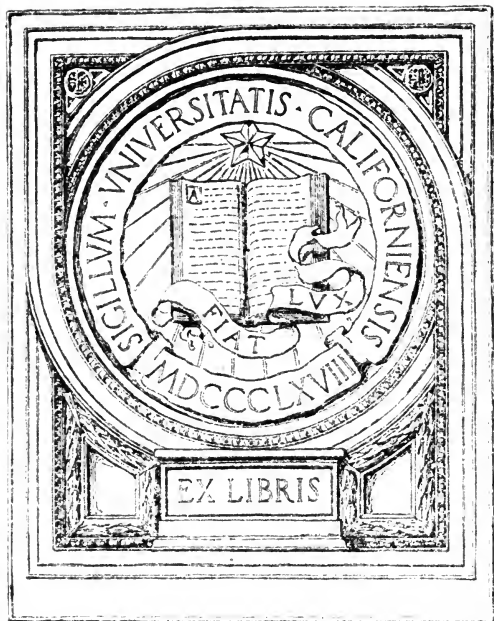
A THIRD *year*
OF A CENTURY
IN THE GOLD FIELDS.

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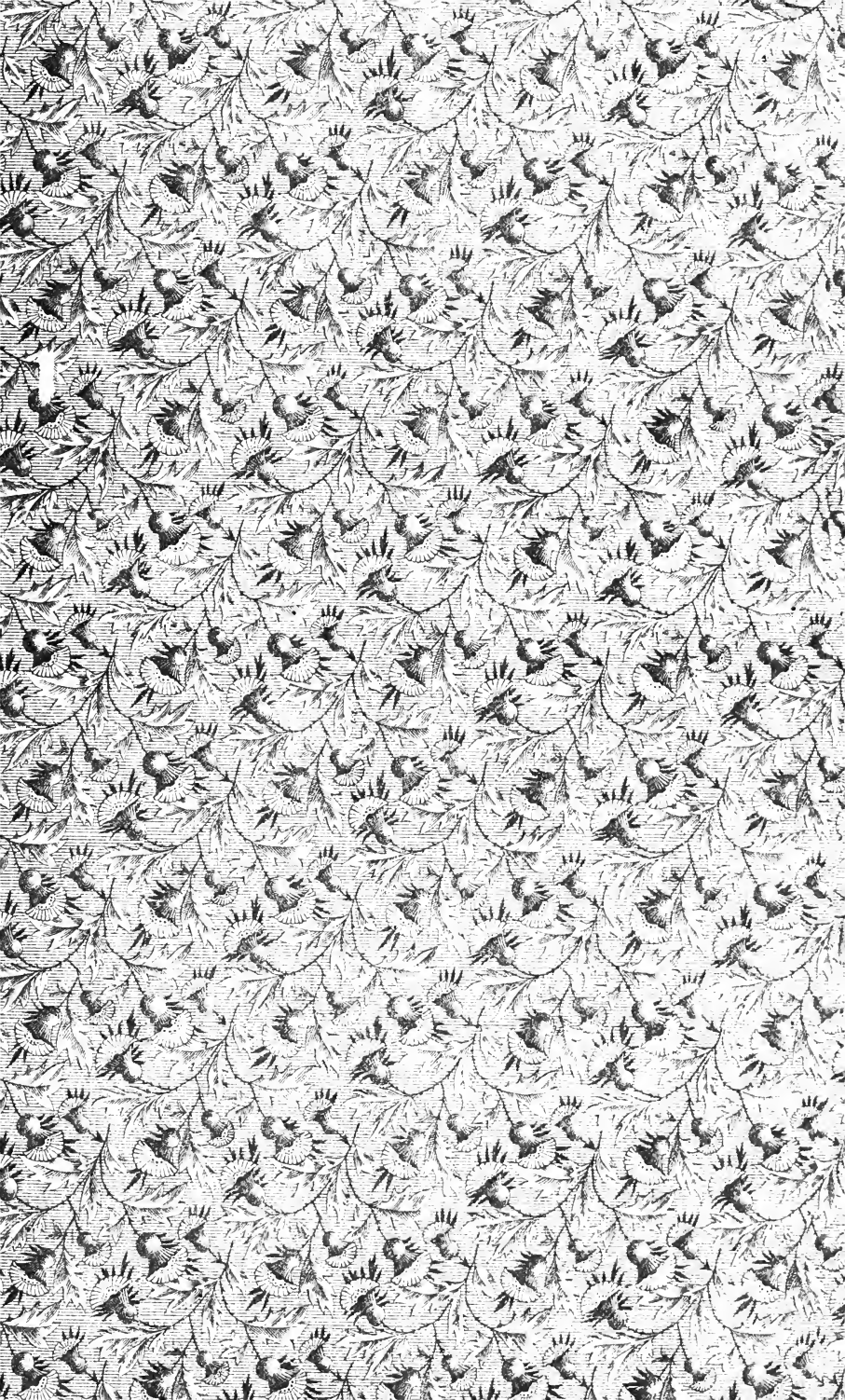
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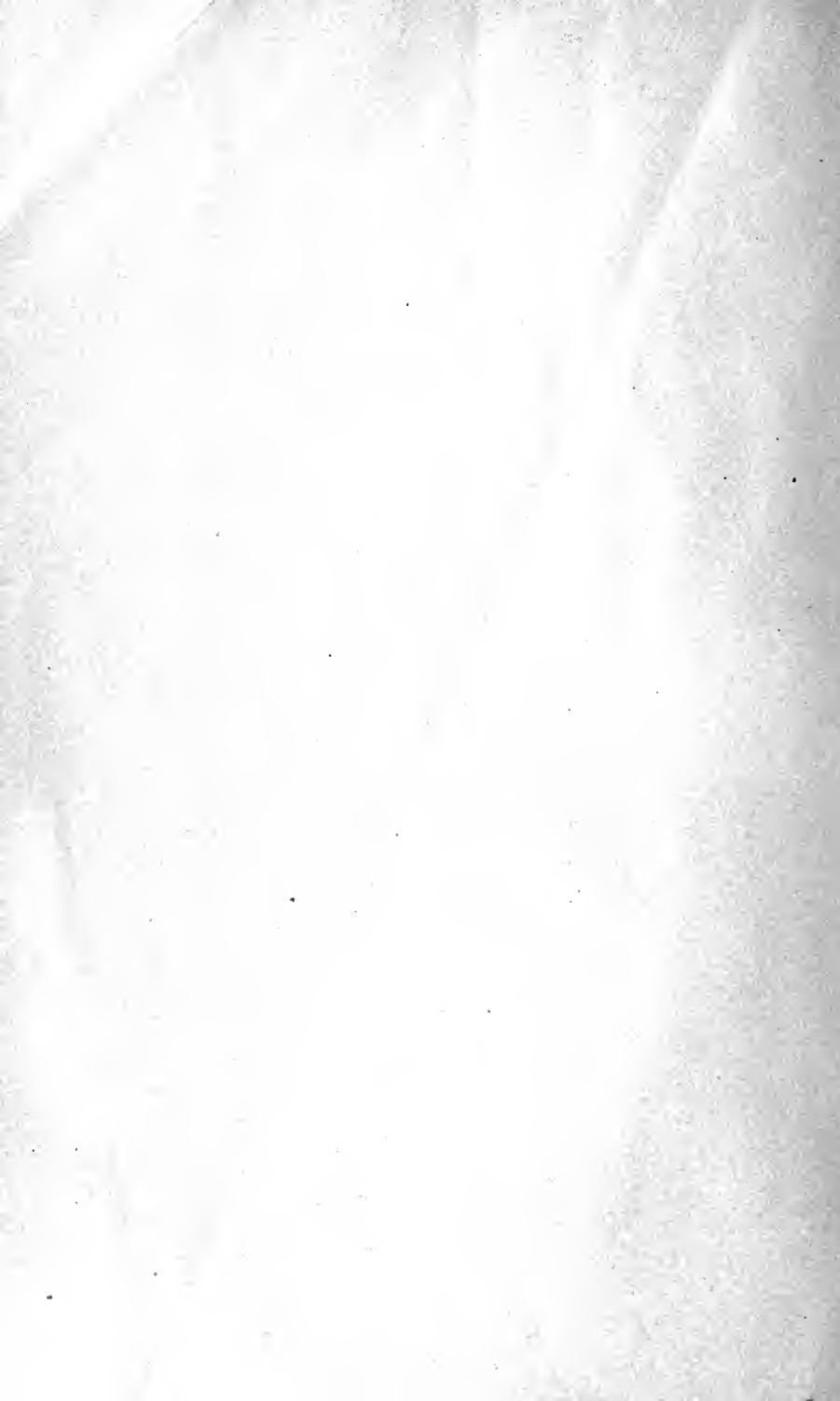
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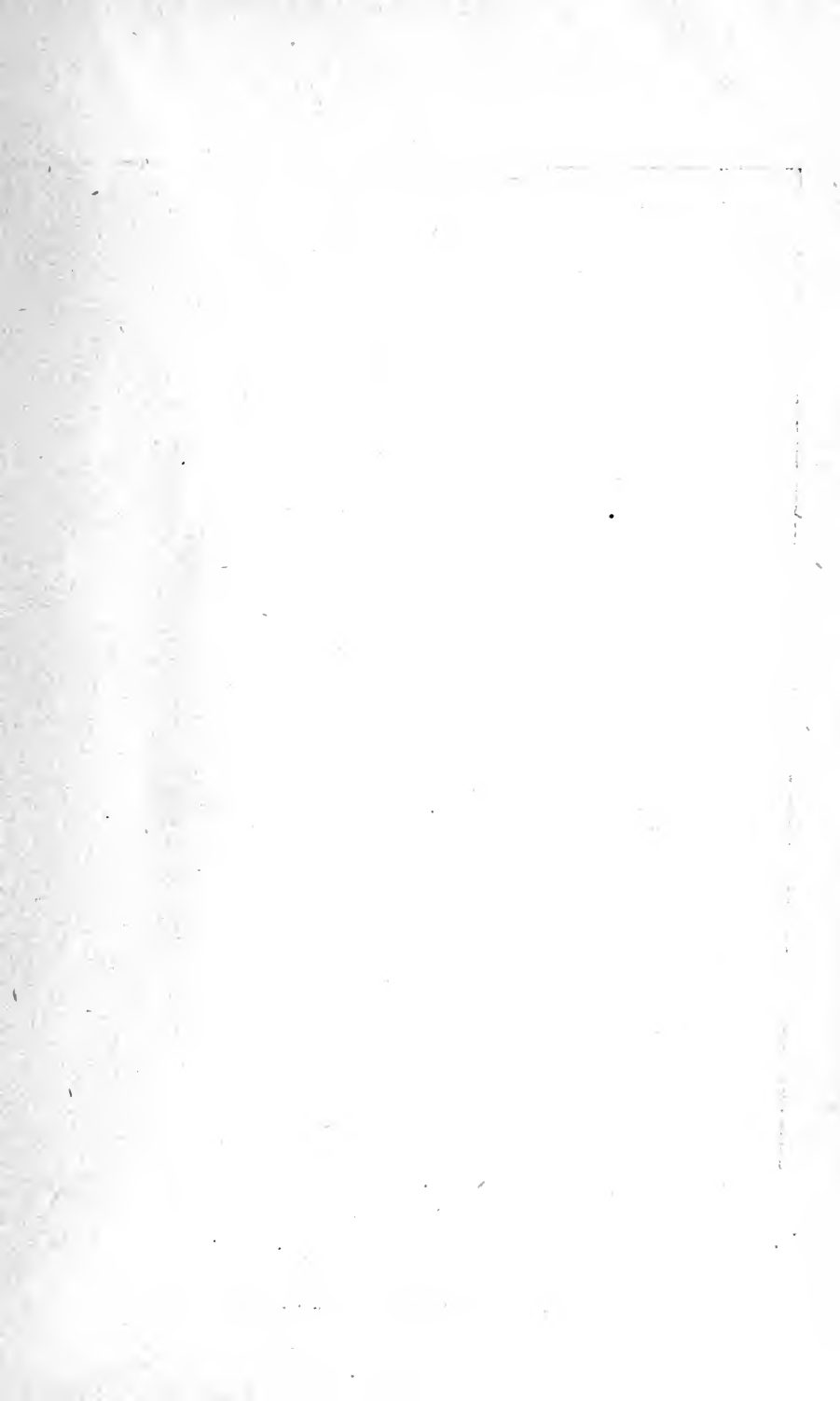
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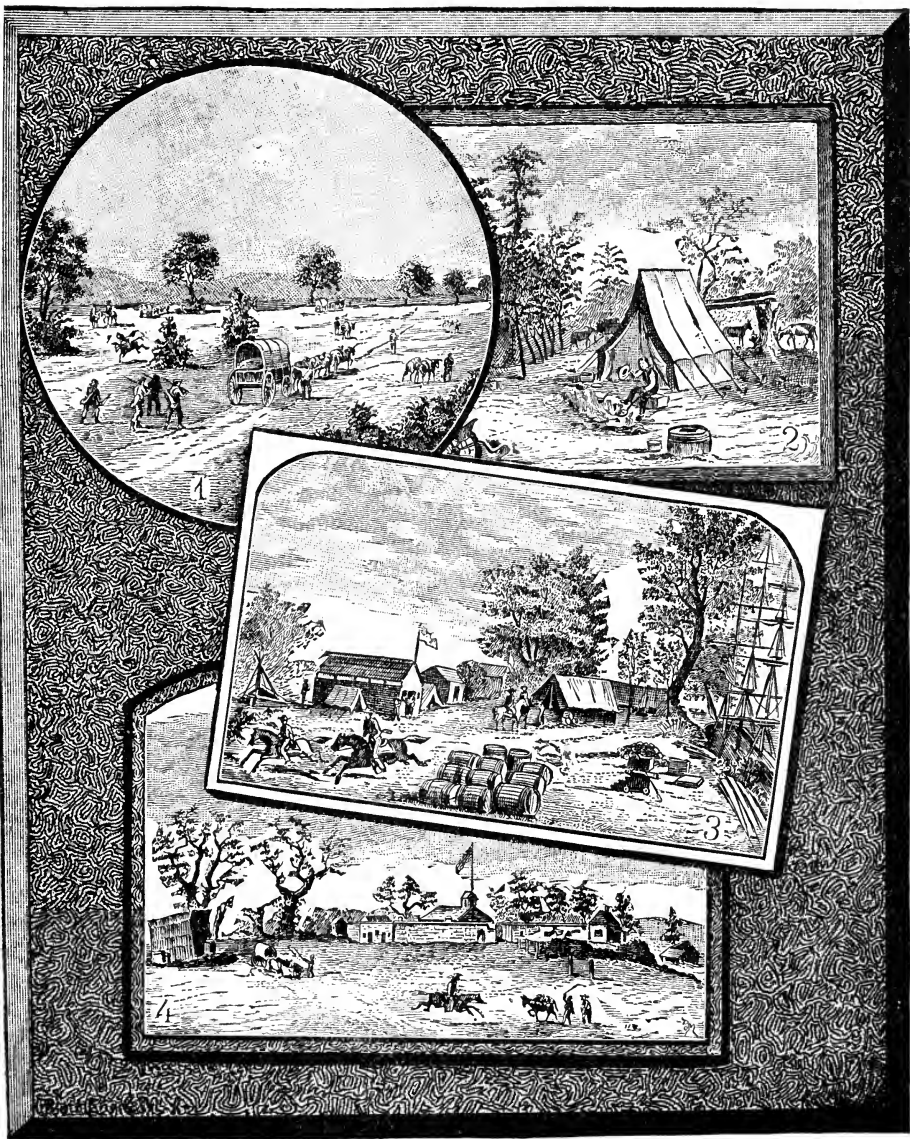




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I—ON THE WAY TO THE MINES IN 1849. II—A SCENE IN CAMP. III—LANDING THREE MILES BELOW SACRAMENTO CITY. IV.—SUTTER'S FAMOUS ADOBE FORT IN 1849.

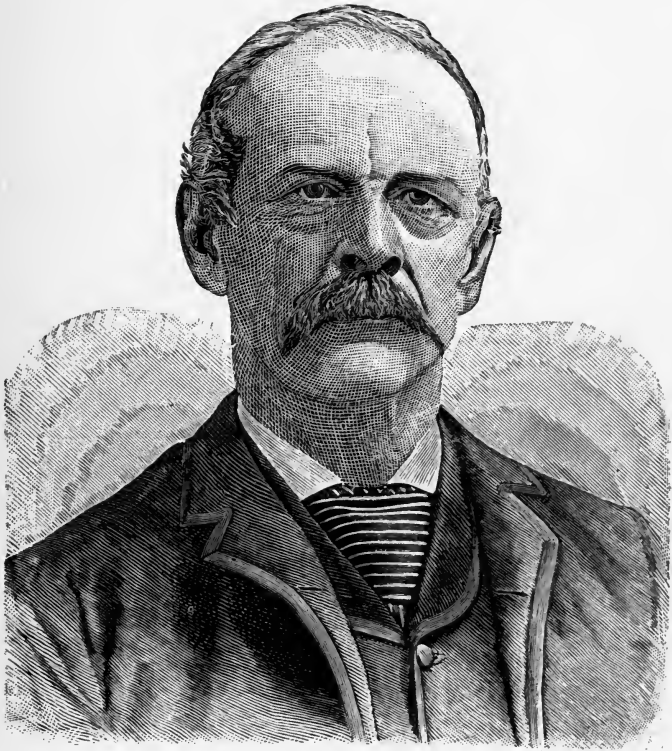
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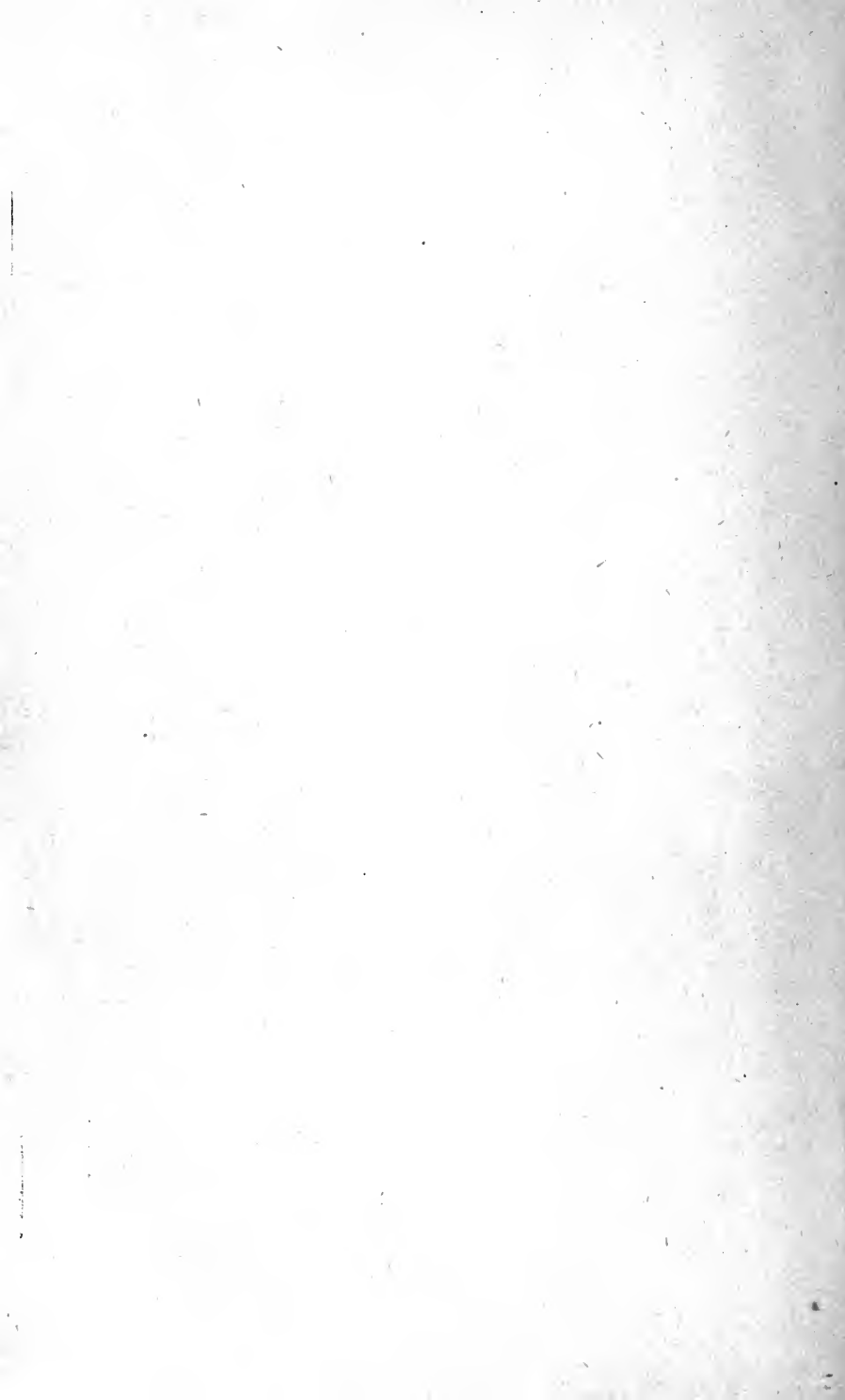
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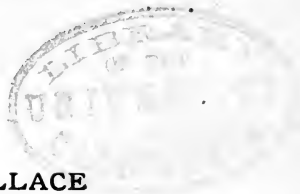


THE
Experiences of a Forty-niner
DURING
THIRTY-FOUR YEARS' RESIDENCE
IN
CALIFORNIA AND AUSTRALIA

BY
CHARLES D. FERGUSON

EDITED BY
FREDERICK T. WALLACE

CLEVELAND, OHIO:
THE WILLIAMS PUBLISHING COMPANY
1888



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INTRODUCTORY.

IT is a suggestive if not a significant coincidence, that the Hebrew historian of creation assigned to man a primitive abode in the now unknown Eden, watered in part by the lost Pison, embracing within its area the "land of Havilah, where there is gold," and making assurance doubly sure of the excellency of the mineral products of that country in the statement that "the gold of that land is good," besides abounding in bdellium and the onyx stone.

Gold, as the most precious and most highly prized of minerals, wrought into articles of personal adornment, coronal emblems of royalty, or as a medium in the commerce of nations, is prehistoric. The tombs of Egypt are now surrendering golden treasures and exquisite personal ornaments that once adorned the daughters of Pharaoh and the ladies of the Egyptian court, thousands of years before the golden calf was set up and worshiped in the valley before Sinai. The passion for the acquisition of gold is an inheritance from our remote ancestry of Havilah, surpassing in intensity the desire for any other mineral known to man. Gold is a familiar word, pervading all written history, sacred and profane; employed alike

by prophet, priest and king. And throughout sacred literature gold is the emblem of purity, and refined gold the standard of comparison with faith, hope and love.

When the author of Genesis wrote, the geographical locality of Havilah was doubtless well known to him and his readers, and was the source from which came the gold of prehistoric antiquity. Since the Havilah gold fields were worked, three great epochs of gold discovery have passed, each leaving its impress upon nations, states and social life. Like the course of empire, gold discoveries have been westward, until the circuit of the earth has been compassed. Neither in the Scriptures nor in the histories of the monarchies of the Euphrates, do we get but occasionally a faint glimpse of the industries of the people or the commercial character of the ancient nations; but all relates to the wars of rival sovereigns and religious ceremonies, and but for the brief allusion to the building of ships at Ezion-geber, by Solomon, which made three years' voyages to the unknown Ophir and returned freighted with gold, sandal-wood and peacocks, one would suppose his splendid reign consisted mainly in building a temple and writing songs. Nevertheless, his reign was manifestly one of great commercial enterprise. He was the first truly historical discoverer of a new gold field. It resulted in vast wealth to his empire and a royal fame which has come down to us surpassing that of all other oriental monarchs, the glories of which astonished the queen of Sheba, past whose royal dominions his ships had sailed out of the Red sea into mysterious waters, and returned laden with the wealth of Ormuz and of Ind. Jeru-

salem suddenly rose from an interior mountain village to a city of the first class, ranking with Tyre and Sidon and Damascus. With the gold of Ophir he built Tadmor in the wilderness, embellished the city, built the walls thereof, Millo, and a palace for his Egyptian wife, the daughter of Pharaoh.

Such as remember the news by the ship from "around the Horn," now just forty years ago, will not need to draw wholly upon their imagination for the effect produced by the return of the Ophir fleet, how Tyre and Sidon and the cities of Asia Minor, from Tarsus to Ephesus and Troy, were agitated by the news, how the lumbermen of Mount Lebanon and the artisans of Damascus were stricken with the Ophir fever, and were carried away in the next fleet that sailed.

Twenty-five hundred years later and two thousand miles further to the westward, in Spain, when the western ocean had relaxed its chains and a vast continent had appeared with cities, states and empires unheard of before Columbus—of an antiquity coeval with Egypt—Pizarro sent home to his sovereign millions in gold—spoils of the plundered Temple of the Sun in the empire of the Inca of Peru. Then from the Pillars of Hercules to the Pyrenees, and from the Tagus to the Ebro, the gold fever raged to a degree then unprecedented in history, resulting in voluntary emigration such as no other country ever experienced; the acquisition of a continent, and two hundred years of colonization, national prestige and sovereign grandeur. Finally the defeat of the Duke of Medina Sidonia and the destruction of the "invincible" Armada—loss of prestige

and of provinces, culminating in national decay. For more than two hundred years Peruvian gold, transported in the galleons of Spain, furnished the incentive to piracy and freebooting, so long the terror of the seas.

The passion for gold of the government of Spain and the higher ranks of its subjects was so intense as to eventuate in crimes and cruelties more terrible than ever before were perpetrated by civilized man upon a gentle and inoffensive people. Emigration from Spain to Mexico and Peru from 1492 for more than a hundred years, far surpassed that of England for the colonization of North America from 1607 for an equal length of time—the one inspired by gold, the other by liberty of conscience and the spirit of freedom.

But it was reserved to the middle of the nineteenth century to record the most wonderful discoveries of gold in the history of the human race. With California and Australia so recent and familiar to all, the record of discovery would seem to be forever closed. These two simultaneous events not only deeply affected the commercial and social institutions of America and Europe, but brought into existence great states and an ocean empire whose places on the map of the world theretofore had been designated only as territory unexplored.

It is yet within the memory of the middle-aged how intensely the country was agitated, when, in 1848, the news came of the discovery of gold in California. Not even the late civil war occupied the public mind more than did the golden regions of the Pacific coast for several years. Emigration thereto instantly set in, each individual inspired by

hopes of acquisition of a portion of the rich deposits, which for multitude was beyond comprehension and almost beyond belief. It is doubtful if there was a city, village or rural town in the United States that was unrepresented in California or Australia during the first five years of the golden age of those countries.

Of the vast multitude who sought those lands hundreds and probably thousands never reached them, but whose unknown graves dot the plains, whose bones lie scattered upon the deserts, or rest among the coral reefs of the Pacific ocean. The spirit of adventure pervaded old and young alike, and the gray-haired man and the beardless boy were partners and companions in that most hazardous enterprise of the age.

In this volume is sought to be recorded something of the personal experiences during a third of a century of one among the thousands of Ohio boys who were "out in the forty-nine." The pleasant town of Aurora was his home. He has related in the following narrative his youthful aspirations and the circumstances attending his departure. The editor assumes the responsibility of an allusion to him personally, and to his ancestry very briefly, that the reader of his narrative may be confirmed in the truth of the saying that "blood will tell." In the battle of Culloden, where "Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain," his Scotch great-grandfather fell. The son of the ancient hero, John Ferguson, at the age of sixteen years became a voluntary exile in France, and came to America with Lafayette, served through the Revolution, was captain of a company, and at the close

of the war settled in Blandford, Massachusetts. His son, Samuel H. Ferguson, at the age of twenty came to Ohio and settled in Aurora, where he married Julia Forward, daughter of Judge Forward who settled there in 1803, and sister of Honorable Walter Forward, secretary of the treasury of the United States, in the cabinet of President Harrison. She dying, he subsequently married Anna McKinney, a widowed lady, whose mother was Anna Holly of Litchfield, Connecticut, and sister of Honorable John Mattocks, one of the early senators of the United States, for that state. Mr. Charles D. Ferguson, whose experiences are related in this volume, is the son of Samuel H. Ferguson by his second marriage. He is still, at the age of fifty-five years, a gentleman of restless activity, energy of character and high spirit, and the reader will not fail to discover in the following pages something of his mental capacity, Scottish prudence and intelligent foresight, blended with and supplemented by the bravery and gallant bearing of a Roderick Dhu.

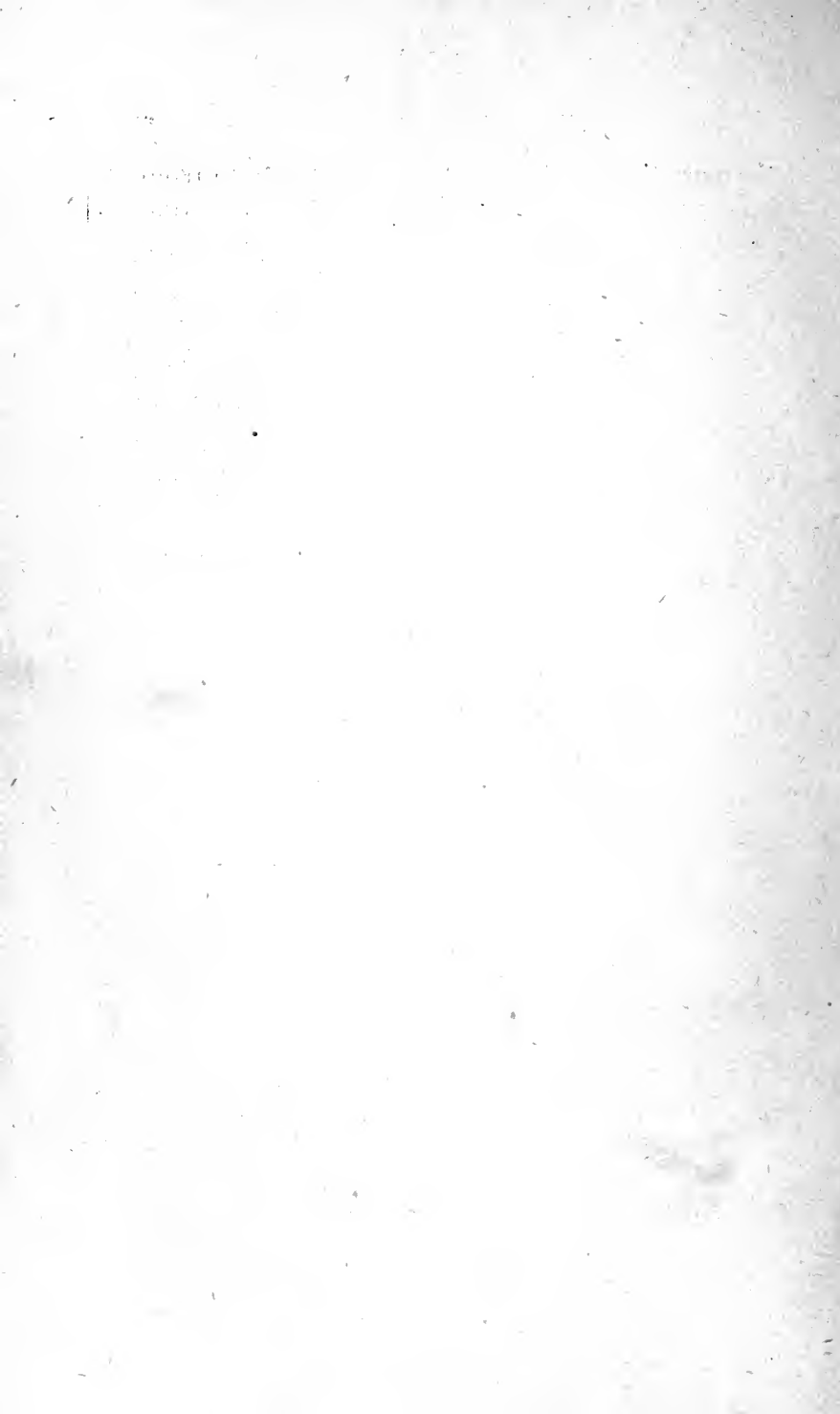
In the preparation of the pages of this book the editor has had the benefit of very ample notes, recently made by the narrator from memory, he never having kept a written diary, and of many personal interviews. In yielding to the importunities of many to put a few of his experiences into readable form, he has constantly insisted that no exaggerations shall be indulged in, and nothing stated but the simple truth.

As all or nearly all of the events and incidents relate to matters personal to himself or within his own observation, the editor has deemed it but natural and proper

that the narrative should take the form of the first person. And now without apology, excuse or further explanation the reader is respectfully referred to the narrative of one whose experiences for a third of a century have been, to say the least, remarkable, if not unprecedented, in individual history since Marco Polo, at the age of seventeen, left his palatial home in Venice, traversed the continent of Asia, passed over the Himalaya mountains and crossed the desert of Gobi, to the court and empire of Kublai Khan, now just six hundred years ago.

F. T. WALLACE.

CLEVELAND, January, 1888.





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CHAPTER I.

GOLD EXCITEMENT, 1848 — INSPIRATION AND PLANS — CONSENT OF PARENTS — DISAPPOINTMENT — RENEWED HOPE — VISIT TO ILLINOIS — EMBARKING AT CLEVELAND FOR CHICAGO — INCIDENTS OF THE VOYAGE — WINTER AT OTTAWA — A RELAPSE OF THE GOLD FEVER — AN OTTAWA COMPANY — JOURNEY TO ST. LOUIS — NEGRO MELODY — PURCHASES AND PASSAGE TO ST. JOSEPH.

AMONG the many thousands who, in 1848, were excited to the verge of lunacy on the arrival of the news from "around the Horn," announcing the discovery of gold by Marshall, at Sutter's mill, on American river, California, the relater of the events and experiences recorded in this book was one. Visions of gold excited my brain. It was not the gold alone, but an awakening of a strong desire of adventure which had pervaded my spirit from a small school-boy taking my first lesson in geography. Foreign countries marked upon the pages of the little school atlas were fascinating, and many were the pictures I drew in my youthful imagination of some future time when, by travel, I should know more of the world. How I did envy Captain Cook and Robinson Crusoe, the latter especially. I remember one day resting with my brother under the shade of a tree near our old Ohio homestead when a sedate gentleman rode by on

horseback. "Do you know that man?" said my brother. I said no. "That is Judge Eben Newton," said my brother, "and he is what I will be some day. What will you be?" asked my brother. "I will be a traveler," said I, "and see the world." It is a strange coincidence that the two lads under the shade tree reached, respectively, the height of his boyish ambition—I to my heart's content.

There were numerous other boys in our neighborhood who had the gold fever, caught, doubtless, in some instances, from me, for it was surely "catching." Many were the evenings we got together and laid our plans. There was not a newspaper that had an item about gold that was not learned by heart, and great pains taken to enlarge and embellish the accounts to our parents. When I succeeded in getting my dear old father's and mother's consent to let me go, I was the proudest boy in Ohio. Pictures of untold wealth nearly drove me wild. This, however, was but for a short period, for, as the time drew near for my departure, my parents suddenly changed their minds. I was too young, they said, to go out into the world of temptations, and especially among the Indians. My heart sank ten degrees below zero, but it was of no use; the old people had settled it, and go I should not. But to conciliate my wounded spirit and recompense me for my disappointment, they agreed that I might go and visit Doctor George W. McKinney, a half-brother, living at Ottawa, Illinois. I grasped the situation. Now was my chance, and I was determined not to throw it away. I appeared to be satisfied with the arrangement and soon left home, little thinking that thirty-four years would pass away

before I should return, and then to find that other hands than mine had to assist in laying my aged and gray-haired parents in their quiet rural graves, and that, too, many long years before their seemingly thoughtless but not unfeeling son returned. O, how many sleepless nights, how many anxious hours they have waited and waited for my return! My dear old mother's dying words were: "Tell Charles I have waited and waited until I can wait no longer, and only hope to meet him in Heaven." Heaven rest her soul. May her joys surpass the sorrows I caused her here upon earth.

It was in the month of September, 1849, when, at the age of seventeen years, I bade good-by to father, mother and friends, and repaired to Cleveland where I embarked on the lake steamer *A. D. Patchen* for Chicago. It was late in the season, the weather generally rough, and my trip was not an exception, unless it was unusually rough, which I think it was, since I have experienced many severe storms on the ocean hardly more severe. Had I been on shore, and safe at home, I would have been content to remain there and let gold-seeking go to David Jones' locker. But that feeling soon vanished after arriving at Chicago. It was, however, not the Chicago of to-day, for I think the population did not exceed seventeen thousand. Among the incidents of this lake voyage was one on Lake Huron. There were many clergymen passengers on board who were on their return from a conference at Buffalo. In the midst of the storm Captain Whitaker passed through the saloon in a great hurry, when the ministers accosted him to know if there was any danger? "Danger! Yes, we will

all be in h—l together in less than ten minutes!" The ministers united in both audible and silent prayer till the storm abated. A passenger came aboard at some port near the head of Lake Michigan. He had been left by some other boat the day before. He was intoxicated, and after supper walked out on the hurricane deck and fell overboard. The engine was stopped and boats lowered, but to no purpose; the poor fellow had sunk to rise no more, unless at the final resurrection. His wife came aboard at Chicago to look for him. But, alas, no husband was there, and the only memento she obtained was his hat. Thus ended my first voyage on the inland seas.

From Chicago to Ottawa, eighty miles by canal, took twenty-four hours, which is now accomplished by rail in less than three. At Ottawa I found the gold excitement as intense, if not more so, than in Ohio; so there was no hope for my recovery from the fever, since I had already relapsed from the first attack, and doctors say a relapse is more liable to be fatal than the first attack. I found it so in my case. There is no disease or desire on earth so contagious as the gold fever. There is no asylum for the patient and no physician who can minister to a mind thus diseased.

My mind was made up to go to California and nothing but death could stop me. But how to get away was the only thing that troubled me. I had spent my money rather freely among my brother's friends, to whom in a short time I had become quite warmly attached, and who in compliment to my cheerful intercourse with them, unani- mously voted me a "chip of the old block," however that

may be interpreted. Most of them are dead now (1887). A few remain in Ottawa. Arthur Lockwood is still there. William Earle now lives at La Salle, Colorado, I believe, though I have not seen him since my return to this country. Doctor Thomas, another of my early Ottawa friends, lives in Samanock, La Salle county, Illinois, and whom I recently had the pleasure of visiting. Others, if they still live, are scattered and distributed among the great states of the west, and whom I shall never probably meet again on earth.


How to approach my brother on the subject of going to California was a perplexing matter to me. Soon, however, a favorable moment came. Winter had nearly gone, and spring was approaching with all its suggestiveness of activity and labor. One day my brother asked me what I intended to do. My courage failed me when put to the test. I answered, of course, that I did not know. He made me several offers, and suggested several fields of enterprise which almost any young man, in less excitable times, would have deemed advantageous and fortunate, but all of which I declined. My apparent indifference to his every suggestion doubtless seemed to him to indicate either stupidity or ingratitude, and he was justly provoked when he passionately said: "What in h—l do you want to do?" My brother's indignation inspired me with boldness. This was my opportunity, and I improved it by saying in the most frank and respectful manner possible, that I wanted to go to California. He made no reply, but called his wife and said to her: "This young man wants to go to California," and without waiting for her even to express her astonish-

ment, he told her to pack my things and let me go. She pleaded with me for my mother's sake, but to no purpose. I was going now, and no mistake.

There were three others of Ottawa friends of Doctor Thomas and pleasant acquaintances of mine, who were making arrangements to go, and I entered into an agreement to join them. All things being ready, and considering delays dangerous, we were anxious to be off at once. So on the fourteenth of March, 1850, we left Ottawa for Peru, where we were to take steamer for St. Louis. We found a steamer about ready to run down the Illinois river. The captain of the *Ocean Wave*, for such was its imposing name, remembered, doubtless, by many even unto this day, agreed to take ourselves, four in number, four horses and a wagon to St. Louis, for the modest sum of twenty-four dollars. The only stop we made on our trip down the river of any considerable length of time was at Peoria, and I shall ever remember this place for the pleasant impressions it made upon my mind. Even at this early day it was quite imposing—a magnificent place. I had never seen then, nor have I since, a place where nature had been so lavish in her endowments to make a beautiful city. I have thought of it and spoken of it many times in foreign lands, as the loveliest little town I ever saw. We arrived in St. Louis on the eighteenth of March, where the *Ocean Wave* was made fast in her place and we disembarked. Here I was impressed with the vast number of steamers along the levee. It seemed to me they numbered thousands. For miles along the levee they lay three and four deep. The sugar and cotton steamers belonging to the lower Missis-

sippi were readily distinguished from those of the upper Mississippi. The hands on board the former were all negroes. When night came they would all assemble around the capstan, and one would lead off in a song, the others would join in, the next boat's crew would take it up, and so on until the whole was one grand concert from one end of the levee to the other. Since then I have listened to fashionable operas, and heard renowned prima-donnas, but never have I heard the human voice utter such sweetness and melody as then and there came from the lips of the dusky boatmen of the Mississippi.

We placed our horses in a livery on Third street and took up our quarters at a hotel on the same street, the name of which I have forgotten. I only remember it was the best hotel then in St. Louis. I always have had a weakness that way when traveling to patronize the best, which I have always found cheapest in the end. Besides, if one puts up at a respectable house, he has the advantage of better associations, and many times, especially if he is a stranger, it may possibly lead him in the way of business, if, perchance, he may be a second Micawber, waiting for something to turn up. Our first necessity incident to the great, laborious and hazardous enterprise of traversing the almost unknown interior of the continent, its vast plains, great rivers, and dangerous and doubtful passes, and terrific cañons of the Rocky mountains, was to purchase a stock of provisions. This consisted chiefly of bacon, flour, hardtack, tea, coffee and sugar. Two quarts of No. 6 extract of cayenne pepper was deemed a necessity, as was also a gallon of the best brandy pro-



curable. Each purchased a Colt's revolver with ample accompaniments for the special benefit of the Indians, and which we afterwards and on many occasions, found to be a very potent and influential Indian persuader.

Our next business was to look for a steamer bound for St. Joseph, some three hundred miles up the Missouri river. This was not a very difficult task, as there were many along the upper levee all ready to start, and each one offered the best advantages, and each was represented to arrive there in the shortest possible time. I may here remark that these river steamers had each its own particular route and river waters. Those which ply on the Illinois river do not run on the Mississippi, only to St. Louis, and the Missouri steamers come down only to the same city, and the great cotton and sugar transports and passenger boats of the lower Mississippi do not ply above the same point. It was somewhat difficult to decide upon a boat among so many and all holding out pleasant inducements, but we finally made our selection and paid our passage—six dollars each—which also covered the transportation of our horses, wagon, provisions and provender. It was the best and cheapest contract we could make, as we thought then, but the sequel failed to confirm our opinion.

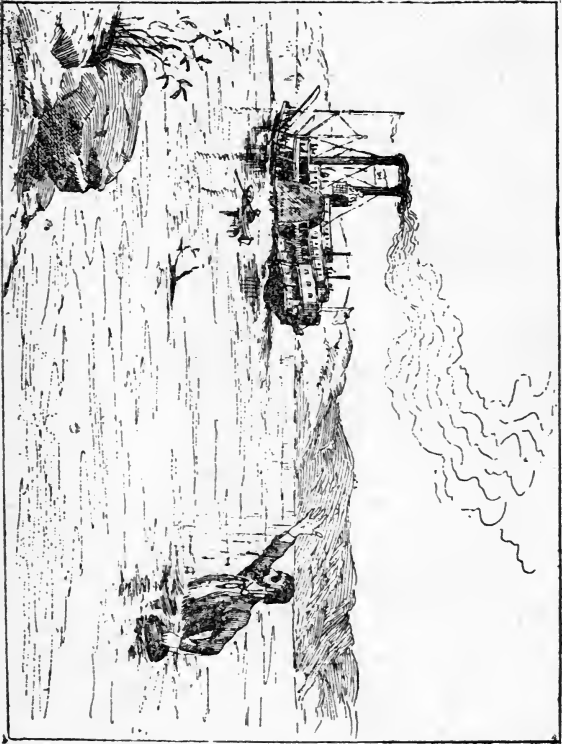
CHAPTER II.

STEAMER "ORIENT"—PASSENGERS A HARD LOT—THIEF KNOCKED OVERBOARD—COMPLIMENTED BY THE CAPTAIN—INDEPENDENCE AND ST. JOSEPH—OLD FORT KEARNEY—FIRST CAMP—DROWNED OUT—CROSSING THE MISSOURI—SALT CREEK, NOW LINCOLN, NEBRASKA—A SANTA FÉ POST RIDER—PARTY OF PAWNEES—DEER SHOOTING—A MAN WITH A WHEELBARROW.

WE were now treading the deck of the *Orient*. The charm of the name seemed to surpass that of the *Ocean Wave*, but when we got fairly under way, and even before we entered upon the long stretch of the Missouri, and took a survey of our numerous companions of the voyage, the romance and poetry suggested by the names of western river steamers vanished. I have traveled some since, but never have I fell in with such a congregation of self-conceited, ignorant, disagreeable and annoying lot of passengers as crowded the *Orient*. I do not believe another such lot ever got together. Others have related to me similar experiences, but not a single instance could hold a candle to this experience of my own.

I have always observed, when thrown among people that were ignorant, rough and mean, that they were jealous of those whom they considered better informed and better behaved and who were, in fact, their superiors. Such

will form cliques among themselves for the purpose of insulting or annoying you. It is on their part an unconscious acknowledgment of your superiority. Such was the class of passengers we had on board the steamer *Orient*. To begin with, they were the worst set of petty thieves I ever knew. They very early set to work to rob our four Canadian ponies of their feed. Our bales of hay diminished rapidly and the mangers were robbed. At last I caught one of them taking the hay from the ponies. I remonstrated with him, but he only laughed and made fun of me. The others gathered around and jeered and laughed, told me to go home to my mother. I was told by one to hold my tongue, or he would throw me overboard. My young blood was a little stirred at such a threat, and I challenged him to try it, and sure enough he collared me. He did not think of throwing me over, but only to frighten me, expecting I would beg off, when they would have the laugh on me. But he misjudged the Ohio boy. We clinched, and struggling out by the aft gangway, near the wheel, it being a side-wheeler, I gave a sudden turn and loosed myself from him, and at the same moment planted my fist full and fairly in his face with such energy as my then unpracticed fighting muscle admitted of, and he fell back and overboard. I confess I felt a little frightened, but the water was not more than three feet deep, and when I saw him standing on his feet in the middle of the river, my equanimity was fully restored. The boat stopped, a skiff was lowered, and the man was soon picked up and brought aboard. His nose was bleeding and he was crestfallen. Knowing that such a class of men are



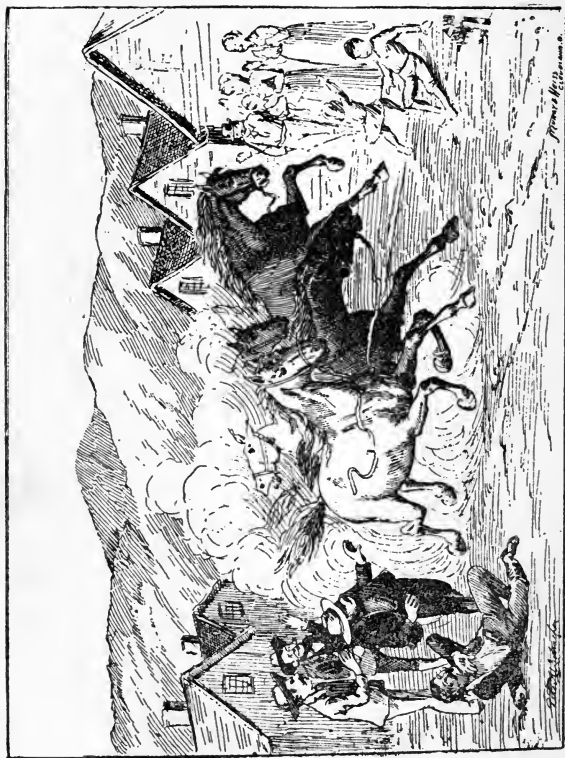
THE THIEF KNOCKED OVERBOARD.

invariably cowards, and that even a little swagger will command their respect, I therefore notified his friends who wished to take a bath to avail themselves of my services, then and there—adding that it was no unusual thing for me to throw a man or two overboard every morning, to give myself an appetite for breakfast. When the captain learned how matters stood, he told them if any more of them were caught stealing and got thrown overboard, he would not stop to pick them up. After this oration from the captain, he, turning to me, said: “Come on, youngster, with me and take a drink.” I did not taste strong drink in those days, but I thanked the captain and respectfully declined his proffered civility. All this, however, had its influence. The ponies were no more robbed of their provender, and, as for my partners and myself, we were treated with civility during the remainder of the trip. It is a lamentably strange peculiarity of mind of this class of people that they will respect you only when they fear you. Trust them and deal gently and kindly with them, as one man should with another, and in return they will insult you, annoy you, and plunder you.

Our progress was rather slow, as the current of the Missouri changes almost daily, and it is impossible for a pilot to know the current from one day to another, and hence we were obliged to tie up every night. Our first stopping place for the discharge of passengers was at Independence, where the worst of the lot were let off, much to our comfort and relief. On our arrival at St. Joseph, we bade farewell to the *Orient* and the remainder of its uncompanionable emigrants. We were much disappointed

at the appearance of this then famous town. It was talked about almost as much as St. Louis, both before and after we were on our way to it. Our ideas of its size and importance had been greatly exaggerated, but no one could tell us anything definite about it more than I could tell them, which was just nothing at all. It was, however, important in the sense of being the last frontier town on the east bank of the Missouri, in the northwest corner of the state. Old Fort Kearney, about one hundred miles up the river, and on its west bank, was the only name then known on the map. All the great interior passed under the general name of Nebraska. The great states and territories now familiar to us, carved from that vast region between the upper Missouri and the Rocky mountains, was but the home of the red man and the range of the buffalo. Most of the houses of St. Joseph were but little temporary huts. There were a very few passably good buildings. The population would not exceed seven hundred. There had been many arrivals before us, and all were waiting for the grass to grow before launching out upon the plains. Many did not attempt the journey until the first of May.

Our horses having been on board the *Orient* for several days, were as pleased as ourselves at once more getting on land, and were not long in showing it, for one of them, by some carelessness, got away and started out on his own account to take in the town. The other three seeing him enjoying such unwonted freedom, became suddenly inspired with the spirit of liberty and broke loose. St. Jo, as the place is always called, for short, suddenly advanced



PONIES TAKING IN ST. JO.

from a one-horse town to a four-horse city. The four Canadian ponies created more excitement than the town had ever before been wrought up to. Every man, woman and child were out to lend a hand in catching them, but all to no purpose; the ponies were going to have their time out—and they did. When they were through, all four deliberately walked into the nearest livery-stable and took their places in vacant stalls. I have often since thought it would be a good way to advertise horses, for the dealer to turn his whole stock loose in town and let them show themselves, for certainly no frontier town ever saw a grander sight than those four Canucks, with flowing manes, arched necks and expanded nostrils, taking in the sights and enjoying the freedom of the infant city of St. Jo. We had half the town at the stables to see the ponies. The offers made for them were without number. One hundred dollars apiece, and even much higher. It would have been a good stroke of business if we had sold and gone back to Detroit and bought more, as they cost only forty dollars a head there, and fifteen to land them in St. Jo.

After getting what information we could respecting routes and river crossings, and making a few purchases, we concluded to pull out, and the next day started up the river on the east side, for Council Bluffs, about one hundred and fifty miles distant. Our reasons for taking this more northern route instead of going directly west, was that there were some settlements on that side of the river, and we could obtain hay and corn of the farmers much cheaper than at St. Jo. We needed it then, as grass had not yet started; besides the distance was not much, if any, greater

than crossing the river at St. Jo, and taking the Indian territory, as it was then called.

Our first day's land journey was uneventful, but favorable, and we made about twenty-five miles, pitched our tents on the bottom land near a small creek; fed the ponies; cooked our supper; told stories; talked over our plans for the hundredth time; made our bed and turned in, as happy as so many bugs in a rug. It was my first experience of genuine camping out. I had only before had knowledge of amateur camping out, when a few of us lads would make a night of it in some one of the many great sugar camps around my Ohio home, where we would boil sap, "sugar off," and sleep but little; yet how much of happiness was there, and real fun, for otherwise lonely country boys.

But now we had entered upon the nightly necessities of camping in real earnest, and we were prepared to enjoy it after our day's journey, with the excitements and novelties of our new life, and were soon asleep. We had no premonitory dreams of what we had got to endure before our campings should become a history and a memory. About two o'clock we were awakened by water coming in upon us and into our bed, for we were sleeping on the ground. We hastily got ourselves out of our blankets and found that the whole flat was one sheet of water, and still rising. Dressing as soon as possible, we harnessed the ponies, hitched them to the wagon, and undertook to find high ground. But this was more easily planned than executed. The flat was wide, the night was dark, and just as we were coming to high ground there was a low swale at the

foot of the hill with still deeper water, into which the ponies plunged and were soon floundering in bogs and mud. All was dark and in confusion, it rained hard, and all four of us were in the deep and muddy water, trying to loosen and extricate the floundering ponies. We finally got out of the slough with the ponies. Morning came at last, though it seemed long in coming, and showed us a sad and crestfallen party, looking out over a dreary waste of water where we had camped but a few hours before. "This is awful," said one; "I wish I was back home again." However, we soon hitched up again and got our wagon out, which we had been compelled to leave in the slough, and pulled out for a farm-house which we saw about a mile off, and where we got a good warm breakfast and plenty of hot coffee, all for the modest sum of ten cents each. Here we spent the whole forenoon drying our clothes and bedding, when we again set out rejoicing, but with less exalted notions of camping on creek bottoms. We arrived on the fourth day at a little town called Lebanon, consisting of a grocery, a blacksmith shop, a hay-stack and one man, who was proprietor and manager of the whole business. There were about a dozen people there patronizing the grocery and drinking its bad whiskey. Here we met two men, who told us they were camped on the other side of the Missouri, waiting for a few more to join them before starting out. We liked the appearance of the men, who said their party consisted of twenty persons, and our party added would make the proper complement, and urged us to join them. We consented to join them. The ferry-boat, they said, would charge us twenty dollars for crossing with

our wagon and four horses, but that they had a contract for fifteen dollars, and when they went back they would tell the boatman that more of their party were coming, and to be ready to take us over in the morning. Sometimes, they said, it took a whole day to cross, and much depended on the wind, for if it blew up the river they could not cross at all, but must wait a calm or reverse wind. We promised if the wind was favorable to be at the river the next morning.

In the meantime, we concluded we wanted another horse, and seeing the men at the grocery had one that suited us, we asked the price. One hundred dollars was the sum asked. We offered seventy-five dollars, which they declined. But when they saw we were going to give up the idea of purchasing at their price, their horse-trading thermometer dropped rapidly several degrees, and until it stood at seventy dollars, when we closed the bargain. The horse was a good one, and rather than not have got him we should have given the sum first named. But I was not so young and inexperienced in buying and selling horses in Ohio, as not to know the advantages of a little finesse in such negotiations. We then bought twenty-five bushels of corn of the grocery man, and loaded up ready for a start the next morning. When morning came, the wind blew down the river, and that settled the point. The wind was our weather-cock for once. Arriving at the river, we found everything in readiness for crossing, and the men from the other side were there to help us over. We crossed without accident or delay, and went directly up to their camp, where we met as fine a party of young men as ever

got together. But, poor fellows, little did they know what they had got to encounter or endure within the next three months, and little did they dream that in nine months every one of them would sleep the long sleep that knows no waking.

Our new camp consisted of some abandoned log huts, originally built during the Mexican war, and was called, I think, Old Fort Kearney. There was a dozen or more of them, and our original party took up its quarters in one and stabled our ponies in another. Our new friends had been camping there about a week before our arrival. The following morning being the first of April, we broke camp and pulled out on our long and tedious journey. We were all very heavily loaded, principally with horse feed. Some of the boys had two wagons, one being loaded with corn. We expected to find plenty of green grass before a week's time, but in that we were doomed to disappointment, for the season proved to be much later than usual. There was at first much doubt about our little Canadian ponies standing the journey, with the large American horses, especially such fine ones as the others of our party had, for I think they were the finest lot I ever saw. They had all been selected for the special purpose of crossing the plains. Many had brought them from home and their own farm, where they had been raised and where they had fed and groomed them preparatory to this great journey. They looked upon our ponies as poor little, weak, rural scrubs, in comparison to theirs. We felt a little unhappy that they should depreciate our humble team, but we had to put up with it, only replying that

time would test the comparative merits of the stock. And surely it did, for in less than a month there was not a horse in the party but they would have exchanged for the poorest of our ponies. The American horses had always been stabled and groomed and had plenty of the best hay and grain, while ours had lived a rough life, and never knew stable or grain until we got them. Since then we had taken the best of care of them and had given them all they could eat, so they had started on the journey with good heart. A quart of corn a day to ours was as good as four quarts to theirs, and when their corn was exhausted we had still a good supply, although they had twice as much when we started. On the second day we camped on Salt creek, where Lincoln, the capital of Nebraska, now stands.

We had hardly been located an hour when the camp was thrown into a state of excitement by the approach of a solitary horseman leading two pack mules. He proved to be the mail post-rider from Santa Fé. He was surprised on finding we were emigrants, and we were delighted at meeting the lonely government official. We spent the evening listening to his relation of hair-breadth escapes and thrilling experiences. He was a good story-teller, but whether they were all true, or largely imaginary, matters not now, but we believed them all then. He warned us to keep a sharp lookout for Indians. The Pawnees, he said, were friendly and we had nothing to fear from them, which we found to be true. Our visitor had not been gone more than two hours, when, having again started, a band of some fifteen or twenty Indians were seen coming down upon us. They rode up within about two hundred yards

of us, and all dismounted in front of us and made signs for us to stop. We obeyed the first signal. They then beat their breasts in token of friendship, and advanced towards us. Most of our party had never before seen an Indian, at least a wild one, and it is hardly necessary to remark that they did not wish to see one then. I had in my boyhood been some months among the Sacs and Fox tribe when they were in Iowa, and knew something of their habits, ways and actions; so these were not wholly strange to me. They came up to us, beating their breasts and proffering to shake hands with every one, and seemed very friendly. Some could speak a little English, and probably all of them could speak the Sacs and Fox tongue. I had once learned a few words of the latter language, but it had now nearly faded from my memory. I thought of a word or two and tossed it to their principal spokesman. He caught it and made demonstrations of delight at having met a white man who could speak such classical Indian. Hearing them talk and watching their gestures brought back to memory many more words and signs of meaning, and I soon found I possessed tolerable facilities for social intercourse with the wild man. The Indians for that reason seemed to take a liking to me. I was not a little surprised myself at my success, as I was the youngest of the lot and the boy of the party. I was now inspired with ambition and desired to impress my comrades with my importance as an interpreter of the Indian language, and I lost no opportunity of displaying my linguistic accomplishments. My dozen Indian words were a great vocabulary to my companions. They thought me

a professor of the Fox language, and never discovered how superficial their interpreter was. Henceforth I was deemed an important member of our party, and whenever any more Indians came down upon us, I was drafted to go to the front.

This band of Indians traveled with us all day and camped near us at night. The boys did not like this, and I did not quite fancy it, but what could we do? We did not want to offend them, or appear to doubt their friendly disposition towards us. The next morning the chief said to me that there was plenty of deer a few miles ahead, a little off the line of our route, and if I would go with them they would take me to the place. Some thought I had better not go, and I did not myself particularly care about it, but when I saw that they were afraid, that settled the point with me, and go I would and did. We started out ahead of the train and came to a creek where we dismounted and lay down. We had not been there more than half an hour before seven fine deer made their appearance. I seized my gun and was going to draw a bead on one at considerable distance, but they told me to wait and the deer would come nearer to us to drink at the creek, which they did, when I pulled the trigger and a fine buck fell. I felt I was growing taller rapidly. By the time the train came up I had him dressed and we all had a feast of venison. The Indian and the white man for once, at least, dined together, and the interpreter sat at the head of the table. The confidence of my companions was greatly increased in me by the outcome of this last doubtful enterprise, and they congratulated themselves in that they had

fallen in with a person who so thoroughly understood the language and character of the Indian. At the close of the banquet we parted in peace and friendship. The Indian character had now become somewhat exalted in the estimation of our party; they did not believe it so bad as had been represented. But they little knew what was yet to come.

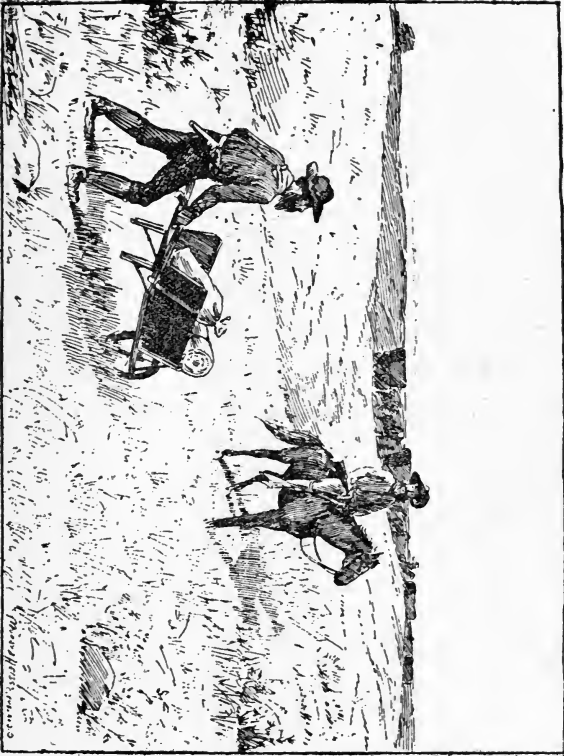
It may be of interest, as an illustration of the wonderful instincts of the horse, bordering so closely upon reason and intelligence in man, that our little Canucks, as they were now called by all, were very much frightened at the sight of our late indigenous friends, and would not suffer an Indian to come near them by night or day, and never throughout our long journey became any more reconciled to them than at first—a matter that proved very advantageous to us throughout the journey. An Indian could not come within a mile of us but the Canucks would make it known to us; and if they were out feeding they would make for camp, and would not be driven out of it. No watch dog could have been of better service to us in this regard.

The rest of the journey to New Ft. Kearney was uneventful save in the occasional killing of a deer or antelope, or the sight of a straggling buffalo, which would set the boys wild with excitement, but they deemed it prudent not to exhaust their horses in chasing them, they not being at that early season fit to eat; besides the post-rider we had lately met with had told us that beyond Ft. Kearney we would see them in droves of hundreds and thousands. This we thought too tough a story for belief, though we

credited all the rest, and therein we were not unlike the simple and credulous mother, in one of Captain Marryatt's novels, whose boy had been to sea, and whose stories and adventures had become her daily consolation and delight. He told her he had seen in the West Indies rivers of rum and mountains of sugar. This was to her a pleasant surprise, but she had implicit confidence in her truthful son, and only reflected on the happiness of a people so bountifully supplied by nature with the necessaries of life. But when he told her he had seen fish fly, the only truth he had told her, she thought he had been tempted by Satan; that certainly was a fish story. Our company could endorse all other tales of the solitary horseman and post-rider but that of the mighty buffalo herds.

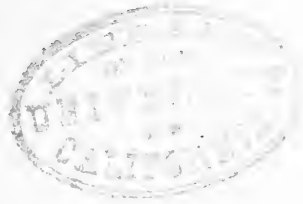
On the morning of the eighth day we reached Fort Kearney. It had just been built, or rather, it was then in process of building. One object of the government was a protection and shelter for emigrants, another a station for dragoons that patrolled the road from Fort Laramie to Santa Fé. We found by this time that our horse-feed was likely to run out, as grass had not yet started, but the commissary could furnish us no provender, but could furnish enough flour for ourselves to carry us to Fort Laramie, on the north fork of the Platte river, about four hundred miles. Our purchase of flour was to the extent of some fifty pounds to a man, and for about three dollars per hundred pounds cheaper than our purchase at St. Jo.

The morning we left the Missouri river, a man started out with a wheelbarrow to cross the plains. He had a bushel of parched corn, his blankets, and nothing else. He



THE WHEELBARROW TRAIN.

wheeled it manfully for several days, but the speed we kept up was too great for him, and he gave out. We took him up and carried him on to Fort Kearney, where the government gave him employment at twenty-five dollars per month. There we left him, and I have never heard of him since. I have several times heard of a man crossing the continent with a wheelbarrow, but I don't believe it was ever accomplished. This man, I am sure, could have performed the feat if any one could. He had all the advantages of youth, strength, courage and will, but I think the enterprise beyond human endurance. There are so many sand dunes, some extending for many miles, so many rivers to cross, besides deep and terrible gorges to traverse, and two ranges of mighty mountains to ascend and descend, that it seems to me impossible. Be it as it may, this man started—and that is all I know of him or his wheelbarrow.



CHAPTER III.

JUNCTION NORTH AND SOUTH PLATTE—SNOW-STORM—DISTRESS AND SUFFERING—CROSSING THE SOUTH PLATTE—OGALALLA—IMPRESSIONS OF THE COUNTRY—NORTH PLATTE CROSSING—BUFFALO HERDS—GAME—SIOUX—TRADING—FT. LARAMIE—SHOOTING WAGONS—CROWS—STEALING, A BUSINESS TRANSACTION—PANCAKE SNATCHING—THE FRYING-PAN KNOCK DOWN.

WE left Fort Kearney the next day after our arrival there, it being the ninth day of April, having made two hundred and eighty miles in eight days. The buffaloes were daily getting more plenty, so much so that we were several times compelled to stop our train to let a herd pass. I really believe I have seen herds five miles long. I won't make it any longer for fear I may be thought trying to go one better on the statement of the Santa Fé post-rider. On the fourteenth, when we were near the junction of the North and South Platte, there came on a snow-storm in the night of about a foot in depth. In the morning the wind rose, strong, fierce and cold—a regular blizzard—which continued for three days. The snow covered the buffalo chips so we could not get them to make a fire, and if we could have got them they were so saturated they would not have burned.

We formed a corral with the wagons by hauling them as

close together as possible, running the pole of the hind wagon under the forward one, and so on, and then huddled the horses inside as close as they could stand. Our corn was getting low and we had to use our flour mixed with corn. We could do without flour ourselves, for we could get plenty of meat of all kinds; so we fed the flour to the horses, without any fear for ourselves. We burnt three wagons to keep from perishing. Never in my experience did I pass three such terrible days, and I hope never to be called to endure the like again. The fourth day came off pleasant, but the snow had drifted so that traveling was almost impossible. As the sun shone bright, we were bound to leave the place where we had suffered so much. The bright sunshine on the snow blinded our eyes and blistered our faces. Some may doubt about our faces being blistered by the snow, but it is a fact, nevertheless. Our progress was very slow through the snow-drifts, and we camped early in the day near an island in the South Platte, where there was an abundance of wood, made a good fire and cooked a warm meal, which we had not had for four days, and felt better. It was getting late in the season, especially for such a storm; but now the sun shone clearly and warm, the snow was fast disappearing, and what was better still, our hopes of green grass soon starting, put us all once more in cheerful spirits. We had some fears about being able to cross the two rivers, South and North Platte, and knowing we were close approaching the first, it was thought best that some of the party should go ahead and select a crossing place. I was one of three selected to go on this service, on account of my supposed

influence with all Indian tribes we might meet with, having already had some success with the Pawnees. When we were about twenty-five miles in advance of the train, we fell in with a small band of Pawnees, for we were not yet out of their territory. We were surprised to find that they knew of our coming and were on the lookout for us. They told us the regular crossing was about twenty miles from there, up the river, but that as the river was rising rapidly it would be too high by the time the train would arrive there; so they took us back about six miles and showed us a crossing which they said was better than the one above. They took us across and showed us how we must take advantage of the sand bars. They were friendly, and of great service to us. They warned us to beware of the Sioux, as they were very mean and would lie and steal. We found afterwards that they had told us the truth, in the latter respect certainly, for a bigger set of thieves no one ever fell in with. They told us never to attempt to go straight across a stream, but to strike a current, and follow it up or down until we struck another, and follow it up or down, and so on until we reached the opposite bank. They took us across and showed us how to do it. For this service we gave them sugar, which they were highly pleased with. Their time seemed to be of no object to them, and so they staid with us that night, a thing which we did not much admire, although they had not shown any tendency to steal; yet we had not the most implicit faith in their honesty, and kept a sharp lookout for them. The next day the train came up, and we set about crossing the stream. The river was, at this point, we judged,

over half a mile wide, but the course of the different currents we had to follow up and down made the journey from side to side nearly two miles. This had to be done with four and six horses, and a man to each wheel. Sometimes all the horses would break through the crust of sand, formed by the pressure of the current running over it, and all would go down as soon as they began to plunge, and our only way was to unhitch, draw them down on to another hard crust in the current below, and all hands man the wagons and drag them out. Sometimes the wagons would be left standing so long the water would wash the crust away from the wheels and down they would go, and we would have to unload and carry everything to a sand bar, then take the wheels off and float the box down, put the vehicle together again, load up, and make another start, only to meet with a similar mishap. The only way was when once started to keep moving as long as possible. Every man of us was in the water from morning till night, and must have traveled in the three days of crossing, ten miles in water up to his waist, for nearly every team required the whole force in its transit. But everything has an end, and so did the crossing of the South Platte river. After a tedious labor of just three days, we camped out in the Ogalalla, about five hundred yards from the river, to avoid musquitoes, which were terribly annoying nights and mornings, which one would hardly believe possible only five days after a severe snow-storm. Nevertheless, it was so. The weather had come off warm, and we had now high hopes of grass, as it had already begun to sprout.

I have often been asked if the country along the Platte

produced grass at that time. I do not think it did so much as now. There was plenty of dry last year's grass when we came along, showing that the year before there had been a good growth. The impression that for a time prevailed that that region of country produced but little or none, resulted from the enormous amount of emigration that followed us, which kept the grass cut down so close that the land was thought to be barren. Almost every one at that time was unfavorably impressed with that region of country, and I thought then, if the government would offer me a patent of all the land we traversed between Fort Kearney and Fort Laramie, I would not accept it; yet hundreds of miles of the same land has since proved to be of the very best quality for both grazing and agriculture. The fact that the region abounded with buffalo at the time we passed, was proof that it was a good range for mighty herds, and the game we killed was very fat; besides, the Indians were there with plenty of horses, all of which looked well for that season of the year. Why should not grass have grown then as well as now (1887), for the country along the North and South Platte is in a high state of cultivation?

The very place where we crossed the South Platte boasts of a town, only three years old, Ogalalla, the county-seat of Keith county, western Nebraska, bordering upon the northeast corner of Colorado. Its population exceeds a thousand. It has two banks, three hotels, three dry goods stores, groceries, furniture houses, a seventy barrel flour mill, and restaurants too numerous to mention. The population of the county is over four thousand, and

the country for miles around is equal to any in the east. So one can see that the opinion of many early emigrants was incorrect touching the value of the land.

Ogalalla is the westernmost station but one on the Union Pacific railroad in Nebraska, and here, near the scene of his first sad experience in crossing the continent, after thirty-five years of varied fortunes by land and sea, the narrator has pitched his tent for life among a generous, industrious and enterprising people, where, even but a few short years since, there was but the trail of the buffalo, the Indian and the gold hunter, and calls the goodly town his home.

And now, after this digression, I return to the more serious business of our journey. From the South Platte where we crossed to the North Platte is about seven miles, but we took a western course and did not strike the latter river until we had traveled about fourteen miles, and continued on some distance to a point laid down on the late maps as Ash Hollow, on account of some small ash trees growing in the ravines near the place of crossing. We tried it by sending over some of the men on horseback, who reported favorably. We camped there on the south bank that night and made an early start in the morning, sending over our wagons with boxes or beds all made water tight, and fastened down to the running gear, and two strong cords fore and aft, with four men holding the ropes from the upper side of the stream. This we found answered well, and soon we had two teams crossing over at the same time, and, in the course of the day, had them all on the other side of the river without a

single accident, and so the stream which we had most dreaded proved the one that gave us the least trouble.

We were now in high spirits, thinking we were over the worst of it. It is best, perhaps, that nature has ordained the future to be closely veiled from the human mind. True we had met thus far none but friendly Indians—we did not want to. We were like the man who was asked to go out in advance as a scout in search of Indians that had been committing some depredations. "No," said he, "I have lost no Indians, and I don't want to find any." We had not come out into that wilderness in search of the red man, although we kept a sharp lookout for him. Not a night passed but we stationed two men on sentry, relieving them at twelve o'clock and putting on two more till morning. The weather was getting warm, but the grass did not seem to grow. There was, however, an abundance of old grass, which seemed to be much better than on the South Platte. Our corn and flour were nearly exhausted, and we had used none of the latter ourselves. We had hopes of buying some at Laramie, and were bound to make all speed for that place. We were now twenty-three days out and had made over five hundred miles, notwithstanding hindrances by storm and the crossing of two rivers, and had advanced about two hundred miles from where we crossed. At night, around our fires, our experiences were rehearsed and our plans laid for the next day. We had plenty of meat, and if we were out, all one had to do was to go outside the camp a short distance and kill as many antelopes as he wanted; and as for buffalo, they were a troublesome nuisance, often stopping the train till

the herd passed. We could shoot into a herd when passing and drop a young heifer or two, dress them, take what we wanted, and leave the rest to spoil—spoil, that was almost impossible. Meat would keep for weeks, even in hot weather. A hard shell would form over the outside and keep the inside fresh and sweet for an incredible length of time.

We were now traveling over thirty miles a day, on an average, towards Laramie. The roads were good, no rivers to cross, and nothing to detain. It was too late in the season to expect any more storms, especially such as we had experienced; the land was rolling and not mountainous. We met with but one band of Indians, Sioux, about twenty in number. They rode around us and finally dismounted, and one of them exhibited a paper and offered it to us to read. The document had been written by some white man, stating that they were friendly disposed. They wished to traffic with us. We swapped some old under garments, now useless to us but prized by them, for moccasins and trinkets alike useless to us. They were pleased with their good bargain, and rode along with us for a few miles when they left us, beating their breasts in token of friendship. We arrived at Fort Laramie on the twenty-ninth of April, having made a journey of a little over seven hundred miles in twenty-nine days.

This interior fort was built the year before for the protection of emigrants and the convenience of the dragoons that patrol the road between Fort Hall, in Oregon, and Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, as we were told by the officer in command. It was built on a vast plain in the midst of

thousands of acres of cactuses, growing so rank and thick that it was impossible of approach except by the road. Thus it was in no danger of being surrounded and surprised by Indians, for they could only gain access by the road, where a single charge of grape or canister would cut a wide swath in their ranks. The fort possessed two cannon of ample calibre, on wheels, which were a curiosity to many interior Indians who visited the fort. They looked into the muzzle and walked around it, treading lightly, but when it was suddenly and to them unexpectedly discharged, they ran for their lives, and did not return for a long time, and when they did, they approached cautiously, and asked if the "shooting-wagons" were loaded. When told they were, the Indians left, saying, "Shooting-wagons no good."

The soldiers told us some pretty tough yarns about their encounters with the Sioux and the Crows—some were true and others, perhaps, doubtful—but we took them all in. They had the effect, at least, to make us keep a sharp lookout, to be on our guard, and in that respect they were harmless, if otherwise we did not receive them in the utmost faith. As we were out of flour, the commissary told us we could have it at cost to the government, including the freightage, which was sixteen dollars the hundred pounds. We were willing to pay that price, but were disappointed when he would let us have but fifty pounds per man. We worked him a little. One party would go and get two hundred pounds for his party, then the same party would send another man and get the same amount, but soon he discovered our scheme and dropped on it, and

would not let us have any more unless all hands in the party came together. We could not ring in on him the second time, but he took it all in good part, however. We remained there and rested our teams for two days. We left there on the second day of May, just about the time we should have left the Missouri river. Before we started, news came in from the Black Hills, brought by the Crows. Little and unimportant news is wonderfully refreshing to those who have been shut up in the interior of the continent for a month, and there is no end to the number of simple questions we all asked the gentlemanly Crows, and I have since wondered they did not get impatient with us; but they seemed to like it, and regarded themselves as of great importance in consequence.

While we were at Laramie, we learned that a few days before our arrival a soldier had stolen the colonel's horse and struck out for California. It was a valuable one, worth about one hundred and seventy-five dollars. We thought strange the colonel did not have him pursued, but he said, "Let him go, it won't be long before he will be back." When we had camped, on the evening of the second day out from Laramie, we saw at some distance a solitary horseman, coming on a little diminutive brute of a horse. We watched him for some time, totally befogged as to who or what he was. He didn't look like an Indian, although he had a buffalo robe around him. The mystery was solved when he rode up and got off—it was a white man. Except the buffalo robe, he was as naked as he was born. He proved to be the soldier that had stolen the colonel's horse. He had rode him, he said, about a hundred miles

the first twenty-four hours, and tied up for a few hours to give him a rest, and again started and rode him until the next night, when a band of Crows came down on him and took his provisions, every stitch of his clothing, and his horse, saddle and bridle, gave him the buffalo rug, some jerked buffalo meat and the poorest pony they had, and told him to go back. This with the Crows is not deemed robbing or stealing, but a pure business transaction, not unlike, though in a humbler degree, a modern Wall street operation, though in the latter instance, the winning party rarely contributes even a blanket to cover the nakedness of the party fleeced. The Crows call it swapping. They say the Sioux are mean and will steal—but Crows, “they good Indian, they swap.” When they swap, they are pretty sure to get the best of the bargain, especially when they have an opportunity to corner the market, as they did when they dealt with the Laramie soldier.

We fell in with several parties of Sioux, and found they had not been misrepresented touching their pilfering qualities—in fact, they would rob. They would rush and snatch the food we were cooking, and if one would allow them, they were what is called awful bouncers, if they thought one was the least afraid of them. One of them tried his little game on me, but it did not pan out as he had expected. I was cooking some pan-cakes in a frying-pan. He came up to me, saying in a bouncing and swaggering way, “Give me.” I shook my head, and said “No.” “Yes,” said he, and grabbed at those on the tin plate—they fell to the ground. As he stooped to pick them up, I struck him over the head with the hot frying-pan and knocked

him sprawling, the grease in the pan flying all over his head and face. He got up and went off, shaking his head in burning pain and muttering terrible anathemas on me, I suppose—certainly they were not prayers or blessings, as I judged from the expression of his countenance. It was all the same to me, however. Whether curses or prayers, I never felt damage or benefit from them. The boys were afraid that my rash act would call down the vengeance of the whole tribe, but instead of that the others seemed to enjoy the joke, for they laughed at him, and he appeared to be ashamed. He did not, however, attempt to help himself to any more pancakes.

CHAPTER IV.

BLACK HILLS—ANTELOPE AND ELK—CANADIAN FUR TRAPPERS—COURT-HOUSE ROCK—CHIMNEY ROCK—HOSTILE CROWS—STRANGE MAN-ŒUVERS—OUR SCOTCHMAN'S SUDDEN SICKNESS—AN INDIAN PRISONER OF WAR—HIS SURRENDER NEGOTIATED—THE PIPE OF PEACE—GEORGE, THE "SQUAW"—TRADING—EMPTY JUG DISCOVERED—WHISKEY LEGAL TENDER—INDEPENDENCE ROCK.

WE were now getting among the Black Hills, a long range of bold mountains, now and then sending down small streams. The hills were of a slippery or soapy nature, and the wagons would slip and slide, particularly if the road was the least sidling. In many places it required the greatest care, and we were compelled to let the wagons down with ropes fastened to the upper side, all hands manning the ropes, and getting them over one at a time, making pretty laborious work. The hills were literally swarming with deer, antelope and elk, the latter the first we had seen. The game did not seem to be afraid, especially the antelope. I went out one morning, not more than four hundred yards from camp, and shot seven, all within fifty yards of the place where I shot the first one. The deer were of the black-tailed kind, and not so large as our eastern deer. There were also some mountain goats, but they were very shy and kept beyond

shooting distance. They seemed to recognize the rule my father inculcated when I was a child and got in his way, when he would say, "Stand back, you can see just as well."

At a place then called La Bont creek, the multitude of game surpassed all I had ever yet seen. Here we fell in with a party of Canadian French trappers and fur dealers. They had four wagons loaded with bales of fur, bound for St. Jo. A few could speak very indifferent English, but the larger number only French. They said they had been from the frontier twelve months, and that for the last six months had lived solely on jerked buffalo meat and coffee, never in the time having even seen bread or flour. Jerked meat is cut in long slips, about a quarter of an inch thick, and dried over a slow fire, or hung in the sun four or five days, when it is put away for use. It is boiled as meat, or used dry in place of bread. It is very good for a hungry man, and tastes fairly good, but it will never become popular as a dainty dish among the epicures of Delmonico's. In 1865, sixteen years afterwards, I met one of the same party, Canadian Jo, as we called him, in Australia. He knew me and told me where he had seen me. I noticed his English had not much improved in all that length of time. Coincidences in life are often many and sometimes quite surprising, and such I deem this one.

We now came to a place called Court-House Rock. The rock, however, stood about seven miles off our line of travel, but a conspicuous object. Some of the party got badly sold in starting on foot to inspect it, thinking it

only about a mile distant, but after walking an hour and finding it still apparently as far off as when they started, gave it up, while others on horseback reached it. It is a high rock in the middle of a great plain, apparently on an artificial mound, the earth gradually sloping from it on every side, and it has the appearance from the road, where we first saw it, of a mammoth court-house, but when approached, they said, it bore no such resemblance. From base to summit it is four hundred feet. Chimney Rock is something over three hundred and fifty feet high, and has the appearance at a distance of an old, dilapidated chimney. I went to see that and climbed to the top. When at the top, and as the sun was about to drop below the horizon, I could see our camp many miles distant in the plain, the men cooking supper, the horses grazing, and what was most strange to my vision, the men looked like toddling children and the horses not more than a foot high; yet all could be seen as plain and distinct as if they had been within two hundred yards, while in fact they were seven or eight miles away, for it took me over two hours rapid walking to reach camp.

The day after visiting Chimney Rock, about ten in the morning, we were surprised by a band of Crow Indians, who came riding down from the northern hills at full speed. There must have been seventy-five or eighty of them. They came within about four hundred yards of us; then suddenly wheeled their horses and rode around us two or three times, at the same time going through many of their warlike motions, drawing their bows as if to send an arrow. Some would ride down furiously close to us,

as if they were going straight through us, then suddenly turn and ride back, turning in their saddles and feigning to shoot, and finally return to their party, which had been watching their movements with apparently as much interest as we had been, which was not a little. We expected an attack and closed up our teams as close as possible, but still kept on the move. The men all examined their rifles and pistols. It was my turn to drive that day. We had a Scotchman in our mess, who just then came to me holding his head with both hands. "O, Charlie," said he, "I am so sick." "Are you," said I, "then get up here and drive." I was as glad to get down as he was to get up, as I knew that if the train was attacked the driver would be picked off first. I had not been down five minutes before I saw our train apparently without a driver. I ran around thinking George was really sick and had keeled over, but found he had made a hole among the bags and boxes just big enough to crawl into, leaving his head only just high enough to see the horses. Frightened as I was myself, I could not help but laugh. I knew he was a consummate coward, but I had given him credit for too much pride to let it be known.

The Indians had now been at least half an hour going through their performances, only stopping to let their horses blow, and then start afresh, we still moving on. At last, one more daring than the rest came down on us and went through a like performance, wheeling and pretending to shoot. There was a young fellow in our company named James Pierson, a daring spirit as ever lived, and as good a fellow as he was fearless, who had a

splendid riding horse, three-quarters bred, that could run like a deer, for which my pony was no match. But I went to Jim and said, "If that redskin tries that game again, and you will cut him off from the rest, I will ride in and down him." "All right," said Jim. Presently down came the brave again, this time a little nearer. "Come on, Charlie," said Jim, and away we went. I heard our boys calling to us to come back, George's voice above the rest. He had got over the headache. The Indian saw us coming and tried his best to reach his party, but Jim's horse was too fleet for the Indian's pony, and headed him off. He turned only to meet me, with my pistol on him, within a hundred feet. He dropped his bow, pulled in his horse and began beating his breast. With our prisoner between us we rode proudly into camp. When the other Indians saw we had the man, they got off their horses and down upon their knees, beat their breasts and made signs for us to come up to them. We stopped the train and went out to meet them. They professed friendship, pulled out the pipe, got into a line, and asked us to give up our prisoner, which we did. Then we all took a whiff from the pipe, they all the while beating and pounding away on their chests. Jim and myself they complimented with titles, such as "Big Warrior," "Big Man," but when driver Scotch George came to have his pull at the pipe, they said, "Squaw no good," and refused him the pipe, and turning to me said, "coolah (boy), no squaw." So they had noticed George's taking the place of driver and hiding in the wagon. Poor George was rather crest-fallen, for he had been a great brag, always telling what he would do in case of an engagement. He

never, so long as I knew him, recovered from the Indian christening of "Squaw."

When the prisoner had been surrendered and the treaty of peace negotiated, trade and commerce succeeded, and traffic began. They were ready to swap anything for sugar. They had an American horse—one, I suppose, they had borrowed the year before of the Mormons as they passed along. He was a fine upstanding animal but very poor, and his hair was long and rough. At first look one would not give five dollars for him. I wanted to buy him but did not know what to give, or what to offer in exchange. They wanted sugar—I offered them money—"no good, they said. Sugar and whiskey were legal tender. I was bound to have the horse, and as I had not used my share of our stock of sugar, and felt rich in the supposed possession of a quart of brandy—my share of the gallon, never having tasted it, I supposed it all in the jug—I was prepared to trade. George earnestly remonstrated against my parting with the brandy; we would want it for sickness, he said. Both the other men were willing, so I agreed to give a pint of sugar and a pint of whiskey. George interposed a final objection—if I treated the Indians, they would follow us and steal the horse back and more with him. But it was of no use, and the boys all said they would stand extra guard for a few nights, and that settled it. I took an empty vinegar bottle, put in about one-third water, got out the gallon jug of brandy, that no one had yet tasted, and filled a pint cup. Judge of our surprise when we found it had been exhausted and watered till it was about the strength and color of pale

sherry! But no one was more surprised than Scotch George himself. He charged it upon some of the other boys; but it was of no use, for the cat was out of the bag. His strenuous objection to the trade was the dread of the brandy exposure. He was crestfallen, but did not reform, for when, some days afterwards, a little brandy was needed, the jug was empty. Thus ended the Crow war.

Among the less weightier transactions was the exchange of an old, blue, woolen shirt, that I had worn from the frontier, for a suit of buckskin, shirt and pants, with strips two or three inches in length along the seams. It was a fine and attractive costume when new and the weather was dry, but when the pants got wet in the slums, the legs elongated, and from time to time had to be amputated a few inches—the same with the sleeves of the shirt—but soon, however, when the weather became dry and warm, the legs of the pants withdrew to a point above my knees, and the sleeves of the shirt could not be coaxed down below my elbows. I never afterwards aspired to Indian fashions or patronized the redskin tailor.

We next came to Independence Rock, so named, it was said by some, by Colonel Fremont, who stopped there one Fourth of July—by others who say because it stands out on the plain, away from any other eminence. It is one solid, grand boulder, probably the largest in the world, covering, at least, ten acres of ground, and is between two hundred and three hundred feet high. Whatever the origin of its name, the rock is there, with many thousand names of visitors inscribed thereon, some with chisel and

others with paint. I undertook to chisel my name there, but soon became discouraged and gave it up. We remained a day and rested our horses, which had begun to fag, and were falling away and getting weak for the want of green grass.

Resting upon the ground on the sunny side of the mighty boulder, a boy of seventeen, unlettered and unread, to whom geology was a term almost unknown, and the theory of the Ice Age not yet developed, instinct alone prompted the mind to contemplation—to questions unanswerable—as the one invariably propounded by the child when told by his mother who made him—“Who made God?” Whence came this loose, separate, independent boulder rock—mightiest of the mightiest—in the centre of this vast green and grassy plain, on the roof of the continent, miles away from all other

“Crag, knolls and mounds, confus'dly hurled,
The fragments of an earlier world?”

As the finite cannot comprehend the infinite, so I was left to ponder upon the incomprehensible mystery, even unto this day, of the genesis and history of Independence Rock.

The Sweet Water river is close by the rock. It is about one hundred and fifty feet wide, and we crossed it on snow that had slid down in an avalanche, completely burying it. The snow was frozen on the top, forming a crust capable of bearing our horses and wagons. A short distance from where we crossed, there was a crack in the snow that enabled us to see the river running beneath. We let down a rope to the water, which on measuring we found to be

twenty-four feet from the surface of the snow. It was a perfectly safe bridge for miles. The stream forces itself through a split mountain. The rift is not more than two hundred yards wide, and the rocky walls rise over three hundred feet above the water. It is a fearfully grand sight to look down into the chasm where the water rushes, dashing against the bowlders and forming foam and spray almost equal to Niagara Falls. It is called Devil's Gate. I do not wish to pass an opinion upon the appropriateness of the name, but I feel pretty sure that if one entered the gate, he would soon be launched into the presence of his Satanic majesty or landed in the realms of bliss.

CHAPTER V.

SOUTH PASS—THE SUMMIT—DIVIDING OF THE WATERS—SUBBLET'S CUT-OFF—GENERAL REJOICING—GREEN RIVER CROSSING—THE SHOSHONES—WOMAN'S BURDENS—NO CHIVALRY—HOT SPRINGS—STEAMBOAT VALLEY—GAME SCARCE—FORT BRIDGER—OLD JIM AND HIS SQUAW—BLACK RIVER CROSSING—ECHO CAÑON—SALT LAKE IN THE DISTANCE.

WE were now approaching what was called the South Pass, or the summit of the Rock mountains, where the waters divide—one making for the Pacific, the other the Atlantic. We were within twenty miles of the summit, and many were our speculations concerning its topographical appearance. Some thought it would be a great mountain to ascend and descend, but all were agreeably disappointed when we found it was a gradual and hardly perceptible ascent to a point where, for the first time, we saw the water running in a westerly course. We thought concerning the summit something as did the Irishman on board ship about to cross the equatorial line, for which he had kept a sharp lookout but did not see, and who, when asked about his experience when crossing the line, said, "Devil dam of a line did I see."

The country now for about eighteen miles on was as level as a house floor and about twenty miles wide from hills to

hills, when we came to a fork in the roads, or rather trails, to a place called Subblet's Cut-off, one leading northwest, towards Oregon, the other a little south of west, which went directly to Salt Lake City and the Mormons. After much consideration and discussion it was put to vote, and the latter route carried, although it was a diversion of some two hundred miles from the direct route. The object was to rest and replenish our stock of provisions. After passing the summit the grass gradually improved, and being mixed with the old did not hurt, but greatly strengthened our poor and weakened horses, for they got about equal amounts of each. We were in good spirits, feeling that we were on the last half of our journey, and began to think our greatest troubles over. There was a general rejoicing in camp that night—story telling and song singing. Conviviality is a wonderful cure for past afflictions.

Our next place of note was the crossing of Green river—that wonderful central continental stream which has its source near Yellowstone National Park and the fountain-head of the Missouri, and empties into the Colorado as the Missouri does into the Mississippi. When we drove down to the river we were surprised to find a band of at least two hundred Shoshone Indians camped on the western bank. It was late in the afternoon, and it would take till dark to cross, and then we would be compelled to camp among this strange tribe, an idea that was not pleasant to contemplate, and so we concluded to camp where we were, and commenced to turn out our horses. We had hardly let them loose when some of the tribe came over to

us and gave us to understand that we must cross that night, for in the morning, they said, the river would be too high to cross. At first we thought it a scheme of theirs to get us among them and rob us in the night. Upon further consideration, we thought if their purpose was to rob us the river was no hindrance to them, and so we concluded to cross. The whole band turned to and lent a hand in crossing. "Many hands make light work," and so it was in this instance, at least it made quick work. The Indians worked manfully, and I don't think we were over two hours in crossing the now famous river. They all seemed to be very friendly, and the only matter they bothered us about was their extreme anxiety to trade. For the most worthless article we had they were ready to swap something equally valueless to us. We satisfied them pretty well for their services, which had been valuable to us. In the morning we found, as they had told us, the river swollen bank to bank, and which would have caused us great trouble and loss of time had we not taken their advice.

They took every means to amuse us, even to the getting up of a horse race, and inviting us to enter our ponies and blooded stock, and compete with them for the royal red-skin "cup." We explained to them that our horses were all handicapped by hard service and sharp bones, and could not compete at the Indian "Derby" with the racers of the Shoshone nation, on the banks of Green river. They intimated that we were altogether too modest in our claims by pointing out, as a worthy horse to enter, Jim Pierson's "Dexter"—the same with which he had clipped

the wings of the Crow. They are, generally speaking, good judges of a horse.

The next morning, when we started, they struck their tents and traveled all day with us, and there were many amusing scenes in the cavalcade. Ponies packed so one could see only a big bundle of traps moving; another pony carried a big basket on each side with three or four little Indians in each; still another wee bit of a pony would stagger under the weight of two, and sometimes three, robust and heavy buck Indians. The men all rode while the squaws were all on foot, and most of them staggering under a heavy load. Chivalry seemed to have been but partially developed among the Indian tribes, for while the man went in quest of adventure, and revelled in jousts and bouts, they seemed to have no lady-love to protect, or whose smiles of approbation they considered worthy to win. The Indian woman is a beast of burden and a slave. Civilized man is more kindly and generous towards woman. He lets her do as she pleases—perhaps he can't help himself—pays her dry goods bills, or fails; lets her have her own separate property, and his own too, when he wants to keep it from his creditors; indulges her in occasional hours of relaxation by holding the baby. In fact, he debars her of no rights which he himself enjoys, saving the right to vote and to "speak in meeting"—which last even Paul would not allow.

They camped with us the second night, and in the morning left us, manifesting the strongest tokens of friendship. Since we had passed the summit our road had been changeable, with many small mountain streams to cross, one of

which was so serpentine that we crossed it twenty-seven times. The snow was rapidly melting, and every little stream was swollen to full banks. There was a place in our route called Steamboat Spring Valley, which was interesting to travelers from the circumstance of its containing certain very active hot springs, whose intermittent puffs of steam could be seen at a great distance, and which seemed wonderfully like an approaching steamboat. Upon arriving at the place several springs were found puffing away—all more or less hot—one, in particular, certainly near the boiling point, which was said to be unfathomable, which would bubble and boil at the surface for a minute or so, and then belch forth to the height of two or three feet and then subside for two or three minutes, and then repeat the process. It was, at least, a vivid reminder of the story of the Dutchman and his son, who, in crossing the country, had camped near a hot spring; but all innocent of such a wonderful phenomenon, he started out to get a refreshing drink while his son was unyoking the oxen. He got down on his knees, but took in, instead of cold, a mouthful of hot water. Ejecting it quicker than he had sipped it, he told Hanse to yoke up the oxen quick—saying, “Hell is not one mile from this place, sure.” Often within a few rods, or even feet, of one of these hot springs, there will be a spring of ice cold water.

Game was getting scarcer very fast after crossing the summit, only a few antelope and deer, no mountain goats, no elk, nor jack rabbits, which, perhaps, I have not before mentioned, but which bear a strong resemblance to the En-

glish hare. There is also the sage hen, something like the partridge or the New Zealand hen. They are a fine-looking bird, but when cooked they are not eatable, being so strongly tainted with the wild sage bush, which is their sole subsistence. The wild sage is mostly found on barren land, and the Laramie country produced the most extensive fields of it. As for the Indians, I found the Pawnees the best tribe, the Shoshones the next, but to take their word each tribe was good, but their neighbors were represented as all liars and thieves. The Sioux had that name among emigrants. All tribes I ever talked with said the Crows would rob, or "swap," as they called it. But of all the tribes that we had met with thus far, the Shoshonees alone did not steal from us. Nevertheless, all Indians are at least notorious vagabonds and beggars.

While the days were warm, the nights were now very cold, and we suffered much, for we were wet during the day in crossing streams and lay in wet blankets nights, not one of us having a stitch of dry bedding. We were, however, happy in one thing, and that was that food was good and our horses were improving every day. I never before saw grass that horses would fatten on in so short a time, and do so much work as they will on this western prairie grass; nor did I ever see old last year's grass that had the substance in it like this in and around the Rocky mountains. The reason is, there is not so much rain and it cures before frost comes; the substance and sweetness is dried into it instead of being dried out of it.

Now we have come to Ft. Bridger, which now, after thirty-eight years, is known upon the map as being in the

southwest corner of Wyoming, close to the border of Utah. It was named after the man who built it twenty-seven years before, and still lived in it. It was dark before the train reached there, and three of us rode ahead, but it being further than we thought for, the gates of the Bridger fortress were closed for the night. We knocked for admittance. He asked who was there. "A party from the frontier," we responded. "When?" he asked. "This spring," we replied. "Impossible!" said he. But we proved our case to his entire satisfaction by showing him the St. Louis papers. He took us in and treated us very hospitably. He had a squaw and two children, a boy and girl, half casts, of whom he seemed to be very fond. They were about fourteen and sixteen, respectively. Old Jim, as the lord of the castle was called, was anxious for us to hear them read, which we did. Madam Bridger, the squaw, cooked us a good supper, making some light biscuit. I don't know but that it was because we were very hungry, but certainly I thought they were the best I had ever eaten. At allevents, they were the very best I had ever eaten of a squaw's baking. We had a good dry bed of buffalo rugs—the first dry bed for many a night—and I need not say that though a lad of only seventeen, worn out and tired as I was, I did not require rocking to induce sleep after getting into a warm bed.

The train came in about noon the next day and camped. Bridger, or Old Jim, gave us a remarkable history of himself. He said that the name by which he was known was an assumed one, that he was a native of Virginia. He said that when a boy of sixteen he fell into disgrace, and in

consequence thereof ran away, and that his family had never known of his whereabouts as he knew of, as he had changed his name and had never written home. Joining a band of trappers he came out there, where he had remained ever since. He claimed to be very rich, having made his money in the fur trade, and after the Mormons commenced to come to Salt Lake he made much money out of them by trading in horses, taking their worn out ones and getting the full value of his in money as "boot." According to his own story, he was an unscrupulous sharper with very strong tendencies towards rascality.

We started next day for Salt Lake City, a distance of one hundred and twenty miles. We were in hopes to reach there in five days, but we were disappointed. The first stream to cross was Black river—not much of a stream, but we had to take our wagons to pieces and ferry across in wagon boxes, a tedious operation, as the ground was boggy leading to the approaches, consequently all our luggage, and even the wagons had to be carried to the river from the foot of the spurs—in some instances a hundred yards. A rope had to be run across the stream, by some one swimming across and carrying a cord in his teeth attached to a rope, and pulling it over. After this was made fast, a wagon box, well corked and pitched so as to be water tight, was launched, and the work of ferrying commenced. It was a tedious and laborious job. Then Black Fork river had to be crossed. The first time it was accomplished without difficulty, but the second time we had to swim our horses. It was difficult to make our horses take the stream. We had to push them in, but their instincts protested, and they

would turn and come back. My little horse Billey was the best leader of all, and was always selected for that service, especially where the current was swift. I had implicit confidence in him, and had become careless. I jumped onto him without taking off his harness. I pulled off my pants and took them on my arm. We had reached the middle of the stream when Billey caught his hind foot in one of the traces and suddenly rolled over on his side and floated down stream, while I became confused, not thinking to cut the harness and let him free. I jumped from him and went ashore, but seeing my little horse still struggling in the middle of the stream, my presence of mind returned, and, taking my knife in my teeth, I started back for poor Billey, cut the harness and freed him, and soon had him on shore. The current was strong, the water cold, and we must have been in the water half an hour. I became chilled, had the cramps in coming ashore, thought every stroke would be the last, and it would had not good Jim Pierson seen my difficulty and stripped and come to my rescue. I was brought ashore and laid out on the ground perfectly benumbed. They rubbed me and ran for the brandy, but it had all evaporated through old George, and nothing was available but some of the cayenne pepper. They rubbed me with that and gave me some internally, which brought me around. In less than three hours I was swimming the stream for the third time with a cord in my teeth, but my horse was never good in the water after that.

Webber river next gave us considerable trouble, a crooked river which we had to cross several times, of swift current, where the wagons had to be held by ropes. On this

river is the famous Echo cañon. At some places in the cañon, which is some miles in length, one may talk in a common tone of voice, and he will get no less than three distinct repeats of the words he has spoken. Some days the echo is much more distinct than others. The scenery in some places is unspeakably grand. The cañon is about two hundred yards wide, with perpendicular walls four hundred feet high. At some points, one may see the mountain goats skipping from rock to rock, where one would hardly think a fly could hang on. They are very shy, and it is almost impossible to get near enough to shoot one. We occasionally had an opportunity to inspect the carcass of one who had departed this life, leaving his head and horns, which we found to be about as much as we could carry. We had now got past the region of game—only now and then an antelope—buffalo from herds of thousands had dwindled down to two or three at the most, a few ducks, and that was all. Saw some signs of the grizzly bear as soon as we had passed the summit and began to descend the western slope, but the terrible beast himself we had not seen. He was doubtless at home, but none of us were ambitious of making his acquaintance, so passed his door without leaving our card or knocking.

We now left Echo cañon and passed over to another, and up it for fifteen miles, leading over the divide, or low mountain range which separates the Green River valley from the Salt Lake basin. Of all the trials we had met with in our long journey, this was the chief. The gorge was filled with snow from bottom to top and was melting, and streams of water from the sides were rushing in.

The horses would break through the softening crust and have to be dragged out; the wagons had to be taken to pieces and carried; and, worse still, when night came we had to take the horses back to Webber cañon to feed. This Herculean labor lasted five days, when finally we reached the summit to find our ample reward in the most beautiful prospect on this earth. Seventeen miles away down the gentle western slope lay the beautiful, but then little, village of Salt Lake, as plain to the naked eye as if only half a mile away. Beyond the village, Salt Lake, eighty miles long, glistened in the sun, its remotest shore as distinctly visible as the village itself. Away to the south, as far as the eye could reach, was one broad, beautiful, level plain, covered already with a carpet of deepest green. All this loveliness of lake and landscape was bordered and framed by snow-capped mountains whose silver summits seemed to touch the blue vault of heaven. Such were my impressions of Salt Lake City and valley then, and never since, in all my travels, has that picture faded from my memory or been surpassed by any other.

Not one of our company but enjoyed these beauties of nature. We celebrated the day by pitching our camp on the summit and dining on the best our larder afforded. It was our last meal on the first half of our journey. At three o'clock we arrived on the ground, about two miles out of the city, where, I am told, the new fort now is, though I have not been there since. Here, on the nineteenth day of May, 1850, we camped for a few days, it being our forty-ninth day out, and having traveled thirteen hundred miles from St. Louis.

CHAPTER VI.

SALT LAKE CITY—HOSPITALITY—MORMON WOMEN—ANXIETY FOR NEWS
—NEEDLES AND THREAD—BRIGHAM YOUNG—SUNDAY AT THE TEMPLE
—A RACE WITH A SHOWER—LAUGHING LADIES—DISTANCE DECEPTIVE—COMFORTING ASSURANCES—INDIANS ALL BAPTIZED—OGDEN PARK—SUDDEN DEATH—BEAR RIVER—THE VALLEY—THEN AND NOW.

NEVER were people more surprised than were those at Salt Lake City at such an early arrival. It was unprecedented, impossible; they would not believe we had come all the way from the Mississippi until we showed them St. Louis papers. The hospitality of the people of Salt Lake City was unbounded. No strangers were ever before or since taken in and treated more kindly by any people on this earth than we were by them. Women in particular were as kind as mothers and sisters to sons and brothers returned after long absence. They would stop us on the streets, and call to us from the doors of their houses to come in, so anxious were they to learn where we came from, hoping to hear through us from their old home in the states, or possibly from England, Sweden, Denmark, and even from the borders of Finland. They invariably asked us to eat, and would hardly take no for an answer.



We remained in Salt Lake three days, going among the people, trading any little articles we had for flour, which, by the way, was a scarce article even with them, as all their flour was ground in hand mills and sifted. We bought it by the pint measure, paying thirty cents a pint. Where we traded for sugar we got two pints for one. A spool of thread would buy almost anything of the women, and, as most of the boys' mothers had fitted them out bountifully with needles and thread, they were thus enabled to drive a brisk trade with the Mormon ladies, especially in the line of vegetables, that being the first season of plenty with them. Brigham Young, priest, prophet and king of the Mormon faith, was then in the full vigor of life. He visited our camp and conversed with us on our journey, but neither interfered with us nor had anything to offer offensive or unpleasant. Some of our men attended services at the temple on Sunday, and were treated with the same civility they would have a right to expect from any other class of worshipers. I shall ever feel kindly towards the Mormon people. I never speak evil of the bridge that has carried me safely over the stream. Salt Lake, in my time, was only in its infancy. The Mormons had only sent on a party in 1847 to find a place for settlement, and in 1848 was the first emigration, and it is wonderful how much they had accomplished in two years. They had already many farms under considerable improvement; and as for the future city, it was handsomely laid out in squares, with irrigating streams running through the principal streets, combining in this respect, in a happy degree, the elements of novelty, utility and com-

fort. About a mile and a half out of town were springs of hot, warm and ice-cold water. They were utilized for bathing purposes. The men monopolized the establishment four days in the week, the women two.

While riding out on a trading expedition for flour and vegetables, I suddenly looked around and discovered a heavy shower of rain which seemed to be close on me. I expected to be drenched to the skin in a moment. Spying a house about half a mile distant, I put my horse to the run, never once looking over my shoulder, but every moment expecting a bath. I could hear it pouring in torrents back on the mountain side, and I spurred the pony on at his full speed. At last I arrived at the house, there to meet five women laughing hard enough to burst steel corsets, had they worn them. I inquired the cause of their laughter, and judge of my surprise when they said they were laughing at me. "It never rains in this valley," they said. I looked back, and there, surely, was the rain pouring down not half a mile off, as it seemed to me. "Well," said I, rather indignantly, "you will see rain here, in this God selected country of yours, in less than three minutes." I could not believe them when they told me that that shower was over five miles away, on the mountain side. "But," said I, "it is not over half that distance to the top of the mountain." They said it was over twenty miles. However, I was soon on friendly terms with these laughing women and effected a pretty good trade with them, and rode away, they telling me in happy humor that if I saw another shower of rain not to break my horse's neck trying to run away from it, if I did not like to be laughed at



A RACE WITH A SHOWER.

in Salt Lake valley. When I returned to camp, one of the boys related a similar experience. I laughed at him, but took good care to keep my own adventure to myself.

On leaving our Mormon friends, they all comforted us with the assurance that we need have no fear of the Indians, the Piutes, as they had all joined the congregation of the Latter Day Saints, the chief only a few days before having been baptized. We felt glad to know that the noble chief and his whole tribe had secured through tickets and a front seat in the happy hunting grounds of the hereafter; but somehow our faith was not implicit that when we met him he would give us a "free pass" on our temporal journey. Ogden Fork, as it was then called, thirty-eight miles due north from Salt Lake City, was our next objective point, where Ogden City now stands, on the Webber river, at the junction of the Union and Central Pacific railroads. The afternoon after leaving Salt Lake City, I was walking with one of our boys, both of us building castles in the air, when he told me his sole ambition was to get money enough in California to return and buy a farm and make a home for his widowed mother and a sister, younger than himself, that he had left behind. His father, he said, had died when he was but ten years old, leaving his mother in humble circumstances; but she had struggled through and managed to give him a good education, and now he only wanted to make enough to place her in comfort in her old age. I left him leading a pack horse and walking. Ten minutes later the pack turned, frightening the horse, which sprang forward, striking him between the shoulders with his fore feet, and

knocking him down and his breath out of his body. We carried him under the shade of a tree near by. Not knowing what else to do, and remembering what my brother, the doctor, had told me to do in case of an accident of the kind, I bled him. He seemed to revive for a short time, but gradually sank back, and died in about three hours. We buried him under the tree where we first carried him and where he died. Poor fellow! It was a sudden termination of his young life and all his fond hopes. I have often thought of his poor mother and sister of whom he had spoken so recently, with his eyes glistening with tears of affection. Unfortunately, the poor fellow was a stranger to us all. We had met him only upon the start, and none knew his name or the address of his poor mother. The labors and anxieties of such a journey are so exhausting to the body and absorbing to the mind that we rarely get even the name of an associate, much less a knowledge of his history and family. So it was in this case. I have often wondered if she ever heard of his sad end. Parties like ours do not communicate so freely as they ought to. I have known persons intimately for years, and after all only knew them as Tom or Charley, without inquiring further. We don't like to appear inquisitive. I once knew a man in California by the name of H. G. Nichols, for something over two years, and we were almost as intimate as brothers. One day we were talking, and both suddenly found that we were born within three miles of each other, he in the town of Twinsburg, Ohio, and I in Aurora, and both knew each other's family. On another occasion I was speaking of a young lady and an incident

that occurred at a dancing party when she, after dancing, walked out onto the balcony of the hotel and fell to the sidewalk. A party I had known for years began to cross-question me about the incident, and facetiously asked me if I was there. Thinking he disbelieved me I was annoyed, and I said, "No, but perhaps you were." "Yes," said he, "I was." "Now tell me who you are," said he. "I had always supposed you from Kentucky." "And," said I, "I always supposed you were from Missouri"—and that is what we called him. He proved to be Morris Meeker, and when, recently, I returned to Ohio, I went by his request and the promise I made him, and saw his father and sisters in Cleveland. I only speak of this to illustrate how long persons may be acquainted and yet know nothing of their family or history. If persons so situated as we were would only be more communicative, more fathers and mothers would learn the fate of their sons, if death or calamity overtook them far from home.

At a nameless stream, a few miles north of Ogden Fork, which empties into an arm or bay of Salt Lake, we encountered the first serious embarrassment of the second half of our journey. We were two days in crossing this comparatively unimportant stream. Its approach was a quagmire for two hundred yards. It was flooded from bank to bank with the melted snow of the eastern range of mountains, and the current was the swiftest we had yet seen. But it had to be crossed, and we went at it, taking our wagons to pieces and carrying them, piece by piece, across the swampy ground. One of the party, whom we called "Sorrel," a red-haired man, whose name I also

never knew, swam the stream with the fish line in his teeth, while one man in a tree paid it out to him. This was to keep the line out of the swift current of the stream as much as possible, that the swimmer might not be handicapped. Time and perseverance accomplish all things. One boat was launched, but the current was so strong we could take but small loads, but we could get them across as fast as they could be brought to us across the swamp. It took the whole day and until ten o'clock at night to accomplish this part of the job. The next day we went about getting the horses over. They could not cross the swamp, so we had to go up the stream about four miles before we could find a place where we could get the horses in, and the higher up the swifter the current. We had men on both sides looking for a place, for it required not only to get in, but to get out as well. The horses seemed to know the danger as well, if not better, than ourselves, for it was almost impossible to get them near the stream. When once you could get one into the stream, the others would generally follow.

I was called on to lead the way, or ride the leading horse. The best swimmer was brought to the front, for poor Billey was wholly demoralized after his struggle in Black Fork. The horses were now all brought to the bank. I mounted the leader and he was then pushed bodily into the stream, and the others followed. No sooner had we struck the water than the current drew us under, the horse floundering and I hanging to his neck, only my two hands sticking out, and going down stream at the rate of at least eight miles an hour, and all the

other horses in the same manner, none having any more power over the current than if they had been shot from a cannon. We were taken down in this manner for over a mile, when the horse I was riding, or rather hanging to, struck the opposite shore. No sooner had he struck than I was on my feet on the bank, holding him by the bridle and singing out at the top of my lungs for help. One can judge of the rate of speed we floated when the boys on either bank could not keep up, running at the top of their speed. The other horses were swept down past me like shot; but as fortune or Providence would have it, there was a bend in the river about three hundred yards below, and there the other horses landed. It was a sloping bank, and they all walked out. The boys soon came down to me and lifted my horse bodily out of the water. We were now all on the right side of the river without losing a horse or meeting with any other serious accident, and putting our wagons together we went on our way rejoicing.

We had now fair sailing on to Bear river, which is the largest river emptying into Salt Lake from the north. We struck it at a point in the valley about eighty miles from Salt Lake City. It had given us a great deal of anxiety, as they told us in the city that we might as well stay there as to go up and wait there for the new party at Salt Lake City to come, which we tried to persuade to come with us, as they had three fine boats ready to put into the stream; but they declined, saying it was too early, that they were not going up there to wait a month for emigration, so we went without them. Upon reaching the river we were

agreeably surprised. Although it was a wide stream and much swollen, the current was slow, and all we had to do was to man our wagon-bed ferry-boat, and two men with spades paddled across, a third man standing at the hind and paying out the rope. Within half an hour from our arrival on its bank we were busy running our wagons and traps over, and within five or six hours we were, horses and all, safe on the western shore. Thus we were detained only a little over half a day at the stream, the crossing of which we had dreaded as much, if not more, than all others on our journey.

We were now in the extreme north of Salt Lake valley. At that time it was perfectly wild; there was no settlement, not even so far north as Ogden. The country was one beautiful, level plain—the bottom of a once great inland sea of which the present salt sea is but a miniature survival. The plain was dotted with thin patches of timber, especially near the numerous small streams that trickled down from the snowy mountains. Now this lovely valley is thickly settled with a teeming and industrious population—a great producing agricultural country, dotted with pleasant farm-houses and thriving and growing villages, with homes of comfort and even luxury, where the most delicious fruit grows almost spontaneously.

CHAPTER VII.

FORT HALL—SODA SPRINGS—ANOTHER PARTY—DISAGREEMENT—HUMBOLT RIVER—THE SINK—THE LAKE—THE DESERT—SUFFERING—ALKALI WATER—DIGGER INDIANS—SURPRISED—THE KILLED—A DEATH AVENGED—OUR LOSS—STARVATION—BOILED BADGER—EXHAUSTION—MENTAL WEAKNESS—CHILDISH PETULANCE.

LEAVING Bear river, our route bore northwest up a gradual rise for about one hundred and fifty miles until we reached Subblet's Cut-off, which I before mentioned as the route where we made a diversion from the most direct line to go down to Salt Lake. Had we pursued the direct course, then we would have been some two hundred and fifty miles farther on our journey. Here was Fort Hall, and also some soda springs. The water when first taken out had all the effervescence and sparkling qualities of the domestic or manufactured article. When we reached the forks, we were surprised to find a piece of board put up, on which was written in bantering style an invitation to "come on." As we had been leading all others thus far in the journey, it was now a little humiliating to find a party two days ahead of us. We resolved, however, to overtake them. For

three days we made at least fifty miles a day, and on the third day we came up with them, and we camped together that night, and for about a week traveled together. The party we called the Ohio party, some being from Pickaway county and others from Canton, Stark county. There was a spirit of rivalry between the two parties to see which could outdo the other in progress. Finally the weaker teams began to give out and fall behind. Some were rather inclined to be vexed at those who were unnecessarily hurrying onward. Not long, however, before there was loud murmur and complaint, secession and a split. Some of our own party falling behind, together with some of the Ohio party, as we called the new party, and being about equally divided, we bade good-by to the balance of the original company we had thus overtaken, and pursued our journey without further entangling alliances with foreign nations or companies.

We were now traveling down Humbolt river, named in honor of the famous German traveler, having struck it near its source, at a point where now is Elko, a station of the Central Pacific railroad. We followed it down three hundred miles, tributaries constantly coming in until at last it becomes a pretty respectable river. After two hundred and fifty miles it gradually diminishes, and at the end of fifty miles more it sinks into the earth and entirely disappears, unless possibly to rise as a spring in the bottom of Humbolt lake. It is a reminder of the legendary story of the river in China where Cublai Khan built, in the thirteenth century, a summer palace on the Alph, near where it is said to sink into the earth and is thenceforth

forever lost, and to which Coleridge alludes in his weird poem, the opening stanza of which runs thus:

“ In Xanadudid Cublai Khan
A stately palace dome decree,
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
By caverns measureless to man,
Down to a sunless sea.”

This is the famous sink of the Humbolt. Any one who went to California by this overland route in the early days, and conversed with another of like experience, was sure to hear again and again of the Humbolt, the sink, and the desert. Upon our arrival at the sink, about ten o'clock in the morning, we camped, intending to give our horses rest for the day, and cross the desert by night. Here soon a division of opinion developed itself among the party as to which of the routes should be taken. Some were for taking the hilly and more northerly route bearing towards Oregon; others, and the majority, were in favor of the more southerly route, more directly towards California, but involving the desert country. I protested with spirit against the desert route. About three o'clock in the afternoon I struck out alone on a tour of reconnoitering and went down the southerly route five or six miles, where the road still bore directly south as far as I could see. I turned back fully believing that I had seen enough to convince the others that I was right and they were wrong, but when arriving in camp and reporting, I found them unchangeable in behalf of the desert route. I persuaded one of them to go with me to the top of a hill on the northern route to take observation of the country. This settled it with me,

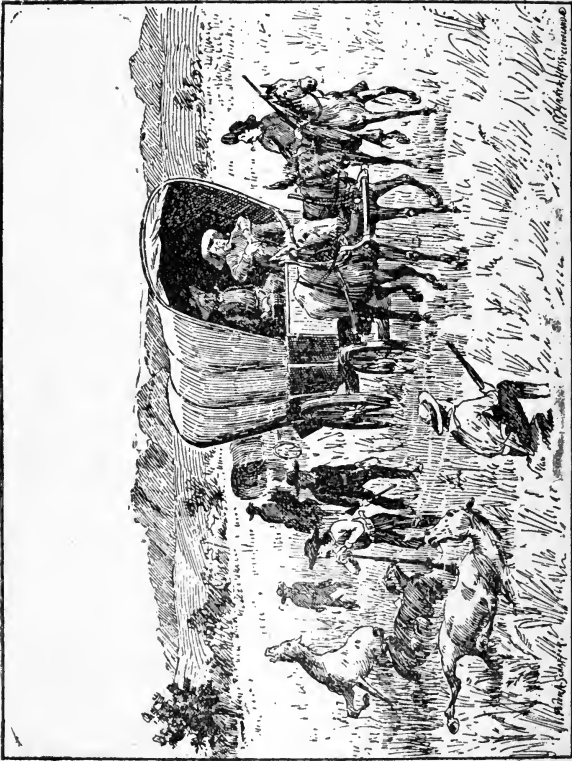
and I was in hopes our report would influence the majority, but those who had the most to say seemed to have the least knowledge of the geography of the country. They had desert on the brain, and desert they were bound to have. I remonstrated again, showed them how it was laid on the map. It did no good, for instead of influencing them, it seemed to touch their pride, or rather vanity. The idea of a seventeen year old boy attempting to dictate to, or even instruct grown up men, was preposterous! But they soon wished they had followed the boy's advice. By not doing so the majority lost their lives.

At half past eight o'clock of a June evening, we started on that ill-fated route, with all the water our vessels would hold, some even carrying a bucket in their hand. They expected to cross the desert by daylight the next morning. Daylight came, but it brought the most dismal and dreary prospect men ever beheld. O, our poor famishing horses, to say nothing of ourselves! I then tried to have them return to the Humbolt sink—but no, this was the true route. Then, with those who were so wise we traveled on till ten o'clock, when we came to one of those sand mounds, or dunes, on the north side of which were two small lakes, and some coarse, rough bunches of grass, which, when we first saw them, raised our hopes, and even I began to hope that, after all, I was wrong in my conjectures, and that my companions were right. Now one of our party, a wiseacre, such as Artemus Ward would call a "knowledgeous cuss," commenced to ridicule me upon my knowledge, or assumed knowledge of the country, saying "they would have looked well to have followed the

advice of a kid that had just left his mother—that it was a pity she had not spanked me before I left home and taken out some of my self-conceit.” I told him the right of such discipline I still acknowledged as the prerogative of my mother, but of no other human being; and if he thought he could do the duties of such office, he was then and there welcome to try the experiment. Though ill-tempered and insulting, he did not then proceed to violence.

When we arrived at the lakes, judge of our surprise and disappointment on finding the water of the strongest alkali. Some of the horses got a few swallows before they tasted it; others we succeeded in keeping away. We found some springs near by, but they were hot, some boiling. Resting our horses here for an hour, we again started, and pushed on over the dreary waste of sand till night. The day, fortunately, had been cool and cloudy. Our prospects, however, were as gloomy as ever; but the horses must have rest, to say nothing of ourselves, who were in anything but a sweet temper, everybody blaming his neighbor, and every one coming in for his share of the blame except me. As I had fought so hard against the route from the start, no one presumed to blame me, not even the smart aleck who had ridiculed the kid.

Old Tiger, the horse we bought before crossing the Missouri, got so much of the alkali water that he was getting weaker every hour. All, in fact, were failing except the Canadian ponies; they were all right and plodded right along as though nothing had happened. We laid over until midnight and then started for—God only knew where, for we all confessed we did not. We made but



SORROW OF THE DESERT.

poor headway that night, and when morning came we were on the same shingle lava that rung like a bell when the horses stepped on it. There was some change in the prospects in the morning. We could see some low shrubs ahead, and some signs of vegetation, little patches of sword grass with sorry attempts at better grass growing. Presently the mules began to bray, and the Canucks to prick up their ears, sniff, and push ahead. We knew we were coming to water. O, how impatient was both man and beast to reach the expectant water! Words are valueless, and fall dead and meaningless in the attempt to describe such a scene to one who has not had a similar experience. Poor old Tiger, who had been staggering along, soon stumbled and fell. We pulled off his pack and let him lie. Some were for killing him, but Costler and myself would not permit it. From that time on the horses began to drop, one after another, until five succumbed to the terrible effects of famishing. We left them as we left Tiger, and went on. As all misery must have an end, so did ours, when at last we reached a little creek of fresh water and plenty of grass. But now came the tug of war; our horses and mules rushed with fury for the water, and it was almost impossible to control them. Mules were braying, horses pawing and men swearing, a wild and crazy orchestra in the desert. As soon as we got the survivors watered and turned out to grass, some of us started back with water for the poor beasts that had fallen by the way. The farthest, old Tiger, was about five miles back. What was our surprise when we met the old fellow, staggering on a few rods and then stopping to

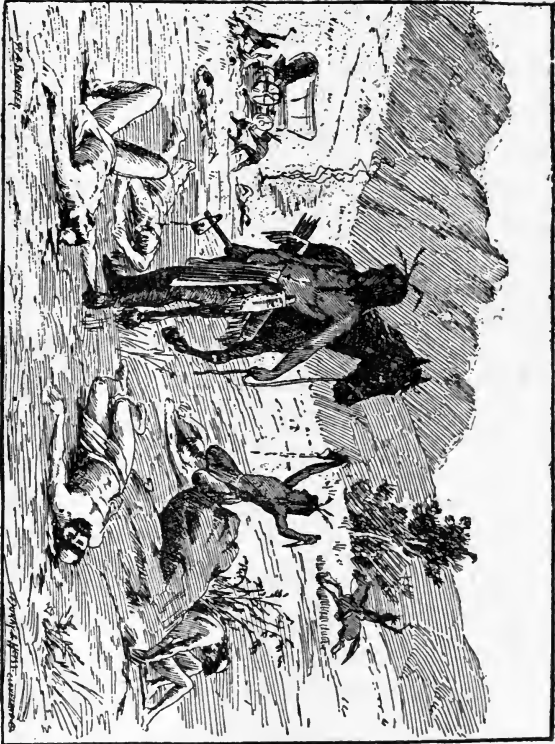
rest. We gave him about a gallon of water. He stood for a while begging hard for more, like Dickens' school-boy at Dotheboys Hall, then started off in a half trot for the camp, whinpering as he went. We met three others of the five staggering on as best they could, and to each we supplied a little water, but the fifth had bade farewell to the trials and tribulations of the desert journey. When we got back to camp with the animals, tired and worn-out as we were, we enjoyed the consolation of a cooked supper and a good drink of coffee which had been prepared for us. It is wonderful the change in one's temper effected by the comforts of a satisfied stomach. Only a short time before every one was cross and ready to quarrel with the first who would tread on the tail of his coat, but now all were cheerful and sociable. We camped here nearly three days, and by that time our teams had recruited, except those that took the alkali water—they were still weak and drooping.

After three days' rest we traveled on at easy stages for four days, when we became convinced that we had lost our point of compass in the desert, and were now traveling in the direction of Oregon instead of California; but rather than retrace our steps across that one hundred and five miles of desert, we concluded to keep on to the borders of Oregon and take our chances of getting down to California. Better had it been for most of us had we struck our tents and returned to the desert. The fifth night out we camped at the mouth of a deep rock-walled cañon. We had seen no signs of Indians since leaving Humbolt and had become careless, thinking there were none in that part

of the country, turning loose the horses without picketing them, and sitting up, telling stories and singing songs, till rather late, when we turned in without a sentry, not having kept one since leaving Salt Lake. Soon all were sound asleep, none dreaming of what was in store for us. Suddenly we were aroused by the ponies rushing into camp, snorting and trembling, and no one could drive them out. We should have known that Indians were around by the actions of the ponies, for they always gave us warning, had we not supposed we were entirely out of the Indian country. But hearing nothing of the other horses and mules, which seemed to be feeding quietly, we came to the conclusion that the ponies had been frightened by wolves, which were plenty in that region. So we went to bed, but only for a brief time, when we were again aroused by yells that could come from none but the throats of redskin devils. In an instant we were up and out. The devils were trying to drive the ponies out of camp. We gave them a warm reception. They then made down among the horses and mules and drove them before them, all the while keeping up their unearthly yells. The Ohio boys were camped more to one side of us, and down nearer where the horses were feeding. Most of them had thrown away their guns, consequently there was no shooting among them, but they ran to secure their horses and mules. When the Indians got among them they let fly a shower of arrows, killing three men dead on the spot, and wounding four more. We followed up, firing after them in the dark, and soon made it so hot for them that they got away with only a part of the stock. When daylight came

we mustered about twenty horses all told, including, I am happy to say, the ponies which never left the camp. We buried the three dead comrades in one grave, and cared for the four wounded as best we could. One had three arrows in his body, and could not possibly live but a little while; another had an arrow between the shoulder blades, and it seemed doubtful if he could live. The other two were not so severely wounded, but the arrows were poisoned, so the chances were against them. Then we commenced to pack up, little thinking we would have another attack from the devils, but about eight o'clock they came again in hundreds, showering down on us like hell-hounds, and sending arrows by thousands. The very hills resounded with their yells. There was only one course to pursue, and that was for every man to do the best he could for himself. We rushed for our horses which were close by, but on our way out poor Jim Pierson was struck in the neck by an arrow, just a little ahead of me; he fell, and before he had time to rise to his feet a red devil brained him with a stone tomahawk, and then turned on me; but, thank God, before he had time to commit another such an atrocious and cowardly deed, he got a free leaden passport to join his fathers in the happy hunting grounds. I only wished that poor Jim could have known that his cruel death was so quickly avenged. Those that could reach their horses, did so, and rode for dear life for the mouth of the cañon where the Indians had blocked us off; but we were bound to get to open ground, every one shooting his way through until he got into the open field, when we called the roll and found remaining but nine out

DEATH IN THE CANON.



of twenty-three. We halted for awhile hoping a few more stragglers would come in, but we waited in vain. We loaded our guns and rode back to the mouth of the cañon and fired on them, taking good care that we did not get hemmed in, but the devils were wary of our guns and made for the side hills and skulked behind the rocks. We got one poor fellow who had four arrows in him. He had hidden in a water-hole among some rocks. Others had run down and jumped into the water and tried to hide themselves, but the Indians found them and dispatched them, and such, doubtless, would have been the fate of the one we rescued, had not our second attack frightened them away. He told us he lay in the water with a big pond lily over his face, when the Indians found another who lay not ten feet from him, dragged him out and butchered him, but when they heard our shooting they ran, and then he came out.

We buried them all that afternoon. They were stripped of every article of clothing, and even the poor fellows that we had buried in the morning had been dug up and stripped. We looked around for something they might have left, but there was nothing. God only knew what would become of us; we did not, with nothing left but our arms and old Tige. John See, one of our boys, had put the pack saddle on him, the bag containing our last few pints of flour, and hung the coffee-pot, kettle and frying-pan to the saddle, when the stampede started. Tige followed us through pell-mell, kettle and frying-pan rattling. No doubt he frightened as many Indians as we did. After it was all over, one of the

boys said, "Charlie, you are wounded, too"—and sure enough, I was. There was an arrow, shaft and all, sticking in my back. It had struck me just over the kidneys, but had passed through three or four folds of a coarse woollen shirt, and no doubt that saved my life, but it had entered so deep into the flesh that it had to be cut out.

We stopped there until after dark and then pulled out, in hopes of deceiving the redskins, which no doubt we did, and traveled till ten o'clock that night; when we lay down, taking good care not to be surprised again; then up at break of day and starting anew, and traveling on till nine o'clock, when, being perfectly exhausted, we took a rest and had a consultation as to what to do.

Most of the party were in favor of returning. It was put to vote and seven were for returning to the sink of the Humbolt, three in favor of going on through. When asked where, none could tell. Costler, See, and myself were for going on. The very ones that had been so determined to take that route, were the ones that now wanted to go back. I again came to the front. No, I would not go back. I would not retrace our steps over three hundred miles, and encounter again those Indians that had massacred nearly two-thirds of our party, and recross that desert. Besides, our horses would never stand it, and if they did we would be farther from any settlement than we probably were now. They thought we would meet with others who would let us have provisions. I said we had none to spare when we were at the sink, and more than likely those that followed us to that point would be in like condition; that I firmly believed we were then not

more than two or three hundred miles from Oregon, perhaps not more than one hundred miles; that I had been led off there against my judgment, and now that I was there, all the powers of hell could not turn me back, though every man desert me. Two of the men stood with me. We each had a horse, and old Tige extra, but he was down, and it was plain that he could not last long. We were afraid to kill and eat him, thinking he being poisoned it would be dangerous to us. So we agreed to a fair division of the flour and coffee, for that was all we had. Every man had a pint cup attached to his belt. We found we had just ten pints of flour—just one pint to a man—and six pints of coffee, which we divided into ten parts. The coffee kettle and frying-pan being ours, we claimed it—in fact the flour was ours as well. It was now about noon and time to start. When it came to bidding each other good-by, it was a sad and painful scene. They again urged us to return with them. Costler and See would, I think, had I consented. I told them not to be governed or influenced by me; I was only a boy, but that I had made up my mind not to be led any longer by any one; that I was going through or die in the attempt, even if every man went back. Then they said they would travel with us one or two days longer, if, on finding no change, we would then return with them. I told them I would never retrace our steps; that in my judgment we were approaching the route leading from Oregon to California; that we should strike the road and stand a chance of falling in with emigrants even if we did not strike a settlement in Oregon. That settled it. It had never occurred to them before, and

I must be frank enough to say it had not to me. So, still an undivided company, we traveled on until five o'clock that afternoon, camped, built up fires as though we intended to stay there for the night, but as soon as it was dark we went on until about ten, when we lay down and slept till daylight, and then went on until eight or nine, when we stopped, made coffee and baked our pancake. Our allowance was three spoonfuls of batter each man—no danger of gout from high living; then after a little rest we went on till five o'clock, then rested again till dark, and so on until the fourth day, when in the morning we found old Tiger had passed in his check. I think there is a heaven for good horses, and if so, I think "Old Tige" found a large balance to his credit, and a free range in green pastures and by clear waters in the celestial realms where weary and heavy laden horses alone find rest.

John See and I were riding a little ahead of the rest when we saw a badger and killed it. We thought we had a prize, and stopped a little earlier that night to cook him. We boiled him, but when we tried to eat him, one might as well have undertaken to put his teeth through a piece of whitleather as through any part of that badger. So we drank the broth, or rather the water he was boiled in, for it did not rise to the dignity of broth, even to us famishing men. However, we carried along the boiled badger's remains, riding till the next morning, when the boys set the badger's corpse boiling again. It was rather a warm morning, and I lay down in the shade of a tree and fell asleep. After two or three hours John See said: "Charlie, get up and have some of your badger." The

shade had shifted and left me with the sun shining full in my face. I felt sick, and the name of badger was enough for me; my stomach revolted; I could not even look at the badger, nor could I taste my pancake. One of the party pulled out a twenty dollar gold piece and offered it to me for my pancake. I told him the money was of no use, but if he wanted the cake to take it. But the rest of the boys would not let him take it, and told me to put it in my pocket and keep it until my stomach settled. So I folded it up and put it in my vest pocket and kept it till night when I ate it.

Many, doubtless, who may read this narrative, will be curious to know something how starving men feel, and what are their thoughts, reflections, and even dreams. I can only say to those who have had no such experience, who have been reared and lived in happy homes of plenty and comfort, or rocked in the cradle of luxury and ease, that, speaking for myself, it is utterly impossible to describe my feelings under the circumstances related. No language yet spoken by man has wealth of expression sufficient to convey to one any intelligent or appreciable idea of the emotions, anxieties, distresses, agonies, fears, weariness, despondency and faintness, even unto death, of men so situated. As a slight indication of my mental and physical status under this terrible affliction, I will state that, while riding along alone, the memory of every good dinner I had ever eaten in my life, and every good thing I relished in childhood of my mother's cooking, would come back with such an impressing reality that I seemed to taste it as if still partaking of it. I dreamed of luxurious

meals and cool drafts of water, of tea and coffee, of milk and cream at home, and awoke only to the sad reality that it was all a dream. Perhaps, in riding along, one of the boys would ride up by my side as mentally weak, weary and faint as myself, and would try to strike up a little conversation, cheerless, petulant and unhappy as that of cross and quarreling children, something like this: "Do you see that gap in the mountain ahead of us?" "Yes." "Well, do you know when we get up there, I think the road will turn to the south." Then the sudden and petulant response: "What in blank do you know about the road; were you ever there?" "Well, you need not be so cross about it; I probably know as much about it as you do." "Well, if you knew so blanked much about the road, what in blank are you here for, lost in the Sierra Nevada mountains?" This specimen of unhappy social intercourse is to show the weakness of both mind and body among men naturally kind and friendly and imbued with sympathies resulting from common sorrows. We had become weak and petulant children. In the midst of our reflections, perchance a horse would stumble and fall. "Poor brute," we could only say, "may the Lord pity the poor horse," for we seemed to have no mercy. These unhappy feelings were apt to possess us generally about an hour after eating our little cake, when our stomachs were gnawing the reason and judgment out of our brains, as then we were weak and stomach-sick, but agreeable enough to each other generally.

CHAPTER VIII.

ANOTHER COMRADE KILLED—ELEVEN DEAD INDIANS—PROVISIONS GONE
—SHALL A HORSE BE KILLED—WAGON TRAIL DISCOVERED—HOPE
REVIVED — GREAT REJOICING — OREGON PARTY — RESCUED — THE
WOMEN—MUSH AND MILK—PRICE OF PROVISIONS—YANKEE DOODLE
BEEF—CUTTING OUT THE ARROW—INDIAN CAMP SURPRISED—THE
CAPTAIN'S HOPEFUL SON — PULLING THE CAPTAIN'S TOOTH — THE
QUACK DOCTOR.

ON the fifth day after the boys were killed, when we had camped and made our coffee and cakes, one of the party's horse having gone lame, he thought he would walk on ahead and lead his horse, and we would overtake him. We all tried to persuade him not to go alone, but he was determined and we were not in the best of humor; but go he would and did, and we said no more. We remained about two hours after he left, and then started. After about two hours, John See and I being about two hundred yards ahead of the rest, we heard a terrible noise, and listened, and at once came to the conclusion that there were Indians ahead. I held the horses while See went cautiously and looked around a bend of the spur of a hill. He soon returned, and the other boys coming up and seeing John's movements, knew something was not right, and he reported what he had seen. We left the horses with the wounded man and crawled around the

point, when a strange sight presented itself. There were at least thirty Indians around a big fire having a high old time, yelling, howling, laughing, others feasting. We got around the point, unobserved by them, and within a hundred and fifty yards, when we all took deliberate aim and fired, then rushed upon them, yelling as loud as any of those devils ever did, and at the same time firing our revolvers at them. Only two of us, however, had Colt's revolvers; others had "Allen's pepper-boxes," as the early style of revolvers were called. The Indians were as much taken by surprise as we were a few days before, and ran for their lives as we did, that is, those that had lives to run for, for some of them bit the dust, and some that were not dead but only wounded when we reached them, immediately started on their journey to the happy hunting ground of Manitou the Mighty. On looking around we soon found the lifeless body of Freddy, the only name we knew him by, his clothes stripped off and fourteen arrows in him. His gun lay by his side, discharged, and the stock broken. Near him lay three redskins, which testified to the severity of the conflict and the heroism of our companion. We buried the poor boy as well as we could, and left with only the slight consolation that there were eleven less Indians in this world than an hour before.

We traveled that night without stopping, as we formerly had, and did not camp till ten in the morning. Our provisions were now all gone, no flour, and only coffee enough to make two more drinks. Our reasons for not killing a horse before were, if we did so it would put at least three of us on foot, and that would retard our prog-

ress, and that so long as the flour lasted we had determined not to kill one.

Now the question presented itself, whose horse was to be killed. My "Billey" was in the best condition, and some proposed to kill him. I objected, and the matter was dropped until we halted the next morning, when the horse killing bill was again offered in council. I offered to cast lots, and if it fell to my horse I would accept the result in silence, but not without. Blank, the man who had so much to say, when we left the Humbolt, about the boy that had just left his mother, spoke up and said he was not going to pick bones when there was plenty of meat, and took his gun to shoot Billey. Upon that I took my pistol out and stepped up to him, telling him that as sure as he shot that horse I would give him an immediate interview with his Maker. For that he did not seem to feel prepared, and desisted. All the rest were against him, saying that I only demanded what was fair for all. Then we all agreed to defer the killing till afternoon, camp early, and kill and have a good feast. So we started with that understanding and traveled until about two o'clock. While we were on the lookout for a good place to camp and kill, we came around a short turn, where, to our great surprise and joy, we came upon a fresh wagon trail, not more than three days old—a very fresh track to us.

Had an angel from Heaven come down and invited us to dine in the meads of Asphodel, he could not have been received with greater rejoicing or with more grateful hearts than was the sight of that simple wagon trail, three days old, in the rocky recesses of the Sierra Nevada

mountains. We shouted and laughed, shook hands, yes, and cried. Even good Blank came to me and asked me to forgive him, showered compliments on me, said I was a good boy, that he never intended to shoot Billey, that it was a good thing it so turned out, as otherwise we should have had to kill a horse and that would have put us back, and now we were sure to be all right. And as for myself, I would have forgiven anybody or anything but an Indian. We followed that trail until we reached their camp of the night before. Then we lay down, but were up again in the morning betimes, and soon struck their last camp, when we felt sure of overtaking the party within three hours. But our horses began to lag, and we were so worn out and weak that when we got off we had to be helped on again. Not one had strength to mount his horse without assistance. The arrow wound in my back was greatly inflamed and very sore. I had done nothing for it except that the boys used to wash it; and as for the other wounded man, how he ever stood it to ride as he did and live, has always been a mystery to me. He had four arrow wounds in his body, and was red all over with inflammation, and swollen as full as his skin could hold, and so weak he could hardly sit on his horse, but he bore it all without a murmur. Two or three of the horses began to stop and refuse to go, and we were compelled to leave them. It was then thought best for those who could, to ride ahead and get the train to stop. Costler, See and myself went and overtook them just as the party had rested for the day. As soon as they heard our pitiful story, they, like true mountaineers, volunteered to go back and meet those we had

left behind. A light wagon was hitched up and a small party of horsemen galloped back, followed by the wagon, to bring the wounded man in, and as for me, I began to think I was in Paradise. They proved to be a party of emigrants from Oregon bound for California, and taking all their stock with them. They had cows, calves, pigs, sheep, and even hens and turkeys, moving with their outfit for the new gold fields.

No sooner had our party been brought in than the women of the emigrant party, having learned of our starving condition, with that natural propensity that prompts the heart of woman, set about the work of cooking, each trying to surpass the other in generous acts. I was lying on the ground in front of a tent when an elderly woman came out and invited me into her tent and gave me a bowl of mush and milk. I never tasted anything so good, and it is needless to say I was not long in putting it out of sight, and then, like *Oliver Twist*, asked for more. But the old lady refused me. I told her I had money, that I did not want it for nothing. It was not money, she said, but that too much was not good for me. I could not understand the dear old lady's philosophy. I had had nothing to eat for a long time, and was now where there was plenty, was hungry and willing to pay, and why couldn't she let me have it? Weak in mind almost as in body, like a disappointed and unhappy child, I got up to leave her tent, feeling that, after all, she was a stingy old creature, unwilling to give a starving man only so little, even when he was willing to pay for it. But just as I had stepped outside, up came another bowl of the delicious mush and

milk. The old lady stood by quietly looking on, and when I had finished it, she said in a most gentle and motherly tone, "Now, young man, you are welcome to more and all you want." She knew better than I did how to treat the empty stomach of a long fasting and famishing man.

The wounded man and all our party being in, the devoted women had something of every kind they had cooked, and it was brought out and every one invited to eat, which we all did, though some afterwards paid dearly for their lack of judgment and excesses. No one ever saw poor fellows in such misery as the most of us were in. I was not as bad as the rest, for the mush and milk administered by the sagacious and prudent old lady had prepared my stomach for the severer ordeal it had to undergo in receiving an undue quantity of bacon and eggs and hot biscuit, just the food our stomachs were unprepared for, and under the cravings of which we had neither judgment nor prudence.

The Oregonians very generously offered to lay over a day that we might rest ourselves and horses, which were as much worn out as we were. They told us Indians were ahead of us and that it would be better for us to travel with them, an invitation we most gladly accepted. They always kept out scouts to look out for the noble Indian, and woe to the red devil that crossed their path. They told us that the tribe that killed so many of our party, were the Goose Lake Indians. That those we were among now were an Upper California tribe, and that in all probability those that killed Freddy were of the same tribe, as it was far south of the Goose Lake country, and

the lake tribe was not likely to encroach upon the Feather river tribes. They held over two whole days for our party to recruit, then traveled by short and easy stages, starting at eight in the morning and camping about two in the afternoon, making only about fifteen miles a day, which was a great relief to our poor fagged and jaded horses. But judge of our surprise when we came to buy provisions of them. Only think, ye who never paid more than three or four cents a pound for flour by the barrel or sack in the scarcest times, of paying a dollar a pound for everything, flour, meat, coffee, and even salt. The captain of the party was a shrewd man and a money maker. He was well to do, and had plenty of stock and money. He had already been in California and had done well, and knew just what he was doing now, and what would be the outcome of his present enterprise. He offered to buy our horses at fifty dollars a head, and let us ride them—that is, if we would remain with them. Of course before we got in the proceeds of the horses, the fifty pounds of provisions would have been eaten up. Some of the boys were compelled to sell as they had no money; and probably we would all have been necessitated to do the same had it not been for a lucky circumstance that happened. He was very obliging; anything we wanted that he had we could have, of course by paying a dollar a pound. We wanted some beef, and he offered to kill a fat one if we would take one hundred and fifty pounds; it was only to oblige us. We consented to take it; but judge of our surprise when the fat beef turned out to be a little runt of a nine months heifer. It reminded

me of the song descriptive of the beef that Yankee Doodle killed, which took two men to hold it up while Mr. Doodle knocked it down. For beef this poor little heifer took the cake. But what were we to do? We must have meat, and had to have it; besides, we were not very particular, any tasted good, and such appetites as we had were uncontrollable; we were eating all the time, and it is no wonder that some or all of us were sick. The poor fellow that was wounded had to be carried in the wagon, getting worse every day, and his wounds a sight to behold. The Oregonians were very good to him, especially the women, who looked after him and dressed his wounds, and were as kind to him as if he had been a brother. But he had now become peevish as a child, and grumbled and fretted and almost seemed ungrateful in return for their kind care. I never saw such a change in anyone in my life. Doubtless he suffered greatly from the jar and jolting of the wagon; besides, I think he knew he could not live, and that still more disturbed his weakened mind. He lived only till we got into Lessen's, and died during the night—was found dead in the morning. He was the sixteenth of our party killed by the Indians.

My own wound was now progressing as well as could be expected. As the arrow had been cut out, the wound bled freely. No doubt the poison was drawn out so largely as to be ineffective, and I applied some salve that my brother, the doctor, gave me, which proved beneficial. On the whole, it was just as well that old George drank the brandy, for otherwise it would have fallen into the hands of the Indians, and the quinine too, had we not, after dis-

covering George's affection for the jug, carried the other medicines on our persons—Costler the quinine and I the salve—thus saving it in our retreat that fatal morning. One evening, after camping, a scout of the Oregon party rode in and reported a party of Indians camped about five miles ahead, about twenty in number; that having seen signs of the band he had followed on unobserved until he found them camped; that they had evidently been there some time, as they had built huts. All were up in arms in a few minutes, and ready to start for them. The women were as much excited as the men. But the captain put a stop to their haste; told them the better plan would be to wait till night and crawl carefully out and bag the whole party. His plan was adopted, and guns were cleaned and ammunition looked after. It was arranged that some should remain with the women and children, and the rest to start about eleven o'clock, surround their camp, and at a signal rush in and surprise the ferocious native. Three of our party volunteered—there was no lack of volunteers, the trouble was, all wanted to go, which would leave the home-guard too small. But the women were not afraid to remain alone; they wanted the “red devils rubbed out,” as they expressed it. While the preparation was being made for the raid upon the Indian camp, an amusing little incident occurred. The captain had a little dumpy stub of a boy, some six or seven years old, about as thick as he was long, who came stubbing up to his father, saying: “Fader, fader, I want you to buy me a wyfle.” “What do you want a rifle for, my son?” said the father. “I want to shoot the Ingins,” replied the pre-

ocious son and heir, emphasizing his answer with one of his father's most profane curses. "That's right, my son," said his father, "I'll buy you a rifle," and his eye beamed with fatherly pride. He was proud of his son's speech, and, doubtless, regarded him as a rising young Norval. I think if that boy had cut down all the cherry trees in Oregon, and then lied about it, the old man would have cheerfully gone his bail and carried up the case. If the biography of that father has ever been written and placed in the libraries of Oregon, it will probably be found that he was not a descendant of a Puritan family.

It was midnight when we started, and half-past two when we arrived in sight of the Indian camp. Their fires were burning dimly. The captain ordered a halt, and then he crawled up a little nearer and reconnoitered. There were eighteen of our party. The captain returned, placed the men about equal distance apart around the camp, and ordered each to crawl silently to within about one hundred yards of the camp, and there lie perfectly quiet till a signal from him, when we should come down upon them. It was understood that the raid was to be made just at break of day, or when light enough to see that none escaped. Judging from the systematic manner in which he went about the work, I think it was not the first Indian camp he had surprised. I had lain full three-quarters of an hour when the signal was given by one most unearthly yell from the captain. The prime object thereof was to bring the redskins out of their tents. In an instant every man was on his feet, running and yelling at the top of his voice, and in less time than it takes to tell

the story, twenty-seven wild and ferocious Indians were changed into harmless spirits of the air, never more to take the war-path or surprise and slaughter a party of emigrants.

Some may think it was a cruel and unmanly proceeding, but had those who think so been situated as we were—whose companions had been massacred before our eyes; whose dead of a few days before still lay naked and unburied in the cañon, and those we hastily buried exhumed and stripped of their grave clothes; driven to the extreme verge of starvation; saved from death only by the mere chance of having fallen in with another party; standing guard by night, and sending out scouts by day to look out for a ferocious enemy, as the man-eating tiger lurking near villages and isolated homes in Hindustan is watched for and hunted by the natives—I think, if happily they survived to return, it would be with modified views of the emigrants' dealings with the plundering and murderous tribes of the interior of the continent in the year of grace '49.

Still, if anyone thinks otherwise, and believes that a free and roving tribe, uncontrolled by military force, can be humanized and civilized by any process known to civilized or Christianized man, I nevertheless would warn him not to risk his person among them. Powder, not prayer, is their only civilizer. You cannot manage him by reasoning with him and persuading him, as the wag said he controlled his vicious and cantankerous mule. Nothing will convert an Indian like convincing him that you are his superior, and there is but one process by which even that

can be done, and that is to shut off his wind. I never knew but one "truly good" Indian, and he was dead. I have heard considerable romance, from persons inexperienced, about the brave and noble red man, but I never yet have met one. All I have ever known have been cowardly and treacherous, never attack like men, but crawl upon you, three or four to one, and shoot you down, as they did sixteen of our party in the cañon. Then why not attack them, not wait to be attacked by them, and then only in self-defense take, perhaps, one of their worthless lives? In all modern civilized warfare, to surprise the enemy and kill, if they do not surrender, is the climax of military renown. The world applauds, congress promotes, parliament does likewise, graciously voting the hero of the hour, at the same time, a little hundred thousand pounds and a dukedom, and even bishops, priests and clergy offer prayers and incense to divine Providence for the delivery of their equally civilized and equally honorable and patriotic enemy into their hands! But if a party of emigrants surprise and annihilate a band of Indians, who, perhaps, only the day before had murdered every man, woman and child of a large train, and spattered the wagon wheels with the brains of babes, why, the Christian world holds up its hands in breathless horror. But what is the difference? The Indian is the emigrant's enemy. If the emigrant gets the advantage, why should he not take it, for most surely the Indian will? I do not believe in wanton cruelty to the Indian, but when you are in a country where you know he is your enemy, and is not only waiting his chance but looking out for his opportunity,

why not cut him down, as otherwise he most surely will you?

Nearly two hundred years ago the peaceful settlers of New England had a mournful experience with the local tribes of Indians, less ferocious, it is believed, than the tribes of the interior of the present day. The well known history of Mrs. Dustin of Haverill, Massachusetts, who, in 1697, was carried off with her infant, only a week old, and her nurse, is an impressive instance of savagery and the heroism and glorious triumph of a noble and distressed woman. She was taken from her bed, half dressed, and, without shoes or stockings, exposed to the cold March winds. They took her northward by canoes, up the Merrimac to a point near Concord, New Hampshire. They had killed the babe at the outset. Here they rested for the night with an Indian family. Getting some intimation that they were soon to suffer shocking cruelty, Mrs. Dustin resolved to attempt escape, and laid her plans with her nurse, Mary Neff, and a boy prisoner, named Leonardson. At midnight, when the savages were asleep, Mrs. Dustin, the nurse and boy killed the Indians, took off their scalps, scuttled all the canoes but one to prevent pursuit, and set off down the river for Haverill. They reached home with the scalps as evidence of their prowess, and then found safety in Boston.

Happily now there is a little light in the east on the subject of the justifiable treatment of the savage by the modern emigrant, for, as recently as 1874, the humane and gentle descendants of the Pilgrims have delineated in imperishable marble the thrilling story of Mrs. Dustin. A

monument to her and her companions has been erected near the scene of the tragedy. On a pedestal, bearing appropriate inscriptions, is a statue of Mrs. Dustin, represented as holding a tomahawk in her right hand and a bunch of scalps in the other. The arms are bare to the shoulders. The right hand is raised in the attitude of striking. The hair is loose and flowing, and the body is enclosed in graceful drapery. One of the inscriptions gives the names of the two women and the boy, as follows: "HANNAH DUSTIN, MARY NEFF, AND SAMUEL LEONARDSON, MARCH 30, 1697, MIDNIGHT."

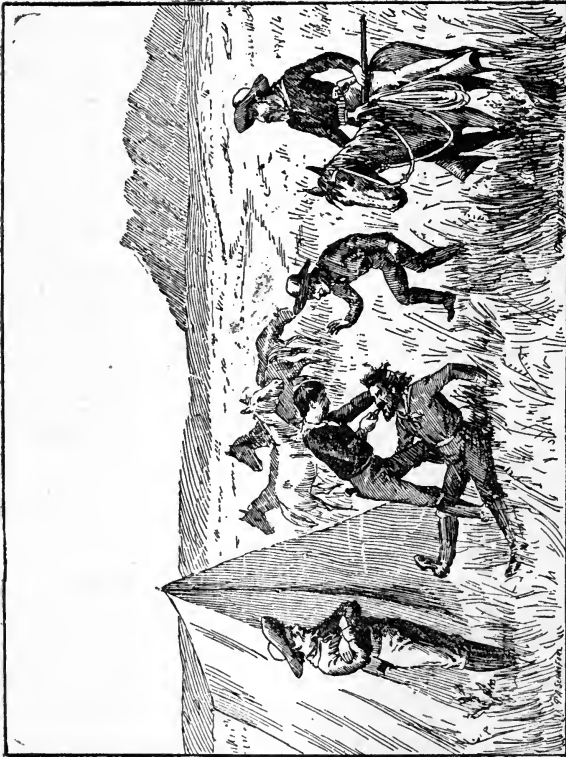
It may possibly be inferred from this digression touching the general traits of the Indian, that I am not an ardent admirer of the character, manners and customs of Mr. Lo. I confess I did intend so to be understood.

When we returned to our camp, about six o'clock in the morning, all was excitement, and everyone wanted to hear the news and its minutest particular, and each one had to relate it to another, as there was no war correspondent in our party, nor a newspaper reporter on that night's battle-field. It was a day of general rejoicing in our camp, and of course no traveling, as we had been out all night and wanted sleep. The captain caught a cold which resulted in a jumping toothache, and he was raving and rearing mad. John See asked him why he did not have it pulled. "How can I have it pulled?" said he. "We have no doctor; besides, it is a double tooth." See told him we had a doctor in our party, and came to me, saying, "Charlie, I have a job for you." "What is it?" said I. "To pull the captain's tooth." "Why," said I, "I never pulled a

tooth in my life." "It don't matter," said John, "you have got to pull his, for I told him you were a doctor and a first-rate hand at pulling teeth, so you have got to pull his or make me out a liar." "Why," said I, "I might break his jaw." "Damn the odds," said he, "you've got to pull it, and, what is more, make him pay for it." "What!" said I, "shall I charge five dollars?" "Five dollars be blanked," said John, "don't charge him less than twenty dollars." "He charges us a dollar a pound for his old musty flour, and surely any doctor would charge twenty pounds of flour for pulling a tooth." Well, John persuaded me to make the attempt. It so happened I had a pair of those old-fashioned "turnkeys" doctors formerly used, which were given me by my brother, the doctor, in Illinois, when I started. They looked more like a "cant-hook" used for rolling logs in a saw-mill than like the instrument now used by dentists for extracting molars.

In a short time the captain came in great agony, holding his hand firmly against his jaw. "Doctor," said he, "I want you to pull a tooth for me." With the gravity of a bona fide M. D., I said, "Let me look at it." I looked at it and pronounced it a very bad one, and advised him not to have it pulled. I knew he was in such agony he would have it out any way, and my advice was only a professional ruse, partly to impress his mind with the certain belief that he was in the hands of an experienced and prudent surgeon, but more especially for the reason that if, perchance, I should break his jaw, or carry away a portion of his head, I could plead to an action for malpractice that he had been forewarned of the danger of the

operation, but persisted therein against my advice. John was standing off a short distance, gesticulating for me to go ahead. So I got the captain seated on the ground, with his head between my knees, got out my lance (jack-knife) and commenced chopping and digging away around the gum of the tooth. The women all ran away as soon as I commenced to mutilate the patient's mouth with the lancet. John came forward as my student and assistant and handed me the turnkeys. I got them hooked on at last, but considerable time and not a little professional skill were expended in manipulating the ponderous hook and nicely attaching it to the throbbing tooth. I then straightened myself up into a position a little more dignified and gave the instrument a slight twist, just to be sure it was on firmly, which made him wince so that I began to lose courage and would willingly have given up the job, to the ruin of my professional standing, had I not just at that moment caught the eye of John, who gave an approving, nod and wink and whose facial expressions and gesticulations seemed to say, "Courage, boy, out with it." I gave a final twist and jerk, and out flew the tooth and struck the ground a good two yards distant. The captain jumped up and discharged a few mouthfuls of blood, and assured me that he had never before in all his life had a tooth pulled so skillfully. I assured him in return that in all my professional experience I had never encountered such a tenacious and resisting molar. He expressed great satisfaction, said he felt greatly relieved. So did I. He asked how much was the charge. I again assumed the typical professional air and gravity of coun-



PULLING THE CAPTAIN'S TOOTH.

tenance and said, twenty dollars. He handed me one of the very gold pieces we had given him for twenty pounds of musty flour, and handed it over freely, without haggle or complaint. Henceforth my reputation as a doctor was made. Every woman in the camp and train consulted me about her every ache and pain. The children too, they said, had been neglected; they had always lived so far away from a doctor, and now that they had one right among them, they were bound to make up for past neglect.

My practice was now becoming large. My consulting hours when we were traveling were after supper. Besides, I had to compound many medicinal remedies. Fortunately for me, I was provided with a good stock of searching and raking pills that were sure to do their work. Then I had some calomel, but that I did not thoroughly understand, but administered it very prudently, and always followed it up by a dose of those never failing pills, so I lost not a patient from an overdose of calomel. As my practice was increasing rapidly, it stood me in hand to be careful lest my stock of medicines would run out; and as a preventive of such possibility, I used some of the flour I had bought of the captain for a dollar a pound and prescribed it in some chronic cases at two dollars a prescription, exclusive of my professional charge for the visit. The quinine held out well and was useful and effective in malarial regions, and in cold and rainy weather. However, my practice was not wholly confined to medicine; my surgical skill as well was sought for. One Oregonian had a little lump growing on the side of his neck, a little larger than a good sized bean. I had seen my brother cut

one out only a short time before I left, from the neck of a Norwegian. The man came to me. I pronounced it a growing tumor. That was enough; the whole camp was talking about it. Of course I was asked how large it would grow, and how long it would be about it. I shook my head, and with slowness of speech and gravity of manner, said that would depend on how long the dangerous thing was suffered to remain before it was cut out—which it would have to be, sooner or later. He asked what I would charge to perform the operation. I said, fifty dollars. He concluded to have it done. So at the camping time he came, and I pinched the skin underneath the lump, slit the skin, and out popped the little hard bean. I dressed the wound, putting on some salve and telling him to keep it bound up and be careful about his diet, or it might cost him his life. That was a master stroke for me—a learned doctor with such a practice, a skillful surgeon, and only seventeen years old! It was certainly unprecedented in the cañons of the Sierra Nevada mountains. But my professional eminence must be credited not alone to the desperate emergencies of our situation, but largely, if not wholly, to John See as an advertiser. He blew my horn. Vive l'humbug!

CHAPTER IX.

A PROSPECTING PARTY—GENEROSITY—LESSEN'S RANCH—PARTING WITH THE OREGONIANS—NEAR THE GOLD FIELDS—SENSATIONS—DINNER IN CAMP—FIRST DAY'S DIGGING—MOUNTAIN FEVER—MINING OPERATIONS—GRIZZLY BEAR—LURKING INDIANS—FINDING OHIO BOYS—MARYSVILLE—YUBA CITY—HIGH PRICES.

WE had now been in the Oregon train about two weeks. One evening, a little before sundown, we discovered a party of seven coming down the mountain, all with pack mules, which we, of course, took to be emigrants. Our party again getting reduced in flour and other provisions, I went to the captain for more. He asked what we were willing to pay. Costler spoke up and told him we were willing to pay a dollar a pound as before. "No," the captain said, "I want one and a half," for the party we saw coming were sure to be out of provisions, and that was what he should charge them, and he could not let us have it for less. That settled it. Costler was a high-tempered little fellow, and blustered considerably in his diplomacy, and told the captain he was not going to be robbed—he not considering that in my medical and surgical practice I had fleeced our good Oregon friends as much as they had robbed us in unconscionable charges. In fact, considering my professional income as medical

director of the train, I felt that flour at a dollar and a half a pound was moderate and reasonable. By this time the strangers had arrived, and proved to be prospectors who had been out on the west branch of the north fork of Feather river, and were now on their return, with plenty of provisions they did not need. When they were told the extortionary charges we had been and were necessitated to submit to, they offered us all they had, only reserving enough to carry them through to Sacramento. They told us we were only about fifty miles from Lessen's. It elevated our spirits higher than the top of the highest mountain to think that in three days more we would be there. We could hardly realize it, but so it was. Twenty-four had started only a few days before, and now only nine were alive, and one of them past all hopes of recovery—soon to be dead and buried. In three days more we arrived at Lessen's ranch on the Sacramento river, about one hundred and twenty-five miles above Sacramento city. The next morning we parted with our Oregon friends. I had a very pressing invitation to go with them and follow my profession, but I declined, telling them that I had come out to try my fortune in the gold fields, and if I failed in that, there would be time for me to turn again to my profession. The women thought it was a pity such a clever young doctor as I was should go digging. Before I left, the captain gave me fifty dollars for a bottle of quinine in solution—a pretty fair profit; but when one comes to look at it, there was not so much profit as there was on fifty pounds of flour at the prices charged.

Costler, See and myself now started off for the nearest

gold diggings, which, we were told, were at Butte creek, about thirty-three miles distant. Our first day's travel was to Newell's ranch, twenty-five miles distant. Newell had crossed the plains with Fremont, in 1848, and had started a ranch there, and seemed to be in a fair way of making a fortune. He was an Irish-American, and a first-rate fellow: We stopped with him over night, and he gave us a great deal of information. He said there were a few parties up the creek, eight miles away, on Reece's bar, and some of them were doing well. Others were cutting a channel to turn the creek so they could work the bed of the stream, anticipating fortunate results therefrom.

Now we were within only eight miles of where men were actually getting gold. I am unable to express our mental sensations—exaltation of spirit for triumphs achieved, and expectancy on the verge of realization. For over a year visions of gold fields had fairly bewildered my youthful brain, and now here was I, right where, in twenty-four hours, I would see men digging out the golden nuggets and sifting the precious sands in the beds of ancient rivers. I did not sleep that night nor did my two companions. We talked and planned and built castles in the air all night. But, alas! many of those fine castles were doomed to fall to the ground. In the morning we sold our horses to Newell for seventy-five dollars a head—two ponies and the horse I bought of the Crow Indians for a pint of well watered brandy and a pint of sugar. In return we bought of him a ham, at a dollar a pound, ten pounds of sugar, twenty pounds of flour, ten pounds of jerked beef, some coffee, one pick, at eight dollars, and one shovel at the same price, a

tin-pan at six dollars, and two pair of blankets at sixteen dollars a pair. When we got the stuff packed we found we had more than we could carry, though many times since I have carried more myself alone. But we were weak and worn out, so we thought we would try to buy Billey back. But no, he would not sell him, but offered to lend him to us to take our things up; telling us we would soon want more stuff, and that we need not be in a hurry to return him, that if we stopped with him we could always have a horse to take our provisions to the mines.

We started at last, thinking Newell was the best fellow we ever met, and I never had any occasion to think otherwise. It was about seven o'clock in the morning. Our hearts were full of hopes and fond expectations. We traveled up the creek about four miles, and had just entered where the stream commenced to cañon the banks, which were so thick with a growth of scrub we could hardly see through to the steam, when we heard men talking, stones rattling, and the sound of the picks. We listened, and at length ventured into the scrub, and looking through saw four men working, talking and laughing. We stood for some minutes with beating hearts. We had at last seen with our own eyes what we had so long wished for, and for which we had crossed the continent. Men actually digging for gold. We stood and conversed in whispers. Finally we mustered up courage and went through the scrubs to them, when they saluted us with, "Good day, captains, where from?" We told them we had arrived from across the plains only the

day before, and had never seen any gold fields. They at once invited us to their camp, which was on the opposite side of the creek from where our pony was, one man going with John See to show him a crossing, Martin Costler and myself going with the other three to the camp. Dinner was soon on the way. We had to give them all the news and a full account of our journey, which they listened to with the greatest interest. They had come around the Horn. There was no work for them that afternoon. They would not hear of our going any farther that day, and would not allow us to cook any of our provisions. That night they told us they were prospecting the creek by putting in what they called a wing-dam, and if we liked we could go to work with them and all share alike.

We accepted their proposition and the next morning went to work putting in the wing-dam, which is constructed by building a wall of stone diagonally about half way across the stream, then fill in with earth to dam the water back and throw the current to the opposite side, then, in like manner, down the stream. When this is accomplished, the river bed within the enclosure is accessible from the surface to the bed-rock. The dirt is then tried from top to bottom with a tin pan, or gold dish, as it is called among miners. Sometimes gold is obtained all through the dirt, but generally the richest is found at the bottom. Well, we worked two days and sunk a hole to the bed-rock without obtaining satisfactory results—that is, so the parties we were working with said. Our spirits went down about ten degrees below zero, and we made up our minds to quit and go farther up the stream to a place

called Reece's Bar. They told us we must not get discouraged at not dropping on it at once; that we might have to try without success for a long time, especially as we were beginners; that gold-digging was a trade that one had to learn the same as any other, but that if we went to Reece's Bar we were sure to get gold there in the side of the hill, but that we could do nothing without a cradle. What we wanted a cradle for was more than any of us could tell—we had no children to rock. But, however, we started the next morning, rather down in the mouth, especially Costler, though John seemed to take it a little better. It was four miles up the creek, and on rather a rough road. Some twenty or thirty men were working there, and had cut a race, blasted the rock, dug out a new channel for the creek, built a dam across the stream and turned it into the race or new channel to enable them to work the original bottom of the stream.

We found the men here equally as hospitable and friendly as the party below. Dinner we must have with them, and no excuse was admissible. After dinner one of them showed us where we could set in and make wages. It was in the side of a hill, digging up the surface, grass, roots and all, and carrying it on our backs some fifty or more yards to the stream to wash. He showed us how to wash in a tin dish, but told us we would have to have a cradle—there, again, came up that mysterious and to us useless cradle. I told him I did not need a cradle; that I was an unmarried man of reputable character and, therefore, could not be the father of children; that I had not even been courting any young lady in the east. He laughed

heartily at my simplicity and explained to us the form and use of what the miners call a cradle or rocker. It is a box about three feet and a half long, the bottom about sixteen inches wide, its sides about the same in height, the upper half having a strip or riffle across the bottom about an inch thick, and one on the lower end. The top has a hopper about sixteen inches square, with a sheet iron screen full of holes punched about an inch apart and about half an inch in diameter. Underneath the hopper is a canvas apron fixed on a slide set so as to pitch back to the upper side or back end of the cradle, at an angle of about fifteen degrees. Underneath the cradle are attached two rockers, like a child's cradle, with two little iron spikes, and also a strip with two holes in the centre for the spikes, and on the back end is a handle to rock the cradle. It is set on an incline, towards the tail or lower end, of about half an inch to the foot—now you are ready for rocking out the gold. The process is to put into the hopper about half a bucket of dirt, having a dipper holding a quart of water, commence rocking the cradle steadily, at the same time pouring in the water regularly so as to have a steady stream running off. One has to learn to do three things at once—rock, dip and pour—which is difficult at first to do, as all boys know who have experimented on only two simultaneous acts—scratching the head with one hand and spitting the chest with the other.

Our new friend told us he had a cradle he was not using, which he would lend us until he wanted to use it himself, which was very kind in him, especially as one was worth about forty dollars. He brought it and set it for us,

panned out two or three dishes of dirt, told us we had a first-rate prospect, and then had me try my hand. I made a very poor hand at it. I found I could not even do two things at once—could not rock and dip at the same time. The others then tried it, but did no better, and perhaps not quite so well as I did; so I was tolled off to rock the cradle. See carried down the dirt in a fifty pound flour sack, and Costler dug up the surface and picked out the coarse stones. When our friend got us to work all right he left, telling us to call him when we wanted to clean out the rocker. We commenced work at half past two o'clock, but in two hours Costler gave out—he could stand it no longer—and as for myself, if he had not stopped as he did, I should have ceased rocking, for I was completely played out. We called our new friend, who came and cleaned up for us, we, all the while, looking on with the greatest anxiety. When he got it panned down my spirits dropped; still he kept panning out the sand until I thought he was going to pan it all away. At last he got through, and there looked to me to be a very small amount of precious settlings for so much work. He told us that it was first-rate; that if he had thought that it had been any where near so good he would have worked it himself. That rather frightened us; perhaps he would take the cradle away from us. However, he took the little results of our rockings down to his camp, dried it, and put it into a blower to blow out the sand. Now I was sure it was all gone, for he kept blowing and shaking and blowing again, until I thought the last particle was bound to go. He then poured it into his gold scales and weighed

it. Judge of our surprise when he told us that there were just two ounces, two and a half pennyweights, or thirty-five dollars worth. We could hardly believe him, and yet felt that our fortunes were secured. See wanted to go to work again that afternoon, but poor Costler was too much worn out, and I was not much better. The next day we were at it bright and early, but we all fagged and often had to stop and rest, and by the middle of the afternoon we shut down. Our friend showed us how to clean out the cradle every hour and leave the dirt in the dish, and at noon came and panned it off for us. That day we had five ounces and five pennyweights, or eighty-four dollars.

The next morning Costler was as crazy as a loon—the mountain fever had attacked him. What to do we did not know. I had medicine, but when it came to practicing on a friend that was really sick, it was a different thing from practicing on my Oregon patients who needed not a physician. But the poor fellow had to have something, and so I tried to do the best I could. I began by giving a whopping dose of calomel, followed up by as large a dose of pills; then quinine came in, but nothing seemed to quiet his brain or check his fever. He raved and talked all sorts of nonsense—sometimes he was fighting Indians, and one of us had to stop with him constantly. I kept repeating my routine of prescriptions, not knowing whether I was doing right or wrong. After six days I could stand it no longer, and having been told that there was a doctor about ten miles away, I left See with him and went to see the doctor, found him, stated the case and what I had done. He listened to me in profound silence and with closed eyes, as

though he was taking a mental review of all the cases in the books from Esculapius or Galen down to that hour. Finally he opened his eyes, coughed, cleared his throat, and with a grave and sedate countenance told me that the course of treatment I had pursued was the correct one, that in his opinion it was a very stubborn and doubtful case; that if he went to see him his charge would be one hundred dollars that he was just as well satisfied with my diagnosis as if he had seen the patient; that he should treat him the same as I had. I asked him his fee for the consultation. He said, "O, nothing at all, perhaps he should sometimes have a stubborn case and need my counsel." That settled it with me; I knew then he was an impostor. I then went to the store there and bought a bottle of brandy for which I paid sixteen dollars, and then started back as fast as Billey could carry me, and I did not get back any too soon. Costler's fever had broken and he had a sinking spell. We both thought he was going to die, and very soon. I thought to try the brandy and got some, mixed with water, down him, when he revived, and one of us staid with him all the time, never leaving him, every now and then giving him a spoonful of the brandy and water, and quinine in grain doses every three hours. The men on the bar were very kind and sat up with him nights, and were willing to do anything for him. At last he began to recover, so that I could leave him. I now began to feel uneasy about keeping Billey so long, and went down to Newell's to apologize and explain. He said he had heard that there was a man on the bar that could not live, but that he had one of the cleverest young

doctors attending him. Upon my inquiry as to who told him, he said it was Dr. Bliss from the Springs, the same old humbug I had been to see. I bought Billey back for one hundred dollars, twenty-five more than I sold him for. I found we must have a horse and that Billey would suit us better than any other we could get. I bought more provisions and returned. See was working away, but Costler was nowhere to be found. I called to See to know what had become of him. He told me he had just left him, that he worked a little while and then went to see if he wanted anything, and then returned to work again. We looked everywhere and called for him, but no answer, when we began to think he had crawled to the dam and had fallen in. There was a deep gorge close by and a spring of ice-cold water in it, and as one of us was running past it a noise was heard, and looking around, there lay Costler by the spring, with nothing on but his shirt, sticking his head in the water and then shaking it like a Newfoundland dog. We carried him back; he had become so emaciated that one could carry him like a child. He had got a relapse and was as bad as ever. I gave up all hopes of saving him, but was determined to try. I treated much as before, only in smaller doses. I got some arrow-root at Newell's, but he would not take it, accused us of trying to poison him, called us everything that was bad, and, although a very religious man, swore at us like a pirate. We had an awfully trying time with him; but at last he began to recover, and after about three weeks got so we could leave him and both go to work. We still continued to do pretty well at the cradle, and had we been

able to do a full day's work, we would have made from forty to fifty dollars a day. Soon Costler got so he could get around, but he was so cross that he was very disagreeable. He got it into his head that we must get out of that place. See and I opposed it, but that did not satisfy him, so we should; and finally, to gratify his whim we consented to go across to Feather river, a distance of about thirty-five miles; packed up Billey, offered to pay for the use of the cradle, thanked the party for their kindness, and departed for the main fork of the Feather river. Costler was not equal to the journey, and before we had gone four miles we had to load him onto the horse. He rode ten miles to the Springs, where I had consulted the doctor, and there we had to lay over for him three days, and at last reached Long's Bar. See and I prospected around for three or four days and thought we would set in on Morris' ravine, about a mile and a half distant. Costler went over with us; but no, that place did not suit him, and he wasn't going to stop there. To be sure it was not so good as the place we had left, but it was better to stop there than to be running around. No, he wanted to go to Sacramento and us to go with him. See, I think, would have gone if I had not told him I had lost time enough in running around and did not intend to lose any more, he could do as he liked. Costler was a carpenter by trade, and knew, he said, he could make more money down there than he could digging, so we told him to go, and we sold Billey for one hundred and fifty dollars, divided up every dollar we had made, and he left us. I never saw him again for two years, when I

met him in Nevada City. He told me he had been on the run from one place to another ever since.

After Costler left us, See and I continued to work on Morris' ravine with varied success. The gold was nuggety—some days we would get nothing—then the sinking was some six or seven feet. To strip a "paddock," as it is called (a hole), one would dig down seven or eight feet, and, perhaps, get nothing; then again one might get three or four nuggets running in weight from one to four ounces, and some small or fine gold. In Morris' ravine one depended wholly upon the nuggets he might get. We worked there some time when See got suddenly homesick, and go home he must and did. He would have about one thousand dollars when he got back—that was all he wanted, he said—that would finish up paying for his farm. He had a wife and one child, and he could make a living for them when he had his farm paid for, and he departed. That left me alone, and lonesome enough I was. One night I went over to Long's Bar for some groceries and meat, for there was a regular butcher's shambles. The butcher's name was Jerre Armstrong, from near Morris, Illinois, and he persuaded me to come to the bar and try my luck in a wing-dam. He offered me a half share. I thought it a good offer, so did all that I talked with, and so I came. Board was twenty-one dollars a week, and I went to work on Long's Bar wing-dam. The third day a man came along and hired out for sixteen dollars a day. No one knew who he was or where he came from. He was carrying over stone with me, with a hand-barrow, and just as he had discharged his load he stepped on a

stone that turned, and he fell into the stream. The current was swift and it carried him down until he struck the eddy, when he suddenly turned over, threw up his hands and sank, and that was the last ever seen of him. So it has been with hundreds of men who have gone to California, met with some accident, and, being unknown, their friends could not be written to; they died among strangers and were soon forgotten.

When we had worked about four weeks on the dam, and had got nearly ready to rock the golden dirt, a flood came, as disastrous to our hopes as Noah's was to the ancient world, and swept everything away. I made up my mind that would be the last wing-dam, or any other kind of dam, that I would invest in in California. At that time there was a craze for river damming. There was one just below Long's, and another, the White Rock company's, where the dam and cutting, to turn the river, cost over a hundred thousand dollars that season, and they did not even get into the river. Besides, at every turn or bend in the stream, there was a company wing-damming. In my opinion, there was not one dollar got out of the river where ten dollars were put in. There was a good class of people there—that is, the majority, for there are always exceptions, and Long's Bar was not without its exceptions. On the other side of the river from Long's, lived a Mr. Adams and his wife, from Quincy, Illinois. I shall never forget that lady; she was like a sister to me. I was young, and she knew the temptations that were placed in the way of a boy of my age, thrown in among gamblers, inexperienced, and no one to advise him, so she took it

upon herself to do so, and very thankful am I for it. She was the only woman on that side of the river, and I think there were none on the other side. The two Armstrong brothers were engaged in the butchering business. They were like brothers to me for the short time I was there. The following circumstance occurred while I was there:

The Armstrongs used to bring up cattle from the Sacramento flat in droves of a dozen or twenty at a time, and herd them down by a little bend in the river that was perfectly hemmed in by high cliffs of rocks, so it was impossible for them to get out except by the way they were brought in. The inclosure embraced about ten acres. One Sunday afternoon Jerre Armstrong took his minie rifle on his shoulder and a pail of salt, and went down to salt his cattle. After about two hours he returned and lay down on his bunk. He looked very pale and I asked him if he was sick. "No," said he, "why do you ask?" I told him that he was as white as a ghost, and he was all of a shake. He said he had been nearly frightened to death. Said he went down to count the cattle and salt them, and then started for home, and as he was walking towards the entrance of the inclosure, he heard something walking behind him. He paid no attention to it, when suddenly he felt a terrible blow on the shoulder, that knocked him forward three or four feet, and a terrible growl. Looking back over his shoulder there was a grizzly bear making for him with mouth wide open. He said he believed he let out one of the most unearthly yells that ever came from a human being, at the same moment giving a backhanded blow with his rifle which struck the bear full in the mouth; then ran to the

top of a hill, about ten yards distant, and fell. As he fell he turned to look for the bear, expecting the next instant to be chewed into mincemeat. To his surprise and joy the bear was down on the bottom and making the best of leg-bail in his power. I examined his rifle, and there were the prints and scratches on the barrel where it had come in contact with the grizzly's teeth. It was an exciting theme of talk in the neighborhood for many a day. The grizzly is as great a terror in California as the tiger is in Hindustan.

Rich Bar, on the west branch of the north fork of Feather river, just to the east of where we fell in with the Oregon party, was the location of the prospecting party, before mentioned, that gave us their surplus of provisions. There had been some very rich findings, and many were going there. Armstrong brothers wanted me to go, as one of them was going while the other remained to manage their business. They had plenty of horses, so I agreed to go with Isaiah, the younger of the brothers, and another young fellow, Horace King, from Illinois. We started in company with three more, for it was reported that the Indians were troublesome and it was not safe to go in small parties. Nelson's creek was the first stream to cross. We camped one night in the mountains above the north fork, on a piece of marshy ground, where there were patches of scrub. In the morning our horses were gone. King and I went out in search of them. After a little we separated and took different routes. Not long after, I struck the trail of the horses making down towards the camp. I was crossing over a sandy place, when all at



THE FIRST CAMP
IN THE
GOLD REGION



once I heard something "zit" past, close to my head. Soon another "zit." I did not have to think twice to make up my mind what it was. As it is sometimes expressed, I did not run, but I did some pretty tall walking. I did not look back, but before I reached a little rise of ground, or spur of a hill, five of those "zits" had sounded at regular intervals in my ear. As I reached the rise, which was not more than thirty yards, I saw a large boulder that had rolled down from a higher level. I jumped to the top of it and suddenly turned around just in time to see nothing but a bunch of long grass move a little. I up gun and fired into the centre of the bunch, and left for camp. The boys had heard my shooting, and inquired what I had been shooting at. I told them a bunch of grass. "Did I kill it?" I said I did not go to look. We talked about that bunch of grass until there seemed to be a mysterious fascination in the subject, and all had a desire to inspect it a little closer, so we all went together, taking, of course, our guns with us. Arriving at the spot we were all surprised to find an Indian stretched out at full length, fast asleep, as we supposed, but on closer inspection we found he had a little bullet hole through him, just under his armpits. He was taking his last sleep.

We went on up to Rich Bar and found many digging there. It was all crevicing, that is, working the crevices in the rocks. Some had made an immense pile in a few weeks. I met the party there who had given us the provisions while we were with the Oregon party. They had all done well. There were no claims, but every man started out in the morning with his crowbar, iron spoon

and tin dish, and looked for a crevice to work out. Some of them had many pounds of gold. One man obtained as much as a pint cup full in one day, which I had observation of myself. We staid there two or three weeks and prospected around in different cañons with a little success; but on the whole it was not a paying trip, and we soon got tired. Armstrong wanted to go back to Long's Bar to his butchering business, and the rest of us were quite willing to. So we departed, stopping on our way back to prospect on Nelson's creek for a week, but met with nothing encouraging. We never went out without our guns or revolvers, as we were liable at any moment to meet the infernal redskins. One day I was out looking for the horses and came across some acorns, the largest I ever saw, and gathered a few as a specimen to show the boys in camp. As I had them in hand, intently looking at them, I was wholly oblivious of anyone near me, but as I raised my eyes to start, I saw two Indians directly facing me, within forty feet, with their bows drawn and the arrows just ready to fly. Selkirk was inspired by loneliness when he was supposed to have said:

“How fleet is a glance of the mind!
Compared with the speed of its flight
The tempest itself lags behind,
And the swift winged arrows of light.
When I think of my own native land,
In a moment I seem to be there;
But alas! recollection at hand
Soon hurries me back to despair.”

Never, until that moment, did I appreciate those lines.

I thought of my mother, my home, every act of my childhood; everything I had done in my life up to that moment, flashed across my mind in rapidly successive installments. Instinctively and without reflection, caused by the startling realities of the moment, as I now suppose, I flirted, rather than threw, the acorns in their faces. That act was a surprise to them and caused them to wince, and their arrows, which were sent at the same instant, to miss their mark. Now was my opportunity, and I availed myself of it. Before they could put their hand over their shoulder and draw another arrow from the quiver, I had my revolver, and in an instant there were two more redskins ready for the tan-yard, but whose hides were too badly damaged to command full price.

Our Nelson creek prospecting proved as unprofitable as our Rich Bar had, so we came to the conclusion to return to Long's Bar again. Shortly after our arrival, being in Adams' store one evening, I met a newly arrived party, one of whom, after eyeing me for a time, asked me if I did not know him? I could not recognize him. He said he was Charlie Young, from Young's mill, Farmington, Ohio. For the moment I was so confused that I could remember nothing, although I knew him well. When my senses came back to me I felt exceeding delight, for he was the first person I had yet seen since I left home whom I had known before. He told me his father and John Proctor, another Farmington boy, were up on Middle Fork, four miles above Burwell's Bar, twelve miles from where we then were, and the next day I went up to see them. Burwell's Bar was on the main Feather river, eight miles

above Long's Bar. Two miles above Burwell's the river forked, one branch forming the South, the other the Middle fork of the Feather river. Up the Middle two miles is, or was, Miller's Bar, and here I found Elisha Young and John Proctor, two old Farmington acquaintances from my early childhood. It is needless to say that this meeting, in that far-distant, uncivilized, rocky, craggy region of the Sierra Nevada mountains, was mutually joyous. One who has been there and been fortunate enough to meet one of his early friends or acquaintances can appreciate such a meeting. I say fortunate enough, for it is one of the best events in a young man's life, so situated, who has any pride and self-respect, to meet, occasionally, with early companions, and especially those from home. It has a tendency to keep him steady, for nothing is more dreaded by a young man than to have a report go back to his early friends and childhood home that he has gone to the bad. I have known many that had become reckless and had gone down, brought back by falling in with one of the companions of his youth, when that one was of the right kind; otherwise they both go down, cursing their luck, as all miners choose to call their misfortunes or ill success, when ninety-nine times in a hundred it is their own fault.

Young and Proctor were working on Miller's Bar, washing the sand that had been thrown up among the bowlders, and making good wages. They proposed that I should go to work with them, which I did, but after all they were disinclined to remain there, and were constantly talking of what could be done in Marysville, in the milk business. They wanted to go down there and buy cows

and sell milk, and at last they got me equally interested in their scheme. We finally sent Proctor down to see what could be done, and Young and I suspended work till his return, having become too thoroughly enthused in the milk project to even dig gold. After a week he returned, and great was the account he gave us of what could be done in milk, in Marysville. Like Colonel Seller's eye-water, there was "millions in it." So off to Marysville, about forty miles distant, we went. As I had some things at Long's Bar, it was arranged for me to go down that way, while they would go the more direct route. But when I got back to Long's Bar, Mr. Adams and his wife, whom I have already mentioned, endeavored to persuade me out of the milk business, offering me two hundred dollars a month to work for them. They were running a store at the Bar, and her brother had a four-horse team on the road, between there and Sacramento. They would put on another team for me to drive. They were so solicitous for my welfare and so generous in their proposals that I partly, or rather conditionally, promised to accept. The brother had that morning started for Sacramento, and was to stop at a ranch a day, and I was to start at once and overtake him. We were to buy the team in Sacramento and I was to drive it back, if, after I had seen Young and Proctor, they would let me off. I overtook the brother, who was also anxious for me to go right on with him, but I felt under obligations of honor to see Young and Proctor first, and, therefore, I went on to Marysville and found them. They had arrived there before me, and I found Young already dissatisfied. He

claimed that Proctor's imagination was too brilliant, and his colors too gaudy for a rural picture of cows, cans and milkmaids. The end of the milk business. Young wanted me to return with him to Miller's Bar. While I was now in a quandary as to whether I ought to go back to the Bar with Young or go on to Sacramento in the teaming enterprise, a circumstance occurred that changed all my previous plans, and probably all my after life.

Before I left Farmington, Ohio, a party from that town and vicinity had left for California, among whom were Shurben H. Loveland, Lyman Wolcott, James Holly, Benj. Johnston, John Moore and Daniel Powell, all of whom I had known from my childhood. James Holly was my cousin. I met a man from Nevada City who knew the party and told me some had died; that Holly and Johnston had died and Moore had returned home; that the rest were in Nevada City and he could direct me right to their cabin. That was enough; nothing less than a double-locked prison would have been able to hold me from going at once to the boys.

But before taking the reader to Nevada City, it may be of interest to say something of the Marysville of that day. Those who have known it in later years can judge somewhat of the change which time has wrought between 1850 and 1887. When I first arrived there, it probably contained about twenty-five hundred inhabitants. Nearly all the buildings were frames, covered either with canvas or paling split out of pine, six feet long, and nailed on like clapboards, with generally a rather gaudy looking front, covered with a flashy sign, especially the gambling houses,

such as the Montezuma, Eldorado, Magnolia and other similar names. All these houses were equipped with a drinking bar running the entire length of the building, where the frequenters of the house could always procure refreshments for the inner man in the shape of cocktails, sangarees, mint-juleps, sherry-cobblers, in fact, every possible concoction that the mind of man could devise to extract money from the miner when he came down from the mines with his nuggets and bags of dust, and who, in almost every instance, spent his money like a prince, or rather like a fool. At the farthest end of the room one would observe a platform or stage for a band of musicians or singers, the performers varying in number according to the business of the house. In front of the bar and all through the room were tables from four to six feet long; on each side was seated a man, and in the centre was a pile of silver dollars and gold coin, principally doubloons, a Spanish coin equal to sixteen of our dollars. At other tables were roulettes, A B C games, in fact every thing that could induce the miner to spend his money. The early history of gambling in the gold regions of the west is not the most edifying reading; besides, it is too long, and the story and the narrator are often deemed alike incredible. I venture, however, to relate a single instance which fell under my own observation: Two miners came down from Rich's Bar, on Feather river, on their way home to the states, with \$14,000 between them, and, stopping at Marysville over night, of course visited one of the gambling houses, made at first some small investments in the "bank," which at first seemed profitable, and soon got

warmed up to make larger investments and take greater risks, and the result was, the next morning they found their last dollar gambled away, when they returned to the mines dead broke. I ought perhaps to balance the foregoing instance by relating another a little more cheering, on account of the tender age of one who boldly "bucked the tiger." A butcher there had a little brother about twelve years old, who went into a gambling house one evening with eight dollars, and at midnight he went home with \$2,400. The brother took it from him and laid it safely away. The next day the boy was begging of his brother to let him go back and try his luck again, but he would not let him go till evening, when he gave him eight dollars more and let him start out. He returned with \$800 more, when his brother took it as before and promised to keep it safe for him and invest it so that he would have it with interest when he should become of age, and then told him if he ever went into a gambling house again to gamble, he would put him aboard the next ship that sailed and send him home. There was but little commercial business done in Marysville, except a little packing for the upper Feather river. Most of the trade went to Sacramento. Towns were springing up like mushrooms. Yuba City was already noted, but for not much more than for its gambling houses.

One day, while walking through the market of Marysville, I saw some pears for sale. I had seen no fruit yet in the country. All my boyish appetite was aroused. I took one and ate it and was about to take another, when it oc-

curred to me to ask how much they were apiece, at the same time pulling out a silver dollar to pay for the two. It somewhat jogged the intellect when in a modest and innocent way I was told that they were only \$2.50 apiece. I suddenly discovered that the one I had already eaten was sufficient for me at that time. I paid for it and walked on to meet a vender of onions, who told me that he was disposing of his vegetables for the remarkably low price of \$3 a pound. I purchased of him one good large onion for \$2, and ate it raw, and thought I had never before tasted anything half so delicious. Up to this time there had been no fruit imported into the country, except dried apples and peaches, which were to be had at one dollar a pound; dried Chili beans at the same price; pickled peaches at \$16 a gallon; jar onions and cucumbers and other like pickles at \$8 per half gallon jars. So it is manifest that one had to make something to live; yet scarcely anyone ever stinted himself even at the above prices. Board was \$21 a week at the most common boarding-houses. The food was mostly pork and beans, plenty of bread and beef, the latter the cheapest article of food in the country; dried apple sauce, tea and coffee, and all this ample bill of fare for \$21 a week, or for \$1.50 per meal. Such was the case wherever I went, up to the summer of 1851, when garden vegetables began to be raised plentifully. I remember paying one dollar a pound for potatoes. We could not afford ourselves the luxury of eating them boiled, but used to slice them up like cucumbers, with vinegar. This was not for the love of them in this style, but as a preventive of scurvy.

When potatoes got down to \$30 a hundred pounds, myself and another bought each a hundred pounds, and carried them on our backs three miles, thinking we had a great prize.

CHAPTER X.

NEVADA CITY — WOOD'S RAVINE — OHIO BOYS — MINERS' GENEROSITY —
GAMBLERS AND GAMBLING — JUDGE LYNCH'S COURT — OHIO PARTY
RESCUED — ROUGH AND READY — MRS. PHELPS AND HER PIES — FIRST
WOMAN IN NEVADA CITY — CHURCH BAZAAR POST-OFFICE — THE
SCALES — FIRST NEWSPAPER — DEFERENCE TO WOMAN.

I WAS now determined to see the Ohio boys at Nevada City, as it was then thus early called, about thirty-five miles from Marysville, up in the Sierra Nevada mountains. I struck out one morning as soon as daylight and followed up the Yuba river for some miles, passing through a place called Long Bar. It was more than a mile long. The river was then very low, for the snow had all melted and it was the miners' harvest. I was asked more than twenty times if I wanted to hire out, the wages offered being sixteen dollars a day. But as I had set my heart on finding the boys from my old neighborhood in Farmington, Ohio, sixteen dollars a day had no tempting charms for me. It is utterly impossible for me to describe the feelings of anxiety to see them. I had been a boy always living in a country town, had never been among strangers till leaving home, and had seen none since but strangers; but now that I was about to mingle among my early childhood companions, it seemed to me I could

not control my impatience to get to them. But time brings an end to everything, and so it did to my journey from Marysville to Nevada City.

I made Wood's Ravine, on the west side of Nevada City, about four o'clock the same day. My informant had directed me so correctly and minutely that I was enabled to go to their cabin without difficulty or even inquiry. I rapped at the door. O, how my heart beat with anxiety for fear that the man had misinformed me, for somehow I had forebodings that he was mistaken as to the party, and when a stranger came to the door my heart sank in agony. I told him I had made a mistake, I thought. That I had been informed that a party lived there of the name of Loveland, Powell and Wolcott. And now how my heart leaped with joy when I heard a voice from within say, "Yes, Charlie, we are all here, come in." That voice was Lyman Wolcott's. He was sick in bed and the stranger was taking care of him. The other boys were out at work and would all be in at night. It seemed to me like being at home again among my own people. The boys did not get home till dark, and we lit no light until they came, so as to see if they would know me by my voice. Loveland came first; he knew me at once. I thought Powell would not, as I had grown considerably since he had seen me or heard my voice. Soon he came in while I was sitting by Wolcott's bed talking to him, and went directly to wash himself. All at once he stopped and rushed across the cabin to me and exclaimed: "Deacon Ferguson or his ghost! I will swear that is his voice." Unlike the Dutchman who explained that the reason why he called his son

Conrad was because that was his name, the boys of my neighborhood in Ohio called me "deacon" because I had none of the sober and sedate qualities or characteristics of that excellent church official. So neither got the laugh on the other. We were all mutually delighted at this meeting in this part of the world so remote from our native home. My pleasure was greatly enhanced from the fact that I now heard from home, at least indirectly, which I had not since I left Illinois.

Of course I was to stop there. I could, they said, do as well there, if not better, than elsewhere. We would be all together, knew each other, and, what was more, they had heard from home and were expecting a lot of the boys out every day from Ohio. They were coming across the plains and were sure to be there, they said, in a few days. And sure enough it proved true, for in a very short time they got word that the company were coming by the Truckee route, and were then camped some seventy-five to one hundred miles out; that their oxen had given out, and what was worse they were out of provisions. They had sent word by some emigrants who were a little better off and able to proceed, but still had nothing to share. Seldom if ever at that stage of the journey would a party have a surplus. They got the news in the morning, and by two o'clock in the afternoon, Loveland and Powell had bought five mules and started with three packed with provisions to meet the starving and distressed Ohio boys. So it was, universally, throughout California; it only needed to be known that one was in want, and there were always willing hearts and hands, yes, and money too, to

relieve. No matter how total a stranger it might be who was distressed, the miners rose to every occasion. There was something about those rough exteriors which enclosed such great and generous hearts, that makes my very soul stir within me as I contemplate them now, when time and death and distance have separated us forever. They had all suffered and knew what it was to suffer, and when they heard of one in distress, their time, their money was nothing—their only thought was concerning the most speedy and effective relief.

Many are the gamblers even, whom I have seen, on hearing of some poor fellow who was sick or in want, put his hand in his pocket and pull out twenty or thirty dollars and hand it over, saying nothing more than, "Give that to him," and try at the same time to look unconcerned or indifferent; but scanning his countenance closely, one would see his lips quiver and his eye gathering moisture as he listened to the sorrowful tale. I venture to say right here that if I were sick, without money, without acquaintance, and among strangers, if honest and deserving, I would rather fall among those rough California or Australian miners, and gamblers even, than among many eastern men of wealth whom I know, who make broad their phylacteries and assume the virtues that should come of Christian civilization. The latter would refer me to the relief committee who would send me

"Over the hills to the poor-house;"

while the former would put his hand in his pocket and hand out immediate relief, or take me by the hand and say, "Come along, Cap, you can turn into my hut until some-

thing turns up; I think I know of something for you when you are well enough; in the meantime, stop with me and we will see what can be done. If you are sick, bring a doctor. Say to him that you have no money. He will say, 'never mind, we will talk of the pay when you get well.'" That was the sort of stuff the early pioneers of California were made up of, and thousands will bear me out in this statement. Those were trying times, and they tried the qualities of men; and the nobler instincts of man became there a law unto themselves, even like unto the golden rule to do unto others as you would like to be done by. Had it got abroad that one had refused to relieve a fellow in want, he would have been lynched sooner than for stealing a mule, and heaven knows that that was not only abundantly speedy, but sure as death or taxes. However, with the exception of cases of sickness, there was less want in California, even at that time, than in any country I was ever in.

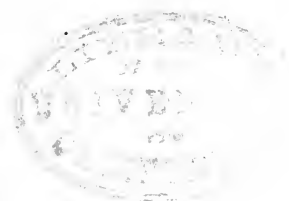
I abhor gambling in all places and in all forms, whether it be in mining regions or Wall street, or whether it be done at wholesale or retail. But society considers and treats gambling very much as it does the liquor traffic. It prosecutes and punishes the retailer and sends the distiller and brewer to the legislature and to congress. It legislates against betting on elections and horse racing as a bad and disgraceful business. But betting becomes respectable and legitimate when made on the price of wheat in Chicago, or railroad and mining stocks in New York, and the man who can "corner" the wheat market or bring to ruin the original stockholders, whose honest

money built the road, is a hero, and such wholesale gamblers are called "kings." When the hypocrite, who has been regarded by confiding women and children as a saint, takes up his permanent residence in Canada, with the funds of a savings bank, he is never spoken of as a thief or robber, but always respectfully referred to as a financier. When a railroad official converts to his own use, or "misappropriates," as the financial term is, a million dollars, his colleagues may growl a little, but when he endows a theological seminary, or consecrates a memorial window to the relict of the deacon of his church, society is complacent and rejoices in the apparent belief that, after all, his virtues balanced his rascalities.

When we came into California the territory had only just been annexed to the United States. Immigration soon commenced to pour in rapidly, and as there were no law-makers, consequently there was no law—at least we were told so by the rough element, which is always a numerous class when a sudden influx of people are thrown together under great excitement, such as was produced by the gold-fever, and that class will find one another out quicker than any other; but the better class are always sure to rule in the long run, and so it was in California. The thieves and robbers boasted that we had no law, but were told that laws could soon be made for them and all such as were not disposed to be law-abiding. And so there was, for as soon as there was a case of theft or robbery, the culprit was hunted down. We would sometimes hear of men running around, with rope in hand, crying out for the hanging of a thief or robber, under such a state

NEVADA CITY, 1851.





of excitement that possibly an innocent man might suffer, but generally cooler men would come to the front, and never in all my experience did I either know or hear of an excited crowd carrying their designs into execution until the culprit had had a fair and impartial trial, according to the forms prescribed in the unwritten code of Lynch law. The proceedings of Judge Lynch's court, which I have attended, were something like this: The culprit being secured, the crowd would adjourn to some proper place, when they would elect a judge, who would be generally the most prominent and influential man of the town or place, then a jury of twelve men, or sometimes a less number, of like character of the judge, as nearly as possible, as could be found in the place, also a prosecutor, a lawyer, if possible, also, if the party accused had no friends, they would appoint the most competent man to be found for his lawyer. The tribunal being thus constituted, witnesses were examined and arguments made by the counsel, perhaps, when the jury would bring in their verdict of guilty or not guilty, and if guilty the judge passed sentence. If for stealing, the sentence was for a certain number of lashes, more or less, according to the enormity of the crime and the previous character of the culprit. Such was the invariable course pursued, except when the criminal was caught in the act, when no trial was deemed necessary. I never witnessed but one lynching by hanging, and that was an Indian. I shall hereafter have occasion to allude to the subject of Lynch law.

Loveland and Powell found the boys they started out to relieve, on the third or fourth day. The party consisted

of Henry G. Taft, Homer Stull, brother of Judge John M. Stull of Warren, Trumbull county, Ohio; Ira and Amaziah Ross and Samuel Strickland, all from my old town of Farmington, in that county. There were also in the company Austin Perry from Mesopotamia, same county; a Mr. Mayhew of Bristol, Trumbull county; Samuel Beecher, of Mantua; George Raymond of Hiram, Portage county; and another man from the latter place whose name I cannot recall, but who, poor fellow, was accidentally shot by one of the party, just as Loveland and Powell found them. And so it was that, after all his toil and sufferings for want of food, he was killed almost the same moment that relief arrived. So the camp was in a state of mourning when otherwise it would have been a scene of rejoicing. They buried him as Sir John Moore was buried—

“No useless coffin enclosed his breast.”

Their teams having got somewhat rested, they started back for Nevada, arriving in due time, and there was great rejoicing on both sides, they that their long and toilsome journey was ended, we to see them and to hear from our dear old home and the loving ones we had left behind. No one knows how dear home and friends are unless one has been separated from them. I know from sad experience. I shall have occasion hereafter to allude to many of the above names. Many of them are now dead. Some died before I left California, particularly George Raymond, Horgan, and Austin Perry, whom I had known for many years. Homer Stull lived to return, but afterwards died defending our flag and Union; but his memory still lives,

associated with his generous spirit. Henry G. Taft, a specimen of God's noblest work, still lives and is in South America, as I have recently (1887) learned from his brother in Warren, Trumbull county, Ohio.

Nevada City, it should be borne in mind, is not a town in the state of Nevada, but is in California among the Sierra Nevada mountains, on the western slope, situated on Deer creek, eight miles south of the south fork of the Yuba river, and about four miles northeast of Grass valley, so called by those who first came to Nevada City taking their cattle there to pasture, there being no grass near the town. Gold had not yet been discovered in Grass valley. About half way between the two places was what was afterwards called Gold Run, that eventually proved to be very rich, and which I shall have occasion to allude to hereafter. Down Deer creek about four miles was Boyer's Agency. He was supposed to be some kind of an Indian agent, although I was never able to learn what he did for the Indians or any one else but himself. This remark is not intended in disparagement of Mr. Boyer, but only that I can't see what the government or the Indians wanted of an agent there. About half way between Boyer's and Nevada City was Wood's Ravine, so named after a man of that name who lived there and afterwards officiated as alcalda or magistrate. About nine miles down Deer creek was Rough and Ready diggings, named, I suppose, from the political campaign title bestowed on President Taylor; but this place was even less complimentary to the President than was suggested by the name, for a harder and more dismal place I never saw.

Nevada City was laid out in a deep ravine. It had its Main street and its Broad street and its Kiota street parallel with Main and a few cross streets. What buildings were erected in my time were on Main and Broad principally. On the south side of Deer creek was the road to Sacramento and towns below, and here Bowers Brothers had their express office. They took letters to San Francisco for the modest sum of two dollars and fifty cents each. I have paid them ten dollars at a time for letters. One Baxter, who had been clerking for them, finally started into the same business himself, having his office on Broad street. There was one business house in Nevada City, attractive to all, and which was eminently successful from the hour of opening its front door. It was Mrs. Phelps' pie house. Mrs. Phelps had a husband; nevertheless, she was the man of the house. They had crossed the plains and brought a cooking stove. Upon arriving at Nevada City, Mrs. Phelps commenced making dried apple pies, which sold readily at one dollar a pie, and coffee at ten cents a cup. She drove a wonderful trade, especially on Sundays when the miners came to town, they having played euchre every evening of the week to determine who should pay for the pies when they went to the "city." She often found it impossible to supply the demand on that day, notwithstanding her efforts in anticipation of increased numbers. She soon increased her facilities for business by getting another stove and purchasing a couple of bright-looking cows, which made her place look home-like and were a great attraction. There was such a demand for milk that it readily sold at a dollar a pint, and one-

half water at that. I have often seen her place literally thronged with miners waiting for her pies to come out of the oven, and as soon out, devoured. I think she was the first woman that arrived in Nevada City. Mrs. Coates, who came across the plains, was the second; Miss Bowers, sister of the Bowers brothers, was the third; a Mrs. Scott, who settled out on Rock creek, was the fourth; and Mrs. George Scott was the fifth. These women were a great attraction, and had they put themselves up on exhibition they would have drawn great houses. But they were brave, noble and virtuous women. They were not only anxious to make money by honest industry, but also to improve society, and they had not been long among us before their presence and cheering influence were felt in more ways than one. They put shoulder to the wheel, and soon a church was under way. They were angels of mercy, and many a poor suffering soul received assistance, comfort and consolation from their motherly and sisterly hands and gentle spirits. They were loved and respected by everyone in and around Nevada City.

The first storekeepers, as I now remember, were Davis & Hurst, on the corner of Broad and a street that ran across to Kiota street. The first principal bakers and butchers were Napper & Webster. Of professional men Dr. Gardner was considered the chief. He died early in 1851, lamented by all. Dr. Livermore was a dentist who came there from Sidney, Australia. Time has obliterated the memory of many names with which I was then and there familiar, but I recall a noble-hearted southern gentleman, Dr. Weaver, from Memphis, Tennessee. He owned

the place called White Hall, at the head of Broad street, which will be remembered by many as the place where the ladies held their first bazaar, for the building of the first church. I remember it distinctly, and I pity the poor fellows that were beset by the ladies as I was. Miss Bowers kept the "post-office" at that bazaar, and no sooner than a fellow got inside, after paying two dollars entrance fee, than he was notified by the pleasant post-mistress that there was a letter in the office for him. I was young and felt quite flattered when notified by that young lady, in her most winsome manner, that she had in her official keeping a letter for me. I stepped up and received a letter at her hands, and was in the act of returning her gracious smile, as best fitted my countenance, when she said, in the sweetest of womanly accents, "Two dollars and fifty cents." I paid it with alacrity. When I opened it I found it to be written in Dutch or Indian, not a word of which could I make out. I was not wise enough to keep the joke to myself, but must go and tell her. "Dear me, how stupid I was," said she; "but here is your letter," handing me another. I was innocent enough to receive it, when the same sweet seductive voice repeated: "Two dollars and a half," and I again discharged my obligation to the post-office without shedding a tear. Mrs. Phelps ran the pie and coffee stand, and succeeded admirably in her line. I was not long in falling in with Mrs. Scott, who kept the scales. "Dear me," said that lady, "is that you? Why I hardly knew you. Have you been sick?" I innocently said, "No." "How I had fallen away!" I thought not, but she was sure I had.

“Just step on the scales and she would see.” I did not drop to her little game, but like a simpleton mounted the scales as she requested, and weighed five pounds more than usual. “Well, well, I was mistaken,” but smiling, she said: “People are liable to be deceived. Two dollars, please.” I paid it and walked away, fully agreeing with Mrs. Scott that people are liable to be deceived, particularly at a ladies’ church bazaar. I had not been in the house more than an hour when my experience had cost me about thirty dollars. I don’t remember how much the fair netted, but it was something enormous. The miners were captivated with the smiles of the ladies and were willing to pay liberal for one; nor were the ladies sparing of their blandishments, so long as the miners’ money held out. The gamblers, too, came in for their share, and got as handsomely fleeced as they ever fleeced a poor miner.

Hubbard & Hodge was the first law firm I remember. They had all they could do to prevent litigation and keep peace among the people. Main street contained three large gambling houses, fitted up in the most elaborate style—Barker’s, Antonio’s and George Scott’s. Broad street had only two, the Central and White Hall. There were, however, an endless number of small concerns that we cannot record, both in and around Nevada. Over the hill, near Lessen’s tunnel, lived a character who may still be remembered by some of the present residents—the Dutch blacksmith, politician and stump orator. There were others I may have occasion to mention hereafter.

Early in 1851 the government granted Nevada City a post-office. It was a blessing to all, for we could now

write to our friends at home and send and receive letters direct, without the expense of two dollars and a half express charges between there and San Francisco. I have forgotten the postmaster's name. About the same time the first newspaper made its appearance, displaying in good clear letters its title, *Nevada Chronicle*. I am also at fault, at this late day, as to the name of the editor, but have been told that the enterprising gentleman became a man of note in the state, and was appointed minister to Prussia and afterwards to Russia. Davis and Hurst built the first theatre in Nevada City, or in the Sierra Nevada mountains. The first company that appeared on its boards was under the management of Dr. Robinson. Many will remember the gentleman by his celebrated Yankee stories, told in the name of Heseekiah Pickerell. The first play I witnessed was "Christopher Strap." Soon, however, they aspired to something higher, as society was rapidly becoming more cultivated and select, and the "Lady of Lyons" was placed upon the boards, Mrs. Robinson taking the rôle of the lady, and a young man named Edwards that of Claude Melnotte. Bowling alleys and billiards were not long in coming in, so that by the latter part of '51 Nevada City society was not without abundant places and varieties of amusement. A store was established in Wood's Ravine by a man from Arkansas, whose last name was James. The summer of '51 is especially remembered from the circumstance of the death of his wife. The community deeply sympathized with him, but, moreover, each person seemed to mourn as for

a personal affliction and inconsolable loss, such was the regard and reverence for woman where there were so few. When the death of a woman was announced in a distant mining camp, a sudden sadness and silence pervaded; men spoke low to each other, and the cabin door was opened and closed lightly, as if for fear of disturbing the dead. James subsequently entered into a business partnership with Mrs. Coates, whom I have before mentioned. They started a boarding-house in connection with the store, and drove a flourishing business. Mrs. Coates was a very cheerful woman, and her kind and pleasant disposition made her house very attractive, and her vivacious spirit was a stimulating medicine to my own and many other miner's dreary and lonesome life. I have sometimes feared that an erroneous notion prevailed in the states that the pioneer women of the early California times were of a low order, and were regarded by the delvers in the mountains and looked upon by them as base adventurers of an immoral character; but such has not been my experience. I never knew a miner to insult a woman, but, on the other hand, I know a woman could visit alone a camp of miners and be treated with higher consideration than many honorable wives, mothers and sisters are treated by men in passing along the streets of our cities in the evening, or even in the day-time. Every miner seemed to consider himself her sworn guardian, policeman and protector, and the slightest dishonorable word, action or look of any miner or other person, would have been met with a rebuke he would remember so long as he lived, if,

perchance, he survived the chastisement. No matter how
"rich and rare were the gems she wore,"

"But blest forever was she who relied
Upon a miner's honor and a miner's pride!"

CHAPTER XI.

MINING ASSOCIATIONS—A CLAIM—RIFLE BOUNDED—KIOTE DIGGINGS—
HIRING OUT—"GALENA"—SENATOR STEWART—PAINFUL SICKNESS—
POOR MAN'S CREEK—BORROWING A MULE—ANOTHER GRIZZLY
—PERRY'S DEATH—INGRATITUDE—JUMPING A CLAIM—FIRST MIN-
ING SUIT—EVICTION—THE EVICTOR EVICTED—LUCK—A MINER'S
SUPERSTITION.

HAVING digressed in the last chapter to make brief mention of Nevada City and its first pioneers, and while I shall hereafter have occasion to refer to others of them, I must now return to the time of my arrival at the Ohio boys' hut. In the company that Loveland and Powell went out to relieve and bring in, were two other persons whose names I omitted—William Powell, brother, and Edward McCall from Parkman, Geauga county, Ohio. The rescued company all camped with us until they could build a hut. Taft, Stull, Mayhew, Strickland and the two Rose brothers were under a home contract of partnership to share alike, so they went in together. Many in that early day came out under like arrangements, but those incipient, home-partnerships never held long, and were often dissolved before they arrived, certainly within three months after reaching their destination; not always that ill-feeling existed, but the thought

of being bound together was generally sufficient cause for dissatisfaction. So it was in their case, for after remaining together about three months Taft and Strickland drew out, while the other four remained together during their stay in the mountains. William Powell, Beecher, McCall and Raymond built another hut near by, and thus our village of three huts, built on rather elevated ground, got the name of Buckeye Hill. There was a man in the party that came across the plains with Loveland by the name of Fisk, from Nelson, Portage county, Ohio, whose brother had just arrived by way of Panama—had contracted the fever. He had been staying with his brother some three months, unable to work in the mines; so Fisk concluded to sell out his interest in the hut, take his brother down to Sacramento and start gardening. With the approval of the others, I bought him out, including his cooking utensils, for two ounces of gold. Wolcott was about to leave for home, and Taft bought him out at the same price, so that now our party proper consisted of Loveland, Powell, Taft and myself, and we remained together as long as we were in California. Although some one or more were at times away, that was invariably our headquarters and home.

When the mines in and around Nevada City were first opened, they were solely in the ravines. Deer creek was rockbound, and there was no law regulating the size of a miner's claim, and generally a party that first went into a ravine had the exclusive right thereto, or as much of it as he or they saw fit to claim. As population increased that rule did not long maintain. The primitive manner of assert-

ing a claim and the limits thereof, is best illustrated by the following story: An old prospector and miner of the hard-shell type used to take his rifle with him, and when at work set it up against a tree. One day a new-comer arrived in the ravine and asked the old miner some questions, but the answers were all evasive; but when he inquired how much of the ravine he claimed, the old fellow started up bright and communicative, and, pointing to the tree where his rifle leaned, said. "D'ye see that rifle there, stranger?" "Yes," said the man. "Wall," said the miner, "jist as fur as that rifle carries, up and down this ravine, I claim—and no further; there, now, you know." Then he went on about his work. The man left, concluding he would look for diggings elsewhere.

This state of things continued, however, only for a short time. The miners saw that something must be done, and therefore a meeting was called and a rule was established that each miner could hold thirty feet square as a mining claim, but was entitled to buy out as many claims as he pleased, providing he kept men at work on them; and that law held good while I remained in California. When mines were first opened, but few, comparatively, had any knowledge of mining gold, and everyone had a theory of his own. The general impression was that gold lay in the gravel on the bed-rock, and so it did upon granite, and even where the granite was soft it worked itself into that a few inches. Many of the crevices in the ravines near Nevada were slate bed-rock and loose on the edges, and the first workers only took off the gravel, never digging up the slate. I remember Powell telling me of a man who

came along when they were at work in Wood's ravine and laughing, said: "What do you think those fellows are doing up there (on the claim above)? Why," said he, "they are digging up the rock for a foot or more down," and all joined him in the laugh except Loveland, who said nothing; but at dinner time he went up to see what they were doing, and as they also had gone to dinner, he dug up two dishes full of the rock and washed it, and in about half an hour came back to the hut with the gold he had obtained, and it was found that there was more gold in the rock than in the gravel. Thus they had to live and learn. It was for a time believed that gold was confined to the ravines and gulleys, and that Nevada diggings would soon be a thing of the past.

Two miners, Heath and Hale, working the gully that ran through the town, or where the town afterwards came to be, came onto a bed of gravel which seemed to run from the gully into a hill, and as they prospected, favorable indications increased. They followed it into the hill and it grew richer and richer as they advanced, and when they got in too far to strip the surface, they had to tunnel and timber, or kiote, as they then called it. From this system the Kiote diggings derived its name. All the hills northwest of Nevada City proved to be very rich, and gave employment to thousands for many years after. The Kiote diggings were in full blast when I arrived there, and there I did my first work. The boys thought I had better hire out until I got a little insight into the business and understood the working of the ground; so I went with them the first day and saw how they worked and timbered

up under ground, for it was all under ground, at a depth of from thirty-five to forty-five feet. I took particular notice of the manner of timbering, and in one day found I could do it as well as any of them. The next morning I started out to look for a job. Generally the first question asked me was, "Where did you come from?" I truthfully answered, "Ohio." No, they did not want me. So I traveled that day to the tune played by the same question and answer, till I began to think there was some prejudice against Ohio men. I went home rather crestfallen, and when I told the boys of my day's experience, they laughed, and then told me that Galena lead miners were all the rage there. That gave me my cue, and the next morning I was on the wing bright and early, and had just got into the busy region when I saw some men standing around a shaft, apparently consulting. I stepped up and asked if they wanted to hire any hands. They looked at me, and then came the same old question, "Where are you from?" "From Galena," I replied, which was again the truth, for I was a long way from it. "You are just the man we want," said one of them. They said they had some men working for them that did not understand mining—that they were about to lose their shaft, and asked me to get onto the rope and go down and take a look at it and see if I thought it could be repaired. I lit a candle, got on to the rope, and they lowered me down. I felt rather skittish, but my reputation was at stake, and it would not do to back out now that I had set myself up for a Galena miner. On inspection I found the shaft badly out of order and so pronounced it when I appeared on the surface, but assured

them that I could make it perfectly safe. One remarked that he supposed I would want a helper. Now what a helper was I did not know, but thought I would know when I saw one. So I said of course I could not get along without a helper, wondering all the while what kind of a tool a helper was. I felt relieved, however, when one of them called to a man passing and asked him if he wanted a job. "That," said the man, "is just what I am looking for." He was engaged, and I was still more pleased when I found he had just come across the plains and I was not liable to be exposed by him in my pretense of being a bona fide Galena miner. Then came the question as to how much I would charge. I looked at the sun and remarked that as it was now about nine o'clock, I would work that day for twelve dollars, but that if I worked on I should want sixteen dollars a day. They told me to go ahead, and down my helper and I went. I set my helper to clearing out the dirt and rocks that had fallen down around the shaft, while I took my measures and went to the surface to fit my timbers. I felt safer above than down in the shaft. If the whole thing should fall, or the earth cave in, only the helper would be killed and not the expert Galena miner. Human nature is selfish to the last, even in the best regulated families, and I confess to the common infirmity. I got my timbers all cut by the time my helper got the shaft cleared out. Then I and my timbers went down and we fitted in the first set and made a good job of it, when I went home. The boys wanted to know how I got on, and I told them the whole story, and we had a good

laugh over it, and from that time I went by the name of the Galena miner.

The next day I went back. The helper proved to be a good hand, having worked in the coal mines of Pennsylvania, and knew more about such work than I did. It is an old saying that the devil's children have the father's luck. So it was in our case, for we worked on three days, and a better job was never done. When all was in order they were well pleased and offered me the management of the work, the claim being owned by parties that did not themselves work at mining. I remained with them three weeks, when it was found that the claim was not paying. I should have been surprised if it had. However, as I had been paid every Saturday, I was content and lost no sleep. My next employment was by the company of which Loveland and Powell were part owners. Rigby and Peck, two men from Oberlin, Ohio, had originally taken up the claim and sold out to Loveland, Powell and William M. Stewart, since United States senator for the state of Nevada. He came from Mesopotamia, only five miles from my home, and to whom I shall have occasion to allude hereafter I worked for them three weeks, when the water broke in and drowned out all the claims. Mining was suspended for three months. In the meantime I bought out Powell's share, and he afterwards bought out Stewart. We sold a large pile of wash dirt to Herbert Bowers, one of the Bowers brothers. He failed and we lost our money. That's the way the world wagged then and there.

For a long time I had been feeling that something was wrong with me. I had never felt so before—sluggish, tired,

lazy—the latter I had never been guilty of before. Finally my gums got sore and began to bleed, and I became subject to excruciating pains. The boys sent for Dr. Gardner, who pronounced it scurvy, contracted in crossing the plains, induced by exposure, anxiety of mind and starvation. He prescribed spruce boughs boiled to a strong tea, which I was to drink, and nothing else. A wash of the same with vinegar and tinctured with cayenne pepper, including a steam bath of the same, at a pretty high pressure, were the doctor's directions to the boys for my daily treatment. It was pretty tough treatment, harder to bear than any I had ever inflicted during my professional career among my Oregon patients. I was put through the steam kettle process by the boys for ten days; was helpless as an infant, having to be carried to and from my bed. The painful part of my affliction seemed to be in my feet and legs. The only way for a long time I could get at ease was in lying on my back on the floor and putting my feet on the table, a luxury I dearly paid for afterwards, for when I came to put them on a level with my body, the pain was still more unbearable. I would pity the meanest dog in the world that had the scurvy. But thanks to Dr. Gardner, the boys, the steam kettle and raw potatoes sliced in vinegar, after some two weeks my pains left me, and "Richard was himself again," though rather thin and scanty, for I could put my finger on the calf of my leg or on any fleshy part of my body and press it to the bone, and the indentation would remain for half an hour, and when the flesh or skin resumed its smoothness again, a black spot would mark the place of

the pressure. If my readers think the above description of "scurvy treatment" unnecessary, my apology is that it is for their benefit; should they ever get a little mangy and unable to get a doctor, they can avail themselves of the prescription in my case. As I have lived to tell the story I venture to pronounce the above remedy, in the language of learned Sierra Nevada doctors, a "never failing antiscorbutic."

Although I now called myself well, yet I felt I was not the same person I was before. Powell and myself concluded to go up to a place called Poor Man's Creek, having been offered a chance there by some parties who had come down for provisions. They had a good warm hut already built, so we bought a share in their provisions and tools and started up in a few days. The Creek was about thirty miles from Nevada, on the north side of the south fork of Yuba river. I had overrated my strength, and found I could not work. In fact, I gave out before we got to the Creek and what to do we did not know, but seeing a mule that had strayed away from someone I said, "If I could catch that mule I would ride him," although I knew that if caught it would be a case for hanging. Powell said he could catch him, and he did. We made a bridle of the ropes we had around our blankets, put the blankets across his back, and Powell lifting me on we proceeded, keeping a sharp lookout for the owner of the mule. Soon Powell got tired out and he got on behind me, I telling him that if we were to be hung for the mule we might as well get all we could out of him. He was a large, strong animal and carried us both splen-

didly. At night, after our arrival, we fed him a large loaf of bread and Powell took him to a place where there was good feed and started him on the back track, and that was the last we ever saw or heard of the mule. It was a good thing we started the mule back that night, for it began to snow, and I never saw snow fall as it does in the Sierra Nevada mountains. It was soon fully four feet deep on a level, and we were snowed in tight and fast. We had nothing to do, as we could not get out to our claim to work. We read all the books we had, told all the stories we had ever heard and all we could invent.

One day the monotony of the hut was broken by one of the boys, when he came running in, his eyes extending from their sockets, saying, "Boys, boys, I've seen a grizzly bear! a monster!" We hardly believed him at first, but when he persisted so earnestly in the truth of his statement, we concluded there was something in it; so I went out but did not see the bear, but did see his unmistakable path in the snow. I went in and loaded up our guns and pistols and we started in pursuit. The snow was so deep we could only wallow through and that only by keeping in the great furrow plowed by the bear. We followed for some time, but could get no nearer, apparently, than when we first started, and it is my impression that there was not a man among us that wanted to get any nearer the mighty beast than we were already. I confess I did not, and I was not the biggest coward in the party either. We had followed the bear nearly an hour when we gave up the chase and returned. One of the boys attempted to discharge his gun but found he could not. Then we tried

every gun and pistol, and found to our surprise that not one would "go off." The secret was that we had wallowed through the snow until the caps had become wet, and we congratulated ourselves that we had not overtaken Mr. Grizzly.

We had now been snowed in some four weeks, and it became more and more tedious hibernating in that lonely place, so Powell and myself thought to get out in the world once more, and made a break for Nevada. Following the creek about eight miles, we reached the Yuba river. This route was much longer than the one by which we came, but we thought we would get out of the snow sooner by this way; besides, there would be a hut at the mouth of the creek where we could stay over night. Having started early in the morning, we wallowed on eight miles, reaching Moore and Peck's hut at dark. They were from Mesopotamia, Ohio. Austin Perry, to whom I have before alluded, had been with them for a time and was out of health, had had a job of clerking for the Jameses, but was unable to stand even this kind of labor, and on inquiring about him at Moore and Peck's, we were pained to learn that he had died the Sunday previous. We were told that his last request was for a drink of water; that after breakfast, one went to ask him if he would have a cup of coffee, but was surprised to find that poor Austin Perry was no more. He was a young man, well liked by all who knew him. He always had a pleasant word for everyone, and he deserved a better fate.

We reached Nevada at noon the next day, having made twenty-five miles in half the time it had taken us to make

eight the day before. We now found that Homer Stull, Mayhew and the two Roses were about starting for home. The next day after we had left Nevada, they struck, in a dry gulch near their hut, very rich diggings, but they never told one of their acquaintances who had spent time and money to take them provisions and rescue them from starvation a hundred miles away in the wilderness, but let in strangers after they had made their pile. They sold their claim to one of the Perrys for a mere song, who took out more than twice as much after them. The world seems to wag strangely sometimes—rescue a man from death, nurse him and feed him, and ten chances to one he will never requite the favor, but if he has one to bestow, the stranger is the recipient. We found also that Peck and Rigby had jumped our flooded claims. They were the men we bought of, and we were not at all surprised, as we had no reason to expect otherwise, for we knew they were scoundrels, at least Rigby was, and Peck was a fool, which is worse, for I had rather deal with a rogue than with a fool. But Powell and I were not to be bluffed out of our claim. I went to see Rigby, but he would do nothing but sell to us, so we got our tools and went to sinking a shaft. Rigby came out and made a great bluster, but we were not to be bounced by word of mouth, so he went back, and the next day we were served with legal process; but we kept right on until the day of trial, having finished the shaft the same day. Our lawyer made the point that one partner could not jump a claim against his co-partner, but the court overruled him and we were beaten. That was the first mining suit in Nevada. As we had finished

theshaft a little before the trial, which was on a Saturday, we had taken out considerable wash dirt, which is the paying dirt sought for in such diggings, and, therefore, early Sunday morning Powell and I got up and set our long tom, as it was called, and commenced to wash the dirt we had taken out. Rigby heard us and started for the sheriff, told what we were doing and demanded that he should be put in immediate possession, but cautioned the sheriff to be careful, as we were desperate men. Soon the sheriff was on the ground with his posse, and came to me where I was washing. I undertook to argue with him to gain time, while Powell went down to see our lawyers, Hubbard and Hodge. But Rigby got impatient and ordered the sheriff to do his duty, so he asked me to remove our tools, and called his posse to help me. They took the long tom, after shutting off the water, and carried it off the claim. As the water ran off, I saw the yellow gold glittering in the box. I seized hold of it and carried it off bodily about fifty yards farther, although at any ordinary time it would have taken two men to do it, but the sight that I had seen gave me for the moment superhuman strength—the gold was so thick in the wet mass in the box that it looked like yellow pudding. I emptied the richest into a tin dish and sunk it in a pool of water, then cleaned out the riffle bar and put the contents into another dish, and commenced to pan it out carefully. Rigby came around, as I knew he would, to have a look at it. I was very civil to him and washed the little I had left in the box down carefully and showed him the contents of the dish, remarking that the whole thing was not worth quarreling

about. He expressed his disappointment and said he thought it was better, or he would not have stood out about it. So I knew he did not mistrust that I was deceiving him. After he had gone Powell came, and we washed out what I had hid away, and it turned out greatly beyond our expectations. There was over two hundred dollars worth of pure gold in what we had already washed out, and as much more dirt on top, at the mouth of the shaft, to be washed by somebody. How to buy the claim of Rigby was now the question, for if we went to him, he would drop on our game, as the expression was. The people around were all in our favor, for they considered he had acted a mean part in jumping his partners, and were glad when it turned out so poorly, as they supposed it had. Sam Beecher had chafed Rigby and Peck about it, and asked them what they would take for the claim—we had sent him for that very purpose. They would take, they said, \$125.00. We told him to offer one hundred dollars, giving him that amount in the very gold we had taken out to pay for it. The offer was made and accepted, the gold weighed out and in Rigby's purse, but when he came to make the bill of sale, he was thunderstruck when told to make it out to Powell and Ferguson.

We washed out the next day from the remainder of the dirt over two hundred dollars worth more, and then sold the claim to a party from New Zealand for four hundred dollars. So in the long run we came out ahead of Rigby, and the party we sold to did well. They also bought two or three other claims of Powell and myself, claiming that they had better luck in buying of us than of anyone else.

Miners are always superstitious about luck. No matter how it goes with them, everything is attributed to luck, and a philosopher would sometimes almost think some men were guided by some unseen influence or power, for I have known men for years who, no matter what enterprise they enlisted in, were sure to triumph; and then, possibly, luck would forsake them and leave them in poverty, where the fickle goddess of fortune first found them. Nevertheless, you can't make an old miner believe but that there is something in luck.

CHAPTER XII.

GOLD RUN—SHAFT SINKING—TIMBERING—WASH DIRT—THE ENTERPRISE COMPANY—KIOTE HILLS TUNNELING—GRASS VALLEY—A MIDNIGHT CRY—QUARTZ MINING—MORTAR AND PESTLE—FIRST STAMP MILLS—MARK TWAIN'S EXPERIENCE—JOB'S PATIENCE—MRS. COATES—TEAMING TO SACRAMENTO—LOST AND FOUND—NO THANKS—WHERE'S MY COAT?—CHIEF COOK—NEVADA IN FLAMES—DOCTORS' DUEL—CRIMES AND PUNISHMENTS—DUELING—BULL-FIGHTING—WOMEN AND IMPROVED SOCIETY—INDIAN DANCES AND FUNERAL FASHIONS.

AFTER selling out our Nevada claims to the New Zealanders, Powell and I went over to Gold Run, about half way between Nevada City and Grass Valley, where there had been a late rush. These grounds had been worked a little about the time of the first opening of the Nevada City mines, but the diggings were wet at that time, and the miners did not understand how to contend with the water as they did eighteen months later, nor did they know anything about driving, or kioting, as it was then called; and the whole territory being a marsh, it had to be boxed, that is, solid timbered. The process was to sink a shaft to the bed-rock, timbering up as they went down, with slabs, split from pine logs, varying in width from six to ten inches, and at least two inches thick. After reaching bed-rock, a well-hole had to be sunk in the

rock to receive the drainage of the shaft, large enough to allow a bucket to fill itself in bailing out the water. This being accomplished, they commenced to open a horizontal drive on the face of the rock, timbering as they proceeded, by putting down a sill, with notches in the ends the thickness of the posts, with a cap piece about three inches shorter than the sill, so as to allow a little slant to the posts, which increased their firmness. If timbers are thus placed and well fitted, they may possibly be crushed, but otherwise will never give way. The crib being made ready for opening the drive, take out the bottom slabs of the shaft, on the side of the intended drive, to the height of from four to six feet, and as the dirt in the drive is removed, put in the second set of timbers, lathing the top with heavy, stout slabs, and the sides, also, if necessary; this is called box-driving. In some very soft or sandy ground another set of timbers, which miners call preventive or temporary, are required for every two feet advance, and as they are put in the lath timbers are driven along from the last set over the preventive set; then remove the dirt for two feet more, and repeat the process, following up with the main timbers. At Gold Run the nature of the ground was such that it had to be solid timbered.

Some old California miner, who may possibly read this page, will not unlikely say: "What is the use of telling us about mining shafts and drivers and sluices? Don't we know all about it?" Yes, very true, and I am not unmindful of the folly of carrying coals to Newcastle, but am conscious, nevertheless, of a new generation who do

not know the process of primitive gold-mining in California, nor of the hard and toilsome labor of him who delved for gold in '49. The hard realities of the miner's life divest the golden age of nearly forty years ago of much of its poetry and romance.

Powell and myself both hired out to one company to work exclusively underground, timbering in a drive. Each had a helper to wheel away the dirt to the shaft, bring the timber and assist in placing it. Their labor was by far the hardest, yet they received three dollars a day less than we. The whole ground was one moving bog from the surface to the wash dirt, which was about one foot thick, and the width of paying dirt was estimated from five to one hundred feet. The company consisted of ten in number and held ten thirty-foot claims and were agreeable men, but their names are forgotten if I ever knew them, for, as I have in a former chapter remarked, at that time, in California, one might be intimate with another for months and not know each other's names, except as Tom or Jack or Bill. If one had a second name it was generally merely descriptive, as, Feather River Bill, to distinguish him from some other Bill. It was only by mere accident that the full name and residence of an acquaintance was learned. Thus hundreds were forever lost to their friends at home. But it was no fault of the miners, for they would have been promptly advised by letter had they been possessed of the names and address of distant friends.

I worked in Gold Run some two months and left, Powell remaining. I could not stand working in that

water, a large stream of which was running in the drive, and the drippings from the buckets at the shaft. All who worked below were wet through. The claim furnished water enough to wash out all the dirt they raised, which was no small amount, for they kept their long tom running night and day. Working was by shifts of eight hours each. I have stopped in a drive until I was obliged to crawl out on my belly, shoving my tools ahead of me, on account of twisting or skewing of the boxing in the wet soil. I have known shafts twist half around and close up so a bucket could not pass up and down.

As I had come to California with lofty aspirations and not to wear out my old clothes, as many pretended they did, I became dissatisfied with working for wages, and concluded to join a company to tunnel one of the Kiote hills to which I have before alluded. Some of the old Kiote diggings had become wet and consequently were opened at great labor and expense, and tunneling was the next process to be resorted to. Lessen's tunnel had already been started in the ravine below the hill, as it was then, for I don't know as there is any such hill there now, as I have not been there since 1852, but many will remember where it was then. That tunnel was put in to drain one side of the hill, and proved a good speculation. Our plan was to drain the other side by a longer tunnel, as the diggings went further into the hill the wetter they got. Sixteen persons constituted "The Enterprise Company." Among the names, so far as I can now remember them in full, were: L. O. Hart, Chester Babbet, H. G. Taft, Sherban Loveland, John Hunter, Richard Bean and C. D. Ferguson. There

were also Coates, James and Johnston. All other names have passed out of memory. Our tunnel when completed was one thousand three hundred feet long, six feet in the clear, and solid timbered—some parts rock cut, some quicksand, and all expensive. Our tunnel was very wet, and a vast amount of quicksand was constantly flowing out. We worked five months in the enterprise, and when we had run into the hill where we expected to strike the lead of paying dirt, we found nothing but quicksand, and had to abandon it. Many years after, when I had become more experienced in mining, I could see where we had been deceived. A shaft was subsequently put down, not far distant in the same hill, by a party, one of them named Marlo, from Iowa, and had struck gold about sixty feet down on a false bottom, but went on through it to the main rock; the water, however, was so strong they could not work it and were compelled to abandon it, but a year afterwards it was discovered that our tunnel had drained the shaft, when they resumed work on the false bottom and found it to be very rich. Some years afterwards Powell worked it on wages, and I was informed that he had taken out as high as three thousand seven hundred dollars in a day. Mr. Lewis Taft also told me he had known it to yield from two dollars up to sixty to the tin dishfull, and all worked out by reason of the drainage of our tunnel. So in all probability we but just barely missed making our pile, and all for the want of a little more experience. Such was the fate of many other pioneer miners in California. The first do not always find reward

in their enterprises; they only open up the way, and others who come along years afterwards, perhaps, reap the benefit of their hard toil and great expenditures.

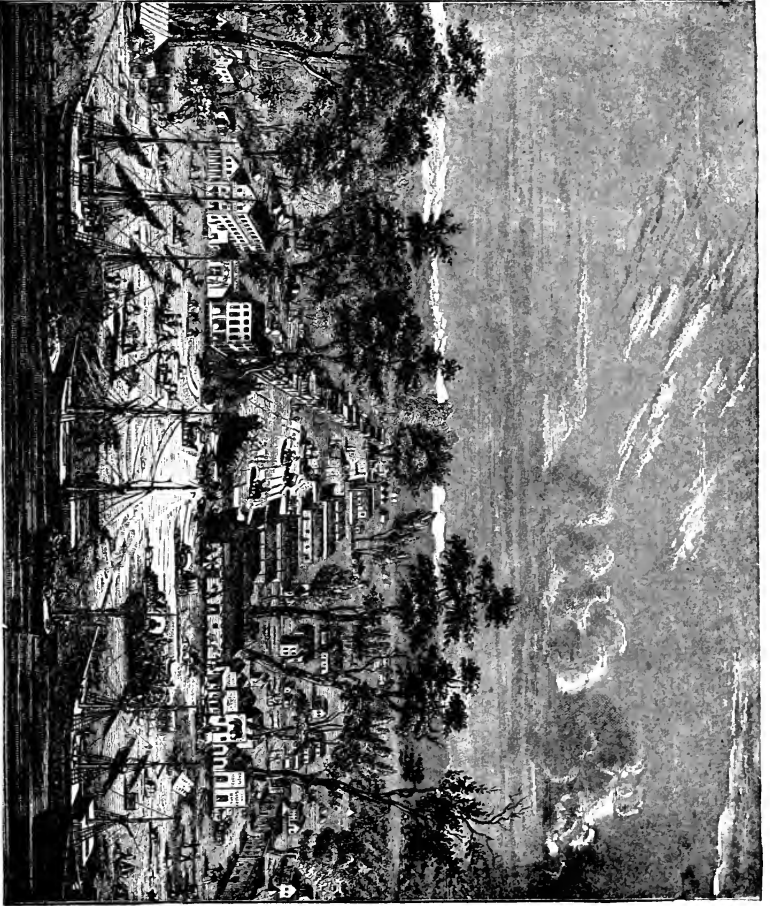
After the Kiote hills had been opened and consequently drained, there came a scarcity of water, so that dirt had to be hauled to Deer creek, a mile or more, at great expense, which prevented many claims from paying. An enterprising man, Charles Marsh, an engineer, undertook to bring water by a ditch from Rock creek around Sugar Loaf mountain, a distance of five miles. It was regarded as a doubtful enterprise, but it succeeded. The creek, however, was small and the supply was not ample, but it was the beginning of what afterwards proved a great boom to Nevada City. Marsh was the pioneer of the supply for the diggings round about. He made a large reservoir to hold the water nights and Sundays, selling it out at the rate of an ounce of gold a day to the first user, to the next below, half an ounce, to those lower down a further reduction, when at last it found its way into Deer creek.

William M. Stewart, since United States senator for the state of Nevada, early had his eye open to business. Many laughed when he first engaged in it. It was putting in a long line of sluice-boxes running down the gully some three or four hundred feet, letting in all the tailings and water that run from the miners' toms. He kept a man on them constantly through the day with a sluicing fork, stirring up the dirt and keeping it loose. On Sundays, when the miners were not working, he cleaned out his boxes—with

what result none ever knew, except those interested, and they kept it to themselves. I can now see that it must have contributed largely to his fortune, for much of the dirt was not half washed as it ran out of the various toms of the miners and found its way into the future senator's sluice-boxes. At any rate, it doubtless paid him better than running for the office of sheriff at the first county election in Nevada in which he was badly beaten, notwithstanding his generous contributions to the expenses of his campaign. He was not, however, an unpopular man.

The success of Marsh's enterprise awakened others. Two large companies were soon formed, and two more ditches were dug, this time up Deer creek. More water was needed, and there was no lack of spirit in Nevada City. Only let the people see there was a want of some improvement and the least prospect that the scheme would pay, and money was plenty for it. Rock creek ditch had demonstrated the practicability and profit of such works. There were plenty of surface diggings that would pay if water could be brought from Deer creek, which was an ample stream to supply the wants of all. The two ditches were built in an incredibly short time. Competition brought water rents down so that surface diggings would pay, miners make good wages and yet the companies good dividends. The benefit was alike to the miners and the public.

About the middle of 1851 Nevada City was startled by a "midnight cry" from Grass Valley. It was the quartz gold discovery, reputed to be wonderfully rich, but difficult



SACRAMENTO CITY, CALIFORNIA—AS IT WAS IN THE YEAR 1850.



to work, though men were making good wages pounding it with mortar and pestle. Soon it was seen that some process must be devised to get the gold out easier and faster. Judge Walsh and a Mr. Collins were the pioneers in quartz mills. It was in such a mill, some years later, that Mark Twain tells of his first job. He says he hired out at one hundred dollars a month to feed the stamps, and after working a month to their entire satisfaction they wanted to keep him on at the same wages. He offered to remain at five hundred dollars a month, but the indignant proprietors ordered him off the premises, and he was afterwards sorry he did not say a thousand, as they would have given it as readily as they would five hundred. I differ from Mr. Twain in my notion of the value of a month's services then and there, for I would not be hired to tend and feed such a machine for a thousand dollars a month. It was four head of stamps with wooden shanks, and the most it could do was to pound out two tons of quartz a day. Job was reputed a patient man, but he never tended a quartz mill like the first one in Grass Valley, and had his miserable comforters offered him a like situation, he would, or ought to have been requested to retire. Had the grand old patriarch worked a month in such a quartz mill, the record of his noble and patient character would never have come down to our time.

About this time the Bunker Hill Quartz Mining company was organized in Nevada City, but I did not take any stock in it for the reason, principally, that old Rigby was to be the manager of it, and I could take no stock in him or in anything he had anything to do with. A Dr.

Rodgers expected to astonish the world with his quartz smelting process. The company went to great expense in building a furnace, putting in a large water-wheel, rollers to crush the quartz, purchasing thousands of cords of wood for charcoal and constructing large fans to blow the fires of the furnace and puff to eternity the fame of Dr. Rodgers. Everything being prepared, all there would be to do would be to put in the charcoal, then the quartz on top, light the fire, put the fans in motion, then run off the gold in the bottom of the furnace, thus already smelted, into bars ready for coining. Some facetious wags suggested the propriety of attaching a mint to the works and coining the gold then and there to save expense of transportation to Philadelphia and back. The process, however, proved a dead failure, and in its results it was for that time and place a miniature South Sea bubble, for not only did capitalists, who generally subscribed to promote the enterprise, lose their entire investment, but many a poor fellow lost his whole summer's wages, besides being in debt for his board at twelve dollars a week. Rigby and Rodgers, the manager and projector, were enabled, through the handling of the stockholders' money, to make themselves whole. In this respect they were, indeed, both skillful "managers."

A San Francisco company started another crushing process, at the head of Wood's ravine, under the management of one Colonel Doan. This, also, proved a failure at first, but I do not know how it turned out in the end, though for the early history of quartz mining I think it was really a good plant. Colonel Doan had the regard

and sympathy of all who knew him. Wood's ravine took a good start at the beginning of the quartz excitement. Two large hotels, or boarding-houses, were built there, one by Beauclerc, James and Butch, the second by Mr. and Mrs. Coates. We had long been tired of boarding ourselves, and now boarded with Coates at twelve dollars a week. Coates worked at mining and Mrs. Coates ran the boarding-house. He had been very successful in mining, and had made considerable money, and knew how to keep it. That faculty was so strong in him that it developed into very disagreeable penuriousness; besides, he was the most jealous man I ever saw. No person could speak to his wife but his suspicions were aroused. She was an active, enterprising and industrious woman, and popular for her kindness of heart and agreeable manners towards all. No more upright and honest woman ever came to California than Mrs. Coates. His jealousy was simply the outcome of constitutional meanness. Seeing his miserable disposition towards the noble woman, some of the boys mischievously put their heads together to keep him constantly in hot water. He had occasion to go to Sacramento, and for a change and rest she wanted to go with him, but he was too stingy to incur the increased expense, but took her over to Rock Creek to visit Mrs. Scott while he was gone. The boys were determined to get Mrs. Coates back home just to torment her disagreeable lord and master, but of their purpose and scheme Mrs. Coates was perfectly innocent. They had a little girl and boy of seven and five years old. Johnny was a bright little fellow, and the pet of his mother and all her

friends. Being put to their wits ends for a plausible excuse for sending for Mrs. Coates, they finally had to resort to the following scheme: There was an old quack doctor in the place, always full of whiskey, and they bribed him to give the boy just a little gentle emetic, and as it commenced to operate they started a man off with two horses, riding one and leading the other for Mrs. Coates, and in less than an hour she was back again among us. Johnnie's emetic had worked to a charm, and he was out at play. She was greatly relieved to find the dear boy in perfect health. Mrs. Coates remained at home until her husband's return.

The other house ran a store as well, and James used to be on the road freighting to and from Sacramento. He had four mule teams, and getting sick hired me to go two trips with his other man. The first trip I made, as we struck the Sacramento flats, a man passed me on horseback under full gallop, the other teamster being ahead of me an hour's distance. Not long afterwards I discovered something like a bit of red ribbon sticking up through the sand, apparently about five inches long. I stopped the mules; got off, and to my great surprise found it to be a bag of gold dust, of about eight pounds in weight. I put it in the side box and went on. Presently I saw the same man that had passed me about an hour before coming back. He asked the driver ahead of me if he had picked up anything. He told him he had not, and of course I being so far in his rear, he did not know that I had. The man was very much excited as he confusedly asked me if I had picked up anything? I asked him what he

had lost? He began to cry and said he had lost every cent he was worth. "What was it?" said I. "A bag of gold, all I am worth in the world, except my horse and saddle," said he. I went to the side box, took out the bag and asked him if that was it? "O yes," said he, and seizing hold of the bag of gold immediately rode off, not even so much as thanking me. I don't know whether the fellow was too ignorant to be civil, or whether it was because he was so excited he did not know what he was doing; I judge the latter, or at any rate I am willing to give him the benefit of the doubt.

The next trip I made with a little loss myself. I was so ashamed of it that I tried to keep it from the boys, for they were always running me about my carelessness. Upon leaving the Quartzville hotel, I stopped at Coates' to take on a box, and a passenger who was going down with me on his way home to the states. I helped him on and put his box in the wagon and started, not stopping until we reached Rough and Ready, where we watered the mules and went in to water ourselves. I was humiliated when I found I had not a cent to pay the score with. I went out to the wagon, but my coat was not there, neither did I have the slightest idea where it was. The other driver had money enough to pay the bill and so we went on, and by the time we returned to Quartzville, which was some eight days later, I had forgotten that I had lost a coat. While we were at supper some person spoke about someone having lost some gold and that put me in mind of my coat. I then inquired of the landlord if anyone had seen a coat I wore when I was there

before. They all declared I wore it away, at any rate no one had seen it. After supper I went up to Mrs. Coates', and as no one had seen it there I gave it up as lost, but just then the little girl spoke up and said Johnnie was cutting the buttons off a coat he found in the road yesterday. We took a light and went into the little boy's room, and sure enough there was my coat with all the buttons cut off. I put my hand into the side pocket and pulled out a purse containing about three hundred dollars. It had lain in the road, and men and teams had traveled over it for eight days, when Johnnie Coates picked it up to get the buttons, and by that lucky circumstance my money was saved. I tried to keep it a secret, but somehow the boys got hold of it and there was no end of the chaffing I had to submit to.

From teamster I found advancement in accepting the position of chief cook at the Quartzville hotel where I remained some four months at a salary of one hundred and twenty-five dollars a month. As there was but one cook at that hotel I cannot be overstating the truth when I claim that I was chief. If possibly I am in error touching my rank, I cannot be regarding my salary, for it is indelibly stamped upon my memory that Messrs. Beauclerc & Co. never paid the same, nor any part of two hundred dollars money loaned them. I merely mention this trifle, thinking possibly it may have slipped their memory and that should they still remain this side of Jordan and be reminded thereof by reading this book, they might be anxious to remit to me by draft. I shall be generously disposed to waive the matter of thirty

years interest and give a receipt in full for the original sum.

It was in 1851, I think, when one morning in March we set out for the city, and on our way were surprised to see burnt pieces of calico strewed along the road, and even burnt shingles. Arriving at Nevada City we found the whole of Main street in ashes. The fire had broken out in Barker's gambling house, and spread so rapidly that in less than twenty minutes the whole street was one sheet of flame, and in an hour it was in ashes. Three of the finest buildings of the city were on this street. Scott's Empire, one of the most costly structures, had been opened but three nights when it was swooped up by the flames in an hour. The very next day by ten o'clock one could hardly get through the street for the men and teams clearing away, unloading lumber, and making ready for new buildings, and in a few weeks a stranger coming to the city would hardly know there had been a fire. Such were the enterprising spirits Nevada City was made up of in the golden days of '51. Moreover, those that did not suffer by the fire contributed generously to those who lost their all, and I don't know of a single instance where a man had lost even his last dollar but he could obtain credit to go right on and build up again. So we not only had enterprise in Nevada City, but generosity combined. The same has been my experience in whatever part of the world I have been. Enterprise and liberality go hand in hand.

Considering there was no public law in the territory until Nevada City was nearly two years old, I think one

would have to travel far to find a more law-abiding people. There were but very few cases tried before Judge Lynch, only three cases of shooting, and those poor shots, only one man being killed, and only one case under the code of honor. The first shooting case occurred in Barker's gambling house, although the quarrel had been elsewhere. The affair was between two doctors, rivals for notoriety if not practice also, whose names I have forgotten. As they met, one pulled out a pistol and told the other to draw. He threw up his hands and said he was not armed. Whereupon, the first pulled out another pistol and handed it to him, and in less than half a minute the house was clear of people—all that could get out. I was one of the unfortunate that could not get out, and took refuge behind the counter and a fifty gallon beer barrel. It was a close range struggle—pop, pop, and then a suspension for a few seconds, when I would stick my head up from behind the barrel to see if it was all over; then it would be pop, pop, and down would go my head again behind the friendly beer cask. At last each had discharged his five shots and what seemed very remarkable, neither was hurt. After it was all over they shook hands and drank together at the bar. The whole affair was a farce. It was simply a case of two mentally diseased doctors administering to each other bread pills, instead of good honest lead which would have cured both at that short range. The crowd only had been frightened, and as for myself, I never had any love for powder smoke under such circumstances, especially when I had reason to suppose there was a lead ball on top of the powder.

The next shooting case was that of Brown, a gambler, and Smith, a miner, which occurred in the Empire gambling house and grew out of a political dispute involving the abolition question. Smith used very abusive language which Brown put up with for a long time, but the more he forbore the more abuse Smith seemed disposed to heap upon him. Finally he told Smith to go away, whereupon Smith struck him. Smith was a stalwart six-footer, while Brown was a small man and no match for him. No sooner than he received the blow he drew his pistol and fired, the ball going through Smith's lungs. He fell and bled profusely. Of course the cry went out that a gambler had shot a miner and ropes were immediately in the hands of the multitude, they demanding that the wretch be hung, though not yet knowing the circumstances. The cooler ones, however, came in time to get Brown out of the way of the excited crowd, called a court and jury and tried the case, the hearing of evidence occupying two hours, when the jury returned a verdict of self-defense, and Brown was discharged. Smith had a pretty loud call, but by virtue of a strong constitution he lived. He was proved to be the aggressor, and the result was a lesson by which he profited by improved manners thereafter. Brown paid his doctor's bill and all his expense while he was laid up. Such was the gambler's style of doing things in the early days.

The last case of shooting happened in Kiota street the day of the first election. A man called Hayes, said to have come there from Cincinnati, and having the reputation of being a very mean and quarrelsome person,

had a quarrel with a miner that morning over a pile of wash dirt, and had threatened to shoot the miner the next time he met him. His character was so well known that everyone regarded him as very likely to keep his promise in this respect if in no other, for he was entirely destitute of principle, and no little anxiety was felt for the miner, who was an old man and had a son about eighteen. When the son heard of Hayes' threat against his father, he walked into Bowers' express office, bought one of Colt's six-inch revolvers, loaded it without saying a word, walked up Main street, and when he turned up Kiota street he met Hayes and shot him in his tracks. There was, of course, another excitement, but it only lasted a few minutes, for as soon as anyone heard that it was old Hayes that was killed, that was enough; the universal expression was, "Served him right." The boy had a trial that lasted about an hour, and the verdict was, "justifiable homicide."

There was comparatively little thieving in and about Nevada City for so many people—perhaps from twelve to fifteen thousand—the principal case being that of a matter of three thousand dollars stolen from Napper's bakery shop. After a little his clerk was suspected and eventually acknowledged the theft. Two other young men had planned the robbery and the clerk had helped to carry it out. About half the money was recovered; the balance had been spent at the gambling table. The three were convicted and sentenced to receive thirty-five lashes each. Mr. Napper paid Butcher Bill five hundred dollars for administering the punishment. All felt the justice of the

punishment, but everyone looked with contempt on the man that would whip another for pay. Had he volunteered to execute the law, or had Mr. Napper himself laid on the lashes, it would have been deemed the proper thing. From that moment Butcher Bill dropped to the lowest round of the social ladder, even to that of the thieves themselves.

At Rough and Ready an Indian was hung for the killing of a young man who was out looking for his uncle's horses. He had been found dead, pierced with arrows and mangled with a tomahawk. No one had witnessed it or knew the murderer, so the tribe was applied to for the surrender of the guilty Indian. They demurred at first, but were informed that if they did not comply the whole tribe would be held for the murder. At last they promised to do so as soon as they could find him, for he had become frightened and had hid himself. In a few days they found him, brought him in and surrendered him. Finding proof enough among the Indians themselves that he was guilty, hanging was next in order. Loveland, Taft and myself went down to witness the execution. The tribe did not arrive with the culprit till evening, so we had to lay over. In the meantime, the authorities had another little judgment to execute upon a Chilian who had broken into a store and had been caught in the act and had been adjudged to receive a certain number of lashes. As there was now territorial law, the culprit was in the care of the constable awaiting execution of the sentence—the expense of which would be a charge upon the county—so, as a matter of economy, while waiting for the murderer to be brought in, they

thought it advisable to administer the lashes to the Chilian robber and save the county the expense. The constable wanted to make his fees and declined to give up the prisoner, so they kicked down the door and took him to a tree back of the jail and tied him. A doctor was present to decide how much the culprit could endure. A man was selected from the crowd to wield the lash. He received twenty-five stripes when the doctor ordered a stop. The blows occupied about one minute. As he was untied he fainted and fell; the doctor revived him with brandy and water, when he was given twelve hours to leave the district, with notice that if he returned he would be hung.

The Indians arrived in town about dark with the prisoner, Indian Dick by name, or as he was called. He was well known in the town as a bad fellow, and it was proved that he had enticed the young man out under the pretense that he had seen the horses. What he killed him for, perhaps was not very clear, but most likely for some trifle he had that the redskin fancied. The trial began in the evening and lasted till morning. Boyer, the Indian agent, was appointed interpreter. Verdict, "guilty." The judge, who had been up all night, went to bed as soon as the case had been submitted to the jury. The prisoner was guarded by the murdered man's uncle, a six-foot two-inch man, who stood sentry with a rifle nearly as long as himself. When the verdict was brought in, the judge was sent for to pronounce sentence. The uncle had been asked to go for the judge, but he declined to leave the prisoner, saying his post was by the Indian and there he should remain as long as the prisoner lived, which was not much longer.

Soon the messenger to the judge returned with the sentence in writing that Indian Dick be hanged by the neck until dead, but in the sleepy condition of the judge he omitted to mention any time or place of execution. But such a little technical or informal matter was of the least consequence, for the crowd soon fixed time and place. The time was instanter, the place the first tree. The convict was then brought out, a dry goods box was placed under a limb of the tree with a barrel on it, upon which Dick was placed with his hands tied and his eyes blindfolded. By this time someone had climbed the tree and fastened the rope. The noose was adjusted to the murderer's neck, and the next instant the barrel was knocked out and Dick was kicking right and left, for they had forgotten to tie his legs. Some twenty Indians were witnesses of the performance, laughing and seeming to enjoy it. I was in hopes the Indian would attempt to escape, as I wanted to see the old uncle drop him with that long rifle. I knew it would have done the old man's heart more good to have shot him than to have seen him hung. As soon as all was over the uncle turned and walked out of town without speaking a word. And now I will say right here that I would never witness the like again, either of flogging or hanging, for idle curiosity.

The single duel with which Nevada City was credited, as early as the spring of 1852, the time I left, was between one Jim Lundy, son of the proprietor of Lundy's Lane, famed as the battle-field of the War of 1812, and Charles Dibble, then recently an officer of the Pacific mail line of steamers. Jim was a noted duelist, this being, it was

said, his seventh duel. Dibble was a young man somewhat addicted to drink, and having been discharged from the Pacific mail service, he came to Nevada City, where he got into some altercation with Lundy and challenged him. Lundy tried every means to prevent the meeting, but to no avail. He was a dead shot and no coward. The night before the meeting he shot the wick off a candle to convince Dibble of the danger he was liable to, but to no purpose. The meeting came off and Dibble was shot dead. One General Morehead acted as second for Dibble, but the name of Lundy's second I have forgotten. The authorities took the matter up, arrested, tried and fined the surviving principal and the seconds.

There was, in fact, another duel in Nevada City; but as it was irregular and wholly outside the code of honor, through the conduct of the seconds, it does not count in the record of dead shooting. Two old down-easters from Maine were rival musical artists, one a fiddler, the other a vocalist, and both were slightly addicted to drinking sprees, and when in the spirit they could not harmonize. They were known as old Wentworth and old Dan. On one occasion Dan was sawing away at his cat-gut when Wentworth considered himself entitled to the floor for a song, and being disturbed thereby, told Dan to stop that squealing thing. Dan felt insulted and demanded to know if he pretended his vocal ability to be equal to his instrumental skill. Words multiplied words till their passions were thoroughly aroused, when nothing could wipe out the mutual insults but pistols and coffee, or rather, whiskey. A meeting was arranged; Hart and Hunter were seconds;

weapons, pistols; time and place, immediately, in rear of the Quartz hotel. Before going, Wentworth proposed to Dan to have one more drink together, as it was probably the last on earth to one or the other. Dan assented, saying he knew very well which one was taking his last drink. The principals were then placed, each taking his stand as coolly as he ever stepped up to the bar for a drink. The pistols were handed them; the word was given and both fired. Wentworth fell covered with blood. Dan approached and looked upon his bleeding victim, and in maudlin utterances, said: "Poor f-feller, he wa'n't f-fit to die." This was too much for the bleeding and dying man, and he suddenly revived and jumped up and demanded, "Who wa'n't fit to die?" He would let him, Dan, know he was fit to die, although they had differed in theology. Upon Dan's discovery that his antagonist was not dead or dying, he was greatly pleased; took him by the hand and rejoiced in the prospect of another drink together. The fact was, the sportive boys had loaded one pistol with powder only, and the other with a cartridge of currant jelly—hence the blood

After the emigration of 1851 Nevada City was graced by the presence of the fair sex numerously, who lent a charm to the place we had never anticipated. The winter following was a season of gayety, no end of balls and social parties. In fact, the increased number of good families of wives and daughters greatly improved the social aspect of the town. The theatre greatly improved and became a popular place of amusement with a higher order of plays and actors. It was no longer the Nevada

City of '49 and '50. Fire-works were displayed both magnificent and expensive, and proved remunerative to the promoters of such entertainments, although the price of admittance was only three dollars, barely the price of three pounds of flour to the early immigrant. Three thousand attended the first night, and the audience did not diminish for several successive nights. The old Mexican bull-fighting was experimented in, but was not patronized by people from the states, who found no pleasure in cruelty to animals, and it died out, though great expense had been incurred in building a large amphitheatre. The modes of fighting are various; sometimes a man on foot, sometimes on horseback, and sometimes a Mexican woman will exhibit her prowess and skill. The bull is let into the arena after having been starved and kept in a dark pen and every means used to torment him to get him into a rage. When he first enters the arena he is allowed to stand a few minutes and gaze at the crowd, which he does, but they being of course out of his reach, he looks around as if in search of something to vent his spite upon. At this moment his antagonist appears, bearing in one hand a rosette, in the other a red shawl, which he shakes at him. The bull at once makes a dash at the shawl and the party steps aside, and as the bull passes he hooks the rosette into the animal's shoulder. This is painful and crazes him so that he immediately turns for another attack upon the flaunted red cloth, and passing again, in like manner receives another rosette in the opposite shoulder. This is sometimes repeated until the animal is fully ornamented with rosettes, when the bull walks off

to one side to rest and contemplate the state of affairs, and the person also retires behind a screen and takes a rest. Then he appears with a long sabre or knife and again shakes the red flag, when the ferocity of the animal is increased and he makes another plunge at his assailant, who, after playing him as before, finally puts the sabre to the hilt into the bull's neck, near the shoulder; the blood spurts, and the poor animal walks to the other side of the ring, staggers for a few minutes, and then falls upon his side to rise no more. So thoroughly brutal and debasing is this relic of Spanish and Mexican barbarism, that I have even felt a regret that the bull did not survive the ordeal instead of the man. The bear-baiting and bull-fight are barbarous entertainments introduced from Mexico, and are alike both cruel to animals and debasing to human nature, and I forbear to further repeat their details.

While attending one of these barbarous Sunday exhibitions, someone tapped me on the shoulder. I turned to see who it was, and judge of my surprise to find it Martin M. Costler, my old friend and companion, who had crossed the plains with John See and myself. I never was more surprised in my life, especially to meet him at a bull-fight, and that too on Sunday, for he was a very religious man when he left the states, and, in fact, while crossing the plains. The gladness of our meeting was mutual. The only difficulty we ever had resulted from his efforts to correct my bad French, which, I am sorry to say, I sometimes expressed a little too emphatically when things went wrong. Of course he went home with me and we had a

long talk, fought over again all our battles with the Indians and told each other all our adventures since we parted on Feather river two years before. He had been back to Long's Bar to find me, hearing that See had gone home; and not getting any tidings of me, concluded I had gone with him. He had been to every digging in the country in search of me. When we parted, two years before, he went to Sacramento to work at his trade. Then there came a rush for Redding's Bluffs and he went up there, and then to some other place, and so on till he had boxed the compass of all the diggings in the country, just stopping in one place long enough to make sufficient money to carry him to another. So it was with thousands that went to California, first and last, and so it is in every place, many are perpetually on the move. He staid with us a while, got work at his trade and seemed content, that is, for him, for he was always a little dissatisfied with the world. He was, however, a very good fellow and liked by all.

The Indians around Nevada were known as the South Yuba tribe, and generally very quiet. The only murder I heard of their committing was the one already related. They were rather hard at driving a bargain. If they bought anything they would pull out a little parcel of gold, about a pennyweight at first; tell them that was not enough, they would pull out as much more, which still not being enough, they would say, "Got no more." Put the article back on the shelf, they would produce another parcel, and if they then got the article, they would stand around till they saw something else they wanted, and

then they would repeat the same higgling process. Only one of a dozen would trade at a time; the others would look on, and if one got the same article a little cheaper, or for a little less quantity of gold, then there would be a great fuss to get the balance back. Their custom was hardly worth having; it was too much trouble to deal with them, the trouble of waiting on them being in excess of the value of their trade. Some were very good help about a hotel or a boarding-house. I remember Jim, at the Quartz hotel, a smart, gay fellow who worked there four months, got himself a good suit of clothes, bought a cheap Mexican pony, saddle and bridle, and one day went down to Boyer's, among his tribe, to see his wives, as he said, but it was more to show his clothes and other evidences of his high civilized state, and to gamble, for they are all inveterate gamblers. About twelve o'clock, the next night, I heard a noise at the back door as of someone trying to get in, and went and opened the door. There stood Jim without a stitch of clothes on. He had gambled off all—clothes, horse and one of his wives, for he had two. The Indians believe in a plurality of wives, but two is generally the limit of such luxury, their financial resources not enabling them to attain unto the glories of Solomon.

Their mode of gambling is after this manner: Each takes a given number of sticks, a little longer than a common match, and sitting on the ground, facing each other, one takes three of the sticks in his hand and commences to go through a variety of motions, changing the sticks at the same time, the other watching him. After awhile he stops and the other guesses which hand they are in.

If he guesses right, he takes one of his opponent's sticks over to his pile, if wrong, he puts one of his over to the other's pile, and so on until one or the other has won all his opponent's sticks. That ends the game. The stakes are won by the lucky Indian, who gets an increase of estate and often an extra wife. They get very excited in gambling and will seldom give up as long as they have anything to wager, even to their wives, which last species of Indian property they affectionately reserve as the last thing to part with. Jim had got cleaned out and came back satisfied. We got him an old suit of clothes and he went to work as if he had lost nothing, at least to all appearances, though no one can tell whether an Indian is satisfied or not. They have what they call caroboreys, or fandangoes—a dance and a feast; the latter is a kind of soup made of dried acorns pounded to a flour and then stirred in cold water. When prepared, all sit around and each dips his forefinger in and licks off the soup. The one who gets the most dips gets the most soup. It pleases them much to have the whites join them in their finger-licking feast. The dancing is exclusively done by the men, ladies taking no part therein except as musicians. They sit off a little distance on the ground, some six or more composing the orchestra, each manipulating a sort of tambourine with two strings across it, with two beads on each string, which they beat with their fingers, at the same time keeping up a monotonous and dismal sort of song that makes a civilized man's flesh creep. The gentlemen's ball-room attire consists solely of a strip of calico fastened about the waist, some nine or ten inches in

length, and the dancers, usually about twenty in number, dance in a circle. Their steps and movements would not be considered by our ladies and masters of our dancing schools as very graceful, but I can testify that, although they were barefooted, yet when they put their foot down one hears it, if not by the concussion, by the grunt the performer gives; that they keep excellent time—that is, I thought so, not judging by the music, but by the vibration of the ground for thirty feet around. This performance is kept up for about half an hour, when the whole party become thoroughly exhausted and the perspiration exudes from them as if a bucket of water had been dashed over them.

I never assisted at one of their funerals, but I have seen them in their mourning costume. The women take the most conspicuous part in inducting the deceased into the happy hunting ground. After the burial the women gather balsam from the fir tree and daub their hair and face with it, the dirt, of course, adhering, for they never wash themselves, and after a day or two their appearance is very repulsive. I never looked upon one of those creatures but my very flesh crawled with a feeling of disgust. If the Oriental philosophy of the transmigration of souls is correct, I pray that my soul may animate the body of bird or beast rather than that of a California Digger Indian, more especially one of the female branch.

CHAPTER XIII.

IMPROVED METHODS—THE CRADLE—QUICKSILVER—LONG TOM—SLUICE BOXES—HYDRAULIC WASHING—NEWS FROM AUSTRALIA—RESOLVED TO GO THERE—SETTLING UP—CARRIED OFF BY THE GOLD FEVER—SACRAMENTO—SAN FRANCISCO—SHIP “DON JUAN”—STEAMER “WINFIELD SCOTT” ARRIVES—PRACTICAL JOKES—CARELESS SHOOTING—SPURS AND SHIRT COLLAR—ON DECK OF THE “DON JUAN”—ADIEU TO SAN FRANCISCO.

THERE had been great advancement in the method of saving gold in the short space of time, about two years, that I was in the country. At first the cradle was used altogether for washing the dirt and separating the gold therefrom, and quartz crushing was then unknown. The first improvement was in using quicksilver, which required a different cradle from that primitive one which I have before described. The quicksilver cradle was fixed upon rockers similar to the common gold cradle, only on a larger scale and having a long drawer. The whole length of the drawer was divided into six or eight little compartments, made perfectly tight so as to hold quicksilver; which is the most difficult to hold of all liquid substances. The screen on top runs the whole length of the rocker, punched with holes similar to the hopper of the early cradle. The quicksilver is placed in equal portions in each

compartment of the drawer, when the rocker is put in a slow rolling motion, the dirt having been put in at the upper end; a gentle but steady stream is kept constantly running in at the top where the dirt is put in, which gradually washes down and disappears through the sheet iron screen and falls among the quicksilver, to which the gold adheres, while the sand runs on with the water—the coarser matter passing off over the screen. This process was as short-lived as it was impracticable, except where the gold was in loose sand and as fine as flour. A doctor at Long's Bar, on Feather river, had a new-fangled machine made of zinc, with partitions for the quicksilver as in the above described rocker, which we concluded could be worked at less expense than the former. We procured a quantity of quicksilver at ten dollars a pound and commenced operations, but had run it but a brief time when we discovered quicksilver running through the sand and escaping. We stopped to look, not knowing but we had discovered a quicksilver mine, and little thinking that ours had eaten a hole through the zinc and was all gone, which proved to be the fact. Neither of us knew it would eat zinc. That put an end to our experiment with quicksilver, after losing ten pounds and literally spoiling a rocker that had cost the doctor forty dollars.

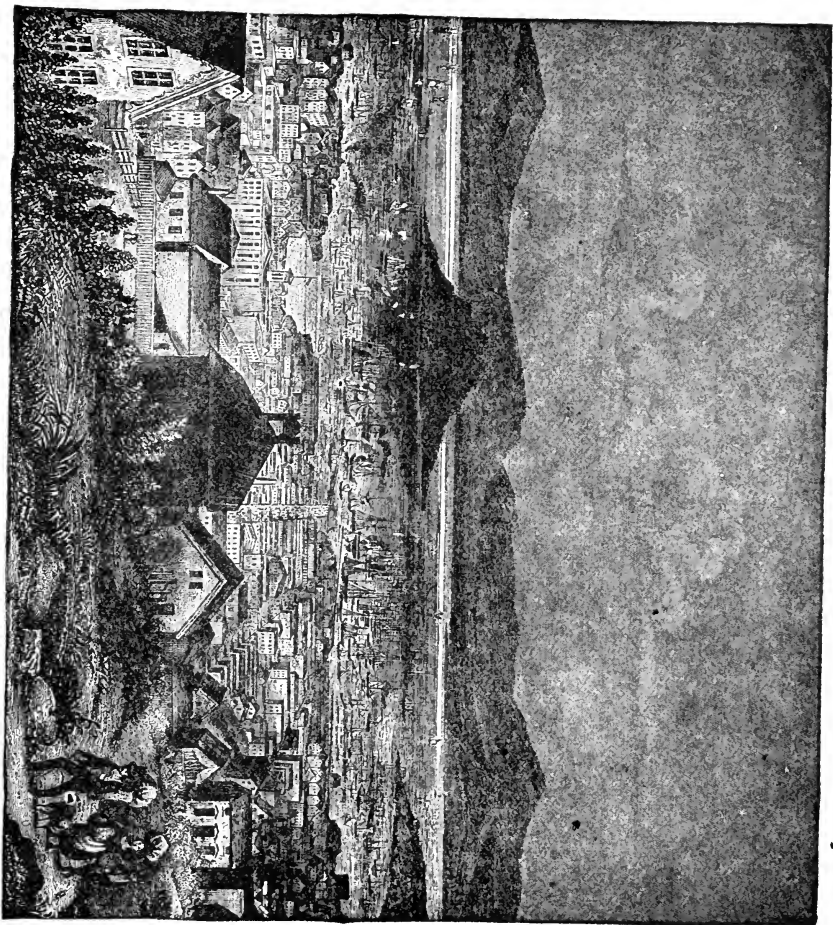
The next process that came into use was the long tom which I have heretofore described. It was equal to a full day's washing for two men, cleaning up in the evening with about a tin dishful of dirt to pan off, when the gold is all in the dish ready to dry and blow out the sand and put it in the gold bag. Two men could wash in a long tom

some six loads of dirt in a day, and it was a great improvement over the old rocker, and would enable men to work diggings that yielded less gold to the load of dirt, and pay even better than richer dirt by the old cradle process.

Then came in vogue the sluice-box, which I have also before described. A long series of boxes, each some twelve feet long and one foot high and wide, fitted into each other and riffled on the bottom. Six men could shovel in all day, while one man with a sluicing fork stirred up the dirt to keep it from packing and forked out the large stones, and another at the end of the series of boxes shoveled away the tailings not already carried away by the water. This was deemed an improvement over the tom. It was said that dirt that would pay one cent to the tin dishful would amount to half an ounce a day under this process.

Afterwards came the process of ground sluicing, for surface dirt. A small ditch was cut on the side hill, just enough to make a course for the water, which, as it ran down, would wash the ground and loosen the lumps and the men would remove the large stone with their shovels. No one would believe the amount of ground six men could wash in a day who had not witnessed it. It was estimated that dirt that was a good strong color to the tin dishful would pay one ounce a day per man. We seldom cleaned up ground sluices oftener than once a week. This was done by uniting the various sluices, making one considerable stream, and placing boxes at the lower end to receive the entire week's wash, which, though reasonably successful, would be reduced to two or three dishfuls,

SAN FRANCISCO EARLY IN THE MINING ERA, 1850-51.





thus putting the week's work of from six to eight men into a pretty small compass.

Lastly was the advent of hydraulic washing which required great force of water, the stronger the better, which being run through hose they would commence in the face of a hill, sometimes washing away the whole hill before cleaning up, as it was called. Fortunes have been made by this method where the cradle and even the long tommen could not make their board. Before I left Nevada, early in 1852, there was a great deal of hydraulic mining being done between there and Rough and Ready, so that in two years mining had made great advancement since the days of the primitive rocker.

In the summer of 1851 the typhoid fever broke out in Nevada City, proving fatal to many people. Dr. Gardner, of whom I have already spoken, was himself a victim of the scourge. He was from Michigan and a young man, a good physician, and much lamented as a friend. George Raymond of Hiram, Portage county, Ohio, also died, besides a great many others whom I personally knew but whose names I can not at this moment recall. So it was in '49; you know him, he sickens and dies, and no one knows whence he came. His friends never get tidings of his fate, and not unlikely an aged mother is looking for his return even unto this day, still clinging to the hope that her boy, her youngest, who went to California in '49 or '50, will yet return to gladden her heart and receive her blessing. Many times have I been asked about an uncle—"My mother's brother, who went to California in '49 and we never heard from afterwards." They would

tell his name and describe his looks, although the party giving the description was not born when the uncle left, but they had heard him described so many times by their mother or an aged grandmother that they really believed they knew how he looked. And the mother never gives up hope until she, poor soul, knows that her son is dead.

It was customary in the mining regions to go about on Sundays visiting one's neighbors, or to town to see the sights, so that that day was generally the most stirring day in the week. Loveland went to town to see a dentist, not knowing I had ever pulled a tooth. Taft staid at home, while I went to see Beauclerc, who was a great friend of ours. He told me he had just received a letter from an uncle of his in Australia; that gold had been discovered there by a man from California, by the name of Hargreaves, that was liable to become very rich diggings. I thought nothing more of it until I went home. Taft was cooking supper. I inquired for Loveland. "Oh," said he, "out star-gazing." I went out and found him standing a little distance from the cabin, his face turned starward, though I don't believe he was conscious of a star, for his mind seemed elsewhere. I asked him for his thoughts. He said Dr. Livermore, the dentist, who was formerly from Sidney, told him that he had just received a letter from Australia advising him that gold had been found there in quantity and richness surpassing anything then discovered in California. I then told him about Beauclerc's letter. "What do you say about our going?" said he. "All right," said I, "if you will go, I will." At that moment Taft called us to supper, and when we went in we told

Taft that we were going to Australia. "All right," said he, "if you go, I will go with you." We had not yet told him of the news, but did so immediately. We then talked over the whole matter, and finally, the same evening, all three of us started off to see Beauclerc. We found him as ourselves, but how to get away was a more difficult question. He had lately got married, and it was out of the question to take his wife with him on what might, after all, be but a wild goose chase. We left him, finally, with our own minds fully made up to go, but Beauclerc was to talk the matter over with his wife and determine what he would do. Taft and myself had Australia on the brain at fever heat. Loveland did not say much, but was, like the Irishman's parrot, thinking. We expected him to talk soon, and so he did. We sent Taft down to San Francisco to see about a ship. There was no more work to be done, for we suddenly discovered that our claim was worked out. Taft having gone, Loveland and I went about settling up our affairs. I had some money due me of which I collected a part and left the remainder of the claim with Hubbard & Hodge to collect and remit to my father and mother. They collected it promptly and paid it over to the person holding my father's order therefor, but my father never received but forty dollars out of the several hundred. My indignation has no limit when I contemplate the meanness of a man who will cheat or rob an old father of money sent him by his absent son to make his last days a little more comfortable. And I have sometimes thought that I could enjoy great exaltation of spirit if I could be absolutely assured of a hell—at least a depart-

ment in Dante's 'Inferno' of about the temperature of a Turkish bath, fitted up expressly as the permanent residence in the spirit world of such as have wronged aged fathers and mothers. I have withheld the faithless man's name as I would avoid afflicting his family or relations, but hope if he still lives and these few lines should chance to meet his eye, he may be conscious of the great wrong and hereafter do work meet for repentance.

We now gathered together our mining tools and what provisions and bedding we did not take with us, locked up the hut and went into town and stayed the first night to be in time for the early morning stage for Sacramento, leaving the key of the hut with John Proctor, to be given to the first Farmington boy that should come. Proctor had been home since I left him in Marysville, and come back again to Nevada, and had gone into the milk business. The fare by coach to Sacramento, about seventy-five miles, was sixteen dollars. All kinds of fevers are more or less contagious, but I know of none that equals the gold-fever. It is fatal even among old acclimated California miners, hardly less than the Asiatic cholera in eastern cities. Loveland, Taft and myself were the first victims in Nevada City, but it spread rapidly, and others were soon as bad as ourselves. Martin Costler, who was always ready for a start for a new place, was ready then and there; Chester Babbet and L. O. Hart, from New York state; and Henry G. Nichols, from Twinsburg, Ohio. George Scott, of the Empire gambling house, and his wife took the fever, which carried them off "between two days." George was one of the most forgiving men I ever knew. He said

he freely forgave his creditors and hoped they would be equally considerate towards him. Beauclerc had now made arrangements with Scott and wife at Rock Creek to keep his wife, so in the course of a week there were eleven in all "carried off," including Loveland, Taft and myself.

We arrived in Sacramento the same day we left Nevada City. Sacramento, even at that early day, was a city of some ten thousand inhabitants, handsomely laid out in square blocks, the streets running one way being indicated by numbers and the other way by letters. The buildings generally were of rather a temporary character, although some were very imposing to the eye. A great number on the back streets were of canvas. The city was situated near the junction of the American and Sacramento rivers. There was a large amount of business transacted there, as it was the principal outlet and depot to all the mountain towns and gold diggings. I met, while there, a man known to many in northern Ohio—David Brooks of Bristol, Trumbull county. He was in the auction business. We only remained here long enough to obtain the first steamer for San Francisco, where we arrived early the next morning, and were not long in finding Taft who had been there some two or three days. He informed us that there were two ships bound for Sidney, one the barque *Don Juan*, the other the ship *Constant*, but that neither would sail for two or three weeks. This was a great disappointment, but there was no remedy—what could not be cured must be endured—so we took up our quarters at the Commercial hotel, a very comfortable house on the Pacific wharf. In a day or two all the others afflicted

with the Australian epidemic, arrived. While waiting for the ship, the only thing we could do was to go about the city sight-seeing.

San Francisco contained at that time, 1852, a population of about fifteen thousand. It had been twice completely destroyed by fire, but a stranger going into it as we did could not see a single sign of the destroying element. At least one-half of the city was built on piles, and underneath houses and streets the tide ebbed and flowed. The two principal streets leading down to the bay were Long and Pacific, and Montgomery was the principal cross street running through the town. There were already some large fire-proof buildings upon the latter street, banking houses and express offices, such as Adams & Co., Page, Bacon & Co.; in fact, Montgomery was to San Francisco what Wall street is to New York or Lombard street is to London. Gambling palaces were plenty, and of humbler or lower ones there was no end. Long wharf was the chief quarters of high-toned aristocratic gambling. Cut-throat and land-shark gamblers were largely located on Pacific wharf, and many poorfools were there daily and nightly fleeced, in fact, robbed of their money. Served them right, I say, for if a man has no more sense than to visit such places and allow himself to be duped by swindlers, he is not fit to have money. Those located along Pacific wharf were not entitled to be designated as gamblers; they were simply cut-throats and thieves.

I will describe a game I witnessed up in the mines. It was easy enough for me to detect the cheat, although only a boy; yet I have seen plenty of full-grown men that

would take the bait. It is played with dice, three in number, and is called the ABC game. There are six letters on each die, and sometimes all three letters turn up at the same time. If you have backed that letter the banker pays you three times the amount you have staked. To carry out the thieving principle the banker must have two accomplices. The banker sits at the middle of the table and throws the dice. One of his accomplices stands at a corner opposite, the second at the corner opposite the first and a little behind the banker. After the banker has thrown the dice, the accomplice opposite produces a fifty gold piece or "slug" and wants change. The banker takes the gold piece and reaches over to count out the money, and while doing so accomplice number two pretends to lift the dice-box unbeknown to the banker, and if, perchance, there are three of a kind, he takes good care to let all the others standing around see it. He at once puts all the money he has on the letter that was seen under the dice-box, when his example is followed by one or more dupes. Then the banker says, "Are you all down? Bet your money, gentlemen, this bank pays three to one." When all have put down their money he lifts the box, and to the disappointment of the dupes, the dice have been turned and not a letter that had been seen before is in sight, and the banker pockets their money. If they dare say a word in protest they are soon silenced. I don't wish to be understood that all games are conducted in this manner, or that this style of gaming is necessarily a swindle, for the ABC game fairly played is just as fair as any, though, of course, like all games, the percentage is

largely in the banker's favor, but that the class of men who run this game were almost invariably swindlers and thieves. There were houses that would not tolerate swindling and were perfectly honorable in their dealings. Gambling was the pastime of the Pacific coast, and there were not many but indulged therein to some extent, as business men now in all cities resort to billiards and other games for temporary recreation. But the places where practices such as I have described were allowed, were dens of thieves.

Southwest of the city was old Wind-millhill, and directly back was a chain of sand hills where a steam "paddy" was at work, which loaded a truck at every stroke. The sand was run down and filled into the bay; and now many acres of what was then the bay, constitute as many acres of solid land covered with buildings of four, five and six stories in height, and the sand removed to fill up the bay cleared away the great sand dunes, adding many acres of level land for the city's extension west, thus figuratively killing two birds with one stone. The rural surroundings of San Francisco I had no observation of at that time, though the Happy Valley was supposed to be as charming even then as the famed valley of Rasselas, prince of Abyssinia. It is some three miles out on the road to the old Spanish mission, which was established and the church erected some two hundred years ago, as I was informed, but cannot speak positively of my own knowledge, as it was considerably before my day.

The vigilance committee was still in force, but at the time they had very little to do. A short time before our ar-

rival, there had been a great excitement over the hanging of Whitaker, McKensie and Stuart. All three were convicts from Van Diemen's Land. The two first named were taken from jail and hanged for murder and robbery. The last named was caught in the attempt to make away with a small iron safe he had managed to remove from some office near the docks, and had got it into a boat and was rowing across the bay when he was caught, though not before he threw the safe overboard. He was brought ashore and marched up to a warehouse, a rope was adjusted to his neck, and he was run up on the pulley by which goods were hoisted. Captain Wakeman superintended the brief ceremonies.

While awaiting our ship's sailing, I made one trip across the bay to Contra Costa, as it was then called, a distance of some ten miles, in a sail-boat, and went out into the country about three miles blackberrying. When I came back to the town of about a dozen houses I indulged in a dish of clam chowder, the first and probably the last I shall ever eat, if it is all like the clam chowder of Contra Costa, which impressed upon my mind as lasting memory of the place. It was as obnoxious to my taste as the first glass of beer I ever drank. One hot day I saw people stepping up to the bar and calling for a glass of beer. I saw the white foam and it looked very tempting, and so I called for one. I had only tasted it when I would willingly have given a dollar if someone had stepped up and drank it for me, but I had called for it and was ashamed to leave it, and so I had to worry it down.

At that time there were two lines of ocean steamers,

the Panama and the Central America. While I was there the *Winfield Scott* came in on her first trip—the largest passenger steamer that had ever come around the Horn. When Loveland and I first arrived in San Francisco and engaged lodgings in the hotel, we were told that the house was full, but if we had no objections to another room-mate, they could accommodate us—that he was one of the best of fellows. So we consented, provided the stranger would accept us. We were shown up and found that our roomer was not in, so we washed and breakfasted and then went out about the city. When we returned we went to our room. We found it full. Upon coming in our future mate introduced himself, and the rest of the company as his friends. He appeared to be very much of a gentleman, and played the violin like Ole Bull, which was enough to make us take to him at once. His name was James Hull, second officer of the Pacific mail steamer *Oregon*, which was then undergoing repairs at Benecia. The others were officers of other steamers then in port, either just arrived or about to leave. One was Darius Pollock, a rather young man to hold the office of second engineer, I thought, especially when I listened to his rattling conversation, and I remarked the same to Hull, who told me I would change my mind when I knew him better, and particularly if I should once see him on duty. Hull told me how Pollock came by his early promotion. He was coming up from Panama, Captain Knight, the head man of the Pacific mail line of steamers, being on board, when a little girl, playing on the hurricane deck, fell overboard, the steamer being under full way, some ten miles an hour. Pollock saw the child fall, and in an

instant he was over after her, striking the water almost as soon as she did. They both went down out of sight, and those on board who witnessed the scene thought they would rise no more, so long were they under water. Presently, however, he appeared, holding up the little girl with one hand and with the other striking out for the steamer. It was stopped as soon as possible, boats were lowered, and they were both picked up and soon safe on board, the little girl only the worse for the wetting. Pollock immediately went down into the engine room as if nothing had happened. A purse was soon raised by the passengers to present to him as a testimonial of their gratitude for his heroic deed. He was called up to receive the purse, but to their surprise he declined it, saying he had only done his duty—that it was the duty of all men to save a life when they had the opportunity. Upon that Captain Knight stepped forward and complimented him upon having done his duty so nobly and so well, and said that he also had a duty to perform, and at once, then and there, publicly promoted him to the position of second engineer.

Pollock was a fearless man and sometimes a little reckless, but withal a good-hearted fellow. One day I rode out with him and some of the other boys to Happy Valley, and on our return, rather late in the evening, Pollock took a notion to call at the house of an acquaintance and rouse him out of bed. The door being locked, he commenced to rattle away at the latch to awaken his friend. Suddenly a head appeared at an upper window and demanded to know who was there. He did not answer, but rattled still more at the latch. "Go away," said the man at the

window, "or I will shoot"—at the same time presenting a pistol—one of Allen's six-barrel pepper-boxes, as they were called, good for shooting around corners—and commenced to pop away at Pollock, who stood all the while with one arm akimbo, saying, "Look out, be careful with that d—d thing; you might hit somebody!" His voice and peculiarity of expression disclosed who he was, and the friend came down, unlocked the door and let us all in. The affair was considered a good joke, none of the party seeming to consider the danger of such careless shooting.

There was one Frank Beaubie whom we met in 'Frisco, that some alive and still sailing on the lakes may remember as commander of the Canadian steamer *London*. He was first mate of the mail steamer *Oregon*. I afterwards met a cousin of his in Australia. Benecia was the place up the bay where steamers underwent repairs, consequently it was a great rendezvous for the officers and crews when laid up. A party of us went up there one day, among whom was one Charlie Taylor. In the course of the evening Charlie imbibed so freely of the elixir of life that the boys had to put him to bed; but before leaving him they took all his clothes, even to his shirt. When he awoke in the morning, he found his clothes gone. The others were at breakfast, expecting every moment to be sent for by Charlie. Presently there was a commotion on the stairs and a jingling of a pair of Mexican spurs, and the waiters barring his way, telling him he could not come down in that condition. Looking in to see what was the matter, there stood Charlie in full costume of nature, decorated with a pair of Mexican spurs and a shirt collar. His

clothes were brought forth, and peace was restored between Charlie and the waiters. The whole three weeks we were waiting in 'Frisco, our room was full of cheerful and friendly persons, which was a great benefit to us who were necessitated to kill time, being always ready to show us every civility and attention. They were gentlemanly in manners, young and full of fun, and able and willing to bear their proportion of expenses. We were enabled through them to see and know more of the city than otherwise we could have seen and known, as they knew all the ropes, as the saying is, and would let no stranger in their company be imposed upon.

The time was drawing near for our departure, and we had all decided to take the *Don Juan*, a barque of some three hundred tons register. She had been laid up in the bay over two years, having, like many other vessels in the early days of the gold rush to California, been deserted by the whole crew and never been able to put to sea again. The *Don Juan* had been purchased by Smith & Son, and laid on for the Australian passenger trade. The fare was \$60. The captain that was to have sailed her was Tucker, but upon pulling out into the stream, his creditors remembered him with such depth of feeling that, like Pharaoh, their hearts were hardened, and they would not "let him go." They got out an attachment for his body, and the consequence was that after being ready to sail, our barque had no captain. After some delay, Captain John Sears took command. He was a young man of about twenty-two years, every way competent to assume the responsibilities of any ship that ever sailed the Pacific ocean.

Before leaving Nevada City, we had had letters from home telling us some more Farmington boys had started for California, and that we might expect them on the arrival of the steamer *North America*. Word came to 'Frisco that the steamer had been wrecked down on the coast off Acapulco, and the sailing ship *Northern Light* was sent down there to bring up the passengers. We had been on the lookout some days, hoping to see the boys before we sailed, and while we were anchored in the bay, waiting for our new captain, the *Northern Light* came inside the Golden Gate, passed us and dropped anchor. This put Loveland, Taft and myself into great excitement to see the boys from home. Upon inquiry, we found our ship would not sail till five o'clock the next morning, and that we could go if we were sure to be aboard again by that time. So we got a boat and went ashore and, to make sure of our return in time, hired the boatman to stop for us all the while, that there might be no default of reaching our ship in time. We had not gone two hundred yards up the wharf when I heard a voice say, "There is Charlie Ferguson. I know him." Sure enough, there were three of the boys from home, schoolmates, with whom I had played, swam Grand river, and changed works when our fathers had set us some little task to do, which we thought could not be done alone. And now, here on Pacific wharf in California, after years of absence and wandering, I met Milo Griffith, one of those boys, and all my boyhood recollections were revived. I was delighted to see them all, and our feelings were mutual.

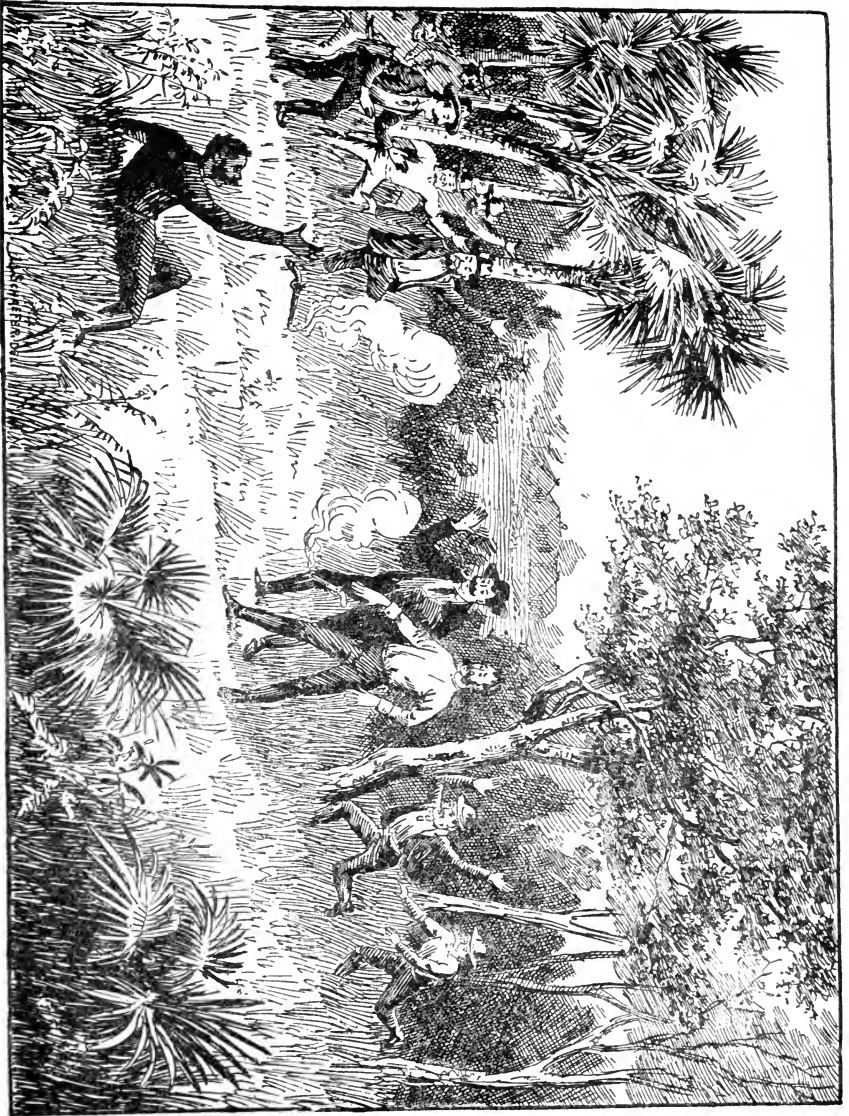
They had been shipwrecked and had been compelled to

stay in Acapulco until their money was all gone, and had now been landed here with neither money nor friends, as they supposed, until they unexpectedly ran across us. They had two others with them, strangers to us, who were in the same predicament as our friends, and of course had to be provided for, as an old California miner never makes flesh of one and fish of another when the necessities of life are wanted. We gave the boys enough to pay their expenses up to their hut, told them to go to John Proctor for the key, take possession, and if they liked they could go into our claim and make wages, which, since my return, they have told me they did. We, of course, were up with them all night until about three o'clock, when we parted from them. By this time our boatman began to show signs of weariness, and so we entered the boat and pulled for the *Don Juan*, and were on deck a few minutes before she weighed anchor. Soon we were outside the Golden Gate, myself little thinking that thirty-one years would roll around before I should again set foot upon American soil; that before my return, the goddess of history would multiply her pages in recording the rise and fall of empires, the crumbling of thrones, the oscillation of France and Spain between a monarchy and a republic, the unification of Italy, civil war in the United States and the emancipation of the slave, the Suez canal, Sedan and the German empire, the rediscovery of the sources of the Nile, the Pacific railway, the electric light and the telephone—wondrous events of a single generation.

CHAPTER XIV.

PASS THE GOLDEN GATE — BOUND FOR AUSTRALIA — SEASICKNESS —
PUMPING—PASSENGERS—SOCIETY ISLANDS—DEFICIENCY OF SUPPLIES
—BECALMED—CROSSING THE LINE—NEPTUNE'S RECEPTION—TAHITI
EXPERIENCES AND SPORTS—THE CALABOOSE — QUACK DOCTOR—A
DUEL—HEIR TO A DUKEDOM—BROTHER OF AN EARL.

HAVING passed the Golden Gate, bound for Australia, I turned into my berth, beginning to feel a little queer about the stomach. The ship seemed at one moment rising to the skies and that my stomach was going with it, while it was struggling to escape from my frail body in its ascent; then again, after reaching the topmost pinnacle, came the descent, seemingly into the lowest depths of the infernal regions, when my rebellious stomach would strike out on an excursion of its own, greatly to the misery of my body and mind. I lay for a time unable to raise my head, but at last, somewhere between another rise and fall of the ship, my stomach discharged its superfluous cargo; but there I lay still perfectly helpless and only conscious that at every plunge of the ship my stomach, of its own volition and upon its own motion, discharged copiously its contents—foul, bitter and deathly. I never till then had any conception of the vast capacity



THE DUKE AND THE EARL.



of the human stomach, or of the misery of sea-sickness. On the third day out, peace had been partially restored in my late rebellious stomach, and I crawled out on deck to see what was going on, and found everything there at sixes and sevens. The barque had been laid up for over two years, was dry, and the consequence was, that upon getting out to sea, she leaked at every pore. The pumps had to be kept in motion the whole time; besides, they were obliged to erect what sailors call a jury pump, at which the passengers had to work in order to keep the old barque afloat. All was confusion on deck, some of the passengers being in favor of putting back to port. The captain told them she would soon swell up and be all right, which seemed to quiet them for awhile; but soon they became more clamorous than ever, and demanded that the captain put her about for port. It was then that the captain showed what kind of stuff he was made of. He listened and heard them through and at once ordered every man of them forward, informing them that he was sailing that vessel and needed no advice from them and should listen to none. They all sneaked forward like so many sheep-dogs caught in the act.

As for myself, I had not sufficiently recovered to take any interest in the matter. What was it to me whether she sank or not? If my life had been at stake on the tossing up of a penny, I would not have taken interest enough to see if head or tail was up. Such is seasickness, or such it was to me on the *Don Juan* until we touched at the Society islands. Among the American portion of the passengers we had with us, besides those I have already mentioned

that left Nevada City, was John Bodkin, John B. Casserdy, Cornelius Redding, all from Mucalomey Hill mines, and one Cartwright and wife, or rather another man's wife that he had borrowed, and, like the Crow Indians, was not going to bring her back. There were also a few Englishmen—one named Lord, who boasted of royal blood, which is characteristic of one class of Mr. Bull's subjects, and everybody who has traveled knows to which class they belong, and I never knew anyone who wished to meet them again; and more especially are they detested by intelligent and sensible Englishmen themselves. I will say right here that some of the best friends I ever had in my life were Englishmen. And here on the *Don Juan* were Harry Taylor, Elliot, Warberton, all gentlemanly young men as ever one would like to meet. There was also a young man from Tasmania, or Van Diemen's Land, as it was then called; also Mr. Guy, another first-rate, gentlemanly fellow. With a few exceptions, the names of which I have forgotten, or perhaps never knew, the remainder of the passengers were the scum of creation. All, or nearly all, had been "old residents"—convicts of Van Diemen's Land—a few doubly convicted at that. They had escaped from Van Diemen's Land upon the gold rush to California, but were now going back to the Victoria diggings for the reason that San Francisco was too hot for them. Besides, they were wise enough not to disregard the polite notice of the vigilance committee to leave the coast. Terrific were the threats they showered down upon us, our country, California, San Francisco and the vigilance committee, but we looked upon them with the contempt they deserved,

yet treated them civilly as human beings, which is only a duty and costs nothing.

After we had been at sea some seven or eight days, our old tub got tightened up and did not leak so much, the passengers began to have more faith in her, and all or nearly all had begun to get over the seasickness and to look about. As for myself, I was always more or less qualmish, and my greatest trouble now was to find a place on board that would not smell of tobacco smoke, which I could not abide. Though I had taken two boxes of cigars aboard, I could not bear the smell or even the sight of the boxes. I would go and crawl into the captain's boat and lie there for hours to get out of the way, but as sure as I did so, just so sure there would a half dozen or more assemble in the immediate vicinity, all smoking and standing where the smoke was sure to come over to me; and the prayers I uttered as I picked up my sticks sounded much like a eulogy addressed to Old Nick.

The captain coming on board at the eleventh hour before sailing had not had time to investigate the matter of the ship's supply, and for the first few days out he had not time to do so. The intention was to sail direct to Sidney, but upon looking into the ship's supplies he found we had not provisions enough to take us half way there. Had he known this at first he would have steered directly to the Sandwich islands, but now we were too far south and would have to make back, so he concluded to steer for the Society islands, in latitude 18° south, longitude 150° . When within some four or five degrees of the equator we were becalmed for three or four days. If there is any one

thing more than another that will try one's patience, it is being on board a ship with scanty provisions of an inferior quality, under the equator where it is so hot that pitch fries out of the cracks of the decks, and the majority of the company are Van Diemen's Land convicts, and then to cap the climax to be becalmed for several days. Job, under such an affliction, would have been strongly tempted, for once, to have taken the advice of his high-spirited and "strong-minded" wife. Like all other troubles, even a calm in tropical seas has an end. Happily there came a breeze, but oh, what a little one, a zephyr of small calibre, the breath of a baby, yet what a relief, what a blessing! The sails gathered it as in a net and gradually swelled in seeming gratitude and the ship actually moved, three or four knots an hour barely, but it was better than standing still in the midst of the sea. So we were now more contented and took our course for the Society islands, but a long way out of our course.

It is customary among sailors of all ships, or all that I have been aboard of, to celebrate the crossing of the equatorial line. The sailors of the *Don Juan* made great preparations for the event. The night before the line is crossed, the ship is hailed with, "Ship ahoy!" from over the bow. The captain answers, "Barque *Don Juan*." King Neptune asks if he has any of his children aboard that have never before been in his dominions? Upon being answered in the affirmative, King Nep tells him that he will be aboard the next day at twelve o'clock, with his whole retinue and royal family, to receive them and initiate them as subjects of his kingdom. During the next

day the sailors get everything ready for the reception of his royal highness. A platform is built, behind which is hung up a large water-tight canvas, made secure by the four corners and filled with water. A barber's chair is placed upon the platform, constructed so as to tip completely over back upon a given signal, turning the occupant back into the large canvas sea of salt water, when two sailors immediately seize the victim and dip and splash him around until he is greatly exhausted and nearly drowned. At the appointed day and hour his majesty and retinue came on board the *Don Juan*, and the performance opened by shaving those that had never crossed the line before. The captain warned those who took part in the ceremonies not to interfere with those that did not wish to join in the sport. This caution was rather a damper on the star actors on the stage, for their prime object was to get hold of such of the crowd as were considered by the majority of passengers to be the most conceited and disagreeable, and subject them to the shaving process. So, on the whole, this royal reception was rather a tame affair. But I afterwards witnessed one of Neptune's receptions on board the mail steamer *Zealandria* that was really amusing. The arrival on board the night previous to crossing was equal to the parade of Forepaugh's circus through a city before performance, and the next day it was equally as ludicrous as any Ethiopian company.

Neptune barbering being over on the *Don Juan*, and the breeze freshening up and being favorable, which, by the way, was the only absolutely favorable wind we ever got on the whole voyage, we reached Tahiti in about ten

days. Tahiti was then a little bamboo village, situated in the centre of one of the main group of the Society islands. It was protected by a coral reef with a very narrow entrance, almost too narrow to be safe for a ship to enter in rough weather, but when once inside it afforded safe protection for a fleet of considerable size. There were two French war ships there when we arrived. The French government had lately taken possession of the islands, and it was then under martial law. The whole harbor was surrounded by a coral reef. The mighty works of those little marine insects are wonderful to contemplate. The anchor of our vessel was scarcely dropped before it was surrounded by canoes of the natives, they begging us to throw money over and see them dive for it. As soon as a dime was thrown into the water, half a dozen would be over after it, going to the bottom if necessary. Soon one of them would appear holding the silver coin in his fingers. So expert were they in the watery element that I never knew one of them to fail of catching the coin before it reached the bottom. We soon went ashore and were notified by the authorities that we were only allowed to remain on shore till sundown, when we must return to our ship until sunrise the next day, and that we would be notified to go by the firing of a gun, and the same when we would be permitted to come on shore again. Although I was there six days, I never was on board ship but once in that time, and that was to get more money to go back with.

The inhabitants of the town, that is, the foreign portion, consisted of the United States consul, who had a store

and dealt with the natives for fruit, and sometimes with a whaler or other ships that might put in there. There was an English consul and one or two other Englishmen who came there from Sidney. One John Bryan kept the "Patent Slip." He was a pretty genial sort of fellow, also from Sidney. His house took its name from the consideration of a place he had to slip the boys into when the gens d'armes (French police) were after them to run them into the calaboose, a place they were sure to go to if John Crapeau got hold of them. The balance of the people consisted of French officers, gens d'armes, a class of men we did not much admire, and convicts escaped from penal servitude. I had not been on shore more than half an hour before I felt that all my sickness had left me. I had not, during the entire voyage, sat at a table to eat a meal; but no sooner had I got ashore than I began to feel hungry. John, at the Patent Slip, supplied our wants with both victuals and drink at what we then considered a very reasonable price; besides, he was very civil and obliging. After getting a good meal, we went in for tropical fruit. There was everything we ever heard of, and much more—oranges, pine-apples, bread-fruit, and other kinds too numerous to mention. There were suckling pigs, cooked by the natives as no other people can cook them. I have tried French, Italian, English and American roast pig, but no pig ever surpassed the Tahiti cookery.

The morning after our arrival, the first thing was to visit the calaboose and see how many poor victims had found lodgings there. They were not discharged till eight o'clock, so we were compelled to wait some time. At last

they came boiling out, over sixty in number, all of whom had to pay two dollars to be released. Of course they looked rather crestfallen, for none of them liked the idea of being laughed at, as they expected to be by those that had been more fortunate. There were four or five of our crowd among them, and they got it rather tough, and some of them swore that they would see the rest of us in if they had to turn gens d'armes themselves to do it. They did not have to wait long to get their wish, for I don't think there were more than three or four but what had a night's lodging in the calaboose of Tahiti while our vessel was in port. The second night I had a run and narrow escape myself. Taft and I were together waiting for the police to pass, and finally, thinking they had done so, went to bed, but had not been there more than five minutes before they suddenly rushed in upon us. I jumped and rushed through the bamboo house, the officers after me in hot pursuit. They were so anxious to catch me that they neglected Taft and all followed me, I never stopping to put on my clothes. When I got clear into the orange grove my pursuers were far behind, but in running I lost my way, and after resting for awhile undertook to find my way back, but the more I tried the more I became bewildered, and wandered about for a full hour. My feet were bare and I had stubbed and bruised them until I could go no further, and sat down under an orange tree. But morning was soon coming, as I supposed, and it would not do for me to be caught in that plight. It seemed to me as if I had been there four hours, so I tore up my shirt into bandages and wrapped them around my feet and

made another start, this time with better success, for I had not traveled long before I found the Patent Slip. I forgot to mention that after the officers had once been their rounds, there was no further trouble for the night. I knocked at the door and heard a great rustling and whispering inside, then all was quiet and John came to the door and asked who was there. "It is I," I answered, "all right, John." I heard at the same time a voice from the inside say, "All right, it is Charlie." John opened the door and in I walked with nothing but my shirt sleeves and collar, the remainder tied around my feet. I told my story, and John, knowing where I had been, took me back to my lodgings where Taft was, who had my clothes all right. As they had all pursued me, Taft had remained undisturbed.

The next time, however, I was not so fortunate, but I had more fun. Three "gendies" gave me chase. I lit out, but in jumping a bamboo fence my coat caught and delayed me some, and they were so close upon me that I was obliged to leave my garment, as did Joseph when he took leave of Mrs. Potiphar. Immediately in front of me was a pond of water, and into it I jumped and the officers after me, and soon I had all three of them on me at once. I succeeded somehow in ducking all three in the struggle, and before they could regain their feet I got out, but only to meet two more. In trying to dodge them I slipped and fell, and then the five were on me at once. I took the matter good-naturedly and tried to buy them off, but it was of no use, I had to go, and go I did. On our way to the lockup, as we passed a house I heard a great commotion,

and the gendies were flying in every direction, when at last I saw a man fall to the ground, and in a moment the officers were upon him. I heard him exclaim, "O Lord, this is awful!" I knew who it was and roared out laughing. That made him mad, and he spitefully asked what in h—l I found to laugh at. He was very surly. We went to the lockup and found about a dozen others already booked, and soon there were some twenty or more guests for the night. The jailer was a good-natured Frenchman, driving a good trade with the prisoners and running a coffee bar. In the morning, Costler and I gave the jailer a dollar each extra, to let us off half an hour earlier than the rest, hoping to escape observation. He let us out at the back gate, but the first persons we met on getting outside were Beauclerc and Loveland, who were on the lookout for us. We told them we had been inside to see if any of the boys were there. But that story did not pan out worth a cent with them—they knew better. We both gave fictitious names, I registering as Captain John Sears. The captain afterwards told me that some of the boys had used his name and he wished he knew who it was. I did not tell him it was I until we were in Sidney.

Our doctor, an Englishman named Wilson, was one of the most conceited old quacks I ever knew. He was no more of a doctor than I was. One evening, all being on board the vessel, the doctor and one Lord, another Englishman, got into a row, both being pretty drunk. Lord claimed to have been insulted, and unless the doctor got down on his knees and apologized, he must meet him at fifteen paces the next morning. The doctor stood off a

little distance, and in response merely muttered, "Polly h—l"; whereupon Lord struck him, saying he could take that, but it was beneath the brother of an earl to stoop so low as to meet every old quack that turned up and fight a duel with him; that he, Lord, was a gentleman by birth, and the doctor was not. The doctor was now in turn as greatly insulted as Lord had been. When we went ashore again, we took pains to get both of them with us, determined to have some fun before the matter ended. The doctor had an interview with Beauclerc, who of course told him that no gentleman could brook such an insult as he had received from Lord, and that blood alone could wipe out the stain upon his character. The doctor asked Beauclerc to act as his friend. A challenge was carried to Lord, upon reading which he seemed to weaken. Beauclerc told him he must meet the doctor if he expected to hold up his head in society, that if he refused he would be looked upon as a coward. Lord tried to get out of it on the assumption that the doctor was beneath him in birth and social rank, but Beauclerc soon settled that by telling him that the doctor was heir to a dukedom, that Wilson was an assumed name, that he was only traveling incognito for his ease and comfort. That settled it with Lord, for he thought he would never have another opportunity that would enable him to say that he had met a duke in an affair of honor. All scruples being now overcome, the next thing was to find a "friend." Lord knew that was a most difficult matter, as he had not one on the ship. Beauclerc referred him to me, telling him I was as near being a gentleman as it was possible for an American to be, that the

President of the United States was my uncle on my mother's side, and that all my ancestors on my father's side claimed royal blood from the ancient kings of Ireland. Lord did not take much stock in that kind of royalty, but he knew Beauclerc was an Irishman with a French name, and did not like to offend him, and so he applied to me. Of course, I was informed of the arrangement. He showed me the challenge. I looked grave but unconcerned, as though it was an every morning's amusement before breakfast. Beauclerc and I arranged for the meeting to take place at two P. M., in an orange grove, the affair to be strictly private, though we had taken care that at least some twenty of the boys should know of it. We had hard work to keep up the courage of the principals, which could only be done by steam, which we found rather expensive, as both required a good deal of fuel. As the time drew near, their courage began to fail. Lord said he had no ill feelings towards the doctor, that perhaps he had been a little hasty in his remarks. The doctor told his second that he thought the affair ought to be settled, that being the ship's doctor perhaps he ought not to meet Lord, that the young man appeared to be very much of a gentleman, that in his excitement he had perhaps overstepped propriety. Beauclerc got alarmed, and sent word to me to be sure and keep Lord out of the way, and keep up his steam by wood and water in his engine, and to set my watch half an hour ahead. Arriving on the grounds, we took care to keep the antagonists a respectable distance from each other until the arrangements were completed. The seconds met between them and loaded the pistols for a sham fight. I

won the choice of ground—he to give the word—distance fifteen paces. There was considerable delay after everything was ready, as first one and then the other would want to know through his second, if the affair could not be settled without blood. Each received answer that the other was determined. The word was given—one, two, three, four, five—they to fire between three and five. At three, both pistols were discharged. Both Lord and the doctor were mutually surprised, and rejoiced that each still lived, and dropping their pistols, they rushed to each other's embrace. There was not an orange tree in the grove but from which was heard a roar of laughter. The boys had each climbed a tree, to keep from being seen and to witness the tragedy. The doctor began to see the drift things had taken towards them, and soon retired. Neither he nor Lord showed themselves on shore again while we were in port. Thus ended the affair of honor between the heir to a dukedom of England and a lord, the brother of an earl.

CHAPTER XV.

LEAVE TAHITI—REDUCED TO BEANS—PROSPECT OF CASTING LOTS—JOB'S COMFORTER—INSANITY FROM HUNGER—NORFOLK ISLAND—CAPTAIN PRICE—SOLDIERS—PRISONERS—PUNISHMENTS—THE CLERGYMAN—HANGING PERSONS "COMFORTABLY"—PIGS AND POULTRY—SIDNEY, AUSTRALIA—ARRIVE AT MELBOURNE.

THE captain was now determined to sail on the following day. He had succeeded in getting some provisions which he had to pay for from his private purse. We did not care if the ship never sailed. The day after the duel, all hands were ordered on board; therefore, we had to go, for the French would not allow any further delay, but if they had, I think half of the passengers would have stayed. We got off the next day, but after just getting outside the coral reefs, we were becalmed. Some were in hopes the tide would run us on the reefs, but the wind finally sprung up in the night and in the morning we were out of sight of land. We had head winds and our ship had little or no ballast, consequently we were beating about and drifting with the ocean currents, making little or no headway. We had expected, upon leaving Tahiti, to arrive in Sidney in thirty days, but that time had now expired, and we were nowhere near our journey's end. Our provisions had run out, and I don't know what

would have been done had not many passengers laid in a pretty good store at Tahiti; but this had now given out as well. Things kept getting worse and worse until we were reduced to nothing but beans, and at last were reduced to thirty pints a day for all, without a scrap of pork to grease them with. There were some pretty sorry-looking faces. I remember one young fellow, who had heard of my starvation on the plains, who came to consult me on our situation. I proved to be one of Job's comforters to him. I told him that it was nothing as yet, but that in all probability we would have to cast lots; that in a few days more, probably, some would lose their mind, and then they could easily be disposed of; that the food was rather repulsive at first, but one soon comes to like it, and that it was excitable persons who lost their reason first. He had been sent to me by Beauclerc and others, who had got him worked up to a state of frenzy before sending him to me.

We were now approaching Norfolk island, longitude 165° west, 30° south latitude, three miles wide by seven long. It was used by the Van Diemen's Land government for the purpose of holding the worst of the doubly and trebly convicted convicts. For that place the captain had made up his mind to make, if he could beat up against the strong head winds with which he was obliged to contend. We spoke the transport ship *Lady Franklin*, plying between Hobarttown and the island; told the captain the condition we were in, but he paid no attention only to ask why we did not put into Norfolk, then kept on his course, leaving us to starve or make the island if we could,

and which we did about forty-eight hours after. The captain of the *Lady Franklin* never reported us on his arrival. Upon our arrival at Norfolk we had only sixteen pints of beans on board, every morsel of eatables. The captain went ashore and reported to the commandant of the island, Price by name; more of him hereafter. He at once sent a dressed beef, potatoes and plenty of bread out to us, and in the morning sent out a boat with an order for the captain to allow all that desired to come on shore. One can imagine that there would be but few that would not avail themselves of the opportunity, for it was something we had not reckoned upon, for we were the first passengers that were allowed on shore at Norfolk island. Soon we were all ashore, for the commandant had sent a large barge capable of carrying half the passengers at one trip. There were some that dare not land, such as had escaped from Hobarttown and were afraid the commandant would know them and detain them, which he most assuredly would, for he was never known to put his old eye on a man but he knew him again. He was one-eyed.

We found that the soldiers in the barracks had prepared dinner for the whole military force, which consisted of the Ninety-ninth regiment. They had been there nearly three years, and our arrival was as much of a treat to them as it was a happy relief to us. There were, at that time, about nine hundred prisoners, the worst lot ever congregated. The mode of punishment was equal to the subjects thereof. We were allowed the full run of the place, and I must say that never before nor since have I had knowledge of such severe

punishments. It was enough to give reality to the words of Burns, "Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn." I have seen men exercising for two hours with sixty pounds of iron riveted to their legs. I have been in the "dumb cell," where there was not a ray of light nor a sound was even allowed to reach the ear of a prisoner from the time he was put in until the time he came out; and the cell was arranged so the prisoner was liable to be made to pump for his life. Tales were told by soldiers and others which were blood curdling in cruelty. If a prisoner was caught with a chew of tobacco, he got ten days in the dumb cell. If accused of idleness, he was sent there and made to pump for his life or drown. These facts I had from the officers of the regiment and even prison officials. A man was hung for a trifle, and sometimes three or four in a morning. A story was told of Price and the clergyman. One morning there was a larger batch than usual to hang. The place where they usually hung them was on a beam that extended across the gateway. There were seven this morning, and they thought the space too narrow and the beam too short to hang them all at once, as was the custom. And so the clergyman seemed to think when he very considerably and feelingly remarked to the commandant that seven men could not hang "comfortably" there, they would be too crowded.

The officers of the Ninety-ninth regiment were very gentlemanly and civil, and seemed pleased with our visit. They said it would be talked of as long as they remained upon the island, for the like had never before happened in their time

and might never again. So it appears that even a regiment of men on one of the lonely and unsettled islands of the Pacific may feel as solitary as Crusoe on Juan Fernandez. They got up an amateur performance in our honor, and we all joined in, that is, there were some two or three of our ship's company who were good musicians, and that was a department they were deficient in, so our talent came in to good advantage. We remained there some five or six days, when the governor's launch took us to our ship. There was not one among us but what had something in the way of provisions. Some had a dressed hog on the shoulder as big as they could carry; another with as many turkeys as he could swing on his back; another with half a dozen ducks; others with sweet potatoes, turnips and gooseberries, and even geese.

Finally we were safely on board the launch, men, women, pigs, poultry and all, and after giving the islanders a good, hearty cheer, we were shoved off—men and women cheering, pigs squealing, turkeys gobbling, ducks quacking, roosters crowing and geese and hens cackling, and soon we were on board the ship. However severe the discipline of Commandant Price may have been in the management of a penal colony, his conduct towards and treatment of us was that of a generous and considerate man, while that of the captain of the *Lady Franklin* was that of an unfeeling savage. Price afterwards reported him to the government of Van Diemen's Land for not giving us supplies. His excuse was that the weather was too rough to lower a boat. He was tried and dismissed, as I was informed. We sailed from Norfolk island better supplied

than when we left San Francisco. The captain had not only put on board enough to last us the remainder of the journey, but the passengers had made doubly sure. Unfavorable winds still prevailed, being strong ahead, and for twenty-four hours we were obliged to lay to in a storm, an unusual circumstance on that passage. Then the wind changed to a good stiff breeze in our favor, and we made more headway in forty-eight hours than we had for the last ten days. At last, on the twenty-sixth of July, 1852, the sunny shores of Australia hove in sight, and great was the rejoicing on board that little barque, and all our troubles were forgotten. It is strange, but nevertheless true, that the feeling one is suddenly inspired with when nearing land, opens his mind and heart to generous thoughts and sentiments towards all things and every person, and he finds himself conversing freely with those whom, perhaps, he has not spoken to during the whole voyage. The wind was fair and we were fast bearing down upon the great island continent. Sidney heads were fast looming up in the distance. Soon a pilot boat was seen sailing towards us, and it was not long before that important official personage was received on board, and the control of the ship passed into his hands. As we neared the shore our minds became anxious concerning the gold fields and the prospects, and many were the inquiries made of the pilot, and great was our joy to learn that it was with us as it had been of old when the queen of Sheba came to the court of Solomon after his ships had returned from the Orient laden with the gold of Ophir—the half had not been told.

The pilot only entered the Heads that night and cast anchor. When the morning sun rose, it disclosed the most beautiful harbor on earth. Port Jackson is a bay some seven miles long with numerous little inlets or bays, into which empties the Paramata river, and the whole is surrounded by a landscape as picturesque as eye ever beheld. I regret that my pen is incompetent to do justice to the subject, in a description of that scenery. Port Jackson has often been vividly described by travelers, but the picture has never been overdrawn. Upon arriving at the circular quay we dropped anchor and were immediately boarded by some twenty or more persons, all in quest of Colt's revolvers. A five-inch would readily sell for thirty pounds (one hundred and fifty dollars); other sizes and qualities upward to two hundred and fifty dollars. The captain had brought a dozen, which he sold for the above prices. We had none but those we had brought for our own use. We landed and went through the custom-house, which, by the way, was then a mere matter of form. We hired a conveyance to take us to a hotel, but that was easier said than done, for I think the driver drove us to at least a dozen hotels before we were able to get accommodations. At last we found one upon what was called the Rocks. It was known by the name of the "Rocks of Cashel." It was kept by a man and his wife of the name of Casey. Sidney, at this time, was almost deserted by the male portion of its inhabitants. I don't know a city where a stranger met with more hospitality, or even as much, as in Sidney, and it is so to this day. At that time the population was about from fifteen to twenty

thousand. It has since increased to about two hundred and thirty thousand. At that time it was much the largest city in the Australian colonies, Melbourne being the only one then, or even now, that would anywhere begin to compete with it. The worst feature in it was in the careless, or rather slovenly manner in which it was laid out. Speak to any one of the old inhabitants about it and they would say that no one thought it would ever become the wonderful town that it was then; that it was built along as the bullock and dray tracts then ran, that is, the old portion of the town; the modern portion is better laid out. The surface of the city is rather of an uneven nature, and that accounts for the cart tracks running in such an uncommonly crooked course.

While we were there, the first steamer arrived from England to run the overland mail by way of Singapore. The *Shusan*, which was the name of the steamer, would now be considered about third or fourth class, but the colonists were very proud of her. The citizens of Sidney gave the officers of the ship a great banquet. The mayor presided and attempted to make a complimentary speech. Alluding to the wonderful steamer, the first that ever lay at anchor in their fine harbor, he sought to embellish his sentiments by quoting the lines of the poet, where he describes a ship as "floating the waters as a thing of life." He got as far as "floats the water," but forgot the comparison, hesitated, made another attempt, but with no better success, then a third, but still the "thing of life" could not find utterance, when his worship lost his temper and broke out with, "floating the waters like—a bloody duck."

How true the story was I cannot say, but the mayor was ever afterwards credited with that improvement on the world's great poet.

Here I spent about ten days as agreeably, I think, as any I ever spent in a strange city in my life. The *Shusan* was about to sail and we bought our tickets upon her for Melbourne, and were six days making the trip, about seven hundred miles. Melbourne is at the head of Port Phillip's bay, three miles up the Yara river, then not navigable for large ocean steamers, and forty-three miles up the bay from the Heads. Soon after passing the Heads was a small town called Queen's Cliff, on the south side of the bay. It was then small, but has since become quite an important place. The government afterwards built large and important fortifications there. We found the steamer *Australia* had just that morning arrived from England to participate in the mail service in connection with the *Shusan*. This was considered a great boom for the colonies, a monthly mail. Now they have no less than four a month, and the delivery in less than half the time it then took. We landed at what was then called Lahard's Beach, now Landing. A small pier then ran out some fifty yards into the bay, while now there is a long pier extending out nearly half a mile, where the largest ocean steamers can lie alongside and discharge their cargoes directly into railway cars for Melbourne or any part of the colonies. Then everything had to be transported on lighters, and from thence taken up the Yara river, then by bullock drays to the diggings and other stations in the interior, often taking two and sometimes three

months to make the journey of a hundred miles, through dense forests and over rough roads.

It was Sunday when we landed, and we were obliged to hire a horse and cart to take our blankets and traps up to Melbourne, a distance of three miles, paying ten shillings or two dollars and fifty cents each for ten of us. The road was flooded in some places belly deep to the horse. When we got into the deepest of the water and mud, the horse suddenly bogged and went down. We all had to get off the dray, help the horse up, and then lift at the wheel and help him out. There were not more than two or three houses on the whole distance between Sandridge and Melbourne and but one of ordinary size between Melbourne and Lahard's hotel, where now is a city of several thousand, called Emerald Hill. We arrived in Melbourne just at dark, part of us stopping at the Old Rain-Bow hotel, the others on Elizabeth street at what is now the Exchange, kept for many years by one Cooper. The Old Rain-Bow was then noted, and for years after, for its ale—Gordon's ale. All the old colonists will remember it. We had to pay for our supper before going into the dining-room, likewise for our bed before we went to bed, one dollar each. In the morning we looked around through the town. The streets were nearly hub deep with mud all through the city, except a part of Collins street and a part of one other that was macadamized. It was in the dead of winter, the month of August, the seasons in that south latitude being just the reverse of ours.

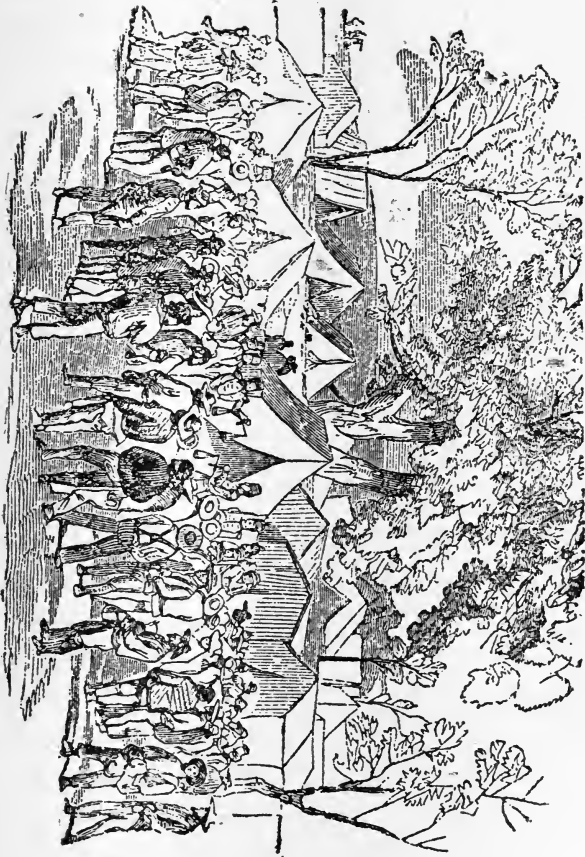
CHAPTER XVI.

IMPRESSIONS OF MELBOURNE—GETTING OUT—KELLER'S BED-BUG HOTEL
—BLACK FOREST—BUSH-RANGERS—DIGGERS—STICKING UP—HARPER'S
HOTEL — PORCUPINE HOTEL — BENDIGO DIGGINGS — FIRST LICENSE
— AMERICANS — SHEEP'S HEAD — OVENS RIVER — MARCHING IN A
ROBB

WE were very anxious to get out of Melbourne, for the reason that we were not so favorably impressed with the people as with those at Sidney, where one could enter a hotel and be treated as an old friend or acquaintance, while in Melbourne, everyone seemed to look upon a stranger with suspicion, as though he would steal something, if it was only a meal of victuals or a bed. Starting after dinner, we made ten miles, carrying our "swag," as it was termed, and put up at Keller's hotel, which could furnish the largest company of bed-bugs I ever camped among. I have faced some pretty hungry crowds of these foes to man in other hotels, but Keller's won the cake. For our lodging we paid \$1.25 each, and two or three in a bed at that; but that was to each individual's advantage, for one man alone in a bed would have been suddenly devoured, and that without remedy. The second day we made Gisbourn, thirty-two miles from Melbourne, at the border of the Black Forest, then the terror of trav-

elers, and through which we went the third day. This great forest, dark and gloomy, is situated near Mt. Masidon, and was noted in that day for being the resort of numerous bands of bush-rangers, as they were called. They were certainly a most cruel band of robbers. This day we met parties of "diggers," as miners were there called, on the way to town to have a spree—that is, spend their money, have a good drunk, as they expressed it, and return. They were in parties of from ten to twenty, carrying in their hands a ready cocked pistol, or at least an old gun, and it would be hard to say who would be in greater danger, the bush-ranger or he who fired it. I think I would rather have taken the bush-ranger's chance. This much I am certain of, that nine out of ten of the parties we met, had they been attacked by three bush-rangers, would have surrendered their gold without any resistance, which was, in fact, often the case. I have known of whole parties to have been "stuck up" by only two. They would suddenly ride in upon them and cry "Hands up," presenting their pistols. The whole party would immediately throw up, when one of the robbers would dismount and the other sit on guard, while the first would go through the pockets of every man, take all his gold and ride away. This has been done many times to my knowledge. The third night we stopped at Harper's, a man since well known in Australia as the owner of many noted race-horses. The fourth day we passed through Keynton, one of the oldest inland towns of the colony, having some ten or fifteen houses, to Collenbine, and thence to the Porcupine hotel, the greatest den of thieves and

robbers in the colony, kept by two Jews. When we arrived, forty or fifty people from the Bendigo diggings were there, all more or less drunk. We did not stop inside. We had stopped at many hard places, but this was a little too tough. The next morning, bright and early, we pulled out and made Bendigo diggings, one hundred miles from Melbourne, by noon. The first point we struck was Newchum Gully, then down to Golden Gully, thence to Commissioner's Gully, never stopping for three miles, although the road was completely lined with business places, and back of which, as far as the hills, the ground was thickly dotted with the canvas tents of the gold diggers. Our reason for not stopping was that we had to first take out a license at thirty shillings cost, which authorized the holder to dig for gold or carry on any other business for one month. If a person was caught on the mines without one, he was seized and brought before the commissioner and fined five pounds (twenty-five dollars), and if he had not the money to pay the fine, he had to work it out like other prisoners, at ten shillings a day, including costs and the price of a license which he did not, but ought to have taken out. The government had a police force on the watch for such as had no license. We thought that if we stopped on the way, short of the commissioner's camp, we might possibly be taken and fined, so we pulled for headquarters. We got our license without delay, and camped on Commissioner's Gully for a few days. Our license bore date, September 11, 1852. The next day being Saturday, we bought some stuff and made ourselves a tent, Taft, myself, Costler, Babbet and Jim Hull. I have



GIVING OUT LICENSE.

neglected to mention before that Hull, the second officer of the United States mail steamer *Oregon*, our old roommate in San Francisco, when we came to start, suddenly concluded that he would go with us, and here he was. It is not usual for more than four or five to work in one party, so we went together, while Loveland, Beauclerc, Taylor and Raymond made a second mess. We bought tools, made a tent and looked around on Saturday. The next day being Sunday, we visited some Americans who had come out in the ship *Wellington*, owned by Captain Thorgmorton, which sailed three months before we did, an old German and his wife and niece, whose names I do not remember if I ever knew them. The old folks were known as uncle and aunty, whom many will remember to this day. They baked pies and made money. Of course all the Americans went there and were told of our arrival, as we went there to get our meals until we got our house in order and some cooking utensils. The Americans visited us and, of course, gave us all the information they had, and offered to show us around and "lay us on," as the expression was for giving one an insight of a new place or diggings, and they were as good as their word. John Bartholomew from Hamden, Geauga county, Ohio, and Robert Gunston from Canada, came in the morning and showed us through the different gullys, such as Long's, Iron Bark, California, Peg Leg and Sheep's Head. They showed us a hole in the latter, which they had themselves sunk, said they had not a paying prospect in the bottom, but if it was driven further down it might pay. The next morn-

ing Taft and I started to try this hole. The others went in another direction to prospect.

We commenced in Sheep's Head to drive in the gravel and soon got a paying prospect, but the gravel was so hard that we could make but little headway. We found upon trying that the bed or bottom was soft pipe clay, so we went down into that and drove under the wash or drift and then knocked it down. The prospects we were now getting would pay at least two ounces to a man. We went home at night full of hopes, but the others had not met with as good luck, so we took Hull and Babbet with us the second day. Jim had never done a day's work in his life before, that is, in mining, but he was willing to learn. He could haul up the dust from out of the shaft or shovel it along to the hole to send up on deck, as it was expressed, as well as anyone. The dirt was harder to wash than that in California and had to be puddled in a tub. A beer barrel sawed in two made two tubs, selling for four pounds each or forty dollars for a beer cask. A tub would hold about six common buckets of dirt, besides sufficient water for the process; puddle with a shovel till the water is thick, pour off and repeat until the clay is all off, leaving only the gravel, which then goes to the cradle and is washed down.

We got onto a regular lead which we followed, and we found it paid two ounces to the tub, on the average. We worked off four or five tubs while the others were out prospecting. For four weeks we washed out as high as a pound weight of gold to the tub. The others did not understand our driving in at the bottom and often came

and told us that if there was any gold in there, we had gone through it or got below it, but we told them we thought we would come to it by and by. It is never well to let everyone know your business in mining any more than in any other business.

When we left Sidney, there were some of our shipmates that had started overland. They promised to write us at Bendigo if they struck anything. After we had been there about four weeks, we got a letter from them saying they had struck something on Spring creek, a tributary of Ovens river, about thirty miles over the boundary of Victoria district, and in the territory of New South Wales, in which was Sidney. The boys were all up on end to start right off, except myself. The others had not done as well as our party, and of course were all the more ready for a start. But as for myself, I could not see the use of throwing away a certainty for an uncertainty. I protested and told them I would not go. The distance was two hundred miles. But they were determined to go, and as they thought I was the best one of the party to buy them a horse, I was solicited with Costler to make the purchase, including a dray, or rather a drag. As there was no horse suitable for such a journey near where we were, we went out on the road towards Melbourne, hoping to meet someone coming to the diggings who might have one for sale. A few miles out we found a man and woman by the side of the road eating their dinner. After a long parley as to the value of horses in the mining region and the cost of keeping them and their liability to be stolen, all of which were true, we told the man that if our party

were not about to take a long overland journey, they would not take their horse and drag as a gift. He agreed to take just what he had paid in Melbourne for it—fifty-five pounds sterling, or two hundred and seventy-five dollars of our money. They would have been satisfied if we had paid double that price. They afterwards sold the horse for one hundred pounds and the drag for thirty pounds. Notwithstanding my protest, I finally yielded and went with them, selling our claim to a man who had been working near us, who worked it for some time and did well. Our little party had cleared for every day we had been in Bendigo two ounces per day each man. There was a genial old Irishman that lived close by us who requested me to run down (two hundred miles) and let him know if the new diggings turned out well. He said it was no distance to walk, besides, we had a horse to ride. Of course I promised him I would “run down.”

There were nine of the party—Costler, Taft, Babbet, Hull, Beauclerc, Loveland, Campbell, Gilmour and myself—and the horse, cart and baggage. The journey was long and tedious, over what was then called the old Sidney road, which we struck at Seymour, and followed it through Longwood and other towns, when, turning south, past Reed's station, we arrived at Spring creek. The Sidney road had been built for years, but we were the first party of diggers that had ever traveled it up to that time. I was told years afterwards that the first party of diggers that passed over that road south to Ovens—which was our party—were the boys to spend their money freely. They never had seen any diggers that had any money to

spend, and that accounted for things being so cheap in comparison to what we had been accustomed to pay. They thought they were getting a big price when we thought we were getting things very cheap. On arriving at Spring creek, on the Ovens diggings, we found the ship-mates that had written to some of us. They had done pretty well, but the run of gold they were on was all worked out, and it presented a very sorry prospect to us. But our party set about prospecting and met with some success. There were about forty miners there when we arrived, and were daily coming in, mostly from Sidney, but soon they began to come in from the lower or southern diggings. After stopping there about five weeks we made up our minds to return, or at least a part of us. We all bought horses and some of us started down to Wangaratta to get them shod; Loveland and three others remained to finish up and come on the next day. Having got the horses shod, we waited for them all day, but they not coming we started on, thinking they would overtake us; but they never came. After we left, they made a strike and got a claim agoing which happened to turn out pretty good, and they stopped, and there they remained until they all went home. We who had started went back to Bendigo, and there I remained all the summer and met with varied success. I had brought back the horse and cart which I originally bought for the party of the stranger on the Melbourne road, and each of the others had brought back a horse which they sold in Bendigo and doubled their money, but I held on to my horse and dray. Whenever there came a rush, some were up and off; others

remained behind and worked. At last we sold the horse and dray, and when there was no more riding around we were satisfied to stick to work and make something.

I got sick, for the climate did not agree with me; besides, it was very sickly in Bendigo in the summer of 1852. The burial-ground of that town looked like a plowed field. If I got partly well I would have a relapse, and the boys for a time did not believe I would pull through.

The White Hill, in or near Bendigo, was now the exciting field, and there our party worked most of the time. Costler, Hull and myself worked together; Nichols, Taft and another man by themselves; and Reading, Phelps, and an old mate of Reading's made up the third division. Old uncle and aunty still ran the pie-shop, and that was our only place of social meeting or amusement. But since then Bendigo has attained unto the proportions of a respectable city, with all the modern improvements. But the greatest change noticeable to an early miner is in the absence of all the "old hands," as they were then called, who, in due time, were either hung or died in prison. It was certainly one of the worst places on earth in 1852-53. One was not safe in going outside of his tent after dark, as he was liable to be either shot or sand-bagged and robbed. There was no end of such desperate, murderous rascality. It would take a thousand pages to record what I have personally known, to say nothing of all reported from the various districts in the colony. They would steal wash-dirt, rob a claim, or kill a man without compunction. There were parties that did nothing else but go around through the day and learn where the best dirt or richest

claims were, and come at night and carry off the dirt. Once in awhile a thief and robber would get shot in the operation. We were washing rather late one Saturday night; had cleaned up our gold, and were about to start for home, when Phelps said that it was so late I had better remain at the mine. I told him I would not, as the boys would be alarmed and be down looking for me, but would run the risk of getting home with the gold. He asked if I had my pistol. I had not, so he insisted on my taking one of his, which I did, and started. I had not gone more than a hundred yards when I discovered that a man was following me. I let him come up pretty close, for they won't shoot if they can get on without it, as the report of the pistol would sound the alarm. When I thought he had got near enough, I suddenly turned on him, presenting my pistol and telling him he had followed me long enough, that I would now follow him. I ordered him to walk on ahead, which he did, never speaking, and I marched him right home to my tent and then dismissed him. If I had not had the pistol, he would, undoubtedly, have knocked me senseless with a sand-bag, or garroted me—a peculiar process very much in vogue there at that time. Government did not allow liquor to be sold on the diggings, which was one of the most beneficial laws of the colony. A person caught selling would forfeit his claim and all there was in it and have to pay a fine of not less than fifty pounds (two hundred and fifty dollars), and for the second offense, the same sum and six months imprisonment.

CHAPTER XVII.

A NEW RUSH—CARRYING SWAG — MACKIVER DIGGINGS—GOVERNMENT ESCORT ROBBED — ARRESTED AND SEARCHED — OUR LANDLORD'S ENDORSEMENT—DISCHARGED—BLOWHARDS—SHOOTING FOR A WAGER — MRS. SCOTT'S FOURTH OF JULY DINNER — POLICE INTERFERE — CAPTAIN WILSON—THE QUACK DOCTOR OF THE "DON JUAN"—"OLD PILLS"—LOVELAND'S NOBLE GENEROSITY.

EARLY in April, 1853, there was a new rush out to a place called Mackiver, about thirty-eight miles from Bendigo. The whole country was alive with excitement, and everyone went there, ourselves with the rest. We stopped there about two months, and then I concluded to go back to Ovens; but the others were not willing to go, so I made up my mind to go alone, if no one would go with me. At last, a man by name of Elliot agreed to go also, and then when Phelps saw I was determined on going, he made up his mind to go with me. It did not take one long to get under way after he had once determined, for all he had to do was to roll up his blankets, and he was ready for the road. We started with our swag—a colonial term descriptive of such articles as we were obliged to

carry with us. The mode of carrying is to spread out the blankets and put all the extra traps one may have inside, roll the blankets up tight lengthwise and bind them tight, then bring the two ends together, forming a bow, something like an ox-bow, put the hand through, letting the upper side rest upon the shoulder, the other coming down upon the other side, the arm passing through. In that way one can carry a heavy swag with little inconvenience. If one happens to have a frying-pan, which is mostly the case, he just sticks the handle through underneath the strings. Some grease or crock may get off the pan onto the blankets, but that is of but little consequence, as the blanket is already as dirty as it can be. Should they happen to be new, they will soon be dirty, and the sooner the better, as it will save further trouble and anxiety of mind in trying to keep them clean.

The day we left Mackiver, the government escort left for Melbourne, with nine thousand ounces of gold. Merchants and diggers, and almost everybody, sent their gold to Melbourne by the escort for safe keeping. In that early day there were no banks in the near vicinity of any of the interior gold fields, so all deposits were made in the escort office—charge 2s. 6d., or sixty-two cents—take a receipt, upon the presentation of which at the treasury in Melbourne, you receive your bag of gold with your name on it, all sealed and stamped as you handed it in. This was the best, and, in fact, the only absolute protection the miner or the merchant had against the dangers of robbery by the bush-rangers. The express transport was a two-horse cart, driven by armed police and escorted by

some ten armed men, with pistols and blunderbusses, and each and all having sabers—a rather formidable crowd for a band of robbers to encounter. They started in the morning and had traveled about twelve miles, when, rounding a short bend at the head of a gully where the road had been cut around a sidling, just room for a dray to pass, they suddenly found themselves among the tops of some fallen trees, in a place too narrow to turn and make their way back. A heavy fire opened upon them; the driver was severely wounded; the horses and dray plunged down the sidling into the gully below, and upset. The police returned the fire, but could not see anybody to shoot at, and at last beat a retreat, after several of them were wounded. The robbers took the gold and left.

Upon our arrival at Seymour, the place where we struck the Sidney road on our way out, we had heard nothing of it, but were pounced upon by the police of the town, for there were always one or two police in every little town, if it had nothing more than a hotel, store and blacksmith shop, which was usually the size of most interior towns in that day. Our swags were searched and ourselves subjected to a rigid examination, but they found upon us nothing but what miners usually carry, and the landlord happened to remember me as one of the party of diggers that first went up over the road some ten months before, and he giving us all a good character, we were allowed to get our breakfast in peace and go on our way rejoicing. Had not the hotel-keeper happened to recognize me, we might have been arrested, put in the lockup, and probably had to lie there until a magistrate saw fit to hear our case—

which would have been when he felt like it. A digger or a swagsman was at that time treated no better by the authorities than a dog—at least by some of them—there were always exceptions. Some possessed human hearts, whom the miners never forgot. Commissioner Daley was an eminent exception to the general run of magistrates, who will be remembered by every old miner that was ever in the Ballarat and Meribouro district. In his court every man got his just legal rights, whether he was a merchant or a miner, citizen or stranger, rich or poor. Even the defeated party retained his confidence in the honesty and impartiality of Judge Daley. There were a few others I could mention, alike honorable magistrates.

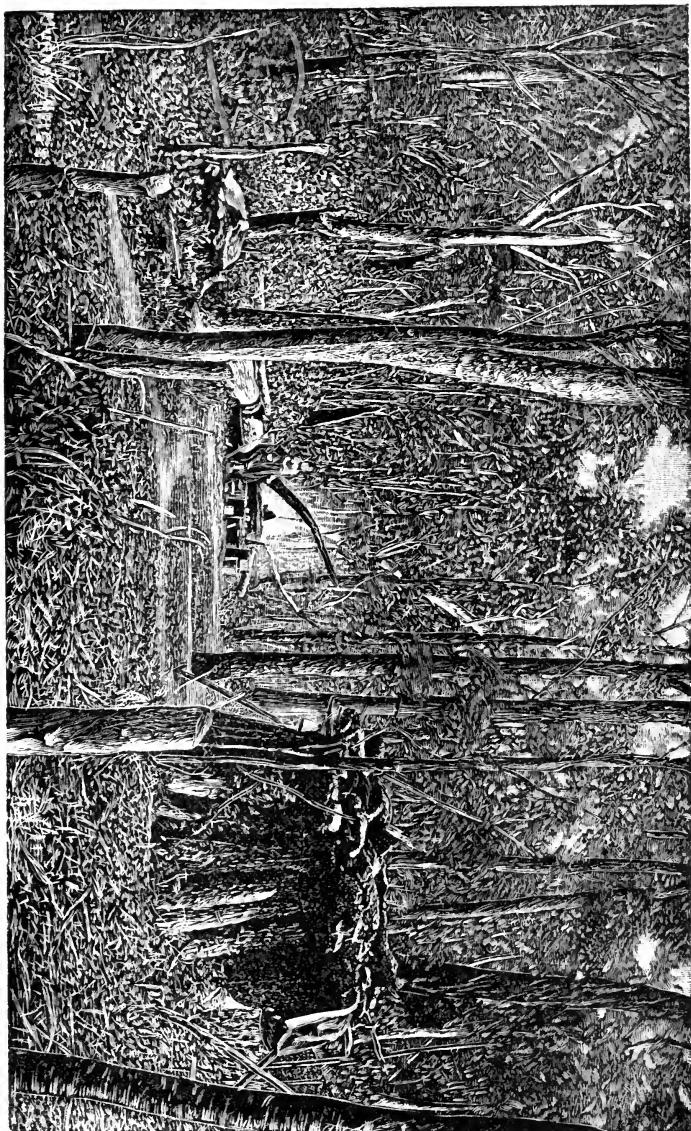
We continued our journey without any further trouble until we reached the hotel in Banella. There was another party there like unto ourselves, only traveling in another direction. They were from California, and were great braggarts and boasters. One was called "Grizzly," on account of the multitude of grizzly bears he had slain. He told of wonderful shots he had made, particularly with a Colt's revolver. Phelps was not one to take much stock in one who was always blowing his own horn, and thought he would have a little fun with them. I had myself made some accidental shots with a revolver that had surprised our boys hardly less than myself; I knew they were all chance shots; they did not, and I took good care not to let them know but they were the result of skill, so my name was high on the roll of dead shots with our little party. But I did not do any more shooting in their presence for fear of letting the cat out of the bag. I went

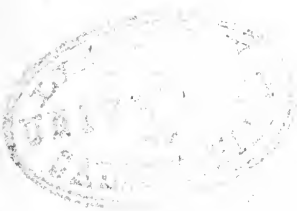
off to bed, leaving Phelps and Elliot up with the stranger party who were constantly telling wonderful yarns about grizzly bears. At last Phelps told them that he would produce a man he had with him, in the morning, for twenty pounds wager, to shoot, if they would like it. They accepted, and one-half the wager was deposited in the landlord's hands. In the morning Phelps told me what he had done. I told him to withdraw the stakes. No, he would not, and said he would try to get them to make it fifty pounds a side. In the meantime Elliot had been telling them of the wonderful shots he had seen me make. Phelps challenged them to shoot for fifty. We had breakfast, and I confess I felt very uneasy, for I was conscious that he was deceived about my skill. We were just ready to go out, and the balance of the money was to be put into the landlord's hands, when suddenly "Grizzly" was seized with a severe headache and could not hit a haystack, as he expressed it. Phelps offered to stop over another day if they would make it fifty, but "Grizzly's" backer preferred to forfeit. So we took their ten pounds (fifty dollars) and went on our journey. I told Phelps never to back me again, as my shooting was mere luck. The probabilities were that "Grizzly" was only a braggart and no shot.

We soon arrived at Beechworth, as Spring creek was now called. Phelps had some old mates there, Dan Towser and some others. I found Loveland, Beauclerc, Campbell, Gilmour and George Scott and wife, who had come from Nevada City with us. Scott had started in the baking business and had been very successful, which he could not

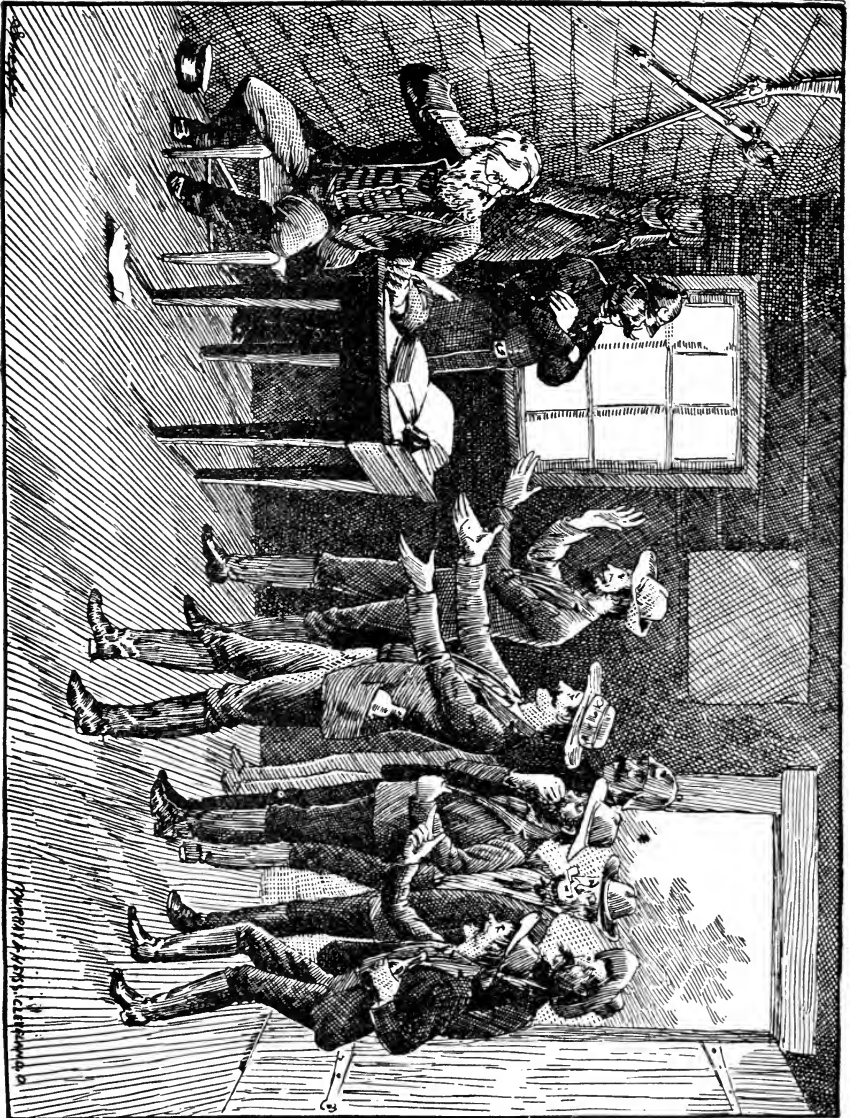
well help, for a four pound loaf sold readily for five shillings (one dollar and twenty-five cents). Loveland and party had likewise been successful, and were on the eve of starting for home. The Fourth of July was close at hand, and Mrs. Scott had invited all her American acquaintances to dine with her on that day. It was quite a large company. Think of Americans dining at the antipodes on the Fourth of July—in the dead of winter! Mr. Scott, who liked a good time, had sent to Melbourne for all things necessary to make the occasion memorable and delightful. After dinner patriotic songs were going the rounds of the party and all in that happy spirit wherein, especially on that day, every American feels the truths of the famous Declaration—that life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness is his birthright—when there came a knock at the door. Scott went to the door and found three police officers there, who notified him that they had instructions from the inspector, Mr. Wilson, to order a stop to all singing at once. The police were civil and were only observing the orders of their superior officer, therefore we could not blame them, so we called them in and treated them to a drink of bourbon and showed them other American Fourth of July hospitalities, Beauclerc telling them he would see Mr. Wilson, and called me to go with him. We went up to the camp, as the police headquarters were called, and asked to see Mr. Wilson, the mighty man in authority who would suppress patriotic songs on the American Declaration day. Presently, out stepped a gruff, pompous little man, dressed in a double-breasted, blue frock-coat, with two rows of brass buttons down the front. His appearance reminded

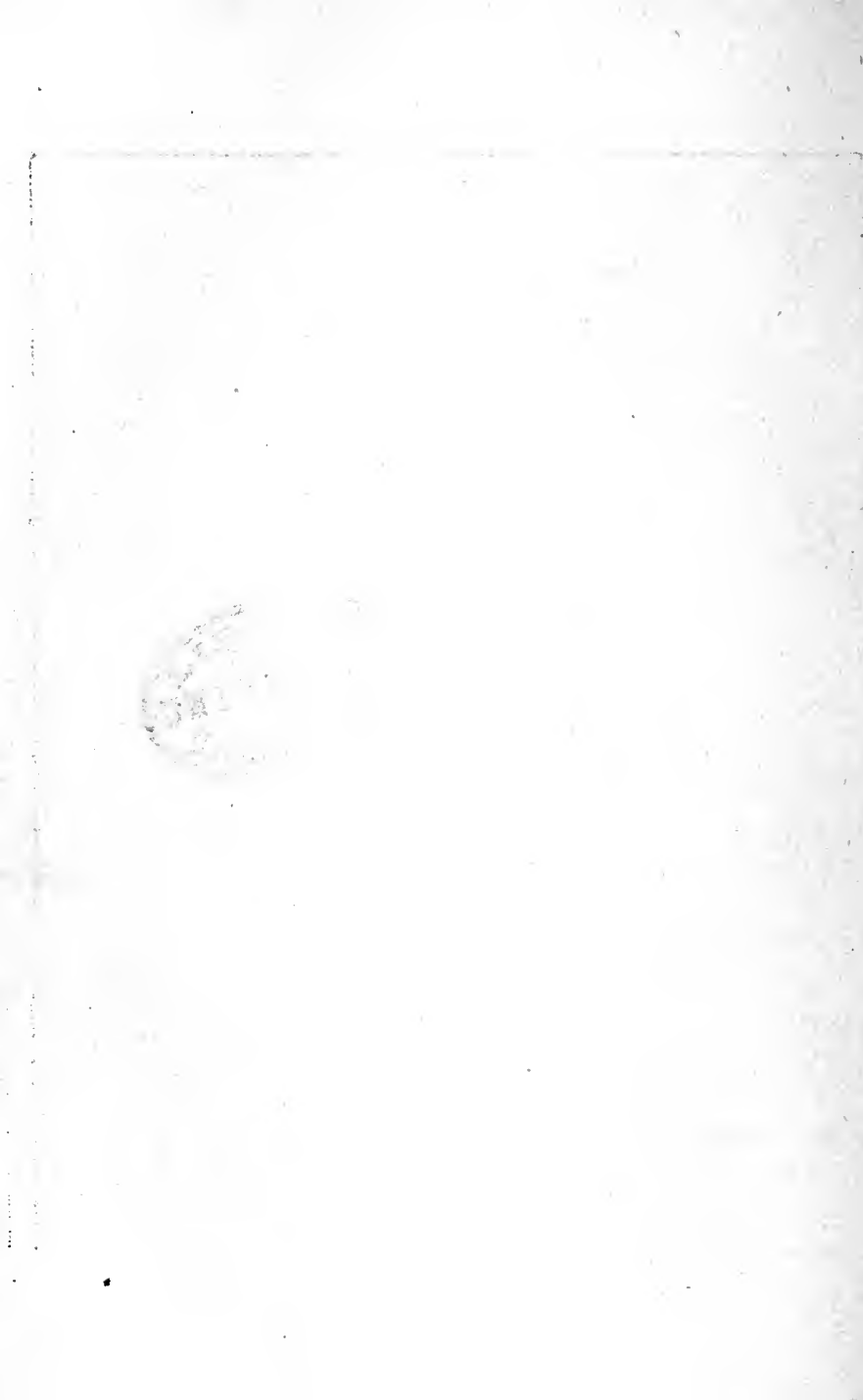
FOREST SCENE—AUSTRALIA.





"HOW ARE YOU, OLD PILLS!"





one at once of the character in the play who uttered the warning:

—"Who dares these boots displace
Shall meet Bombasto face to face."

It needed but one look to recognize the valiant quack, our doctor of the *Don Juan*. Beauclerc immediately accosted him with the familiar salutation: "How are you, Old Pills?" and at the same time stepped up to him and taking him by the two ears and nearly lifting him off his feet, asked him how he would like to fight another duel. "Oh," said Beauclerc, "you are a consummate old coward; and now," said he, "we are holding a little celebration down here, and we don't want your men to interrupt us, so see that they don't. Good-night, Pills." Wilson never opened his mouth, and it is needless to say that we were not interfered with again that night.

Loveland wanted me to go home with him, but I had not made much of anything to go home with. He offered me a thousand dollars and said no one should know it, that I could by trade make more money with a thousand dollars than many would out of four times that amount, and he would go and settle down on a farm. I could not accept his generous offer. At last he said, "What sum do you want to go home with?" I told him that when I had made a thousand pounds (five thousand dollars), I would go. He stood for a minute and then said he would remain until I made it. So the other boys left, but he staid, and we went in together.

CHAPTER XVIII.

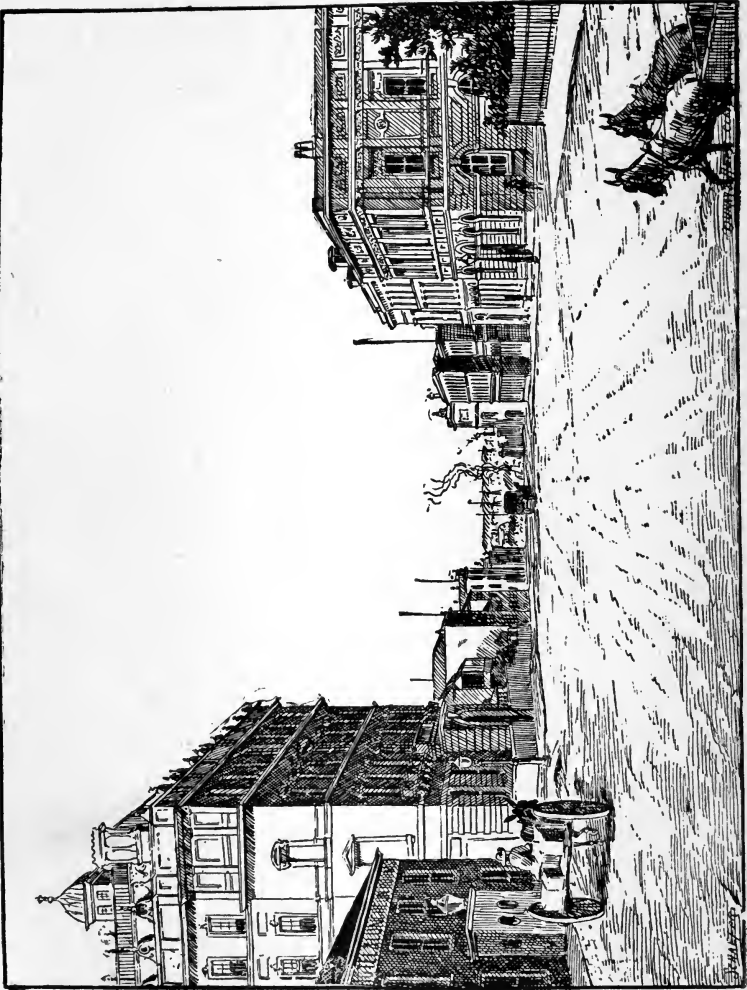
WOOLSHED CREEK DIGGINGS—HEALTH FAILED—EXPENSIVE TRAVELING
—BREAD AND MILK—MELBOURNE AGAIN—AMERICAN CIRCUS—MIN-
STREL COMPANY—OCEAN STEAMERS—LOVELAND DEPARTS—LONELI-
NESS AND REGRET—MR. WALTER—THE GREAT NUGGET—RESTAURANT
BUSINESS—MRS. HANMER AND THE ADELPHI—HORSEWHIPS HER
PARTNER—MR. WOODEN.

AT the opening of Spring creek the diggings were all above the falls. There were two large falls in the stream. Above the first it was called Spring creek, between the two, Reed's creek, and below the second, Woolshed creek, all three being the same creek. On Reed's there had been some very rich diggings in 1853, but they were supposed to be worked out at that time, and were nearly deserted. They had been very wet and it was impossible for inexperienced miners to work the ground thoroughly. We had been over the ground and thought we could get fall enough to put up a tail-race and drain it. So we went to the commissioners for a permit for that purpose, but he told us he had no authority to grant such a permit; however, if we did so, he would give us all the protection in his power. So we formed a party of nine, Loveland, Elliot, Bartholomew, Williams, Phelps, and his three mates and myself, and

began the work. In about three weeks my health failed me again, from working in the water, and I was never able to do any more work, although we stopped there till November. It proved a good investment. We worked as many as eight to twelve men, besides our own party, paying seven pounds per week (thirty-five dollars) to each hired man. Our company divided as high as eighteen ounces per man each week.

I was getting worse all the time and concluded to go to Melbourne. Loveland said he would go with me, being in hopes that he would get me started for home, and I think I should have gone, but the doctor frightened me by saying that if I went I would not live half the way. We bought saddle-horses and started, traveling at easy stages, some days lying over, but at last reached there. Traveling was an expensive luxury in those days—seven dollars and a half to keep a horse over night, two dollars and a half to bait at noon, meals and bed one dollar and twenty-five cents each, or about fourteen dollars a day. We were twelve days on the road. The night before we reached Melbourne I saw some cows, which reminded me of bread and milk, which neither of us had had since we left home in Ohio. I asked for some, and thought they were a long time getting it ready; at last it came. They had boiled the milk and poured it over the bread. Being sick my stomach was not strong, and when I got one smell of the steam of the hot milk, it was enough for me, and from that day to this I have never been able to endure the smell of hot milk.

We put up at the Australian Family Phelix hotel, on the



CORNER OF KING AND BOURK STREETS—MELBOURNE.

corner of Bourk and Russell streets, kept by Mrs. Sawyers. Many of the early settlers of Melbourne will remember the landlady as well as the house. We had found a great change in Melbourne since we were there seventeen months before. The place had grown beyond all knowledge. Lahard's Beech was now called Sandridge, and boasted a population of over three thousand. Between there and Melbourne was Emerald Hill. Some will remember it as Canvas-town, on account of its then being entirely of canvas tents. The streets were macadamized, or mettled, as it was called, and there were several suburban towns around, fast growing up, which have long since become cities, such as Collingwood, Richmond, Williamstown, and several others of less importance. Melbourne then supported but one theatre, the Queen's, but Roe's American circus was there in full blast, the greatest attraction of the town. It ran there for over eight months, with two entertainments a day, to crowded houses, tickets two and two and a half dollars. It was said that the proprietor cleared over half a million dollars in Australia in less than ten months. Be that as it may, he must, however, have cleared a large sum of money while there. He went from there back to California, and lost nearly all of it by investments in Spanish land grants. Raynor's Serenaders were there coining money, but it is such slippery stuff that few of the company were able to hold on to it. Frank Moran was the only one of them out of the whole company that carried home any money.

Australia had now become a shipping point of great importance to the whole commercial world. Ships were

daily arriving from all parts of the globe. The great ocean steamers were now coming in weekly and almost daily—three from California, the *Monumental City*, the *Orleans* and the *Golden Gate*, all loaded with passengers. The first two were sold here on the coast; the last went back to San Francisco. The steamer *Great Britain* was then in port and about to sail on her second voyage to England. Loveland had paid his passage on her and was about to return home. Taft had heard of it and had come down from Bendigo to bid him good-by. He tried to have me go with him, and, in the language of one of old, he “almost persuaded me.” But the doctors had fastened me, and so I remained behind, and was exceedingly lonesome after he was gone. I never had a brother that it was possible to think more of. He was the soul of honor and always ready to do a good turn to any deserving man; but the best of friends must part, and so did Loveland and I. Taft was now the only one of those whom I had known in my boyhood days, and he was soon going to Ballarat to try his luck there. I was still sick, and really believe that I would have died if I had not quarreled with my doctor and quit taking his medicine. Just at this time Dr. Nichols came down from Bendigo, and I told him that the doctors were trying to see how much I could stand without dying. He agreed with me, and said that all I wanted was a little of this and that to strengthen me and he would get it if I liked, and before I knew it he had me under a regular course, and I was soon able to be about, and in a month was in a condition to go up to Ballarat. It was, however,

out of the question for me to think of going to digging, so I thought of looking for something else to do.

While I was sick at Mrs. Sawyers', there was a young Englishman there who often came to my room and inquired as to my condition, and would ask if there was anything I would like, and if so, he would be happy to get it for me. I at first wished he would stay away and not bother me, but always answered him civilly and thanked him. I wondered what it was to him whether I was better or not. At last he came in and sat longer than usual, and said I had been sick a long time, that it must have been a great expense to me, that he was going away. He asked if there was anything he could do for me before going. I thanked him again and said no. He arose to retire, and as he did so, put his hand in his pocket and pulled out a twenty pound note and offered it to me. I saw at once his generous motive. He did not know how I stood financially—knew I had been sick for a long time and had no friends there then and perhaps was out of money, and that likely I was too modest to ask, for fear of offending, and he wanted to assist me. My feelings changed towards him at once. I thanked him for his proffered kindness, and we parted, little thinking we would ever meet again, for he thought, as he afterwards told me, that he was sure I never would recover. Some two months after, when I went to Ballarat, the coach stopped at a store, and as I got out the first man I saw was Mr. Walter, as he was called; and which I always supposed to be his surname for more than a year after.

Ballarat was the oldest diggings in the colony, gold hav-

ing been first discovered at Bunningyon, in the department of Victoria, by one Hargraves, though since disputed by some—at all events, he got the reward. It was traced from there into Newchum Gully and others around. It was out of Newchum that Taylor's lead was traced, which ran into deep sinkings, and it was here that the first big nugget was discovered. The parties that found it came out in the *Great Britain* and went to Ballarat, having found the nugget of seventy-two pounds weight in so remarkably short a time that they returned in the same ship in six weeks from the time they sailed from England. That was luck, indeed. That famous and ever to be remembered nugget was found in Taylor's Lead, near Ballarat, in the department of Victoria, about sixty miles northwest of Melbourne. There were many rich claims in that locality. As many as seventy pounds of gold have been washed out of one tub of wash dirt of six common buckets. When I arrived in Ballarat, they were working the Canadian Lead, the Red Hill, the Eureka and the Gravelpits, all of which were then over one hundred feet deep, some a hundred and fifty. There was only one little wooden building, known as the Baths Hotel, a commissioner's tent of canvas and a log lockup, or jail, often an indispensable building. On the hill where the town was laid out there was not more than half a dozen tents, exclusive of the commissioner's camp. The post-office was in a large canvas tent. There was a store on Taylor's Lead, kept by an American named Larue; also an American firm, Moody, Nichols & Smith. These gentlemen were

from Boston, and I shall have occasion hereafter to mention them.

I had come to Ballarat for the purpose of seeing if there was any kind of business I could go into. I found Taft and many acquaintances, who all strongly urged me to open a restaurant in the American style, something of the kind, they said, being greatly needed there, as one could not get a good meal in the place. So I concluded to go into that business, and went back at once to Melbourne to procure the necessaries. I bought a tarpaulin, thirty by forty feet, for a building; an American cooking stove, for which I paid two hundred dollars, worth about thirty at home; in fact, I procured everything I wanted, even all my provisions, and shipped them to Geelong, a town on one of the arms of Port Phillip bay. From there they had to be hauled in drays to Ballarat, at a cost of fifty dollars a ton. After making my purchases I started back at once to get up the frame of my house and get it covered ready to receive my goods. It does not take much time to erect a house in the diggings, and I had my restaurant in full running order in less than a week. Desiring to make a favorable impression at the opening, I got up a grand oyster supper and invited all the camp officials, so as to make a grand splurge, and, if possible, gain the good opinion of those gentlemen. I not only plied them with good fat oysters, but enabled them to be convivial in the indulgence of choice wines. Spirituous liquors were supposed not to be allowed about the diggings. It was a great risk to run in selling it, but the greater the risk the greater the price paid for it. I thought if I succeeded

in getting the good-will of the officials, there would be less chance of my being pulled and fined. Of course one cared nothing for a fine, but for the second offense there would be not only a fine, but six months in jail, which would be very embarrassing to a business man like myself, and therefore great care had to be observed as to whom one sold it. However, on this important occasion I ventured to bring out the beer and spirituous liquors to the officials, just as though I had a license to dispense fermented and spirituous liquors, and my theory proved correct. They spent the evening with me, and of course did not send around the liquor searchers to overhaul my place. So I had a run of about two months without once being molested. My profits in that branch of business were by far more remunerative than in the other, but in order to make the one pay I was necessitated to run the other. Then I had friends who kept me posted, who always knew when the police were going to make a raid on the liquor shanties, as they were called. About the ninth week I got notice, but in time to sell out and at a good profit. After selling, I reckoned up and found that I had cleared six hundred pounds (three thousand dollars), and, what was better, had not been pulled for selling liquors. That circumstance operated favorably in making sale of my establishment.

Just at that time, Walter, the young friend before alluded to, was taken very sick with the colonial fever, and remembering his kindness to me, I went to see him and found him in a very critical condition. He was raving mad, with no one to look after him, and was administered

to by two drunken doctors; one of them, however, was a very good surgeon, but liquor had got the better of him. I saw that unless the young man was watched and cared for, there could be no hope of his recovery. I told the doctor so, and, furthermore, that if he would keep sober, I would stay by the patient constantly as long as he lived, or until he got well. The doctor promised, and was faithful to his word. I stayed night and day with Walter till his delirium broke and left him in an exhausted and helpless state. I was with him three weeks before he was considered out of danger. When he got all right, the doctor celebrated his supposed medical triumph by getting on a protracted drunk and making up for lost time. The colonial terror is a sort of typhus, and one never knows when he is over with it. New arrivals in the colony are the most subject to it.

As soon as Walter was able to understand what was said to him, I gave him a letter from Coffey, Hill & Company of Melbourne, notifying him that his father and mother had arrived with all their family, and were waiting for him to come to Melbourne. He not being able, requested me to go in his stead, which I did, and found the father a fine specimen of an old English gentleman, and the mother and two daughters very agreeable persons; besides, there were four younger brothers, the oldest a boy about sixteen years. The old gentleman had been in good circumstances, but having met with some very heavy losses, could not bear the thought of remaining in England, and had come out to the colonies to his son. I remained a few days with them, and after assuring them

that Walter would be with them as soon as possible for him to leave, I returned and reported. They had heard some hard reports in England, before starting, about the state of society in the colonies, and it required all my inventive resources to explain to them satisfactorily how we managed to get on without the church and the stated preaching of the gospel; how we had to do our own washing, and justified the necessity of our doing the same on Sunday, though neither Walter or myself had washed a shirt within the memory of the oldest inhabitant. The fact was, that we usually wore one until it was in the last stages of consumption and dirt, bought another, and threw the old one away. As this method would seem to the family extravagant, I felt it my duty to explain to them how others did, so they would naturally conclude that we had to do likewise.

Walter had been engaged in building a large concert hall and wished me to join him in the enterprise, particularly as his people had arrived and he would have to be away considerably until they got settled. So I went into partnership with him, and we opened the hall with the Empire minstrels. They took for a short time and did well. Then we took the company to Creswell Creek, some twelve miles distant, where they performed for a week. The company consisted of J. Hull, J. Swinerton, R. Mitchel, John Monroe, Ben Davis and one Wilson. I mention these names, as many of them are still alive (1887), and have since become wealthy and prominent men. We had an offer to move the Empire hall to Red Hill and lease it for a theatre to one Mrs. Hanmer, which we accepted,

moved it and re-christened it the Adelphi theatre. But somehow Mrs. Hanmer and I could not get along happily together, and disagreed respecting the rent. She wished to pay in promises and smiles, which I did not consider legal tender, so I closed the theatre. Now there was a young man, Mr. Smith, one of the firm of Moody, Nichols & Smith, who differed from me respecting the value of Mrs. Hanmer's promises and smiles. He seemed to consider them as way above par and reproached me for declining the lady's terms, and said he would have accepted her circulating medium. I told him I would sell to him, and he could make her a present of it if he liked, and I finally sold it to him for three thousand five hundred dollars. Walter had left and so had his people, but that made no difference, for I knew he was as heartily sick of theatres and theatricals of that class as I was. We suffered no loss in that enterprise, a thing novices in the business are rarely known to do. Smith ran it about a month, when, in the last scene of this eventful history, the lady appeared, sans promises, sans smiles, sans money, sans everything but a horsewhip, which she laid over the head and shoulders of poor Smith with the spirit and vigor of a McDuff, and that closed his theatrical partnership with Mrs. Hanmer. He afterwards told me that he thought I was a fool for not continuing in the business, which he supposed had a pile of money in it. I returned the compliment by telling him I knew he was when he bought me out.

I had occasion one day to go into a boot and shoe store to buy a pair of boots. The young man waiting upon

me seemed to be remarkably inquisitive. Asked if I was an American, and from what part. I said from the north. What state? Ohio. What part? Northern part, I said, not caring to be explicit, as some like, Jews in particular, to be familiar, they thinking that by doing so they will be more sure of your custom. A boot I once tried on in a Jew's store being of most ordinary kind, I remarked that they were penitentiary made boots. "Yes," said he, "they are from the state of Penitentiary; I have been there myself." So it was with hundreds that never saw the United States, but would claim to be from there. I was rather shy of the young man's multitude of inquiries, and at last having fitted on my boots, I was about to pay him the price, twenty-five dollars, when he asked me if I had ever been in Twinsburg, Summit county, Ohio. This roused me up suddenly and I was as solicitous about him as he had been about me, and it now became my turn to ask questions, and I was delighted to answer his last question in the affirmative. Though much younger, he thought he remembered me. Was not my name Ferguson? Yes. Upon that an old man jumped off his work-bench and asked me if I was not the son of S. H. Ferguson, formerly of Aurora. Upon being told that I was, he was completely transported with delight, although he had never seen me before. I was the first that he had met since leaving home who had come from anywhere near his place, and that was almost as well. After talking with him for awhile, and he had got all the news I possessed, although he had left years after I did, I produced a ten-pound colonial note to pay for the boots. No,

he would not take a cent. Then I told him I could not take them. "Well," said he, "then we will compromise. Those boots cost me just twelve dollars and fifty cents and that is all I will take of the first Portage county boy that I have met since I left home." His name was E. S. Wooden, and his son's name was Lew.

They were both very anxious to hear more news, so much so that they reminded me of the story of the man of Memphis, Tennessee, who met a man who used to live in Memphis ten years before and was anxious to hear the news from home. The man that had been gone a long time told the man last from Memphis all the news. He was not satisfied and wanted to hear more. "Try and think of something else," he said. "Well," said the old traveler, "you remember the hill back of the city?" "Yes." "Do you remember the deep hole sunk in the top of the hill?" "Yes, what of it?" "Why," said he, "the hill has all washed away and left that hole sticking up two hundred feet in the air!" I shall have occasion to mention Mr. Wooden hereafter, for he afterwards proved a good and true friend to me.

Walter had not yet returned, and I bought an interest in a mining claim on the gravel-pit lead for one thousand dollars. The sinking was about one hundred and sixty feet deep, and the gutters, or lead of gold, not more than four feet at the widest, but there was paying dirt to be obtained on either side the gutter, on what was termed the reef. The size of a claim was only twenty feet square for a party of men, no matter how large the party was. The usual custom was for some man to peg out the claim

upon what was supposed to be where the lead was coming, and hold this for months, by a system called by the diggers "shepherding"—that is, he had to appear on the claim every day, no matter whether he worked or not. This lasted till the lead was worked up to near him. If the lead took a turn, which it frequently did, it would throw him out and his time was lost. If it stood what was called a good show, he would be able to sell out shares at from fifty to as high as three hundred pounds, or fifteen hundred dollars. Those leads were all very wet, and required, when set in full work, to be run night and day in order to keep the water down, and all parties were obliged to work constantly, or their claim was liable to be jumped. It was very wet and required a party of eight, four on a shift, every day, including Sundays—shaft 4 feet by 2 feet, 10 inches wide, 100 feet deep, and timbered. It went through two courses of quicksand, very difficult to guard against. A well-hole was sunk in the bottom rock large enough to turn an eighteen gallon bucket, by which the shaft was kept dry. It was very expensive—slabs \$35 per hundred, and 800 were required; windlass \$25; rope \$75; two 18 gallon buckets \$100 more; so it was no small expense to furnish a claim.

Walter had now returned and was anxious to join me, so we concluded to invest all we had and make or break, as he termed it. His eldest brother, Tom, came up with him, and we thought he had better look around for a time before he went at anything, as he was only sixteen, and not able to take a man's place. He was a noble fellow and soon became a favorite with all. One day he came to me

and said he had an offer to furnish a claim and take a share in it. I told him to take it. He was very anxious to do so, as the party had offered to accept him as a full hand to work one of the shares. Soon Walter came, who also had a grand chance to furnish a claim which was dead on the same lead. I told him of Tom's chance, which I thought was just as good. He thought not, as he said the lead was not going in that direction, and poor Tom had to throw up his chance, and it was a great disappointment to him. I would willingly have furnished it myself for him, only Walter was so much opposed to it that we abandoned the notion. Walter's claim proved a "rank duffer," as failures were called. The claim that Tom wanted to furnish proved the richest on the lead; in fact, it was the junction of the two gravel-pits on the hill, dividing seventy pounds of gold per share. So one will readily see that judgment has nothing to do with it.

About this time there was a law to permit license for hotels on the diggings, and there came a man by name of Bentley and built a fine hotel on the Eureka reef. For about three months he was just coining money, but one morning, after he had been running the hotel that long, a dead man was found about two hundred yards from his house. No one could tell how it happened. An inquest was held, but nothing was brought to light except that he was a Scotchman by the name of Cobey, I think. He was buried, and all went on as usual. Bentley's business was splendid, until one day one of his waiters got on a spree and he discharged him, when, as the saying is, "murder will out." It seems that Cobey came to the hotel one

night after it was closed, and because Bentley would not let him in, he commenced to break the windows, whereupon Bentley went out and hit him an unlucky blow and killed him, and he and the waiter were the only ones that knew of it. They drew him off and left him where he was found, Bentley supposing the waiter so far implicated in the transaction that he would preserve his silence; but in this he was mistaken. The fact got noised around and a mob assembled at the hotel and at first only wildly and loudly discussed the matter; but there are always some in a great crowd ready to intensify an excitement, and the mob increasing to some three thousand, and the police coming by scores, which seemed to excite the crowd the more, stones soon commenced to fly at the windows, which were soon all broken out, and finally the house was fired, and in three hours from the appearance of the first man on the ground, the whole was in ashes. Bentley was afterwards arrested and tried for the murder; was found guilty of manslaughter and sentenced to imprisonment for three years. Had he at once let the thing be known, he, doubtless, would have got off with from three to six months, and saved his house and business, where he was making his fortune.

CHAPTER XIX.

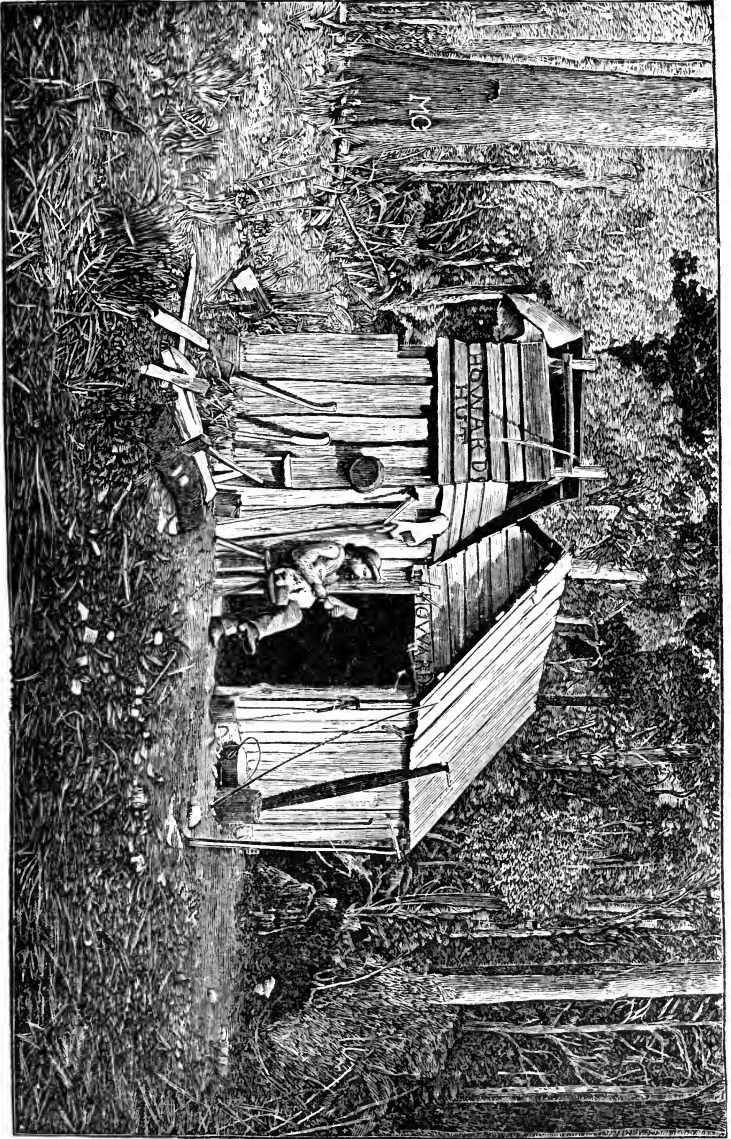
THE BALLARAT REBELLION — ITS CAUSES — PETITIONS TO GOVERNMENT—POLICE—TROOPS—MINERS PREPARE FOR WAR—PETER LALOR — AMERICANS PROTEST — CALIFORNIA RANGERS — THE BATTLE — MINERS TAKEN PRISONERS — SURRENDER TO THE POLICE — IMPRISONMENT.

THE great event of a public nature in Australia was the Ballarat rebellion, which, though subdued by military power, nevertheless caused a revolution in the affairs of the colonial government. Open expression of dissatisfaction with onerous laws and official oppression was first made by the miners at Bendigo in the latter part of 1853. Among the many grievances they suffered and of which they complained were, that every miner, and, in fact, every man on the diggings, was compelled to pay a monthly license to the government of thirty shillings, or seven dollars and a half of our money; that licenses were issued on common paper which the holder was obliged to carry upon his person and produce it as often as called upon by the authorities to do so, no matter if it was a dozentimes a day. The digger carrying it constantly upon his person at work, it would become worn out before half the term had expired, and then his only course would be

to hasten and purchase another, or otherwise run the risk of being arrested and imprisoned by being tied to a tree, and fined by the authorities. The diggings by this time had become so densely populated that they were paying over half of the revenue; besides, they had no one to represent their case in parliament or any branch of the colonial government.

The portion of the population called diggers, because they followed mining or were on the diggings, were totally disfranchised, although they possessed the most general intelligence and some of the best talent in the colony. A convention of miners and others on the diggings met at Bendigo in August, '53, where banners and mottoes of the old revolution were displayed, such as "Taxation Without Representation is Robbery," etc. A deputation was sent to Melbourne to petition the government to take into consideration their case at once, setting forth to that august assembly how their digger brethren were treated by their officials; how they had been chained to logs over night when they had already complied with the law and had paid their license, but the paper had become obliterated or entirely worn out, and that they were treated more like dogs than Christian men. They prayed to have the license reduced, and also that it be issued in some form that would enable the holder to preserve it during the full term.

This petition had the desired effect, in part, the license being reduced to two pounds (ten dollars) for three months; but there was more difficulty than before, for the license was issued on the same poor quality of paper and for just three times the length, or for nine months for



A DIGGER'S HUT.

thirty dollars, and the government was more stringent, if possible, in enforcing the law than before. Things went on in this way from bad to worse, until the last straw that broke the camel's back was put on, which, had they fed the straw to the camel, it might have enabled him to bear his burden a little longer, and the lives of many lost in the Ballarat war might have been spared; but the revolt was to come, and it did come at last.

A new commissioner arrived at Ballarat who was determined to enforce the obnoxious laws at all hazards. His name was Harrison or Hamilton, I have forgotten which, and he used to send out the police or government detectives early in the morning, escorted by a body of mounted troops, so that if any unfortunate who had no license should attempt to escape, the troops could run him down as they would a fox. But the diggers were awake to the occasion, and no sooner did the troops make their appearance coming down the hill than the diggers would pass the peculiar watch-word, "Jo," along the line for miles. The first miner would strike the note and it would pass from man to man to the remotest digger in the gulch, faster than a steam-car would travel, and consequently there was no show for the troops or squad of detectives, for all those who had no license would have plenty of time to get down into their holes. Finally the officials determined to examine the holes and shafts by entering them, but it was not a pleasant job, and few of the petty officials had the courage to go down. In one instance a digger was killed in Reed's Creek, near Beechworth. The officer was going down into a claim and carrying his gun, which

such detective police were allowed to carry, when by some mishap he struck the cock of the gun and it went off, the charge taking effect and killing a poor fellow who was looking on. The miners thereabouts were immediately aroused and the detective was instantly dispatched. Then a large force of miners went to the official camp and drove them off the creek to Beechworth. Things had got to such a pass there was no standing it any longer, and the miners turned out en masse and held a meeting at Bakery Hill and passed resolutions to that effect, built a fire and every man there stepped up and put his license in the blaze and then went home, having his doubts what the morrow would bring forth. The morrow came, and so did the troops. They were sent in double and treble numbers to what had ever before come out. The diggers stuck to one another and waited till they undertook to arrest some of the crowd, when they went to the rescue and turned upon the troops like so many tigers. The troops fired a volley over their heads, which only added fuel to the flames, and the diggers at once came down on the troops with sticks and stones and soon drove them back to camp. The commissioner kept in the rear, out of harm's way, and ordered the troops to another charge. The die was cast; the first blow had been struck; there was no retreat; and the diggers met them manfully, and for the second time sent them back to camp, more crest-fallen than before. War had now begun in earnest between the diggers on the one hand and the commissioners on the other; but the government was bound to take the side of the commissioners, and that the diggers well knew.

The thing now to do was to prepare for the worst, for well they knew there would be no compromise on the part of the government, and as for the diggers, they did not ask it. The government was not idle, and at once commenced to forward every soldier in the Victoria colony, and sent to Sidney for more, and to New Zealand and Tasmania for all the old pensioners, mounted police, and force of every kind, horse, foot and dragoons. In a short time every available soldier in the Australian colonies, and all minor forces, with all the cannon of Melbourne and Sidney, were concentrated at Ballarat. Upon the whole, things looked rather warlike on the side of the government. The diggers, however, had not been idle, and had formed a camp, or stockade, on the hill where the Eureka hotel had stood, and known as the Eureka stockade. They had collected all the available timbers and built up a breastwork, preparatory to a sudden attack. All work in the mines had been suspended, and every digger had gathered all the arms and ammunition that could be procured.

There had been word received from the Castlemain, Bendigo and Creswick creek diggers that they were coming to our relief. We had the sympathy of the merchants and traders, and all the powder they had was freely given. There had been officers appointed, and all the blacksmiths were engaged making Irish pikes. Peter Lalor was appointed leader, or first officer; August Verne, a German, second; and James McGill, third—he was an Irish-American. There was a young Canadian named Ross, a man of force and spirit, who was killed. Thus far the Ameri-

cans had not taken an active part in the affair, but the time had now come when they were compelled to act or stand neutral. Others complained that we were doing nothing, while it was a matter of as much interest to us as to them, and began to accuse us of cowardice. Therefore, a meeting of Americans was called and held at the Adelphi theatre, to take into consideration the subject, and determine as to the duties and obligations of the occasion. Many were enthusiastic and desired to enlist in the Digger army. As for myself, I could not see the necessity or propriety of rushing into a revolt against government authority until we considered what it was going to amount to, and told them we had come to the country not very favorably impressed with the laws, but had found them quite as lenient as we had expected to; that there was no law compelling us to stay, and those who were dissatisfied with the country or its laws, had a perfect right to leave. I then offered a resolution in substance as follows:

That this meeting contemplates the present aspect of affairs between the government and the mining community of the colony of Victoria with feelings of the deepest regret. But that we, as citizens of the United States of America, do not consider it our duty to take any decisive part on either side until further events shall transpire; therefore, *Resolved*, That we, citizens of the United States of America, will take no part in the above mentioned affair, but remain neutral until the developments and necessities of the future shall determine our duty otherwise.

The Americans that attended this meeting had been present at Bakery Hill when the licenses were burned, but they had all abandoned work and were in full and hearty sympathy with the miners, though they did not want to take any active part until a blow had been struck. We regarded ourselves as foreigners, and had no right to be foremost in an open outbreak against the government. This meeting caused much hard feeling against the Americans, the diggers contending that it was everyone's affair, and that they fully depended on our assistance. We told them that if they went on they would have our sympathy, and if they made a stand they would not find us wanting, but we were not going to have it thrown upon our shoulders that we were the instigators of the outbreak, which it would be if it failed, and which, I ventured to add, it would; for which remark I was called a coward. I told them time would tell, if the trouble went on, whether or not I was a coward; that there were those who had not yet participated in the affair that would, when the proper time came, act as bravely as some who were now so enthusiastic.

This conversation was with Verne, the German, second in command, who, I am sorry to say, was afterwards the first man to run, and when I asked him what, in God's name, he was running for, he said, "To stop the rest." Lalor at last came to the Americans and had a talk. He seemed to have more sense and judgment than the rest, and expressed his desire that we should hold ourselves in readiness, for he had no doubt when the time came and we were wanted, we would respond with alacrity. After

this interview, we formed ourselves into a company, calling ourselves the California Rangers, and drilled as such, with the distinct understanding that we were independent of the others, and not in the least under their control, but fully determined when the time came it should never be said that the California Rangers were measured and found wanting. Many of our men were old Mexican soldiers of '46-'47. Any one was allowed in the camp or stockade who wished to visit it, and the consequence was that the government sent in spies who kept the enemy posted in every move of the diggers. Word came that the cannon were coming which the government had ordered from Melbourne. This was a move of the government to induce the diggers to send out a party to intercept them, under the idea of thus weakening the government force. The diggers took the bait, and McGill was sent out on the second of December for that purpose. He took with him three hundred of the best armed men, and all picked men. The arms of the diggers were of course inferior, being only just what could be obtained in the mining districts. News was received from Castlemain and Bendigo that reinforcements might be expected in twenty-four hours, which had the effect to put every digger in high spirits. Word was expected to come the next morning from McGill that he had captured the cannon. They were constantly hearing news from the government forces, and that they were very much dispirited, therefore an attack from them was not expected. However, on the morning of December 3, 1854, at the early hour of three, it being Sunday, and a great number at home asleep in bed, never so much as dreaming of

an attack, the enemy marched out of their camp, one thousand regulars of the Twelfth and Fortieth regiments, together with fifteen hundred troopers, and moved directly toward the stockade.

Word had come into our camp about one o'clock of the same morning that some arms and ammunition were secreted in a house on Bakery hill, and I was sent with a detachment of men to seize it. On our way out we took two men we suspected as spies, and the two men that had given the information about the arms, who were with us to direct us to the house, manifested so much uneasiness I had suspicion of them and put them under arrest also, and leaving them behind, under guard, took six men and went on myself to make the search. Just as I arrived at Bakery hill, we saw the whole body of troops ascending the hill. We immediately went back to the party we had left, and determined to make our way back to the stockade and report what we had seen. We had barely arrived there when the pickets came running in with the information that the enemy were upon us. The alarm was sounded "To Arms!" I had arrived not one minute too soon. Had I been but a moment later I should have been shut out, for the stockade was in a brief time surrounded. They had come down on us just as the light of day was breaking in the east. We were formed in line, and the first order received was, "California Rangers to the front!" The Fortieth regiment was advancing, but had not as yet discharged a shot. We could now see plainly the officer and hear his orders, when one of our men, Captain Burnette, stepped a little in front, elevated

his rifle, took aim and fired. The officer fell. Captain Wise was his name. This was the first shot in the Ballarat war. It was said by many that the soldiers fired the first shot, but that is not true, as is well known to many. W. R. Hall, now living at Sidney, was standing alongside of me and next to Burnette when he fired the shot that killed Captain Wise. No sooner did that officer fall than the soldiers were ordered to fire on us, which they did, and then charged. The fire had a terrible effect, but we returned it with like effect, as deadly as theirs. Just at this time, when the splinters from the timbers of the breastwork were flying the thickest, Verne came running past. I asked him what he was running for. "To stop the others," was his reply. I had my own opinion about it. It was now the most exciting time I had ever witnessed. It was a hand to hand fight. The soldiers were in among us. Lalor was shot in the arm, and Hull pulled off his necktie and we wound that around it. He was bleeding profusely and before we were through had fainted from loss of blood. We put him in a shallow hole and covered it over with some slabs. I lost sight of Walter during the fight, and he afterwards told me that he saw the day was lost, jumped the stockade and made his escape. I was near poor Ross, and he said, "Charlie it is no use, the men have all left us," and the next instant he said, "My God, I am shot," and fell. Before I had time to look and see how badly he was hurt, a soldier demanded my surrender, to which I politely answered that I would see him dam'd first, and made my first attempt to escape. In the excitement I had not missed the rest, and upon

looking around discovered that I was almost alone. It was said that Ross was shot after he had surrendered, but that was not so. As I jumped the stockade I fell, and the soldier who had demanded my surrender fired, and the ball passed through my hat. The fall resulted in making me a prisoner. I was not long, however, in getting onto my feet, but found a party of troopers had headed me off in that direction. Turning I jumped back into the stockade, but was there met by any number of soldiers. I attempted to rush through, but was seized upon by several and we had it rough and tumble for a few brief seconds, and I finally got through and struck for another place to make my escape. The soldiers had been ordered to cease firing, but the police kept it up when they saw a poor fellow trying his best to get away. It had now become impossible for me to escape, as I had again been headed off, and seeing Captain Carter of the police, I ran to him and surrendered. I had only one thought for self-congratulation, and that was that the soldiers did not take me.

There was an American, James Brown, who had been a man-of-war's man; he jumped onto a rope and slid down a hole over a hundred feet deep, and afterwards climbed the rope. He was an expert on a rope—could go hand over hand till he was tired, then hold himself by his feet till he had rested his arms and then climb again. He afterwards told me he believed he was two hours climbing out of that hole. They took one hundred and fifteen prisoners. A poor woman came running out in her night dress and begged of them to give her her husband, but she was only

pushed around roughly by the soldiers, when at last the commanding officer rode up and ordered them to deliver to the woman her husband. That was a manly officer. The woman was Mrs. John Tye, who, with her husband, is still living (1887) and keeps a hotel in the city of Sidney.

While standing on the field with Captain Carter I was enabled to observe the ghastly scene. The morning sun was just rising and spreading its light over the forms of dead and wounded men, who, but a few minutes before, were in full health and manly vigor, but now many lay in their long, last sleep, and others moaning in their pain, some only for a brief time, for death was sure to come to their relief. Prisoners were frightened out of their senses; and asking the soldiers what would be done with them, the consoling answer was, "Why, hung, of course." Some who were the most frightened were the bravest only a few hours before; others were sullen and said nothing. The whole of them were subjected to a thorough search by the soldiers—robbed rather, for all the money they found on a prisoner I noticed they put in their own pockets. When I surrendered I had upon me a Colt's revolver and a bowie-knife. These I slipped down my trousers' leg and kicked them out on the ground. I had, besides, some fifty dollars in money, which I put in the lining of my hat and they did not get it. After they had taken all the prisoners they could get, we were marched to headquarters. Here again we were searched by the authorities, and those on whom arms were found were listed as such. Then I rejoiced that I had rid myself of my revolver and knife.

CHAPTER XX.

IN JAIL—RAGGED AND BLOODY—THE ONLY AMERICAN PRISONER OF WAR—FRIENDS—AN EDITOR IN LIMBO—WOODEN AND NICHOLS ARRIVE—CHARGE OF HIGH TREASON—PREPARATION FOR TRIAL—TRIAL AND ACQUITTAL—REJOICING OF FRIENDS—JEALOUSY—PARTIALITY TOWARDS THE YOUNG AMERICAN—UNITED STATES CONSUL—INTERVIEW WITH THE GOVERNOR—PEACE RESTORED—DIGGINGS RESUMED.

THE prisoners were then confined in a log-jail, so crowded that it was utterly impossible for one to sit or lie down. I soon found myself in a painful condition, physically; my face had become greatly swollen from blows and bruises in the struggle with the soldiers, for there was some pretty rough handling on both sides. My clothes were torn and completely besmeared with blood. Certainly I felt I was not, either in countenance or apparel, in condition to be presented at court—either of her majesty's of England, or even that of the governor of the colony of Victoria. And now I was left to reflect on the prophetic wisdom of my grandmother. When that venerable old lady and myself had a little misunderstanding, she would forewarn my mother of the ultimate destiny of her child—"Depend upon it, Ann, that boy is born for the gallows!" And, sure enough, here I was, with that fatal instrument apparently close at hand. Being the

only American taken prisoner, I regarded that circumstance as unfortunate, as they must of necessity hang me as an example to my countrymen. Well, I made up my mind if I was to be an example I would be a good one—one that others might pattern by, for I was disgusted with the sniveling of many of my fellow-prisoners.

I had not been in jail more than two hours when the door was opened and my name was called. I wondered if they were going to make such short work of me as that, but I thought if so, the sooner the better, as I would not have so much time to dread it. I stepped forward and asked, in an apparently careless and indifferent manner, what they wanted. Judge of my surprise when H. G. Nichols, of the house of Moody, Nichols & Smith, came forward and told me he had come to see me and let me know that my friends would do everything in their power for me, and that Walter and Tom were safe and not hurt. That was a great relief, for had they been my own brothers I could not have felt more anxious about them. He soon left, telling me he would be back, that he had got permission to bring me food and some clothes; and not long after returned with my dinner and a suit of clothes which I very much needed. We were kept huddled together in jail until the next morning, when Nichols came again and told me he had spoken to the authorities and that I would soon be moved into the soldiers' barracks, and that day I was so removed, along with about sixty others. In the course of the day they brought in the editor of the *Ballarat Times* and chained him to me. This was the first of the chaining process. He told me he had been arrested

that morning for writing treasonable articles in his paper. I felt for the poor man, for he was in delicate health and seemed to take the matter very hard. His mind dwelt on the very blackest side possible. I inquired of him what he thought they would do with us. He seemed to think they would go to the very extreme. The government, he said, had shown no mercy before and there was none to be expected—at least he expected none—if we got any he should be surprised.

That evening Nichols and E. S. Wooden arrived to see me. Wooden had heard of my arrest only that morning in Melbourne, and had rode that day a distance of eighty miles. He was very much excited over my arrest, and assured me that nothing would be left undone that could be done for me. Nichols told me that Walter and Tom wished him to tell me that the reason they did not come to me was because they dared not, and to assure me that there would be no expense too great to procure my release. They left, promising to come as often as possible, which they did nearly every day. They informed me that Ross died of his wounds, but that Lalor was safe; that the government had offered a reward of a thousand pounds for him—"But," said he, "they might offer twenty thousand, and then not get him." I knew by that that they knew he was safe, and looks sometimes speak louder than words. He said that his arm had to be amputated, that Dr. Carr, who afterwards died in the lunatic asylum at Kew, and Dr. Kinsworthy, an American, formerly surgeon at Blackwell's Island, performed the operation. The character and merits of a cause, and especially the cause of the miners in

the Ballarat rebellion, may be judged of in no small degree correctly by the character of its leader; and the public estimate of Peter Lalor in Australia may be correctly inferred from the fact that so recently as 1885 he was speaker of the colonial parliament of Victoria. When they came again, Dr. Kinsworthy came with them and went through a pretended medical examination of me and led the authorities to understand that he had been treating me for some time and that this was a professional call. I took the hint without being told, but was afraid Wooden would let the cat out through his own anxiety, zeal and nervous excitability.

Days rolled on rather slowly till a week was measured—the longest week I then thought I had ever spent. At last I was told the trial of prisoners would commence in the course of a few days, and that we were to be placed upon trial under the charge of high treason against her majesty's government. The day came, and some were tried in squads of sixes and sevens. The day before I was tried, Nichols and Wooden came. The old man looked so pleased I knew he thought he had good news for me. When he got a chance he whispered that he would "square it all right." Mr. Hacket and Captain Carter were with them. Before Hacket left, he told me in a friendly way that it would be necessary for me to have a statement of how I came to be within the Eureka stockade at the time of the engagement. I was ready for that, having already prepared one. Nichols spoke up and said, "We can rely on Ferguson to explain how he came to be there." This gave me the cue to work on, although nothing more had been said. Then

Dr. Kinsworthy called professionally, and conversed with me about his former treatment and what he would have to do after he had given his present treatment another month's trial. Now this settled all queries in my mind, and, strange to say, it was the same scheme I had planned before getting my cue from the doctor. We were taken out in squads and walked around to be identified. There were three or four that had identified me during the first four days I was there, but of late I had not been taken out. On the morning of the third day of the session of court I was informed that my case would be heard that day.

Nichols and Wooden came as usual, and this time with a new suit of clothes. The old man whispered to me not to put them on until the last moment before I was to be taken before the tribunal. Soon I was ordered to get ready to go out for identification, and now I dressed myself in a long black suit and a loud silk hat, and looked more like a Methodist minister than a Ballarat digger. This time when taken out I was not handcuffed to anyone. Four others were taken out handcuffed together. I was allowed to walk along with Captain Carter and another man, whose name I have forgotten. The soldiers and police were called and asked if they identified any of the prisoners. They never looked at me, and none of the others were recognized. Captain Carter asked each of his men the same question and all answered "no." The captain turned to me and seemed to look pleased, and said, "These are the men that thought they knew you." I was now conducted into court without further ceremony and

soon my trial commenced. The first witness was Mr. Hacket, who testified to seeing me come to Captain Carter and surrender myself a prisoner; that he saw no fire-arms on me. Captain Carter testified to my surrender to him, and that he saw no fire-arms, and there were no fire-arms on me when searched on the field. This was all the testimony for the prosecution, when the bench announced that it was necessary for the prisoner to explain to the court how he happened to be there. Just as I was about to explain, a soldier of the Fortieth, who had been in court during the prosecution, stepped forward and informed the court that he recognized the prisoner, and he was ordered to take the witness stand. He testified that he saw me in the stockade on the morning of the third; that he saw me in the act of loading a pistol; that he called upon me to surrender; that I answered him that I would see him damned first and jumped the stockade; that he fired and I fell, and he supposed he had killed me, as he had seen nothing more of me from that time until the present moment. I was asked if I desired to question the witness. I answered that I did, and was granted the privilege.

I asked him if he had ever seen me before that time.

“No, not that I know of.”

“Have you ever seen me since?”

“No.”

“What time in the morning was it?”

“Just after daylight.”

“What distance was you from me when you demanded my surrender?”

“About sixty feet.”

“Could you swear positively to the identity of a person you had not seen for ten days and never to your knowledge had seen before that time?”

“I think I could identify him.”

“Are you positive I am the man you shot at, yes or no?”

“I think so.”

I still claimed a positive answer, “yes” or “no.”

He would not give a positive answer.

“What sort of clothes did I have on?”

“I can not tell.”

I then recalled Mr. Hacket, who at once said that I wore a drab suit.

The court then asked me to explain how I happened to be there. I complied by stating that curiosity took me there; that I had for a long time been sick and under the care of Dr. Kinsworthy; that the evening before I had walked to the Eureka stockade with that gentleman (which was true); that we had lingered there longer than we had expected, and being acquainted with Mr. Ross, and he knowing that I was in bad health, had kindly offered me his bed, which I accepted; that I went to bed and slept soundly, was awakened by the firing, got up and dressed in haste, but by this time it was impossible to make my escape, and that deeming it the proper course for me to pursue under the embarrassments of my situation, I sought for Captain Carter and surrendered myself to him.

The court at once said—“The prisoner is discharged.”

No sooner had the court said those words than I was picked up and carried out, and as soon as outside was raised to men’s shoulders and never touched the ground

again until we arrived at the George hotel. There I was deposited behind the bar, and turning around I at once set down the bottles, and the crowd helped themselves. Upon asking Mr. Howe, the proprietor, what the charge was, he replied, "Not a cent—only you must drink with me." So all hands had a second drink. Just at this moment Nichols and Wooden arrived with a troop of witnesses, but only in time to participate in the general rejoicing at my discharge. Wooden, in his zeal in my behalf, had inspired many to come who knew nothing of the facts in my case, and Dr. Kinsworthy asked him what he had expected his crowd of witnesses could swear to, especially those he had brought from a great distance from the scene of the battle. "Swear?" said Wooden, "why swear he wasn't there—swear a leg off an iron pot—swear to anything to save that boy from the gallows!"

The doctor gently suggested to him that such testimony would be likely to do me hurt rather than good. But the old man, in his overwrought anxiety for me, did not take the doctor's words kindly, but sharply advised the doctor to go right straight to the hot country, saying, "Hurt him! we want no witnesses that can't do Charlie good." Had the kind and zealous old man been allowed to go on in his own way he would most likely have injured me, but Nichols was more cool and considerate and managed more prudently; in fact, all my friends did well. Walter and Tom dare not show up, but were as anxious and willing as any. Wooden drank my health, his own, Nichols', everybody's—except the British government's—until he said the next day he had had a sunstroke. I think it must

have been something like that, for no one ever saw him the worse for liquor before. The trial of the other prisoners lasted for some days. Most of those taken had nothing to do with the affair, but had merely run out of their huts on hearing the firing and were scooped by the police and troops. Walter had a narrow escape. He was pursued by the police for two miles, and finally dodged them in a gully. Many left the place until the excitement abated. I think there were only nine in all that were sent to Melbourne as state prisoners to be tried for high treason, among whom was the editor of the *Ballarat Times*. The sympathy of the whole colony was aroused in their behalf. The papers took up the matter more earnestly than before, censuring the government and all its officials. They accused those gentlemen of receiving bribes, and of official partiality, dwelling largely upon the case of the young American who, they said, was not in prison with the rest because he had friends and money; that had the others been supplied in the same manner as I had been they also would have been at liberty, but I was a foreigner, and being such, could come here and attempt to overthrow the government, and when arrested could buy my way out of prison and be free, while a British subject must lie imprisoned—that was colonial justice! So much was said in the papers of like tenor that my friends began to feel uneasy as to whether I was even yet safe, and insisted that I should keep out of the way for awhile and see how things might turn.

The subject was talked over as to the safest place for me, and the conclusion was Melbourne. If they wanted me,



FLINDER'S LANE—MELBOURNE.

that was the last place they would think of looking, so I was packed off to that city until more quiet times. I was sent there with letters to James M. Tarlton, the American consul, a Massachusetts man and a thoroughbred Yankee, and as good and kind-hearted a man as ever lived. Many of the American boys will remember "Uncle Jimmy." He was a personal friend of the governor, Sir Charles Hothan, who had held high position in the British navy, and one of the heroes of the Nile under Nelson. Our consul said he would see the governor and lay my case before him, and I waited one day very anxious as to the result of his visit. When at last he returned, he told me the governor had expressed a desire to see this young American there was so much talk about, and he had made an appointment for me to meet him the next day. Would I go? Certainly, if it was the governor's pleasure and request; and we went. That morning there was an editorial in the *Daily Age*, the burden of which was that the young American was supposed to have left the colonies; that Captain McMahan had found that the people would not stand such mockery; that while a foreigner was allowed his liberty, the countryman had to lie in jail, and that the captain had notified me that he would be compelled to arrest me again, and that I had taken the hint and left for parts unknown.

Upon arriving at the governor's, his excellency expressed his surprise at seeing in me a beardless boy, when he had expected to see one far different, of stalwart and manly appearance. He conversed freely and asked me a great many questions about my former life, and also about the mining

districts and the diggers, and about the present troubles and the causes thereof, all of which I answered to the best of my ability: He was a person of that quiet and pleasant grace of manner that one would soon feel at perfect ease with, notwithstanding his high official position. He was rather under size in stature, quick spoken, with rather a subdued tone of voice. After many other questions, he asked me if I was not afraid to come there and see him. How did I know but he would turn around and give me in charge for treason? I answered him promptly, no; he had expressed a wish to see me and I had no fear of his having me arrested; I had no fear of treachery or bad faith in one of whose heroic deeds at Aboukir and Trafalgar all England was proud to boast. Such an answer seemed to be unexpected to him, and touched his heart. He laid his hand upon my shoulder and said, "Go about your business, boy, you shall not be hurt." Believe me, I went, and that too with a mighty heavy load off my mind, which I had carried for the few days last past. It was not the fear of punishment, but the thought of lingering in prison. I had had enough of that.

The first thing I did after leaving the governor was to write to the *Age*, contradicting its morning article, telling them that I never had the pleasure of seeing Captain McMahan, nor did I know if that gentleman knew of the existence of any such person as myself; that I had not left the country, did not intend doing so; that I was now here in Melbourne expecting soon to return to Ballarat, and could there be found following my

daily occupation as a miner; that I had had one examination and been acquitted, but if the government was not satisfied, I was willing to surrender myself for another examination, and that the public journals were at liberty to scrape up all the evidence they could against me, if they felt so disturbed over my release.

This settled all the newspaper scribbling about my case. All this newspaper criticism, however, was only to create sympathy for the prisoners. Had I been among them they would have blown their horn as loudly for me as for the others. The word "Jo," was now no longer heard by the police, for there were no more officials dogging the diggers for license since the war. The government had withdrawn them and consequently there was no more Joing the police, and it was said that Jo was dead.

The diggings had been entirely abandoned for over a month, and the shafts were all filled with water, which it would take at least three months to bail out, so all was yet at a dead stand-still. Parliament soon passed an act regulating the mines and establishing district courts, the members of which were to be elected from among the miners, called the "Court of Mines." There were five districts—Ballarat; Bendigo, Castlemain, Meriborough and Beechworth; five members composed each court, with authority to make local rules having the effect of laws to suit their respective districts. Licenses thereafter were to be issued on parchment, and so the revolt had already begun to bear the desired fruit. A new constitution was in contem-

plation, enfranchising the mining population and enabling them to be represented in parliament. This seemed to satisfy them and work was resumed throughout the diggings.

CHAPTER XXI.

WADAGALAC DIGGINGS—A STORE—SUCCESS—A GOLD BROKER—ROBBERY AND MURDER OF MURPHY—PUNISHMENT—THE BLACK GUIDE—THICK SKULL—DEALING WITH TRAMPS—RETURN TO BALLARAT—A STRUGGLE WITH ROBBERS—THE BALLARAT BANK—THE FAMOUS BANK ROBBERY—A WOMAN IN THE AFFAIR.

IT took some time to get the claims all bailed dry, the windlasses going night and day at that alone. Walter and I had got into one claim after another, until we had all we could manage. When the riot broke out we had one which we supposed to be dead on the lead, and we were in high spirits when we got to work again. This turned out, however, to be an almost perfect failure; and so it was with one after another until six months found us totally bankrupt, and about four hundred pounds in debt. Rather a sad result for two men who six months before had started with a capital of twenty-six hundred pounds each. But such is the luck of one who follows gold digging. At this time there was a party of men who had gone down a gully which opened into the Wadagalacreek, one of whom I knew. He had come up from there a few days before, and had told me that if I came down in a few days I would be able to tell better as to the prospect of permanent diggings there. Leaving Walter and Tom, I

started one morning at early light, making the twenty-eight miles by noon, and found the party in high spirits. They had struck paying gold at fourteen feet with excellent prospects. I concluded to return at once and make arrangements to move there. There were no diggings within thirteen miles, and consequently no store for supplies, and I thought we would be obliged to lay in a stock at Ballarat. I got back at nine o'clock in the evening, having walked a distance of fifty-six miles that day.

I went to Nichols that night, told him of the situation and advised him to start a store there at once, as there was bound to be a big rush there in a few days. He said he would see me in the morning. Next morning he said it was impossible for him to go there, as they had all they could attend to there, and asked me why I did not. I told him that was out of the question, as we were already in debt four hundred and twenty pounds, and how that was to be paid until we struck something was more than I could tell. He said all I owed was to Wooden and himself, and he would let me have all the things I wanted in his line; told me to go over and see Wooden—he would let me have what boots and shoes I wanted—then he would back me to Edwards and Galagher, and to start on my own responsibility. He went with me to Wooden—the old man said I could have all I required—then to Edwards and Galagher, who gave me credit for five hundred pounds. My first day's bill for stock was thirty-five hundred dollars. I hired two teams and started next day. In the meantime, it was understood with Walter and Tom that Walter was to remain in Ballarat and Tom was to go

with me. Tom and I went on ahead of the teams to get our place built for the goods. We got there the same night, hired some blacks to strip some bark while we cut some poles, and by the third day after leaving Ballarat we had our store up and complete, with the help the boys had given us. The news of the rush to the new diggings spread like wild-fire, and people were flocking in by hundreds, and no sooner had the teams arrived with our goods than we commenced to sell out of the hind end of the drays, and before they left the next morning we were obliged to send back a larger order than my first purchase. I engaged the drags to come directly back with as little delay as possible, which they did. Included in my order this time was brandy, dark and pale, port-wine, gin, ale and porter in ample casks. I must make or break, and I knew I could do a good business in such necessities of English colonial mining life. In this I was not mistaken, for I was soon making more on my liquor than all my other goods. The rush was increasing every day, and I was completely sold out before the drays got back, but we had got things fixed up in the meantime more ship-shape.

There was no bakery there, so, of course, no bread. There were already two or three rival stores starting up, but none as yet had any goods. When my drays arrived, there was a greater run upon them than before. All the flour I had was sold in less than twenty minutes, and a six-horse wagon, loaded with nothing but bread, filled to the top of the cover, arrived, which I bought and sent the man back for another load.

The diggings were turning out well and people still

coming, but there were yet no buyers of gold, or banks or places to deposit for safe keeping. I went to Ballarat and made arrangements with a gold-broker there to supply me with money to buy gold. The only difficulty was to escape the bush-rangers and get into town with it. I thought I would try it at any rate, for there was a large profit on it. I purchased all the diggers sold and, also, all the other storekeepers bought, and started in the night with it for Ballarat, no one but Tom knowing of my starting. I kept a horse stabled in the rear of my store, so I could slip out the back door and leave without anyone knowing it, even when the store would be full of people, and I appeared to be the busiest. Perhaps I would ask them all to have a drink with me, and while they were enjoying their toddy, I would step outside, mount my horse and slip off quietly, not keeping the road, but taking the bush, as the forest was called, and arrive in Ballarat in the morning, sell my gold, and come back the next night in the same manner, no one knowing of my going or coming. There were hard cases already there, as there always is in the first days of a new rush. Many times I was told I would be caught. One night, after having gone to bed, I heard a noise that woke me, and calling Tom we listened and found it came from the next store. They had a very sick child there with which they had been up nights for a week or more, and we concluded the disturbance was attributable to this circumstance. Mr. Murphy, my neighbor, asked me in the morning if I heard any noise in the night. We told him we did, and supposed that his child was worse, or possibly had died. "No,"

said he, "last night was the first sleep any of us had for a week." He asked me in, and only to find his store completely cleared of goods. I told him to say nothing and we would have the thieves. I told some of the diggers what had happened. They knew of a party of thieves camped on the side of a hill only a few hundred yards away, and our suspicions rested on them at once. About twelve of us surrounded their tent. Mr. Bidwell went in—there were three men and one woman—he told them what we were after, and found nearly all the things in their tent and dray. We tied the men to a tree opposite my store, and sent thirteen miles to Smithdale for the police. I got all manner of abuse from the tongues of the men and the woman—certainly she was the worst of the three, on account of the wonderful flippancy of her tongue and admirable command of the most emphatic and expressive terms in the classic language of Billingsgate. She said they would be on the lookout for me and would have my gold or my life, and that I might be sure of if they got a chance. So she rattled on as women of her kind do—their tongues once started are sure to let out all their mind knows or thinks. The police came, loaded the goods in part into the thieves' own dray, which had borne them from the store, and part into Murphy's store, and started, the prisoners calling down left-handed blessings on my head. They were all taken to Ballarat, where they had a hearing, and two of the men were bound over, and one man and the woman were released, and Murphy started for home with his own horse and dray. That same night I left Happy Valley, for that was the

name of our new diggings, to go to Ballarat. It was fearfully dark and my progress was slow, and I reached the road leading from Smithdale to Ballarat just at day-break. Upon striking the road I put my horse into a canter, but had not gone far when he stopped short, snorted, and suddenly wheeled around. Of course I knew something was up, but could see nothing. I turned him and started back, but when he arrived at the same place he wheeled as before. I saw nothing but a dark spot in the road, and I thought it was this he was afraid of. I got off and examined it, and it seemed to be nothing strange; still my horse was afraid and kept up his snorting. I put my finger on the wet spot and it felt sticky. Just then I heard a horse shake himself in his harness, about forty yards away, and neigh; my horse answered him. I went down to him and found it was Murphy's. I looked in the dray and called; I got no answer. I went around, and there lay poor Murphy stiff and cold. I got onto my horse and rode at once to the police camp, about a mile and a half away, back to Smithdale, and reported to the police; left my gold at their camp and rode back to Happy Valley and broke the news to his poor wife. The man and woman were arrested in Smithdale, where they had arrived the night before about nine o'clock. They had started out of Ballarat before Murphy, waited for him, and shot him through the head. The man was tried and hung; the woman got ten years penal servitude. That was the last I ever heard of the Murphy family—they immediately leaving Happy Valley—for nearly twenty years, when one day I met two young ladies, one of whom knew

me. She proved to be the eldest daughter of the Murphy's. She insisted on my going home with her mother, whom, she said, often spoke of me.

Happy Valley did not last long, which is the case with all shallow diggings, but there was another valley discovered about four miles from there, called Linton's. We moved up there and did very well for a while, but I did not like the idea of following up these rushings. Linton's lasted six weeks and then another gully opened up three miles away from that. So I sold out and was fortunate in doing so.

I neglected to mention that as soon as Walter got things arranged, he came down to Linton's. There were at that time a large number of Wadagalac blacks there, the tribe numbering some two hundred; now they are totally extinct—the ultimate fate of the savage when civilized man enters his domain. There was one black fellow of this tribe who told me he knew where there was plenty of gold, about sixty miles away, and offered to take me or Walter there. We made arrangements to go with him and take one other person also, but the night before they purposed to start, another tribe of blacks came down on them, a great fight ensued, and our black pioneer friend received a blow on the head that would have crushed a white man's skull like an egg-shell. It came near killing him. The blacks sent for me; I found him to all appearance dead, but on examination discovered that he still breathed. A dozen or more women were around him, all howling. One related to him seemed to take the lead in this strange style of mourning, and I began to feel sorry for her, as it seemed as though her heart would break and she would lose her rea-

son. All at once she stopped, and asked me to give her a pipe of "bakka." "Yes," said I, "if you will stop that infernal howling." Upon this they all proposed to cease on the same terms. I gave them the tobacco, and they all knocked off and lit their pipes, and that was the last of the howling. So I saw that grief, sentiment or affection had nothing to do with it, only funeral style, inherited from their remotest ancestors. Their distress was all "put on." The man had a terrible cut on the head, the gash being nearly three inches long and laying open the skull. I had often heard of the thickness of the skull of the blacks, but had never before seen one laid open, nor did I ever believe that it was half so thick as this man's. I had brought some court-plaster and some castile soap and a pair of scissors. It was necessary to cut away some locks of hair.

The hair of these natives is as thick as a mat, is never combed, and is as coarse as a horse's tail, and as soon as I commenced to cut it the woman set up a louder and still more disagreeable howl. I stopped them, but found they did not want me to cut his hair. I explained the necessity thereof to save his life, and then they quieted down and appeared satisfied, but watched me and picked up every hair that was dropped. I plastered him up and left him, and came that night to see my patient and found he had become conscious, but did not believe he would recover. One can judge of my surprise when, only four days after, he came down to my store and said he was ready to go on the prospecting trip. They started the following day and were gone about two weeks. They got gold, but the boys

said it was the last place ever made and they would not stop there if they could make a pound weight of gold a day. The same place, but a short time after, turned out to be a good gold district and a great quartz region, known as the Ararat diggings. A few days before leaving Linton's. Tom was away and I was alone, the diggers all being up at the new rush. The other store on the gully was kept by a Mr. Smith from Philadelphia, and to distinguish him from the numerous other Smiths in that country as in all others, he was first called Philadelphia Smith, but this being a little too long to pronounce on a hot day, he was finally abbreviated to "Phil," and was scarcely known by any other name. Phil and myself were the only ones there, and about 2 P. M. I saw a party of five coming up the gully. I knew they were a tough lot and called to Phil to keep a sharp lookout, and if they came to his place and he wanted help, to sing out, and I would do the same if they came to mine. He said all right. Soon they came up straight to me and ordered drink. I was sitting on a keg with an axe handle in my hand, and told them I had none to sell; they said they knew better and if I did not bring it out they would take it. I knew what they wanted was to get my eye off from them, and then they would hit me with a slung-shot and lay me out. I said, "You will take this first," at the same time hitting the foremost one a blow that completely knocked him out through the door, and sprang forward at the second, but he was too quick for me and got out of my reach. I then pulled my pistol and told them that the first one that attempted to come one step towards me I would put a

hole through him. By this time Phil was on the grounds. The whole thing was only a matter of a few seconds. We ordered them off, and they went without regard to the order of their going, but went at once. They had come with the intention of sticking us up and would have done so had I not so suddenly commenced the fight.

After disposing of everything at Linton's I concluded to go back to Ballarat, look around and start another place in more permanent diggings. Walter had gone back already, so Tom and I started on foot with eighty ounces of gold and over one hundred pounds sterling, reaching Ballarat at dark. I carried a long bowie-knife in the leg of my high boots, just out of sight, but handy in case I should want to pick my tooth suddenly. I was told that Jim Hull was in town stopping at the Montezuma hotel, and wished to see me. My knife hurt my foot, so I laid it away and also my pistol at Nichol's store, remarking that I would have no use for these tools to-night. I usually deposited my gold when I came in, but for some reason I did not this time, and I had it in a belt around me, while my money was loose in my pocket. I started down to the hotel, a distance of not more than two hundred yards from Nichols' store, Tom going with me. We saw Hull and started back; the night was very dark and a drizzling rain was falling; the road was sloppy with a thin paving of about two inches of mud. We took the centre of the road, and not until now did it occur to my mind that I had forgotten to leave my money behind, and now I had no weapons in case of an attack. We had not gone more than sixty yards from the hotel when I dis-

covered three men standing in the road just in front of us. We shied off intending to give them a wide berth. Just as we passed them, I cast my eye over my shoulder and got a glimpse of one in the act of striking at me with a slung-shot. As quick as thought I wheeled around and struck him with my fist with all the force I had, which was more considerable in those days than now. He was not looking for it and he fell like a bullock. The second one and I clinched, and I threw him as quick as though he had come in contact with a locomotive. The third man tackled Tom, but he kept him off with his knife, and retreated backwards towards the hotel. When they had got about half the distance, he left Tom and came back to his pals and me. I had the two, one top of the other, and was not conscious of the third coming back, being too busily engaged even to cry for help. He struck me with a slung-shot on the back of my neck, which laid me at full length. It did not stun me as he supposed it had, or he would have given me another blow, but rather stupefied me. I realized that he was stamping on me, but it did not seem to hurt me. At last he bent over me and began tearing my clothes open, when all of a sudden the thought flashed across my mind, what am I lying here for? I caught him by the necktie and seized him by the throat with the grasp of a vice. It took him by surprise. I sprang to my feet, seized his hand that held the slung-shot, and in less than a second he lay on his back.

Tom in the meantime got to the hotel, gave the alarm, and all started for the scene of action. The two with whom I had first contended heard them coming and quit

the field. The boys found me on top of the third man, stamping like a mad man and plastered all over with mud. They did not know me in the darkness, and simply seeing me on top took me for the robber. Being myself wild and crazy with excitement, I thought they were confederates come to assist them against me, and I struggled with my friends and told them I would clean them all out. The blow I had received had maddened me. Just then Tom came up and said, "Why, it is Charlie." In the struggle with me the three got away. The boys that came from the hotel to rescue me were much humiliated to think they did not recognize me even in the darkness. An Irishman in the crowd, called New York Jack, said: "Sure we should have known that Charlie was bound to be on top."

Walter was in Melbourne, but arrived by coach the next day. When told that I had been "stuck-up," he asked if they had killed me. "No," said the one telling the news. "Then," said he, "they did not get his gold." The blow I received on the back of my neck gathered and discharged, and I was laid up some three weeks. A blow from a slung-shot is very dangerous. I would rather take my chances from a pistol wound. Twice I had experience of the effect of that murderous instrument. For the benefit of those who might not know, I will endeavor to describe the weapon. First a lump of lead of the size of an egg, round and smooth, enclosed in a mitten woven out of coarse hard twine, about nine inches long—more, perhaps, like an old-fashioned money purse than like a mitten—and is fastened around the wrist by a strap with a buckle, so that in case of arrest, or prospect thereof, they may detach it and not

be caught with it on their person, which would be worse for them than having a pistol.

In further illustration of criminal manners and customs in the mining colonies in primitive days, I venture to refer to the robbery of the Ballarat bank in 1855. The Bank of Australia had opened a branch at Ballarat, on what was then one of its back streets. It was a small, wooden building. One day about 2 P. M. three men entered, wearing masks, and presented revolvers at the heads of the two persons in charge, and told them if they stirred or made the least noise they would blow out their brains. The two kept their pistols at their heads while the third tied and gagged them, and in that position they were found an hour later. They then completely sacked the bank and took to the bush, which was near by, and that was all that was ever known of them. The whole affair was wrapt in mystery—the detectives could get no clew of it. It was a seven days' wonder, and then alluded to no more. There had been a firm there, Garret, Mariet & Quinn, who had been keeping a grocery store, but sold out a few days before the robbery. Mariet was boarding at the Arcade hotel at the time, Garret was stopping elsewhere, and Quinn lived with a woman in a tent, none of them having any transactions with the others, and it was generally supposed that they were not on cordial terms. Mariet was a man of few words, and would sit for hours watching a game of ten-pins. Sometimes he would roll just one ball on a bed for the drinks. On the afternoon of the robbery he was out, as was his usual custom at that time of day, directly after dinner, and not returning until past

five. When he returned he was asked concerning the robbery. He had heard of it, and joined freely, for him, in discussing the probabilities of the robbers being captured. He thought they surely would be. After the subject had passed out of mind he signified his purpose to go to England by the *Great Britain*, soon to sail from Melbourne; bought his ticket on the coach, paid his hotel bill, and gave out that he was going to start the next morning, and invited his friends to a farewell drink. All were sorry to have him go, as he had become a general favorite with the boarders.

Garret had in the meantime disappeared, and Quinn and the woman had gone to Geelong, where she was cutting a rather wide swath and spending money right and left. It seems that some of the notes taken from the bank were known by the numbers of a certain issue, which fact had not been given out by the bank officers, but only so many ounces of gold-dust and such an amount in notes. It was not long before some of these notes found their way to the bank for deposit. Enquiries were made where they were obtained, and they were immediately traced to Mrs. Quinn. She peached on the whole late firm of Ballarat grocers. Quinn turned Queen's evidence against Garret and Mariet. The latter was then aboard the *Great Britain*, under sail for England, but had not passed the Heads. She was stopped at Queen's Cliff, and he was taken off, convicted, and got seven years penal servitude. Garret had left the colony already and sailed for England. Word was sent by the *Great Britain*, but he had arrived there in advance of that steamer, disappeared, and for a long time

no trace of him could be obtained, though the London detectives did their best to get him. The colony, however, was determined to have him, and sent a detective from Melbourne to London. This detective was personally acquainted with Garret, having known him during his term of penal servitude in Van Diemen's Land, before he became a member of the honorable firm of grocers in Ballarat, and thoroughly understood the "old hand" style. After being in London for several months, and was on the point of giving up the search in despair, he was one day passing a skittle alley, and it occurred to him it was just the place to find his man. He walked in, dressed in the flash sporting style of a Van Diemen's Land "old hand," that is, cabbage tree hat, with a wide black ribbon streaming down the sides about three inches. He was very fluent in his old hand slang talk, walked in and at once challenged anyone on the ground to throw him "three skittles for a fine bob"—that is the slang term for five shillings—at the same time throwing his five shillings on the ground, asking if there was any "cove in the ground game to cover it?" He at once discovered his man and knew him, but Garret did not recognize him, but took him for a pigeon to pluck, accepted his challenge and, of course, won; played on, became social, intimate, and finally discovered in each other old Van Diemen's Land acquaintances. Garret in his seclusion was glad to meet an old pal from the "Holy Land," as the old convicts termed Hobartstown, and invited the detective to the hospitalities of a near ale-house, which he, of course, accepted. The detective always had two constables with him, or shadowing him, and they

were near now. As they left the skittle alley the detective saw his shadows and gave the signal without Garret discovering him. They entered the public house to have a "bull"—slang term for a drink. While standing at the bar in the act of drinking, the shadowers came up behind and grabbed Garret, each by an arm. He was a powerful man and struggled manfully for his liberty, for he instantly knew he was discovered and betrayed, and it took the united efforts of the three to handcuff him. He was brought back and received seven years, served it out and went to New Zealand, was arrested and sent back, as they won't have Australian convicts over there; got into difficulty again, and spent a good deal of time in penal servitude. I never knew what became of Mariet, for whom there was considerable sympathy, as being led into the crime by Garret. Quinn was an old convict. It was a clever robbery and well carried out, and had it not been for the extravagant and dashing Madam Quinn, it probably would not have been exposed to this day.

CHAPTER XXII.

ALMA DIGGINGS—OVENS CREEK—NEWSPAPERS—WEALTH AND EXTRAVAGANCE—“A HATTER”—FIRST ENGINE ON THE WOOLSHED—COURT OF MINES—DEVIL’S ELBOW—HARD WORK—GREAT RESULTS—NINEPINS—FOURTH OF JULY—NEWS OF THE REBELLION IN UNITED STATES—SADNESS AND SILENCE—FRIENDSHIPS AMONG STRANGERS—GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN—AMERICAN BALL—MY PARTNER—MRS. MASON—THE STAR OF THE EVENING—THE MILLINER’S BILL.

I WAS laid up in bed for three weeks after my encounter with the robbers. My neck gathered and broke; I could not move myself for the bruises I got by their stamping upon me, and it was fully a month before I could be out. Walter had gone to the Alma digging and wrote for Tom and myself to come on as soon as I was able. Tom had stayed behind to take care of me, and I went sooner than I ought to have done. Before leaving Ballarat I settled up and paid all we owed, and we had something to start on anew. No sooner had we arrived at Alma than I was taken down again and came very near dying. I lay in the Golden Age hotel for three weeks, but thanks to a good constitution and Dr. Candiartis, I got all right and was ready for the Firey creek rush that had just then broke out.

Walter and Tom had gone before and had a good claim,

although a small one, so it did not take us long to work it. The Woolshed creek had proved to be richer than either of the two before named. I have already mentioned that Spring, Reed's and the Woolshed were all one and the same creek on the Ovens. Domestic, Reed's and Spring were worked first, but the ground was so wet and sinking so deep that they could not be worked on the same claim principle. It was remedied as soon as the Court of Mines law came in force, and it was now proving itself to be one of the richest in the colonies, and here I was bound to go if I could get the other boys enlisted. We had washed up and our dirt had turned out one hundred and four ounces of gold. I bought a horse, told the boys I was going back to the Ovens, and asked if they were going with me. They said yes, and we were to go by way of Ballarat. I knew, however, if I went back there Nichols would try to persuade me out of the notion, so I proposed to Walter to go to Ballarat, while Tom and I would go across to Castlemain and wait there a day for him. It was as I expected. Nichols wanted us to stop and persuaded Walter to do so, thinking I would come also; but as he did not come to Castlemain, Tom and I started on without him. It was a long walk of two hundred and sixty miles, the horse carrying our blankets and tools and what provisions we required on the road. Our route lay in the line of Goulbourne river, and where we struck the old Sidney road which I had traveled no less than four times before.

The weather was hot and dry—thermometer registering not less than 100° every day. Such traveling can be appreciated only by those who have experienced it. When

we arrived at Beneta we found the town in great excitement—police all out after the bush-rangers who had attempted to rob an American named Curbey, from Pennsylvania, on his way to Melbourne with one hundred and fifty ounces of gold. He was within three miles of Beneta when three horsemen came upon him, presented their pistols and commanded him to deliver. Curbey was a one-handed man, and for that reason they were doubtless a little more careless than they would have been. He pulled up and quickly wound his bridle rein around his arm and commenced to fumble as if to unstrap his valise. He was mounted on a splendid spirited horse. Suddenly he touched his spur to his horse's flanks, which made one bound and cleared the robbers. They all fired but missed him. Then came an exciting race. Curbey had a pistol which he turned on his horse and fired under full speed, but though a good shot, he could not take deliberate aim. They ran him within less than a mile of the police station, when Curbey, turning again in his saddle, fired and hit the foremost of the three, when they gave up the chase and he rode to the station and reported. The police pursued, found traces of blood of the wounded robber, but they got away and were never caught for that offense.

Upon arriving at Beechworth I found a great change since I was first there, four years before, and now three years since I had seen it a field of tents; now there were large brick buildings, five large hotels, stores too numerous to mention, and two printing offices—the *Ovens Advertiser* and *The New Constitution*—although the new constitution had not yet become law, but did shortly

after. Scott had built a large bakery; in fact, it was the most lively and progressive little town in all Victoria. The Woolshed was some seven miles down the creek, and we made for that town to see the money spent. I have visited many camps and mining towns in Australia and California, but never saw a place where money was spent so freely—actually thrown away—as it was on the Woolshed diggings in the days when the Cameron's, Jonston's, Williams' and the Yankee boys, Strickland and Chambers' claims were in full running order. There were many more I could name, but it is useless. The creek, for over four miles, was working in full blast.

When I was on Reed's creek before, there was a man at the lower end, a “hatter,” as he was called by the diggers, that is, one that works alone, a Scotchman, who always lived and worked alone. He amused himself at night playing a fiddle. No one knew how much or little he was making, or cared, for that matter. He was a pleasant man to speak to, but disclosed nothing but his qualities as a fiddler, which were quite good. Jonston, for that was his name, had been there some three years, when suddenly he took it into his head to move to the Woolshed and take up a claim there. All were surprised, for they knew that large parties had been driven out by the under water, and no one ever thought of Jonston's ever hiring anyone or taking in a partner, and no one thought he had much money, if they had any thoughts at all about it, when one day there arrived a small engine from Melbourne, for Jonston on the Woolshed. It made people open their eyes. He had taken a small claim under the new regulations,

hired men to open it, paid them the highest wages, cut a tail-race, sank a pump-hole and got his engine to pumping, and in a short time was in full blast. However, the claim did not pay, though he stuck to it four months with eight men, paying out more money than he got gold, when one Saturday night he told his men that they would have to quit, as his money was all spent. They talked it over among themselves and proposed to give him a week's work, hoping for better results, and were rewarded, during the week, by striking it very rich, so much so, that most of his men then left his service and took claims, and soon every claim on the creek was taken, and when I arrived all the claims were paying, and Jonston was working over one hundred men; Cameron, forty; Strickland & Batey, sixty; Chambers, forty; and many others about the same. There were over three thousand men working on the creek at seven pounds a week (thirty-five dollars). When Christmas came, Jonston paid off his men, gave them a week's wages in advance and told them to report for work that day week.

There were no less than ten or fifteen dance houses; drinks were thirty-seven cents, and everything else in proportion. There was no more vacant ground, and the only chance was to go to work by the day. I had not come for that, and I was not going to do it if I could help it. So I went prospecting around in the spurs, which were of a cement formation and very hard sinking, could not make a hole more than six inches deep in a day, and when we found bottom it proved a "duffer." I was "down in the mouth," as they term it when one is discouraged. But Tom

was game to tackle another hole, and commenced one on what was called the Devil's Elbow. Just then the Court of Mines had decided that the creek claims had a certain limit as to width; one could only hold one hundred feet on each side of the creek, and as in some places the flats were two hundred feet wide on a side, consequently there was room for what was called a bank claim, and I staked out one alongside of one known as King's claim, and bottomed a shaft in the same way we used to in Ballarat, by timbering and windlass. It was only about eighteen feet to the bottom rock. The people laughed at the idea; but we were sanguine it could be done and went to the bush and split and dressed the slabs. It was then only to prospect the ground; we did not think of working it in that way. However, after working ourselves almost to death, we struck bottom, and the first shovelful of granite and gravel we got we washed out in a tin dish down to the black sand, and there was a good ounce of gold in it. Our courage was up, and we could now get plenty to join us and put in a pump for half the claim. We did so. It was divided into six shares. Tom and I held one each and one for Walter. So we went on, enlarged the hole and put in a pump, windlass and all other essentials. The process of enlargement was slow, and in all respects the work of timbering the shaft and disposing of the surplus water and dirt was but a repetition of what I have heretofore described.

The best pay dirt was always on the bed-rock and sometimes it was very rich. In Cameron claim I have known as high as eighty pounds of gold being taken out in three

days. In Jonston's I have seen three pint cups washed in one day, clear from black sand, then the sand that was washed out at the same time would run twenty-four ounces more to the bucket. I saw a paddock sixty feet long by eleven feet wide, turn out one hundred pounds of gold. It was said that when Jonston worked the Woolshed he cleared eighty thousand pounds sterling (four hundred thousand dollars) in one year. Money was squandered by the Woolshed bosses, as they were called. It seemed as if they did not know how to spend it fast enough. I have seen bottles of champagne put in a ten-pins, at one pound a bottle, and smashed with a ball the same as pins are knocked. And when Cameron, the brother of the one who owned the claim on the Woolshed, was elected to parliament, the diggers shod his horse with gold shoes; and at the races I have seen men running around with their hands full of five pound notes, soliciting bets, too drunk, most of them, to know how they bet or with whom. Such is the effect that sudden riches has, too often, upon those who never before had but little.

Districts differed in respect to the kind or form of gold obtained. In Ovens district it was of ordinary fineness, while that on Reed's creek and Woodshed was fine as flour, and when washed out from the gravel it was impregnated with or rather mixed with what we called black sand, but was really tin ore, very pure, and it was difficult to separate the gold from it. Besides, unless the dirt was very rich, it was impossible to get any gold free from the sand. Where it was rich, perhaps one-half, and sometimes more, pure gold could be obtained without going through

the process of quicksilvering it. At first it was thought that the sand of itself was not worth saving after the gold was supposed to be taken out, but afterwards it was found to be worth as high as ninety pounds per ton. It was very heavy, weighing as much as one hundred pounds to a common bucket. The method of separating the gold from the sand was with quicksilver. Many supposed the tin would adhere to the silver, but it was not so at the Ovens mines; the tin there was covered with a black coating, hence its name, black sand. After mixing about six buckets of ore dirt in a barrel, prepared for the purpose like a churn, with twenty pounds of quicksilver, and revolving or churning about twenty minutes, it is taken out and run through a long tom. The gold amalgamates with the silver, is run off in a body, the silver being strained through chamois leather. In this way the silver was gathered in a ball, which is put into a retort which releases the gold, and is then smelted in a crucible. When no crucible was to be had, go to a blacksmith's forge, clear it out, put in some wet clay of the consistency of paste, some charcoal and start a fire. When it is at a white heat put in the amalgam, and after five minutes steady blowing of the bellows the amalgam will disappear; then take out the clay and wash it and there will be the gold in some of the finest nuggets ever seen, of all sorts and shapes imaginable. Some of the claims on the Woolshed would obtain as high as a ton of sand in a day's steady washing.

Fourth of July was coming and arrangements had to be made for the celebration, for the Americans had always observed the day and the Canadians or British Americans

had always joined in the festivities of the occasion, and seemed to take as much interest in it as those from the United States. The day was celebrated every year until the breaking out of the rebellion or civil war, when it was suspended until the war was over. I should, perhaps, here mention that all through that struggle I never heard or knew of a hard or unkind word ever passing between a southern and northern man. That subject seemed, as it were, by mutual consent to be put aside. There were there about an equal number of northern and southern men, but the subject was ignored so far as conversation was concerned. Silence was the order and seemed to be the pride of each regarding the war. When the mail would arrive, one would, perhaps, see his southern friend appear the day after with crape on his sleeve—the mail had brought news of another great slaughter. We knew what it meant without asking, and no questions were asked. One might, perhaps, hear it whispered among his friends that so and so had lost a brother—killed at Vicksburg or Pittsburgh Landing or some other place; or, perhaps, one would see two talking together, mutual friends, both wearing the crape just put on, one from the north, the other from the south. Listen to them and likely you would hear it from one with a sigh—“God knows I hope there will soon be an end of it,” and a solemn response of “Amen” from the other. They were enemies in sentiment, but bosom friends at heart. One does not know what true friendship is until he has been for years in a foreign land, thrown among strangers in his youth; it is then he appreciates a friend. I have met with those

born in a foreign country that I have felt were as near to me as a brother. I have often heard of people dying in a foreign land without friends, and I have as often thought that it might be their own fault. One need not necessarily be without friends, no matter where he may be, even among strangers. It is generally his own actions that make him friends, or make him enemies, and he is likely to have one or the other. To a young man starting out in the world I would say to him that it altogether depends upon himself whether or not he is successful in finding friends. He will find them, but before he accepts them he should be sure they are friends of the right kind. "But how is one to know?" he may ask. His own common sense will teach him, his knowledge of right and wrong; the principles that his mother taught him, as she bent over him in prayer, as she put him, to bed, will stand him in hand then. For thirty-four years I have been among strangers and never once set my eyes on anyone near me by the ties of blood relationship, yet I was never without a friend. If I had been, I think it would have been my own fault. My young friends should bear in mind when they start out in life for new fields of enterprise or a new home, that if they have plenty of friends in the place they are leaving, they will be sure to find plenty wherever they go. The story of the man who "moved his wagon west," illustrates the idea. "He never would have left if it had not been for his neighbors; there never were such bad neighbors as he had left; there was no living with them; and so he had come west to settle among better ones." An old man who heard him, said, "I am sorry for you;

young man, for you will find here just such neighbors as you left; you haven't bettered yourself a bit." The next week another came from the same place, and his only regret in leaving was, that he had left such a friendly lot of neighbors. "You need have no regrets," said the same old man who had addressed the other immigrant, "you will find just as good neighbors here." If one makes a boot-jack he makes it because he wants one, and it is just as well to make a good one as a bad one, and the same rule holds good in respect to making friends.

But I have wandered from my story of celebrating the Fourth of July in Australia. It was on the occasion of a public dinner that day that I met and heard the noted George Francis Train. He was then connected with the American firm of Caldwell, Train & Co. The toast he responded to was "Young America," and never before or since did I listen to a more eloquent speech. He was then looked upon as one of the most promising men of Melbourne. He did not remain long, however, for Melbourne was not then big enough for him and he left for larger fields. Our American population on the Woolshed comprised about thirty. We had been divided in opinion as to whether the occasion should be celebrated by a dinner or a ball, but a compromise was effected in an agreement to have both. I was in favor of the dinner only, for the reason that I did not know where I could get a partner for the ball. The time was fast approaching and still no prospect of my getting a partner, and I had nearly abandoned further efforts in that direction and thought to content myself by going without one, when a circumstance oc-

curred that inspired me to renewed exertions for a partner. There had been a theatrical company there some three weeks before, but had broken up and scattered. Among these were a Mr. and Mrs. Mason. This lady had taken leading parts and was considered the star. After disbanding, Mason got a job in a billiard room as a marker—rather a sudden drop from King Lear and Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, down to a common billiard marker. At a private party one evening, to which I was fortunate enough to get an invitation, I met and was introduced to Mrs. Mason, and of course the forthcoming ball was an important topic of conversation, and I ventured to hope that we would have the honor of Mr. and Mrs. Mason's presence. She was very sorry to say she thought they would not attend. She would like very much to attend, but it was so very expensive that Mr. Mason did not feel able to afford it, though she wanted to go ever so much, and this she repeated over and over. What could I do? There she was, poor little creature, wanting to go to a ball and no one to take her. Was I a man without a spark of feeling or a drop of the milk of human kindness? No. I had been always taught to extend the hand of relief to a fellow-sufferer when in need. Then why shrink from my duty now, when one stood before me, and that one of the weaker sex, and her heart yearning to attend the ball? I could be the instrument of her accomplishing her heart-felt wish. My mind was made up. I would be generous, gallant. But how to proceed without wounding her sensibilities was my difficulty. Something must be done, and that at once. So I intimated in the most delicate terms my un-

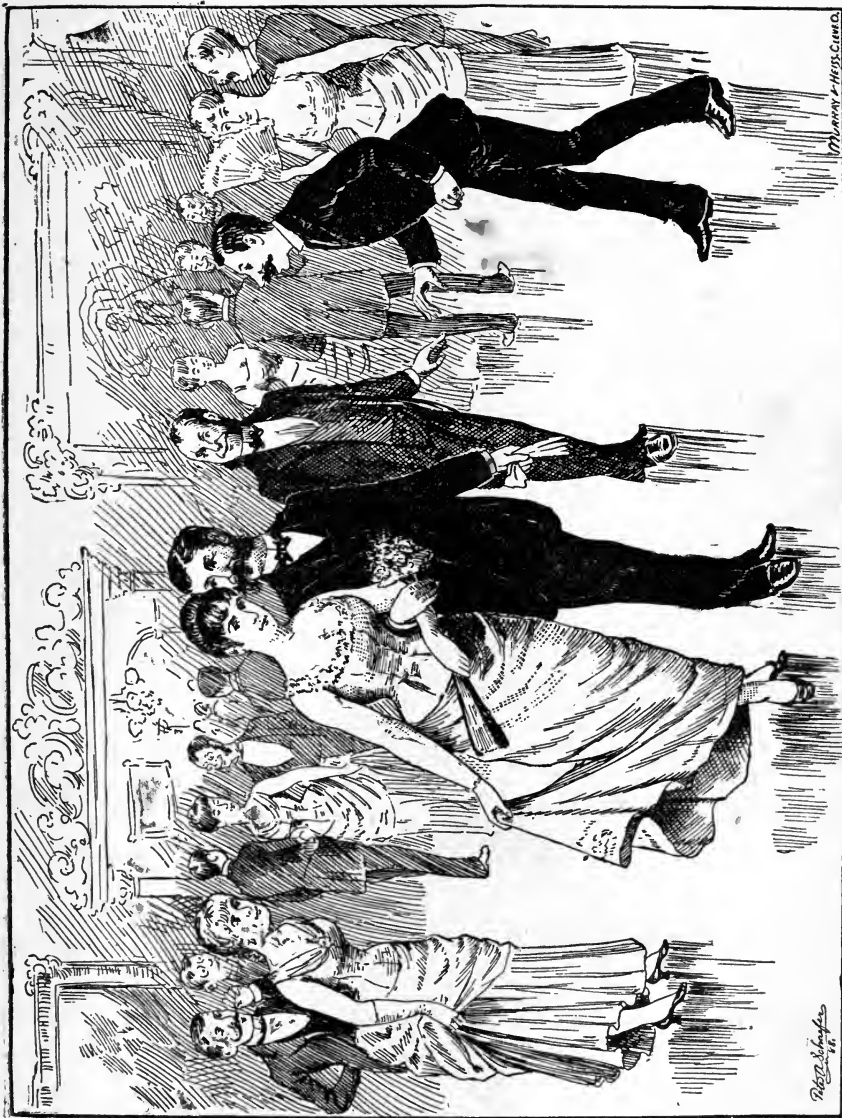
tutored mind could command that if it was agreeable to Mr. Mason and herself I should be happy to be the escort of Mrs. Mason on that delightful occasion. She smiled, and O, such a pleasing smile. She would speak to Mr. Mason upon the subject, and again assured me how pleased she should be to attend. She did so hope that Mr. Mason would give his consent. We parted, I thinking her one of the most agreeable persons I had ever met. What she thought I was not so sure of, but have since thought that possibly she took me for one of the most gigantic flats she ever met. The next morning Mr. Mason appeared on the scene. I thought of pistols and coffee for two. But no, that could not be, for he was very gracious and all smiles. Wished to speak privately with me. Called me aside and told me his wife had informed him that I had very kindly offered to escort her to the ball; that he considered it very kind in me; that he never attended himself, but his wife was very fond of dancing; that he was the very last man to debar her of a pleasure she so much doted on; but he was very particular whom she went with, and that he deemed it fortunate that the only man he would have given his consent for her to go with had invited her. I felt flattered by his elegant remarks, and we adjourned to the counter to refresh the inner man.

It occurred to me that, although Mrs. Mason was an actress and undoubtedly had an abundance of dresses suitable for the momentous occasion, still there might be a few little necessaries, such as a few yards of ribbon, gloves, and so forth, she might need. So I hinted to her in as delicate a manner as I could that such might be the

case, hoping at the same time she would take no offense at the suggestion. "O, dear, no; no offense whatever." She did need a few things. I told her any time convenient to her, she could walk round to Miss Reed's, the milliner, and get them. She expressed her willingness to go at once, and we started. Now I had had a little experience in milliners' shops for Christmas presents to the girls that waited on the table at the hotel, and it had generally cost a pound for each of them. So on this occasion I was doubly cautious, and on arriving at the shop, just put my head in at the door, bade Miss Reed good-morning, and told her please to let Mrs. Mason have what little necessaries she required and I would settle it. "O, certainly" Now I thought I had got the start to limit the expenditure, and also of some others whom I knew would likely be subjected to an expense of from ten to twenty pounds millinery bill.

The dinner came off with great *éclat*—one hundred and forty guests at the table, thirty-one of whom were Americans. Other European countries besides England were represented. So our glorious day was looked up to with respect in the farthest corner of the globe. I congratulated myself on my good fortune in securing an accomplished society lady and an actress for a partner, one whose robes were the most elaborate and costly, who, in fact, had no rival there for magnificence of apparel and splendor of toilet; and I secretly vowed I would always secure an actress for a partner if there was one to be had upon such an occasion—and there always is upon the same terms I got mine. When the ball opened, O how she did shine—the observed of all observers. The star-spangled banner

on the wall, emblem of my beloved country, paled and grew dim in contrast with the sweeping train of my partner. I was congratulated then and there by the representatives of Europe and America. A day or two after the ball, in passing down the street, I thought I would call and pay Miss Reed. She was all smiles when I said I had called to pay that little bill. I had a five pound note in my pocket. She presented the bill, and judge of my surprise to find it twenty-seven pounds and fourteen shillings, one hundred and thirty-eight dollars, and I only twenty-five dollars to pay it with. "Very well," said I, after looking for some time to ascertain if my eyes were in an eclipse or had suddenly taken a freak to magnify about a hundred diameters, "I am just going down street and will call when I come back and settle it." I went down, met Tom, and told him to give me some money. He opened his eyes as wide as I did when I saw Miss Reed's bill. I told him I had met some old friends from Ballarat who were out of money, and I wanted to let them have thirty pounds. I went back, paid the bill, and told Miss Reed I would give her five pounds more if she would not let it get out. She laughed and promised to be silent. If it had got out I would have had to leave the Woolshed, for I am sure I never could have endured the running I would have got from everyone who knew me.



MURPHY & HESS, CHICAGO.

Robert Schuyler

MY PARTNER.

CHAPTER XXIII.

BALLARAT—UNITED STATES HOTEL BURNED—DEATH OF NICHOLS—STILL ON THE WOOLSHED—TOM DEPARTS—GUNSTON AGAIN—SCARCITY OF BEEF—AFTER CATTLE—INCIDENTS OF THE TRIP—A WOMAN “STUCK UP”—ROBBERS IN JAIL—SQUATTER STATIONS—“SWEAT OUT”—“FLY-BLOWN”—“OLD HANDS”—A RACE WITH ROBBERS—SUCCESSFUL TRIP—PROFITS SATISFACTORY.

WHEN we got our claim open, and it was paying, we sent for Walter. There had been a great fire at Ballarat soon after we left there. Nichols had built a large hotel, called the United States. By some mysterious means it took fire and burned to the ground. Eleven persons were burned in it, Nichols himself among the rest. He had once got out of the building, but thought he could save his books, and returned for them; but in going, the stairs fell and let him through into the flames, and there perished one of the noblest specimens of God's work. Among the other ten lost was the then great athlete, Guildersleve, who had come to Ballarat only the night before and put up at that hotel only to perish in the flames.

Walter had now been with us some months, and we had not only worked out the claim that Tom and I had opened, which had turned out as high as fifty pounds per

share a week, but we had a claim on Milkman's Point—the Devil's Elbow—which opened up rich and paid so well that upon the whole it proved a good move when we came to the Woolshed. Walter had a good offer in Melbourne and wanted I should go with him, but I did not wish to leave the Ovens yet, as it had always turned out the best for me; so he went without me. A few days after, Tom received a letter from home that his father was sick and probably would not recover; he had worked all his days to accumulate a little fortune, and lost it through a scoundrel, and it had broken the old gentleman's heart, and he was failing fast. I hurried Tom off, and never did I before so much regret parting with anyone more than that boy—for boy he was, only eighteen. I was again truly alone. Taft had long since left, and the Calio gold rush had carried off Costler with him.

Cattle were then very scarce around Beechworth, and beef was high. Gunston, whom I mentioned before, upon our first arrival in Bendigo, was talking me into going up into New South Wales, in the Sidney district. He knew where cattle could be bought for three pounds per head, and we could double our money; so we concluded to go. I had a horse that I thought would not answer my purpose if we happened to be chased by the bush-rangers, and, therefore, I sold him at the Beechworth sale-yard. On my way back, on foot, I took a cross-lot cut to Reed's creek to save about three miles, or one-half the distance. It was getting dusk, but I would soon be down there and then would have a good clear road under the undergrowth of trees alongside of the track. Upon arriving at

the edge of the timber, two men jumped out in front of me. But they were not quick enough. I had my pistol upon them first. "What is the matter, mate?" said one of them, "did we frighten you?" "Not a bit," said I. "We only wanted to know the road to Beechworth," they said. "You know it as well as I, so pass on," still keeping my pistol on them, and my eye too, as I told them to pass on. I backed out of the path to let them pass without getting in reach of me. I told them the second time to move on; they did so, for they saw I had "the drop" on them. As they passed, one of them said I need not be so d—d smart; I might get taken down a peg yet; they went on, however. It was getting quite dark and I started at a quick pace, when presently I heard someone following. I thought it the same party. I could hear footsteps as if in a half run. Once I heard one say, "How like h—l he walks." When I came to a thicket I thought to give them the slip, and stepped in and let them pass. They did so without seeing me and I felt relieved. In an instant, as it were, I heard the report of a pistol, and a man ran past me with his arms up, singing out at the top of his voice "Murder." I called for him to stop, but the more I called the harder he ran, and I after him, for I had forgotten the party I had recently encountered with so much alarm—for there is no use denying it, I was afraid of them. The man ran until he fell. When I came up he begged me to spare his life—not to kill him. He proved to be a German who knew me. He had kept a restaurant on the Woolshed and was going home, and I had almost overtaken him when I stepped aside and let the bush-rangers go by—for

that was what they were. Upon passing me they overtook the German and shot him. He was so frightened he did not know what he was doing or which way he was running. They must have found out their mistake as soon as they shot him, they expecting me to come to the German's rescue. The wound, however, was of but little consequence, as the ball had only just taken a little flesh and skin off from his ribs, and it smarted. He thought sure he was killed at first, but as he lived, he always said I saved his life, when, in fact, I had nearly frightened it out of him by running after him, he thinking me one of the bush-rangers. I did not go to the Woolshed that night. The bush-rangers went over to the junction of the Yacandada and Woolshed and "stuck up" a woman who was keeping a way-side inn, taking from her thirty-five pounds (one hundred and seventy-five dollars) and some jewelry. The alarm was given and the police were sent out, pursued and captured them about half a mile from the junction, and brought them into Beechworth before morning. I saw them in jail. They said I was the one they wanted, but I got the drop on them first, and they did not like to shoot so near the town for fear of shocking the nerves of the police.

Gunston and I started for Albury, on the border of New South Wales, on the Murray river, about thirty miles from Beechworth. Here we purchased two of the best horses we could find for sale. At that early day there were no banks out of Sidney and Melbourne, and if one was going into the country to buy horses or cattle, he was obliged to take his money with him—a very dangerous necessity,

on account of the bush-whackers, as the robbers were here called.

There were some persons well known and had large estates and great financial standing, who could of course receive deposits and give their checks on the banks of Sydney or Melbourne. I have seen checks in the interior of New South Wales twelve months after their date, that had not yet reached the bank, although they had passed through a dozen hands. One "squatter," as these station-holders are called, told me that he calculated on from fifteen to twenty per cent. of his checks never reaching the bank. They pay off their station hands and sheep-shearers in checks, which find their way directly to the public house. Sometimes they are put into the landlord's hands for safe keeping, for the chances are that some of his own pals, as his friends are called, will steal it from him before morning, but more frequently they set to work drinking it up, never ceasing day nor night, until the landlord tells him he must be off, that his check is all "sweat out," and that he must hunt another job of sheep-shearing. The landlord, however, is humane and generous, turning him away not empty, but fits him out with a bottle of what is called "all sorts"—that is, what has been left in the glasses after drinking—it may be whiskey, rum or oil. It all goes into one tub, and when one of the party has become "fly-blown," that is, his money all gone, he is fitted out with this concoction and sent on his way to seek another job of shearing or shepherding.

The people here spoken of were of those termed "old hands"—government convicts, on ticket of leave. I re-

member once meeting one of these estimable gentlemen. In traveling I lost my direction, and knowing a man a little distance off the road, went across to inquire of him. I saw he had been on a hard blow, as it is termed. He gave me the directions and I rode on. After riding about three hundred yards I heard someone calling me, and looking around saw it was my friend whom I had just left. I waited until he came up. He said he was thinking that as the road was so long and difficult for a stranger to find, that if I would save a life he would go and show me the road. "Save a life!" said I, "what do you mean?" He said he had been on a blow, and had sweat out his check—he had no money—that the publican had started him out the day before with a bottle of all sorts, and that was all gone, and he was nearly dead for a drink. If I would give him one when I came back he would go with me and show me the road, and would travel all the way back with me, a distance of some seven miles, for one drink. Yes, I told him if he would come back I would fill his skin full, and he did so. When I got back I told the landlord to let him have what he could drink without getting drunk. The next morning before starting, I saw my friend of the previous day. He was waiting to see if I would stand a "bull" (a drink) before starting on his backward journey. He was very thankful. Said I was one of the right sort of "coves," would never see a cove's light go out for want of oil. I told the landlord to give him a bottle, and he went on his way rejoicing.

We had to carry our money with us as we expected to travel about three hundred and fifty miles before we would

get to where we could get cattle cheap enough to pay us for bringing them down to Beechworth at a profit. The country was full of bush-rangers, and there was not a week but someone was stuck-up, so it was necessary for us to be well mounted, that in case of meeting any of those gentlemen we could give them leg-bail, if possible. At that time the roads were also lined with people going to the diggings, camping along the road. At every creek we were sure to meet parties with drays camped, who would stop one and make all sorts of inquiries as to the roads; how far to the next creek, the news on the diggings, if there was any new rush, what diggings we would advise them to make for—in fact, every question one could think of, sensible, simple, foolish and laughable. The next party would be just the same, but none of these were troubled by the rangers—they were going the wrong way to have any money and not worth bothering with. I had never been over the country before, but Gunston had, and had brought cattle down to Bendigo and had done well with them. He professed to know all the ropes, as he expressed it, particularly about the rangers; that we would stand in no fear of them after we left the Sidney road.

We left Albara and traveled forty miles the first day, to Ten Mile creek; the next day thirty miles, and to within seventeen miles of Gandaga. The day had been hot and we rested till evening. There was a good moon, and Bob said the road was plain, and that we could reach that town by nine o'clock. For the first four miles it was up hill. When we got to the top of the range I noticed a light just off the road-side near a scrub, which I took for a camp of parties

going to the diggings. As we passed they sung out to us to hold on. I stopped, but no sooner had I done so than Bob sung out, "Get, get!" and put spurs to his horse. I was not long in following suit. They mounted their horses and followed us at full speed, singing out to us to hold up, but we were not inclined to comply with their gentle request. Bob was cool, as he always was, and told me we had a long chase before us, but not to hurry my horse at first, only to keep out of the reach of their shots, for they would shoot to frighten us into stopping. We had not gone more than a mile when we came to where the water had worn a big gutter in the road, and I got on the wrong side of it, and the further I went the deeper it got. Bob sung out for me to jump it and he would follow. I was afraid to try, as I knew if I failed the bush-rangers were sure to have me. They saw my situation and sung out, as I suppose, to confuse me. But one more encouraging word from Bob decided me. The gutter was fully seven feet wide and as deep. I put both spurs to my horse and sung out to him at the same time, and over he took me with a magnificent bound. Two of the robbers followed me; the other three (for there were five of them) cleared it after me. The three discharged their pistols, whether to kill or only to frighten I don't know, but the bullets whistled too close to be pleasant, disturbing the air in close proximity to my head. I had got alongside of Bob again and meant to stick to him. His motto was to keep cool; that we were the best mounted, and if we did not exhaust our horses we could keep out of the range of their shots. We had yet seven miles to ride. If, he said, we

could not run away, we must stand, wheel and fire—he taking the first man and I the second. This, he said, was because he considered me the best shot. Such is reputation without merit. The robbers, he said, would hold back, and when they did we would slacken also. Then all at once they would make another rush, come up and yell like so many fiends from the lower regions and fire at us one shot after another. We returned none of these compliments, as we had to be sparing of our ammunition. They followed us to within four hundred yards of the town of Gandaga.

When we rode up to the hotel Bob jumped off and exclaimed with a laugh, "Well, they did not catch us." As for me, I did not feel sufficiently recovered from my fright to laugh very heartily, though I was greatly rejoiced, for I candidly confess I was never more frightened. The next day we made Yass, a quite large inland town, the second in size in New South Wales, Goulbourne being the largest. Here we turned south in the Manaroo district, where we met with another man from Ballarat, on the same business as ourselves. His name was Dan Sweeney, a Canadian. We agreed to travel together, and if we could buy our cattle to unite them in one drove, which we did. At a station in Bombaloo we purchased five hundred head at twelve dollars and seventy-five cents and started back, hiring two stockmen to go with us. We had to be with them night and day, especially at night, in case of a stampede. The method of dining was to let them feed along the way, just keeping them on the course, and whenever they want to camp, let them, they will always

get up just at break of day and range out to feed until ten o'clock, when, if there is water, they will camp again till about three in the afternoon, and then up and feed again until dark, then herd or bunch together for the night. We gave them their own time in driving, for they were all prime beef and we wanted them to hold their own, for if we rushed them they were sure to waste. They were all from five to seven years old, full grown and a fine lot, and we expected a good profit on them if got down in good condition. Sweeney was to pay one-half the expenses, and we saved the expense of two stock men by driving together. I give these particulars to illustrate the difference between driving cattle in that country and this. We were about twenty-five days on the road. At Beechworth we divided the drove and Sweeney took his down to Ballarat. We had made up our minds if there was not a ready sale to take them on to Bendigo, or hold them over for a month at Bowman's Forest, the feed being good there. But we had not that trouble, for as soon as the word got out that there was a drove of fat bullocks near Beechworth, the butchers from there and from Buckland, Yacananda and Wangarata came in, and in less than two weeks we had sold out, clearing about double on our investment and all expenses besides. One would wonder, perhaps, if the enterprise paid so well, why others did not go into the business. The truth is, the risk was too great of falling into the hands of the bush-rangers. Then one might make a dozen trips and not have the luck we had; might have a stampede of the cattle, and not so good a

market. The season of the year had much to do with it; if dry, the price runs up and people will not sell as they do here, as it costs nothing to keep them, for they get their own living the year round.

CHAPTER XXIV.

SICK AGAIN—GUNSTON GOES ANOTHER TRIP—INCIDENT—LEAVE WOOLSHED FOR MELBOURNE—DELIRIOUS—MY NURSE—THE WASHERWOMAN—RECOVERY—FIRST STAGING—CONCORD COACHES—COBB & COMPANY—FORBES & COMPANY—DAVIS & COOPER—ENTER DAVIS & COMPANY'S SERVICE—IMPOUNDING HORSES—THE RESCUE—THE OUTCOME—WATSON & HEWITT—EXCITEMENT OF COACHING.

GUNSTON was anxious to return on another cattle expedition at once, not more so, perhaps, than I was; but just at the time we contemplated starting I was taken sick. Bob waited for me four weeks, when the doctors told us both there was no chance of my being able for the journey for months. In the meantime, Sweeney came back from Ballarat, having disposed of his drove, and had done equally as well as we had. He wanted Bob to join him; so they started, leaving me behind sick, where I lay for months, given up by the doctors for a time, and by myself likewise. Sweeney and Bob had rather a loud call from the bush-rangers this time. They put up one night at a hotel called the Pick and Shovel. After they had gone to bed and had both been asleep some time, they were awakened by someone trying to enter their room. The lock had been tampered with, and so before going to bed they had placed a chair against the door in such a manner as

to tip over at the least opening. They had been suspicious of the looks of the proprietor and all hands around the house, and were cautious. They heard two or more persons outside the door whispering. Sweeney heard them first, waked Bob, and they listened. Soon the chair tipped, and at that instant they let drive at the door two shots each. They heard them run, one saying "The bloody wretches have done for me." Bob called for them to come back, that they had plenty more pills for them. When they went to bed they had noticed that they had been left with only a half-inch of candle, and hence their strong suspicions and the precaution of placing the chair against the door. In the morning the landlord never mentioned the subject, nor did the boys until they were about to leave, when Bob told him that it was nothing for them to riddle a door or two, and a man or two for that matter, if they got in the way.

The boys did not do as well on the second "mob" of cattle as we did on the first, although they cleared themselves. Gunston went to New South Wales and I never saw him afterwards, but often heard of him. The last time I was saddened by the intelligence that he had lost all, and was earning his livelihood by day's work—a hard fate for a man more than seventy years old; but so runs the life of mortals here below—those most deserving many times get on the poorest, at least, I feel it so in poor Bob's case.

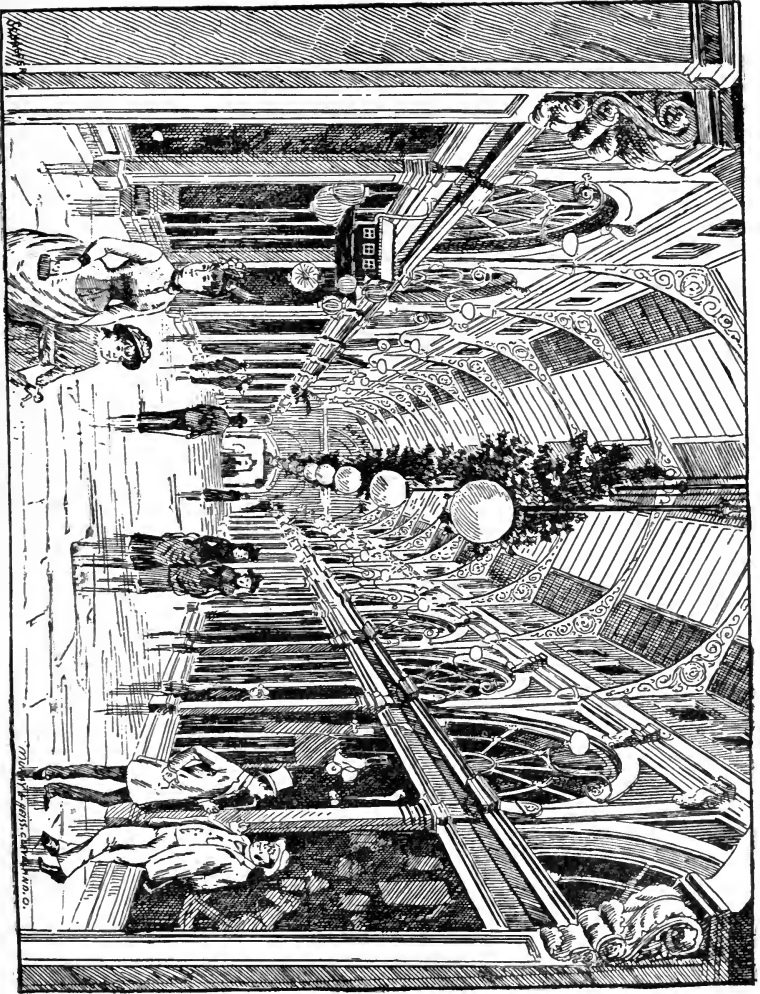
I remained on the Woolshed some three months, and it now seeme to me I must try to get away. It was two hundred miles to Melbourne, and it took the coach

two days and nights to make the journey. I made up my mind to try the change, although everyone thought me mad to undertake the journey. The coach agent agreed that I could stop over at any place I wished to rest at. The fare was fourteen pounds, or seventy dollars. The first day I rode the whole time, but the next morning at four o'clock I was not able to come to time, and laid over for the day. The second day I rode through, but for the last twenty miles on the laps of two passengers. Upon arriving at Melbourne there was a person at the coach office who knew me and took charge of me, for, to tell the truth, I could not take care of myself, neither did I care what became of me, but Meggs—for that was his name—knew where to take me. The girl that took care of me when I came to Melbourne sick before, was now married and kept a hotel of her own, and it was there he took me. They at once sent for Dr. Gilbey, an eminent physician of the city.

One may talk of sisters' love and kindness, but never did a sister devote more kindly attention to a brother than Mrs. Chisholm did to me. I believe that but for her I would not now be alive. Dr. Gilbey advised me to go into a hospital, which were even then excellent in that country, yet I objected and told him if he wanted the money for his visits every time, he could have it, but if I went into the hospital I should die. He said it was not the money, but that I would have better care than at a hotel. I told him I got all the care I needed. He afterwards said that had I been sent to the hospital in my nervous condition and against my will, I probably would have died. In a

week I became delirious and for many days and nights got not a wink of sleep. The idea possessed my brain that someone was trying to get into my room and get under my bed, and if they succeeded it was fatal to me; that my only chance was to keep awake and fight them. I told the doctor and my friends, who tried to persuade me out of the delusion; but it was of no use—I could see them. All the medicine bottles left within my reach I shied at my imaginary enemies—and even the pillows. The more my friends tried to persuade me out of my hallucination, the worse I got, until even the doctor said I could not hold out but a day or two longer, and I now think I would not but for an old Irish washerwoman, at work in the house, who heard of the sick man upstairs that was going to die, and wanted to see me, and they let her come. I, of course, related my troubles to her as I did to everyone. But she, unlike the others, did not try to persuade me out of my delusion, but perfectly agreed with me, and volunteered to help me turn them out of the room, and looked under the bed and assured me that we had them all out. From that moment the washerwoman and I were friends. She agreed to watch and keep them out. She insisted that she should have the first watch and I was to sleep; then she would wake me and then she was to sleep. After this compact was signed and sealed I went to sleep, and slept until they dared not let me sleep any longer. When they woke me my mind was all right, but I was too weak to move. I was told that at one time they held a looking-glass to my face to ascertain if there was yet breath. I have always believed that the instinc-

ARCADE—BOURK STREET.



tive good sense and ingenious methods of that old woman, in dealing with the vagaries of my diseased brain, saved me from absolute insanity and premature death.

Many times since then when I have seen persons laboring under similar delusions, I have made it a point to agree with them, for they think they see what they profess to and are honest in such convictions. Nothing would irritate a sane person more than to have a person step up and dispute his honest assertion, and the result is the same with a delirious person, and to contradict him is worse than contradicting one of a sane mind. From that time on I gradually gained strength, but it was thirteen months before I could pursue any employment. When I did recover I went into the service of Cobb & Company. Freeman Cobb came from Boston and brought with him two Concord coaches, each capable of carrying fourteen passengers. He put them on between Melbourne and Sandridge Beech, a distance of three miles, for which the charge was half a crown each passenger. One can readily see how fast he was making money when they were both loaded each way as fast as they were able to make the trips, at sixty-two and a half cents, or eight dollars and seventy-five cents each trip. It was not long before he extended his field and put on a line of coaches to Bendigo and Castlemain, the distance to the former being one hundred miles, and the fare ten pounds or fifty dollars. At first it took two days to make the distance, stopping for the night at Kinton; but soon the route paid so well that they put on relays of horses and made the distance in one day, and soon the business necessitated another coach.

At Geelong, Antony, Forbes & Company started a line to Ballarat, fifty-four miles, charging seven pounds (thirty-five dollars), soon followed by an opposition line but both had all the passengers they could carry, and many times passengers would book two or three days in advance, and I have known people pay as high as one hundred dollars for some other passenger's ticket. In the course of a year, however, there were as many as three lines of coaches between Geelong and Ballarat, each line running two or three coaches each way daily. Cobb & Company kept on the Melbourne and Bendigo route for about eighteen months, when they sold out to one Davis, whose first name I have forgotten. Cobb went back to Boston, having, it was said, cleared fifty thousand pounds or two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, which he took back with him, but left his name behind, for the coaches still keep the name of Cobb & Co.

Davis began on the Melbourne wharf with a single horse and dray and worked up from nothing, as they say. He soon got his second and third horse and dray, and so on until he possessed twenty or more such teams, and when the St. Kilda railroad contract was let, he got it. It was a short road of only three miles, but he managed to clear "big money," and then bought out Cobb & Company and ran the coaches under the old name, associating with him Mr. Cooper, a druggist on Collins street. Not content with coaching alone, Davis went into the hide business. It was in the time of the Crimean war, and hides went up to an astonishing price, and he cleared on his first shipment a large sum. This induced him to

venture more and he undertook to monopolize the whole trade; but he failed, the war closed, hides went down, he lost fearfully, his creditor came down on him, and then he went up higher than Gilderoy's kite. Before he failed he had bought out all the other lines of coaches, had got all the government mails, and people supposed he was on the way to a rapid and immense fortune. This was the state of the coaching business in Australia at that time.

I had now sufficiently recovered from my long sickness to enter active service, and went to work for the Cobb & Co. line of coaches. My first job was to take fifty-two head of horses that were considered unfit for the roads, up to Ballarat and sell them to the diggers to work on their puddling machines, or to anyone else, so I got the money for them. The first day I got to Bachu's Marsh, about thirty miles on my way, and put them in a paddock, or pasture, as we call it. The next morning I found every horse was out of the paddock and gone. I looked around and found that someone had let the slip rails down and they had gone into another paddock, and that the owner of that paddock had all my horses secure in his stock-yard to take to the pound. I went to the owner and told him I saw he had my horses in his yard, and asked what damages he claimed. I knew he had no right to charge more than one shilling and sixpence a head. He asked me if I was prepared to pay the damages. I said I was, if they were reasonable. He said he did not know how much he could collect, but he was going to all the law would allow, and put me to all the trouble and expense he could; that Davis had served him a mean trick, and he intended

to get even with him now he had a chance. I told him if Davis had done him wrong it did not become him to do me an injury. He said I was one of Davis' hounds, and he thought as little of me as he did of Davis. I told him that although I was employed by Davis, I was no hound, and was willing, rather than be detained, to pay him five pounds, which was more than he could collect by law. But he would not let me have the horses, and still kept up his abuse both of Davis and myself until human endurance could bear it no longer. At last I told the boy that was with me to let down the slip panels, and as he rode up to do so the man struck at him with a pole he had in his hand. I saw he was going to hurt the boy, and jumped my horse in between and received the full force of the blow myself, which had the desired effect of raising my temper. I jumped from my horse and told him I would show him that one of Davis' hounds would not stand beating like a common cur. I will give him the credit of not acting like a coward, for as soon as I was on my feet he dropped the pole and took the attitude and elevated his clinched hands in the style of an experienced pugilist. In that day such a demonstration did not alarm me, and we exchanged a few brief compliments, not as amateurs, but in a business way, when suddenly he fell to the ground. I insisted on his resting there for awhile, though much against his inclination, and I stood over him a few minutes to see that he survived the paralytic shock. In the meantime, the boy had not been idle. He had secured the horse I rode, then dropped the slip-panels, and the horses came rushing out just at the moment when my pugilistic friend, unhappily

for him, had another fall, and I had to pull him out of the way, or he would have been trampled under their feet. I was afterwards sorry I did not let him feel their hoofs.

The horses being all out, I jumped onto my horse and we followed them. Two broke out from the drove (or mob as it was called) and ran for another part of the pasture. I told the boy to follow the mob and I would bring in the other two. In the meantime Pettit—for that was his name—had raised a cry for help, and three men came at his call. They followed me with long poles, and as I would bring up the horses they would head them off. There was a big ditch which, if I could make the horses leap it I could get clear of them, never thinking but that my horse would follow, for he was a fine one. I got the two across, but when I had put my own to it he jumped down into the ditch, and there he stood stock still. They saw my fix and made a rush for me. Seeing them coming I put the spurs to my horse; he made an effort to climb out, the stirrup leather came out, the saddle turned, and off I came, bringing with me one of the stirrups and strap hanging to my foot. Pettit and his men were now close on me, only the ditch between us. I seized my stirrup and strap and sprang to the bank to meet them, swinging the stirrup over my head and calling to them to come on, that I was good for them all. At the same time I would have given all the old boots and shoes I ever had, and thrown in a new pair, to have been out of there; but the bold stand I took won the day, for it brought them to a halt, and there I stood challenging them to come, and calling them cowards, while my heart

was in my mouth for fear they would come. My horse ran straight to the mob and the boy got him and brought him back, and I was not long in getting on, never stopping to put the stirrup in place until I was at a safe distance from them. I did not tarry long in the neighborhood, but hastened on my journey.

We made Ballarat that night, and the next day commenced selling horses, disposing of the lot in three days. In the evening of the third day I was indulging in a game of billiards with a gentleman from Bachus' Marsh, the place where the horses were rescued. He was the magistrate there. "By the way, Ferguson," said he, "just before I left I issued a warrant for your arrest for rescuing horses that were guarded for the purpose of being taken to the pound. I would advise you not to return that way, for the police will be on the lookout for your coming by the coach." However, I did go back on the coach, but before going through Bachus' Marsh I changed coats with the driver, took the reins and drove up to the hotel. There stood the policeman with warrant, all ready to arrest me. He scanned the passengers closely, but to his evident disappointment I was not among them, he never for an instant suspecting that the coach-driver was the very man he wanted. We had dinner and left for Melbourne. The boy was not so fortunate. He stopped there afterwards, on his way back, helping to drive some cattle, and old Pettit had him arrested. It frightened the poor boy nearly out of his wits. The hotel-keeper went his bail for appearance the next day, and sent down word to me. I came up, getting there while the trial was going on; went

in, testified, took all the blame upon myself, and the boy was discharged.

The policeman was waiting near the hotel to arrest me when I should come from the court. I had anticipated his attachment for my person, and feeling that I could not conveniently devote a day's time to the enjoyment of his society, I mounted a horse which had been brought around to me from the hotel, and was off. The baffled policeman called after me as though he wanted to tell me something. There are moments when one's mind is too much absorbed in business affairs to hearken even unto the voice of the centurion. I knew, of course, that I would be caught sooner or later, but for the present I could amuse myself and annoy the noble Pettit at one and the same time. The matter was quiet for several weeks. Pettit could hear of me almost daily, and if the police wanted me they knew where to pick me up; but they did not want me. At last I was obliged to go through that place, and having become tired of dodging, I let them take me. The landlord went bail for my appearance the next day, when I was bound over to take my trial at the next term of the criminal court on the charge of rescuing horses from John Pettit, in his possession for the purpose of being taken to the public pound.

It was not till then that I had found out how serious was such a charge. Penalty, fifty pounds (\$250) and six months imprisonment, in the discretion of the court. In due time the case was heard. Pettit swore he demanded only the legal fees, that I refused to pay anything, declaring that I would have them by fair means or foul without paying a cent. His band of men corroborated him in some

of the particulars of the rescue. It was in vain for the boy to testify against three; and in the colonies the prisoner cannot be sworn—he is permitted only to make a statement. I acknowledged taking the horses, and told my story exactly as the affair happened. Although Brother Pettit was a Wesleyan class leader, the judge commented somewhat severely on his conduct and testimony, intimating that my unsworn statements seemed more truthful than his sworn testimony; but as the evidence stood, on the whole, he was compelled to impose the fine of fifty pounds. I paid it with the consolation that Pettit got none of it, besides having had all his trouble for nothing, and lost the five pounds I had offered him in the beginning. Truly, avarice even hath its reward. Mr. Davis paid all my expenses and the fine cheerfully, and fully justified me in all I had done—only facetiously blaming me for pulling Pettit out from under the horses' feet when they were running over him. I remained in his employ some seven months, and until his misfortunes came and his creditors closed down upon him. He was a good man at heart, and I believe an honest man, but his sudden downfall affected his mind. He became involved in some criminal charges, left the country and went to California, where he soon after died.

Such had been the confidence in the responsibility of Davis, that his many employés had made him their banker and left their earnings and accumulations in his hands, thinking them as safe there as in any bank in Melbourne. They had been getting the highest wages paid in the colony. Overseers and agents, twenty pounds a week; night mail

coach-drivers, ten to fifteen pounds per week; grooms, from five to seven pounds; but when the word came that Davis had failed, they were not only surprised, but many of them with families were greatly distressed. A man named Walker was appointed receiver, who continued the coaching about six weeks, and I don't think there was ever before so much stealing in the Australian colonies in the same length of time as there was under the Cobb & Company coach receivership. There was not an agent or driver but what had lost in wages from two hundred to one thousand pounds, and he was bound to make it up; and had the receivership been continued for four months, the agents and drivers could have bought out the estate and paid handsomely for it, for they were getting most of the receipts. Just at this time Watson & Hewett made the creditors an offer of about one-third of the value of the rolling stock, taking the government mail contracts off their hands, which were paying an enormous profit, besides the passenger traffic, which was accepted, and a sudden stop was put to all way-money swindling and everything else irregular.

George Watson, the principal in the new coaching firm, was a true Irish gentleman, well known and respected by everyone in Melbourne. He was a famous racing man, and was acknowledged to be the best cross country rider after the hounds in the Australian colonies, and was one of the pioneers and patrons of the Melbourne race-course, and holds an honorable position in that association unto this day. He is now over seventy years of age, and has been a prominent figure on the Flemington course

for nearly forty years. Cyrus Hewitt was an American from the state of New York, and had long been superintendent for Cobb & Company, and was continued in that position under Davis till his failure. Where he got the money to buy into the concern was always a mystery to me and a puzzle to everybody else, for apparently he had nothing, having even lost his wages deposited or undrawn in the hands of Davis.

Watson & Hewitt purchased the Beechworth line of coaches, and I went upon that road. The mail contract alone was twenty thousand pounds a year, and the passenger traffic was one hundred and seven pounds a day for the twelve months I was on the road. The working expenses were ninety-three pounds, leaving a profit of fourteen pounds a day, over and above the mail contract. After eighteen months they sold out for twenty-two thousand pounds. I give these figures to show the enormous profit there was in the coaching business in that day. They also had a contract with the government of India for the supply of horses during the Sepoy rebellion, for which they received thirty-seven pounds per head, delivered aboard ship, which did not cost one-half that amount. I was employed by them during that contract. In the course of one year they turned over to the agent of the government over four thousand head of horses at that rate of profit.

No business had so much excitement in it as coaching, especially on the Beechworth road. I knew most all the passengers and was constantly meeting old friends. The route was two hundred miles long, and the trip had to be

made within the twenty-four hours. It was a constant bustle and hurry. Each driver had his subdivision of about fifty miles. It was not altogether without danger, for once in a while there was a case of mail robbery. I have a vivid recollection of an incident that occurred on the Beechworth road while I was on it. At Talarook forest, some fifty miles out of Melbourne and about five miles from any station, about two o'clock in the morning, a man jumped out and seized my lead horses. We had large reflecting lights and thereby I saw his first move and pulled up the wheelers before getting entangled with the leaders. In an instant I had my pistol on him, and told him to let go or I would shoot him. He seemed to be alarmed or confused at my covering him so quickly, and said he wanted a passage to Kilmore. I told him he came near getting a passage to a hotter place, and advised him never to experiment in that way again. I still kept him covered with my revolver, and told him to give me one pound and jump in. He pulled out a roll of notes of enormous size and handed me one, which I put in my outside pocket without looking at it. When I arrived at the next change of horses I put on the way-bill—"one pick-up, one pound to Kilmore." I thought nothing more of it till one of the passengers told me that the fellow that got into the coach on the road, jumped out before we had gone a mile.

When arriving at Melbourne it was usual to hand in the way-bill and what money we had picked up on the road. I did so, and the agent called me and said I was one pound short. I looked at the way-bill, and I knew at once where

the missing pound was, and went to my coat pocket and pulled out the note, when, to my surprise, it proved to be a twenty pound note. I paid the one pound out of my own money, thinking that the first man I would meet when I got back to Kilmore would be my passenger of Talarook, for it did not occur to me what the other passenger had said about his jumping out. But I never met him again, and my conscience never troubled me for keeping the nineteen pounds surplus.

The day after the above occurrence I received a message from the road manager to come up to the other end of the route, and of course someone had to drive back in my place. This driver was Frank May. As he approached the same place, he was stopped in the same way by three other men. One held the horses, one covered the driver with his pistol, while the third went through the passengers. They took forty-three pounds from the driver, and all the mail bags, and left for the forest. One of them was soon caught. He had been a groom for the company. He turned Queen's evidence against the two others, and also said that they had intended to "stick it up" two nights before, but the damned Yankee was too quick and covered them first. The two were tried and hung for robbing her majesty's mail, and what became of the one who turned Queen's evidence I never knew. If I had had my way I would have let the other two hang him first, for he got the others to do the job and then took good care to save himself when "pinched," which is colonial slang for caught. For several years hardly a month passed without a mail robbery, the largest being on the New South Wales side.

CHAPTER XXV.

RARRY'S EXPLOITS—HORSE-TAMING—FUROR IN THE COLONIES—OBSERVATIONS IN BOYHOOD—THE SECRET NO SECRET—COULD DO THE SAME—TRIED AND SUCCEEDED—HORSEMEN ASTONISHED—PUBLIC EXHIBITION—HANDSOME RECEIPTS—EXHIBIT IN THE PRINCIPAL CITIES—JERRY LUTHER AND THE LADIES—BENEFIT FOR THE SCHOOLS—THE LUNCH—THE WILD HORSE AND HIS FAIR RIDER.

IN 1857 the English papers that came to the colonies were full of the accounts of John A. Rarry's wonderful and mysterious exploits as a tamer of vicious horses—among the many being Prince Albert's celebrated Cruso. As all who were privileged to witness his exhibitions were under bonds of honor to keep the secret, the outside world was kept in ignorance of his process. The colonial papers copied these accounts and wrote ponderous editorials on the powers of the horse wizard, and the biography of all the high-toned aristocratic and vicious horses that took their provender from the royal crib.

This set me to thinking that a short time before I left my home in Ohio, a man came around through our neighborhood breaking in unruly horses, and among others he took a very bad-tempered mare to break belonging to William Griffith, a neighbor of ours. He had a son, Milo, about my age, and we were very intimate, and, as my

father used good-naturedly to tell us, were always studying up some sort of deviltry. Be that as it may, we were determined to find out the secret of this man's horse-taming, if there was any. So we agreed that on the morning the man should come to break in the mare, we would stop home from school and hide in the hay-mow and witness the performance—and we did so. After the affair was all over we were so frightened for fear it would be found out, that we never breathed it to a living soul. I remember the man strapped up the horse's leg, and handled him in that position, and that is about all I did know or see, for in our guilty fright we dare not stick our heads out of the hay far enough to know all he did. I thought this new furor of horse-taming was probably nothing more nor less than what I had learned in the hay-mow. Just at this time a gentleman arrived from England, who had witnessed Mr. Rarry's exhibitions, and in conversation with him I told him I could do the same; that I had witnessed all that when I was a boy. He asked me the secret. I told him as far as I knew, and assumed what I did not know. I questioned him as to what he had seen Rarry do and got some information. He thought I knew all about it. I thought I would try the experiment at some convenient time.

Up at the end of my stage division lived a Scotchman, who owned a larger ranch at Longwood, on the Beechworth road. His name was Middlemas, and I brought the subject to his attention. He poh-pohed at it, and said it was a Yankee blow and humbug. I told him if he would bring in one of his wild horses upon my return, I would

convince him it was no "blow." "By Jo!" said he, "I will take you at your word." He was to have the horse in and put in the "loose-box"—the matter to be a profound secret. The horse was ready on my return. I was sorry when I was brought to the test, but if I backed out I knew I should never hear the last of it, and both myself and my country would suffer for my indiscretion. I could, perhaps, endure the disgrace, but the United States would be humiliated by my failure. However, I put on as unconcerned a countenance as possible, and said, "Very well, we will soon fix him in the morning." I went to bed, but did not sleep much for thinking. After breakfast I got a sursingle, a strap and a rope, and went into the loose-box with the horse, and shut the door, determined that if I had any good results the outside world should know nothing of my wonderful secret.

I soon got the strap around the horse's neck and the rope through a ring in the manger, and pulled him up to it as short as I could and fastened him. Then I got the sursingle around him and the strap around the fore leg at the fetlock, and then through the sursingle, and pulled the fore leg up, making him stand on three legs. I pulled the hoof up as close to the sursingle as possible and fastened it, got a bridle on to him and cast the rope loose, and roused him about as much as I could in so small a space, which was wholly inadequate for such experiment, for if the horse lunges, as he is very likely to, there is no getting out of his way. At first he made some desperate efforts to free himself, and I had some very narrow escapes from getting both struck and stamped with his free fore feet, for

He was the most spirited and determined animal I ever encountered. At last, after struggling to free himself for some twenty minutes, he quieted down for a short time, and as soon as he did so I approached and caressed him, talked to him, put my arm over his back and patted him on the other side, keeping on the side of his strapped fore leg, when he got so as to stand that I gradually drew myself up on his back. When he felt my weight he made a desperate spring, but I had a firm hold of the bridle rein and could hold him as I liked. This performance was continued for twenty minutes longer before he would allow me to get on and off without objection. After awhile he ceased to resist and allowed me to do as I pleased, and when he so far yielded to my treatment, I turned him around with his leg still strapped up and got on and off him again and again, then stood up on his back and sat down gently, and repeated until he did not seem to care for that. Then I would slip off over his hips, taking good care as I did so to spring out of his way. Next I led him around the loose-box, all the time patting and talking to him. When I found he would allow all this, I let down his leg very gently and went through the whole process with his leg down, led him around and repeated it, also lifting his legs, first one and then the other. Now I got the saddle, put it on him and tried him again and found him all right. I was not only delighted with my triumph, but felt greatly relieved. In fact, I felt proud. The whole performance in the loose-box occupied just two hours and a half. I went out and reported the horse ready for inspection, and Mr. Middlemas and his friends came out with me to see him tried

outside. The groom went in and led him out, mounted him and rode him around the yard, to the surprise of all who witnessed it. By turns they all handled him the same as I had, and eventually, after serving the refreshments, all had a turn in riding him.

None were more pleased or more astonished than Middlemas himself. He had bought the horse, he said, with some forty others, and told the man he bought of that he intended to have this particular horse broke in for his own use. The man told him not to have anything to do with him, for he had been tried by one of the best horsemen in the country where he came from and he could do nothing with him, that he would run great personal risk if he did. However, in less than a week he had him driving in his cart as quietly as any horse he had on his place. This happy result was a feather in my cap, and now nothing would answer but I must give a public exhibition of my powers of horse-training there in Longwood, and that at once. Middlemas made proclamation of the wonders I had performed, and the whole country being then excited over Rarry's performances in England, when I returned on my next trip a horse was ready for me to operate upon, Middlemas guaranteeing me fifty pounds the first exhibition I would give. Well, I commenced this time under more favorable circumstances, for I had the horse in an open yard. I took him in hand and in less than two hours had him equally as subdued and quiet as the first one, and the exhibition was satisfactory to all who witnessed it and to myself. The receipts were sixty-six pounds (three hundred and thirty dollars)—a

pretty good day's work. My success that day settled in my mind my future occupation for a time. A horse-taming I would go. So the next trip to Melbourne I notified the firm that I was going to leave. I left my orders for advertising and got a bond-book printed, for I intended to follow in the footsteps of my illustrious predecessor in England, and have all my pupils bound to secrecy.

I put out my bills for an exhibition at Banalla, where I met with equally as good success as my first in Longwood; then to Devil's River, or Mansfield, as it is now called; then to Wangaratta, and from thence to Beechworth. Here the first day I lost repute by refusing to take a horse that had been known for years for his bucking propensities. I objected to him on the ground that he was a broken in horse, and that I could not show all I wished to on a horse of that kind. Many thought me afraid to undertake "Old Croppy," that it would be a failure, that they would not pay their three pounds, although I told them to leave the money in responsible hands, and if I did not do all I advertised to do they would get their money back. But that did not allay their suspicions, and I had only ten witnesses to my performance, which was, if possible, the most successful one I had yet given. Finally I told them to bring on "Old Croppy," and that venerable old horse who had conquered all the knights of the saddle was brought into the ring, and in the incredible short time of twenty minutes I could stand upon his back, and he was afterwards rode through the town of Beechworth by more than twenty different persons. This was another triumph for me, and I was waited upon by

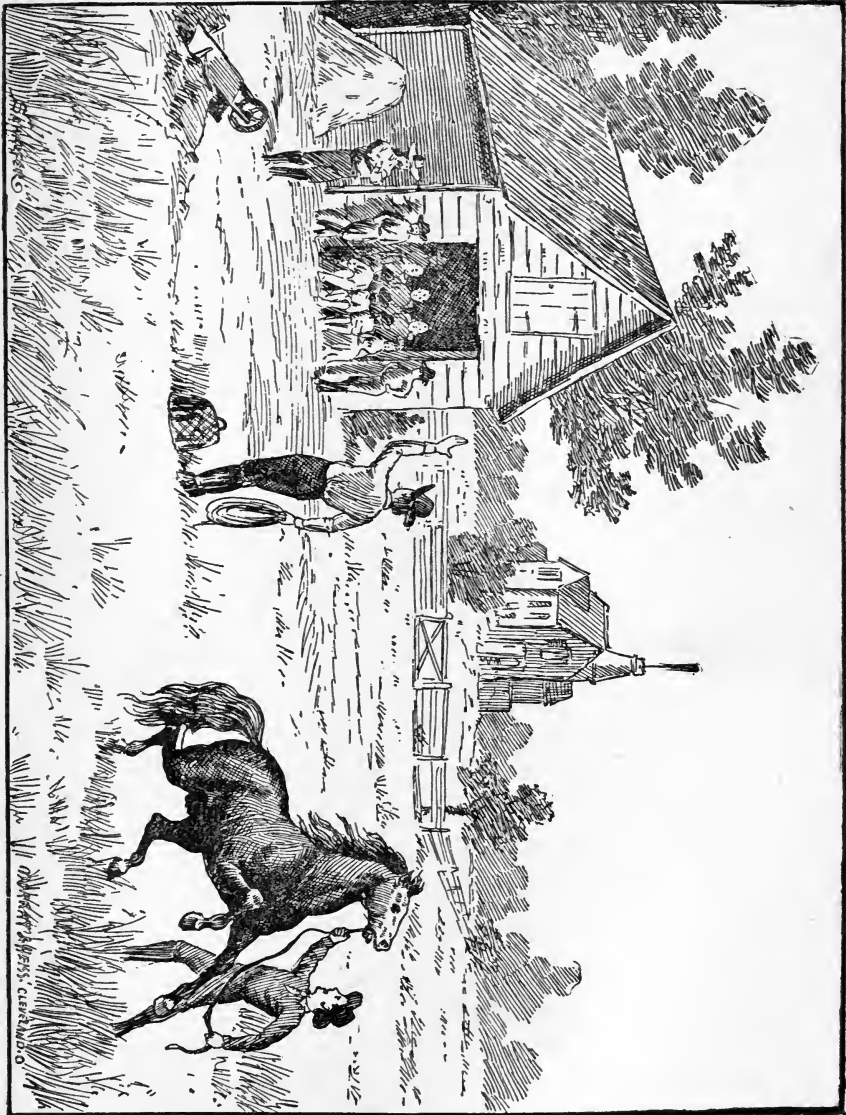
many prominent citizens and requested to give another exhibition of my skill. I was engaged to go to Yakananda the next day, but promised to return on the following day if they would be on hand at 9 A. M., so that I could reach Albury the same day, a distance of thirty miles, where I was advertised to appear. They agreed, and I returned and carried off for that forenoon's work over fifty pounds, and arrived in Albury in time to give my exhibition according to appointment.

I was now in New South Wales, and towns were far apart. My next engagement was at Waga Waga, thirty miles distant. Here the people were inclined to regard me with doubt, and only three persons patronized me. Afterwards I rode my subject out through the town, and went through some few movements, such as standing on his back and sliding off over his hips. This seemed to surprise the crowd, which now insisted on my giving another exhibition. But I had an engagement at Adalong, forty miles distant, and could not stop. However, I agreed that if they would guarantee me fifty pounds, and have a horse ready for me the next morning, so I could be away by noon, I would remain over night there. The horse was ready at seven o'clock in the morning, and at ten I rode away without having laid a hand on the horse myself; one of the men who had patronized me the day before performed the whole job under my instruction. I took sixty-five pounds and rode out of town amid the cheers of the crowd. At Adalong I met with my usual success, and from there went to Gandaga. Here the good people had heard of my former success and had resolved to bring me a horse that would conquer

the conqueror. They had one that had thus far conquered everyone who had tried him, and thrown every rider, and they felt sure I would meet a like fate. If he could not dislodge his rider by rearing or kicking, he would rear and fall over back, and thus crush or injure his rider. I felt no little anxiety concerning him, but my reputation was at stake and it would not do to appear frightened, which I confess I was, but did not let them know it. He was a large, powerful horse, well mouthed, but of a most vicious temper. He would kick, bite and strike. The strapping up of his leg seemed to surprise him; he did not know what to do. I handled him differently from the others which had never before been handled. Those I was gentle with, but this one I jerked around and made him perform on three legs. He soon discovered that he could not perform the backing dodge on three legs, so he resorted to his old trick—rearing and throwing himself over backward. This I soon overcame by means of the long line I held him by, for when he was on his hind legs I would jerk him over back and throw him, instead of letting him throw himself. This was a puzzle to him. He could not understand why I should assist him in turning a somersault. It never had been so before. The third time he tried it I gave him a terrible fall, and when he again rose to his feet he began to tremble—he quivered all over. I at once saw that he had given in—he was conquered—for I had learned a great deal more in the short time I had been in the business than I ever knew before. I found, and have never known it to fail, that when a horse trembles along the shoulders and flank, his viciousness has departed.

I then began to treat him more kindly, patting him and putting my arm over him, his leg being still strapped up; I got upon his back and rode him around the ring. When I found he made no remonstrance to that, I put the saddle on, led him around, then rode him again with the saddle, and finally let his leg down and rode him around in that way. Then I rode him out of town a mile or more, accompanied by his owner upon another horse, when we galloped back. From that time till dark that horse was kept on a move—first one and then another riding him, till more than thirty persons had been on his back. And now half of the inhabitants of the town nearly ruined their own health in drinking to mine, with the Rip Van Winkl  toast—“Here’s to your good health and your family’s, and may you live long and prosper.”

My next place was Yass. Only one man came to see me. A book had come out professing to give the secret of horse-taming—price, sixpence—and the people were not going to give three pounds when they could learn it for a sixpence. This gentleman had bought one of the pamphlets, tried his hand in the enterprise and failed. So he came to see me, but as there had been no horse brought in, of course my occupation was gone for that day. He made many inquiries, so I asked him what his book told him to do. He said the book told him so and so. “Yes, and the horse did so, did it not?” “Yes.” “And what did you do then?” “That’s just where I am puzzled; the book did not tell me, and I could go no further.” “Suppose you had done so”—telling him what to do. He slapped me on the shoulder, and said: “By jove, that’s it!” I



THE HORSE ORATION.

took him out to my own horse in the stable, and explained to him very fully. He was greatly pleased, and insisted on my accepting a ten pound note, saying the information was worth twenty times that amount to him.

At Sidney, the capital of New South Wales, I gave several exhibitions at Tattersal's bazaar, and out at Parramatta. A horse, which had been put on board a ship for India, but which proved so bad that he had been taken off, was brought to me, and I had the satisfaction of subduing all his vicious habits and propensities, and my receipts were abundantly satisfactory. Lastly, I went to Maitland where I gave two exhibitions, at one of which I was honored by the presence of many ladies. Here I met an old Victoria friend, Jerry Luther, a thorough character, not unlike Micawber, in Dickens' 'David Copperfield,' always waiting for "something to turn up." He was a good-looking person, tolerably well educated and of good manners; always moved in the best society the place afforded, a universal favorite among the ladies, and, consequently, the subject of envy among the men. Jerry took me in hand immediately upon my arrival in Maitland, and proposed an exhibition of my skill as a benefit for the school, ladies to be admitted at half price. I consented, leaving the management to Jerry, who procured a suitable place at the stables and yards of Mr. Samuel Clift.

The day arrived, and so did Jerry and his lady friends, about fifteen in number, together with about the same number of gentlemen. Jerry had it well arranged—the door thrown open facing the yard, seats arranged on the floor of the barn, and the horse already in the yard. After

seating his company and holding a brief consultation with me, in which, among other less important and embarrassing suggestions, he insisted on my opening the exercises with a short but well-considered and eloquent address. To this I demurred—it was unprecedented; I never had done such a thing at any exhibition; it was not set down in the bill; it was not “so nominated in the bond.” “But,” he said, “ladies have honored you with their presence; they expect to hear your voice as well as to observe your wonderful powers.” It was of no use to resist, and, still protesting, I consented. Jerry retired to the back of the seats where he could gesticulate his approval or disapproval of my remarks without being noticed by the audience. I was nonplused by this new act injected into the play. I thought of the happy lot of the rural member of congress, in the United States, who had a year to compose and write out one poor, weak, little speech, and then could get it printed in the *Congressional Record* without ever having even read it in the halls of state, yet read by admiring constituents from the “Hub” to the Golden Gate, while I must waste the impromptu sweetness of my oratory upon the desert air of an Australian barn-yard.

I could harangue a crowd of men in the mining camps in the well understood slang of the “Holy Land,” as Van Diemen’s Land or Tasmania is called by the “old men,” but the presence of ladies was a new feature, and I was timid, embarrassed and faint. However, I came forward, carpet-bag in hand, containing a wardrobe for the horse, consisting of straps, sursingle and lunging line, and suc-

ceeded in stammering out "Ladies and gentlemen"—or words to that effect. The ladies smiled, and then I knew I had struck a sympathetic chord. My confidence returned, and I was emboldened to add that it would be useless for me to attempt to enlarge upon the celebrated Mr. Rarry's system of horse-taming, neither would it be necessary for me to enter into detail of my treatment of the animal, as I had a subject to operate upon for the purpose of giving ocular demonstration. "If anyone has come expecting to see anything mysterious and wonderful, disappointment will follow. If you expect me by some mesmeric passes to bring the horse upon his knees and invite the rider to get upon his back, again I say you will be disappointed. Rarry's system was simply, first, getting the horse under control, and then by kindness overcoming his fears. In overcoming his fears his vices are subdued, and he becomes what he truly is, man's best friend." [Here I was greeted with rounds of applause, in which Jerry led off and the ladies followed.] This gave me time to breathe, and I concluded I had better stop while my reputation was up in the market as a public speaker.

I then opened my carpet-bag, which had been gazed upon as containing something mysterious, and pulled out a webbing lunging line, a sursingle and two straps, and informed the company that with those I intended to develop to their eyes the wonderful secret. They looked rather disappointed, especially the ladies, when they discovered that the carpet-bag, which had been the subject of so much curiosity, should after all contain only three bits of leather with buckles on them and a webbing line about thirty feet

long. But they took it graciously, while I being then a little lame from a recent injury, Jerry came forward according to promise and rendered assistance.

My horse oration was very satisfactory to Jerry. The affair came off with admirable success, and for a time I thought I should even rival Jerry among the ladies, but that feeling was soon dissipated, in one case particularly.

Mr. Clift had prepared a lunch, and after the performance was over we all adjourned to the house, all talking of the powers of man over the brute creation; not all, however—Jerry and Miss Clift were not there. We were all busy at lunch when we missed them. Miss Clift was an excellent equestrian. Presently there was a commotion outside, and upon looking out all were astonished to find that Jerry had put Miss Clift's side-saddle upon that lately vicious wild horse, and she sat thereon with the ease and grace of a Circassian princess, while Jerry was astride of another splendid horse, and they were riding through the street at full speed and the crowd of spectators cheering them.

At Maitland I met with an accident that ultimately ended my career as the Rarry of Australia. In giving a private exhibition I sprained my ankle jumping from the horse while standing on his back, and I was compelled to give up the business. I sold out to a couple of gentlemen, brothers, who had been my patrons under bonds to secrecy, for one hundred pounds, gave them my bond-book and agreed to give no more public lessons in the colonies.

Often afterwards I practiced it privately, and there are hundreds in Australia who think to this day that I possess

some secret power over a horse that no one has knowledge of but myself. But that is an error, for the only secret is this—a horse is possessed of a certain amount of intelligence, but has not the power of reasoning. It is fear that makes a horse vicious. Overcome his fears and his vice is gone, and the quickest way to do that is by kindness. To be sure there are different dispositions in horses, as in persons, and such require different treatment. One must study their various traits, as the superior mind treats, manages and controls the minds of inferior men. Nearly every horse can be subdued and made gentle by kindness, the same as it is with people. I have never yet failed to subdue a wild or vicious horse that I took in hand, and never resorted to that degree of severity of discipline that by any person could be deemed cruelty, though I have often been obliged to resort to pretty severe firmness.

CHAPTER XXVI.

GIPPS' LAND—A GOLD RUSH—DEALING WITH HIS UNCLE—CATTLE DUFFING—UNEXPECTED OFFER—ROYAL SOCIETY—EXPLORING EXPEDITION—HASTEN TO MELBOURNE—APPOINTED FOREMAN OF THE EXPEDITION—FITTING OUT—THE START—REVIEWED BY THE GOVERNOR—CURIOSITY OF THE PEOPLE—CAMELS A NOVELTY—GROOMING A CAMEL—COOPER'S CREEK—RESIGNATION AND RETURN—FATE OF THE EXPEDITION—STARVATION AND DEATH.

RETIRING from the show business and returning to Melbourne, I went once more to coaching and followed it for little more than a year, when I was again taken sick and was obliged, when partially recovered, to make a change of climate. I made a coasting voyage up to what was then a new country, Gipps' Land, named after Sir George Gipps, governor of New South Wales from 1838 to 1846. While there a new gold field broke out on the New South Wales side, about two hundred miles up the coast from Gipps' Land, on the Snowy river.

Now there never was a gold rush but I must see it, and this one was not an exception. Off I started. Arriving there I found it had, like many others, been greatly enlarged upon, though many were doing well. There was a scarcity of beef, while there were thousands of cattle within a few miles from there, in what was called the Monoro country,

but there were not men there then who would venture down and bring them up, for it was a hazardous undertaking to drive cattle in those broken ranges.

I met a young man named Croft, a native of Sidney, who told me an uncle of his had a station not more than forty miles distant, of whom we could get cattle at five pounds per head, and we arranged to go into the slaughtering business. He started for his uncle's station, while I remained to put up a slaughter-yard. By the time the yard was ready he was up with the cattle, and we commenced slaughtering. It was my first experience in this line of business. We killed twenty-five head. It puzzled me that he got that number when he had taken only seventy pounds in money with him. It beat my mathematical calculations, and when I enquired of him he said it was all right, he got them of his uncle. So I supposed his uncle let him have them on time. We sold to the butchers by the carcass.

When we had nearly sold out Croft went back for more, this time taking a hundred pounds in money. I supposed he would pay for what he had got on time and purchase as many more; that I would have what meat we had on hand all sold out, and on the third trip we would owe nothing for cattle. To my surprise he returned with upwards of thirty head. I was all sold out and waiting for him.

After a few days we were preparing for the third draft when I asked him how much we owed his uncle. He told me we owed him nothing. He said the first time he bought twelve head and paid for them, and picked the rest

up on the ranch. The second time he paid for sixteen head and picked up sixteen more. I protested against this manner of doing business. He said the old man did not know how many cattle he had; that he never would find it out; and if he did he would not prosecute him. But I could not see it in that way, and was now determined to get out of the business, at least with the nephew of his uncle. A butcher bought me out, and glad I was to get out in time, for I was sure that sooner or later they would be found out. And I was right, for they were very soon "pulled," and each were imprisoned for what is there called "cattle duffing."

The town sprang up like a mushroom, as all mining towns do, and was named Kiandra. It is situated in the most mountainous part of New South Wales, and in the roughest and coldest part of the colony I had yet found. It was in the winter months when I was there, and the snow was falling, but not as it does in this country. There it falls and melts, making it muddy and sloppy under foot, and the air cold and damp. At the season I was there it seemed to me the most disagreeable place on the earth. In summer it is said to be delightful.

The change had done me good. I had been away from Melbourne only three months, and was as rugged and healthy as ever I had been in my life. But this place was away out of the world to me, and I had become thoroughly disgusted with it. Nothing would induce me to remain there, not even the assurance of a fortune. Besides, I did not like the memory of that butchering business, and was anxious to put as many miles between me and Kiandra as

possible. I had acted in good faith and my conscience did not trouble me. I had sold out honorably and to good advantage, and was ready—not “waiting,” like Micawber,—for something to turn up.

A new field of enterprise soon opened to me, and one of a kind I least expected. The nature of it is indicated in a letter of Dr. Macadam, secretary of the Royal Society at Melbourne, Victoria, in the following terms:

MR. CHARLES D. FERGUSON:

SIR—There is a vacancy in the Victoria Exploring Expedition which will be held open for you up to its leaving Melbourne. If you think favorably of it, come to Melbourne as soon as convenient, as it intends to leave on the first of August.

JOHN MACADAM, Secretary.

A letter received from Robert O’Hara Burke at the same time of the above, informed me that he had been appointed leader of the Victoria Exploring Expedition, that he was anxious for me to join it, and advising me to come to Melbourne at once, that salary was a second consideration.

This was in 1860. It should be borne in mind that Australia is not an island, but a continent, nearly three thousand miles in length from east to west, and over two thousand from north to south, having an area in square miles greater than the United States and about equal to the whole of Europe. The country had never been explored, at least the continent had never been crossed, although there had been various attempts to do so. The first was by Dr. Lekhart, a German, who started out from Sidney in 1851, but never was heard from afterwards, nor have any traces been found to this day, for any certainty, of

the fate of the explorer and his party, though there have been rumors of traces, but when followed up have proved to be wholly mythical, and there is more known to-day of the fate of Sir John Franklin among the ice floes of the Arctic seas, than of Lekhart in the interior deserts of Australia. The government has expended many thousands of pounds in searching for the truth of these fabulous reports, which at first seemed plausible, but when investigated, each and all proved alike untrue and disappointing.

The next expedition was that of Sturt, who reached the interior as far as Cooper's creek, where he wandered about for some time and then returned, reporting the interior one vast desert of sand and sage brush, wholly destitute of grass and water. Subsequently Macgregor took the field, but he got no further than his predecessor, and returned bringing the same discouraging report. Besides these, there had been many private individuals, and pre-eminently, Sir Thomas Elder, an Australian millionaire of noble spirit, who made exploring expeditions, looking for ranges and pastures for sheep and cattle; but all told the same discouraging story on their return, many coming near losing their lives in the loss of their horses by starvation. In 1859 a Mr. Stuart, equipped at the expense of Sir Thomas Elder, started from South Australia with two companions, and came nearer to success than any previous party. He was obliged, however, to return for want of provisions.

The Victorian government, in 1860, took consideration of the subject. Private subscriptions were tendered, one man giving a thousand pounds, and hundreds of others

smaller, but very respectable sums. The government voted fifty thousand pounds. The management of the expedition was put into the hands of the Royal society. They sent to India and procured twenty-six head of camels with drivers, and appointed a leader and selected their men. I had read of the contemplated expedition and thought I would like to be one of the party, but knowing the difficulty there was in getting position in government affairs without powerful friends to back one, while at the same time there were plenty who could get places, though no more fit than children, from having friends in the government or in the Royal society, my mind did not long dwell upon the subject. Therefore, one can judge of my surprise when I received the letters before mentioned. I at once set out on foot for Melbourne to meet Mr. Burke and present myself to the officers of the Royal society. It was one hundred and forty miles to Albury, a broken and unsettled country for the first hundred miles, houses thirty miles apart, and the most dreary country in Australia. My horse had been stolen, which necessitated my starting on foot—it was a lonely country for that business. I heard of him a year or more afterwards in New Zealand, having met the man who stole him; he laughed at me, thought it was a good joke, and told me he afterwards sold the horse. So it is a reality that there are places where, as the countryman said of the city, “They cheat each other and steal and call that business.” I walked the distance in four days. When within eight miles of Albury, just at dark, and when I was making haste to reach a house I knew to be only three miles distant, I

made a misstep, and in trying to save myself, sprained my ankle and fell. For twenty minutes it seemed to me I never suffered such excruciating pain in my life. I lay and rolled upon the ground. It was three miles from a house, and cold and sleety weather; could not put my foot to the ground, and what to do was more than I could tell, when presently I heard the sound of a spring-cart (for I had now reached the old Sidney road). I made up my mind to have a ride at any cost. When the cart came up I hailed the driver, who was a hawker, or peddler. His only response to my request for a ride was a stroke of the whip upon the horse. My case was one of desperate emergency—I must ride or die. I could not walk to the next house. I seized his horse which I held with one hand, and leveled my pistol at the driver, and there I stood and compelled him to listen to my story of agony and pain, and told him I only wanted to ride to the next house, and what was more, I was going to do so. I would not hurt him, but held onto the reins and covered him with the pistol until I had crawled into the dray, when I gave him the reins and told him to drive on; that I would not hurt him, but ride I must and would. He never spoke a word, but drove me to the hotel three miles distant. When I slid down from his cart I could not walk. I asked him to help me in, and he did—in fact, he was so frightened he would do anything I told him. I then treated him to a glass of brandy and tendered him five shillings for my ride. He declined to take it but accepted a glass of hot brandy. By that time he had got over his fright, and he told me he was never so frightened before in

his life. It was then five more miles to Albury, and he insisted on my riding in with him. I jocosely hinted that he might be frightened. "No," he said; that was the reason he wanted me to go with him, as he had no fear of being stuck up if I was with him. I accepted his invitation and he drove a half mile out of the way to set me down at the Exchange hotel, kept by Kidd & Brittle, Americans.

The next morning a policeman arrived at the hotel and enquired of the landlord if he had any commands for the Snowy river. Mr. Kidd asked him what was taking him there? He replied that he was doubtless on a wild goose chase, but he was the bearer of a letter to a man there by the name of Ferguson. Kidd told him if it was Charlie Ferguson he had only to go up to room nine to find him. A knock at my door necessitated my hobbling to it to slip the bolt, when I was surprised to find a policeman facing me. I thought of Croft and his uncle's cattle. Then I saw by his uniform that he was a Victorian policeman and would have no official business with me over the border. Responding to his civil question for my full name, he handed me the letter. It was from Inspector Bookey of Beechworth, informing me that the Royal society had written him requesting that a messenger be sent to the Snowy river to find me, fearing I would not get the letter before posted to my address. I remained at Albury that day and took the coach for Beechworth the next morning, where I saw Mr. Bookey who offered to forward me to Melbourne at the expense of the Royal society. This I declined, as I did not wish

to be under obligations to the society in advance. He, however, wired them that I was on my way. Mr. Burke met me at the coach office and took me to the Royal society's hall, where I met the exploring committee then in session. Nothing was concluded that evening, but I agreed to make them a proposition at their meeting the next day. In accordance therewith I offered to join the expedition at a salary of four hundred pounds a year. They accepted the offer at once, and on the following day I received my official appointment as foreman of the Victorian Exploring expedition, Robert O'Hara Burke, leader, July 10, 1860.

From that time on I was constantly devoted to the preparation of the outfit—horses to buy, wagons and harnesses to be made, and men to break in, which was a more difficult task than the breaking in of horses, for most of them were not only inexperienced but illy adapted by habits of life for the service. They were from England, Ireland and Scotland, and had come out with letters of introduction to people of influence in the colonies who felt under obligation to do something for them, and this was the grand opportunity and they embraced it. Most of them having been brought up "a gentleman," as the term is understood in England, they knew nothing of hard work, and, besides, they were one and all, as a matter of course, preëminently ignorant of frontier, or, as it is there called, bush life, and consequently wholly unfit for an expedition of that kind.

I well remember the remark I made to Mr. Burke upon my first visit to the Royal park, where the men were

quartered, when he asked me what I thought of them. I told him if I could have my way I would select my men from some of the old experienced bush-men in the prison, rather than start out across the continent with such raw recruits; that I did not believe one-half of them could harness up a team and drive it. And my assertion proved even more than true, for there was not even one man among them that could put together a four-horse team and drive it afterwards. The purchasing of the outfit devolved entirely upon me. The wagons were fitted up in the government prison, the clothes and boots also were made there, and even the horses were shod there—in fact, the prison was the industrial institution of Melbourne and the source of mechanical products.

This brought me in contact with the prisoners, who were kept under the strictest discipline, and tobacco was prohibited. When I went to look after the work they constantly importuned me to bring them some tobacco, and not thinking of prison rules, I was rather liberal with it among those that were at work for me. I did it to encourage them to hasten on with the work. But my liberality made me trouble. Other prisoners became jealous of those that worked for me, and laid information against me. I was watched, soon caught in the act and brought before the superintendent, where I learned the enormity of the crime. Fine, twenty to fifty pounds for first offense, and three months imprisonment, in the discretion of that officer. I told the authorities that I knew they did not supply rations of tobacco to prisoners, but did not know it was such a crime for one to give them some; that

I was anxious to get on with the work and wished to encourage them to expedite it, and hoped they would overlook my offense and impose as light a fine as their rules would admit of. So a fine of twenty pounds was imposed, and Mr. Burke was told that I was not to be allowed among the men any more. I owe that fine yet, and am likely to, and if they keep the account they will always have something due them. I was told that, if I wished to give the prisoners tobacco I should put it in the loading I was sending out, as they would be sure to find it and appropriate it.

But things soon came to a stand-still inside. Not a man knew what I wanted done. But I would not go inside until I had an order from the superintendent to admit me. Things were soon put to rights. The men only held off until my presence was allowed. I supplied them with tobacco until my work was done, but was more careful in my manner of distribution. I only mention this unimportant incident to illustrate the constitutional meanness of those miserable men toward each other—jealousy and cussedness.

The expedition was expected to be ready to start by August 20, and I was determined that nothing should be left undone on my part. I was obliged to let out some of the work to private individuals, as I could not get some things done in the prison. Finally I had the entire outfit completed in time, and on the seventeenth of August, 1860, the whole party were assembled at the Royal society's hall to sign the articles of agreement for the expedition. Robert O'Hara Burke, leader; George James

Landels, second; Charles D. Ferguson, foreman; Mr. Wills, astronomer; Herman Becker, doctor and botanist; Dr. Ludwig Beckler, artist; subalterns, William Brahe, John Drake, John King and Patrick Lanon. There were a number of others whose names I have forgotten; besides, there were two Sepoys, or East Indiamen, drivers of the twenty-six camels; four wagoners and twenty-six head of horses. Three extra wagons were hired to take some of the loading as far as Swan Hill, a distance of two hundred and twenty-miles.

The day after signing the articles was Saturday, and a great day at the Royal park. The governor and lady, with a retinue of lesser officials and distinguished friends, turned out to inspect our outfit, and I was gratified by receiving many compliments from his excellency and others upon the result of my labors, although I was not satisfied therewith myself. A grand lunch was provided for all. One or two of the men became a little too hilarious through excess of beer, and when Mr. Burke heard of it he sent for me and gave me orders to discharge them and send them out of the park. I suggested to him that I had not the power to do that; I could only suspend them from duty and report them to him; that it was his province to discharge them, which he did.

On the morning of the twentieth, before ten o'clock, over sixty thousand people had assembled to witness the starting, from the Royal Park, of the Victorian Exploring expedition, on its long and perilous journey. How few of all that party thought they were starting out upon their last journey upon earth. Little did any one of them think that

of all that party there would be only one left to tell of the disastrous fate of the expedition; but so it was. Although no expedition ever before started out under more favorable auspices, or seemed more sure of success, yet providence or fate ordained its utter annihilation. The route was due north, and the objective point was the Gulf of Carpentaria, supposed distance about two thousand miles. The caravan caused no little commotion in traversing the settled portion of the country embraced in the first few hundred miles. Cattle and horses along the route stampeded from terror at the sight, and even at the smell of the camels, wafted on the breeze in advance of their appearance. It was said that some wild horses on the ranches ran thirty miles before stopping, such is their instinctive aversion to and terror of the camel. Men, women and children along the line and from stations and ranches many miles distant, came in to see the camels, and in nearly every instance the black natives, to whom the camels were alike a curiosity and a dread, compared them to the emu, for the reason, I suppose, of their long neck, for in no other feature could I see the slightest comparison. They were very shy of them, and never could one of them be induced to mount the animal or even go very near one. They would only approach in crowds, and those behind, in their eagerness to see, would push those in front uncomfortably near, and when the camel would make that gurgling sound which it often does when displeased or cross, it was laughable to see the blacks tumble over each other to get out of his way or reach, for they invariably approached in squads of a dozen or more. The men had

much sport with the blacks and camels, for the latter seemed to thoroughly detest the blacks, and would show viciousness whenever they approached, and seemed to know the blacks were afraid of them.

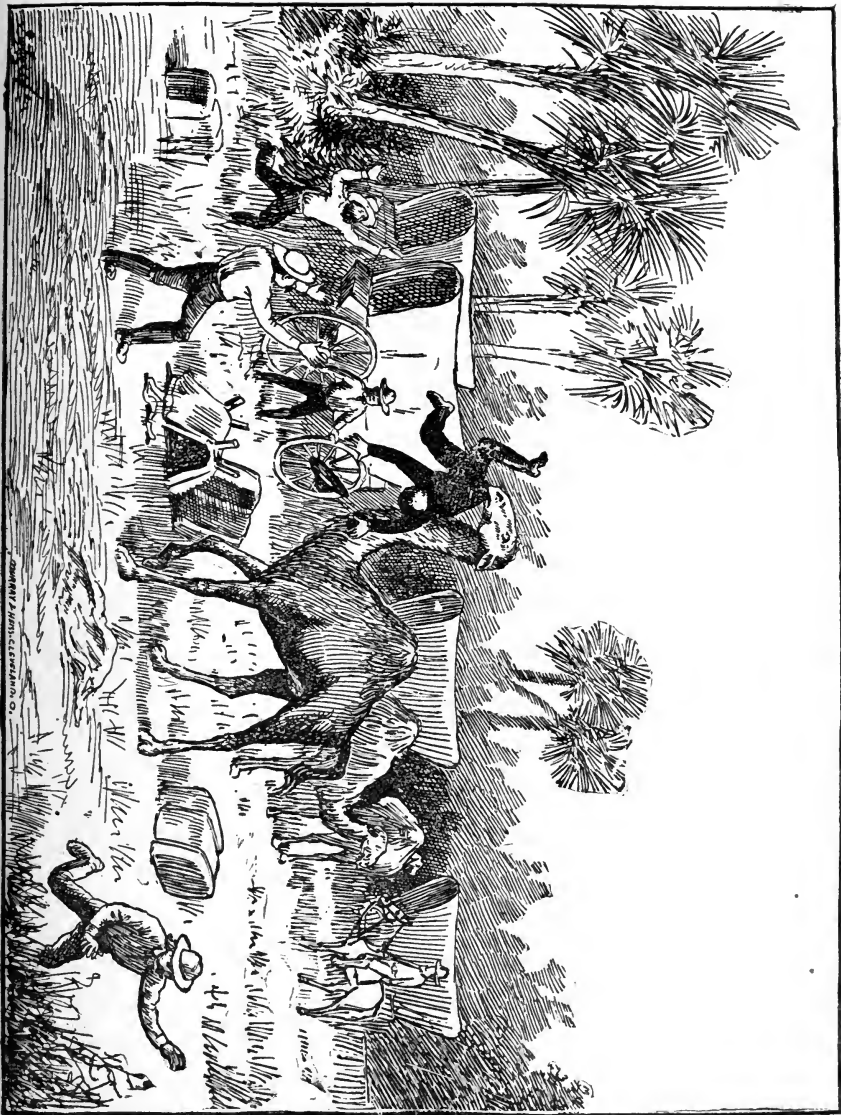
I had rather an unenviable position among so many inexperienced men, although I really believe there was not one among them but would get up in the night without murmur, if I required it of him. Mr. Burke often used to tell me I worked too hard, and would ask me why I did not let the men do it. I told him if I stood and looked on it would take till doomsday for them to learn, but if I showed them by doing it myself, they would eventually learn. Mr. Burke was an Irishman, and a gentleman in every sense of the word. He had been an officer in the Austrian army, and was, no doubt, a good soldier and a brave man, but he had the hasty impulses of his countrymen, and was not calculated, for that reason, for an unwarlike expedition of that kind. He was kind and generous to a fault, but, let anything happen out of the common routine, he was confused, then excited, till finally he would lose all control of his better judgment. Then, again, when he made up his mind to do a thing, he never considered the consequences. He had thorough discipline, and no one dared presume to contradict him. Still, if taken the right way, one could influence him to a change of order or policy. Often he would come to me with an order which to me seemed erroneous. I would simply say, "Very well, Mr. Burke"—that was enough for him to know that I did not approve of it. He would at once ask if I did not think it best to do so, when I would suggest whether it would not be pref-

erable to do so and so, and he would at once say, "You are right; do as you like;" when, if one had said to him that his was not the best way, he would have it done his way, let it result as it might. Landels would have made a better leader than Mr. Burke, being a cooler and more calculative man, with a good deal of Indian experience before coming over with the camels.

Young Wills was a son of Dr. Wills of Ballarat, and was almost a native, having come to the colonies when a mere child. He was an attaché of the Melbourne observatory, and had he lived would have made his mark in the world. Dr. Ludwig Becker, the artist, was a very genial man, always trying to assist someone, not as yet having had opportunity to display his artistic skill. He often asked me to find him something to do so he could assist the poor men. Finally, one day, I asked Lanon, an Irishman, if he had not something for the doctor to do. "Yes, sur, of coorse I have," said he. "What is it," mildly asked the doctor. "Groom that camel," said he, and gave him a brush and pointed him to one of the most vicious camels in the whole lot. As the doctor approached, the camel let out one of those gurgling sounds which frightened him, and he asked if the animal was kind. "Kind as a lamb, sur," said Lanon. Then came another gurgle and the doctor retreated. "Just say, salaam, salaam, to him," said Lanon, "and he will be kind as a kitten, sur." The doctor again approached cautiously, pronounced the magic words, and at last got his brush to work on the camel's fore leg. The doctor wore a pair of cotton moleskin pants, as thick as a board and twice as strong, and about two

sizes too large for him, especially in the seat. All of a sudden I heard a most unearthly yell for help, in both German and English. I looked and saw the doctor hanging in the air, about ten feet from the ground. The camel had got him by the seat of his pants, between his teeth, and was raising and lowering him, to the height of not less than ten feet, the doctor kicking and swinging his hands and calling for help, when at last the pants gave way, and just at the moment when the doctor was highest in the air, down he came upon his hands and knees, and then struck out without waiting to regain his feet. While I could hardly refrain from laughing, I felt the necessity of reproofing Lanon, and asked him why he selected that vicious camel for the doctor. He looked as solemn and sedate as a judge and answered, "I never saw him do the likes of that before, sur." Neither had I. However, the good doctor never applied for any more jobs.

The expedition made Cooper's Creek about one thousand miles due north of Melbourne, on the sixteenth of December, and there made a cache for provisions and supplies and established a relief corps, and were preparing to proceed in pursuance of the original plan and in accordance with prior instructions for the second half of the journey, the terminus of which was the southern and extreme point of the bay of Carpentaria. But just at the moment of breaking camp new orders arrived from Melbourne for a division of the party with a view to divergence into three separate routes, ultimately to converge at a common rendezvous on the shores of the great northern bay. This



GROOMING THE CAMEL.

was deemed impracticable by those in charge of the expedition, and not only extra hazardous, but contrary to the terms of their contract of service. The order not only produced consternation for the increased danger to small parties, but produced a state of unhappiness that could not be quieted or allayed. Mr. Burke, true and faithful to his education of obedience, regardless of consequences, even in a remote region where his superiors could have no knowledge of the country and its dangers, and he knowing the orders unwise, insisted on following instructions to the letter. Consequently many of the men refused to obey Mr. Burke's orders for the division of the party of the expedition, and finding cheerful obedience to duty on the part of the men wholly departed, and, moreover, finding it impracticable to manage and be responsible for three separate companies, I resigned my commission and received an honorable discharge from Mr. Burke, and returned on foot and alone to Melbourne. Mr. Landels, who came from India and had special charge of the camels and the camel drivers and grooms, soon followed me. The diversity of sentiment and want of common and mutual interest among a mixed multitude, of English, Irish, German, Scotch and East Indians, but few, if any, practical business or even working men, and none of them experienced in border life and the hardships of such over-land expeditions, rendered the duties and responsibilities of the manager of the train doubly onerous.

After my resignation and the departure of Mr. Landels, the expedition, in some manner, resumed its northern

course, and was absent and lost to the world, and even to the relief corps which they left at Cooper's creek, for the space of four months, when a remnant of it reached there, April 21, 1860, only to find the relief corps gone and nothing left to eat. The result was, every vestige of the expedition disappeared forever, save only one man, King, rescued alive from the blacks. A full and minute history of the expedition would be of exceeding interest to many, and I have sometimes thought I would relate it from its inception to its tragic end, but my final conclusion is that it would be impossible for me to do so without casting reflections upon some who took an active part therein; besides, files of innumerable documents of conflicting testimony are in the archives of the Royal Society of Melbourne, and as the terrible tragedy is now past nearly thirty years, I refrain from more than general remark, treading lightly on the ashes of the dead. The errors committed on either side were errors of judgment and not of motive—errors of the head and not the heart. It was a grand scheme and enterprise of the Royal society in the interest of science and geographical discovery, and its ultimate catastrophe is not, in my judgment, chargeable upon the Royal society. Many scandalous slurs were indulged in towards that honorable body, but from my own personal knowledge, I knew the insinuations were groundless; and direst charges were made against the society, which never had the shadow of a foundation in truth.

I will mention only the general progress of the expedition without very minute details. Our progress was very

slow through the settled portions of the country, mainly from bad roads, or rather no road at all in the open country, but in no small degree detained and hindered by visitors who swarmed around us, many coming from a distance of fifty miles, so curious were they to see the grand cavalcade, especially the camels and their turbaned drivers from Hindoostan, which were a novelty in Australia. The men gradually became accustomed to the work, and seemed anxious to learn, so the task was not so hard upon me as at first. But men cannot learn their work, of this nature, in a week nor in a month, however anxious they may be to do so. And I do now and here wish it to be distinctly understood that I do not assume to myself the sole and exclusive knowledge of the management of such an expedition in such a country, or that I was perfect at all times and under all circumstances, in manners, temper or spirit; but I did then, and do now claim that from the experiences of my whole life, up to that day, I was enabled to know, and did know my business as well as, and even better than anyone else connected with the expedition; and had my advice been followed, touching the route, the order and discipline of the train men, I have not the least hesitancy in asserting that, in my judgment, the expedition would have returned in triumph.

But the fate of the Victorian Exploring expedition is now a matter of history and briefly told. It succeeded in its main object—to cross the Australian continent—the first ever to have accomplished it—but with the loss of the entire party save one, King, who alone remained to relate the sorrowful tale. A government relief party sent out, found him alive

among the black people and rescued him—sick and emaciated, sad and sorrowful. He survived but a short time after he was brought in. Burke's and Wills' remains were found and brought into Melbourne, where they were buried with honors which they richly deserved and for which they had laid down their lives. And now there is a noble monument in Melbourne erected to the memory of those men, on whose paneled base, for a hundred generations, may be read the honored names of Burke and Wills, as the first pioneers to cross the continent of Australia. Landels, who left the expedition soon after I did and returned to Hindoostan, has since died, leaving the narrator hereof the sole surviving member of that famous expedition.

CHAPTER XXVII.

AFTER TEN YEARS — INVESTS IN QUARTZ — A FAILURE — RUSH TO NEW ZEALAND — GETS A CITY CONTRACT — COACH DRIVING — FOX'S DIGGINGS — LUMBERING ON WAKTEPAC LAKE — LORD TROTTER AND HIS SHEEP — THE MUTTON STORY — THE RAFFLE FOR THE BOAT.

TEN years had now passed since the discovery of gold in Australia. In that time there had been a great change in the system of mining. After the new constitution, the miners were represented in parliament, each mining district sending a member. The diggers had triumphed in the great modern principle in government—taxation and representation inseparable. Henceforth the two were to go hand in hand, and the first fruits thereof were laws made in conformity to the interests of the great mining industries. In Ballarat the frontage system was established. Before that, if one sunk a hole and it proved not to be on the lead of gold, it was a dead loss; but the frontage system gave one a claim on the lead of gold, no matter if it was one hundred yards from where you sunk your shaft. Then again, there was no protection for the capitalist until Frasier's bill, called the Limited Liability act, became a law. This law only held one liable for the actual amount he individually invested, or, in common parlance, an amount equal to his stock. This encouraged capitalists to invest

largely, and it was not long before the whole country was excited by the quartz-mining fever that had broken out all at once in Victoria. There were many companies formed in Ballarat, Bendigo, Castlemain, and, in fact, in all the alluvial diggings, and were the means of opening up a new country. Companies were daily forming. Large quartz mining plants were being erected; in fact, it was a new era in the mining colonies.

Among the rest, I was carried away and induced to invest in the Stiglitz Quartz Mining Co. and in the Sailors' Reef Co., the latter containing only three. Our prospects were good and our hopes were high, way up above the hundreds; in fact, we rather overreached ourselves, and were obliged to take in the fourth man as a partner, who furnished twenty-five hundred pounds, and for security took a bill of sale on the Reef. He was a great speculator, but a thoroughly honest man. He, however, became involved, his creditors shut down on him and then came down on the Reef, to our ruin. We were turned out without a pound in money among the three. In less than twelve months from that time that claim sold for half a million of dollars. We lost all. It was hard, but such is the fate of a miner. I never attached any blame to the man that failed, for it killed him, poor fellow! and liked to have killed another of our stockholders, for he took to drink over his hard luck and liked to have killed himself, and would have done so had it not been for his brother, who got him on board a ship bound for New York. I have seen him in New York since my return, and he related to me the following account of himself after leaving the colonies.

When he came to himself, he said, he had not the least idea where he was or where he was going to until the captain told him. When he landed in New York he had just half a crown in money (sixty-two and a half cents). His friends lived on Long Island, but he made up his mind not to go to them until he got a little start. He had plenty of good clothes and that was all. Before leaving New York he had acquired a knowledge of the grocery business, and now he went to his old employer, secured a job and stayed with him a year, never letting his friends know he had returned. Then his old employer set him up in the store where I found him, and where he had been for eighteen years, his friends not knowing for over two years of his return to this country. His other partner in distress got a job on the coaches.

Just at that time a great rush was made for the middle island of New Zealand, and I sailed for that country almost dead broke, so nearly so that when I landed in Gabriel's Gully, all I had in the world was thirty shillings (seven dollars and fifty cents). I looked around for a hotel to stop for a night and saw the sign of the Golden Age, and knew it was kept by an old Victorian, and went in and asked for a bed. There was a stranger behind the counter who told me that the house was full; when I turned to walk out with a feeling of disappointment and sadness, I heard a voice from an adjoining room sing out, "As full as we are, there is always room for Charlie Ferguson." I knew I had fallen among friends. I had, indeed, for had I been looking for a friend in need, which is the friend indeed, I could never have found a bet-

ter one than Harry Richmond. He was as much surprised to see me as I was to find him there, for he had heard that I had made a fortune and returned to the United States. But error travels faster and spreads wider, and finds access to nooks and corners and out of the way places, which easy-going and slow-paced truth never overtakes or finds. Besides, my experience is that one is never sure of a fortune until he has grasped it, and even then it is liable to take the wings of the morning, or the afternoon, for that matter, and fly to the uttermost parts of the earth; at all events, generally, so far as to be hopelessly beyond recovery.

Richmond related his history since we last met, which was full of the usual events incident to the life of a gold seeker in the Australian colonies. Immediately after going through the insolvent court in Victoria, he left to try his luck in other gay and festive scenes, as he expressed it, and shipped for Otago, on the middle island of New Zealand. Soon after his arrival the gold excitement broke out and he went up to the diggings, and there I found him keeping a hotel and doing a first-class business. In return, I had, of course, to tell him of my career since I had seen him; all the Melbourne and Sydney news of men and events; of our wreck on the Sailor's Reef, and the fall of the house of Ferguson!

He at once extended the hand of friendship and informed me that there was an opportunity just open for me. A contract was to be let the next morning for cutting, excavating and building a culvert on Main street; that the fund was raised and he was treasurer; that proposals

were called for, and all I had to do was to put in a bid, and I was sure to get the contract. So, in pursuance of his suggestion, I wrote out proposals to do the work in accordance with the specifications for one hundred and sixty pounds sterling. To my utter astonishment I was the accepted contractor. In less than ten days after arriving in the place I cleared just one hundred pounds out of the contract (five hundred dollars). My good fortune did not stop here, for no sooner had I completed my contract with the town council than Mr. Hoyt came up to the diggings with four horses and drays to sell to the diggers for the purpose of hauling wash dirt from the claims to the creek to be washed. He could not just then sell them to advantage, and I made him an offer to work them on shares—an equal division of the net proceeds after deducting the expense of keeping and drivers' wages, which was one pound a day. I used to do the hustling—getting the loading and seeing that they were not idle. Each dray could make from six to eight pounds per day. But oats were sixteen shillings per bushel, and "chaff" (bran or shorts) one pound per hundred, consequently it cost about three dollars a day each horse. I followed this for about four weeks, when the work was all done. Upon settlement with the owners of the teams, I had averaged for myself, all expenses being paid, six pounds (thirty dollars) per day. I then received orders to return the teams to Dunedin and I would be paid for my trouble. I gave out notice the day before I was to start that I would take passengers through in two days for two pounds per head, and I was soon full—about five passengers to each dray.

I gave the drivers their fare for driving. I collected the fares and got them started, and when the stage came I got into the coach and left the drays to come after me.

Upon arriving in Dunedin I was at once offered a job as coach driver. I took it and remained with the coaches about three months, when I returned to Victoria to attend a lawsuit in which I was a party. Of the four months I had been on the island I had not been idle a day. I had made from eight to forty pounds a week, averaging over eighteen pounds, and should not have left but for the lawsuit I had in hand, which required my presence and which, like taxes, must be attended to. Thus ends the first lesson in New Zealand.

Having gained my suit in Victoria and a verdict of three hundred and eighty-seven pounds, I was ready to return to New Zealand. The first discovery of gold in that island was in a locality called Gabriel's Gully, and a small area of the surrounding district. Then there was a lapse of some eight months before any more discoveries were made, and the miners began to think that gold rushing, as it was called, was at an end in that island. The government had a standing reward of two thousand pounds for the discovery of a paying gold field anywhere outside of thirty miles from those already opened, and many were the prospecting parties who hoped to make the necessary discovery and secure the reward. For a long time no one claimed the government bounty. The government itself sent out prospecting parties, but none as yet had discovered signs of the glittering treasure. At last two diggers arrived in Dunedin, Hartley and Johnston, and presenting

themselves at the treasury office claimed the reward, exhibiting at the same time in proof of their claim forty pounds weight of fine gold, which they had obtained in six weeks about one hundred and twenty miles from Dunedin, at a place called Dunston, on the Molonox river. The news spread like wild-fire throughout the three islands, and the first steamer that arrived in Melbourne brought the news. Victoria was instantly in a blaze of excitement, and in less than forty-eight hours steamers were chartered, and daily thereafter left the Melbourne docks literally thronged with human freight, and this was kept up for weeks and until one would think, who never had been there, that Otago would be as crowded as were the steamers with merchandise and traders and the numberless eager and anxious diggers whose bosoms glowed with hopes and fond expectations. But, alas, not one in ten ever had their expectations realized.

✂ The island of Otago had only been settled a few years, and consequently was not prepared for any such sudden influx of population, so it naturally had the effect to open up an immense trade with the neighboring colonies, particularly with Melbourne and Sydney. Merchants shipped large cargoes of groceries and goods of all descriptions, and cattle and horses were shipped daily on the same extensive scale. I was employed by Messrs. Henry and Charles Hoyt to go over with horses. The latter gentleman was already there, where he had put on a line of Cobb & Company's coaches. I made several trips for that firm, and was also employed by them in Dunedin for considerable time.

But there is something so infatuating about gold digging to one who has once been employed in it, that it seems almost impossible for one to be cured of it or to keep out of it, especially when one is constantly hearing of those who had made wonderful strikes and sudden fortunes. One never hears from the unlucky ones, the unfortunate and the desponding. They, however, keep plodding on, still hoping for a change in their luck, for luck it is, after all.

The feeling was over me and was irresistible, and I determined to once more try my luck, and this time in the gold mines of New Zealand. I started for the Dunston. A fresh gold field had just been opened on the Arrow river, about fifty miles from Dunston, by one William Fox, and was called Fox's diggings. Three of us bought a horse and pack-saddle, for which we paid seventy-two pounds, packed our blankets and tools and started. When we arrived we heard of another creek called Skipper's creek, up in the mountains, and they are mountains indeed, mountains that are almost impossible to crawl up, especially for a horse, with cliffs of rocks where one will be obliged to crawl along the side of a precipice where a misstep would send him hundreds of feet below. As we were passing over one of these places our horse stepped on a loose stone, slipped and went over, nearly taking Jim Cornish, who was leading him, also. He had hung on to him as long as possible, hoping to save him, but was finally obliged to let go, and over the poor horse went; and his bones are doubtless there at the bottom to this day, if he is not yet falling, for the chasm into which he fell seemed bottomless. It was utterly

impossible for us to get down to our blankets and tools and provisions, and so we lost the whole.

This may seem incredible to those who have never been in New Zealand; nevertheless, it is a fact which will be borne out by thousands who have traveled through that country prospecting as I have. Many persons have lost their lives in the same manner as our poor horse lost his. I remember a place called the Hogback—some two hundred yards across it—where a person dared not cross when the wind was blowing hard, for fear of being blown over either one side or the other, it being hundreds of feet down on either side, and so nearly perpendicular that it was impossible for one to stand. After losing our horse we went back to Queenstown, a little town that had sprung up since the diggings opened, situated on Lake Waktepac, which is about one hundred and seventy miles inward from Dunedin. It is a chasm of fresh water about seventy miles long and from half a mile to three miles wide. It is said to be unfathomable in some parts, and has a very strong under-current, so much so that if a man falls overboard in the middle, he is seldom rescued. I have some doubts of the correctness of that statement, for I once jumped from a raft in the middle of that lake and am herestill. However, as I struck the water I managed to catch hold of the stern of a boat, and pulled myself into it.

There is no timber on the middle island except in a few places. About eight miles from Dunedin is a small patch of some twenty acres, and another at the foot of Mount Munkatoon of about one hundred acres, also another patch at the head of Lake Waktepac. This last timber

was on an island about twenty-five miles above Queenstown, and consisted of poles from three to five inches in thickness. They were in demand for building purposes and would bring from one to six dollars apiece in Queenstown. Four of us concluded to cut a few thousand and float them down on a raft. We paid one hundred pounds for a boat which had been brought to the lake by wagon, and launched and started for the little wooded island. We were not long in cutting poles enough to make a good-sized raft, tying them together with New Zealand flax, which grows abundantly in all parts of that country. Our raft completed, we started on the downward voyage about the middle of the day, expecting to get into port by the next morning, as the weather was good and there was a full moon. There was a slight wind in our favor, and we fixed up a mast, and for a sail put up a pair of our blankets, which helped us along wonderfully. We got on finely until five o'clock in the afternoon, and had made nearly half the distance, which put us in good spirits, so much so that we had already begun, like the girl in the Webster's Spelling Book, to count up our profits and consider how we would invest the proceeds, when, upon rounding the elbow of the lake, which was just half the way, we met a squall. Never was there another place on lake or ocean, where a squall will materialize in less time and without giving the slightest notice, and where water will become rougher, than on Lake Waktepac.

In less than ten minutes' time the waves were rolling, and the raft was pitching and liable to come to pieces at any moment. I was on the raft and at once took in the

sails by pulling out the mast. I at once saw my situation and called out to the boys to let go the tow-line, which they did. Then how was I to get off and into the boat? There was little difficulty in getting off, but plenty in getting into the boat. If they came too near there was danger of the raft plunging upon and swamping the boat. My only chance was to make a regular Sam Patch leap, and for that I prepared by divesting myself of coat and boots. The boys got as near as they dared, keeping the stern of the boat to the raft. I crawled to the edge of the raft, and as she rose to the waves I jumped. The boys afterwards said that when they saw me in the air they were sure I was coming into the boat on top of them. I struck the water just at the stern of the boat and grabbed the gunwale and held it with a sure grasp and sang out to the boys to

“Stretch to their oars for the evergreen pine,”

or the raft would be on top of boat and all. The man at the stern pulled me in and I breathed freely once more. I really believe the others were more frightened than myself. However, I felt that I never had had a closer call, and fully made up my mind then and there that if I was spared that trip I would leave sailing and rafting to others that understood the business better than I did.

The squall did not cease for half an hour, then it dropped as quickly as it rose, but not until our raft was a wreck, when we pulled ashore and camped for the night. The next morning we patrolled along the shore and picked up a great number of poles which had washed upon the

beach, and were all day mustering them and putting them together, and at last brought into port and sold out the remnant of our original cargo of lumber. There was not a member of our lumbering firm but had had enough of the timber trade or boating on Lake Waktepac. We put up our boat to be raffled for by fifty ticket-holders at two pounds each, the members of our lumber company holding each one's share. Here my luck stood me in once more, when I won the prize, having thrown the highest number. Now I had some visible means of livelihood and support—some tangible property and estate—something on the face of the earth subject, at least, to taxation—property—this world's goods, long hankered after.

Down at the foot of the lake another town had sprung up, called Providence, where some gold had been obtained in the surrounding mountains, and I determined to try my luck there. A man named Hager, I think, a Canadian from Hamilton, Ontario, or near there, and myself started for the place in my boat. And now I had another adventure in that boat. The wind was in our favor, being astern, our blanket sails spread, when a squall struck us within three miles of our destination. The waves ran almost mountain high and the whole town was out to see us land, or rather see us thrown ashore. Down we came with the rushing of the wind and wave, for we could not do otherwise. As good luck would have it, it was a sand beach, and a wave carried us in and landed us high and dry. We got out as though nothing had happened, or as though that was our accustomed style of landing, and with the help of the spectators pulled our boat out further

upon the sandy beach. They had expected to see us washed back by the waves and our boat upset. I now firmly resolved that this should be my last appearance as a sailor on the high seas of Lake Waktepac.

Like all new towns in those excitable times, one can find plenty ready to go into a raffle, so that night I put up my boat to be raffled for, and it was won by a man who had his name down on the list of "stockholders," but had not paid for his "stock;" so I took the boat around and left it in charge of a business man named Colton, whom I had known in Victoria, with instruction to deliver it to the winner when he paid the two pounds. I left with Hager the same morning on a prospecting tour, and we were gone about two weeks. We wandered on and on without satisfactory results until our provisions were exhausted, having eaten the last morsel before setting out on our return, and never thinking we had got so far away. We walked all day carrying our blankets and tools on our backs, and just at dark came out to where we knew we were still twenty-five miles from Providence, and no chance of getting anything to eat until we arrived there. We had heard there was an old fellow by the name of Trotter, a "squatter," or station man nearby, who would neither give nor sell anything to a digger, for many of those old primitive squatters felt very sore, not to say indignant at the diggers coming into the country. We held a consultation, and while doing so we heard the bleating of sheep not more than a mile distant. They run in flocks of two or three thousand. We went down to where they were without a shepherd, old Trotter being

too stingy to keep one. I told Hager to go around on the other side and drive them up, knowing by the way they were heading that they were sure to run between two big rocks, and when he saw them going through to reach for one of the hind ones, and I would plant myself behind the rocks and rush out and catch one. We soon had a good, fine fat one, which we were not long in dressing. Our greatest difficulty now was to procure fuel for cooking, but we succeeded in gathering a sort of coarse bush. I think they call it morley bush, which, when dry, is a good substitute for wood. There is no difficulty in New Zealand in getting a thin, flat stone, not thicker than a clapboard, which will stand any amount of heat without breaking, and on one of these we cooked our mutton, eating the same without salt or pepper, and were satisfied.

The next morning we breakfasted on the same and were ready for a start, the only perplexity being the idea of having to leave so much good mutton unconsumed. There was a law in New Zealand that one could not be prosecuted when one was, as we were, in a famishing condition, for killing a sheep, as long as he took only what he could eat; but if he moved or carried any away with him, he was then subject to the law. Mutton was worth thirty-seven cents a pound, even in that land where flocks were counted by thousands. It was a pity, I thought, to leave so much good mutton behind, so I cut off the legs with our hatchet, rolled the remainder in the blankets, determined to carry it along, very much against Hager's inclination.

We started, but had not traveled more than two miles

before we saw a horseman coming towards us. "There comes old Trotter," said Hager; "what shall we do with our sheep?" "Let him come," said I; "he can't whiptwo of us, and I doubt if he can one." As he came nearer we saw, sure enough, it was my lord Trotter, the great squatter of the domain; one of the "Shepherd Kings" of the island, like unto such as once established a dynasty in Egypt. As soon as he was near enough we approached him with a bold front, saluted him, and bade him good morning. I pulled off my blankets and mutton, threw them on the ground, took out my pipe and filled it, took a seat on my blankets and mutton, and struck up a conversation with him—telling him where we had been, the poor success we had had, and where we were going. He remained with us some twenty minutes; enquired if we had seen any sheep on our route. We gave him the desired information, but took good care [not to direct him so he would go near where we camped the night before.

[This mutton story got out and traveled over seven hundred miles, to Melbourne, and when Ferguson returned there it was told by his genial friends on public occasions, with many additions and embellishments, to his expense of many boxes of cigars. The substance of the story, as there told, was that Ferguson stole a sheep and was caught by the lordly proprietor just as he was in the act of cutting its throat; that, being threatened with prosecution, he straightened up and deliberately wiping his bloody knife, looked the owner straight in the eye and sternly replied: "Do you think I would let any damned sheep bite me?"—EDITOR.]

Upon arriving at Providence I found that Colton had lent the boat for a few hours, and it had not been returned. The man who won it in the raffle had sent the person around, taking that method of getting possession without paying the two pounds. I was not long in going to where the boat was moored and took it back to Colton's. Upon landing I was met by the man and a crowd of eight or ten persons. He demanded the boat. I refused to let him have it unless he paid me the money he owed me. This he refused, saying at the same time he would take the boat and thrash the ground with me also. The crowd being mostly strangers, I explained to them how matters stood, telling them if he paid me the money he was welcome to the boat, but unless he did he should not have it. I saw at once I had gained a point among the respectable portion of the bystanders, and that gave me courage. He came up to take the "painter" out of my hand. He was surprised to find himself very suddenly laid on his back, but he was not long in coming up again. This time I caught him, and giving him a whirl, sent him into the lake. Where we were that moment the shore was rather bluff, and the water was over his head. I thought, by his actions, he could not swim, and I caught hold of him and pulled him out. He thought I was going to hold him there and he begged for his life, promising to pay me if I would let him out. The bounce was all taken out of him. He borrowed the money of one of his friends, paid me and took the boat. That is the last boat I ever owned or probably ever shall. I had had enough of prospecting in New Zealand—never having dug out one ounce of gold in the province—and returned to Dunedin.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

BUTCHERING IN NEW ZEALAND—THE NATIVES—CANNIBAL MEMORIES—
 RETURNING TO MELBOURNE—SICKNESS—SONS OF FREEDOM COMPANY
 —COLONIES DESCRIBED—BOTANY BAY CONVICTS—TASMANIA—CAP-
 TURE OF BUCKLEY—BIRDS AND ANIMALS—NATIVES—THE BOOMERANG
 —LOST CHILDREN—TRACKERS—RABBITS—CHURCHES—EDUCATION—
 PARLIAMENT—PRODUCTS AND COMMERCE.

HERE at Dunedin an opening presented itself—which I thought favorably of—to embark in the butchering business, at a place about fifteen miles out of town. Meat was selling at eighteenpence a pound, or one shilling retail. I had a good chance to buy cattle cheap from the shippers, as in shipping some get crippled and cannot be driven, and such I bought, and was generally able to double my money. I followed the business about six months. The climate of New Zealand, especially in and around Dunedin, is cold and damp, with very heavy fogs, sometimes lasting the entire day. I contracted the asthma, which laid me prostrate, and was compelled by reason thereof to return to Victoria.

New Zealand was first only a whaling port. Wellington is the capital. The first immigrants were principally Scotch, and they had much trouble with the natives, or Maories, a race akin to the Malays, of dark brown complexion, trim built, tall and possessing considerable intellectual bright-

ness. The first serious outbreak was, I think, in 1850. British soldiers were called upon to put them down, but soon found they had a more difficult job than they had anticipated. The Ninety-ninth regiment was almost annihilated by the Maories, who fought in ambush. A peace was finally patched up which lasted some ten or twelve years, when the Maories again became dissatisfied. This time the Twelfth and Fortieth regiments were sent to put them down, but found they had undertaken more than they had bargained for. The British soldiers are brave in battle—perhaps there are none more so when they can meet their foe face to face as warriors on the field—but they are disciplined, and are like a piece of machinery—if one part goes wrong, all is wrong. They cannot fight and skulk, and that is the method of Maori warfare. In 1863 they undertook to drive the Maories out of their stronghold, or pah, as the Maories call it. They met with a fierce resistance and were attacked on all sides, the Maories fighting in ambush. The soldiers became panic-stricken and broke, and then followed a most barbarous slaughter of British soldiers.

The New Zealand government now called for volunteers, raw recruits, offering each volunteer eighty acres of land, five shillings a day and found, to fight the Maories. Soon men enough were enrolled and under arms to swamp all the tribes of the country, and being raw recruits, to the manor born, and subject to no restraints of military pride and discipline of the professional British soldier, they fought the natives after their own style, and reduced them to

obedience and order. There has since been occasionally a threatened outbreak, which has been nipped in the bud.

A great portion of New Zealand is mountainous and rough, having the appearance of a marine origin, and as having been thrown up out of the waters, which were gathered together and called seas in the hurried moments of the six days of creation, and which the harrow of time has been unable to smooth down. It is subject to earthquakes, for I felt no less than three in the short time I was there. Portions of the country are the very best of agricultural land, especially in the northern and middle islands. The southern island is well timbered, and the principal product lumber. The northern has a mild climate and is very healthy, while the middle and southern are cold, damp and foggy, which I don't admire. The settlers are the same as those of the northern island—the canny Scot—looking out for the sixpence. When the diggings broke out they were at a loss how much to charge for an article, but never in my experience did I fall in with one that failed to charge enough.

The Maories are as fine-looking a race of people as I ever saw, except by the manner in which they make themselves hideous by their fashion of tattooing themselves. They were once cannibals, and there are some alive to-day who in their youthful days feasted on human flesh, and when the “oldest inhabitants” get together now, they talk over the good old times, before civilization came in to interfere with the rights of the people, when fragrant soups and tender cutlets were made from the bodies of prisoners of war, and delicious steaks were cut from the body of the

hapless missionary. They used to keep their captive foes as a farmer kept a flock of sheep—to fatten and kill when wanted, especially for the occasion of the cannibal Thanksgiving day. But they do things differently in New Zealand now. To say they are an industrious people would be saying too much, although they work at farming and other occupations; yet they are never known to hurt themselves with work. They are civil, and when well treated are hospitable and kind. Their color is about the cast of our North American Indians, but they have nothing near the energetic spirit and action of our Indians on the western plains. There are but a very few natives in the Middle island now. At a place called Tokomoria, about twenty miles from Dunedin, a few families alone remain. Wellington, Nelson and Auckland are the principal cities on the North island, and Dunedin and Invakargle on the Middle island.

Upon my arrival in Melbourne I consulted Dr. Gilbey, who advised me to quit the city and make for the ranges. I took his advice and started for Woods' Point. This portion of the country had undergone a great change since I had been there two years before. It was then one of the roughest parts of Victoria. There was only now and then a camp of diggers. The place was opened up by one Harry Woods, an American, who had much difficulty in getting in and out through the dense thicket of scrub. It is a hilly country on the headwaters of the Gouldbourne river, just on the divide, where the waters run each way, one into a tributary of the Murray, which runs through the interior and empties into the ocean at Adelaide, South

Australia; the other into the head of the Yarra Yarra, which empties into Port Phillip, three miles south of Melbourne. All these tributaries are gold-bearing, and have been worked more or less, and some have proved very rich. Then there are numerous other streams which empty into the Thomson and Avon rivers, tributaries to the Gipps' Land lakes, likewise rich in gold. Further north is the Crooked river, the Wangongaree and the Dargo, forming the Mitchel, which also empties into that chain of lakes, and all of which are gold-bearing. This wild, mountainous and woody country has an area of some three hundred miles, and is one hundred in length. Here are the richest quartz reefs in Australia, among them the Woods' Point reef, Stringer's Creek reef and many others. In the last-named creek is Walhalla reef, also the Long Tunnel. Probably more gold has been extracted from these two reefs than from any other two reefs in the world—the Long Tunnel having produced over one million ounces of smelted gold or forty-one tons in round numbers. Walhalla was its rival in production; besides, there were many others very rich. Upon all these reefs were erected very large, extensive and costly machines, all of the most modern style.

Reefs are now being opened all through the Gipps' Land ranges, and it is my opinion that gold mining in that part of Australia is still (1887) in its infancy, though numerous very rich reefs have been opened up within the last five years, and others being almost daily discovered. When I first went to this part of the country it had been opened only a short time, and the mining was confined to

alluvial diggings, the miners never thinking it would ever be possible to get machinery up there to work the quartz reefs, for its roughness was something frightful, besides being almost impenetrable for the scrub, which literally tore one's clothing into rags. There are also magnificent forests of the tallest and finest trees in the world. In the Dandinong range are trees that are admitted to be the largest and finest splitting timber in any country. I have seen a mountain ash felled and split into palings or weather boards for houses, over one hundred and fifty feet from the stump to the first limb.

The Gordon creek and also the B B creek were very rich in alluvial gold, and many a heart-sick and care-worn digger, who had nearly given up all hope of ever making a rise in the world, got a good start there, which enabled him to purchase a farm and settle down for the remainder of his days in peace and quietness in his adopted country. Further on up Crooked river there came news of large discoveries. A prospecting party had been sent out by the government, which found Pioneer reef which promised to surpass all others in richness and brought thousands to the Crooked, myself among them. This was one of the most excited rushes that had ever been in the country. Thousands of capitalists came from Melbourne, Sydney and from all the islands of Australasia to invest, in hopes to make their thousands by laying out their hundreds. It is hardly necessary to say that many of them dropped their hundreds but never picked up their thousands. I remained here upon the Crooked, Dargo and Omao diggings for nearly a year, speculating in claims, buying and selling,

and keeping prospectors out searching for fresh reefs. Sometimes this paid well—other times a dead failure, according to the men I happened to select. I have made as much as four hundred pounds in one week—that is, speaking of what one makes, like a gambler, but not saying a word about losses.

After leaving the Crooked and that district I went to Boggy creek, some eighty miles distant, and near the Gipps' Land lakes. Here, with some others, I opened a reef and christened it "Sons of Freedom." We had great expectations, but were doomed to disappointment after erecting machinery—not that the reef was worthless, but the shareholders, or most of them, were inexperienced and wanted to make a fortune quick, and, like many who have entered a new enterprise, soon came to think they knew more how to manage it than those who had been in like business for years. By having a few such people in a company it is sure to fail, as the Sons of Freedom did. I can give no better proof of my assertion than to say that the same reef is now working under the same name, reorganized by other parties, and is paying good dividends.

This in a great measure closed my mining career. I had invested money in only a few, and that rather in a small way, and the probabilities are that at this late day I shall never be a partner in another such enterprise, though I would not like to make any positive promise, for gold mining affects the mind like gambling—one commences, but never knows when he is going to quit. There is something so infatuating about it, one finds it almost impossible to quit. I would almost as soon hear of a friend of mine be-

coming a confirmed gambler as a confirmed gold mining speculator, for there is no knowing where it will end. Perhaps one in a hundred will make a hit, but not more. So far as chances are concerned for "miners' luck," I would as soon invest in the Louisiana lottery as in gold mining. I think the chances about equal, not that I would advise anyone to invest in a lottery, for that is a species of gambling; and gold prospecting and mining are akin to it, your chances being one to one hundred against you. No, young man, I would advise you to stick to your farm or your trade, stand by the old homestead where you were born, or make a new one for yourself and wife in your own country of freedom and personal independence, remembering the old saying that "A rolling stone gathers no moss." Yet you will doubtless offset the above maxim by another that is as old as the pyramids—"A setting hen gathers no fat." Therefore, upon due consideration, I do not know what is best for my young friends individually, and will leave each to be governed by the promptings of his nature, modified by the controlling power of a thoughtful mind. Follow your own inclination as I did, for that you will be sure to do, as I did, and so will every boy. If he is inclined to be a lawyer, there is no use in trying to make a clergyman of him; so of one who is bound to travel, you cannot keep him at home.

In attempting to give in my own way a slight idea of the different colonies of Australia, it must be borne in mind that it is altogether from memory, having never kept a diary; but whatever of discrepancy or errors may be found will relate to dates, or possibly the misspelling of wild,

strange and queer names of persons—native people—and of places that in my time in the country had no fixed name, and even now have no place on any map. New South Wales, the first English colony, of which Sydney is the capital, was founded in 1788, just one hundred years ago. The famous Botany bay is on the eastern coast, being the first port entered. Afterwards Port Jackson was found to be a safer harbor, and England sent her convicts there for the purpose of colonization. The port is only seven miles north of the old Botany landing, and is one of the most beautiful harbors in the world for its scenery from the ships as they enter, and for safety when enclosed there. The heads which sweep around and enclose the bay are only seven miles from the city, Sydney, being two bold promontories, standing out in relief against the rising sun, and between which is a glimpse of the great ocean beyond.

The country around the city was soon occupied by squatters, as the convict immigrants were called, many taking up large tracts of territory, some going far into the interior and engaging in sheep farming on a large scale, some of them soon becoming the owners of flocks of from thirty thousand to one hundred thousand sheep. Such surprising flocks almost demonstrate the truth related of the Spanish ambassador and the prime minister of the king of Persia. The ambassador boasted to the minister that the wealth of his master, the king of Spain, was so vast that he had a flock of three thousand sheep. The oriental replied that his master had three thousand shepherds.

For help, the squatters had only to apply to the government and get prisoners consigned to them for the

bare consideration of their food and clothing. If a prisoner got a good report of his conduct, he, after serving half his time, had what is called a ticket of leave given him, which almost made him free; he had only to report himself to the nearest police station once a quarter, or if he wished to leave that portion of the district to which he had been previously consigned, he had to get a permit—otherwise his time was his own and all he earned. If he was unruly and his master disliked him, he was reported and another obtained in his place. Many of the prisoners were sent out as much for the purpose of settling and populating the country, as for the actual offense they had committed. So taking the Sydney or Botany Bay convicts, or "Sages," as they called themselves, they were not, as a general rule, so hard a lot as one would naturally expect to find in a country largely peopled by convicts. Many were really first-class men—political prisoners merely.

When I arrived in the colonies I found many of the wealthiest squatters, owners of vast domains, station men in the interior, transported for their country's good, or rather for the good of rival politicians in England. One of the richest merchants of Sydney, and most of the squatters on Hunter river, were "government men" originally. There were others, of course, that were nothing and never would be in any country on the globe, no matter what opportunities for a useful life might be given them. The ambition of such never rose higher than shepherding, or sheep-shearing, which latter, by the way, was a very paying business in its season.

For some twenty years after the first settlement of Syd-

ney no other colony was organized. Then Van Diemen's Land, now called Tasmania, was established as a penal colony. This island, lying south of the Australian continent about one hundred miles distant from it, received quite a different grade of prisoners from those early sent to Botany Bay or Sydney, most of them being of the desperate class. The island is pretty respectable in size, being about two hundred miles square, and which is very nearly its shape. Hobart is the oldest town. Launceston has become its rival of late. The island has had several little gold excitements, but they never amounted to much. It is very productive in wheat, and, in fact, all kinds of grain. At the first gold rush in Victoria they depended almost entirely upon Tasmania for produce, for there were no vegetables raised either in Victoria or New South Wales, consequently the market had to be supplied from Hobart, or Adelaide in South Australia. The southern part of Tasmania is heavily timbered with the eucalyptus, commonly called the blue gum. They grow upon the Ewin river to an almost incredible height and size. A peculiarity in the growth of these trees is that they are all hollow at the butt up some thirty feet, then perfectly sound for one hundred and thirty to one hundred and fifty feet. The lumbermen, or splitters, as they are called, erect a scaffold and cut the tree above the hollow. It is a very free, straight-grained timber, admirable for splitting into paling—a sort of clapboard used in house-building. I have seen trees that cut into twenty-four logs of six feet in length split into paling. These trees are often six feet in diameter at the solid part of the trunk thirty feet from the ground.

Tasmania has one of the finest macadamized roads in the world between Hobart and Launceston, a distance of one hundred and forty miles. It was constructed by prison labor, and as flogging was then allowed, it was said by the prisoners that there was a lash to every stone laid in the road. How true that is I cannot say, but I have seen the backs of many prisoners that bore a striking resemblance to the back of a crocodile from the blows of the flagellant. There is no doubt but that the prisoners were badly and harshly treated, but human sympathy is lost when it is considered that most of them were of the most debased and cruel specimens of the human form, and would take a man's life for a plug of tobacco, and had done it many times. Many of the worst make their escape, get out into the bush and become outlaws. Many are the blood-curdling accounts related of those desperadoes. One of the most notorious was Jack Donohough. I have often been amused in listening to some of the "old hands" singing, with tears streaming down their cheeks, the trials and troubles of the "Bold Jack Donahough."

It was from this island that Thomas Francis Maher made his escape in 1852, followed by John Mitchel the next year. It was a subject of pretty lively and interesting conversation for a season, but I doubt if there was a man, woman or child in Tasmania that did not rejoice at their escape. At an earlier time it was found necessary to remove some of the worst criminals to another island—Norfolk—of which I have before given an account. In 1853 they were removed back to make room for the Pit-

kin islanders, who had become so numerous that it was necessary to shift a portion of them, for that island is small, only about two miles square. In the same year the free people rebelled against further importation of convicts, and England was compelled by force of popular sentiment to abandon her penal system in that regard, and for thirty-five years the Australian colonies have been relieved of that curse.

Adelaide, or South Australia, as it is now called, was settled later than New South Wales, and never was a penal colony. The inhabitants were largely German and followed agricultural pursuits, and at the time of the gold rush the other colonies depended upon Adelaide for flour. There never has been any important gold discoveries in South Australia, but some very rich copper mines have been opened. The Bura Bura mine is rich in very pure ore, the percentage being very high. But copper was cast into the shade by the gold discoveries in the neighboring colonies, and was lost sight of for a season. In the early days the continent was divided into two equal parts—New South Wales and Adelaide—but later it has been cut up into five different colonies. Western Australia was taken off from South, or Adelaide, and here England exiles her political offenders, but no others. In 1850 Victoria was carved out of New South Wales, Melbourne being the capital. Victoria was first settled by the Honorable John Faulkner, who came from Hobart, Tasmania, in 1836, some fifteen years before the gold discovery. He brought with him a large party and located where now is Melbourne. Another party, about

the same time, lead by one Brady, settled at Geelong, a few miles distant, where there is a hill named after him three miles out of town. Soon after the arrival of one of these parties, I do not know which, while out one day they saw some of the black natives, and one among them they took to be a white man, who seemed to be equally as wild as the blacks, and nothing would induce either to come near, but stood off and gazed with both curiosity and fear. If the party approached them they would retire, the white man with the rest, to a safe distance. The next day they came around the same as before, and a party of horsemen ran them down and brought the white man into camp. In 1804 a penal ship landed in Port Phillip bay and made a commencement towards starting a penal colony near Geelong. They used to take the prisoners ashore during the day to work, taking them back to the ship at night. One day three prisoners managed to escape. Their plan was to keep up the coast and make Sydney about seven hundred miles distant. They traveled for some days, living on opossums, when one of them repented and made up his mind to return. The other two would not return with him, and that was the last ever known of them. The third man, who sought to return to the ship, but never saw it again, was the man captured among the natives. His name was Buckley, and he told the following story:

“When I got back to the camp, no one can imagine my feelings on finding that the camp was struck and the ship had left the bay, the officer having changed his plan and sailed to Hobart, in Tasmania, and started the colony there.

Then I went back and tried to find my other mates, but never found them or heard or saw any signs of them afterwards. I wandered around for many days and weeks, but never fell in with anyone, there being at that time of the year no blacks or natives camping in the part of the country I was in. After I had wandered around until I was nearly dead, I came one day upon a fresh mound, which proved to be a grave. The blacks have a custom of burying all the implements of war belonging to the deceased in his grave, except his spear, which they leave sticking up in the mound. Seeing the spear, I pulled it out and used it for a staff to help me in walking, for I was footsore and nearly exhausted from starvation and fatigue. I had not gone far before I came upon a camp of blacks. It was the family of the dead chief. Upon seeing me and the spear they had left sticking in the grave, they at once came to the conclusion that I was their dead chief, and had come forth a white man. They received me with all the manifestations of friendship, as though I was indeed the old chief himself." [The blacks have a superstition which many think was derived from the circumstance of Buckley's coming among them in the way he did, believing that when a black man tumbles down dead, he is resurrected a white man.] He remained with them thirty-two years before the whites captured him, and when first caught he had forgotten all his English. Upon showing him bread, he took it in his hand, looked at it for a long time and handed it back, seeming to think and ponder, and said, "Bread." This was the only word he could remember, but he soon picked up the language again. He lived for many years

afterwards. The government gave him his pardon and a small pension. I remember seeing him soon after my arrival in the colony. He died some time in the sixties.

There was said to be another similar case of a sailor, shipwrecked and cast ashore on the northern coast of Queen's island, who claimed to have been among the blacks seventeen years. He related that the captain, his wife, himself and three others were the only ones saved out of the whole ship's crew; that they lived among the blacks, who kept watch over them for fear of their escaping; that they all died off one by one, until he alone was left. He said the captain's wife was the last that died before his rescue. Those who have seen the party, regard his story with the same confidence as the well-authenticated and truthful relation of the case of Buckley.

Victoria was not long in settling up after the wealthy Tasmanians began to come over. They leased large runs or ranges and stocked them with sheep and cattle, so that sixteen years afterwards, when the gold fields were opened, the colony was well prepared for a rush, at least in supplying the influx of population with beef and mutton. Adelaide, or South Australia, however, came in for her share of the profits with her flour, and Tasmania got her portion with her excellent vegetables. About 1860 Queensland separated from New South Wales, making Brisbane its capital, which, with Rockhampton, are its principal cities. This colony is situated in the northeast portion of the continent, and embraces more territory than New South Wales and Victoria combined. It is principally a cattle country, having some of the largest ranges on the

continent. Some attention has been paid to the growing of sugar-cane, but to what extent and with what success, as an industry, I am unable to state. There is a great deal of mining carried on along the coast range of mountains, both in gold and other metals. One of the richest quartz reefs in the world, the Mt. Morgan mine, is in Queensland, where two of my most intimate friends have made a goodly fortune within the last five years. Western Australia separated from Adelaide or South Australia about 1868, Perth being its capital. This is likewise an immense sheep country, and it is but in the natural course of the history of social institutions that a few hundred years hence the blue-blood aristocrat of Australia, the duke and the dude, the count and the no-account will claim descent, not from Saxon kings or Norman conquerors, but from the shepherd kings of the ocean continent. There are some political exiles here, and some ten years ago there was quite an excitement about an American vessel taking off two of these prisoners. The government officials pretended to make considerable stir about it, but it was believed to be all for appearance' sake, as there was not, in my opinion, one person in the colony that was not glad they got away. These are all the present divisions or colonies of Australia. The out-lying islands, especially New Zealand and Tasmania, are separate colonies. Touching the flora and the fauna of the country, I have mostly alluded to the timber trees and forests. Of animals, the kangaroo is the leading animal, being the largest. The emu is the monster bird, akin to the ostrich. The most curiously formed tree is the "Bottle Tree," represented in



EMU.

BOTTLE-TREE.

KANGAROO.

the cut. New Zealand has no four-footed animals native to the island. Like the chapter on snakes in the facetious history of Ireland which ran thus—"CHAPTER X. Snakes—Ireland has no Snakes"—so the island is destitute of the quadruped, except the pig, introduced by Captain Cook, now just one hundred years ago, and which has multiplied into herds and "mobs" of thousands.

The aborigines, or black fellows, as they are called, are similar in all the provinces and outward islands of Australia. When the country was first colonized they were very numerous in all parts, but never in any country have the native blacks diminished by their contact with civilization as in Australia. In Tasmania they are totally extinct; the last one died some ten years ago. The many tribes throughout the other colonies are fast dying off. Some that I knew thirty-five years ago, then numbering hundreds, are now almost extinct. Much of this mortality is owing to their indolent habits and neglect in raising their young. I would class them as being of the lowest grade of humanity—low in stature, small limbs, very black eyes sunk deep in the head, low forehead, nose flat and spread widely over the face, coarse lips, and their skull is said to be more than twice as thick as a white man's. About the only art they excel in is the use of the boomerang. It is crescent shaped, or more, perhaps, like the felloes to a wagon wheel. It is about two feet, eight inches in length, two and three-fourth inches in width, and about one-third of an inch in thickness. Both the inside and outside are brought down to a fine edge, something like the old-fashioned wooden knife that dairymen used years ago for

cutting up curd in the cheese tub. Now for the skill in throwing them. I have seen a black fellow take one in one hand and throw it. It would revolve along the ground for a distance of two hundred feet or more, then suddenly rise up in the air about the same number of feet, and then return, increasing in its velocity as it came back until one could see only a blur in the air, and fall at the feet of the thrower. At another time he would throw it in the air and it would return to him in the same manner. They are used more for killing game, such as opossums, ducks and kangaroos, than as an implement of warfare. Their use is confined to the black alone, as I never saw a white who could use one with any accuracy; he could throw one but could never tell where it would land or when it would return. Their implements of war are very simple. They consist of two clubs, one called the Wadda-Wadda, the other Nella-Nella, a spear and a shield. The spear is about seven feet long and about one inch thick, made of the hardest and toughest wood that can be found. The Wadda-Wadda is about two feet long with a knot upon each end cut in grooves. The Nella-Nella is much the same. They are used in a hand to hand fight, the combatants standing close together and warding off the blows with the shield which they hold with one hand while they "lay on, McDuff" with the other. The shield is about three feet long, with a hand holder cut in the middle, where it is about five inches wide, tapering down at each end. The surface towards the enemy is checked with fine notches so that it will shiver to pieces the spear that strikes it instead of glancing off. An expert black will stand off at a dis-

tance of twenty feet and allow two men to throw stones at him of the size of a hen's egg as fast as they like for a sixpence, he warding them off with a shield. Another gift in which they excel is that of a tracker. They will take a track several days old and follow it up without the slightest difficulty, where, to all appearance to a white man, there is not a sign of a footstep of man or animal. They are often employed to track criminals. In one instance the government sent for the Queensland blacks to come to Victoria to track the notorious Kelley Brothers' gang, a party of desperadoes which had harassed the government for nearly two years, to its cost of some sixty thousand pounds.

Another instance of their wonderful tracking instincts which has been handed down in the legends of the country from the last century, is that of the "Three Lost Children," whose names were Duff. Their father was employed on a station as shepherd, the mother acting as a hut keeper. The oldest of the three was a little girl of seven years, the second, five, and the youngest a little boy of three years. One day the mother sent them out to cut some scrub-broom, a bush growing there used to make brooms. She sent them as much perhaps to amuse them or get them out of the way for awhile as for the broom, as she did not miss them till evening. As they did not then return the father and mother both started to search for them, and spent the night looking in vain. In the morning the alarm was given at the station and all the hands employed turned out and searched that day with no success. The next day word was sent around for twenty miles

but with no better result, until the whole country was out for fifty miles around. Upon the seventh day the black trackers came and at once took the track and followed it up without any difficulty, telling what the children did here and there, where the oldest carried the little one, where she again set him down and where they slept. They followed the tracks all that day and until about three o'clock the second day, when they came upon the poor little things all cuddled up together. The youngest looked up so pitifully, and said, "Papa, bread," and sank back in a stupor. The oldest one had taken off her dress to wrap around the youngest to keep him warm, as she had done every night they had been out. The party had with them wine and food, in case they were found alive, and which was given them sparingly, when they were taken to the nearest hut until they had sufficiently recovered to be taken home. The little girl related that after cutting the broom and playing for a while they started for what they supposed to be home, and traveled for a long while before they found they were going wrong. Then they undertook to retrace their steps, but darkness overtook them and they were obliged to camp. It was in the winter season and the night was cold. The little one cried, and the brave, considerate and self-sacrificing little girl took off her own dress to wrap her little brother in. They had thrown away the scrub. On the third day they came upon a place where they thought they cut the scrub and felt sure they were close home, and toiled on and on for five days more, when, as the little girl said, they said their prayers and lay

down expecting to die there, when relief came at the last moment. The heroism of the little girl was sounded all through the colonies. A subscription was put in circulation and almost all the school children of the colonies contributed their mite, and the inhabitants of the cities and town swelled the fund to twenty-five thousand dollars, which was placed in trust for the Duff children, one-half to the little girl for her kindness to her little brother, and one quarter each to the other two. It seems almost incredible, but it is well authenticated that those little children trudged and toddled through that lonely wilderness in the seven days, here and there, back and forth, over seventy miles. The Australian school books contain the story of the Duff children. The black trackers were well rewarded for their services. One thing more they excel in, and that is in climbing. One will take a small hatchet in his hand and merely make an incision in the bark of a tree just large enough to put in the end of his great toe, then change the hatchet to the other hand and cut another, and so on up until he reaches the top of the largest and tallest tree in the forest in a very short time. They are often hired for a small sum to climb a tree and cut off the limbs, and will go up the distance of a hundred feet or more, chop for an hour and then come down and have a resting spell, and then go back to work, so little do they think of the ascent and descent, The blacks as a general rule have a lively dread of the law, which, doubtless, keeps them from stealing and other wrongful acquisitions of property through "cornering" the market, taking illegal interest or obtaining goods

under false pretenses—that is to say, like many white, civilized, miserly sharks, they are legally honest.

The birds of the Australian colonies are numerous. Some are gay and handsome in plumage, and nearly all families are social and lively. There is the white and black cockatoo. The former is the more numerous. These birds when young, can very easily be taught to talk, or at least speak quite plainly a great many words. They go in flocks of thousands, and will drop down in a field of corn or wheat, and if not driven out will destroy acres in a few hours. There are several kinds of parrots, the blue mountain, the king and the Roselin, all of which can be taught to whistle or talk. The magpie is also a talking bird. There are two kinds of kingfishers. One has been knighted as the laughing jackal, both talking and singing birds. There is also a bird of the kingfisher species, but much larger, and there is a law prohibiting their destruction, owing to their warlike propensities against snakes. Some twenty or more will gather around his snakeship, and all will insult him by setting up a most boisterous and hideous laugh. The snake soon becomes confused, feels humiliated and would gladly retire, when, of a sudden, one will seize the snake in his beak and rise on the wing, until the snake gathers his batteries, when he will be dropped in the midst of his laughing enemies on the ground. But he no sooner strikes the earth than another bird “takes up the wondrous tail,” and the entertainment is repeated until it ends in the death of the snake, and the “slime of the serpent is over them all.” The laughter and scolding is kept up by the birds till death is manifest, when they retire upon their

honors. There is also a pheasant, called the lyre-bird, very shy, cannot be tamed it is said. But they imitate all the birds of the forest, and even the native dog, or dingo, as it is called; also the cracking of a whip, and the lowing of cattle. There are also many kinds of wild ducks, and the lakes and lagoons throughout the continent abound in black swan, and many species of pigeons, which, comprise nearly all except the emu, which is the Australian ostrich.

There probably is not another country in the world so destitute of a variety of native animals as Australia, the kangaroo being the largest and most numerous. I have seen them like great flocks of sheep. That was some twenty years ago; since then almost every means has been resorted to for their destruction. People would turn out for miles around, form a circuit, drive them into a large yard and destroy them all, only securing their hides, which make excellent shoes for women. They are of a timid or sheep-like nature, very fleet of foot, requiring the fleetest dogs to catch them, especially if the ground is a little descending. They never show fight except after they have been run down, when they will turn upon the dog, and if he is not an old hand at the business he will get the worst of it. There are not many dogs able to catch and kill one by himself. There is a class of dogs called "catchers and killers," the fleetest of which will run the animal down, stick him up, and then play around him until the stronger and less fleet dogs come up, and when the animal's attention is on one, another will slip up and seize him by the neck and pull him over, another will seize him by the leg,

while still another strangles him. It is no uncommon thing for a dog to get torn to pieces, for they have two large claws on each hind leg that will rip a dog open. When they run they stand upright on their hind legs, their fore feet never touching the ground, only their hind feet and tail, from which they spring. When one is hard pressed, if there is a water-hole near by they will make for that, and as the dog comes up they will suddenly turn and seize him with their flappers, or fore paws, jump into the water with him, and hold him under and drown him. Some dogs are too smart for that trick, but another less experienced will rush up, only too soon to find himself a dead dog. The hair of the kangaroo is coarse and short and of a bluish gray.

I remember once sitting upon the bank of a stream about a hundred yards from the water, when presently down came a kangaroo with a dog close upon him, and suddenly turned upon his pursuer, but the dog dodged around, unable to get hold. Off some distance on the other side of the water and upon the same side of the kangaroo, there was a man named Carey, one of the curious and prying sort of men and a new-chum, as all new colonists are called. He walked straight up to where the dog and kangaroo were. We sat and looked on, expecting to see some fun, and never thinking of any harm to the man. But as soon as the kangaroo saw him he turned upon him, seized him around the body and both rolled into the water together, we looking on and laughing ready to split while the water was foaming and splashing. Pres-

ently the water began to get quiet, and it began to dawn upon our minds that possibly the kangaroo was a little too muckle for the man, and we started for the rescue and did not get there any too soon to save him, for I really believe he would have been dead in one minute more. I had a wadda with me, and with that I dispatched the kangaroo with one blow on the back of the head, for they are very easily killed—one tap on the back of the head or neck and they roll over. We soon pulled the man out. He was for a time insensible, but came to after a little shaking up. His curiosity to interview a kangaroo stuck up by a dog near a water-hole was satisfied for all time by that adventure. Opossums are plenty; also flying foxes, the native cat, the wombat, something like our badger only much larger, and the monkey-bear, a harmless animal who dines upon the gamon leaf.

In 1856 one Mr. Austin, a squatter upon the Geelong side, imported some English rabbits. He thought he was doing the colony a great service to turn them loose and let them breed. The journals praised the generous act, but they soon found out their mistake, as did Mr. Austin before he died, for they spread so fast that in less than ten years they became a public nuisance, both to him and his neighbors. The duke of Edinburgh was invited out there to shoot rabbits, and it was a pity he did not shoot them all, as it would have been the means of saving the government fifty thousand pounds a year since, to say nothing of the cost to private persons, some of whom had to keep three or more hunters, at a cost of ten dollars a week, who had to help destroy the rabbits. The government offered

large rewards for the invention of some method to exterminate them, but never found anyone able to discover a specific. I think the government of Victoria alone spends sixty thousand pounds per year, and still they spread, for they are now getting up into Queensland, more than fifteen hundred miles from where they were first turned loose. The dingoes, or native dogs, are rather numerous in the unsettled parts, and are very destructive to sheep, and often to young calves. They are something like the red fox, only they don't possess the cunning attributed to him, and are sneaking and cowardly. They are becoming mixed with the domestic dog now and are possessed of more courage, which makes them bolder and more to be dreaded than the common dingo. I never heard of more than one or two instances of their attacking any person, and they were not the pure dingo, but half-breeds. They are being destroyed by thousands by poison.

The religious and educational institutions of Australia do not differ much from those of our own country. The Roman Catholic church embraces the largest number of communicants or members; the Wesleyan ranks next in membership; the Scotch or Presbyterian next; and the Episcopalian or Church of England fourth. There are some other denominations. There was, formerly, state aid to the extent of fifty thousand pounds, apportioned among the different denominations. I do not believe there is any other country where more attention is paid to education than in the Australian colonies. About 1871 the state took charge of educational affairs, making one national school and withdrawing the state aid to sectarian schools,

making one school free to all, on the secular principle, and compulsory to all over six and under fourteen years of age, unless the pupil held a certificate from the inspector of schools that he or she had passed in all branches of common school education. The beauty of colonial law consists in the surety of its being enforced. There are no dead-letter laws there.

Parliament is composed of the upper and lower house, the initials of which are M. L. C. and M. L. A.—Member of the Legislative Council and Member of the Legislative Assembly; the first being elected for three years, the second for ten years. As a description of the people and social institutions, I can think of no better way than for you to imagine yourself there, with a people whose manners, habits and customs are the same as they are sure to be wherever the English language is spoken and the country populated from all nationalities, like the United States. Such is Australia.

In 1856 Charles Ganon Duffey arrived in the colonies. He had been editor of the *Irish Nation*—had been arrested, tried for treason and was acquitted, and sailed for Australia where he was received with open arms. At that time the qualification act was in force, requiring a property qualification of two thousand pounds for a member of parliament. The required amount was raised and doubled within forty-eight hours, a seat was vacated in Delhousie and Duffey was returned a member—and a worthy one he ever proved to be, both for his constituents and the colony. It was his act that unlocked the lands of Victoria, and he is now called the father of the Land act. He represented

Delhousie twenty years, when he resigned, and his son succeeded him and represents that district now. He was knighted by the Queen and was subsequently returned to the house from North Gipps' Land and was elected speaker, which office he held until he returned to England, having been twice a member of the cabinet and three years speaker. Peter Lalor succeeded to the speakership of the Victorian parliament—the once leader of the Ballarat riot—the man for whom the government offered a thousand pounds, dead or alive. So one may see that the country has undergone a great change since my sojourn in it, both in politics and society in general. In the early days the colonies produced hides, tallow and wool; now there is not only as much of the same as there ever was, but to it has been added hundreds of tons of gold, and yearly there is shipped thousands of tons of beef. Wattle-bark for tanning, which brings forty dollars a ton in England, is exported to the extent of hundreds of thousand tons, a more important item in the commerce of a country than one, at first thought, would suppose. Add to all this thousands of tons of wheat and flour, and its exports are already immense, and in my opinion it will eventually be next to the United States in produce and commerce. There is no lack of enterprise in the people, and that is the main thing in any country to make success sure both in person and government.

CHAPTER XXIX.

MENTAL PANORAMA—MEMORIES OF EMINENT PERSONS—STATESMEN—
SPORTSMEN—STOCK BREEDERS—CATTLE KINGS—MILLIONAIRES—
THE CLAIMANT—FLEET HORSES—CRIMES AND CRIMINALS—KELLEY
BROTHERS' GANG—VICTORIA PRISON.

REFLECTING upon the events and experiences of a thirty years' life in the Australian colonies, it seems to me a dream in which the forms and faces and names of many distinguished statesmen, eminent citizens and personal friends pass in review, some familiar, others known by sight or reputation, vividly impressing the mind like a well-remembered vision of the night.

Sir Charles McMahan, prime minister of Victoria, first moves across my mental panorama, followed by the Hays ministry, and close upon its heels comes John O'Shaughnessy, who filled the office of prime minister for two or more terms, then James McCulloch. Graham Barry of Geelong succeeded to this first and most enviable office in the Colonial empire, being the leader of the Liberals. It was under his administration that the dead-lock was put on and held so long, which is known in parliamentary history as the Black Wednesday. The Sarvis administration moves on the mental canvas with a suggestion of

its old political storms and struggles. Sarvis was a very able man and the opposition in the parliament embraced many strong men; all were doubtless honest and conscientious, but like statesmen and politicians in all governments and countries, their political telescopes were not adjusted to the same focus. Good old John Faulkner now passes before me. He headed a Tasmanian party of settlers, and subsequently started the first newspaper in Melbourne, and for many years held a seat in the Victoria parliament, lived to a ripe old age and died some time in the seventies. Dr. Lang, another prominent gentleman, was a member of the New South Wales parliament, and probably did as much as any other man for the good of the colonies. The Hennises were famous early pioneers of the country. Leaving Tasmania in 1840, and coming to Victoria, the venerable Angis McMillan was the first pioneer of Gipps' Land, and, in consideration of the personal respect in which he was held in the regions of the Australian Alps, was made a member of parliament. Mr. Mooney of Mooney's Points, four miles out of Melbourne, was an eminent citizen.

Among the gentlemen of great wealth, Sir Thomas Elder of South Australia passes in my mind. Probably no other single individual has done so much through the means of his own private fortune towards the exploration and development of the mighty continent as has Sir Thomas. He is famed, moreover, for the cultivation and improvement of the breed of sheep. Mr. James Tyson is an instance of quick if not sudden rise to preëminent wealth from absolute poverty—not from digging gold or

stumbling against great nuggets thereof, but first as a humble cattle driver on a station, and then a furnisher of fat cattle to the butchers in the diggings during the early part of the golden age of the country. Now he possesses the largest stations and is regarded as the wealthiest cattle owner in the colonies. Truly he can say like the patriarch, "Thy servant's trade hath been about cattle," and there is "millions in it."

Big Clark, as he was called, was reputed the largest real estate owner in the world, surpassing, in acres at least, the dukes of Westminster and Norfolk. It was said of him that he never did the community much good except in his death, when his estate fell to his eldest son, afterwards Sir William Clark, who has done much to improve and promote agricultural industries, and donates largely to sustain and enliven agricultural associations.

No vision of the past would be either perfect or satisfactory in which "the horse and his rider" failed to appear; therefore we invoke the shadowy memories of the men of the turf. George Watson and William Yule are probably the most venerable names in the history and antiquities of the Victorian race-course—the former for many years, and even up to this day, although well up in the seventies, holding the baton of authority as starter. Mr. Yule first bred, but for many years has kept a horse bazaar for the sale of thorough-bred horses. Mr. Hurdle and Charles Fisher stand next, they having been among the first in the colonies to import thorough-bred stock. They imported the world-renowned horse, Fisherman, that won fifty-seven cups out of sixty-five, run for in England before

coming to the colonies. William Peverson and Alexander Smith of Gipps' Land have been extensive horse breeders. It was the latter who raised so many Smugler colts, sending as many to India as any other breeder in the colonies. Dr. L. L. Smith of Melbourne, well-known as the "sporting doctor," has been a great breeder of choice stock, besides being the owner of Lady Maner Sutton, who ran the fastest mile time in the colonies. He also bred the celebrated colt, Melancholy Jaques. S. S. Stoughton, who accumulated five millions of dollars and was the owner of several of the finest buildings in Flinder's Lane, Melbourne, started in life from humble circumstances. He is an extensive station owner, and his flocks are high up in the thousands. Andy Martin of Barnesdale, Gipps' Land, is a great breeder and shipper of horses to India. He was, in the early days, a Melbourne publican.

And now who comes onto my mental panorama? Surely it is no less a personage than the "Claimant," Arthur Orton, as he was first known in Australia, and who subsequently claimed to be Roger Tichbourne, heir to the Tichbourne estate in England. Some time about 1860 there came along a man and hired out upon the Hart station in north Gipps' Land. He was a quiet, unassuming fellow, rather lazy, and the other station hands deemed him not remarkably bright. One thing, however, they all agreed in, and that was that he was an awful liar when on a drinking spree. Then he would blow about what he was worth in England—claiming that he had money enough coming to him to buy Gipps' Land. When he got sober he would fall into his usual quiet or

stupid ways, and when questioned about what he had said, he would tell them not to mind what he said when he was drunk. But when the next time he was under the influence of his controlling spirit, the other station boys would interview him and inquire if he was going to buy out Gipps' Land. He would generally get mad at his tormentors, and again swear he could do it, and the day would come when he would prove it to them. Time rolled on and so did Arthur, until he rolled out of Hart station, and nothing more was heard of him until some time about 1866, when an advertisement appeared in all the colonial papers wanting information of the whereabouts of Roger Tichbourne, heir to the Tichbourne estate in England. Imagine everyone's surprise when our Gipps' Land stock rider again turned up, this time at Waga Waga, as the Tichbourne claimant. He had gone there from Hart station and had engaged in the butchering business. Everybody remembers the famous trial and its result. Commissioners were sent to Gipps' Land to take depositions, and several witnesses went to England in person. The contestants proved that there was an Arthur Orton, a butcher, that left Wapping, England, some years before and was known in Australia as the "Wapping butcher," who died in the lunatic asylum in Sydney. Opinion is divided in Australia, but there are many who believe to this day that the claimant is the rightful heir. However, in Waga Waga, they claim that the Arthur Orton who supplied the citizens there with choice steaks was at least a whapping butcher, for he weighed 280 pounds.

New South Wales now appears in my mental review:

That colony can now turn out many famous sports and eminent citizens as well as her sister colony. Mr. Green of Paramatta was the gentleman who responded to the Victorian turf union in 1858, to run "Alice Hothan" against any horse New South Wales could produce. Mr. Green took up the challenge on his own account and backed his horse "Veno" for one thousand pounds a side. Upon arriving in Victoria some thought the Victorians had selected the wrong horse—that they should have presented "Black Boy." Mr. Green agreed to match that horse for the same amount—three miles, same distance. He won both races, running the second two hours after the first race. Mr. DeMasters and Mr. Lang are also eminent and reputable sporting gentlemen of the New South Wales colony. The colonies never had but one sporting governor, Sir Hercules Robinson, who owned some of the fastest stock in the colonies. There are many other gentlemen of equal note in both colonies, and Tasmania, though small, is a land of fast horses and gentlemanly proprietors of such stock. New Zealand, as well, has splendid stock and many excellent and honorable sports. It would take a book instead of a few brief pages to do justice to this class of stock cultivators. All to whom allusion has been here made are of a high type of citizens, devoted to the development of the highest powers and fleetest speed of the noblest and most useful animal bestowed upon man, and by their untiring efforts they have made the Australian horse more famous and fleet than the ancient and historical Arabian steed of the desert.

While crimes and criminals do not furnish material for a

very interesting discourse or attractive reading, nevertheless they constitute no small part of the annals of a new country, especially one hastily and rapidly settled under the exciting influences of the discovery of rich gold fields, as was Australia. I therefore make no apology for alluding to a few of the most memorable criminal occurrences that transpired during my time in that country, the memory of which now completes my panoramic view. In 1852-4 there was one Melville, reported to be of a high family in England, who became a leader or captain of an organized band of bush-rangers. He was accustomed to make tours through the country, robbing and sticking up. Then he would return to the city, and there live in luxury until his means were exhausted, and then return to his old haunts and occupation. It was upon one of these sprees, as they are called there, that he was taken, having been given away by one of his pals, named Bradley, of Geelong. He was convicted and sentenced to some thirty years penal servitude aboard the hulks at Williamstown. At that early day the land prison, or pentry, as they called it, was not ample enough for all the prisoners, and the government fitted up some old unseaworthy hulks where prisoners were kept nights, taking them ashore to work during the day upon the public works. One evening when Melville and four others were returning to the hulks, they suddenly turned upon the warder and killed him, and attempted to escape in the boat. They were captured, tried and sentenced to be hung. While waiting the day of execution, Melville wrote a letter exposing the cruelty practiced by the officers upon the prisoners, and the inhumanity of the

inspector-general of the penal service. The letter somehow got into the newspapers, and the charges were of so grave a nature that the public demanded that before Melville's execution an investigation of the charges should be made, and it was made. The inquiry resulted in the commuting of Melville's sentence to imprisonment. He eventually became frantic and desperate, and attempted the life of the warder with the sharpened handle of an iron spoon. He was finally overcome and placed in irons. One morning he was found dead. He had strangled himself with his necktie. Upon his slate he had written that he had strangled himself—but was not conquered—that he would die with a smile on his face. It was said that the smile was there. But that is doubtless criminal romance.

Doubtless great cruelty had been practiced, but as soon as something had been done to rectify those wrongs, the prisoners thought they had the right to demand more, and to rebel if their demands were not complied with. In March, 1856, there was an outbreak upon the Williamstown works, and Mr. Price was sent for. He walked down fearlessly among the rioters, and was immediately pounced upon and killed. Seven were tried for this murder, found guilty and hung. I was unfortunate enough to witness the execution of three of them. Having business that morning near the jail, I was brought in for a juror. Ever after that I gave the vicinity of the jail a wide berth mornings of executions.

Black Douglas' band of bush-rangers were for a long time a terror to the country, but they confined themselves to the more agreeable business of robbing and sticking up,

never taking life. They were all, however, taken at last, and served their terms in prison. Gipsev Smith was another notorious character, who had his circuit of labors in the Meriborough district. He was at last captured by shooting his horse from under him. He got fifteen years, five of them in irons.

About 1863 to 1865 Morgan, a public terror, flourished—a desperate and bloodthirsty wretch who commenced his career by horse stealing; got a two years' sentence in 1859, served his term and at once took to the road, where he worked solely on his own account. The fact was that he was so cruel that no partner in crime would remain with him. His principal beat was in the Ovens district and in that vicinity. When goods and groceries were being transported by six horse teams, he would lie in wait for the return trip and stick up the teamster for the money, the proceeds of the goods. If he happened to be in bad temper, he would, after getting the money, turn in his saddle, as he was about to ride away, and shoot his victim down. Once he stuck up a station, and upon riding away, turned and deliberately fired at some persons standing near and wounded a little boy. He then turned to one of the men and ordered him to go for the doctor, but upon the man's mounting a horse and starting, he followed and shot him dead. At this one time he killed and wounded five persons. He managed to avoid the police, and so numerous had become his depredations that the Victorian government offered a reward of two thousand pounds or ten thousand dollars for him, dead or alive. At last his time came. He stuck up a station near Wangaratta. Here he ordered

them to bring out the brandy and the young ladies to play the piano while he sat drinking, with the whole company in front of him, with two revolvers on the table. But, as sharp as he supposed himself to be, a little girl living at the station managed to make her escape, and ran through the bush five miles and gave the alarm to the police. They assembled a large party of volunteers who came down, surrounded the station before daylight, and upon his coming out of the house in the morning, he was shot. He spoke but once and died. The little girl received five thousand dollars of the reward. Thus fell the worst bush-ranger that ever disgraced the Australian colonies.

One Frank Gardner operated in New South Wales. He was once taken but made his escape, and some pretty hard reflections were made upon the chief of police on account thereof. Gardner made his way up into Queensland, where he operated for two years, when he was captured by some detectives and brought back to New South Wales, where he was tried on numerous charges and got thirty-two years. His health ultimately failed; friends interceded in his behalf and he was pardoned on condition of his leaving the colonies. He went to California and the genial climate of that noble state restored him to health, and he still lives.

The Gilbert gang was a notorious fraternity comprising four persons. These, like many other colonial native-born persons, commenced their professional career by making horse stealing a specialty. They subsequently enlarged their practice by adding the profitable business of mail robbing. The police took much interest in the fraternity and sought to make their acquaintance, but never could

get an introduction or an interview. Finally they bribed the venerable grandfather of one of the boys, who invited the members of the syndicate to dine with him, and after the cloth was removed and his guests were well in their cups, the prudent old grandfather drew the charges from their rifles and revolvers and signaled to the police, who came down upon them. The boys seized their guns, only to find that they had been tampered with. They made an effort to escape, but three were killed on the spot. The other was taken prisoner, and I think he was hung. Gilbert was a Canadian, the others native-born. Gilbert had a father and brother there, respected citizens, who deplored the wayward son and brother.

The Kelley brothers, twenty-two and eighteen years of age, with their associates, were a most determined and powerful gang of desperadoes. They were all natives of Victoria. Like most of the rest, they graduated as horse thieves. Ned and Dan were their baptismal names. There was a warrant out for Ned, and a policeman went to old Mr. Kelley's house to arrest him. A row ensued, and the policeman was shot in the wrist. He claimed Dan shot him, but the other side claimed the policeman shot himself through his own unguardedness. However, he failed to make the arrest. The boys made their escape to the ranges and there kept themselves for weeks. Four policemen attempted to rout them from their hiding-place, and camped one Saturday night upon a creek. In the morning, two remained to cook breakfast, while the other two reconnoitered the country. While one was at the fire cooking—the other lying upon a log—there came the well-known

word—"Bail up!" The one on the log sprang for his revolver, but was shot dead. The other had the good sense to hold up his hands, and was saved. Four men came up and buried the dead man, but told the other if he kept quiet they would spare him. He was to let the other two policemen ride into camp before telling them what had happened. He was to tell them that he had been stuck up, and if they would surrender peaceably no harm would be done them, but when the two were told what had happened, they thought it a joke and got off their horses. Upon getting off, they saw the revolver pointed towards them. They drew and fired. Shooting now began in good earnest, and while the two were engaged with the gang, the one first taken prisoner jumped upon a horse. Both he and his horse received a slight wound, but he got clear, and crawled into a hollow log and remained till dark, when he made his way to the nearest station, Mansfield, and reported himself. The wires carried the news, and hundreds of police went to search and look after the fate of the two. They were found, one apparently instantly shot dead, while the other, the sergeant, had fought a retreating battle for some hundred yards, and fell with five shots in him. For weeks the country was scoured to no purpose. The *Government Gazette* proclaimed the two Kelleys and their two unknown associates outlaws. The other two were found out to be one Burns of Woolshed creek, his mother a widow, the other the son of a farmer, living near Wangaratta. His name was Steve Hart, only eighteen years old. His family were very respectable. There was nothing but the Kelleys talked of for some time,

but nothing was known of their whereabouts, until at last the excitement died out. About three months after the murder of the police, there came news to Melbourne—Urora bank had been stuck and robbed of two thousand two hundred and fifty pounds, and the robbers were the Kelley gang. The gang rode into a station and stuck up all hands there, telling them only to keep quiet and no harm would come to them. They used the store-room as a prison, took charge of all that came along, as the station was near the road, until they had some twenty or more prisoners. Burns and Ned mounted their horses and started for Urora, four miles distant, while Dan and Steve kept sentry. Ned and his pal rode direct to the bank, walked in as if going to make a deposit, leveled their revolvers at the manager and cashier, robbed the safe, took the manager and his wife and the cashier, hitched up the manager's horse and trap. Ned got in with the family, and Burns rode alongside and drove to the station, where the other prisoners were. This all took place in a little country town, at three o'clock in the day-time. They kept them prisoners all night and part of the next day. In the meantime, a peddler came along. He was rather saucy to the boys, and to punish him they each took a suit of clothes. This was all they were ever known to take from a private person. Again the whole country and the police were aroused for another month. They sent to Queensland for the black trackers, but they were of no use, for they would only follow to the scrub, would stop and go no further. Things went on in this way for two months more, and nothing was heard of the Kelleys. The excite-

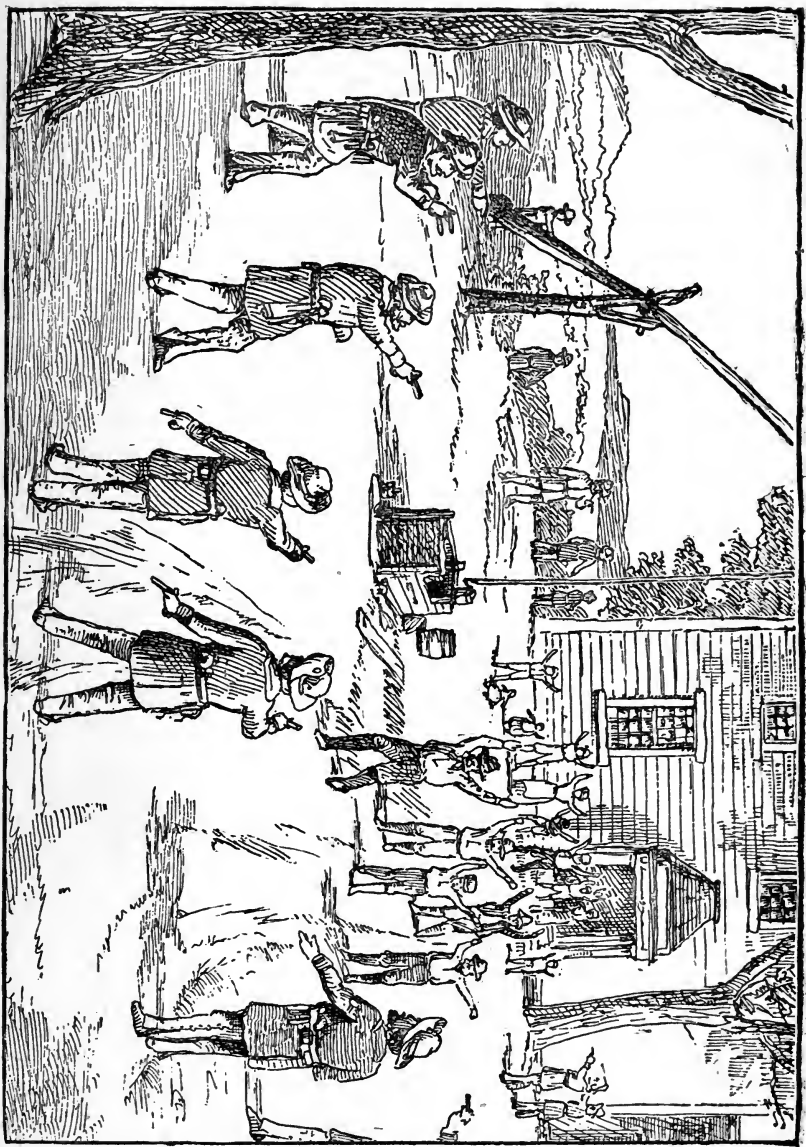
ment died out again. Finally the police got quarreling among themselves. The Victorian government had offered a reward of four thousand pounds sterling, or one thousand pounds for each, or two thousand pounds for Ned alone, dead or alive. There seemed to be an impression that after robbing the bank they had quit the country. But soon there came a new cry of the Kelley gang, this time from New South Wales, just over the border, in a little town named Jeraldgong. The gang had taken possession of the town, bank, telegraph and public house, and to the last-named place marched the whole population, held the town for twenty-four hours, then left, taking with them some two thousand four hundred pounds sterling. New South Wales offered a reward equal to that of Victoria, making forty thousand dollars. Yet with all this reward the game was not to be had. The excitement rose and died out as before, to all appearance, but the police were at work. Nearly two years had elapsed since the reward was first offered, and one day a notice appeared in the papers that after the thirtieth of January the reward would be withdrawn. At last the police succeeded in bribing one of Burns' old pards in crime. Dan Kelley and Burns got wind of the bribery of their old pard, and went on the invitation, knocked at the door of his hut, and as he opened it they shot him dead. Then they challenged the two policemen secreted in the hut to mortal combat, but they knew better than to come out, and remained inside till daylight, and then went to Beechworth and reported the killing of the decoy duck.

Ned was alarmed at the killing of the man by Dan and

Burns, as they knew the whole force of police would soon be on them where they then were, so they mounted their horses and struck out for a little town on the Melbourne & Beechworth railroad, about twelve miles from Wangaratta. Here they took possession of the town, railroad station and all. It was Sunday morning and no trains were run on that day. They marched everybody to prison, appropriating for that purpose the hotel kept by a Mrs. Jones. There were forty-three in all, among them the station-master, telegraph operator, school-master and all the railway second hands, which they made go and tear up a portion of the track.

Then they went about the business of drinking. At nine o'clock Sunday morning the news was brought to Beechworth of the affair, a telegram sent to Melbourne, and a special train with policemen and horses scudded over the rails at forty miles an hour. The Kelley gang, ignorant of the fact that their actions were known at Melbourne and that a special train with a police force was on the track, went in for a carousal all day Sunday, drinking and dancing. The school-master pretended to be friendly with them, and laughed and talked and danced and drank with them until the Kelley's thought they really had a friend in him they could depend upon. At last about nine o'clock Sunday night the school-master's wife pretended to be taken suddenly sick and in great pain and distress, and he applied to Ned to let him take her home, which he did. As soon as he got her home he struck out on the track beyond where the break was, with a signal light, just as the train was about half a mile distant.

THE KELLEY GANG TAKEN—CITIZENS RELEASED.



The engineer saw the danger signal and slacked the train, and when it came to a stand-still he was not long in giving the information. The house was soon surrounded and the police demanded a surrender. The Kelleys came out on the veranda and exchanged a number of shots with the police, the people in the house lying upon the floor. Firing was continued at intervals till morning. Three of the people and a little boy were killed. Burns, one of the gang, was shot in the groin and bled to death during the night. Ned broke out in the darkness and made his escape. In the morning, as soon as light, the police ordered all the occupants to come forth hands up, and all came out in that manner except Steve Hart and Dan Kelley. Ned had escaped and Burns was dead. It was a pitiful sight to see the little children coming out with their hands up above their heads. Dan and Steve held the fort and refused to surrender. The house was fired and they perished in the flames. Ned was found in the immediate vicinity, captured, convicted of murder and executed. When he was sentenced he thanked the supreme judge and prophesied that his honor would be in hell before him. The prisoner was hung, and it is a singular coincidence that the judge died before the execution. It cost the government sixty thousand pounds. The reward was paid, and the school-master got ten thousand dollars out of the forty thousand dollars.

But enough of this minutiae and particulars of an uninteresting subject. Such gangs of desperadoes and outlaws were once very numerous, and it was almost impossible to look at a newspaper without finding therein some

blood-curdling account of robbery and murder. Madam Sawyer has a famous "Chamber of Horrors" in Bourke street, Melbourne, like unto Madam Tassaud's in London, and when an execution takes place she has a cast made of the subject for her establishment, which now contains a small army of the most notorious criminal characters of Australia, represented in wax. In the system of criminal education in that country there is, of course, the kindergarten and juvenile object lessons, followed by the primary, which relates to horse stealing and cattle "duffing;" from these the advance is generally to "sticking up" their fellow-citizens; then comes the more attractive studies in mail and bank robberies, safe cracking and kindred lessons; and then follows the high school and the graduating class of bush-rangers, desperadoes and murderers.

However, at this time the Australian colonies, for general sobriety, honesty and good citizenship, will compare favorably with any nation or country on the earth; and it is remarkable that of the native born so few are of the criminal class, when it is considered that in the early days so many of their fathers were sent to the colonies for crime, or what in England was deemed crime—an offense against society and the government—in those days.

The penal prison of Victoria is located at Pentridge town, on the Beechworth road, about five miles to the north of Melbourne. The buildings are of blue stone and present rather a gloomy appearance. The grounds embrace six hundred and forty acres, or one mile square, the whole enclosed by a wall twenty-one feet high and two feet thick

at the top. The area embraces a large stone quarry where hundreds of prisoners are constantly employed in quarrying stone. About three hundred acres is devoted to cultivation, and most of the products are used on the premises. The vegetables are all grown by the prisoners, especially by those of short sentence or whose term is nearly expired. However, once in there is little chance of getting out by scaling the walls, for there are watchmen upon thy walls, O Pentrage, who will never hold their peace day nor night, should a prisoner attempt to escape! They work through the day and are locked in their cells at night. The prisons are divided into three separate departments, A, B and C, according to the length of the term of sentence. Such as are kept in solitary confinement during the whole of their occupancy are only let out one hour in a day for exercise, and then are compelled to wear a mask and are not allowed to speak, not even to the warder, unless spoken to. Those confined in division B are mostly employed in the stone-cutting yards. There are numerous walled enclosures within the great surrounding wall. Many of these interior enclosures are stone-cutting yards. These, like the others, are marched to their cells after their day's work. The men in division C fare better, but it is only for a short time, near the close of their term. They are allowed in a large yard and to converse, and upon holidays to have sports and meals together in a large mess-room. Their clothes are coarse gray woolen, each article of apparel being numbered with the prisoner's number, as they do not go by name. Their food is good and wholesome, and for those who are at

work, plenty of it. But those who are confined under discipline get only half rations. There are many termed "old hands" who would not miss being there during the winter months—in fact, they look to the Pentrage as their home. They have been there so many times it seems to them like getting back to their father's house. The panorama has completed its circuit and here the curtain drops upon Australia, leaving only to myself alone pleasant memories of many scenes, friendships and experiences that cannot be recorded here, but which time can never obliterate from my memory.

CHAPTER XXX.

GIPPS' LAND—PIONEERS—STATIONS—GREAT ESTATES—HORSE ARISTOCRACY—STRINGY BARK—HOUSE BUILDING—GUM AND CHERRY TREES—BOUNTIFUL CROPS—ANSWERING AN ADVERTISEMENT—TONGIA—IN THE MOUNTAINS—MURDER OF GREEN—OMEQ—DISCOVERY—CHINESE—SPANISH—DUTCH—CAPTAIN COOK—FIRST COLONY—LOST AND FOUND—FIRST NEWSPAPER—GOVERNORS—LAW SYSTEM AND COURTS—POPULATION THEN AND NOW.

ALTHOUGH I considered my engagement closed when the curtain dropped at the end of the last chapter, it has been rung up again just to enable me to say something a little more definite about Gipps' Land, which I have heretofore mentioned only in a general way. I feel it a pleasant duty to do, for whatever of a continued city and abiding-place I had in Australia in the last twelve years previous to my leaving the country, was in that department of the Victorian colony. It is situated in the northeastern part of that colony, and within its area it embraces a portion of that eastern coast range of mountains named by Sir Roderick Murchison the Australian Alps. The great geologist, many years prior to gold discovery, having compared them to the Ural mountains in their geological elements and formation, pro-

nounced them gold bearing, and prophesied their ultimate development as gold fields.

Gipps' Land was discovered, or rather, I should say, opened up and a settlement begun by Angis McMillan, whom I have mentioned in a former chapter. His party came down from New South Wales and settled on a little river that they named Avon, which empties into Lake Wellington, being one of the Gipps' Land chain of lakes. They named their camping place Stratford, which has developed into a respectable town and retains that name unto this day—so we have a Stratford-on-Avon, and in that respect we are on an equality with the mother country, as we are with her in holding in veneration the name and memory of the immortal dramatist. Some of the party took up ranges on Flooding creek, twelve miles away, now the town of Sail and the capital of Gipps' Land. For some years but little was known of that part of the colony, only as an unexplored country. At last squatters commenced to come in pretty rapidly for settlement, and it was not long before the tide of emigration poured in and the department became known as one of importance.

One among the first settlers on Flooding creek was Mr. Foster of Hart station. Three miles from there, on the west bank of the Thompson river, was Mr. William Pearson. Three miles further on lived one Jones, who possessed an extensive landed estate, but who afterwards hung himself, either in disgust or as a relief from great mental agony—he possibly suffered because some of his neighbors succeeded in purchasing of the government for

the least money, more acres than he could. Twelve miles further on was a fine station of which a Mr. Johnston was the owner, known as the — Park, situated in what was called the town of Mafaru. The next great station was Hayfield, and at Stratford was another, the property of Samuel Swan. These gentlemen are only here alluded to as the possessors of vast landed estates in my own neighborhood. They had severally succeeded in purchasing from five thousand to thirty thousand acres of land for one pound per acre, which five years thereafter would readily sell for ten pounds (fifty dollars) an acre, and now would readily sell for from ten to thirty pounds per acre. Mr. Pearson now owns sixteen thousand acres in one block, which would quickly command the last named prices. A Mr. Smith took up the Linitino station, comprising several miles of the Mitchell river flats, having an area of several thousand acres of the richest agricultural land in all Australia—much of it since selling for fifty pounds (two hundred and fifty dollars) an acre—for hop growing. Where Barnesdale now stands was formerly a portion of the McLoed station. It is a thriving little town upon the Mitchell river, five miles above where it empties into the lakes. It is at the head of lake navigation and also the present terminus of the Melbourne & Gipps' Land railroad, and is destined to be one of the most prominent inland towns—in fact, it is already known as the Chicago of Australia. Thus it may be inferred that the people of that part of the world are not ignorant of the United States, its cities and the enterprise of its citizens. Upon the opposite side of the Mitchell river

one Mr. Crooks took up the Lucknow station and commenced breeding horses upon an extensive scale. He erected some thirty miles of post and rail fence at a cost of three dollars and seventy-five cents a rod. He owned many horses that cost him a hundred guineas each. It may, perhaps, not be generally known in this country that, in Australia, as in England, there is a horse aristocracy that disdains pounds, shillings and pence in estimating their price or value, but the prices must be named in guineas, like the fee of a solicitor or barrister and the doctor and surgeon. Besides this station he owned one other, the Topall. Upon the two he was reputed to own as many as six thousand head of horses—and there were no scrubs among them, as inferior horses are there called, but most of them were among the most valuable in the colonies. Whole “mobs,” or droves of them have been known to bring as high as one hundred and fifty dollars per head for the least valuable ones. On the Nicholson river, some eight miles farther north, Mr. McAlister had a cattle station. He came to Gipps’ Land with the old pioneer, Angis McMillan.

On the Tamba river is some of the finest agricultural land that any country can produce. From Flooding creek, south fifteen miles on Meriman’s creek, settled Mr. McFarlin, also a pioneer companion of old Angis McMillan. Sixteen miles west is the pleasant town of Rosedale, and still further on is Tomgabba and Brangalong. In all this country, down until as late as 1867, there were not more than one thousand acres under cultivation, while now there is at least one million acres, the very choicest

land in all the colonies. In 1871 I knew a four horse-power threshing machine start out on a threshing tour, and it was compelled to travel over an area of thirty miles square to keep it running, while now over the same ground it requires thirty steam threshers to thresh the grain that is now grown there. Besides the grain, there are more sheep and cattle raised upon the same land than there was before.

The Gipps' Land lakes extend over seventy miles and are an inlet of the sea, and navigable for ocean steam coasters and coasting schooners trading with Melbourne and Sydney. The most of the surface of the country I have spoken of is of a level nature, and a great portion of it bottom or river land. Probably there is not another portion of the colony of the Australian continent of its size, that turns out so much wattle bark as Gipps' Land. I have known at least thirty thousand tons to be stripped there in one year. Sail is a thriving town of some five thousand inhabitants. Barnesdale, which has been my place of residence for many years, is not so large, probably three thousand. Each town supports a public hospital—and I would like to say here, as I do not remember that I have said it before, that probably there is no country in the civilized world that supports more hospitals than Australia. The method the government adopts is to give pound for pound that the people subscribe for such institutions, and the same for supporting them afterwards.

The gold diggings of the Australian Alps contributed greatly towards the settlement and development of Gipps' Land. The ranges, where fifteen years ago scarcely a head-

of cattle could be seen, are now grazing their thousands. Although the hills are thickly covered with timber, they produce plenty of grass, not, however, of the fattening quality, but bone producing. Cattle are grown upon the hill ranges, and then brought down into the flats or bottom lands and fattened upon the artificial or cultivated grass. After having gotten their growth in the ranges, they will fatten very speedily. We never think of fattening a creature until it first gets its growth. There is not so much expense incident to the raising of cattle there as there is in this country, as we are never under the necessity of feeding them. Oftentimes a person will turn out a calf after it is weaned, and never see it again until it is fit for fattening for market, when from five to seven years later it is fully grown.

The timber on the Gipps' Land hills is free splitting. The kind mostly used for splitting purposes is the stringy bark, so called from the facility with which it can be stripped or pulled into strings, and the fibres of which are twisted into ropes for horses and other uses. The method of barking the tree is to ring it at the butt, and again eight or nine feet above, then split it down from one girdle to the other, get the fingers in and start it from the wood. When once started, it will readily peel around the body of the tree, and come off in one whole sheet, eight feet long and from three to six feet wide. Take a long-handled shovel and strip off the rough outside bark, and it will resemble a side of sole leather. Two men can strip from forty to sixty sheets in a day, so it don't take long to strip enough bark to cover a house, sides, roof and all.

I have known houses built of bark in this way to last for ten or twelve years. The young stringy bark trees make the best of poles, and one can cut them twenty-five or thirty feet long, as straight as a candle, and, if desired, not more than three inches in diameter. Two men can go into the bush and strip the bark, cut the poles and put up a house inside of a week, and a good tidy-looking one too, and such a one as many thousands who are worth their thousands of pounds have lived in for years.

The wattle tree has a beautiful flower, and the most fragrant of any tree in the world. As soon as the tree is stripped of its bark, the roots will rot, and in the course of twelve months one can push it over, for the roots only run along the surface of the ground, there being no tap root. The wattle grows very rapidly. Ground on which all the trees have been stripped, in two years little saplings will have grown into trees large enough to strip. So important has become the wattle tree, and so beautiful and fragrant its flower, the government has commenced to plant the railroad line and grounds to wattles, and has appointed commissioners to investigate and see that the forest trees are properly stripped from the roots to the top, that there may be no reckless waste of the precious bark.

The principal wood for fence posts is the red gum. It is a timber that will stand both water and weather for a time almost incredible. The boro is of little use except for fuel. The light-wood is a very firm, tough timber, used for whiffletrees and other purposes where great strength is required. The cherry tree is a very pretty wood, and

one in this country will perhaps scarcely believe the story when told that the stone of the wild cherry grows on the outside—on the top of the berry. Corn is cultivated in Gipps' Land to a greater extent than in any other place in the colonies, except on the Hunter river in New South Wales, where it is no uncommon thing to get a crop of two hundred bushels of shelled corn to the acre. In Gipps' Land I have known oats to produce ninety bushels to the acre, barley one hundred, peas sixty, and horse beans one hundred bushels to the acre. Lindino flat I have known to yield forty-two bushels of wheat to the acre on an average; but I don't wish to be understood that this is the average yield in general.

Potatoes yield wonderfully well. I have seen seventeen tons produced from an acre. The usual price of wheat is one dollar and fifty cents per bushel, which is the highest price, but it is seldom less than one dollar. Oats never less than seventy-five cents, barley from fifty to seventy-five cents, corn, or maize, as it is called there, sixty-five cents to one dollar. So one can readily see that for the farmer that country is as good if not a little better than this. But then there is another consideration less favorable to farmers there than in this country. Farming tools and implements are about three times the price there to what they are here, and then again the cost of clearing land is about double what it is in this country. Land can be obtained direct from the government for one pound per acre on twenty years' time, deferred payments. When Charles Ganon Duffey's Land act came into force and there was a land election day, I have known people wait in the yard

all night for fear their names would be called and they would not be there to answer. I never was quite so land-struck as to loose any rest on account of it. The first man who started a store in Barnesdale was F. W. Dreverman. It was a little ten by twelve place, but he soon found he had not capital enough to carry it on alone, so he advertised for a partner in the Melbourne papers, and one James Cameron saw the advertisement, and walked from Melbourne to Barnesdale, a distance of two hundred miles, to answer it in person. They came to an agreement and went into business together, and the partnership lasted about fifteen years. Both gentlemen remain there still and carry on business. Mr. Dreverman has been a member of the board of road commissioners for many years, and no less than three times president of that honorable body, and is the president thereof to-day.

Fifty miles southwest on the road towards Melbourne is the Moa country, which is equally as rich as any in Gipps' Land. I was about to say the richest, but I am under the impression that I have used that word so often that it stands me in hand to be careful now or I shall be brought up standing by someone, like the Ethiopian minstrel who, discoursing upon the geography of the world and the foundation thereof, said it rested upon a big rock. When questioned upon what the rock stood, he said it stood upon another rock. Being further pressed to know what the second rock stood on, he requested that they bother him no more, for it was rocks all the way down. So it is with the Gipps' Land country; it is all good. Moa is the name of a river. That portion of the country

COLLINS STREET, MELBOURNE.



has but recently been settled, and mainly since the opening of the Walla and Stringer's Creek reefs. The remaining hundred miles through to Melbourne, although very heavily timbered, is of the very richest soil, and some day when the land is cleared it will be very fine agricultural land. The timber being so near Melbourne, is becoming more and more valuable every day. Returning now to the northern end of Gipps' Land, at Brothing on the Tamba river, we follow it to its source, over many hills, for we now have entered the commencement of the Australian Alps, and twelve miles further on is the crossing of the Tamba, where there was a store first kept by Hutchinson Brothers, since dead; but their successor, one Peter McDougal, runs a business at the old stand. Crossing the Tamba, we now commence the mountain tour in earnest by ascending the Shady Creek hill. After Shady Creek hill there comes Little Dick, another dreadful hill to undertake to ascend with drays, which in the early days was never undertaken unless there were at least two drays in company, when they would double their teams at each of those hills. I have seen as many as twenty bullocks, or ten yoke of oxen, as we would say in this country, to one of those drays. After Little Dick comes Fainting range, and after having surmounted all these difficulties we arrive at Tongia, where there is a public house, kept for many years by one Allen Barnes. It was here that poor Green last stopped before being murdered for his gold. He used to buy gold on the Omeo diggings in the same way I once did, heretofore described. This particular time he started from Omeo in company with a lady, who, by

the way, now lives in the city of Cleveland, Ohio. I would give her name, but refrain from so doing, not having seen the lady since my return, and would not like to take the liberty of doing so without first having obtained her consent. But I will assume the freedom to say that Mr. Hewett, a wine and spirit merchant in that city, was then in Australia and was at the time more familiar with the facts relating to that murder than myself. Green had for safety taken a policeman with him as an escort. Leaving Omeo they arrived at Tongia and were there joined by Mr. Harley Dickings, who kept a store three miles from Tongia, on Swift creek. He joined the party for safety. They slept all night and started the next morning in good spirits, but had traveled only about two miles when, on a turn of the road at the top of a sidling hill, they were suddenly fired upon. Green fell from his horse wounded. Dickings was shot in the shoulder and fell. The lady's horse took fright and jumped a log and threw her, so she was left upon the ground to witness the bloody scene that followed. The policeman, like many of those valiant knights, was carried away out of danger by the flight of his horse, so he was the only one of the party of four persons that was not more or less hurt. As soon as Green fell, one of the murderers sprang upon him and struck him on the head with a hatchet and killed him at once. Dickings' horse ran at once for his stable, which was not more than two miles away, the lady's horse and Green's following. Upon their stampeding, the pack-horse joined in, carrying all the gold. Dickings and the lady were not long in following on foot, and soon overtook

the horses and drove them in ahead of them, gold and all. The murderers proved to be two young men that no one would hardly have suspected of such a crime, although rather suspicious characters when it came to horse stealing and cattle duffing. Their names were George Chamberlin and George Armstrong. They were afterwards convicted of horse stealing, and while undergoing their sentence were tried for the Green murder and suffered the extreme penalty of the law in Melbourne jail.

Fifteen miles further on from Tongia were the Omeo diggings upon Livingston creek, first discovered by some prospectors—John Reed, an American, and one Jemmy Bloomfield, an Irishman and a great prospector, one who was always looking out for the fountain head where he could get the gold by the bucketful. One will always meet such men wherever he goes, but in all my experience of thirty-four years I never yet met one of them that had ever struck the fountain head, or ever got the bucketful. Omeo proved to be good diggings in the dry hills. Several parties undertook to cut and bring water onto the dry hill thirty years ago, and some of those same men are still working the same dry hill and running the same water ditch. The parties I refer to are Mr. Fitzgerald, George Hamilton and Duncan McCraig. Nearly all the old residents of Omeo have passed away. William Jack, Thomas Shenn and Joseph Day were men who will be remembered by everyone that knew Omeo in the early diggings. But the Omeo of that day and this are greatly unlike. Now Livingstone, as the town is called, is in a valley surrounded by the Omeo plains, that have since, thanks to Sir Charles

Ganon Duffey, become exceedingly valuable and are under a high state of cultivation. Time has wrought changes among men there as elsewhere, even more surprising than the changes of the face of that country, and there is now left on Omeo not more than six men who were there during its first golden days.

As the object of this narrative is to record personal experiences and the events and happenings incident thereto, it has not been either my purpose or province to write the history of the lands it has been my fortune to visit or reside in; but as I have said so much about my Gipps' Land home, I may as well, for the benefit of my youthful readers, finish this chapter by giving a brief historical outline of the oceancontinent which is now known to the world as Australia. In recent years, from Oriental maps published in the modern editions of the travels of the famous Venetian, Marco Polo, from 1265 to 1292, in China, or Chathay, as it was then called, and who visited Japan, Sumatra, Borneo, Madagascar and other great but nameless lands in the midst of the Pacific ocean, in command of the emperor's fleet in that great exploring expedition, it is believed that the great island continent of Australia was embraced in his discoveries. If so, he was, doubtless, the first European to behold that land. However, it is probable that Chinese navigators knew of the existence of at least the northern part of the Australian continent at a very remote period, for it is said they formed a settlement on the island of Timor not far from Cape York, where they gathered a dainty for the Chinese market known as the sea-slug. But to come down to the

period of historical certainty. The earliest authentic records of the discovery of any part of Australia are Spanish. In the course of their voyages from their South American possessions between 1520 and 1600, the Spaniards discovered several islands of the Australian group; and in 1605 Luis Vaez de Torres sighted the Australian coast and made report thereof to the king of Spain. This report remaining in the archives unpublished, it was not known to the world until it was rediscovered by Captain Cook in 1770. About the same time the Dutch made voyages of discovery in the Indian and Pacific oceans, and the names of several Dutch settlements mark the northern coast, but none of their explorations resulted in any permanent settlement. But England has reaped the fruits of both Spanish and Dutch discoveries.

The Dutch called the country New Holland and made very unfavorable reports of it, describing its coasts as barren, its waters shallow, and thinly peopled by cruel, poor and brutal natives, and but of very little use to the great Dutch East India company. The island they had named as Van Diemen's Land or Tasmania, they pronounced as being the gloomy abode of "howling evil spirits." Thus lay the great island continent under a shadow and cloud until 1770, when Captain James Cook sailed in search of it, after having visited the Society islands and New Zealand, where he introduced the pig and the potato to the natives, and where his memory is revered by the descendants of savage ancestors as the god of pigs and potatoes. From here he sailed westward and struck the eastern coast of Australia, and landed on the eleventh

of April, 1770. The beautiful bay which he entered and anchored in, he named Botany bay, in honor of Mr., afterwards Sir Joseph Banks, president of the Royal society, who was with him, and who was captivated with the rich and marvelous botanic specimens which he gathered upon its shores—the eucalypti, the grass-trees and the wonderful flowers, the birds of beautiful plumage and the kangaroo bounding through the open forests, unlike anything they had ever seen before. He landed in five different places and made a complete circuit of the great land, hoisting the English colors and taking formal possession in the name of George the Third, king of Great Britain. Subsequently the English government selected Botany bay as a penal colony. Six hundred and fifty men and two hundred and fifty women were the first installment of these unhappy colonists, sent out under a guard of marines, a major-commandant, twelve subalterns, twenty-four non-commissioned officers and one hundred and sixty-eight rank and file, with forty women, their wives. Captain Arthur Phillip, R. N., was the first governor. This fleet sailed from England in May, 1787, and was eight months making the voyage, having touched at Cape de Verde islands, Rio Janerio and the Cape of Good Hope, and in January, 1788, anchored in Botany bay.

When these convict colonists had landed, the commandant set about erecting the necessary buildings, and then discovered he had a scarcity of competent builders. The ship furnished sixteen, and the prisoners twelve carpenters, but only one experienced bricklayer was found among the convicts. He, of course, became the boss builder,

headed a body of laborers and built the governor's house and other brick structures. In the meantime the governor, officials and prisoners lived in tents. At that time all the stock of that great continent consisted of two bulls, five cows, one horse, three mares, three colts, twenty-nine sheep, seventy-four pigs, a few turkeys and geese and some hens, which were, of course, imported with the colonists. The first great calamity which befell the colony was the loss of the two bulls and four cows, which wandered away and were lost in the woods. Five years later, when the governor sent out hunters to collect fresh provisions among the wild game, they discovered, feeding in a rich pasture before unknown to white men, a herd of sixty cattle, the children and grand-children of the lost animals. So long had the governor and officials lived on salt meat that the news of the discovery was a subject of congratulations, and the governor made a journey to the distant cow pasture to see the pleasant sight.

The king's commission for the establishment of the government of the territory of New South Wales was granted in February, 1788, and five years later the first church was established in a temporary building. Phillip, the second governor, retired, and was succeeded by Governor Hunter in 1795. At this time, and for more than twenty years, it is said that rum was the currency and legal tender of the colony. All extra work was paid for in spirits, and drunkenness was the prevailing vice. All colonists, bond and free, were dependent on the government stores. Although a printing-press had been sent out in the first fleet, they forgot to send a printer along with

it, and for five years it lay idle and all orders, documents and announcements were in manuscript or by the bellman. Finally a printer was discovered among the convicts, and a government gazette was established. It was styled *The Sydney Gazette and New South Wales Advertiser*, founded by George Howe, a prisoner, and published by authority, in 1803. There was a great calamity by a flood in 1806 in the Hawkesbury river, destroying almost the entire crops of the colony, and houses and colonists were swept away in a night and a great famine resulted. A two pound loaf of bread rose to five shillings, and a bushel of wheat eighty shillings, and vegetables in proportion. Another calamity to the colony the same year was said to be the appointment of one Captain Bligh as governor. He had been a naval captain, a man of violent temper and vulgar manners and speech, played the tyrant for a while until the people were aroused, who, with the aid of a military force, deposed him. He was succeeded by Governor Macquarie in 1809, who held the office till 1821, when he was succeeded by Sir Thomas Brisbane. Mr. Barron Field was the first judge sent to the colony. Many expeditions were made over the mountains, and the great rivers were discovered during these years. The first chief-justice and attorney-general came in 1824, and in 1829 the first act to establish trial by jury in civil cases was passed, and the Australian college was founded the following year. Polding was the first Roman Catholic bishop, and the Right Rev. W. G. Broughton was the first lord bishop of Australia, installed in 1836. Governor Sir Richard Bourke bestows the name of

Melbourne on the town laid out on the Yarra Yarra river and returns to England and is succeeded by Sir George Gipps in 1838. Subsequent governors were Sir Charles Fitzroy, Gawler, Border and Earl Grey. In a former chapter I have stated the creation of new colonies. Telegraph communication with England opened in 1872.

The legal system of the several colonies is mainly copied from that of England. The supreme court consists of a chief and two puisne judges, who exercise the powers of the three courts of queen's bench, common pleas and exchequer in England, and have criminal jurisdiction and go on circuit twice a year. In common law the new rules of pleading are in force. One judge sits in admiralty. Proceedings are by bill and answer. One judge also exercises the functions pertaining to testamentary dispositions, letters of administration, etc., which in England are performed by the ecclesiastical courts. There are also masters in equity. The supreme court exercises jurisdiction in bankruptcy and insolvency. One of the judges presides, exercising powers similar to the commissioners in England, with an appeal to the supreme court. Estates of insolvents are vested in official assignees. There is a conscience court—presided over by a single commissioner, who decides, not according to law or evidence, but according "to equity and good conscience," held in Melbourne and Sydney—which has jurisdiction up to thirty pounds. Magistrates have absolute jurisdiction up to ten pounds, and up to thirty pounds by mutual consent in simple debt, but not in actions for damages or disputed rights of land. Under the "Masters' and Servants' Act,"

two magistrates can decide on disputes as to wages and service, and can commit a servant refusing to perform his written agreement, and levy a distress on the property of his master or his agent if wages are unpaid. The division of barrister and attorney is maintained as in England. The judges appoint a board of examiners, and admit any man of good character to practice as a barrister after passing an examination in classics, mathematics and law.

The population of New South Wales and Victoria in 1852 was, in round numbers, about two hundred and sixty thousand; now, about four million.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE RETURN — CORRESPONDENCE — RESOLVE — ADIEUS—SYDNEY — THE
“ZEALANDRIA” — SADNESS — PASSENGERS — AUCKLAND — HONOLULU —
DIVERSIONS AND ENTERTAINMENTS — FOURTH OF JULY — SAN FRANCISCO
— CHANGES — REFLECTIONS — THE RAILWAY — FAMILIAR SCENERY —
HUMBOLT SINK — OGDEN — CLEVELAND — VISITING — LOVELAND — SEE —
ALONE IN HIS NATIVE COUNTRY — “OVER THE RANGE.”

FROM the year I landed in Australia up to 1862 I received at intervals letters from home, but after that date I never received another until some time in 1881, although I had written as usual, yet without receiving any answer. Letters from home having ceased to come, I wrote to almost everyone I had known in my boyhood, but to no purpose. At last I suspended further efforts in the matter, but not without a feeling of inexpressible sadness, yet made a sort of half mental resolve that if they had forgotten, or so far lost interest in me as not to take the trouble to write me even in answer to my letters, I could do as long without hearing from home and old friends as they could without hearing from me. Then I wrote no more for eighteen years, and neither party heard from the other. I had given up all hope of ever hearing from them, and supposed that they had for all that length of time come to the conclusion that I was dead.

One evening I called on a gentleman, an intimate friend connected with the public schools, and he handed me a letter addressed to C. D. Ferguson, saying he had instructions that if it was not for me to return it to F. B. Clapp, Melbourne. I told him that it was for me and from an only surviving sister in Cleveland, Ohio. The letter informed me that my friends had for years given me up for dead, never having heard from me for so long a time; that then, recently, by chance, a person had been met in Cleveland who had once been in Australia and knew me there, but supposed I had left for the states years before. But he told them to write to New Zealand to Cole, Hoyt, Cobb & Company, coachers, and that firm would likely know my whereabouts if alive. She wrote the firm, but they had sold out and Mr. Cole had returned to the United States, but Mr. Robert Mitchel, who was then proprietor, answered her, telling her that I had not been in New Zealand for years, but he thought I was still in Victoria and a letter addressed to F. B. Clapp would most likely find me.

She did as directed, with the result I have already mentioned. I was not surprised, though deeply saddened, to learn that not only my father and mother had passed over, but the most of my brothers and sisters had followed them. It is needless to say I was pleased to hear once more from home, and, as it were, from beyond the grave. I answered that letter with the utmost promptness, and in due time I was rewarded with two or three—one of them informing me that a nephew, that was not born till fourteen years after I had left home, was coming

out to Australia to see his uncle Charlie; and sure enough he came according to the information—the first of my kindred that I had met in thirty-four years—since I was a boy of seventeen. Of course I was glad to see him, and I would have rejoiced at any time to have met anyone from the Western Reserve. My nephew was received with open arms by my Australian friends, no less than by me. An Irishman was at the office when the telegram came informing me of my nephew's arrival in Melbourne. He undertook to bring me the dispatch, but he called at so many places on the road over to inform them of the news and to celebrate the event with another drink, that at last he forgot about the telegram and came to me twenty-four hours later to know if I had received it. Upon being told that I had not, "Now thin, be jabers, I musht have lost it; but niver mind," said he, "as he has come so far already he won't turn back now without seeing you, so there won't be much harm done."

Of course I endeavored to post my nephew in the mysteries of Australia, and was pleased to find that he would be likely to make quite as apt a scholar as his venerable uncle. There were not many places in Australia he did not see, and not many of my acquaintances that he was not introduced to, and they declared him a fac-simile of his uncle. I think this was the first time in my life that I felt thoroughly homesick, and to cap the climax I received a letter from my sister in answer to one I had written her, saying I thought I should never return to America; that I had settled down and was now growing old; that Australia

was my adopted home, and there I would be likely to spend the remainder of my days. She wrote in reply that she had always hoped to see me once more; how disappointed she was; and at the close bade me a final farewell in this world, and hoped to meet me in the next, where partings never come.

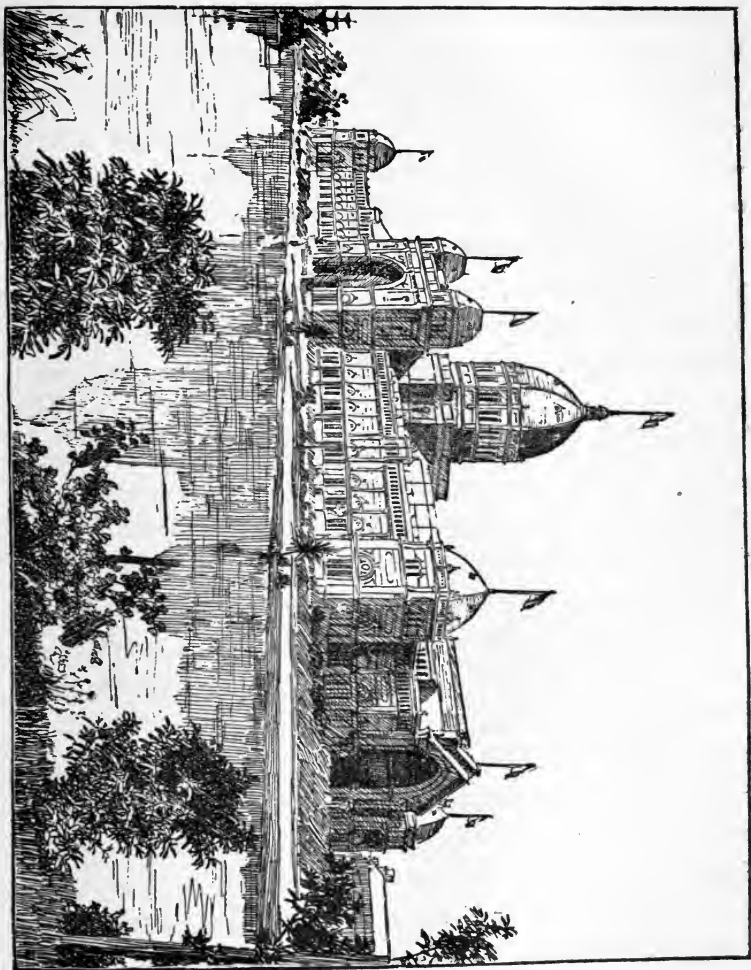
Now, according to the old orthodox theory, there are two distinct countries in the hereafter to which weary pilgrims of this world are said to be traveling, and having been so long separated and so far away from my sister, and not being sure that the track I had taken would lead me to her celestial abode, I concluded I would go home and ascertain the track she is on and the route she is taking, that we might mutually consider and determine in our minds touching the probabilities of a near neighborly existence in the world of spirits. Upon finishing the letter I said to some friends present, "I am going to America." "Going where?" said three or four at once. "To America," I answered. "O, yes, we see you going; you have been going so many times." "But I am going this time," said I. "We will believe it when we see you start." "Well, that will be soon," I said. I got onto my horse and went to Barnesdale, and began to make arrangements for being absent some time. This was no uncommon thing for me, and not much notice was taken of it until someone asked where Ferguson was going this time. On being informed, no one would believe it. I had made three attempts before and failed. This time I was determined to go or give it up forever. Then I knew if I did not go I would never hear the last of it from my friends. This was on Tuesday,

and on Friday morning I left for Melbourne. My friends there were equally surprised, but thought, as did the rest, I would get no further than Sydney. However, they concluded to see me off in the usual way—the Scotch way—parting glasses. The consequence was my friends became so near-sighted they never noticed that I went upon one train one way and my luggage upon another train, in an opposite direction. In fact, I was so overcome with my feelings that I did not find out the mistake until reaching Albura, where I was obliged to lay over two days for the railroad officials to look up my luggage. From there I took the rail to Sydney, arriving there some ten days before the steamer sailed.

I availed myself of the opportunity to look around the city and contemplate the changes that had taken place since the day I first set foot upon the Australian shore. Progress, improvement, wealth and social institutions were manifest everywhere in the colony of which Sydney is the capital city. Upon my arrival thirty years before, its population was only about fifty thousand, while now the census credits it with some two hundred and fifty thousand. Melbourne now was as large as Sydney, while it boasted of but twenty-five thousand when I first landed there; besides, there are more than twenty cities whose population is counted from twenty to sixty thousand, many of which had no existence when I came, and “the sound of the church-going bell” had never floated on the air where now it calls its thousands of worshipers.

A line of splendid ocean steamers was now plying monthly between Sydney and San Francisco. Upon one

EXPOSITION BUILDING, FITZROY GARDEN, MELBOURNE.



of these I secured cabin passage to 'Frisco, the price being two hundred and ten dollars—the *Zealandria*, Captain Webber. I cannot this moment recall the name of the first officer. The second was William C. Tyler; purser, McDonald. It is a pleasure to record the kindness, civility and gentlemanly bearing of the commander and officers of the noble steam-ship *Zealandria*, and a more pleasant and agreeable multitude of passengers never paced the deck or graced the salons of an ocean steamer than those of the *Zealandria*.

On the sixteenth of June, 1883, the steamer sailed. Had I remained about a month longer I should have completed just thirty-one years' residence in the colonies. Those who have read Byron's "Lisbon Packet" will need no description of the getting ready of a ship and the embarking. That tells the true story of the outset of every voyage. It is a poetic photograph.

I think I never felt so downcast, gloomy and sad in all my life as upon that afternoon when we sailed out of Port Jackson bay. I was leaving all my acquaintances of the last thirty years. To be sure I was returning to my native land, but I had been so long gone from it I felt I was going among strangers, where none would know or remember me, even in the place where I was born; where in my youth I had many friends, but all now, perhaps, in the silent land or scattered abroad on the earth. Then, too, for an uncertainty of recognition in the vicinity of my old home, or of meeting either kith or kin, or girl or boy, with whom I conned the primary lessons in the humble little school-house, I was leaving the many and all the

friends of my mature life, acquired by long residence in my adopted country. Only one pleasing reflection came to cheer my gloomy spirit, and that was that I was not leaving a single enemy.

There were some one hundred and sixty cabin passengers, most of them on their way to England, many upon a return visit to their native home and childhood scenes; others born in the colonies, now upon a visit to the land of their fathers; some to finish their education, others for pleasure.

There was a gentleman and his wife among the passengers, Dr. Tucker, who was commissioned by the government to examine and report upon the insane institutions of Europe and America. He was expecting to be absent some three years. We called at Auckland, New Zealand, for the mails. I thought I would go ashore and sleep for the night, little thinking of meeting anyone I had ever met before. I went to a first-class hotel for my lodging. The landlord turned the register around, and as soon as he saw the name, he said, "I don't know you, but I heard one of the same name talked about much only last night." I asked who the party was. He said, "Will Carter and Harry Richmond." "Where are they?" I asked. "I can take you to Harry in two minutes," said he. I need hardly say that I availed myself of his suggestion. Before starting the landlord gave me back my money, saying that if I got with Harry I would not return there that night. Richmond was the one who started me when I first entered Gabriel's gully, some eighteen years before. I found him, and think I can justly say that he was

equally rejoiced to see me as I was to see him. We did not retire that night, as the ship sailed early the next day, and we had eighteen years of notes to overhaul and compare, which took us all night. Carter had gone up the country that morning and I did not see him. He went with me to New Zealand on the first trip and had remained there. He was a Canadian from near Montreal, and one of the best natured and jolliest fellows that ever lived. He was a stalwart fellow, six feet and one inch, built in proportion, always laughing, and had a heart just a little bigger than a bullock's.

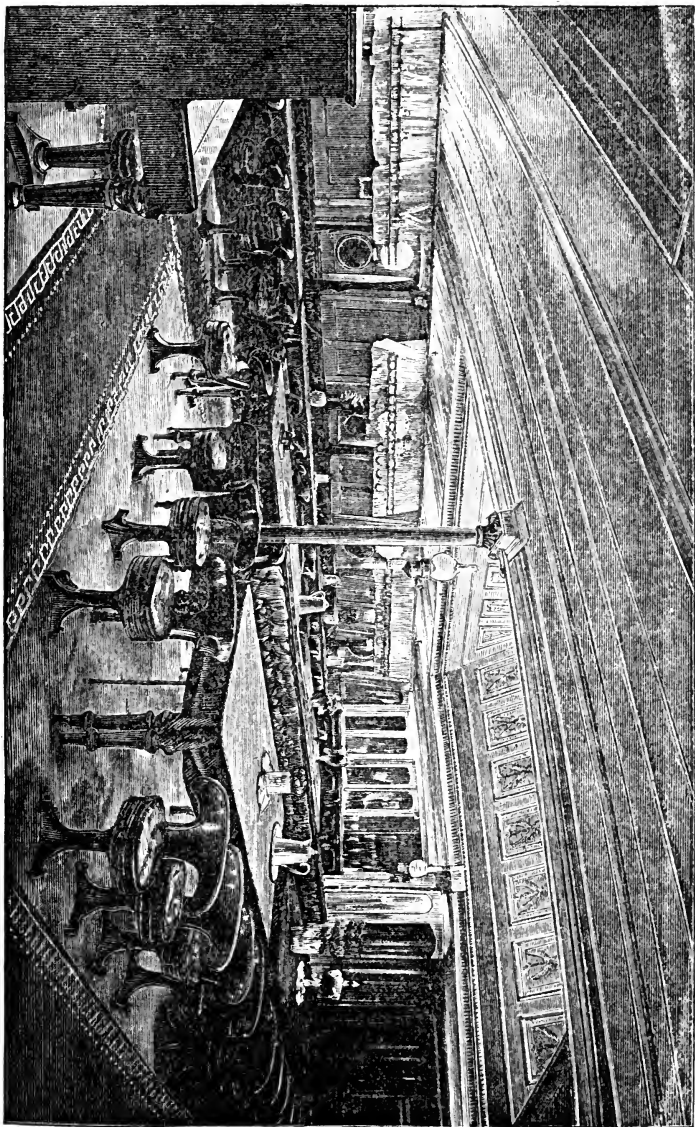
We had quite an accession of passengers from Auckland. Among all, however, there was only myself and one other American on the steamer who had been out in the colonies for any considerable length of time. From Auckland to Honolulu we were about eleven days. Here we called for twenty-four hours, and in that time took aboard over eight hundred tons of sugar and other products of the Sandwich islands for the 'Frisco market. The trip from there to San Francisco occupied eleven days more, making in all twenty-three days sailing, and two days in port, and I think I can truly say I never spent the same length of time more pleasantly. I did not fail to appreciate the contrast between the magnificent *Zealandria*, its officers and passengers, and the leaky and unseaworthy old tub, *Don Juan*, its motley conglomeration of disagreeable passengers and Van Diemen convicts, and the misery and suffering endured in the outward voyage of thirty years before.

Honolulu is quite a stirring business city. The people are about equally divided, Americans and all other nation-

alities mixed. If there is any preponderance, it is on the side of the Americans. There is always a multitude of canaca, or native women, gathered upon the wharf when a ship comes in, peddling their wares and trinkets, principally consisting of little beads strung and worked into baskets, neckties and tassels—of no use—mere novelties. They usually drive a pretty profitable trade among the passengers of the great steamers that arrive in port. One would think that a journey at sea, extending nearly around the globe, would become monotonous and tiresome, but it was not so with me and did not seem to be so with the others, for we had the best of officers and every luxury one could expect at sea, and, moreover, as agreeable a class of passengers as one could desire. There was never a day but some entertainment was devised and put in progress to lessen the monotony of the journey; besides, the new accession of passengers at the ports is looked forward to with animated interest, which helps to shorten time and distance.

There was scarcely an evening but some entertainment was in progress in the cabin—Shakesperian readings one night, dancing the next, and theatricals the third, lectures the fourth, and so on—something continually. There was a Mr. Ballard and his daughter. The young lady was very seasick. The father was a kind but thoughtless man, and often left the poor girl to care for herself. I pitied her and sometimes would sit down by her under the awning and read to her, and at other times tell her Indian stories, not thinking anyone else aboard the ship was listening to them. One evening there had been an

attempt at readings which for some cause had proved a failure, when to my surprise I was called upon to give the company an account of some of my adventures among the Indians. I was taken wholly by surprise, for I did not know there was anyone but little Miss Ballard that knew I had ever seen an Indian. I begged to be excused, but it was of no use, I had to hold forth. I had, however, the usual sore throat and bad cold of an operatic prima-donna when she discovers that the receipts at the ticket office are not up to her expectations, but promised if they would let me off that evening I would appear before the curtain some other night when free of my unhappy malady. The next day I noticed an unusual amount of enquiry among the lady passengers regarding my health, but never mistrusted the reason of their anxiety until evening, when I was waited upon by a deputation of ladies sent to escort me to the cabin to fulfill my promised engagement. Remonstrances were unavailing, so I submitted as meekly as a lamb led to the slaughter, and they rung up the curtain. The first evening I gave them an hour's rehearsal of events from my leaving Ohio, taking my audience with me in imagination across the mountains, deserts and plains, and landing them in California. The next evening I took them through the mining camps, over the bars, through the streams. into the gulches, over the divides, rocked the cradle and "panned out" for their entertainment as well as I could, took them across the Pacific ocean and landed them safely in Sydney. The third evening I gave them the Ballarat war, the exploring expedition, the gold fields, and some-



CABIN OF THE "ZEALANDRIA."

thing of many other events and personal experiences in Australia. They complimented me by declaring that I was the legitimate successor of Marco Polo and Sir John Mandeville, and congratulated me on my happy return to my native land and the scenes of my childhood after the lapse of a full and complete generation of time. It had been a pleasant and excitable daily diversion to get up what was called a "sweep," an estimate or guess on the distance the ship would make. This occupied the fore part of the day, when the captain would adjust his astronomical instruments for an observation and then make his mathematical calculations, and the officer would post up the results for the inspection of the passengers. In this little game of guessing my usual good luck followed me, for I don't think there was a passenger that won more pools than I did. The fourth of July came around, and although an English ship, sailing under the colors of her majesty's government, the captain set up the champagne, and the Queen and the President, England and the United States were toasted, and many loyal, patriotic, complimentary and friendly speeches were made and bumpers were drank to the captain and officers of the *Zealandria*. There was one missionary among the passengers, a Mr. Taylor from Chardon, Geauga county, Ohio, who had been out some three years to the Nelson islands, had buried his wife there, and was now taking his three little children home, the oldest about five years, and the youngest only about nine months, and he performed the office of mother to the little ones most affectionately and wonderfully well.

At last, on the eleventh day of July, we entered the Golden Gate Heads, between which I had sailed out into the broad Pacific thirty-one years before. O how little did I think there would or could be so many and such wonderful changes in San Francisco! They were beyond contemplation or the imagination to picture. I took rooms at the Palace hotel, built upon the very ground where I once knew only a mountain of sand. It was almost impossible to recognize any of the old places, only a small portion of Montgomery street. I looked for a long time before I could make out Pacific and Long wharves, but at last found them. Upon the arrival of the *Zealandria*, the purser told the reporters of the return of an old "forty-niner" after an absence of over thirty years, and it was not long before my table was covered with reporters' notes asking when they could have an interview. But I was not made that way; I had started for home, was bound to hasten there, had nothing to report and did not wish to be interviewed.

And now while wandering amazed and bewildered in the streets of the magnificent city, finding but a few recognizable familiar points, my mind reverted to the times and scenes of a former generation, and pondered upon some well-remembered names who helped to lay the foundations of that goodly city and the Golden state of the Pacific coast. The vigilance committee, where were they? All or nearly all had passed away. Where were the statesmen who had been instrumental in raising the golden territory into the most poetical and fascinating state over which floats the emblem of our nationality? Fremont, its

pioneer, path-finder and first senator, still lives, and his last breath is destined to float on the genial and balmy air of the state which he, of all other men, did most to make known to his country and to the world. His able but less loved and remembered colleague, Senator Gwin, long since ended his ambitious career in the grave. Broadrick had fallen in a duel. Landor had died upon the field of battle in the civil war. McDougal, the admired, the honored and the deplored, had found a grave in his native state of New York. The brilliant lawyer and popular gentleman, Elisha H. Allen, had emigrated to the Sandwich islands, had become chancellor and prime minister of the kingdom, returned as ambassador to the United States, and died at Washington. The famous Colonel Jack Hayes of the Texas Rangers was here elected sheriff in 1850, the first under the state constitution, Colonel Bryant, owner of the Bryant House on Ward street, being the opposing candidate. Andrew Subblette, a former sheriff, brother of the famous trapper, William Subblette, whose name is given to the "Cut-off" mentioned by all travelers across the plains, and linked with those of Bridger, Walker and others equally famous in the annals of early California immigration, long since passed away with all his contemporary pioneers. Thomas Butler King was early on the ground with bright political hopes and prospects which he never lived to realize. Thomas Star King, the beloved and accomplished Unitarian clergyman, ministered there, and there I think he entered upon his final rest. Last but not least, there flitted across my mind the memory of one far more interesting and beloved than the memory of states-

men and politicians—Frances B. Osgood, whose sweet poems in early years graced the pages of school books. Her husband was, I think, a clergyman—herself an invalid, and she came there to die. When her attendant for the last time smoothed her beautiful locks and placed a new white cap upon her head, her husband was called to her bedside. Her hands were delicately white and her face had an unearthly paleness, but her eyes were spiritually bright. She drew her husband's face close to hers and faintly whispered her last sweet poem in his ear—"I've something sweet to tell you"—the burden of which was expressed in the last line of each of the four stanzas—"I love you"—then sank upon her pillow and died.

So pleasant had been the voyage of the *Zealandria* and so agreeable and social its passengers, I had never felt any impatient anxiety about getting home since leaving Sydney, until we entered the beautiful bay of San Francisco. Then it seemed to me I could not wait to get my luggage through the custom-house. Before leaving I had some twenty-four hours spare time, which I spent in taking a view of the city, having in the meantime purchased my ticket by rail through to Cleveland, Ohio. I was impressed with the wonderful change and the improvements the golden city had made since I was there thirty years before. Then we crossed the bay to what is now the city of Oakland, in something like a wheel-boat, but now the ferry-boat is like unto a floating city. At Oakland I boarded the Union Pacific train. Again, I was taken all aback with wonder and surprise at Benecia bay, to see the whole train of twenty cars and two locomotives deliber-

ately run onto a ferry-boat and push for the opposite shore, at the rate, at least, of ten miles an hour. I now turned into my berth in the sleeping-car, but was up early the next morning, taking in the mountain scenery. We breakfasted at Truckee. My interest in scenery, however grand, was not very lively, as I had long been surfeited with nature's grandeurs, both here and elsewhere, and I little expected that the road had been laid over any part of the route over which I had toiled and suffered long years before. I was sitting and gazing out of the car window, when suddenly there was presented before me a scene perfectly familiar. I jumped to my feet and went to the conductor and asked him if that was the Humbolt sink. He said it was. I knew it at once. There lay before me, in full view, the hills and the track we had taken that night when our party had taken the wrong road, which proved so fatal to many poor fellows. The whole scene rushed back upon my memory as plainly as if it had happened only the week before, and many were the sorrowful reflections of that day. I stood upon the platform from that time out, the greater part of the time, now passing one place, then another, perfectly familiar ground. It may be thought incredible, but they were all fresh in my memory.

At Ogden, thirty-eight miles from Salt Lake City, we breakfasted and changed cars. The train stopping two hours gave me an opportunity to look around. Here was where we met our first calamity, in the death, by accident, of a comrade. I wandered out to the place where we buried the poor boy. I did not go down to Salt Lake, as I was so anxious to get home. I was now counting the

hours. How strange it is that one can remain away for years with thoughtlessness, if not indifference, but when he finds himself on the road home, the nearer he approaches it the less can he content himself from hour to hour and from moment to moment. It was so with me. I spent nearly all the time on the platform, for now we were traveling over the same part of the country I had passed over on my journey out. I left San Francisco at five o'clock, P.M., and arrived in Cleveland the following Tuesday morning, having accomplished the journey in less than five days. When, thirty-four years before, I crossed, it took over three months to accomplish only about one-half the distance—that is, west of the Missouri river—the first being accomplished under indescribable hardships, privations and sufferings, and death to many, and the last attended by ease, comfort, luxuries, palace cars and Pullman sleepers.

Upon arriving at San Francisco I sent a dispatch to Cleveland, without signature, dated at the Palace hotel, merely saying that C. D. Ferguson had arrived by the *Zealandria*. I sent another from Chicago, saying I would be in Cleveland that night. This was all the notice my friends had of my coming; however, as short as it was, I was met at the depot. Thus having left Cleveland on the second of September, 1849, I had returned to the place whence I started, on the seventeenth of July, 1883. I had left an impetuous, inconsiderate, beardless boy of seventeen years and returned a gray-bearded and bald-headed man of fifty, to find that my father and mother had long since passed over to the other shore, whence no traveler returns; that two brothers and four sisters

had joined them; that of a once large family of children, only three brothers and a sister remain.

I stopped in Cleveland but a few days and then hastened to Farmington, the old home of my boyhood, and was happily disappointed in finding quite a number of early friends. Here lives my great, good friend of California and Australia companionship, a faithful friend under all circumstances and in all places, whose name has become familiar to the reader of these pages, S. H. Loveland. My brother drove me over to call on him. I discovered him in the field a little distance from his house. I told my brother to remain in the carriage until I ascertained if Sherb would know me. He was at work about a hundred yards from where I got over the fence into the field. As I advanced he watched me until I had approached to within about thirty yards, when he dropped his pitchfork and exclaimed, "I'll go to grass if that isn't Charlie Ferguson!" After our first mutual greetings I asked him how he knew me. He told me that from my movement and the way I jumped off the fence, he said to himself if I was living he would swear it was I. All had supposed me dead for the last twenty years. Then I went to see my old friend and playmate, M. W. Griffith, whom we had left in San Francisco when we embarked for Australia on the *Don Juan*. I cannot express on paper the great and exciting interest and pleasure in these meetings of old companions. I can, however, safely say that our joys were mutual, and it would be hard to tell whose spirits rose to the higher pitch of exalted joy. It would require the invention of a more delicately sensitive thermometer to declare if there was a

preponderance. I remained in Farmington some three weeks, visiting among old acquaintances, especially such as remained of the old people that had been neighbors and acquaintances of my father and mother. It seemed a pleasure to those good old people, and surely it was gratifying to me—to them that the boy had not forgotten them; to me that they remembered the boy. One dear old lady, who used to be a great friend of my mother, sent for me. I went and conversed with her for a pretty good length of time. As I left I had to go some three hundred yards to where I hitched my horse. Just as I was getting into the buggy, a little boy came running down to me and said, "If you please, grandma would like to speak to you." So I went back to the old lady. She wanted to know if I ever smoked. I told her I did. She said she forgot to inquire. "Now," said she, "I want you to fill your pipe and sit down in front of me and have one good old smoke for your mother." Poor, dear, old friend of my mother! She sat and smoked, talked and laughed and cried, nearly at the same time, and when I finally bade her good-by she said it was the happiest afternoon she had spent for years.

I now turned back to Illinois. Some of my youthful companions had grown to manhood during my absence and had moved west. They, knowing I had returned, invited me to visit them at Joliet and Gardner. While there I learned that John See was still alive and living not far from Somonauk. I took the train one day and went to see poor old John. I got a livery to take me across to the town where he lives, the name of which I have forgotten. It was upon a Sunday. I had no difficulty in finding his

place in the little village. Upon a porch in front of a little cottage, sat a feeble, gray-headed, old man, and an old lady, his wife. I approached in a familiar way and said, "Good-day, John—good-day, Mrs. See." They shook hands with me as freely as if I had been one of their nearest neighbors. John looked at me some time with his sharp, black eyes, and at last said, "I think you have the advantage of me; I can't call you to mind." "What!" said I, "have you forgotten your old friends? You ought not to have forgotten me, John, I crossed the plains with you." "O no," said he, "you are mistaken about that; they are all dead that crossed the plains with me." "No, John," said I, "they are not all dead; you are mistaken." "O no, I am not." I asked what had become of Martin Costler. "O Martin came back poor a few years ago, and went to Indiana and died there, and that leaves me the only one left." "I think you are mistaken, John," said I, "there is one other. Where is Charlie Ferguson?" "He went from California to Australia and died there. Many times I have talked with the doctor (my brother) about that boy. I used to tell the doctor although he was only a boy of seventeen, he was like a man of twenty-seven." Said I, "John, you are mistaken; Charlie is not dead; I am Charlie." It took a long time to convince him that he was not really dreaming.

At last, when he got his mind to bear upon the matter, he laughed and then cried, and finally sent the old lady to call in the neighbors and tell them that the seventeen year old boy that crossed the plains with him was not dead, but was there—come to see him once more. The poor old

man was seventy-two years old, had had a stroke of paralysis, and could only totter around upon a staff. I don't think I ever saw a man more rejoiced. He got all his neighbors in and wanted me to relate all the particulars of our journey, as he had forgotten some of them, he said. Pretty soon he gathered himself up and tottered off into another room, but presently appeared bringing an old gun. "Charlie," said he, "I want you to tell the people how far you killed a buffalo with that gun." "I don't know, John," said I, "it was a long shot. It must have been three hundred yards." "Three hundred yards be damned!" said John, "it was half a mile if it was an inch." The poor old man was evidently displeased, and he toddled back with the old gun. I afterwards learned that he had told the story of my killing the buffalo with that gun half a mile off, and none of his neighbors dared dispute it, as they would incur his displeasure by so doing, and he had told the story so often that he sincerely believed it. If anyone ventured to say half a mile was a pretty long shot, he made John not only his enemy, but became obliged to listen to my pedigree and the pedigree of the gun, and he would make assurance doubly sure by his old stereotyped expression—"Although he was only a boy of seventeen he was a man of twenty-seven."

I was urged to remain with John, and did so for two days. As I was about to depart I noticed he was rather uneasy, and when I came to bid him good-by, he said he was going with me for a short distance. I helped him into the buggy and he rode just outside the town and then asked me to stop; said he could not walk back a

greater distance, but he must come out thus far to bid me good-by, he could not do it before all those people. Poor old man! he wept like a child. Four years have since elapsed and I do not know if he has survived until now. I went to see my sister-in-law, the doctor's wife. She was in Chicago. She did not recognize me. I gave her every chance to do so; I asked her if she remembered kissing a boy thirty-four years before, and begging him not to go to California, but to go home to his mother. Her sister was with her at this time. She sprang up and said, "I do, Charlie, and I will kiss you now." I went to my oldest brother's in Wisconsin. His wife, who was at that moment alone, would not know me. I told her my name, but she kept on sweeping. I began to think I was getting a rather cool reception, when, by some remark, I saw she did not know me. I told her she did not. It was afterwards disclosed that some years before there was a man bearing my name who had stolen a horse in that neighborhood and fled the country. She had supposed me so long dead that when I told her my name she thought I must be the horse thief, and that accounted for my cool reception.

And now with few exceptions of near kindred, and rare exceptions of early acquaintances, I find myself substantially alone in my native country. I know certainly of but two now living who crossed the plains with me away back in '49. Those who delved with me in the mines of California have probably all, or nearly all, laid aside the pick and pan of mortal life and "gone over the divide" between time and eternity. In early times in the

Sierra Nevada mountains, it used to be said of a dead miner that he had gone “Over the Range.”

Half sleeping by the fire I sit ;
I start and wake, it is so strange
To find myself alone, and Tom
Across the Range.

We brought him in with heavy feet,
And eased him down; from eye to eye,
Though no one spoke, there passed a fear
That Tom must die.

He rallied when the sun was low,
And spoke—I thought the words were strange—
“It’s almost night, and I must go
Across the Range.”

“What, Tom?” He smiled and nodded. “Yes,
They’ve struck it rich there, Jim, you know
The parson told us; you’ll come soon—
Now Tom must go.”

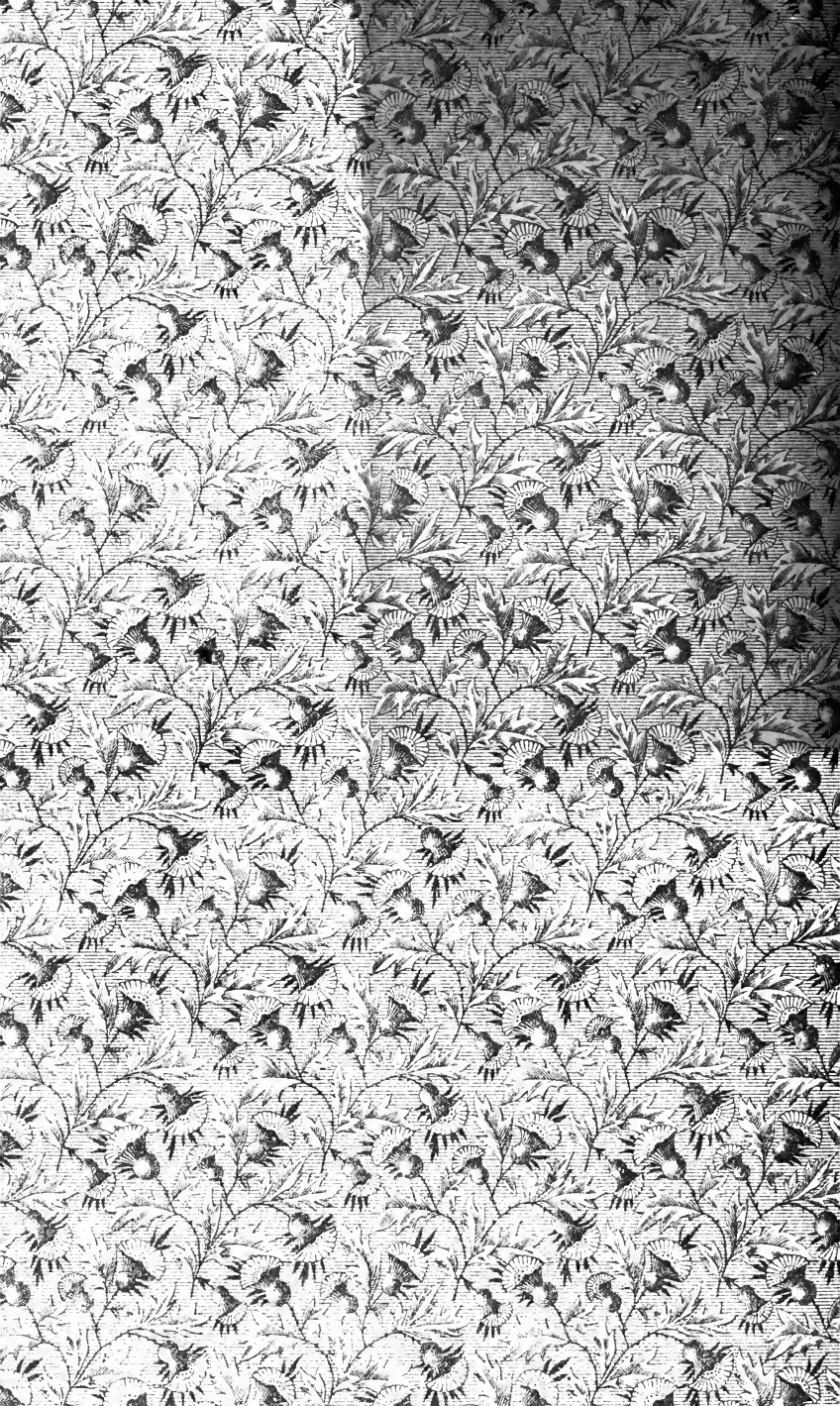
I brought his sweetheart’s pictured face ;
Again that smile so sad and strange,
“Tell her,” he said, “that Tom has gone
Across the Range.”


The last light lingered on the hill ;
“There’s a pass somewhere,” then he said,
And lip, and eye, and hands were still,
And Tom was dead.

Half sleeping by the fire I sit ;
I start and wake, it is so strange
To find myself alone, and Tom
Across the Range.









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