

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JANUARY 7, 1893.

A GOLD HUNTER'S LIFE.

[Australian Incidents--Written for PROGRESS.]

Lanky Jim was a name by which he was known though a misnomer it taken in the sense that is understood by the word Lanky--viz. lean--long-drawn out. He was the very opposite, of medium height, thick set with a herculean frame and a hercules in strength.

He was English--born in Lancashire--hence his nick name Lanky--Jim no doubt was his christian name, but as to his surname, I think no one in Australia knew it from what he afterwards told me.

The laboring class in England, to which Jim belonged, like we in America, did not look upon poaching as a crime, something akin to smuggling, the only trouble was in being caught--knowing well the penalty, they will take the risk, with no sense of wrongdoing, whilst at the same time they would scorn to steal.

Jim's prison life had roughened his character, but he seemed to have escaped its contaminating influences. His sentence or his "Seven Pennith," as he called it, terminated about the time gold was discovered in Victoria. He, with many of his kind made their way thither, rejoicing once more in freedom, and the thoughts of getting away from their prison island--though a natural Paradise in itself.

The next consideration for Jim, what was he to do--however, he was not long in deciding and that was "I'll have a blooming good time." Then commenced a life of dissipation, extravagance and folly. He was not alone--hundreds were doing likewise--no thought was given to the future.

about the principal streets in hired vehicles of all kinds to the tune of two pounds per hour.

Jim engaged apartments at the Bush Inn on Elizabeth street, a safe, second class tavern, patronized by bushmen, shepherds and fortunate diggers--the class most congenial to his tastes. He deposited his money with the landlord of the inn to be drawn as required. Their round of pleasure was limited, drinking being the principal one. It was always on the programme and of the strongest kind of liquors.

In the course of two months, Jim had "knocked down his pile" as he termed it and was ready again to take to the road--no reproach or regret escaped him. His folly was lost sight of in the recollection of the "jolly blooming time" he had had. So with fifty pounds in his pocket and a light heart he shouldered his swag and with a new mate he had joined, they shaped their course for Bendigo. On their arrival they found that several new gullies had been opened. The last was named Eagle Hawke about five miles from the main Bendigo flat, there they decided to pitch their tent and try their luck. Tools were purchased, licenses procured and a claim staked out.

The sinking on Eagle Hawke was shallow, the deepest not over 15 feet. Jim's old luck followed him. They hit upon gold the first day in five feet sinking through hard red clay and gravel. When bed rock was reached gold was visible. About a foot of wash dirt resting on sand stone or slate contained the gold, but the best, the nuggets would be found in the crevices. Jim and his mate worked hard and steadily during the winter months on Eagle Hawke, living a sober and exemplary life. No liquor was to be had as none was allowed to be sold. No temptation to stroll of an evening; stories and songs around a camp fire and a chat with neighbors were their only amusement. Work through the day was lightened by the excitement of getting gold. Bendigo, though hot in the summer is superb in winter--like a continuous Nova Scotia September. No snow--occasional frost with a little ice--less wet weather than at Ballarat and other more hilly districts. The air was exhilarating, which induced a sense of freedom and with an absence of restraint that accompanies a nomadic life gave to mining a peculiar charm, such was my feelings the first year on Bendigo.

When depositing gold one's name had to be given, either real or fictitious. I question if Jim gave his correct name at the time. Gold could be deposited for safe keeping or transmission as desired. The mode of depositing I will describe from personal knowledge. It was on a Saturday morning that I presented myself at the camp at Bendigo--the central head-quarters at the police department for a radius of 25 miles. I found many ahead of me, fully 150 standing in single file reaching from the commissioner's office, situate in a lovely grove of gum trees on a slight eminence, down to the flat below. In about an hour's time my turn was reached. I was at the commissioner's office--a large tent with the front thrown back revealing to view the interior. There sat the commissioner, who took my bag of gold, asked me the weight, and my name, tied on it a tag then threw it into a large iron bound chest beside him. His clerk then handed me a receipt which read thus, "Received from number," say 40, "one bag said to contain," say 100 ozs. of "gold to be delivered when called for at "the government treasury, Melbourne." 1 oz. to be held on deposit as the case might be. No name was put on the receipt; that was to prevent possession of another's receipt, and were so disposed, could go and draw it out. The government did not weigh the gold, therefore did not hold itself responsible for what a parcel contained--a great deal of gold was never claimed, the owners had either died, or had been killed by bushrangers, many met their death in that way. I was told of a case of a party of sailors being "Stuck up," on their way to Melbourne, and when a pistol was pointed at the head of one, with the command--"Your gold or your life," the reply was, "Shoot away, I may as well go to Melbourne without brains as without gold." Immediately he was taken at his word. Before leaving Melbourne I read in the newspapers that the government intended passing a law to appropriate the unclaimed gold in the Treasury--some hundreds of thousands of ounces, the accumulation of ten years. The bags made mostly of Chamois leather were thrown in with as much indifference as if they were samples of grain. The escort which accompanied the gold to Melbourne was composed of seven or eight

mountain troopers, heavily armed, and made to look as awe-inspiring as possible.

The cart containing the gold was built with high wheels and painted red, similar in appearance to an English mail cart. On each side rode a trooper, and others ahead with a space of one to three hundred yards intervening. Notwithstanding their formidable appearance and precaution several attacks were made. The Melvor escort was "stuck up" and robbed. The first intimation they had was a shot from behind a brush hedge recently thrown up which dropped the leading horse of the gold cart, that of course caused a dead halt. The escort suddenly found themselves covered by an enemy that they could not see and only a few yards distant, but who could pick them off at deliberate aim if they approached. Whatever pluck was shown I know not, but it was a fact that they abandoned their charge and left it in possession of the bushrangers. It was a private escort, had it been a government one I am confident they would not have yielded without showing more fight. When the news was reported at the Melvor police camp where were stationed at the time a large body of mounted police in anticipation of a rising on the part of the diggers against the license tax, a body of troopers were at once sent out to scour the country. They succeeded in capturing five of the gang--four of which were hanged. Ong turned Queen's evidence, but was kept in goal a long time to identify any others when caught; through him the gold, twenty-five thousand ounces, was recovered. In one of my letters, written shortly after that event, is a remark that "six men were hung in Melbourne last week," possibly they were some of that party. The government at that time did not stand much on ceremony about hanging--somewhat like the old Scotch custom, hang first and try after--the justification. As an evidence how summarily the criminal laws were enacted at that time I will mention only one case that came under my notice. It was in the early part of 1853, I was passing through Castle-maine, a mining town, when I recognized a well known shipmate standing at the door of a large canvas covered building. "Hello shipmate," I said, "is this a place of worship?" "Oh no, this is the court house and I am on duty here. Come in." The place would hold 75 all told. I did not see any counsel. The judge appeared to be the whole court in himself. Examined and cross questioned witnesses. Some for horse stealing and others for highway robbery. About ten minutes to each case and sentence was passed. Then came up a case of rape. The prisoner an old hand about 50--his victim a girl of 12 or 13--and her father were present. The evidence was conclusive. Verdict guilty. Sentence of death was there and then passed. This last case did not occupy I should think over 25 minutes. As the prisoner was passing out he turned round and shaking a fist at the father said "I will do for you yet." The father replied "They hanging you saves me from shooting you." Once outside, a pal of his wishing to know the verdict, sung out "what is it, Jim?" "Oh a swinger" (to be hung) was the reply.

To return to Lanky Jim, in his second visit to Melbourne--he found a wonderful change for the better, but not to his tastes. Primitive customs and the rough element were fast giving place to modern ideas. The population was increasing rapidly by the people from all parts of the world at the rate of four thousand per week. Nineteen thousand were added to the population the month that I landed there. Melbourne was extending its borders on all sides, producing not only a change in its physical appearance, but in the character and tone of society. All nationalities were represented, consequently Melbourne was very cosmopolitan, nevertheless very English in manners and customs; English laws dispensed by Englishmen; money, weights and measures the same as in England; also the same sports and games. Three-fourths of the goods consumed, were from Great Britain. Therefore Melbourne was more English than Halifax, where we unconsciously partake somewhat of the American element. Wealth was fast flowing into Melbourne, the gold discoveries having produced a transformation scene tinging everything with gold, benefiting not only the towns but the country. Squatters carrying twenty to forty thousand sheep, worth from four to five shillings per head before the gold discoveries found in a year or so after that the same sheep to be worth from 20 to 25 shillings per head. Cattle and horses increasing in value in the same ratio--no more boiling down sheep for their tallow and the meat thrown to waste. Boiling down works were allowed to go to decay in which state I saw them years after in the interior--then was laid the foundation of those great fortunes that we read about today, and it was to the diggers to whom they were indebted for the sudden change in their circumstances; nevertheless the squatters hated the diggers and treated them as we do tramps, forgetting all this and remembering only one thing the increased rate of wages that they had to pay their shepherds and shearers. I have been told of stories in the early days of squatters sending on to the diggings and offering increased wages when the answer would be sent back saying "tell Mr. Squatter that we give him as much per day to come and shovel earth for us as he offers us per week to shear sheep." The government of the colony was composed largely of squatters. Their principles were of the most pronounced narrow minded torism. They legislated for the diggers as they had always done for the "old hand" class. A digger was taxed £18 per year for a 12 feet square claim, whilst they themselves had to pay only £10 per year rental for a five mile sheep run. The diggers who were the largest consumers therefore contributed more to the revenue than any other body and all this without representation, which eventually led to a resistance on their part terminating in the Ballarat riot, of which I shall refer to presently.

The impetus given to trade by the great influx of population, mostly of the youth and strength of the country from whence they came, a class superior to the ordinary emigrant, and the production of so much

gold was more directly and permanently felt in Melbourne than in any other place. In the beginning of 1853 with a population of 30,000 it had made rapid strides in course of time to over-shadow and swallow up its suburban towns, making now one vast city of 400,000. Though mechanics' wages were from 30 to 40 shillings per day large stone warehouses and other finer structures were erected at that time, an today very few cities surpass it in permanency and beauty. A gentleman, one who has travelled much, and lately from there, told me he had not seen a handsomer street anywhere than Collins.

Melbourne is a well laid out city, similar to Philadelphia and the upper part of New York, in squares with the streets running at right angles; but with this difference, that the streets running east and west parallel to the water, the Yarra river, at each wide street there is a narrow one bearing the same name; for instance, the first is Flinders, than little Flinders street; Collins, and little Collins street; Burke, and little Burke street, and so on. The little streets are chiefly heavy wholesale warehouses, etc., and the big streets are devoted to retail, fancy goods, banks, hotels, amusements, etc., thus bringing the business of the city very close together. The other streets running up from the water were all of one width; the centre, Elizabeth street, being the principal one.

EVENING WEAR. BALL DRESSES.

New Goods in all Departments.

Bengaline Silks, Faille Francais Silks, Surah Silks, Brocade Silks, Japanese Silks, Pongee Silks, Gauzes, Crepes and Crepons, Plushes, Velvets and Velvetens. Latest Evening Tints and Combinations.

Nets and Flouncing Laces.

Hosiery, Gloves, Flowers and Feathers, Ribbed Silk Undervests, low necks, in Pink, Cream and Sky. White Skirts, Gauze Corsets and Corset Covers. Cream Cloth Serge for Evening Wraps.

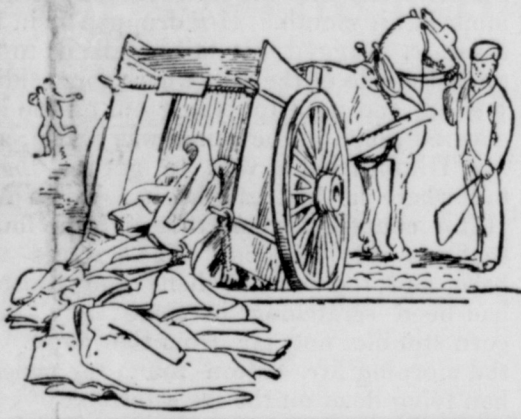
Fans, Fans, Fans.

Feather and Incandescent Trimmings.

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON, St. John.

DUMPING OUT SALE.

GOODS MARKED IN RED FIGURES.



The Goods are being marked down now. That is at time of writing, Wednesday morning. A good many of the marked down goods will be sold by the time this advertisement appears.

We have a big stock of Boys' and Youths' Cape Overcoats. They are now going through the mark-down process. Discounts of 25 and 33 1-3 per cent. cut right off the original prices. Boys' Reefers cut away down all in Red Figures.

Have a big stock of Men's Dress Overcoats to sell. They're all marked in red figures and will be the greatest bargains ever offered.

Men's Ulsters now sold at

\$5.50, \$8.50 AND \$11.00.

The \$11.00 Ulster is not marked down; we've only a few, and they are as good as gold.

Remember after stock taking the goods may be marked up again--we only say may--we don't know yet. We may not have any to mark up.

SCOVIL, FRASER & CO.,

Cor. King and Germain Sts.,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

the term old colonial always implied an convict, but in most cases a descendant of that class and that all who had been transported were vicious and naturally bad. In Sydney, N. S. W. it is a well known fact fifty years ago some of its most wealthy citizens, men who were identified with the progress of the country and who had taken an active part in politics and the well-being of the country were ticket of leave men.

If Jim had cause to be dissatisfied with the change that had taken place in Melbourne he had more reason to be so with Bendigo. The day for rapid fortune had past, though some of the greatest fortunes were made years after in Quartz mining. Still it was a good place for the steady plodder who was always sure of a fair return for his labor, by reworking old ground, therefore it became a favorite resort for new arrivals in the colony. Jim sighed when comparing the past with the present.

"Ah" said he "Bendigo is done, it is being devoured and stripped by those blasted new chums." New gullies were occasionally opening, but none as rich as the first. Jim scorned to work in old ground, or tossick as it was termed, saying it was only fit work for new chums and Chinamen. One evening he called to let us know of a new gully just opened not far away by a party of New Zealanders and named after them. Next day we visited it and took up a claim. The ground was mostly held by a party of Maories and a party of Irishmen who evidently did not pull well together. After some days of wordy disputes, matters culminated in open hostilities much to the amusement of the neutral spectators. The leader of the Irish party was one "big Martin" and he was big as his name suggested. The locality being eight miles from the Goldfields' Commissioner, who would have to be brought on the ground to settle disputes, "big Martin" undertook to interpret the law according to his own ideas which savored very much of might against right.

He was always on the watch to jump a Maoris claim--then act in the capacity of witness, attorney and judge combined with one established ruling always in view--viz that those "hathan neaggers" had no right in our country. There was a certain claim adjoining ours that Martin laid covetous eyes upon--the tendency of the lead pointed to it as becoming of value. It was in possession of a young Maori, who had commenced to sink a shaft.

Early next morning Martin said to one of his party--"Patsy commence a hole there" pointing to a spot on the Maori's claim and within five feet of the one already commenced. When the rightful owner appeared on the ground and seeing another encroaching on his rights and knowing that possession there was nine points of the law jumped into his shaft and commenced throwing the loose earth over on Patsy. Patsy returned it with compound interest and for five minutes this dirt slinging continued causing great fun to the onlookers, the Maorie looked up and seeing big Martin realized his case hopeless, jumped out of the hole and gave a war whoop, which was instantly passed from one to the other up the whole length of the gully. In a few minutes there was a train of excited Maories rushing to the scene of battle, each grasping a pick, shovel, or hatchet--the first article in reach. Martin at once ordered his "boys," as he called them, to the rescue. During all the time the same mode of warfare was being carried on, each side being augmented by new recruits, until the air literally showered dry earth.

The Maories, thinking this rather undignified, decided upon a change of tactics. One, a large six-foot fellow, and most savagely tattooed, sang out an order that none but they understood. In a moment they all fell into line four deep, with military precision. Martin's party, taken so much by surprise, were thrown into confusion, and at the first advance of the Maories, retreated in disorder, vanquished--leaving the enemy in possession of the claim.

[To be continued next week.]

The English Like Our Luncheons.

An English paper says: "The Americans are without doubt the people for pretty luncheon parties. 'Daisy' and violet' lunches are very popular across the 'herring pond' and at one of the former the centerpiece was composed entirely of marguerites and maidenhair fern, the square of cloth underneath it being bordered by a single row of artificial daisies, and the candle shades consisted of the same dainty flowers. All the favors, colors, etc., were pure white, only relieved with a suspicion of yellow green 'Shakespeare' luncheons have been the latest novelty, and on these occasions the menu was written in Shakespearean language, terrapin being described as 'fillet of a funny snake'; the ice cream, 'Thou art all ice, thy kindness freezes,' etc., while an appropriate quotation was placed before each guest. Sometimes poems are found on the back of the name card, complimentary descriptions of the owner, and which are read aloud by one's next door neighbor--to spare one's blushes. Generally speaking, luncheon parties in England are rather dreary forms of entertainment, and as we borrow our American cousins' mode of speech, why do we not also take a few hints from their talents for entertaining and inventing something new?"

How Ladies of India Wear Bangles.

Glass bangles in India are regarded as sacred objects. If a glass bangle be accidentally broken its pieces must be gathered together and kissed three times. Every Hindoo woman wears these ornaments until her husband dies, when she substitutes them with a brick or stone and substitutes for them gold or silver ones, a sign in North India that the wearer is either a widow or a less estimable woman. The demand for glass bangles is never falling. They are manufactured in abundance in the northwestern provinces as well as in the Punjab.

Much In Little.

Fur Capes, choice \$2.90

of lot, - - - - -

Only about half a dozen in stock. One was \$5.00

White Blankets, \$3.50

our Best, - - - - -

They were \$4.50.

Grey Flannels-- 22 1-2c

the Best, - - - - -

They were 5c. to 10c. more.

Men's Underclothing, 75c

Garments ranging from

\$1.00 to \$1.25 are now,

A Calendar free with 25-cent. purchases.

Ceo. H. McKay,

61 Charlotte St., St. John.