

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JANUARY 14, 1893.

A GOLD HUNTER'S LIFE.

[Australian Incidents--Written for PROGRESS.]

[CONTINUED.]

The Maories fell back a few yards and halted flushed with victory. Then we spectators were treated to a most interesting and exciting real native victory dance and song, still retaining their same order of position, at given signal they commenced in a low monotonous chant which increased in power and variation as their enthusiasm rose until it reached to a perfect yell which re-echoed over the gum tree clad ranges on either side of the gully and all the time brandishing in the air whatever weapon they carried at the time and every time they came to those loud yells would all give a jump two feet high and with such exact time that those fifty pairs of big feet struck the ground as one and with such a thud that the very earth seemed to tremble, and with their heavily tattooed faces, arms and chests gave them a hideous appearance sufficient to strike terror into the hearts of the enemy. It must have been in Martin and his party as there were no more attempts to jump claims on New Zealand Gully. After all was over Martin appealed to us for approval of his course insinuating that we should have come to his assistance. We could not see it in that light. Lanky Jim with that pure English characteristic of fair play summed up as follows: Martin you were in the wrong and you were served d--d well right, for those neaggers, as you call them as they pay license have just as much right here as you and if you attempt that game again you will find (slapping his brawny chest) there will be one on hand who will see fair play.

The following year I became acquainted with some of those Maories and found them very law abiding men, intelligent, independent and superior to any of the Polynesian race met with in that part of the world.

The next rush Jim induced us to go to was Myeres flat a few miles from our tent and of considerable importance. The first morning as we approached the scene of the workings we observed an immense crowd of about three thousand diggers in rather an excited state listening to an harangue from a speaker on the stump of a large gum tree. The subject was anti-license. It was the beginning of an agitation by the diggers all over the colony. The tax was considered unfair and the mode of collecting obnoxious. The government at Melbourne so used to legislate particularly for the convict element, overlooked the fact of a new, young, vigorous manhood with fresh, modern ideas meeting them face to face, refused all overtures and ignored all petitions--therefore one can understand the temperament of such a meeting at that time. The speeches were good, but of an inflammatory nature. All were directed against the government. One would advise resource to arms--the next to moderation. Some would twit, others parade, the short-sightedness of the government. One speaker dwelt upon the advisability of agitation and not to let the matter drop, that by continued agitation they would ultimately gain their ends. Then upjumped a little old yankee from Vermont, who danced around the large stump, throwing his arms in the air evidently wishing to emphasize the previous speaker's idea of agitation, and without any interlude burst out in a high pitched nasal tone, the word agitate, agitate, agitate, until the vast crowd cheered then caught up the word and repeated it too--his speech was quite effective though the shortest, I think ever recorded being only one word.

This gathering at Myeres' flat was the most mixed in race and color that I had ever seen before or have since. There were men from every county in Great Britain and from every nation in Europe--natives of India and the South Seas in every shade of color from Malay to Lascar--there were Californians and South Americans--even far off Nova Scotia was represented.

To a student in Ethnology, always an interesting study, there could be no better field for learning than the diggings in the early days--meeting such a variety one naturally was induced to cultivate that science.

Once, on Ballarat, in our own party of eight, there were seven nationalities represented--I, of course, was a Yankee--Nova Scotia, being so little known, that I had ceased to claim it as my native country--many I met out there had heard of Nova Zembla, but not of Nova Scotia. To one of our party, a Cornishman, I undertook to explain that I was not a Yankee, but a British subject from Nova Scotia. "Oh," said he, I understand, then you are a Canadian--No," I persisted. "But I know better--he continued" for I am now reading Bancroft's History of America." Possibly, with prophetic vision, he foresaw the day, when I would cease to be a Nova Scotian, and become, by act of Parliament, a Canadian.

For ignoring my own country, I got nicely caught once. I was asked by a

man, whom I had fallen in with while travelling, what part of the world I was from. "America," I replied--"What part?" he asked, "Canada--"Ah Canada" what part for I am acquainted there--"Well I am not from Canada "I said but from Nova Scotia"--"Indeed, what part, as I am acquainted there also "Halifax"--"What Halifax, "why I know Halifax well" he said--Then I had to explain that I was from Windsor--"Why, you don't say, Windsor is my native place "said he." True our families were neighbors--but he having left home while I was a boy, of course I had forgotten him.

The Vermonters' advice of agitation was carried on. The anti-license question now became general. Meetings were held in all the principal diggings. An anti-gold license association was formed. Those in sympathy with the movement wore a red ribbon as a badge. The association was well organized. Men of cool temperament and good position in the community were selected to conduct the campaign. Every thing was carried on in order. The authorities feared a raid on the camp where the gold was held. Their fears were unfounded. No such idea was contemplated. Had there been, those very leaders would have turned round and protected the government. The diggers were fighting for a principle, not for plunder. A month after the Myeres' flat meeting a monster one was held in almost speaking distance of the commissioner's camp at Bendigo. The outcome of this meeting was a memorial signed by over thirty thousand diggers of Bendigo, Melvor and Castlemain, which was taken to Melbourne and duly presented to Lieut. Governor LaTrobe. His reply was "the diggers were mere grievance mongers; and he knew his duty and would do it at all risks. It they troubled the government much more he would let them hear how cannon could roar." This reply just at that time was enough to bring about a collision, but by the wisdom of careful, temperate advisors, it was then averted, to break out a year hence at Ballarat. In a few weeks another monster meeting of nine thousand was held on the same spot. It was decided to tender ten shillings as the license fee. A delegation of ten were selected by the meeting to go to the gold fields commissioner and tender the amount, which was refused. Little Nova Scotia was heard from in this delegation in the person of a young enthusiast, a Dr. Archibald McDonald of Antigonish, who still lives in that country. One principal objection to the tax was the outrageous and insolent manner in which it was collected. The commissioner had power to make daily visits, accompanied by police, and compel the diggers to show their licenses. They generally made their rounds near the middle of the month, though there was no certainty as to the time they would sally forth. No intimation was given--their study was to take the diggers by surprise. The first intimation they would have would be a string of mounted troopers galloping up on each side of the workings and taking up positions about 500 yards apart. Then would follow the commissioner mounted, accompanied by his body guard and a posse of foot police who going to every hole demanding to look at each license. Some without licenses would run the gauntlet and make for the bush pursued by troopers. This was called "Digger hunting" and was a favorite amusement of both officers and men and was carried out with refined cruelty in a most exasperating manner. If a digger hadn't his license on his person or had failed to take one out for want of funds or had arrived the day before or intended leaving the next day. It did not matter pay £5 fine or be marched off to the logs as it was called for ten days imprisonment.

On one occasion at Eagle Hawk we were working in a small gully off the main lead and did not know the force was out license hunting until a trooper was right on us, just then some of our party imagined they saw an opossum in a clump of trees up on the range and would give chase, one young fellow thought to hide in the bushy top of a small tree but he was espied by one of the foot police who rushing up sang out "come down out of that or I will take ye up", another a tall slender young fellow from Halifax and a good runner struck out at high speed but the trooper overtook him before long when he turned around and coolly asked if he knew which way he ran "what," "why the opossum "ah too thin come this way and you will see him setting a horse back. I have seen men play 'possum before."

He walked along for a time in charge of the trooper, then, stopping, commenced to open his purse and asked if he would kindly take this message (handing him a £5 note) with his compliments to the commissioner and say that he would do himself the honor of calling on him tomorrow. (that was to take out a license). I question if the commissioner ever saw that £5 note.

Ten years after, when Eagle Hawk was proclaimed a separate Borough, this same young Haligonian was elected its first Mayor and for three terms more. The other young man, who had to "come down the tree to be taken up" was marched off with twenty others to the main camp, five miles away, at the point of the bayonet, and there to be treated as a criminal unless redeemed in the mean time by a mate with the fine of £5.

The lock-up was built of logs similar to a pen with a bark roof, with one seeming object in view, that of making it as uncomfortable as human ingenuity could possibly devise. A year before that time, men were chained to trees and logs without covering night or day.

Shortly after my arrival on the diggings in passing an outlying police station one morning on Fryers' Creek, I saw three men chained to a log. I supposed them to be bush rangers and probably caught during the night. It was a locality noted for its depredations and their favorite haunt as

such names as Chokem flat, Murdering flat and Dead Man's gully would suggest.

After a year's agitation of the license question the government began to show signs of weakening, and reduced the fee from 30 shillings to 13s. 4d. per month. This was not satisfactory as the root of the evil--taxation without representation--still remained; therefore the agitation was carried on demanding the extension of the franchise to the diggers, their number at that time amounting to 150,000. In the year 1854 Ballarat, then became famous for its rich deep leads which attracted a large population of hardy vigorous miners who were determined to fight for their rights. The government then concluded that the time had arrived when they would let the diggers hear how cannon could roar, about 300 soldiers were sent from Melbourne to Ballarat and took up a position beside the commissioner's camp in a defiant attitude.

The miners sprang to arms, organized, drilled and erected a large enclosure as a camp, known after as the Eureka Stockade situated on a high range, two miles from and in sight of the enemies camp. Martial law was proclaimed and enforced with the savage stupidity that had always characterized the government in every movement they had made from the first. Three persons talking together would constitute a mob, and if they did not disperse when ordered to, could be fired upon by soldiers. No lights were allowed at night. There was a case of a woman with a sick child who had a candle alight when she was warned by a bullet that was sent whizzing through the tent. The Gravel Pits flat then in full work being very wet, required four men to each shaft night and day to keep the water down. Their work was discontinued and the mines flooded, causing a great loss.

Anarchy reigned for a week. At Creswick 12 miles distant there was a large rush at the time, three emissaries were dispatched to recruit for the coming struggle at Ballarat. On a Saturday afternoon a mass meeting was held. I was there at the time and at sunset a thousand fell in and marched off being well armed, as all diggers carried fire arms in those days. The next morning a collision took place. The government forces supplemented by all the police that could be gathered from outlying districts, under cover of night sallied out past the stockade, and at early dawn turned and made a sudden attack on their rear. The engagement was short and decisive. The diggers taken so by surprise were soon routed, nineteen of their number and five soldiers were killed and many wounded. This ended the long license agitation. The diggers were beaten but nevertheless they gained the point. The Melbourne press one and all denounced the government for this act of criminal blundering. Public opinion was so strong against them that in a short time a general amnesty was granted to all concerned including the head leader, a young Canadian, who made his escape disguised in female apparel and for whose capture a heavy reward was offered. This same leader after representing the diggers in Parliament and subsequently rose to be leader of the government. His name I have forgotten. The license fee was reduced to £1 per year. New mining laws and courts were established; universal suffrage was enacted under the ballot system (which system of voting we have copied in this country), all the outcome of the Ballarat riot. To-day there stands a monument on the site of the stockade in memory of those who fell on that eventful Sunday morning, 3rd of December, 1854. That event was the turning point in the history of Victoria. Reform succeeded reform. The lands were thrown open for sale, much to the chagrin of the squatters, who held the choicest at a nominal rental. A municipal act was passed giving to county and mining towns the right to assume the responsibility of self-government. Shortly before that time the restriction of the sale of liquor was removed. In Bendigo large and respectable hotels were erected, supplanting the sly grog shanties of former days. Confidence was assured. The one-man power reign, had ceased. Hitherto the sale of spirits, wine and beer was prohibited in the diggings, and no one was allowed to keep it in his possession. A policeman could walk into a man's tent and take any liquor he could find. Seizures of grog were of constant occurrence. The sleeping places of women, who with their husbands were innocent of any offense would be invaded at all hours of the night. Men heavily fined, often kicked and beaten by the ruffianly police if they ventured to expostulate. Tents would be pulled down and the occupants marched off to the lock-up, fined for sly grog selling, and everything they possessed confiscated. The mode of dealing with sly grog sellers in those days would rejoice the heart of any temperance enthusiast. On Kangaroo flat one forenoon I saw a body of troopers surround a large roadside shanty or refreshment saloon. After loading a dray of goods from the tent, place they put a lighted match to the brush awning overhead and an enclosure of dry resinous gum tree leaves, producing a lovely bonfire which appeared to amuse the police very much. The occupants, two men and a woman were then marched off to the camp four miles distant following the cart with their effects in the capacity of chief mourners. We read of a certain hot place out of which there is no redemption, the police camp corresponded to that place. At another time and near the same place, on the main Melbourne road I saw a two horse team and a load of goods seized by the police as they had been informed that there were 10 gallons of brandy on board. The owner was allowed to go free and so escape the fine as he disclaimed ownership. He told me his loss would amount to over £300. All this was not done in the interest of temperance but purely a money-making scheme. The government was supposed to benefit by the confiscated goods but the public never saw or heard of any returns. The seized liquor was supposed to be destroyed, but no one ever saw it done, possibly the empty bottles were broken. On Eagle Hawk a neighbour of ours was taken very ill and he asked me if I could get him some brandy, I con-

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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 Velveteens. Latest Evening Tints and Combination.

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Fans, Fans, Fans.

Feather and Incandescent Trimmings.

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The Heavy Gray Freize Driving Ulster. heavy tweed lined, high collars, will sell at \$5.50. The old price was \$6.75. \$5.50

Dark Tweed, ulster tweed lining, also wind-proof chamois fibre lining. Side hand warmers Worth \$10.00. Now sells at \$8.50. \$8.50

What few we have left of the Genuine Irish Freize Ulster we will sell at \$11.00. \$11.00

SCOVIL, FRASER & COMPANY,

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being taught to think and reason. "Why" said he pointing to a collie lying in the shade of a tree "I have taught that dog to steal." "I can go into a store and lay my hand on an article and he will watch his chance and carry it off to my tent." I looked at him doubtingly, but he gave me the proof as to the truth of his statement. "Yes," said he, "I am living on the square now, but my dog is on the cross" that is, would steal when an opportunity offered, or was told.

Whilst in this old hand's tent I noticed quite a number of illustrated London newspapers. They were a luxury which very few cared to indulge in, the price being four shillings per number. Supposing him to be of a literary turn I looked around for the next surprise but could not see a book or other paper of any kind. Out of curiosity I ventured a remark as to his expensive tastes. "Well," said he, "you see mate, it is the only paper I can read." It was the time of the Crimean war and he was familiar with the movements of the armies from sailing to tall of Sebastopol, as much so as one who could read, all gathered from the illustration as I turned over the leaves, and at any picture where the English were getting the best in an engagement he would warm with enthusiasm. At one picture that of a country English home, he heaved a sigh, and said: Ah how I would like to see old England once more, but--and shook his head--poor fellow, I could guess his history. Though he could not read his desire for information was certainly commendable.

Most every tent and store had a dog chained for protection, but an old London thief who had graduated at Tasmania laughed at dogs as does love at locksmiths. The only dog they feared was one shut up inside that they could not see. They would at times play practical jokes to show their

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powers. One case I remember, it was on Eagle Hawk. There was a large store, the owner of which got from Melbourne a grindstone for the use of his customers. It was placed on a frame by the front door and at night a large mastiff dog was chained to it to guard the premises. One morning the stone was missing and the dog found tied to a post near by. They had carried it, stand as well, some distance to the police camp--there hailed the sentry and informed him that they had taken it from thieves, and asked permission to let it remain there till morning.

Lanky Jim boasted of his power over dogs, but only by his strength, and not by any secret influence exerted as did the others. The second year on Bendigo I joined a party of three to erect a puddling machine on Kangaroo flat to wash earth by horse power. One Sunday afternoon Lanky Jim gave us a call--in showing him around our works we took him into the stable to show him the horses--at the door was chained a cross bull-dog and like all dogs when on chains are much more vicious--as if realizing that they are placed on special duty to watch--seeing him about to enter I sang out for him to wait until I held the dog while he passed in--Jim replied that we need not mind as he did not fear any dog. Then ordering us to stand back he approached the door "Jack" the dog made a sudden rush and with such force that he was brought up standing on his hind feet by the chain. Jim at once seized him with both hands, one on each side of the head and lifted him right off his feet and held him dangling in the air as a child would a kitten--then passed in and dropped him. "Jack" looked surprised as well as mortified but showed a great desire to have another trial with Lanky.

"Ah," said I to Jim, "that is one of your own country dogs but I have one of my country dogs, a little American pup that you can't banish that way--chained at the back of the stable."

"Bring him out," said Jim. "Neptune," a fine specimen of the Newfoundland breed, was brought round and tied at the front door. Then was repeated the same tactics as before, but Jim had met his match--though he could get a firmer hold on account of the thick hair on the sides of the dog's head, but he was powerless to lift him off his feet, therefore it became a question of strength. Nep struggling to get his mouth round to grasp Lanky by the wrist, first on one side then the other, at times his sharp white fangs would grasp Lanky's bare arms in a most alarming manner. For fully five minutes they tussled, tugged and strained. Lanky thought to tire his opponent out, and at last finding that he himself was being tired out, he gave a sudden jump back out of reach of Nep's chain, and acknowledged himself beaten. "Yes lads," said he--"that is the first dog that even got the better of me."

[to be continued.]

Hard to Believe.

It is not altogether pleasant to know that excellence of flavor in butter or cheese depends wholly upon the pure culture of the proper bacteria. It has always been pleasanter to think that good butter depended upon sweet grass and clover for its delicious fragrance and flavor. Alas! no, it depends only upon microscopic vegetable organisms called bacteria, second cousins to the cholera germ. It has been calculated that a quart of milk will sometimes contain as many as a thousand millions of them.

On Second Thought.--Mrs. Fogg--Miss Blank is a charming young lady and remarkably handsome. Fogg (enthusiastically)--"She is a most delightful young lady, whose beautiful gaze one never tires of gazing upon." Mrs. Fogg (with a toss of her head)--"Oh, she isn't so very pretty. She's got an awful homely nose, her mouth's a mile too big, and she hasn't got a particle of expression in her eyes. Then she's got such a disagreeable way with her."

Choice of Colored Cloths, 75c

"Black and Navy, \$1.25 (Worsteis excepted.)

"Fancy Dress Goods, 25c

"Plain Dress Goods, 35c (Cashmeres and one line of Serges excepted.)

You will notice that our Dress Goods are sold cheaper and cheaper as the weeks succeed each other and possibly you ask yourself the question where will this thing end.

Let us answer. The reductions will end with the goods--not before.

If you are content to wait until the best are sold you will undoubtedly be able to buy what is left at lower figures than we have yet quoted.

If you buy now you can secure goods which are always certain to be sold before they are cheaper.

Geo. H. McKay, 61 Charlotte St., St. John.

Another I knew was a great dog fancier, he would talk dog by the hour. A small bull terrier of pure breed I owned was his admiration. He could trace the history of that or any other breed as far back as Burke does the nobility of Great Britain. He maintained that dogs were capable of