W. R. O. HILL, 1884.

Forty-Five Years' Experiences in North Queensland.

1861 to 1905.

With a few Incidents in England, 1844 to 1861.

By W. R. O. HILL,
Ex-P.M. and Gold Warden.

Brisbane:
H. POLE & CO., PRINTERS.

1907.

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PREFACE.

THE following reminiscences have been recorded, partly at the earnest instigation of many friends, and partly in obedience to my own impulse, the outcome of a desire to faithfully do my share in handing on to the future whatever can be remembered of interest in the past—such scenes and incidents as may otherwise be hidden in oblivion.

Queensland's unwritten history is drifting rapidly to the rear. Every year some old Colonist passes away, and takes with him interesting facts, perhaps known only to himself, and which he alone could have told.

Had a hundred other pioneers left on record even as much as this imperfect fragment from myself, the historian could have drawn on that general storehouse for such selected material as would have made two or three historical volumes, that would have given the future some reliable picture of that past which is disappearing in the gloom of vanished years.

Memory alone is the source from which I have drawn my supplies, having unfortunately kept no diary which would have retained much that is hopelessly forgotten. No man's memory, clear as it may be, can recall the incidents of forty-five years, however uneventful his life may have been.

This volume is a plain unpretentious narrative of authentic experiences in my own career.

The writing of it has brought back to me once more many a joyous scene, and also many a sad and tragic event of bye-gone days. The volume is published in the cheerful hope that the reader, at the conclusion, will be able to say, "Well done, thou good and faithful old pioneer," and then turn to other old pioneers and bid them "Go thou and do likewise!"

And this, "My Little Book," is dedicated fraternally to my highly valued dear old friend, R. A. Ranking, now Senior Police Magistrate, one of the truest and whitest men who ever entered the Queensland Civil Service.

Added to the book is an account of the murder of Patrick Halligan, and a photo of Palmer, who shot him.

Also an account of the murder of Power and Cahill by gold commissioner Griffin, whose photo is given.

And finally, the London *Times* special description of the great fight between Sayers and Heenan, the best description written, and of which no copy is now obtainable. It will appeal strongly to all readers interested in boxing and athletics.

I desire to express much indebtedness to my old friend, Archibald Meston, for many valuable hints and additions, without which I would have hesitated to place my book before the public.

With best wishes to my readers, and a hope that in these pages they will find enough to justify their equally good wishes for the

AUTHOR,

W. R. O. HILL.

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CHAPTER I.

MY EARLY DAYS, AND VOYAGE TO QUEENSLAND; 1844 to 1861.

I was born in the barracks of H. M. 10th Foot at St. Helier's, Jersey, C.I., in 1844, my father at the time holding a commission in that regiment.

Two years later he was offered, and accepted, the Governorship of a new model gaol called the "House of Detention," Clerkenwell, London; so the next thirteen years of my life may be said to have been "spent in gaol!"

I distinctly remember the "Bread Riots" in 1848, and they were vividly impressed on memory by my being taken and playfully tossed in the arms of several of the men of a company of the Coldstream Guards, who were camped within the prison walls to increase the strength of the gaol officials. Probably my pretty nurse Sanford had much to do with the many attentions I received on those occasions.

Seven years after this there were serious Bread Riots at Liverpool, and in Hyde Park in February and October, 1855. The year 1848 also saw the last great Chartist demonstration, when twenty thousand men assembled on Kensington Common, and the banks were fortified, and one hundred and fifty thousand special constables sworn in, including Louis Napoleon, afterwards Emperor of the French.

I remember my brother Stanley, a ferocious young warrior of seven years, firing at the mob outside the walls with a pea-shooter. Our house was flat-roofed, and formed part of the prison wall.

There were no casualties attributed to Stanley's artillery. Possibly the extra supply of nerve I possessed in older years began in me as a boy, accustomed to familiarity with exciting scenes, such as suicides, floggings, hangings, restraint of maniacs, and other gruesome business. The female prisoners were a source of endless trouble to the female warders, who almost daily had to enlist the services of several of the male warders to assist them in quelling disturbances and dealing with refractory women. Arthur Griffiths, in his interesting work called the "Secrets of the Prison House," says, "I have always found female prisoners more difficult to manage than male. This is the direct consequence of that highly nervous, often delicate organisation, so intricate and fine strung, so subject to fits and hysterical exaltation or morbid depression, alternating with abject surrender, which is part of women's heritage upon earth."

My father was well known in the 10th Foot as the strongest and best all round athlete in that regiment.

In Jersey on one occasion he was going his rounds at night, when a half-mad soldier rushed out of the guard room, snatched a bayonet from the belt of one of the men and rushed at my father, who dropped him with a straight hit from the shoulder. The unfortunate man's head struck the ground with such force that his skull was fractured, and he never spoke again. My father was court-martialled, merely as a matter of form.

On another occasion my Uncle Charlie, then a small boy, afterwards Colonel of the 9th in Dublin, came home from school where he had been cruelly beaten by a schoolmaster who had an unenviable notoriety for severity. My father took the boy back to the school, walked straight up the hall, got a firm hold of the bully, and horsewhipped him amid the frantic cheering of about 150 boys.

Never shall I forget fraternising with the notorious Rugeley poisoner, Dr. Palmer, who was brought up from Stafford gaol to London to be tried.

My Uncle, Major Fulford, the Governor of Stafford gaol, brought him up in charge of two warders. My father allowed him the use of rooms in the gaol. The warders never left the side of their prisoner night or day. I was often up talking to Palmer, who was a jolly pleasant round-faced man, and I had in my possession for years several very good pen-and-ink sketches of horses and other animals he did for me. One day he asked me if I thought he looked like a murderer, and I emphatically said, "Oh, no!" —and meant it!

My Uncle was a huge fierce-looking military man, and when he was driving up to the gaol with Palmer in a cab, he looked out of the window to see if it was safe to take his prisoner out, as a large mob who heard he was coming collected at the gates.

When they saw my Uncle they hooted and groaned at him, evidently taking him for the murderer.

I had the unique experience of seeing this awful criminal hanged in Stafford Goal on the 14th of June, 1856, in the presence of 50,000 people. He had been found guilty of poisoning John Parsons Cook, and if acquitted on that charge would have been tried for

the murder of his wife and brother. As he would only bear hanging once, the second trial was omitted.

The trial of Palmer began in the Central Criminal Court in the Old Bailey, on May fourteenth, and concluded on the twenty-seventh. It excited tremendous interest in England, as it diffused a "poison scare" through the households of nervous families, and many a foolish wife regarded her innocent husband with entirely undeserved suspicion.

Crowds attended the Court, but there were thousands who had no hope of admission, which was only allowed to holders of tickets from the Sheriffs. Many noblemen and Members of Parliament attended daily. The Lord Chief Justice (Lord Campbell), Baron Alderson, and Justice Cresswell were the three Judges.

The Attorney-General was Edwin James, Q.C., who was assisted by Bodkin, Welsby, and Huddlestone, while Palmer was defended by Sergeant Shee, Grove Q.C., Gray, and Kenealy, the latter memorable in after years in the Tichborne trials.

Palmer was a short stout man, with a round head and face, thin reddish hair and a florid complexion. There was nothing in his appearance to indicate the awful cold-blooded villainy revealed by the evidence. He pleaded "not guilty." The evidence proved that not only had he poisoned John Parsons Cook for the sake of eight hundred pounds, but he insured his mother and brother for thirteen thousand pounds each, poisoned them both, and got the money. Cook had inherited thirteen thousand pounds, and Palmer's liabilities at one time were thirteen thousand pounds, so thirteen was an evil number for him.

Palmer had a weakness for horse racing, and bought two horses named "Chicken" and "Nettle." Cook owned "Sirius" and a racing mare called "Polestar," which ran on the thirteenth of November, and won for Cook one thousand two hundred and fifty pounds. At the settling he had eight hundred pounds in his pocket. Palmer ran his horse "Chicken" on the day after, backed him heavily and lost all he had. There was a formidable array of medical witnesses, including Sir Benjamin Brodie, and Sergeant Shee made an eloquent defence, but the verdict was "Guilty."

So notorious had the word "Rugeley" become in the trial, that a deputation from Rugeley waited on Lord Palmerston, then Premier, and asked him to change the name. "Very well," said Palmerston, with ready wit, "call it *after me.*" From Rugeley to Palmerston would have been a change with a vengeance!

This recalls the terrible hanging bungle I witnessed in the case of James Mullens, the murderer of a poor old lady named Elmsley. In those days felons were hanged outside Newgate Gaol. After Mullens was pinioned, he got his arms free and held on to the rope above his head. The immense mob of spectators, about seventy thousand, were excited with horror seeing the unfortunate man swinging in the air, with Calcraft, the hangman, and two or three warders hanging on to his legs. I was inside Newgate, and witnessed the awful scene through a window, and shall never forget it. Mullens was convicted on October the twenty-fifth, 1860. He had tried to inculpate a man named Ems, and that led to his own conviction.

Just before leaving England I took part in the great Volunteer Review in Hyde Park before Her late Majesty, Queen Victoria, a truly magnificent sight, there being forty-five thousand volunteers, and thirteen thousand regulars—five thousand of whom were cavalry. I was very proud of myself in those days, rigged out in a gorgeous uniform, carrying the silver bugle of the 39th Middlesex Rifle Corps, and mounted on a tremendous police charger.

Another grand pageant seen by me was the funeral of the great Duke of Wellington, and I had the memorable privilege of being present at "Jenny Lind's" farewell concert at Covent Garden Opera House. Jenny's voice has been retained in my memory ever since. It was a marvellous voice.

The last I saw of London was when being driven in a cab to catch a train to Gravesend, where our ship was berthed, and we were blocked for an hour on London Bridge, and had a splendid view of the great Tooley Street fire, on June 11th, 1861. The Surrey Music Hall was first destroyed, then Cotton's Wharf and Depot, and other wharves caught fire in the afternoon and burned for a month; several persons were killed, including James Braidwood, Superintendent of the London Fire Brigade, The total damage was estimated at two millions.

I had left the Merchant Tailor's School, London, in 1860, having held the position for over three years as Bugler-Major of the 39th Middlesex Volunteer Rifle Corps. My brothers, Stanley, who had tried a sailor's life and found it uncongenial, and Cecil, were studying to pass for the Army. Our father had the promise of free commissions for us all from Lord Palmerston, his personal friend.

Fate decreed otherwise, and there arose family reasons why our father advised us to emigrate and try our fortunes in Queensland, of which he had heard glowing accounts from a Queenslander then in London, the afterwards well-known Mr. A. L. Bourcicault. After mature deliberations, and a round of farewell visits to our relations and friends, we shipped in an emigrant sailing vessel, the "City of Brisbane," from Gravesend, and commenced a voyage memorable with exciting scenes, some of which are likely to interest the reader.

I was then only in my seventeenth year, a very ambitious robust youth, full of energy and action. The voyage was unusually prolonged, and at times rough and unpleasant, but on the whole enjoyable to us, as the novelty of everything compensated for a lot of discomforts we had to suffer.

Our financial circumstances could only afford "intermediate" passages, but before leaving England our friends arranged with the agents to allow us the privilege of the run of the saloon and poop deck, and other parts of the ship reserved for first-class passengers.

We had to do our own cooking and washing, and soon all three brothers became cooking experts, and my soda bread, plum-duffs, and sea-pies were greatly appreciated, and we very often gave "little dinners" to some of our less fortunate "intermediate" friends. Not one of the three was sick after the first week, and we rarely even saw our so-called "cabin," a veritable "Black Hole" shrouded in gloom, and about eight feet by six feet, for we swung hammocks underneath the boats, and this provided us with a dry airy healthy camp, and

when the "cutting - down - hammock sky - larking craze" was played out, we were very comfortable.

Fortunately, we had a number of fine young fellows amongst the first-class passengers, the pick being my chum, Cuthbert Carr, a splendid specimen of an all-round athlete and right good fellow. There was a character on board, Major Stevens, who by his persistent growling, and his naturally quarrelsome nature, made himself generally obnoxious, and earned a soubriquet that will not bear publication. He was an enthusiastic chess player, but could never gracefully accept a beating, for invariably when he found himself in a corner he managed to upset the men and swear he had check-mated the next move.

The ship carried a great number of female emigrants, mostly single girls. The Department must have been terribly lax in those days, for many of the emigrants were a very doubtful lot, and the ship earned a most unenviable reputation, especially after the evidence given at an inquiry which was held by the Immigration Agent, Dr. Kemble, on the ship's arrival at Brisbane.

Captain Morris was for most part of the voyage entirely unfit for duty, and set a fearfully bad example to his crew, many of whom were only too ready in taking advantage, so that they became demoralized, and discipline was ignored, and many of the sailors became so bad that there arose a semi-mutiny, and several of them had to be placed in irons, and kept there for the rest of the voyage.

At the instigation of the officers—three good men—we formed ourselves into a volunteer watch, and my brother Stanley was elected Boatswain. We actually worked the ship ourselves for weeks, with the assistance of a few "shilling-a-month" men.

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THE BEST NATIVE MOUNTED POLICE DETACHMENT
IN 1870.

Had it not been for the McBrydes, ourselves, and a few other musical young fellows, we would have fared badly socially, but having good talent amongst us we managed to keep the passengers entertained with frequent concerts and dramatic recitals, which were very popular and displayed considerable musical and dramatic ability.

In Stubbs we had a lovely whistler who charmed us for many an hour on fine calm nights. He was somewhat of a "softy," and could never see or take a joke, so was often in hot water. Sky-larking was very prevalent amongst the young fellows, and there was not a part of the ship or rigging that my brother Stanley, myself, and several others could not negotiate like cats, even in the rough weather of which we had a lion's share.

Several exciting scenes occurred on board during the trip. The fight with the crew was lively enough for anything, and ended seriously too, for the Chief Officer, Gardiner, was badly knocked about, and had his ribs broken, [illegible] several of us had our features altered for the worse, and my nose was involved in the collision.

One calm afternoon, off Cape Horn, several of us, including Stubbs, were, sitting on the taffrail of the poop, when some of the fellows commenced sky-larking, which ended in Stubbs being accidentally toppled overboard, but fortunately we had just been bathing from one of the boats before this, and it was still alongside, so we promptly manned her and got to Stubbs, only just in the nick of time, as he could not swim, and was going down for the third time. When rescued he vowed vengeance, threatened law, and never forgave the author of his submersion.

Picture our horror when, about an hour later, we hooked and hauled on board a monstrous man-eating shark, seventeen feet six inches long, in the stomach of which we got thirty-two young sharks, and numerous remains, proving that the brute had dined on human flesh before. This sight ended sky-larking for some considerable time.

The voyage lasted one hundred and forty days, and for the last month on boaid we fared very badly, there being no tea, sugar or luxuries of any sort, merely the bare salt pork and hard biscuit.

I had to mourn the destruction of my lovely ivory and silver-mounted flute (my only valuable), which came to grief just before we landed. I had placed the case on the deck for a minute, while I looked at a Brisbane paper, and some wretched sailors rolled a huge cask over it, leaving me only the fragments, which I still retain. There were many disreputable orgies on board during the voyage, but after a lapse of so many years there is no wisdom in raking up the ashes of old fires. They would serve no good purpose, so we shall let them rest in oblivion.

The Captain was disrated, and the ship given in charge of Chief Officer Gardiner, but was never heard of again after leaving Brisbane.

The Glass Mountains were the first view I beheld of Queensland, my adopted home, and to-day in my declining years I am finally located on the summit of the Blackall Range, commanding a magnificent view of those weird, picturesque, and historic basaltic peaks and cones.

I was present as a small boy at the great fight between Sayers and Heenan on April seventeenth, 1860. Took a holiday and played the wag. Was

much interested in the result, as Tom Sayers was in our Gaol for some months as a "bail prisoner," a class who had more freedom than the ordinary prisoners. He gave me a series of lessons in boxing. To me as a nipper Tom was a great hero. Heavens! how those boxers did thump one another and make the blood fly! And what tremendous excitement! Heenan was all but blind at the finish when the fight was interrupted. Sayers was five feet eight inches, and Heenan six feet one and a-half inch. Sayers had one arm injured, but not broken as commonly reported. The police rushed the ring and stopped the fight, which was practically over. A full account appears in the last chapter.

CHAPTER II.

BRISBANE IN 1861.

Brisbane was not a very attractive city in '61, with unformed streets, atrociously kept shops, and houses few and far between, but we were all nevertheless agreeably astonished, as we had been led to believe we would have to land in dense scrub, and be immediately attacked by wild blacks and huge snakes! Bullock teams frequently blocked the thoroughfare, and the rough free-and-easy style of the bushmen greatly amused us. After landing, I went to the General Post Office for letters, and to my astonishment found it run solely by an elderly lady, a Mrs. Barney, widow of Major Barney, one of the Commandants of the penal days in Brisbane, without assistance of any kind.

On landing, my sole belongings consisted of a surfeit of useless clothing, the remnants of my poor flute, and eighteen shillings and threepence in silver. I certainly had my land order, said to be worth eighteen pounds, but this my landlady, Mrs. Newman, of "Devonshire House," George Street, appropriated for my few weeks board and lodging. I often "whip the cat" when thinking of the result had I taken up eighteen acres of land then available in the

vicinity of the Valley or Milton. But wiser and older settlers never dreamed of the future of Brisbane. The Petries might have all been millionaires.

My brothers got a job at once droving sheep, and Cecil, as the reader will learn later, was murdered by the blacks. Stanley, after holding important positions for many years as Clerk of Petty Sessions at Maryborough and Rockhampton, was induced to speculate one thousand pounds in Mount Morgan. His interest, when the mine was floated, was six thousand seven hundred shares, seven hundred of which he sold for seven pounds, and the balance for fifteen pounds cash. Stanley died about three years ago in England. His luck was not permanent, for when he had made a fortune, and was going home to take up a title belonging to the family, a title long lying dormant, he fractured his skull in Rockhampton, the result being the wreck of a splendid constitution, and on his passage to the old country, he lost his wife overboard in a most mysterious and lamentable manner.

I came to Queensland consigned to the care of Colonel O'Connell, who, on the day after my arrival in Brisbane, drove me round and introduced me to all the leading families, who were very few in those days. Being naturally a little gifted in the musical line, I had good times and met people who were friends to me all their lives, and I would specially mention the "Littles," Douglas, Austin, Harris, Manning, Bell, Gray and others.

I was very proud of my athletic achievements in those days, for at the sports given by a detachment of the 50th Regiment, then stationed in Brisbane, I annexed the high jump, five feet four inches, the flat

jump, eighteen feet six inches, and pole high-jump, nine feet seven inches, in All-Comers' events—fairly creditable performances by a lad of seventeen years of age.

Was nearly engaged by P. Mayne to teach his young daughter the piano. He asked me out to his place for a couple of days, and I rattled off some lively airs to the entire satisfaction of the family, but although he made me a very good offer of one pound fifteen shillings a week, with board and lodging, and a horse to ride, I had not the assurance to accept the offer, much as I was tempted, simply because I played entirely by ear and did not know a single note of music.

After spending a very happy time in Brisbane for about two months, and finding my credit exhausted, I was glad to accept an offer by old Bell, of East Stowe, near Gladstone, to go up with him and get colonial experience. This old squatter was the roughest diamond ever met by me before or since. I went by steamer to Port Curtis, and from there helped to drive a mob of rams to the station, a distance of eighteen miles, enjoying the novelty amazingly.

During my stay at East Stowe, I learned to ride, drive, shear, and all the other work of a sheep and cattle station. After a year there I got a billet at Milton under Ed. Mullet, and while there became quite a proficient horseman, and got a salary of fifteen shillings per week. After a few months at Milton, to my astonishment and joy, I received an official letter informing me of my appointment as a cadet in the Native Mounted Police, with instructions to report myself at the headquarters near Rockhampton without delay. Needless to say, I promptly responded, and two days after receiving

the appointment was *en route*, *via* the Calliope, Mt. Larcombe and Raglan. Old Mullet was very disgusted at my leaving Milton, after having, as he said, just broken me in to be useful, but the rise from fifteen shillings per week to a salary worth nearly two hundred pounds a year was not to be ignored.

CHAPTER III.

THE NATIVE MOUNTED POLICE, 1863.

On my arrival at the Native Mounted Police Headquarters, fourteen miles from Rockhampton, I found the force under the command of J. O'Connell Bligh, with G. P. M. Murray and A. Morriset next in rank. There was a staff of fifteen officers, one sergeant-major, three camp sergeants, and forty-five black troopers, together with over two hundred good useful horses, mostly the O.C. brand.

The force was run on very different lines from what followed the reorganisation.

A lieutenant, cadet, and sergeant, with eight or ten "boys" would start on patrol in a given direction, remaining out two or three weeks, and another detachment would start two or three days later in a different direction. They travelled on an average from twenty-five to thirty miles a day, calling at the different stations, and giving any troublesome blacks an occasional lesson. A Native Police Officer's life in those days was worth living. The squatters hailed their advent with delight, and killed the fatted calf in their honour, for well they knew the presence of the troopers in their locality ensured peace and security, and relieved them of constant anxiety for their sheep and cattle.

The old talk about dispersing the blacks, and wiping out tribes indiscriminately, is a fallacy, for I am in a position to assert that I never knew an officer to allow a shot to be fired unless in extreme necessity, and then only when the blacks were caught red-handed.

When getting into the routine of the work, an order was received by the Commandant, advising that "in consequence of a contemplated reorganisation of the force," the services of about nine of the junior officers were to be dispensed with.

The then Colonial Secretary was our steadfast friend, and he intimated that every one of the officers so dispensed with would have preference in the first openings in the Government Service. Well and faithfully he kept his word, for most of us afterwards were given billets either as a Police Magistrate or C.P.S.

I rejoined the force a year or so later, so shall reserve further remarks *re* the Native Police for another Chapter.

Shortly before leaving the Police, I was present when poor Bligh had his nose kicked nearly off while docking his favourite horse's tail. It was a terrible disfigurement, and worse too by reason of happening on the eve of his wedding day. The Maryborough people in 1864 presented Bligh with a sword for his services with the Native Police.

CHAPTER IV.

STATION LIFE—GRACEMERE, 1864.

I was lucky in obtaining a billet at once with the Archers of Gracemere, a lovely place, seven miles from Rockhampton, splendidly managed by their nephew, S. Yorgensen. For some time my work was to accompany Patterson's buyer to the cattle station, and draft out one hundred head of fats every fortnight. I had to drive them into Rockhampton, having often to swim the Alligator Lagoons. Once to my sorrow we put the cattle over first, strapped our clothes on the saddles and drove the horses over. We then swam across with only our hats on. The horses pranced gaily off along the road towards Rockhampton, and were only pulled up at a selection three miles on. Picture the naked riders scooting after the brutes, in a blazing sun, and then having to stand behind a tree and explain our predicament to a lady! It was too ridiculous.

Before delivering the cattle I received a cheque at the rate of five pounds per head, which I duly paid into the credit of Archer and Company. There was no loafing at Gracemere during working hours, but the evenings were enlivened by music and boxing, which were the favourite pastimes.

The Jardines, Salmond, Shaw, Willie Walker, Risien, Cross, and Ned Kelly, were all there in my time. Occasionally when coming in fiom work, Conrad the butler would come to me and say, " Mr. Archer's compliments, a dance at So-and-So in Rockhampton, sir. Your horse and clothes are ready," and off I went, a ride of eight miles, dancing all night, another eight-mile ride home about five a.m., a plunge in the lagoon, and to work feeling fit for anything.

One evening we were turning somersaults over a small hay cock on the lawn, when William Archer, a big heavy man, just for fun, quietly jumped over it, slipped and landed on his knee—an unfortunate accident that caused him years of expense, trouble, and pain.

Poor old Crooks, a very old friend and dependent on the Archers, had one hobby in training pointers. One imported thoroughbred after a severe course of training, showed such cleverness that Crooks invited a lot of Rockhampton sports out to see him work. On the eventful day the party went in search of quail, when the pup magnificently pointed —at a grasshopper! Crooks broke his gun, and left off training pups.

While at Gracemere, F. Byerley presuaded me to try and study surveying under him, but I did not take to it kindly, and while with him in Rockhampton, accidentally met Jack Larnach, Manager of the Australian Joint Stock Bank, who offered me a billet to go up to Reedy Lake Station, on the Upper Burdekin, to take charge and manage for the Bank. He told me that I would probably be there about five weeks, and I was to get one hundred pounds for the job, and one pound per day for every day after the

expiration of that time. I jumped at the chance, and two hours after receiving the offer shipped on a coastal boat, with my written instructions in my pocket, a cheque book (my first), and only the clothes I wore. I never saw the balance of my wardrobe again. I was at Reedy Lake nearly two years.

CHAPTER V.

STATION LIFE—REEDY LAKE, 1865.

On my arrival at Bowen in '65, it was then a flourishing town, and the new jetty just completed. Bowen was then the depot for all the pioneers who were pushing out towards the Flinders and other new north-western country. I purchased a good horse from G. E. Dalrymple, and rode alone up the coast road *via* Salisbury Plains, Inkerman, and Burdekin Downs, being most hospitably treated by all the squatters on my route.

I was five days on the way and found Reedy Lake a beautifully situated place on an immense lagoon usually covered by wild fowl, but the station was virtually void of improvements, and with no comfort of any kind. I had to look after six thousand old ewes on country totally unfitted for sheep, one hundred and sixty head of cattle, and about eighty horses.

I wonder what one of the Station Managers of the present day would have thought of the improvements and station plant as I found them, with not a paddock on the run, the wool-shed a tumbled down bark place, and no conveniences of any sort. I had to improvise a wool press by sinking a hole in the

ground, and dumping the wool into bales with heavy rammers. This reminds me of a comic incident. I had a young fellow named Jack Hoare working for me as "general useful," and one day when we were shearing he was busy dumping the wool, when he was often annoyed by the magnificient beard he wore, and finally got mad about it, and sang out to me," Boss ! shy us over a pair of shears ; I'm going to send my blooming wool home." Thinking he was only joking, I gave him a pair, when, to our astonishment, he clipped his beard short off and dumped it into the bale with a fleece of wool ! It would astonish the people who opened that bale !

My shearers were a rowdy lot who talked fight, and often got it, if you only suggested that a sheep "should be shorn, not butchered !" One of the rowdiest was MacPherson, the "Wild Scotchman," who took to bushranging after he left me, and shot Willis, at the Haughton, shortly after.

I had three shepherds in charge of 2,000 sheep each. They had to be armed with a Terry Rifle and Colt's revolver, as the blacks were always on the aggressive. Even my hut was loop-holed to fire through, and we found that very useful.

Although my billet for a young fellow of twenty was a good one, it hardly compensated for the rough life, fever, blight, and the constant danger from blacks who infested the 'Basalt wall," a peculiar formation running for miles parallel with two running creeks, the Fletcher and Sandy, both of which abound in fish, especially the former. This wall was a veritable stronghold for the blacks, who, realising the security it was, were very bold and daring. No horseman has been known to cross this wall, and even on foot

it was both difficult and dangerous. During my stay on Reedy Lake, I had one of my shepherds killed and lost a number of sheep, many of which were driven away in mobs of fifty at a time. I can safely say that life was never safe, and the only wise thing to do on seeing a black was to shoot, and shoot straight, otherwise he would certainly spear you. I had several very narrow escapes.

I remember a miraculous escape Stuart and his English bride had on a day's drive from Southwick, not far from Reedy Lake. They were camping under a big tree, and a storm coming they shifted to under the wagonette. In a few minutes the tree was struck by lightning and fell across the exact spot they had recently vacated.

I suffered very severely while on Reedy Lake from sandy blight, and had to remain in the dark for over a week, suffering fearfully. The only relief came from large hot tea-leaf poultices. I am thankful my eyes are so good to-day after the trials they have passed, and no medical advice available.

CHAPTER VI.

MY BROTHER CECIL'S MURDER, 1865.

About this time I received intimation of the sad end of my dear brother Cecil. It seems he had recently been appointed an Acting Sub-Inspector in the Native Mounted Police, and was stationed on the Upper Dawson. Shortly after joining he was out on patrol with the overseer of a neighbouring station, to disperse a mob of blacks who had lately been committing depredations, and the party were camped at night near a scrub, with no suspicion that the blacks were anywhere near them. They even had a blazing fire. They were standing around when, without warning of any kind, a shower of spears came into the midst of the camp and my poor brother was killed instantaneously by a spear that went through his heart. The overseer's wrist was broken, and several of the troopers were badly wounded.

Although my father was at this time in Brisbane, no official intimation of the sad event was ever sent to him by the Government, and were it not for my brother Stanley, then a clerk in the office of the Commissioner of Police, who went up to the scene of the tragedy and erected a fence around the grave, so far as the Government cared, he would have been left forgotten, and his death and even the locality unrecorded.

THE BEST SHOT IN THE NATIVE MOUNTED POLICE.

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Poor Cecil, being only twenty-one, and promising to be a fine steady fellow, it was terribly sad to see him thus prematurely cut off in the morning of his life.

CHAPTER VII.

MY FATHER'S DISASTER, 1863.

I may here digress a little to mention that my father, mother, and two sisters had recently arrived from England, and were bound for Sydney when they unfortunately decided to call at Brisbane in the hope of seeing us.

The catastrophe which followed made a sad alteration in their plans.

When the ship "Queen of the Colonies," which brought them out, anchored at Moreton Bay, my father went on shore with the Chief Officer, a boat's crew, and the husband of a woman they were going to bury, my father intending to read the burial service.

On their return to the ship after the burial, and when nearly under the stern of the vessel, a squall suddenly sprung up, broke their oars and drove them out to sea.

Imagine the grief of my mother and sisters when no tidings of the castaways were heard for fourteen days, and all hope of their recovery was given up, and search abandoned. But my mother clung to a last hope, and, being a personal friend of

Sir George and Lady Bowen, enlisted the latter's sympathy, and through her the Government were induced to try again.

A small steamer was sent up the coast to the north, and eventually found the castaways on the main beach near Caloundra. They were all in a pitiable condition, nearly naked, terribly sun-burnt, and half starved. My father's health and eye-sight suffered so severely from the exposure and mental agony he had gone through, that he was compelled to resign the post he had travelled so far and given up so much for, and decided to remain in Queensland, where after a few years he became totally blind. When my father was found, my two sisters were married the same day to two fellow passengers, one an army man, and the other a naval officer, each of whose names was "Charlie," and both eventually were Police Magistrates in Queensland. Their names were Eden and Rich.

Only a few weeks ago I was shown a tree near Caloundra, with the initials of several of the castaways, my father's included, plainly discernible.

One remarkable coincidence in this sad affair was after the party had been a few days perishing on shore, they resolved to try and launch their boat, having improvised oars, but were capsized by the breakers and thrown into the sea where it was alive with sharks, which devoured the husband of the woman they had recently buried, his horrified companions looking on, helpless to assist !

CHAPTER VIII.

MY SECOND EXPERIENCE IN THE NATIVE MOUNTED POLICE, 1866-1868.

I remained in charge of Reedy Lake until it was sold, when I applied for and got an appointment as Acting Sub-Inspector in the Native Mounted Police, at this time under the Commissioner of Police, Mr. D. T. Seymour.

I was first ordered to the Yo Yo Creek barracks, forty miles from Charleville, a queer feature of the creek being that after a heavy fall of rain it came down in a solid high wall of water, and woe betide any unfortunate who happened to be camping too near its banks.

In the hole near our camp we caught cod with a piece of red cloth for bait. They were fine fish, weighing from fifteen to sixty pounds.

My mate was Harvie Fitzgerald, with whom I have had many friendly bouts with the gloves, and remember, in honor of a projected visit of inspection by the Commissioner, making a plum pudding which should have been a wonderful production, seeing it contained about thirty eggs, plums and currants in galore, and heaps of all the other necessary ingredients. I kept the gins busy boiling it for three

or four days, but when I turned it out, alas! it was literally hard and heavy as a cannon ball, for unfortunately I had used rendered fat in lieu of suet, which was unprocurable. "Hill's duff" was a byeword for a long time afterwards.

I was transferred under Gilmour to the Paroo-Bulloo, near to what is now Thargomindah, and had to patrol the border and down into Fort Burke on the Darling.

On one of my patrols I had occasion to arrest an old offender, a noted black who had evaded capture for over two years. A squatter named Cooper busied himself very much about this boy, and reported me for shooting him, asserting that he could produce his bones. I was temporarily suspended, and ordered to headquarters at Charleville. A squatter named Ralston rode one hundred and fifty miles to wire to the Commissioner, saying, "Surprised to hear Hill accused of shooting 'Toby.' I have him at my station, and can produce him any time!" This spiked Mr. C.'s gun, and when his famous "bones" were examined they were found to be those of cattle and sheep.

If wisely handled the Native Troopers were as easy to manage as children, but their officer must be firm, and at all hazards fulfil any promise made to the "boys," no matter whether to give them a bob, a nip of whisky, or a flogging.

When stationed on the Paroo, I had occasion to send my Orderly, "De Lacy," for the mail, and he returned intoxicated. Next morning I ordered a full dress parade, called De Lacy to the front and said:—

"De Lacy, what did I tell you if you ever got drunk?"

"A flogging, Marmie," replied De Lacy, and he was ordered to take off his jacket and shirt, and I then handcuffed him to a verandah post.

I noticed him pick up a piece of stick and hold it between his teeth. I then twisted a stirrup leather and laid on a dozen as hard as I could. De Lacy uttered no sound, nor moved a muscle, and when the flogging was over, saluted, and never after showed the slightest sign of animosity. This was the boy I mentioned before as a great athlete, as he could jump six feet in height easily, and over twenty in a long jump.

He could speak English fluently, and I remember once he was out after horses and met a white man who said "Arrah! you been see him yarraman belongin' to me?" De Lacy replied, "For goodness sake man speak English, I can't understand that lingo!"

Another good trooper was "Vick," as amiable a boy as ever I had. You could trust him to nurse a baby, but one act will show how the savage instinct will come out in the aboriginal.

Once, when coming home from patrol, "Vick" was carrying a little boy piccaninny about four years of age, whose father had been deservedly shot, and I was riding about fifty yards behind, when I was horrified to see "Vick" ride up to a tree and knock the poor little chap's brains out! I galloped up to the bloodthirsty wretch and knocked him off his horse with my hunting crop, in fact I was within an ace of shooting him. I then handcuffed and made him walk back to the camp. Next day I said, "Vick, what for you kill that piccaninny?" His reply was, "I couldn't stand him, Marmie, he spit in my eye!"

Vick got a flogging he never forgot.

At this time, February, 1868, the Duke of Edinburgh visited Brisbane and, probably as a salve for the unmerited annoyance I had been caused, I was appointed second in command of an aboriginal escort formed in his honour. Captain Henry Brown was chief, and I had twelve troopers, mostly corporals, picked from the different police stations, all grand looking men averaging nearly six feet, while some were over, and all matchless horsemen. We did our best to outvie the white escort, and succeeded too, for the Duke himself told me he had never seen cavalry anywhere with such splendid seats in the saddle.

My brother-in-law, C. Eden, having been a shipmate of the Duke in the "Clio," introduced me, and he apologised for taking me for a half-caste officer; and no wonder, seeing how dark I was from wearing a forage cap in the blazing sun. He was very kind and affable, and before he left Brisbane stood godfather to my niece Beatrice.

After leaving Brisbane the Duke was shot at at Clontarf, in Sydney, on March 12th, 1868, by O'Farrell, and I often wished that if the deed was to be, it had been in Brisbane, when I might have had a chance of either distinguishing or extinguishing myself.

This escort was not too easy a business, for I had to be with the troopers from daylight until often after midnight, ride for hours in a cloud of dust, and then dance half the night, but I enjoyed it all.

When the Duke's escort was disbanded, I applied for promotion, and on being informed there was no opening, I tendered my resignation, got rid of my gorgeous special escort uniform to a new officer, Nolan, who appeared next morning in it when calling at the Commissioner's office, where he was promptly

told to take it off at once and wear the uniform provided by the Government! This had a depressing effect on the gorgeous warrior.

My ride on the Paroo probably established a record, for it meant two hundred and eighty three miles in three and a half days, or actual travelling of thirty nine hours, and this I did accompanied by my Native Orderly, De Lacy.

My instructions were to arrest a notorious ex-bushranger and horse stealer named Sweeney, who had taken to a new line of earning a living by touring the country with two pack horses, selling liquor to the shearers and dam makers, causing serious trouble and much loss to the squatters. My warrant was only for Queensland, and as Sweeney got notice I was on his track, he made for the border, knowing I could not arrest him if he got over. He had a long start and beat me by only a few miles, so I determined to get ahead of him at Bourke, on the Darling, to have my warrant backed, and so probably catch him there.

Making a long detour on one of the big plains I got ahead of him about forty miles from Bourke, and once there I had my warrant backed for N.S.W., and told De Lacy to watch at the outskirts of the town for our man when he came in. That night I was at my hotel and De Lacy walked in. I said, "What the d...... are you doing here? Why are you not attending to my orders?" He replied, "All right, Marmie, I watched him come in all right. He hobbled his horses and planted his swag, and then I saw him go to an old humpy—he there now." De Lacy had the sense to bring in the horses and swags.

I got the Sergeant in charge, and he and De Lacy and I went to the humpy. On opening the door I

found the place was an old bakery with a large brick oven, and after flashing my bull's eye about, saw a pair of boots sticking outside the oven door. We promptly lugged Mr. Sweeney out, and he gave us no trouble, merely observing " the game's up."

My trip back with my prisoner was a new experience. De Lacy got hurt jumping for a wager in Bourke. He was a champion jumper, and could easily clear his own height of five feet eleven and a half inches. I had therefore to escort Sweeney down to Toowoomba alone.

We had to camp two or three nights at very questionable bush pubs, so I had him handcuffed to myself all night. It was sometimes both amusing and ridiculous in the night when he would say, " Mr. Hill, sir, I'm going to turn over," as he felt rather dubious about the revolver I had strapped on to my other wrist.

I took my time bringing the prisoner back, and landed him safely in Toowoomba goal, to my intense relief.

I was much assisted in this long journey by the kind way the squatters all supplied me with good fresh horses, and gave me every assistance.

While at Bourke I met that splendid athlete, Vessey Brown, and witnessed a unique cricket match.

Brown challenged the Bourke Eleven at single wicket, provided they allowed him his two nephews, the Walkers, to field for him. Brown was to use a pick handle. He won the toss and went in to bat, but as it was an afternoon match and they could not bowl Brown out, he retired, and the Eleven gave him best.

CHAPTER IX.

THE BRISBANE RIOTS, 1868.

These so-called "riots" at the time, caused the authorities much anxiety, and great preparations were made to deal with them. Hundreds of Government officials were sworn in as special constables. Batons made expressly were supplied, also white calico sashes to distinguish them from the mob, making them look very like undertakers' assistants.

One night the alarm was given that a mob intended sacking Government House. The Artillery were stationed at the gates under Godfrey Geary and Harry Webb, and it was only by a merciful act of Providence that they did not blaze into a mob of specials who were hurrying up in anything but order to the rescue! Poor old Bob Gray was hit with a pebble on the forehead, and a streak of blood ran down his cheek, and this same mark of glorious war was left on for at least three days, for Bob was proud of that blood! The ladies were most sympathetic, and there was an amateur ambulance with headquarters at Bob Little's house, George Street.

One night Police Magistrate Massie got on the top of a cask near the bridge to read the Riot Act, when a stone was thrown by a boy in the rear of the crowd and hit him fair in the eye. The Commissioner at once shouted. "At the double! charge!" and charge

we did with a vengeance, driving the mob before us into the pubs and shops, and then routing them out again. A company of specials charged behind the police, but got separated, and very promptly divested themselves of the obnoxious calico sash and mixed with the mob.

One night the general manager of a bank, E. R. Drury, came to the lock-up with his hands secured by handcuffs, and stated that three or four old fossils had pounced on him as he was going into the private door of his bank, whipped the irons on, and hurried off for fresh victims!

Two elderly gentlemen "specials" were told off to guard the approach of the lane leading to the Government Stores. When the trouble was over, the officer quite forgot these two patriots, who remained on guard fully twelve hours after the other specials were dismissed, to the great amusement of a crowd of small boys!

I was in the Police at this time, and was told off on special duty to spy the movements of the supposed ringleaders, and had several narrow escapes, the baton I carried up my sleeve nearly giving me away, but fortunately I was a pretty fast runner and did a gallant sprint! The riots soon fizzled out, and no bones were broken, but later on several fires were started in different parts of Brisbane, and these kept us constantly on the alert. I forgot to mention that two of the most energetic specials were C. C. Carrington, armed with a hooked stick, and Long Gardiner, with a huge Maori war club.

I verily believe that if a few of the larrikin stone-throwing boys had been caught and whipped, there would have been little or no trouble with the adult portion of the so-called "rioters."

CHAPTER X.

COMMENCEMENT OF MY CIVIL SERVICE CAREER, 1868.

A few days after the riots Mr. Palmer gave me a billet in the Colonial Secretary's Office as record clerk, which I held about two months, until one morning Palmer rang for me, and said, "Willie, I'd make you a P.M., but you can't talk." I replied "I beg your pardon, Sir, I can," and took up a letter lying on his table and read it through fluently. He asked me to dinner, and a lot of people were present at dinner. Palmer roared out, "Willie Hill, say grace," thinking he had me. I rose up and gave the grace as fluently as any parson. I may as well mention here, to any readers not aware of the fact, that since boyhood I have stammered, but not seriously even when on the Bench, or taking part in theatricals, and it never affects my singing.

One day Palmer sent for me, and offered the billet of Clerk of Petty Sessions and Mining Registrar at the Cape River Gold Fields, now known as Pentland Hills, and ordered me to go the round of the different offices to get an insight into my various duties.

One evening, about three weeks after receiving the appointment, I met my chief at a dance at New-

stead, and he at once sang out, "Why the d——— are you not attending to your duties up north, sir? I shall have to send somebody else." I replied, "Very sorry, sir, can't walk up there—too far, sir; steamer only goes once a month, sir." "Go to the d———!" said my good old bluff friend, and I went by first steamer to a place not very much better than Hades. Palmer was a good friend to me for many years, and I had good reason to regret his death.

CHAPTER XI.

CAPE RIVER GOLD FIELDS, 1868 to 1870.

After a long, tedious, uncomfortable trip of nine days in that obsolete open-berthed passenger boat, "Williams," I reached Townsville, then in its infancy, but seemingly thriving and prosperous. I got my horses and started on a rough lonely ride of one hundred and fifty miles, passing through my old home, Reedy Lake, and arriving without any adventure at the scene of my future work, after four days "going for all I was worth."

The Cape River Gold Field was then in the zenith of prosperity, but on my arrival there the township looked quite deserted. This appearance was deceitful, the reason being that the races a mile or two away had taken nearly the whole of the inhabitants, including men women and children, out of town.

My future boss, Warden W. S. E. M. Charters, was as long as his name, a splendid specimen of a man, good looking, bearded, six feet four and a-half inches in height, nineteen stone in weight, and built in proportion.

I showed him my credentials, and he installed me in what I had by courtesy to call my office, a bark

humpy, very leaky in wet weather, and like an oven in summer, dimensions being twelve feet by ten feet. This noble edifice had to serve me also as bed room, and I dined at a pub.

The Cape in 1868 was a decidedly rough locality, there being fully two thousand five hundred men, representing many nationalities, and among them the scum of all the Southern Gold Fields.

The police included eight constables under Senior-Sergeant Francis, a force totally insufficient to keep even a resemblance of law and order.

Gold was easily obtained and much more easily spent. Dreadful stuff, called whisky, rum and brandy, was sold in shilling drinks, and there was no need to wonder that many of the poor fellows, after the usual spree, became raving maniacs.

Picture in your imagination a mob of two hundred or three hundred half drunk semi-madmen running amok with each other in the brutal fights which were a daily occurence!

I have seen a man kicked to death in the open daylight, the police and everybody else being powerless to interfere. A respected Brisbane citizen of the present day, Swords, who was one of the constables at that time, could call to memory many of these diabolical scenes.

My humpy had a small pigeon hole cut through the bark to enable me to transact business. A miner would stroll up and sing out, "Miner's right, boss! what damage?" and on my replying, "Ten shillings," I would probably have a small nugget "flipped" at my head through the pigeon hole, and told to go to Hades when I tried to expostulate.

A tricky swindle was perpetrated by a notorious character known as "Jumping George," the victim

being "Ah Pan," a Chinese publican. In the wet season when no teams could travel, liquor had nearly run out, and the wily Celestial, ever on the alert for an opportunity, thought to steal a march on his compatriots, so he made an arrangement with George to go down to the Burdekin to a large store, giving him five pounds to pay for two gallons of rum, and promising him five pounds for himself if he brought it up in kegs within a week.

George had a rough trip, and had to swim the creeks, but much to Ah Pan's joy he came back with the rum in the stipulated time. The rum was sampled and found to be all right.

After pouring out about a quart of excellent rum, there was a sudden stoppage. Ah Pan stuck a steel in to clear it, and thenceforth there came nothing but pure water. The wily George had tacked a circle of canvas inside round the bung hole, filled this artificial bag with a quart of good rum, and the rest of the keg was occupied with good Burdekin water. The rage of Ah Pan was something terrible to contemplate. George left suddenly, and Ah Pan was not only swindled out of the rum and the carriage up, but he had shouted the whole of the first and only quart! George never returned to the Cape.

One scene I shall never forget. The township was chiefly built over a number of old abandoned shafts, some partially filled up and others merely logged over the mouth.

Some of these shafts were from twenty to eighty feet deep, and the mouth being hidden by the grass, they were extremely dangerous.

One moonlight night I was awakened by hearing wild shouts followed by roars of laughter, and then

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W. S. E. M. Charters.

Tom Clohesy.

a dull thud like the fall of something heavy. As this was unusual I slipped on some clothes, got my lantern, and ran to where I heard the noise.

When I reached a shaft about forty yards from my hut, I saw four men, partially drunk, pulling at a rope.

They had it half-way up, but let go when I appeared on the scene. In reply to my question, one of them said, "We are only pulling our mate up from where he tumbled down."

I said, "My God, you've killed the man," and shouted for help.

This evidently sobered and scared them, so they cleared, and were never afterwards identified. A number of men and two constables were soon on the spot, and I went down a rope for thirty feet with my lantern, and found an unfortunate man only just dead, his head smashed, and a rope tied round his middle. He evidently had not been much hurt when he fell down first, as he must have tied the rope round himself, and had evidently been striking matches at the bottom of the shaft.

There was another brutal act about the same time. A publican's wife, Bolger, had a vendetta against the wife of a carrier, and she got her husband to hire a man to take seven splendid draught horses away into the bush, and Bolger then shot them, one after another, in a gully, bringing home a piece of one of each of the horses' ears to show his charming wife he had done the deed. The police worked up a splendid case of circumstantial evidence, and sheeted it clearly home to Bolger.

I had to write about one hundred sheets of evidence, but after all the tremendous exertion of

the police and the expense of sending ten witnesses to Bowen, the learned Crown Prosecutor was in a hurry, and lost or mislaid the depositions, so he consequently found no true bill. Bolger, who should have got ten years, was jubilant, and the police very mad and disheartened.

CHAPTER XII.

CAPE RIVER GOLD FIELD (Continued).

We held our Court on a primitive stage in the dining room of a pub, and our only lawyer, Grimaldi, having finished his case one morning, was returning to his office, a bark edifice like mine, but on reaching the site of it he was astounded to find the whole structure gone, and only the gable of the roof sticking out of the ground.

Grimaldi had to procure a ladder and tomahawk, cut a hole through the shingled roof and get down to his room by the ladder, rather an uncommon proceeding.

He found everything very nearly intact, and it seems the whole building had quietly subsided through undermined workings made soft by the long wet season.

Grimaldi resided in his underground mansion for some considerable time, and said he found it cool and comfortable, but very expensive, for kerosene was a very rare commodity there in those days.

There was a queer episode in Court one day. We had adjourned for lunch, and when I returned to my table underneath the bench, I found scrawled in large letters on my clean blotting pad, "To h——

with Hill and b—— old Charters." When the Warden took his seat, I said, "Your Worship, I found 'To h—— with Hill' written on my pad." The Warden said, "Oh, never mind, Mr. Hill, the men must have their little joke." "But, your Worship," said I, "you are also included," and read the balance.

Charters at once got in a towering passion, and ordered the police to arrest the culprit. I could not help remarking that it was hard lines that the poor C.P.S. could be insulted, but woe to anyone who tried to do likewise to the Warden!

At some sports one day, I, a mere stripling of nine stone, wagered a five pound note that I would carry the Warden round the Tower Square, a distance of quite one hundred and fifty yards, on my shoulders, and the wager was taken. The Warden being agreeable, the feat was performed, and I won my wager. Charters weighed nineteen stone.

Several big reefs were found at Mount Devonport and the Upper Cape, but the absence of proper machinery was a great drawback, for although many of the reefs and leaders were veritable "jewellers' shops," they invariably pinched out in blue rock after a certain depth, and had to be abandoned.

Our claim on the Upper Cape, in which I and poor old Tom Clohesy held an interest, was most carefully and artistically slabbed up by the wages men working for us, and when the usual "pinch out" was reported at forty feet, we decided to abandon the ground.

Afterwards it appeared that these identical wages men, after a short time, took up our abandoned claim, pulled away the slabbing, and pocketed some handsome proceeds of a leader of thick wiry gold. These smart men got some hundreds of pounds worth of gold out of their little swindle. Rather hard

on us poor proprietors who had been paying the same men three pounds per week for some months.

After waiting during a wet season for over two months for a mail, we heard the welcome sound of the mailman's horn, and two pack horses, loaded with letters only, jogged up to the Post Office door.

The mailman's horse was knocked up, and he was some distance behind. There was nobody to take the mail, so the stupid brutes of horses turned and swam the flooded river. Being after dark, nothing could be done that night, but early next morning twenty or thirty of us swam the river, formed a cordon on the other side, and very soon found the mail bags had been opened, robbed, and wantonly burnt. No trace was ever found of the miscreants who perpetrated this outrage, and it was well for them they were not caught at the time, as I feel sure they would have been lynched. I lost a valuable presentation watch, and saw scraps of numerous letters in familiar handwriting.

Not only was all this intensely aggravating, but it involved endless trouble, owing to the loss of cheques, money orders, and official letters.

The alluvial was worked out about 1869, and the Cape gradually dwindled down to a few parties trying to overcome the water in the deep wet ground, without success. Therefore the services of a C.P.S. were no longer required, so I was transferred to Ravenswood, and left the Cape a considerably more experienced man than when I went there.

CHAPTER XIII.

RAVENSWOOD GOLD FIELD, 1870 to 1874.

When I arrived in Ravenswood in 1870, I found a rule that all reef claims striking payable gold—that is, paying three pounds per week per man over wages, —were obliged to hoist a red flag, so to my surprise, on arriving on the top of the hill going into Ravenswood, I noticed scores of red flags scattered about the hills, making the place look as if it were on the spree.

My new boss, T. R. Hackett, seemed glad to see me and invited me to share his camp, an offer I gladly accepted.

The work at this time was particularly heavy, and how we got through it I hardly know, for we had to hold court and transact office work in a tent twelve feet by eight feet, so just imagine our discomfort, particularly in the hot windy and rainy weather. However, we survived it, and felt all the more the benefit of the new commodious buildings when they were erected some months after my arrival.

The Warden and a noted miner named Macrossan were deadly enemies, and this enmity culminated in Macrossan horse-whipping the Warden, a feeble

old man, in the muddy bed of Elphinstone Creek, before the bridge was built. I was at the door of the Court House and, seeing a disturbance, ran down the hill and fought my way through the mob, and capsized Macrossan into the sludge. I then got the Warden into a pub. and sent for the police. Macrossan was shortly after arrested, and the local Justices asked for an absurd one thousand pounds bail, which was given by a notorious shanty keeper named Annie Smith who, in consequence of this, was chaired round the town shoulder high by an admiring mob of half drunken sympathisers. The final scene saw Macrossan fined thirty pounds at the District Court, Townsville; it made for him a name very popular among a certain class of miners.

It was my privilege to be intimately acquainted with the late lamented Bishop Quinn, a man who never forgot or neglected to return any act of civility or kindness.

In 1870 he was visiting Ravenswood, and I went out to drive him into town. We had to pass an old Masonic Hall where the Church of England people were holding their services, pending the erection of a new church.

As we were passing, the Bishop asked me what building it was. I said, "Our church, my Lord, but the white ants have taken possession of it." "Ah, Mr. Hill," said his Lordship, "you ought to be up there," pointing to the Roman Catholic church, which was a commodious building in a commanding position on the top of the highest hill on Ravenswood.

That night a terrific storm passed over the town, wrecking the Roman Catholic church, and leaving our poor ant-eaten edifice intact.

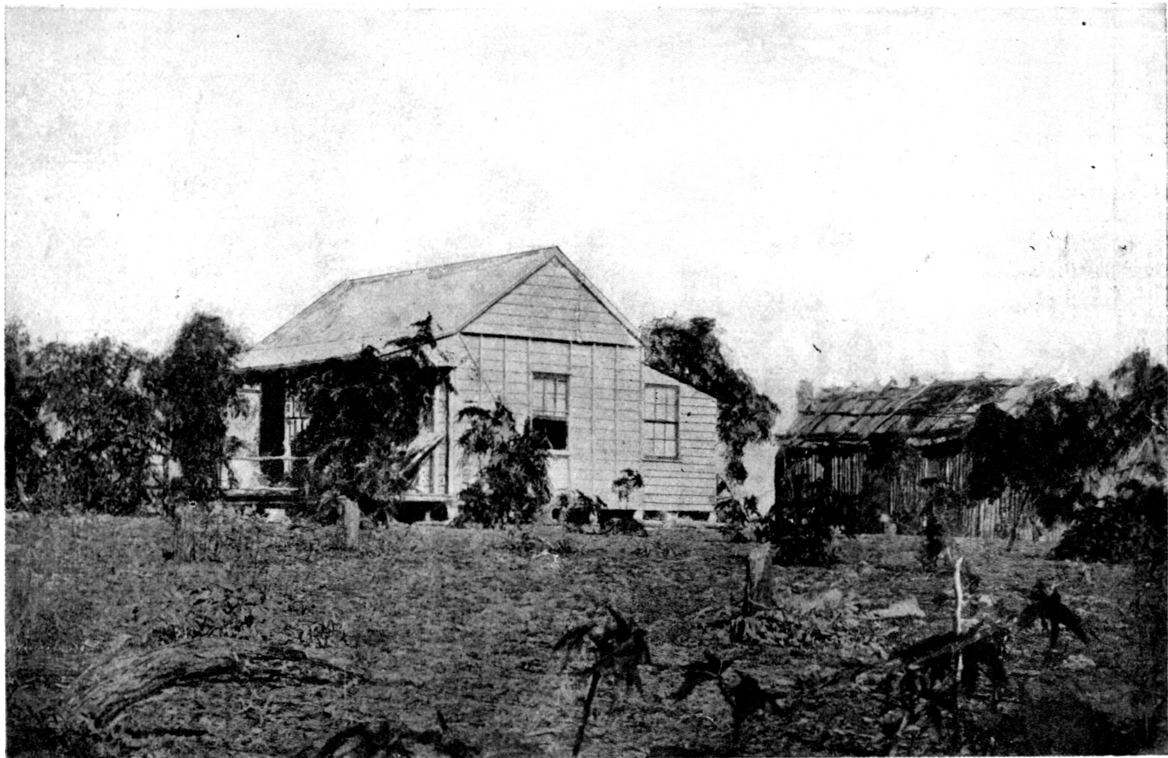
Next morning I met his Lordship, and said, "What about the church on the hill, my Lord?"

His Lordship laughed and replied, "You have me there, Mr. Hill."

A fearful catastrophe happened while I was living with the Warden, whose cottage, a mile from town, was surrounded by ironstone boulders.

It was my usual practice to sit at one side of the table playing chess with Hackett, my back being against the bark wall of the room.

The evening in question was my choir practice night, and while in town a very violent storm came up. A lawyer named Stables was caught in it, took shelter in our cottage, and sat in the place I usually occupied. An elderly woman, old Hackett's housekeeper, being very much frightened, was also sitting in the same room. Stables had only been there a few minutes when the house was struck by lightning. I was running home in the thick of it, and when I reached our fence, was met by the old German orderly, Willhelm, who gasped out, "God's sake, come quick! Fire run out of door, all killed." I rushed in and beheld a terrible spectacle. Hackett was lying on the floor unconscious, his housekeeper in a similar condition, and poor Stables underneath the table, stone dead. When I helped to pull him out, he felt as if all the bones in his body were softened, as they actually were. Hackett recovered in a few hours, but the woman, who swore the lightning had passed through her feet, died from the effects some weeks after. Poor Stables left a widow in Gympie, where she eventually married the present Sir Horace Tozer, her third husband, the second being Robert Lord, once M.L.A. for Gympie.



MY FIRST HOME, RAVENSWOOD, 1870.

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A very stirring event happened two years after my arrival at Ravenswood. At Charters Towers a butcher named Trevethan raised the price of meat, and this the miners resented. The main camp was then at Millchester, where the shop was situated.

One Saturday night, November the second, 1872, the mob made a long rope fast through the gable of the shop, and pulled the whole structure bodily into the road. Three of the ringleaders were arrested and taken to the lock-up at Charters Towers, a distance of two and a half miles. That night an armed mob of several hundred men marched up from Millchester, and demanded the release of the prisoners. Warden Charters, in charge, went home to his country residence, sick, but P. M. Jardine and Warder J. G. McDonald were equal to the occasion, and by their tact and good judgment prevented a very serious riot.

I may mention that in reply to a request by telegram, Warden Hackett sent me over from Ravenswood to the Towers, post haste, with all the available police to assist, but they were only five.

The prisoners, after a long parley, were let out on bail, the "lady" who bailed them out receiving the same honour as did Annie Smith when she bailed out Macrossan at Ravenswood.

All day on Sunday and the night following things looked very serious, especially as all the pubs. were forced by the mob to keep open and supply free drinks. On Monday morning the men were brought before the Court, which was held in a pub. Before the Court opened, fully three thousand men were congregated in and around the Court House.

When Trevethan rode in to give evidence, before he was off his horse the mob rushed him, and were

it not for Inspector Clohesy, Trevethan's brother Alf., myself and others, he would assuredly have been killed there and then.

On his way round to the Court House he was struck several times with bottles and stones, and before I could stop him drew his revolver and fired point blank into the crowd, wounding two or three men. Then came a serious fight, and it was all we could do to get him out of the mob, and not until he had been seriously maltreated, and weie it not for the late Bishop Quinn, who harangued the mob and temporarily quietened them, Trevethan would have been lynched. The mob were determined, and had a rope ready. While the Bishop was walking over with the police to the lock-up, with his umbrella over Trevethan's head, a Ravenswood constable had a horse ready, and as soon as the police got Trevethan into the lock-up, rushed him out through a back window and off to Ravenswood. Finding their prey gone the excited mob wrecked the lock-up, and finished up with a terrible night's orgie.

A hundred specials were sworn in, and paraded on Sunday, but the only action they had to take was to endeavour to ward off sundry rotten eggs and other offensive missiles that the crowd amused themselves by pelting at them.

A large force of police was sent up from Brisbane and other towns, and many of the ringleaders, who had been quietly spotted during the disturbance, were afterwards arrested, tried and severely punished. Trevethan was fearfully knocked about, and it was more than his life was worth to return to the Towers. Only one of the men shot by Trevethan was seriously hurt, but he afterwards recovered.

Many readers will remember that splendid amateur athlete, Dave Scott, one of my earliest and best of friends. We were also rivals, and though he could beat me in one hundred yards, I invariably led him home in one hundred and fifty yards. Many a pound I made backing him to jump over his pony (fifteen hands) with the saddle on, and this Dave could do with ease.

A professional sprinter named Green came to Ravenswood, and pestered Dave to make a match. We finally persuaded Dave to run him, and we backed Dave for one hundred pounds.

There was great excitement about the match, and Green went into strict training, but Dave never bothered himself a bit, saying, "Green was not worth it."

The run was one hundred and fifty yards, and on the day it came off there must have been fully one thousand men, among whom heavy bets were freely laid and accepted. Green appeared in the pink of condition, wearing nothing but green silk drawers, but Dave strolled out of the Bank in white trousers and sand shoes. There was a good start made, and Green led for one hundred yards, and then Dave came with his famous sprint and left the great professional twenty yards behind. I was delighted, having pocketed over one hundred pounds.

No less than forty-two licensed pubs, or rather one should call them "shanties," were at one time in full swing, within a radius of three miles. Such was the case on Ravenswood in '72, and most of them doing a roaring trade.

The police had tough times, and often had to chain men to a big log outside their tent while they went down town again to quell some fresh disturbanc

One night a huge miner, Pat Meehan, was chained, but shortly after arrested again carrying the log, which weighed three hundred weight, on his shoulders. He was made to carry it back, though I do not think he was charged with larceny of the log.

Here is a case tried before me at Ravenswood :— It was an action for the recovery of thirty pounds, the amount of a dishonoured promissory note. I asked the lawyer to produce the document, which was handed up to me and I could hardly restrain a shout of laughter. I handed it back to the lawyer, and asked him if he had read it ? He said, " Oh, yes, your Worship, it is perfectly in order."

" Read it again, please," I said, and he collapsed on reading, " Three months after *death*," etc.

As the defendant was in Court very much alive, I had to nonsuit the plaintiff, whose wrath was terrible. I forget how it was eventually settled.

In 1872, I was married on Ravenswood, and returned there some years later as Police Magistrate and Warden.

I will pass on to my next position when promoted to P.M. and Warden at Georgetown, Etheridge Gold Field.

Before leaving Ravenswood, the people wished to give me some recognition for past services. Some wanted to give me a purse of sovereigns, others a watch, but at a public meeting to consider the matter, my old chum, E. J Finch, suggested that those who wished to give a purse should do so, the others to do as they liked, the consequence being that both parties tried to outvie each other, and I was the lucky recipient of a fat purse of sovereigns, and a very

handsome watch and chain. Included in the list of subscribers to the purse was an anonymous donor of fifty pounds.

One night at Ravenswood I had my nerves severely tested. Walking in just before dark from Hackett's place, where I was living, to my choir practice, I passed the corpse of a Chinaman laid out on a piece of bark and covered with a sheet, his mates having left him there until they brought a coffin. On my way home again the night was pitch dark, and I remember thinking to myself how silly some people were feeling scared when passing or touching a dead person. Believing I was just at the locality of the dead Chinaman, and running along briskly, I fell literally on the top of the corpse, who gave a distinct grunt and a shudder. I rose in about the fastest time on record, and candidly admit my feelings were not too cheerful; but I braced myself, struck a match, and pulled the sheet off the face of the corpse, when, to my astonishment and temporary terror, the dead man sat up and said, "Whaffor?" I raced back to town, got the police, and on our getting close to where the corpse should be, we met him strolling along with his shroud under his arm!

. . . .

I never was lucky in my mining speculations, and missed one sure fortune on Ravenswood. I was the happy owner of a one-fourth share in the Day Dawn, but being quite full of paying out wages week after week, I jumped at the offer of one hundred pounds from a friend, and thought I had done splendidly. This claim was soon afterwards abandoned as being a duffer, when the original shareholders,

having scraped together a few pounds, tried their luck in it again, and soon afterwards struck the Day Dawn reef.

This interest would have been worth some thousands to me annually, and even now, after the lapse of so many years, is worth a mint of money.

CHAPTER XIV.

GEORGETOWN, ETHERIDGE, 1874-5.

Before leaving Ravenswood, I settled my first mining case, a very serious one, involving a very heavy issue, the verdict being for some thousands, and there was no appeal.

Although my promotion meant a substantial increase of salary and allowances, yet I found I was considerably a loser, for the C.P.S. in the early days pocketed all the fees, and from '68 to '74 mine amounted to over five hundred pounds a year above my salary.

Sending my wife South, I travelled to Georgetown *via* Reedy Lake, Mytton's, and Carpentaria Downs, and found the road very long and dreary, hardly meeting a soul after leaving the Burdekin. When crossing the river I had a narrow escape, but got out of it after the whole of my new and carefully packed belongings had been about a quarter of an hour under water.

I had to camp a day or two with big Ned Cunningham at Burdekin Downs, when Mrs. Cunningham acted the good Samaritan and fixed up everything neatly for me.

In due course I arrived at Georgetown, which I found to consist of one long sandy so-called "street,"

with houses, mostly of iron, scattered here and there. The field abounded with what on any other would be payable reefs, but not one was touched unless it would return at least one and a half ounces to the ton, the reason being the abnormally high wages and high price of necessaries.

A dreadful mining accident, attended with fatal results, happened shortly after I took charge of the field. A fine strong young miner had put a charge of dynamite into a drill hole, and a few minutes after, thinking the fuse had gone out, he went back to see what was wrong, when the charge exploded, blowing the unfortunate fellow half way up the shaft, but in spite of his terrible injuries, the flesh being burned completely off his arms and part of his body, he actually came up forty feet on a rung ladder, difficult to mount at any time, and died a minute after he reached the surface.

All necessaries were charged for at famine prices. The miners could get board at the pub. for one pound a week, but usually spent more in liquor. Their wages were four pounds a week.

I had one good trip to the Woolgar, *via* Gilberton, accompanied by Sub-Inspector Urquhart, who would recollect the splendid fishing we had on the way. The Woolgar was, without exception, the hungriest place I ever struck, without one redeeming point. The two days I was forced to remain there gave me a terrible fit of the blues.

To kill time at Georgetown we used to get up amateur performances, and I recall one supreme effort that takes the cake, and deserves a place in my memoirs. I forget the name of the play, but Sub-Inspector Urquhart was taking the part of a Captain Jones, and had to be shot by myself, who was

Sam Peek. Manager N.S.W. Bank.
McCullough. Cecil Burke. A. Kerr.

RAVENSWOOD CELEBRITIES, 1870.

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the "villain." An aspiring young lady actress, Miss C——, was engaged to Captain Jones, and had a pathetic part, especially when she comes suddenly on to the stage and discovers her prostrate lover apparently in death agonies. For hours at rehearsals I had endeavoured to teach the young lady her business. She was to scream and fall in a faint across her lover's body. The last rehearsal went smoothly and fairly well, but on the eventful night, before a crowded hall, after I had shot the Captain, I noticed him shaking convulsively, not in death agonies, but with laughter. He evidently knew what was coming. Miss C—— was pushed in from behind the scenes, and walked in a slow stately way past her lover, her eyes upturned as if in an ecstatic mood, drawled out the words, "Captain Jones—and dead!" The audience simply shrieked, the curtain fell suddenly, and Miss C—— abandoned all thoughts of going on the stage.

At another performance we gave I entirely overlooked the fact that our drop curtain was made of white calico. The hall was dark, the stage lighted, and my wife was amongst the audience. I was arranging a tableau, and in the act of placing a girl's head in position was shocked to see our heads appear on the curtain gigantically enlarged, and looking as if I were about to embrace the young lady! It was some time before order was restored.

I was relieving Warden Ramsay, who returned when I had just put in twelve months at Georgetown, and was transfered to the Palmer, but before going there, obtained a well earned three months' holiday. Unfortunately during part of that time I was laid up by a terrible accident which will appear in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XV.

MY WORST ACCIDENT.

After two months in Brisbane and Sydney I thought of a trip to Ravenswood and Charters Towers to see some old friends.

H. H. Barton kindly gave me what he considered a good hack, to go from Ravenswood to the Towers, but this peerless steed proved to be a vicious brute, very thin skinned, and so got badly girth-galled. On my return trip I put the girth round his shoulder, but he resented this and promptly bucked me off. On remounting he repeated the performance, and threw me a clean somersault, striking me in the middle with his head as I was falling. The brute then galloped off towards Ravenswood, which was fourteen miles distant.

A man who was with me asked if I was hurt, and I said "No," so he galloped after the horse, but when I tried to get up my limbs were apparently useless, so I dragged myself off the road into the shade of a tree, where I remained half-unconscious for about four hours, when Barton came out post haste with a buggy and drove me to his house.

A doctor examined me, and I heard him say I "had only a few hours to live!" I remember

regarding this remark as somewhat comical, for I certainly did not feel very bad, and was suffering no pain except when I moved my legs

About a week later Mr. E. H. Plant kindly drove me down to Townsville, where I stayed with my old friend, Fred Raines, whose kindness I shall never forget. My wife had arrived from the South, so I was in good hands.

The day after my arrival at Townsville I was thoroughly examined by Drs. Ahearn and Frost, who could come to no conclusion on where my injuries were located.

I spent two months on crutches, but my splendid constitution pulled me through, and I eventually got all right.

About six years later I was in Sydney, when, just for curiosity, I got Dr. Morris to examine me, and he found the pelvis bones had been fractured, and he told me it was simply wonderful how I had ever pulled through. He said I should have been bandaged round the hips at once.

I have never felt any ill effects from this accident since.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE PALMER GOLDFIELD, 1876 to 1878.

I relieved Warden Coward in April, 1876, and my camp was at Byerstown, half way between Cooktown and Maytown. My staff included a C.P.S., three white orderlies, and three black trackers, with a liberal supply of useful horses. My principal duty was compelling the Chinese to take out miners' rights, which cost ten shillings annually.

The wily Chinkey tried every dodge to evade payment, and would have you if possible with spurious gold. I had on several occasions to round up and arrest mobs of from one hundred to one hundred and fifty, escort them miles to my camp, and then draft them out like sheep, retaining their swags until they found the ten shillings. Sometimes we were kept up all night by small mobs coming to the camp to redeem their property, which the C.P.S. had duly docketed, giving the owner a duplicate ticket.

I carried a long light chain on a pack horse with seventy-five pairs of hand-cuffs attached, so I had "accommodation" for one hundred and fifty, and on camping we opened one part of the chain, and secured the lot round a tree.

We were often on duty away among the ranges, two or three weeks at a stretch, rounding up the outside camps and scooping in revenue, most distressing work for both men and beast, for we had to travel for miles up the bed of the Palmer River in a gorge between ranges, struggling over boulders, and the heat terrific. We were rarely free from fever, and I had sometimes to lie down in the dust on the main road, shivering like an aspen leaf for an hour or two, and after this came a raging fever which generally made me quite delirious. We were in frequent peril from the blacks, who were constantly all around us, ever on the alert, and a very savage cannibal lot they were. We had invariably to keep a strict watch all night when camping out.

A clever swindle was perpetrated while I was on the Palmer, by a very knowing old offender who was very smart, but not smart enough for old Tom Clohesy. This man procured an unused one-hundred cheque book, and having provided himself with red braid, a pen and bottle of ink, he rigged himself up as a Warden's Orderly, stuck Chinamen up on the road and issued to them what they took to be genuine Miners' Rights, receiving ten shillings for each. He victimised over sixty unsuspecting Celestials, and then rode to Cooktown, timing himself to catch the steamer going South, but Clohesy was one too many for him, and nabbed him just as the gangway was being pulled in.

As Wardens we were often wrongfully accused of cutting off the Chinamen's tails, but I remember when the then Premier was visiting Cooktown, he had to cross a hand bridge, and was amazed to see three genuine pig tails, recently cut off, hanging on

each side of the handrail, but this was the work of some of the anti-Chinese Cooktown larrikins.

My billet was a good one, but it was well earned when I tell you that during the nineteen months I worked on the Palmer, my collections for Miners' Rights and business licneses alone amounted to the respectable sum of £5,707.

It was killing rough work. I was the first Warden to visit the Hodgkinson (Thornborough).

My chief orderly, Bill Norris, afterwards orderly for years at Charters Towers, and I, swam the Mitchell River in high flood, having before starting stopped a mob of about two thousand men at Byerstown, who were waiting for the river to go down so as to rush the field. I told them I would bring back an authentic report of the rush in three days, and I did. I reported "a rank duffer," and this induced a majority of the men, who were awaiting my report, to return from whence they came, and thus probably saved a lot of starvation and misery.

I might shock my readers by selecting many terrible scenes I was eye witness to during this period, but one or two will be sufficient.

A very eccentric judge called Blake visited Roma years ago, and once, when on circuit, he stayed at a local hotel, during a very dry season when water was an expensive luxury. There was an open tank at the back of the house, with a little water which the hotel-keeper was religiously reserving for drinking purposes. The first night the Judge arrived, at about 10 p.m., a splashing was heard at the back of the house. When the hotel-keeper ran out he was horrified to see the Judge luxuriating in a bath in the open tank! When expostulated

with the Judge said, "You need not kick up such a devil of a row, for I am not using any soap!"

Gambling was an awful curse on the Palmer, and Chinamen would be fleeced to their last penny, and then have to resort to crime. We did our best to stop it, and made several very exciting raids on the gambling houses. The black troopers took infinite delight in this sort of work, and it was very funny, after a big haul, to see the troopers lugging sometimes six or eight Chinkies in each hand, and holding them by their pigtails! One night I reserved for myself the duty of tackling the "Boss," a man I wanted badly. When we made our rush, I vaulted over the heads of the crowd round the table, gripped my man, and we both went down underneath the high gambling table. All the lights went out, but I stuck to him and got a hitch round the leg of the table. Someone kicked me on one ankle and put it out, making me a cripple for a month. On the night in question nineteen of us captured over sixty. When we escorted the lot over to the camp, I had to be carried, like a cavalry officer, on the back of a big trooper. Next morning I fined the lot ten pounds each, giving my kicking "Boss" friend the extra privilege of contributing fifty pounds. All the fines were paid.

One morning all hands were down with fever. The Hon. Hewitt was paying me a visit and kindly offered to milk my cow. About an hour later he came to me with half a bucket of yard deposit, and himself covered with the same material from head to foot! I asked "What's up, old man?" Hewitt said, "Look here, Hill, I've never been so ill-treated in all my life! that beast of yours is no lady." "Did

you put the leg rope on ?" I said. "What rope ?" he replied.

It transpired that he put the cow (a not too quiet one either) into the bail all right, and sat down to milk her between her hind legs ! Hence the catastrophe ! There is a fine field for the reader's imagination to picture exactly what happened !

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Vick. W. R. O. Hill. Norris. Dan.

AT WORK—PALMER, 1876.

CHAPTER XVII

THE PALMER—Continued.

One night, during the time a large number of people were camped at Byerstown, waiting for the Mitchell to go down, and also for my official report, I was sound asleep in my tent, and awakened by an awful scream. Norris heard it too, so we aroused the camp and some of the Police, and after a time found an unfortunate woman lying on the ground in a small tent, with her right arm chopped completely off above the elbow. The wretch who did it was never found, but I believe the woman eventually recovered. A man was stabbed through the heart by his mate G———, without the least discoverable provocation, and a storekeeper who lived not far from my camp was butchered, and his store ransacked by the blacks. Scores of other exciting incidents made life on the Palmer active enough, and serious enough, and one had always to be prepared for emergencies

I often met Jack Hamilton, who was practising as a medico. He had a private hospital at Maytown, and a story is told that a bully came a long way to punch Jack, but he caught a Tartar, got an awful

thrashing, and had to go into Hamilton's Hospital to be cured, and pay Hamilton to cure him of the effects of the thumping he gave him!

Early in '77 I visited Warden Sellheim at Maytown. His camp was a mile from the township, and the first morning there I rode with him to his office, and on the road we met a constable who was riding out with the sad news that Sub-Inspector F——— had just shot himself We went at once and broke open the door of the poor fellow's office, to find he had discharged a rifle into his mouth, his head being blown to pieces. I noticed two holes in the iron roof, one of which was made by the bullet, and the other we found out afterwards was made by a piece of the skull being blown clean through the iron, as I found the piece on the roof.

Another sad scene I witnessed when about to camp at the bottom of the hill. Our horses were all unsaddled when we heard terrible cries, and saw a man staggering down the hill, several blacks chasing him, but Norris, Vick and I were soon in full cry, and a few of the Myalls lost the number of their mess. The man had a spear through him, and though we managed to extract it, he died shortly afterwards.

Passing from grave to gay, let me here relate a laughable fish yarn that actually happened to W. O. Hodgkinson, the late lamented Crown Minister, explorer, politician, editor, and versatile writer.

My camp at Byerstown was situated on the top of a steep bank overhanging a small creek, which after heavy rain was full of large bream. Hodgkinson, who had tried his luck in this hole before, arrived at my camp late one night, when we were all away on patrol. After having tea, he threw his fishing line

over the bank, and was soon rewarded with some palpable bites, but not being able to hook anything, he gave it up after a time, rebaited his hook and left the line set.

Early next morning, on going to secure a prize, he found the creek was dry! The bites had come from small sand "goannas!" *Re* Hodgkinson's exploring, I was at Georgetown when he made his famous start to explore the north-west country, from Cloncurry to the South Australian boundary in 1876. Tremendous preparations were made, and excitement and whisky ran high when we were wishing the party bon voyage. After a month or so of privations, the party reached what they had hoped to find a magnificent stretch of splendid country, which they decided to christen the "Oswald," but instead of finding new country, the poor travel-worn party arrived at a well-appointed station, with a comfortable house, piano, tennis court, and plenty of bottled beer! We did not hear much about this particular trip afterwards, but they traced the Diamantina to the border, and went from the Cloncurry mine to Lake Coongi in South Australia, the whole journey lasting from April thirteenth to September twenty-seventh, 1876.

The party included W. Carr-Boyd ("Potjostler"), Kayser, Norman Macleod, and a black trooper named "Larry." Hodgkinson wrote a very interesting report of the expedition.

Townsend, the officer in charge of the N.P. camp at the Laura, was a character, a good-hearted "fool-to-himself" sort of fellow, and many a long, rough ride we have had together, as I was authorised to requisition his detachment when on any special or urgent duty. We frequently passed hordes of

Chinamen heavily loaded, in single file, carrying goods to the Chinese merchants at Maytown, and I have seen them carry over two hundredweight on a bamboo across their shoulders, under a blazing Palmer sun, twenty miles a day. They often collapsed and died on the road, and we had to gallop on to find their mates, whom we had actually to force to bury them off the road!

Townsend had three fine dogs in his camp, christened J.C., H.G., and V.M., and when these animals died he had good fences erected round their graves, with headstones inscribed "Sacred to the memory of," on the lot! Probably these extraordinary graves are still in existence.

Only for the influx of Chinamen the Palmer would have given profitable employment to thousands of Europeans for many years.

The hordes of Celestials, at one time about twenty thousand, absolutely worked out the bed of the river. The amount of gold obtained by them was enormous, and thousands of ounces of gold were taken back to China privately, as one of the Boss Chinamen told me he sent home at least one thousand ounces a month for some considerable time, and I believe him.

Just to show how easily gold was got on the Palmer, I was in my office one morning when a European miner came in for a Miner's Right. He told me he was going prospecting, and next morning the same man came to me and asked if I would put a bag into my safe for a time. He said, "It's a few specimens I got yesterday in about three hours." He said he was up a gully looking for his horses and found that one of them had kicked a large stone

over, disclosing a nest of nuggets. I asked him how much he got, and he replied, "Weigh the lot, sir, please." And I did, and found the lot weighed one hundred and seventy-nine ounces three pennyweights, the smallest piece weighing seventeen pennyweights. The nuggets were lovely to look at, all water worn and of the most fantastic shapes. One "beauty" was exactly thirteen and a-half ounces.

When the banks decided to open branches at Maytown, I had the whole staff of four banks camped with me for two or three days. The managers were Alfred Halloran, Cecil Becke, Paddy Shields, and McClardy, all old friends. Each brought three of four assistants, so the party of fifteen made things hum, also a considerable hole in my larder and store of medical comforts. It paid me well though, for not only had I a very good time, but it seems one of their pack horses, loaded with tinned meats and other luxuries, knocked up about ten miles from my camp, so they left the load a bit off the road for anyone to appropriate. Needless to say, Norris and a tracker were soon away and secured the lot.

My work having been so severe, and the continual attacks of fever telling at last on my constitution, I hailed with delight my transfer back to my old home at Ravenswood, as Police Magistrate and Warden.

Before leaving the Palmer the Chinese gave me a tremendous send-off, letting off a cart load of crackers, but whether for joy or sorrow at my departure is still an unsolved problem.

Before closing my Palmer experiences, I venture to reproduce a local song I composed and sang at a charity concert in Cooktown. It "took well, and gave pleasure to all" in those days :—

THE PALMER LOCAL.

(*Air—" Abyssinian Gold."*)

1.

It's about two long years ago,
  To the Palmer goldfield I came,
I tried all I know to get hold of a show,
  But my trying has all been in vain.
Of " Protections " I've had quite a score,
  And I've worked at them all with a will,
Now my knuckles are sore, from the raps at the door,
  I have guv at the office of Hill !

Chorus.

To the Palmer I must go,
But I'd very much like to know
  Whether when I get there
  I'll be ordered to wear—
A long pigtail—Oh, yes—or Oh, no !

2.

First I go to obtain Miner's Rights,
  Next implore him the Chinkie to chase,
For a dozen or more, with bamboos galore,
  Paddy whacked me for cutting their race.
Isn't it hard to come home from work,
  With no gold, and disgusted, forlorn,
To find that the beggars have been in your tent,
  And that all of your tucker has gone ?

3.

Now the Warden has white men and black,
  Most terrible cavalry too ;
He rounds up the Chinkies, his black boys enquire,
  " Where license belonging to you ?
What for you baal license have got ?
  No savey belongin' to me
You turn me out pouch, you money have got !
  Or we'll handcuff you up to a tree."

4.

Then the Chinkies will snivel and cry,
  " No more shillin', no chow chow have got !"
But the Warden from practice knows better than
    that,
  And " no saveys " a lot of such rot.
With one hand he seizes the tail,
  With the other in the pouch has a hold,
He knows 'em so well, and from instinct can tell,
  Where the beggars have planted their gold.

5.

Soon the P.M. up here will be Mr. Chuck Lum,
  C.P.S., Mr. See Wah Ah Nee ;
And the Mayor of this town—Mr. Mayor, do not
    frown—
  Will be Mr. Ah Hong Chong Ah Lee ;
Police Inspector Ah Pow will command,
  Messrs. Ah Hong, Chong, Pong and Ah Lin,
While the duplicate churches will find " nervous
    cures "
  In the Revs. " Ah Fat " and " Ah Thin."

6.

Now the moral contained in my song
  You will find in this verse of my lay,
So listen to me, and I'll bet you'll agree
  With the words I'm just going to say :
If the Chinamen quickly arn't chased
  From crowding in herds to our shore,
The language of Englishmen, Irish and Scotch
  Will be banished from here evermore.

(*Wild Applause*).

CHAPTER XVIII.

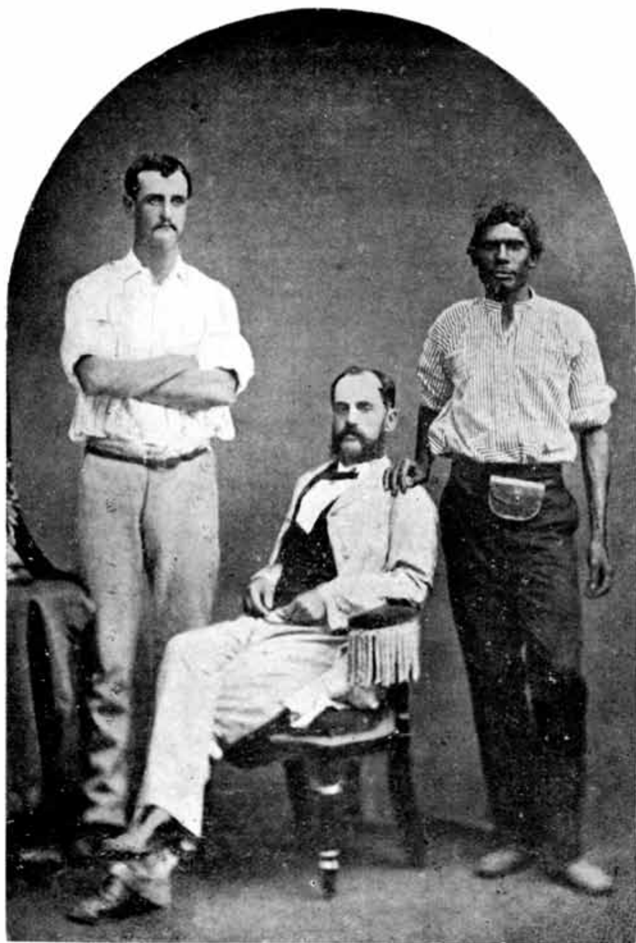
RAVENSWOOD GOLDFIELD, 1878 to 1882.

When I returned to Ravenswood after four years' absence, I received a hearty welcome from many old friends, and found the field wonderfully improved and all prosperous. Two or three crushing mills were constantly going, and also extensive up-to-date crushing plants.

I felt like returning home again, and took up my old labours of love as Churchwarden and Choirmaster, and interested myself in the various charitable institutions.

Having a good C.P.S. and Mining Registrar, Samwell, I found my work comparatively easy, more especially after the gruelling I had experienced on the Palmer.

I omitted in Chapter Thirteen to give an account of a rather hazardous trip to Townsville. The Officer in Charge of the Gold Escort refused to take some parcels of gold, for the reason that they were too large to be packed, one lump in particular weighing one thousand seven hundred ounces, and the owners refused to have it broken up. Warden Hackett was equal to the occasion, hired a horse and cart, and sent me down in charge of about twelve thousand



W. CARR-BOYD (POTJOSTLER). LARRY.
W. O. HODGKINSON.

1880.

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ounces, and the Warden's two German orderlies, Kayser and Willhelm, neither of whom could ride.

We had to camp out one night a mile from the Haughton pub, about half-way to Townsville, and of course we kept watch all night. Warden Hackett thoughtfully sent a mounted constable, Gillanders, to assist us, as he was slightly nervous. Unfortunately, Gillanders had to pass the pub, and sampled too much liquor, so about mid-night, in my watch, he galloped furiously up to the camp, and was within an ace of losing his life; in fact my finger was on the trigger of the rifle, but luckily I got a glimpse of the uniform, or I would certainly have fired. We got to Townsville without mishap, but on our arrival at the door of the lock-up, where we had to deliver the gold, Orderly Kayser pulled up short in front of the door to show himself off; the driver resented this, whipped his horses up, and ran his shafts into Kayser's steed, which at once landed his rider on his head, to the intense amusement of an admiring crowd of policemen and onlookers.

Having to take back a large number of notes for the banks, I packed them in front of my saddle, and rode through to Ravenswood in the day (eighty miles).

Before leaving Townsville I placed Kayser in charge of the return escort, and gave him a parcel which he carefullly guarded and duly delivered, but little did he suspect the parcel contained only unwashed clothes!

CHAPTER XIX.

MRS. STEFFAN'S MURDER AND MUTTER'S CAPTURE DOWN A SHAFT.

Here is a reliable account of the dreadful murder of Mrs. Steffan, by a German named Mutter, and his capture down an old mining shaft. Many garbled versions of the affair were given from time to time.

A German named Mutter was boarding with a countryman named Steffan, and they lived in a small cottage on the main road to the Donnybrook. One day, after dinner, when the old man was at work in his garden, Mutter insulted his wife, who retaliated by slapping his face, and the wretch walked back to Clisbett's Store, bought a big butcher's knife, and a small bottle of schnapps, which he drank to get Dutch courage, walked back to Steffan's house, and stabbed the poor old woman twice in the ribs, in the left ear and eye, twice burying the knife to the hilt. The husband hearing a scream rushed in, only to catch his poor old wife in his arms as she was falling. I was passing the house on duty with "Vick," my black tracker, and got into the house only just in time to hear her gasp out the words, "Mutter, Mutter."

I cooeed for help, and several men arrived, one of whom I sent at once for the doctor, another for the

police, and in the meantime, after putting "Vick" on to Mutter's track, I did what I could to try and staunch the flow of blood from the wounds, but she died before the doctor arrived.

About half-an-hour later, a man came galloping up with the news that they had seen Mutter disappear down an abandoned shaft, a mile away, and I jumped on my horse and quickly got to the place to find a crowd of excited miners and two constables at the mouth of the shaft. It was at this time nearly sundown, and as I knew these shafts were connected by drives, and also that Mutter had been working in some of them, I feared he might give us the slip, so I promptly borrowed a revolver from one of the constables, and I was lowered down a shaft eighteen feet deep with a rope, and when I got to the bottom I noticed an underlay going down at an angle of one in eight and crawled in, but finding it pitch dark, returned, and sang out for a candle, when a shower of them came down, so I crawled back again on my hands and knees, the candle in my right hand, and the revolver stuck in the breast of my shirt.

When about eight yards in, my hand touched something foreign, and this was the knife which Mutter had buried up to the hilt in the loose earth, the blade and part of the handle thickly covered with fresh blood. Feeling sure of capturing Mutter, I prepared by sticking part of the candle on top of the knife, crawling on my elbow, and holding the revolver in my right hand. In a few yards I sighted the murderer, who was crouched and shaking like a man with palsy. I covered him with the revolver, and said, "Move, you —— and I'll pot you." He mumbled, "All right, I come." Then I was in a fix, as the shaft was so narrow that we could not possibly

pass each other, and up to this time I was not aware that Constable Murphy (now M.L.C.) had crawled down after me to give assistance.

Seeing a glimmer of light some distance down, I made my prisoner crawl backwards, and when I got him there, found we were in a shaft fifty or sixty feet deep. I made Mutter keep his hands up, and the constable searched him.

Whilst doing so, a rope came dangling down, and I heard voices from above call out, "Let us pull him up, sir," but fearing lynching business, I got the constable to crawl back the same way we came.

Mutter followed, and I brought up the rear, and when we reached the eighteen feet shaft, I tied a rope round Mutter's middle, and clasping my arms round his neck we were safely landed on the top.

Then the fun began, as the crowd of infuriated miners wanted to tear our prisoner to pieces, but fortunately the Sergeant and other constables had arrived, so after a tussle with the mob, we got our man away from them, and into a cart.

When passing the scene of the murder, and before any one could prevent him, the poor half demented old husband rushed out, clambered over the wheel and was tearing, biting, and clawing Mutter like a wild cat, so that it took three of us to remove him by force. Mutter was a tremendously powerful man, and though his height was only five feet four inches, he measured forty-eight inches round the chest. When I returned the revolver to the constable, I found it was empty. Nice sort of weapon to face a man like Mutter with!

Mutter was tried and convicted by Judge Shepherd at the Circuit Court, Townsville, chiefly on my evidence.

The doctor who had held the post mortem, ignored his subpœna, and cleared to England. Mutter was sentenced to death, and duly hanged in Brisbane Gaol, but a fearful bungle was made of the execution, as owing to the rope being thin, and hardened by frost on a bitterly cold night, and the hangman giving it an unusually long drop, Mutter's head was pulled off, and was rolling away until Inspector O'Driscoll put his foot on it !

I suppose the Government thought the action I took in this affair was part of my multitudinous duties, consequently no notice was ever taken, except by the Judge, who evidently thought I had performed a duty somewhat out of the common.

What about the D.S.O. ?

CHAPTER XX.

THE ETHERIDGE AGAIN, 1882.

Was left in peace at Ravenswood for four years, and having a comfortable home, flattered myself I was a fixture, doing fairly well, and hearing of no complaints, either from the heads of my departments or the miners. From this fair dream I was rudely awakened by receiving orders to proceed to Georgetown, without apparent rhyme or reason. It may have been that the part I was forced to take against the miner Macrossan, whose exploit in horsewhipping Warden Hackett I have already related in a previous chapter, had something to do with my removal.

This transfer meant more to me than would appear to outsiders, for it meant breaking up a comfortable home and taking my wife, young child, and all my effects to a place considered then out of the pale of civilisation.

We also had to face an overland journey over vile roads for three hundred and fifty miles, apart from the heavy loss of a forced sale. And this was my reward, for the killing work I had gone through in the preceding years.

I had serious thoughts of resigning, and though many influential friends fought hard for re-consideration, Minister Macrossan was unrelenting; so

I had to make the best of a bad job, and smile and bear what I thought a gross injustice.

A teamster wanted eighty pounds to convey all my belongings, but at the last moment I bought a team of six good horses, with dray and harness for one hundred and twenty pounds, and arranged with the man I bought them from to drive it to Georgetown for thirty shillings per week and his tucker.

This spec. turned out well, for not only did I travel up in comfort, but on my arrival at Georgetown, and before the harness was taken off, I sold the lot, clearing one hundred pounds on my bargain.

Our route was over a road unused for years, so we had to cut our own crossings over numerous rivers and creeks.

The trip, however, proved very enjoyable, as we had fine weather and plenty of grass all the way. Having riding and pack horses, some of the party would ride ahead, fix the camp, and pass the time fishing and shooting until the teams caught us.

The whole way, up there were plain turkeys, pigeons, and fish in abundance. We took with us a good goat to supply milk for the baby, and found her a great boon and little or no trouble. About half-way we arrived at Mytton's place, and these very old friends warmly welcomed us, and we had a three day's delightful spell. We all arrived safely at Georgetown, and ever after talked of our three week's trip as a prolonged picnic.

On my arrival at Georgetown I found my quarters consisted of an old tumbled down bark pub. which had also to serve as a Court House and Office, but in spite of its outside appearance, we very soon made

it homely and comfortable, though living was terribly expensive, as the following will show :—

Soon after we were settled, I sent to Townsville for some goods, such as flour, tea, groceries, etc., the invoice price of which amounted to eighteen pounds, but the carrier took nearly three months bringing them up, and his charge for carriage was forty pounds !

The Government allowed all officers three shillings per day extra to cover the additional cost of living.

I found the Etheridge little changed since my previous visit, the exorbitant cost of every kind of necessary retarding the progress of the field to an incredible extent.

Our life was rather quiet and free from exciting incidents, or even any variation, save an occasional trip to Gilberton and the Woolgar, but fishing was remarkably good, and that was an oasis in the desert. One incident here is recalled to memory, and is worth relating. An election was on at the time, and a man named ———— was sent as Presiding Officer to the Woolgar, where the population did not exceed fifty. When the ballot papers were brought into Georgetown to be counted, they had increased to nearly one hundred. The Presiding Officer, I need hardly say, got free board and lodging for a considerable period.

My Ministerial Chief, having evidently relented, I was only kept in exile in Georgetown for twelve months, and then, to my entire satisfaction, I was transferred as Police Magistrate to Cairns.

CHAPTER XXI.

CAIRNS, 1884 to 1886.

I was the first Police Magistrate appointed to Cairns, where I had also to act as Polynesian Inspector. I found the town in a wild and primitive state, but evidently progressive, as many buildings were being erected. I was fortunate in securing half an acre of land on the beach, and on this I built a good house which was afterwards sold to R. A Kingsford, once M.L.A. for South Brisbane.

The principal plantation was Hambleton, started in 1882, by Swallow and Derham, and that employed four hundred Kanakas and one hundred Chinese. Swallow and Derham expended a capital of about ninety thousand pounds before they got a penny in return. The machinery was up-to-date, and light tramways were run through an estate which only a few months before had been a dense scrub

The Kanakas and Chinese were not a harmonious crowd, and the Chinese often gave us serious trouble.

At an election time in Cairns, when the local police were very busy, a serious strike at a critical time was reported, and something had to be done at once.

I therefore enlisted the services of the water police, who were armed and mounted on quiet nags.

They proceeded to Hambleton, where it was necessary for me to arrest forty Chinamen, but when marching them away, a mob of two hundred, armed mostly with cane knives, attempted a rescue.

With the assistance of a lot of European mill hands, we stuck to our men and bagged a few more, and when we had them secure in a large store room, it was necessary for me to go and pick up and attend to the wounded Chinamen, several of whom I found badly hurt, mostly by the Kanakas, who sided with us and belted the Chinkeys with sugar-cane and waddies.

One Chinaman was dead, but this was expected, and we knew exactly how he met with his death.

Some time after this, five Chinamen got lawyer Barnett from Cooktown, concocted a yarn, and laid an information against a Hambleton employee named Fitz——— for wilful murder of the Chinaman. They one and all had the same story, that they had seen Fitz. strike the deceased on the head with a crowbar. Knowing the accused was perfectly innocent, I gave the accusers plenty of rope, and the affair ended in the whole five of them being arrested and charged with wilful and corrupt perjury, duly tried, convicted, and severely punished.

One of the roughest journeys I ever faced was travelling over the range from Cairns to Herberton.

On Christmas Eve of 1885, the heat in Cairns was one hundred and seven in the shade, with a deluge of rain falling—twenty one inches being registered in the thirteen hours—when an urgent telegram came ordering me to start at once to Herberton to sit on an election case, the Herberton P.M. being the principal witness.

When I got up the range I had to travel through eight miles of dense scrub. The track was only ten feet wide. The hundreds of packhorses constantly passing made it like the very worst devil-devil country and awfully boggy.

The eight miles took me four hours to travel on a good horse, and when I reached the top of the range and got through the scrub, I found the climate delightfully cool and fresh, a truly marvellous change from what I had experienced a few hours before.

I liked Herberton, and would have been very pleased but for the plague of "rats." I left a good pair of boots outside my bedroom door to be cleaned, but never sighted one of them again. The "rats" got them!

Here is a little business that required very delicate handling.

One of the most widely known women in the North was "Maggie the Stag," a lady I had often imprisoned for various terms both at Cairns and Ravenswood. She was a splendid cook, and when sober could command two pounds per week anywhere. One Sunday night I was in church playing the organ, when in the middle of a hymn I happened to look up the aisle, and to my horror, saw Maggie in the middle of the church wildly waving her hands and calling at the top of her voice, "Ah! 'Ill at the Horgan! 'Ill at the Horgan!" Constable Orr happened to be in church, so I stopped the hymn, walked straight up to Maggie, and merely said, "Outside," when, to my astonishment and relief, she slowly backed out. Constable Orr and one or two of the congregation followed her. I returned

to the organ and finished the hymn, accompanied all the time by the sounds of deadly combat raging outside!

I was very nearly losing my life at Cairns. Edwards, a very decent fellow when sober, and a clever surveyor, was so often brought before me that at last, for his own sake, I had to send him to gaol for three months, hoping that forced period of abstinence would be for his benefit.

One morning, after his imprisonment had expired, he came into my office, decently dressed and perfectly sober. I told him to be seated, when he commenced the conversation by saying, "Hill, you have ruined me eternally. I have had to mix up with criminals, and am a done man." I said, "You forced me, much against my own inclination, to imprison you." He said, "I'm going to shoot you." I said, "Don't talk rot, man." He replied, "By God I am," and pulled out a bull-dog revolver, fully loaded. "What," I said, "with that thing. Why it wouldn't kill a fly; let me see it," and greatly to my relief he held it out, when I snatched it out of his hand and threw it out of the open door into the sea, which happened to be near enough at high tide. He then fought like a demon, using his teeth and nails, and were it not for Sergeant Owens, who was in the next office, and rushed to my assistance, I would have fared badly. We had at last to knock him senseless with a ruler. The poor fellow was raving mad, and had to be put into a straight waistcoat and sent to Goodna—another brilliant man ruined by drink. I had a previous experience with him at night. When at the back of the house on a very bright moonlight night, hearing a fearful scream, I rushed round and saw a stark naked man standing in front of my bedroom

Frenchlight, which was wide open, wildly waving his arms. The verandah was eight feet from the ground. I rushed at the man, and threw him clean over the verandah rail into the garden below, and jumped over on to the top of him, yelling for help. Tom Behan and Hobson, my nearest neighbours, were soon on the scene, and we had an awful job to overpower and tie up the man, who turned out to be poor Edwards in the horrors. I had to send for the police, who had all their work to convey him to the lock-up.

We had a lively lot of young bachelors at Cairns, Ernest Milford and Bob Sturt being the leading spirits. Some evenings, when we were comfortably settled at home, a tribe of them would arrive, ransack the house, lay a table in a most grotesque manner, and then cover it with all sorts of luxuries. Some of them would then go round amongst the neighbours, collect all our available girl friends, and finish up with a dance on our wide verandah. These were genuine surprise parties and enjoyed by all.

I was transferred to Springsure after spending two very pleasant years at Cairns.

One very dark stormy night after a day in which I had a long tiring court case, my friend, Surveyor Munro, came in with the news that a man working for him had been shot by another of Munro's men at his flying camp in a scrub sixteen miles from the main camp. There was no alternative but go, so I had to get the Doctor and Sergeant of Police and start on what proved to be a terrible ride, most of it through dense scrub, with no proper track, and the night was pitch dark. Once the Doctor yelled out that he was "lassooed by blacks!"

A lawyer vine had pulled him nearly off his horse, and I several times nearly came to grief in the same manner, but owing to Munro's wonderful pilotage we got to the camp and found the wounded man with a bullet in his chest. He was a huge Irishman who persistently refused to let the Doctor touch him, so we had to use force and hold him down while the Doctor successfully got the bullet out. He was taken to the hospital, and finally recovered.

It appeared that during the night Pat blackened himself to look like a blackfellow so as to frighten the Chinaman cook, who rushed in to Munro's young assistant, Grensell, who was asleep, and yelled that the blacks were rushing the camp. The young fellow went out, and seeing a dark object, fired and shot Pat, who never again tried any more practical jokes.

CHAPTER XXII.

SPRINGSURE, 1886-7.

I wanted to try a dry climate, and got it in real earnest, for I arrived at Springsure in the worst of the terrible drought of '86. I relieved J. G. McDonald, who kindly let me his house, the only one available, for the modest rental of two pounds per week. It was heartrending to see that usually lovely country a dreary desert. Many pioneer squatters were totally ruined, losing everything, as well as their many years of energy and toil. It was pitiful to see the starving cattle and sheep dying by hundreds, and all the muddy water holes filled with dying animals.

I have seen the poor sheep often literally eaten alive by hawks and crows, but when the rain came —alas! too late—it was miraculous to see the whole face of the country covered in three or four weeks with wild flowers and herbs of all varieties—feed in abundance, but very few stock to eat it. The pioneer squatters were men deserving of better luck.

The squatters in the Springsure district were a splendid lot of people, and extremely hospitable, and my stay at Springsure was made very pleasant by their uniform kindness.

The town was often very lively after the shearing and lambing seasons before the drought, but when the branch line was opened from Emerald it virtually ruined the place, for all the old hands, instead of knocking down their cheques in Springsure, mostly preferred to go on by rail to Rockhampton.

When the branch line was in course of construction the contractor ran short of funds, leaving hundreds of men unpaid, and many of them actually starving. It looked serious at one time, as the men took possession of the train and defied us to shift them, saying they would get food if they had to sack Emerald. However, I humoured them and agreed to take them to town, but as many of them were under the influence of drink, excited and fightable, I thought it wise not to take them into Emerald, so quietly got all the police on to the engine, and when we got about five miles on the road had the engine unhooked and left the lot of them, about sixty-five, in the bush!

However, we soon returned with tucker and the welcome news that everything was settled, and money available to pay their wages, so the trouble was happily ended.

My health still continuing bad, and Springsure climate for twelve months having no good result, I applied for and got six months extended sick leave on full pay, stipulating that should a place that would suit me be vacant during that period, I would get the preference.

I sold off again and went South with my family. Finding an idle life not to my taste, and being informed the P.M. at Charleville, Colonel Moore, was going to England on extended sick leave, I agreed to waive nearly four months of my leave, so settling

my family in Brisbane, went to Charleville to see if that climate would suit my health.

Before leaving Springsure I was presented with an address beautifully done entirely by an old lady, Mrs. Barnett, her first attempt at anything of the sort, considered a work of art, and now one of my most treasured testimonials, of which I am the possessor of no less than thirteen.

CHAPTER XXIII.

CHARLEVILLE IN 1888.

This little but important town, named after the French Charleville, by Alcock Tully when Surveyor-General, is situated on the Warrego River, four hundred and eighty three miles from Brisbane by rail, and nine hundred and sixty six feet above the sea. I found it the centre of a huge pastoral district, and very much changed from what I knew it twenty years before, for it then had but one hotel, and three or four other buildings, one being the Land Commissioner's Office, which reminds me of a serious affair that happened over twenty years before. H. M. Chester was then Commissioner, and he and his clerk batched together and had a Chinese cook. I was passing through with my troopers on the evening in question, and the cook sent in for dinner a dish evidently spoiled, and this raised the ire of Chester, who with the help of Carter went into the kitchen and dumped John in the hot ashes of his own fire. John did not take kindly to this treatment, and in retaliation stabbed Carter several times in the body with a butcher's knife. The weather was intensely hot, and Carter was in a bad way—in fact, nearly succumbed, and it was wonderful how he ever recovered

without medical aid. The Chinaman was kept in custody for a time, but when Carter was out of danger it was deemed advisable to let the subject drop.

The same night Sergeant, now ex-Inspector Britton, was in dire trouble with a mob of rowdies in the only pub, and it was getting pretty warm when bottles and glasses were flying about, so I whistled for some of my best troopers, and going to the Sergeant's assistance, we very soon mastered the lot.

I will never forget tackling a man who was on the top of and trying to choke Britton, but I got him down and the darbies on, and when allowed to get on to his feet I found he was a giant of six feet six inches!

I enjoyed the twelve months at Charleville in 1888 very much, especially as my health was gradually improving. There was splendid fishing in the Warrego, and one trip in particular will excite the envy of my piscatorial friends should they read this "true fish yarn."

I went out one night with Sub-Inspector Ahearn and Dr. Kirkaldy, to a hole eighteen miles from town, and we fished all night with twelve lines in, some distance apart. Each line was attached to a small pliable sapling with a horse bell attached. It was delightful to hear those bells ringing merrily, sometimes two at a time, and we rushed to the line with our lanterns and hauled in splendid cod, which we kept alive all night by running a long clothes line through their gills and tethering them near the bank. Next morning we cleaned and cut the huge heads off the fish and took home eight that weighed three hundred and four pounds. I won a good sweepstake

by securing the biggest fish, which turned the scale, cleaned and without head, at sixty one and a-half pounds.

I have nothing very interesting or exciting to chronicle during my stay at Charleville, everything officially going smoothly and without friction. I had a host of juvenile friends, and felt quite sorry when word came that the Colonel was returning, and that I was to go to Gayndah, on the Burnett.

CHAPTER XXIV.

GAYNDAH, 1888 to 1892.

This town is one of the oldest in Queensland, and a truly rural spot, with a perfect climate, and situated on the banks of the Burnett River, a fine running stream of pure fresh water. My lines here were cast in pleasant places, as there was very little litigation. I held a multitude of billets, and give a list :—

Officially I was—

(1) Police Magistrate ; (2) Gold Warden ; (3) Clerk of Petty Sessions; (4) Acting Land Commissioner; (5) Land Agent ; (6) Registrar of the Small Debts Court ; (7) District Registrar ; (8) Registrar of Births, Deaths and Marriages ; (9) Savings Bank Officer ; (10) Commissioner for Affidavits ; (11) Agent for the Curator of Intestate Estates ; (12) Electoral Registrar ; and (13) High Bailiff.

Socially I was—

(1) Churchwarden ; (2) Superintendent of the Sunday School ; (3) Choirmaster ; and (4) President or Secretary of most of the charitable and sporting institutions.

To show what might happen to a Government Officer holding such a variety of offices, I shall relate a comic experience I had in Gayndah.

An intending selector applied to me as Land Agent for a piece of land, but his application was informal and useless, so I rejected it. He was very indignant, and at once reported me in writing to my boss, the Land Commissioner—myself. I duly replied officially, telling him the Land Agent (myself) was a particularly good and efficient officer, and that his action in the matter complained of was perfectly correct ! I heard no more about it.

While at Gayndah I had to visit Paradise Goldfield, Biggenden, Mount Perry, and Eidsvold officially periodically, but affairs were very different from what they became later. The Clerk of Petty Sessions' fees and emoluments made his billet worth considerably more than that of his superior officer, the Police Magistrate ; and liberal travelling allowances made an officer comfortable, contented and independent, as he should be ; but now-a-days the unfortunate public servant has numerous billets piled on to him with no extra pay. He has to rear a family and keep up a position with no chance of saving, and nothing to look forward to in the future. The repeal of the Civil Service Act of '63 in '68 was an act of madness. It was my luck to stick to it, as otherwise I might have been penning these memoirs in Dunwich.

I found Gayndah with a most salubrious climate, and rapidly lost all signs of the asthma which I had contracted at Cairns in a wet season. During the four years stationed there, finding there was so much travelling to do, I located my family in Maryborough, paying them a flying visit when on my way from Biggenden to Mount Perry.

I drove a very good pair of ponies the whole time of my stay at Gayndah, and could shoot out of

the buggy or leave them standing anywhere until the following rather sensational accident, which fortunately ended with little or no damage.

I was on my road to Paradise, and when going through a dense patch of scrub saw an immense eagle-hawk on a tree nearly over my head. Without thinking, I pulled up the ponies, got my rifle and put a bullet clean through him; but imagine my fright when he fell on my ponies' backs, flapping his huge wings! Not even my well trained quiet ponies could stand this sort of treatment. They gave a squeal of fear and bolted for their lives, but as luck would have it I had the reins twisted round my leg, so I managed to keep them on the road, but never tried shooting out of the buggy again.

A very sad affair happened during my time in Gayndah. After a heavy flood, a bright lad and general favorite, H. Wilson, went to spend the evening with the Maltby brothers, who had a selection three or four miles from Gayndah. After dark a messenger came to me reporting that poor Herbert was drowned in Maltby's creek.

At this time I had a very good kanaka named Sam, and took him with me and went down to the creek, which was running a banker and icy cold. The night was pitch dark, and Sam, who was very fond of Herbert, without hesitation plunged in and was under water fully a minute. He came up for breath and said, "All right, I've got him." Diving down again, he soon appeared with the poor boy, who I could see at a glance was dead. I carried him up the bank to Maltby's house, and worked all I knew for fully three hours to resuscitate him, but with no success. I then had to go in and break

the sad news to the poor mother—the most trying part of this sad affair.

Life at Gayndah would be rather monotonous were it not for the exceptionally good fishing, including fresh water mullet averaging from two to four pounds, caught in the season in thousands on hooks baited with green moss.

The yearly carnival brings together socially all the Burnett people from many miles around, and there is a high old time.

The following amusing story was freely circulated about Maryborough, and it is perfectly true.

A Bishop of the Anglican Church was staying with the local Rector, and after one Sunday morning service His Lordship, who was devoted to children, took one of the rector's little girls on his knee, and the following conversation was overheard :—

H.L.—" Have you been to church, little one ? "

L.G.—" Yes, my Lord."

H.L.—" Haw, haw, good little girlie, you surely cannot—haw—remember the text ? "

L.G.—" Oh, yes, my Lord."

H.L.—" Haw, haw, how wonderful ! what a clever child—haw—let me hear it, dear—haw, haw."

L.G.—" Flipperty Flop, Flipperty Flop "——

His Lordship dropped the child as if she had suddenly become red hot. The kiddy had interpreted as " flipperty flop " the Bishop's peculiar manner of uttering certain words in Church, being probably half asleep at the time !

I left the old place with regret, quite satisfied, however, that the services of a Police Magistrate were no longer required. Gayndah was left in charge of the senior J.P., a most wonderful man, who at the present time, though over ninety, is a marvel of

activity, and the leader in all the Gayndah festivities. This is my old friend, John Connolly, one of the truly "grand old men" of Queensland.

I met a splendid specimen of a bush parson, Canon ——, at Gayndah, a man I can only find one suitable name for, "God's Good Man." He is still the hero of the following comic adventure. He was holding a service in the wool shed of one of the western stations, when a big coarse bullying fighting man kept persistently trying to annoy the parson by filthy remarks, and interrupting the service. At last —— got tired of it, walked up to the bully, quietly remonstrated with him, and told him if he did not desist he would find some method of making him. This the bully evidently wanted, for he said, "What will yer do? That ——— coat saves your hide." —— took the obstructing garment off and hung it on a nail, walked up to the fellow, and said—pointing to the coat—"There's the parson; I am the *man*; put up your hands!" Only one round was fought, but when that was over the bully's mother would hardly have known him. —— did not get a scratch, but this is not surprising when we know he had been the champion heavy weight amateur boxer at Oxford, was about six feet three and a-half inches, and weighed between thirteen and fourteen stone!

. . . . .

Here is a story against myself. I was Superintendent of the Sunday School at Gayndah.

One Sunday Bishop Webber came to see us, and was catechising the children. The little ones were in front, and I was just behind them.

After a time he said, "Now, I have a simple little question to ask the very little ones in the front

seat, only the little ones, mind! Who weie the sons of Noah?"

No reply for some time, and at this stage I plead guilty of a little prompting. Then a little tot's hand went up with great energy, and Webber said, "Oh, I am glad you know it, little one! Well, little one, who were they?"

"Shem, Ham, and Eggs, my Lord," was the astonishing reply. His Lordship said, "Oh, very good! very funny! But I see Mr. Hill not far off behind thah!" Readers will remember the good Bishop's "hah, wah, wah" style of speech.

CHAPTER XXV.

RELIEVING POLICE MAGISTRATE, 1892 to 1894.

I was very fortunate in being appointed Relieving Police Magistrate, a very pleasant and profitable billet, and a very easy one, especially to an officer who had been through the work of all the different offices.

The first place relieved was Townsville, when I took the place of my old friend, J. G. McDonald, and for six months tound the work light enough, with not much to do other than the Bench work, visiting the Gaol and Orphanages, and attending to the pauper relief business, so there was time to train the children, and give three very successful entertainments which materially benefited the English and R.C. Churches, as well as the Orphanage.

There was an exciting election while I was at Townsville. One candidate, Alfred Henry, who ran on the Labor ticket, used to appear at his meetings in full evening dress, which on one occasion we had much difficulty in assisting the candidate in pieserving intact.

Before leaving Townsville I was presented with two very flattering addreses, one signed by every

Justice of the Peace in the district, the other from all the legal fraternity. The juveniles also gave me a very genial send-off.

After leaving Townsville I went to Nanango, and on the way passed a delightful day or two at Bellevue, the charming residence of the then Mrs. Con. Taylor, now Mrs. Lumley Hill. This home is one of the best appointed and most up-to-date in Queensland.

Nanango I found a *fac simile* of Gayndah, the place apparently always in mourning, or a perpetual Sabbath, but the outside stations atone for this, and were well worth a visit, especially Taromeo, then owned by Mrs. W. Scott, whose name is a synonym of goodness and generosity to one and all in the district.

The Nanango children I found a very bright intelligent lot, but they had never had anyone before to take special interest in them. On visiting the school I found a lot of latent talent to work on, so devoted some of my spare time to them, and electrified their friends and relations by working up an entertainment that not only materially benefited the local hospital, but showed the people what could be accomplished with a little trouble, and a lot of patience. I was only eight weeks at Nanango, and got home to my family in Brisbane for the first 'Xmas eve I had spent with them for years.

From Nanango I went to Dalby, the dullest and most uninteresting place (bar Adavale) I ever saw, the inhabitants' one and only excitement being a daily visit to the passing trains.

While there I assisted to initiate my old friend, J. Bell, who, with several others, was initiated as

a Mason at the new lodge called "The Sir Joshua Peter."

One pleasure was a visit to my old friends at Jimbour, and one evening there I nearly came to grief.

Being challenged by a young lady to race her down the main hall, I passed her at the finish, and thinking the end of it was a dead wall, crashed into a glass door, sending both arms through the panes of glass, my nose and mouth coming in contact with the middle of the door. There was a little stray blood about, but nothing serious.

The pleasant time spent at Jimbour broke the dull monotony of Dalby, where, luckily, I was only located two or three weeks. My next seat was on the Bench at South Brisbane, but only for a short reign of two days, when I was sent urgently to Adavale to take a case against three men charged with arson, and tying up a constable in a wool shed.

It was a remarkably quick trip to Adavale, which is one hundred and eighteen miles from Charleville. Cobb and Company provided me with a buck-board and a driver, also a change of horses every stage, and we did the journey in thirteen hours, and all for nothing, for when I reached Adavale, I found the Sergeant away getting evidence, and nobody knew when he was likely to return. I therefore merely took the arresting constables' evidence, and remanded the men *sine die*. Adavale was a wretched hole, with no redeeming feature whatever, but I struck luck again, for on the day after my arrival, Mr. Peglar, of Milo Station, drove me over there with a four-in-hand, and gave me royal times with music, tennis, fishing and shooting, and thus

I made friends with the most hospitable and amiable family I had met for many a long day.

Peglar took me to see a shed when shearing was in full swing, and half-a-million sheep had to be shorn, and if my memory is correct, there were seventy-five machine shears, and over two hundred hands employed. After a fortnight at Milo, and still no word of the lost Sergeant, I communicated with the Government to say I was only killing time, and in reply was instructed to proceed at once to Roma, and relieve the P.M., Mr. Vaughan. Roma occupied eight weeks, an uneventful period, the people, as usual, very kind and hospitable, and the office work easy enough, although I had to run the whole show, without a C.P.S. or assistant.

We arranged a grand fancy dress cricket match in aid of the Hospital, and Steele was wonderfully got up as a black gin. His wife was away south, and on her return, "spoke a little speech," such as wives make occasionally, to indicate her disapproval at him making "an exhibition of himself." He tried to smile the incident away, and told her his friends were only having a little jest with her, when she suddenly produced a large-sized photograph of the Eleven taken in their fancy dresses, the "Gin" being the best and most conspicuous of the group. Then Steele, like Bret Harte's scientist, "smiled a kind of sickly smile, and curled up on the floor."

On two different occasions of eight weeks each, I relieved poor Gough at Warwick, the weather being bitterly cold on the first occasion, so that I had to wear an ulster all day, and keep a big fire in my office. The next time I found it as hot as ever I felt at Cairns. Gough never returned, being cut off in the prime of life by a fatal illness. We were at one time old

brother officers, and he was a splendid specimen of a man, a giant of six feet six inches, a right good fellow and universal favourite. I made lasting friends at Warwick, especially the Daveys, of the Queensland National Bank, who were blessed with as musical and charming little girls as ever I met in my life. In their musical abilities they reminded me of the Spenceleys, of Ipswich, and the Ah Foo girls, late of Longreach.

Warwick provided the easiest billet I ever struck, for the staff consisted of a C.P.S., an extra clerk assistant, and as the Lands Office was a separate Department, the P.M. had a rosy time.

After Warwick I went to relieve Warden Morey at Clermont, but having a slight difference with the then Colonial Secretary at the Head of my Department, I lost the relieving work, and was ordered to remain at Clermont permanently at a considerably reduced salary.

A comic incident happened in the mail train when I was travelling from Brisbane to relieve at Clermont. The only other occupant of the carriage was a young bank clerk, but when we reached Gympie, two flash young miners entered, both the worse for liquor. They had just had a big crushing and were a little on the spree. One had a broad plain gold ring on his forefinger, and he, noticing rather a handsome diamond ring on my own, proceeded to act the goat, showing off his ring and trying to attract my attention. I was at the other end of the carriage and took no notice whatever, but this did not suit him, so he gradually moved close to me, and was flourishing his very dirty hand close to my face. I lost my temper, seized his hand, tore the ring off his finger, threw it out of the window, and said, "Now, do you

want anything else ?" The fellow seemed dumb-founded, but merely said, "By cripes, that's rough." After a time, I noticed him and his mate looking at my bag, and nodding and whispering to each other. Then he came over to me with a grin, and said, "'Ill ? Warden 'Ill ?" I nodded. He said, "Shake 'ands, I didn't know it was you. Blow the bloomin' ring; I'll buy you a dozen." So after all I had no boxing exercise.

CHAPTER XXVI.

PEAK DOWNS GOLDFIELD, 1894 to 1898.

I was agreeably surprised on reaching Clermont to find it distinctly prosperous, business of all kinds evidently flourishing, and a population of fully two thousand miners, most of whom were experienced hands from the southern gold fields.

Several payable leads were opened shortly after my arrival, the best being the "Dead Horse," and "Wild Cat," which I wanted to christen the "Jubilee Lead," but the miners preferred the old names, believing a change would bring bad luck.

At this time I was kept busy settling often as many as three or four disputes on the ground daily, and frequently found myself in rather an awkward and unenviable position, having to settle disputes when both sides were perfectly certain they were right and could not possibly lose. Sometimes party feeling ran so high as to end in a free fight, and then my only alternative was to sit down and look calmly on until the row was over, and then threaten to refuse to hear another case on the ground unless there was proper order.

The Mines Department was asked to allow me an orderly, but with no success, although I was

supported by the Member of the District, as well as the Miners and Progress Associations. I lost favour with the then Under Secretary for Mines, after he told me I had no need of an orderly, by reminding him that when he was Warden at Gympie he had two orderlies, one in the house and one in the garden.

This friction came to a crisis, and I was officially charged with incompetency as a Warden, simply because I told the Under Secretary I was unable to perform my duties properly without the services of an orderly, and one or two other trivial charges were manufactured for the occasion.

Then an exhaustive official enquiry was held at my request, and the report completely exonerated me in every particular, and the end of this very trumpery and vindictive affair was my promotion to a more important place, with a higher salary, at Mackay.

There were several very tragical events during my stay at Clermont, one in particular being unusually sad. A young man shot himself through the head in his own room, which was on eight-feet piles. His mother was passing the door at the moment the shot was fired, and the bullet which had shattered her son's head, struck her on the breast, but the skill and attention of Dr. Kent saved her life, though she never recovered from the mental shock.

On Saturday nights at Clermont the one long street was densely packed with a respectably dressed crowd of men of all ages and nationalities, many of them escorting their wives and families.

The pubs. and shops did a roaring trade, while two very good bands, the "Town" and "Miners," gave a musical treat. A strong force of police were

needed to keep the peace, and usually eight or ten constables were told off for this duty, and they were materially assisted by Harry Chauvel and his strike specials, especially when a big row was in progress. In one case I was truly thankful for the services of his men at a big show, when a few words between two disputants terminated in a wild free fight.

I particularly noticed one of Chauvel's men, Thorn, his orderly, a grand young athlete, quietly marching away with two big pugnacious miners, one in each hand, and he landed them safely in the lock-up half a mile away.

I had to assist the Sergeant and two constables to secure a regular demon, who kicked like a mule, and uttered the most awful language that even I had ever heard, but I soon quietened the gentleman by hand-cuffing his hands behind his back, and carrying him face downwards, an old military method for refractory soldiers. Every time he opened his mouth to give vent to fresh Billingsgate, I picked up a handful of mud and stopped his jaws with it. This treatment had a distinctly discouraging effect, and a five pounds fine next morning completed the cure.

At this time I was camping in a small room at the rear of the Court House, and one night while fast asleep I was awakened by kicks and loud thumps at the front door of the Court House. Grabbing my lantern and baton, I ran round and was accosted by a big fellow, who said, "Now then, look slippy, a'int you going to open the bloomin' bar."

When I said, "This is the Court House," he recognised me, and said, "Good Lord, Mr. Hill, I'm awfully sorry, I thought I was at a pub." I told him he could not very well get to his camp on the

" Wild Cat " in the dark, and gave him my lantern. Next morning he returned not only with my lantern, but with one pound for the Hospital, and thanked me very much for saving him a night in the lock-up. This is how I very easily made a lasting friend.

A fine promising young constable named Quinn was drowned on the night of the big flood. He had his cape on, and whilst assisting people to shift their effects out of reach of the flood, must have been caught in a strong current, and swept into the lagoon, where he got entangled in the driftwood, and we searched in vain for him for several days, but early one morning, on looking out of my bedroom window, I saw his body floating on the surface of the lagoon within a few yards of my position.

Picture the state of the body, and then think of the Sergeant asking me if a post-mortem should be held !

A low professional pug had once an imaginary grievance against Quinn, and was blowing in bar rooms what he would do to Quinn if he got him outside by himself.

Quinn, who had heard about this, was on duty at Copperfield, and spotted the gentleman on the verandah of a pub, got off his horse, hung him up, walked straight up to the pug, deliberately pulled his nose, and then knocked him down. The fellow wouldn't fight, but talked law and came in for a summons, and when I told him the cost would be three shillings and six pence, he went out to get the money, but never returned.

I was ordered to Rockhampton to act as Sheriff, the P.M., R. A. Ranking, being ill. Judge Harding was presiding at the Circuit Court, and some one

struck a match in Court. The Judge was furious, turned excitedly to me, and said, "Mr. Sheriff, I will hold you responsible for this." I could only reply, "Thanks, your Honour."

I might fill many pages with incidents in Clermont, such as the fall of the gallery of the School of Arts while a fancy ball was in progress, involving the death of one fine young fellow and serious injury to several others.

Also the exciting time when a little boy fell from the parapet of the lagoon bridge, and an employee of Griffin, who saw the boy fall, plunged in with his clothes on to the rescue although he could not swim a stroke. Several others went in to his assistance, and all had narrow escapes.

My C.P.S., Burn, and Mr. Bacon, were very nearly drowned, and all this danger was incurred for a young larrikin who could swim like a duck!

The station men in the Clermont district frequently made the town hum, especially at the annual carnival, and the churches, hospital, and other institutions were chiefly supported by them.

Referring to the Hospital, it is a remarkable fact that people who derive the most benefit are often those from whom we found it most difficult to obtain subscriptions.

And mention of hospitals reminds me that once when in a Private Hospital, about nine days after undergoing a severe operation, performed by Dr. —— ———, the day being dreadfully hot, with a fierce westerly blowing, I had no visitors and got a fit of the blues. Seeing in the papers there was a good play on at the Opera House (the "Sign of the Cross") I deter-

mined to go, and so after tea I wrapped myself up well and sneaked out unperceived, crawled like a snail to the Theatre, enjoyed the performance immensely, and then had an oyster supper. I got back and went up to bed without being seen.

Early next morning, my nurse came in to see me, and, as usual, said, "Mr. Hill, you had a grand night." "Yes," I replied, "I was at the Theatre last night, and had an oyster supper." The nurse said, "You did not," so I showed her the programme, and she nearly had a fit. She said, "For goodness sake, Mr. Hill, say nothing about it, or you will get me into awful trouble." I said nothing, and suffered no ill effects from my reckless escapade.

We had three or four good cricket teams, that of the country fellows being the best, and at a concert given in their honour, I wrote and sang the following verses, which may be interesting to any readers who happen to know or hear about the Clermont cricketers.

I called it

"THE CRICKET LOCAL,"

Air—"Help one another, boys."

Now cricket is a manly game,
'Tis loved by young and old ;
How cheerfully a man goes in
But watch him when he's bowled.
Our Clermont team is fairly good ;
They all play with good will,
And quite disdain to barrack
Those who're going down the hill.

Chorus :

So back up one another, boys,
Don't let them score a bye ;
Play straight at all the good ones,
And make the loose ones fly.
Be careful of your " leg before,"
Put wood on with a will ;
When soon our First Eleven will reach,
The summit of the hill.

And now to pick to pieces
Each member of our team ;
I think the Clermont C.P.S.
Of the batsmen is the cream.
MacFadyen, Drury, Ford and Reid,
Are bowlers hard to beat ;
While long-stop Willie Huston
Could in any team compete.

Chorus, etc.

Then there's the mighty Livingstone,
My word, he puts on wood ;
And Kettle at the wickets
" Thinks " he's particularly good.
There's Risien, he's good all round,
And any place can fill ;
But the very best of all the lot,
Of course, is Mr. ———.
(The final name is modestly omitted).

Chorus, etc.

Clermont possessed three parsons, two priests, four doctors, and three lawyers, who were all well supported. The State School provided excellent education to over four hundred children, the Com-

mittee being most fortunate in having a staff of able teachers under my old friend, T. Spencely.

Whilst on the topic of education, I must pay a passing tribute to that most excellent of scholastic institutions, "All Hallows' Convent School."

I can speak authoritatively on the subject, as my wife, three children, and numberless friends received their education there.

Many of my acquaintances have expressed doubts on the wisdom of Church of England children being left to the care of Roman Catholic teachers, but I can safely say that no proselytising influence is used in any shape or form. All the children I have known—a whole legion—have been a credit to that institution, especially as regards stability of character, gentleness, and politeness of manners, and I lose no opportunity of recommending my friends to send their girls to what I consider one of the best institutions of the kind in the State.

Towards the close of 1897, the gold leads showed signs of deterioration, consequently numbers of the miners started to migrate to other places.

The Black Ridge and Miclere still gave employment to a fair number of men, but only those who had money could afford to start deep sinking at either place.

I was not sorry to leave Clermont, as I hated the Mines Department and the place was getting dull and stagnant. Then my next and final appointment in the Service, as Police Magistrate at Mackay, was congenial to me because it was considered one of the plums of the Service, and placed me in a higher grade with regard to my pension. Before I left Clermont, the children gave me a complimentary

ball, the town people a dinner, and I left behind me a good many friends and very few enemies.

While Warden at Clermont, I heard one hundred and fifty mining cases, and had only one appeal, which I won.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MACKAY, 1898 to 1905.

Not having been on shore at Mackay for thirty years, imagine my surprise when I saw the vast improvements in the town, which boasts the prettiest Anglican Church in the State. Two out of the four banks are handsome structures, while the Roman Catholic Church, Court House, Custom House, and Post and Telegraph Office would be creditable to a city.

At Mackay I was able to gratify my hobby for fishing, and soon after settling down, discovered all the choicest spots. I know of no other place, not even Caloundra, that can provide such a variety of good fishing, as the whiting, barrimundi, flat head, cod, salmon, and "grunter," are in great abundance, and afford the angler magnificent sport, the whiting averaging over one pound, the barrimundi often up to sixty pounds.

One prevalent curse at Mackay was due to the unprincipled white people who supplied the kanakas with liquor. This I considered an unpardonable crime, and treated it accordingly whenever there was a chance.

The kanaka, as a rule, is a simple, kind, industrious man, but when under the influence of drink, especially such drink as he gets, he becomes a devil incarnate, but not worse than many of the whites. But for these kanakas getting liquor, the awful murder of poor Sergeant Johnson and a white prisoner would never have happened, neither would several other brutal murders at Mackay from the same cause.

The police, under Sub-Inspector Martin, did their level best to stop this detestable drink traffic, but were heavily handicapped in this direction by the small kanaka storekeepers, who, for the sake of their miserable gains, would resort to any mean device to thwart the efforts of the police.

One Mackay constable, Ryan, however, was one too many for them, and secured a conviction and heavy penalty in a very shrewd and comical manner. After arranging with a boy he could trust, he gave him two shillings and careful instructions. The boy went into the back of one of the shops, ordered a glass of rum, paid for and drank it, then asked for another, which he held in his mouth until he came out, when he emptied the contents into a bottle Ryan had ready. This was produced in Court, and the boy on being cross-examined by one of the lawyers as to how he knew it was rum, said excitedly, "My b——— oath, I savey, close up me die finish; too much he burn-em inside mouth belongin' to me." A conviction and heavy penalty followed.

I cannot close these pages without paying a tribute to a member of the police force with whom I was intimately associated for many years, a man who by sheer grit, smartness and integrity, has risen from the ranks, and is now on the verge of being an Inspector. This is First-Class Sub-Inspector William

Martin, of Mackay, who will recall to memory many of the incidents I have related in my reminiscences.

The Mackay gold fields occasionally "have a flutter," but never proved payable in spite of all the booming.

Grasstree proved a bitter pill to many local speculators. Mount Brittain and Eungella have not realised expectations, but the copper lodes about Mackay and Nebo, Mt. Orange and Flora, promise to develop into valuable properties eventually.

I must not forget to chronicle Acting Sergeant Archie McBride's plucky capture of a notorious horse stealer. It happened near the "Pinnacle" Station, and McBride was travelling with the mailman, and a young fellow, N. McLean, when he spotted the man he was after, a gigantic half-breed Maori, and jumping off his horse, Mac. arrested the man, who drew a butcher's knife, and drove it into the Sergeant's cheek, and again into his back. Mac's hands, too, were severely cut, but he stuck to his man, and though rather slight, Mac was very active, and eventually overcame the ruffian, without the assistance of the two strong young athletes who stood looking on, and gave no assistance whatever. When McBride got back with the prisoner to Mirani his boots were full of blood, and he was in a fainting condition.

I am glad to say he eventually recovered, and the Maori got a long term of imprisonment.

McBride got deserved promotion, and at the hearing I complimented him highly, and also made suitable reference to the young fellows who looked on unconcerned.

Great changes happened during this period in my social condition.

My wife died, and also a promising boy of fourteen; and my other son, Onslow, who was a Ravenswood native, when only eighteen went to the South African war as a full private in the Fourth Contingent, returned and went out again in the Sixth, came home, and went out again to try his luck, and is now doing well as an Assistant Compound Manager, near Johannesburg.

I married again very happily, and on reaching the age of sixty, thought I had served my country long enough, so sent in my resignation, and three months later retired on pension.

Happily I can now reasonably hope for a few years' quiet life without any fear of having to ask the Government to provide me with a nook in Dunwich.

During my long career I have received every help and consideration from the Police, and of both officers and men I have a grateful remembrance. I always considered it my sacred duty to support them unless there was conclusive proof that they were in the wrong.

I have also a very kind remembrance of several heads of departments under whom I have served, and their many graceful acts of consideration. The two or three exceptions need not be mentioned.

During my long service as a Police Magistrate for thirty years, I had only five appeals against my decisions, and four of these were dismissed, the other being lost merely through a technicality.

My success is attributed far less to my knowledge of law than to careful study of the demeanour of the witnesses, and giving my decisions fairly between man and man on principles of equity.

CHAPTER XXIX.

MURDER OF POWER AND CAHILL.

One of the most diabolical murders in Australian history, not even excepting those by Lynch, whose fourteen murders are described in Judge Therry's "Reminiscences," was that of Constables Power and Cahill, by Gold Commissioner Thomas John Griffin at the crossing of the Mackenzie River, on the night of November 5th, 1867. I remember seeing Griffin on several occasions, a tall, well-built, military looking man, with a long, fair beard, and hard cruel blue eyes. Many stories of his origin and birthplace were told, probably all unreliable. Fairly certain is the tale that he went to the Crimea, and distinguished himself there as a soldier. A Rockhampton citizen, R. G. Brown, has one of Griffin's Crimean medals at the present time. Griffin arrived in Melbourne in the year 1856, and married a widow named Crosby, whose money he spent, and from whom he separated by reason of incompatability, he agreeing to give her a regular allowance. That was Griffin's own version. He got a position in the New South Wales Police Force, and after the Canoona rush, on the Fitzroy River, was sent North to Rockhampton, as Chief Constable, in

November, 1858. In March, 1861, he was sent as Chief Constable to Brisbane, where in 1861 and 1862, he became Acting Clerk of Petty Sessions, and Clerk of Petty Sessions until 1863, when he was appointed Gold Commissioner and Police Magistrate at the new township of Clermont. In Brisbane, Griffin was a prominent society man, and a regular attendant at Government House festivities.

He made use of a Crown Minister, whose sister had acquired an infatuation for him, to obtain sudden promotions on the pretence that they were necessary before he could ask the young lady to be his wife. And all this time his lawful wife was in Melbourne! He had adopted a scheme to delude her into the belief that he was dead, and she remained under that impression until she saw his name prominent in the newspapers. Griffin was an excellent shot, and also an expert with the sword and foils. He had a very pleasant manner to those whom he desired to conciliate, but was abrupt and tyrannical with those whom he regarded as inferiors, always a bad symptom in any man or woman. During his four years at Clermont, he was much addicted to gambling, a vice which led him finally to the gallows. His despotic manner, both in private and on the Bench, made him very unpopular with many in Clermont, and his enemies petitioned for his removal, the result being that he was transferred to Rockhampton as Assistant Gold Commissioner under Commissioner John Jardine, the father of the well-known John, Alick, and Frank Jardine, of the present day.

Griffin's first serious trouble was over money and gold entrusted to him by Chinamen at Clermont. These Chinamen followed him to Rockhampton, and pressed him for the money. Sergeant Julian had

brought an escort down from Clermont, and Griffin wanted him to go back with this escort, and take a sum of over £8,000 in notes and gold from the Australian Joint Stock Bank, of which T. S. Hall was the Acting Manager.

Griffin had planned to get possession of portion or all of this money, and decided to go part of the way with the escort. After a couple of false starts, and Julian twice returning the money to the Bank, Griffin and troopers Power and Cahill started on the first of November. Griffin had taken the money one night to where he was staying at the house of a Mrs. Ottley, to whose daughter he was said to be engaged, and gave it next day to Trooper Power, who insisted on Griffin sealing the parcel. Griffin in the meantime had asbtracted £270, out of which he paid the Chinamen £252, and his handwriting on the back of each parcel of these notes was among the worst evidence against him. He also cashed a badly torn one pound note at the Commercial Hotel, now kept by Mrs. Leah Johnson, and this too was proved to be one of those in the escort money. The six Chinamen started for China, and got as far as Sydney, but they were stopped and brought back to give evidence.

Sergeant Julian was all the time suspicious of Griffin, and decided that he would not go with the escort if Griffin went, under any circumstances. He would rather have resigned.

Griffin tried to poison or drug Julian and the Troopers at the first camp from Rockhampton, and they had a narrow escape.

Griffin told Hall before starting that he would go no farther than John Bartholomew's Hotel at Gogango.

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GRIFFIN AS I KNEW HIM IN 1863.

Finally, after various suspicious acts of Griffin on the way, the escort arrived at the crossing of the Mackenzie, and camped about a quarter of a mile from Bedford's Hotel.

Bedford heard a couple of shots fired about two or three o'clock in the morning, and Griffin came in about four o'clock, and said the shots were fired by Power, who had lost himself. Griffin then had all the money in his valise, and he and Bedford started for Rockhampton, Griffin keeping Bedford in front all the way.

On the second day after they left Bedford's Hotel, the two Troopers were found dead in the camp by a man named John Petersen. They were lying within three yards of each other. Then came the news to Rockhampton, and there was tremendous excitement.

A party including Griffin, Dr. Salmond, H. P. Abbott, Sergeant Julian, and Sub-Inspector Elliott left at once. On the way up, Griffin asked Salmond to give him a seat in his buggy, and let him drive.

He drove in such a reckless fashion that Salmon ordered him out of the trap. Griffin's intention was to disable or kill Salmond, so he would not arrive and discover that Power and Cahill had been poisoned or drugged. Elliott had decided that the murders were done by Griffin, whose revolver he got possession of for a few minutes at the Hotel where they stopped for dinner, while Griffin was asleep, and he made the caps useless and returned the weapon to the case on Griffin's belt. When the bodies of Power and Cahill were examined, Dr. Salmond found bullet wounds in both heads, and both men had been shot from behind, probably while asleep. Griffin, in his confession to the Gaol officials, said both men had

fired at him as he approached the camp, but Cahill's revolver was found loaded, and Power's had one shot fired, said to have gone through Griffin's beard and cut out a patch, but even this was doubtful.

The probability is that Griffin had drugged both men, that Power was unexpectedly awake when Griffin went to remove the money, and fired at him, and Griffin had to shoot both men so they could "tell no tales." On arrival at Rockhampton, Griffin hid the valise with the 3,730 one pound notes in a hollow stump where it was found by Lee, one of the gaol officials to whom Griffin had described the spot. These two officials, Grant and Lee, afterwards got the £200 reward, but were both dismissed. On the tenth of December, 1867, Griffin was committed, and on the sixteenth of March, 1868, his trial began before Judge Lutwyche, with Pring and Lilley prosecuting, and E. O. McDevitt, H. L. Hely, and S. W. Griffith defending. This was Griffith's first case of any consequence. McDevitt made an eloquent defence, but the evidence was too conclusive.

The jury retired for an hour, and Lutwyche entirely agreed with their verdict of "Guilty." He said the crime was unparalleled in Australian annals, and there never was clearer circumstantial evidence. On the scaffold, Griffin protested his innocence to the last. He was hanged in a dress suit, and lifted his long fair beard to let the hangman put the rope under his chin. After Griffin was buried, a man who had died on board the steamer "Tinonee" was buried in a coffin above him, so as to guard against his head being taken, but two enterprising Rockhamptonites got down to Griffin's coffin, cut his head off, and took it away, after filling up the grave and leaving it in nice order!

That skull is still in Rockhampton.

Sub-Inspector Elliott got Griffin's sword, and Lawyer Milford his gold watch. The rope with which he was hanged was cut in small pieces which were all sold at one shilling each. The genuineness of this rope was doubted, but the buyers were satisfied.

Sergeant Julian died as Overseer of Mount Playfair Station in 1870. The two murdered troopers, Power and Cahill, were men from good Irish families.

Power had a brother, the Rev. Pierce Power, who was drowned in the Burnett River, at Gayndah.

The episodes in Griffin's career were the foundation of Miss King's novel, "Lost for Gold." She is a sister of H. E. King, the present Crown Prosecutor, once Speaker of the Legislative Assembly.

Griffin had all the will, but not the ability to be a successful scoundrel. The whole of his design, and the manner of executing it, were characterised by clumsy stupidity from start to finish. A skilful scoundrel in his position could have easily secured the whole of the escort money, without involving the murder of others, or any risk to himself. Even confessing the crime, and divulging to the gaol turnkeys the hiding place of the money, was a foolish act for him, as it destroyed for ever all hope of any belief in his innocence, though he even asserted that innocence on the scaffold.

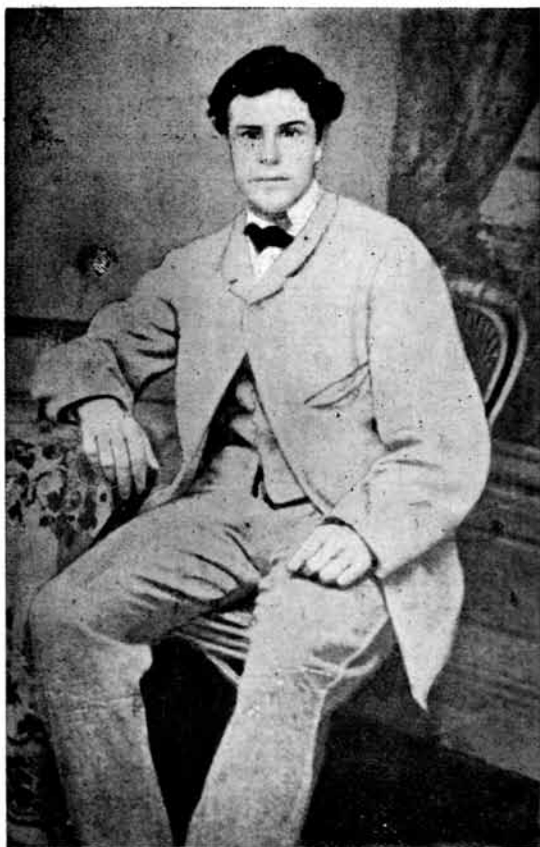
CHAPTER XXX.

MURDER OF HALLIGAN.

The photograph of Palmer, whom I saw on two occasions, recalls one of the most cold blooded bushranging murders in Queensland, that of Halligan, a well-known gold buyer who periodically visited Ridgelands and Morinish Gold Fields, a day's journey from Rockhampton where he kept a hotel.

It was secretly arranged in Rockhampton by a council of three, that he should be relieved of his gold on his next visit to Morinish, and two of the three were told off for the job. These three were Palmer, Archibald and Williams.

As Halligan, whom I knew, was riding back from Morinish, he was waylaid by Palmer and Williams who demanded his gold, the former pointing a pistol at him. Halligan cut Palmer across the face with his whip, and galloped away, Palmer and Williams following on horseback. Palmer then shot Halligan through the breast, and he fell to the ground. They then tied and gagged him, took his notes and gold, and the ring from his finger, and carried him off the road into a scrub nine miles from Rockhampton, and left him to die. Then they went to Rockhampton to Archibald, their accomplice, a hotel keeper, with



PALMER, MURDERER OF HALLIGAN.

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whom they afterwards divided the seventy-two ounces of retorted gold, which they chopped in three parts. The ring they tossed for! Next day they returned to Halligan, and found him dead. They put him in a bag which they had brought for the purpose, carried it to the river, which was not far distant, put stones in the bag and threw it in. The crime was brought home to Palmer in the following manner:—

Soon after the murder, when on his way to Gympie, he called at a way side inn at the Burrum, and asked a barmaid, Miss Staley, if she would like some gold for a ring. She said she would, and Palmer got a tomahawk and chopped off a bit weighing about an ounce and gave it to her. That generosity was fatal to him. She showed the gold to a constable, who saw that it was retorted, and knowing that Halligan, when murdered, had retorted gold, he took possession. Palmer's plant was found, and a tomahawk mark on it corresponded with a similar mark on the piece given to the girl. A reward of £200 was then offered by the Government for his apprehension, and this was supplemented by an additional sum of £428, subscribed by the Rockhampton public. The explorer, J. V. Mulligan, gave the following account of Palmer's capture to one of my friends, and it is now published for the first time:—

"Just before leaving Gympie for the North, Jack Hamilton, who was a gold digger then, and myself, entered the passage at Billy Flynn's Hotel on our way to the dance room. As we pushed along, a man in front called "Bluey" accused a man beside him of burning his finger with a cigar. The man replied that if he had, he was very sorry. This failed

to satisfy "Bluey," who insisted it was done purposely. Hamilton told him he should accept the apology, as it was evidently unintentional. "Bluey" was, however, determined on blood, and insisted on fighting. The man replied that he was a stranger, and could not depend on fair play. Hamilton then said, "I'll second you, and you will get fair play." A ring was made in the middle of the dance room, the women standing on the chairs and forms, the inner circle of men squatting on the floor. At the call of "time," "Bluey" sprang from the knee of his second, "Long Bill," and the stranger from Hamilton's. The stranger dropped "Bluey," and directly he fell, "Long Bill" rushed at him. Hamilton cried "fair play" and sprang in front of the stranger. "Long Bill" then let go his left at Hamilton, who let it shave past his cheek, and landed his left with such force that the first part of "Long Bill's" anatomy to touch the floor was the back of his head. "Bill" was then pulled to a corner, and before he regained his senses, the dancing was again in full swing! Years after, on the Palmer," said Mulligan, "Hamilton told me the sequel. On his way home, the stranger overtook him and said, "You saved me from being mobbed this evening, and I think I should tell you who I am, as I am sure you will not divulge the name. I am Detective Hanley. That young woman I danced with so frequently is Mrs. Palmer. Her husband is wanted for murdering Halligan. Those fellows are jealous of her preference for me, and that row was planned to-night as an excuse to mob me. I am merely making love to her professionally to get news of her husband. She says he visited her last night, and threatens to shoot me, as he is jealous of me too."

Mrs. Palmer was a beautiful young girl of seventeen. A week or two later, Palmer, who was hiding in the Gympie River scrub, gave himself up to Wickey Stable, a Gympie solicitor. Palmer and Williams were hanged together, and Archibald afterwards by himself in Rockhampton. Palmer and Archibald confessed the murder. There was a terrific thunderstorm when Palmer and Williams were being hanged, and Williams, who was a remarkable man, made an eloquent speech, and bitterly cursed his accusers while heavy rain fell and the lightning flashed, and thunder rolled overhead. It was a tragical scene. Stable got the reward, and apportioned it as requested by Palmer. Stable was subsequently killed by lightning at Ravenswood, as mentioned in another chapter.

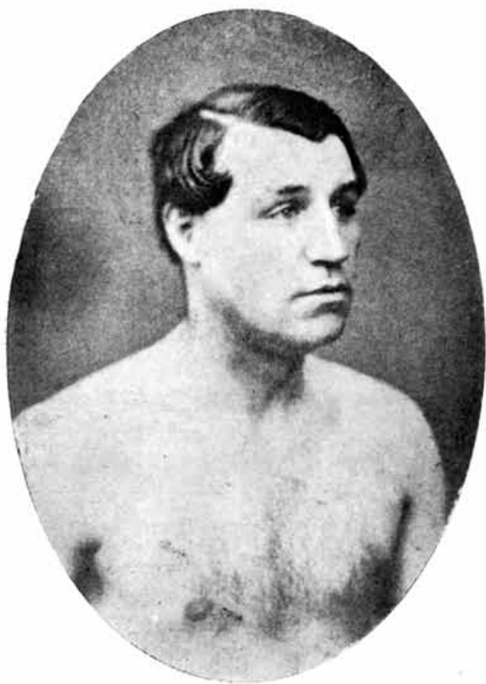
Jack Hamilton has since represented the Cook for twenty years, and Billy Flynn is a well-known hotel-keeper in Brisbane and Gympie.

CHAPTER XXXI.

SAYERS AND HEENAN FIGHT FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP of BRITAIN and AMERICA.

The following is the London *Times* account, the best that was written. It came out as a special edition on the day after the fight, April 18th, 1860 :—

" Time was when the Championship of England was an office which conferred honour on the highest, when " Marmion, Lord of Scrivelhaye, of Tamworth tower and town," held a grant of the land of the Abbey of Polesworth on condition of doing battle in single combat against all knightly enemies of his King. The fashion of this office, however, bas passed away with the days of chivalry, and lance and battle-axe have been laid aside to become mere things of show and no more used hy men. The Dymocks are still extant, but the modern Champions of England know them not, and the pageant warrior who threw down the gauntlet to some hundred ladies and gentlemen in court dress at a coronation, has been succeeded by a race of brawny and muscular fellows, men who " mean fighting, and nothing but it," and who vie with the *athletes* of old in their rigidity of training and immense power of endurance. At first there was no lack of Royal patronage for the new race



TOM SAYERS,

Who gave the Author Lessons in the Noble Art in 1854.

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of champions. In Broughton's last prize fight he was backed by the Duke of Cumberland, who almost acted as his second, and few great battles took place at which one or more of the sons of George III. were not present. Sir Thomas Apreece nearly always seconded Gully, until that champion retired from the ring, and having realized a large fortune, sat in the House of Commons as member for Pontefract. In those days a noted bruiser was thought good company for any man, and we hear, almost without surprise how, about forty years ago, Lord Camelford "assisted" Belcher when he fought Bourke in the churchyard of St. George's Hanover Square, in the presence of some 10,000 spectators. Those were the "good old days," the "palmy days" of the ring, about which the sporting journals are always so pathetic as having gone by.

He would be a bold peer indeed who would have seconded Sayers yesterday as Lord Deerhurst used to second Spring; and what would be said now of a cathedral town offering, as of old, five hundred pounds to the combatants to beat themselves almost to death within its reverend precincts? The new Police Act has been the death of pugilism? Its greatest professors now lead a hole-and-corner life while training, or issue forth their challenges in mysterious terms. From this rapid downfall it has been just now for a time arrested by the first attempt to carry off the Champion's belt into another country—and, of course, that country was America. There is no disguising the fact that this challenge led to an amount of attention being bestowed upon the prize ring which it has never received before; and, much as all decent people disliked the idea of two fine men meeting to beat each other half to death, it was nevertheless

devoutly wished that as somebody was to be beaten, it might be the American! There is no doubt that Sayers had the good wishes of nine-tenths of the community. There seemed something almost pathetic in a way for a man of his light weight to encounter a brawny giant who describes himself as being "half horse, half alligator, and a bit of the snapping turtle," and who, in addition to all these qualities, has proved himself to be as clever and formidable a prize-fighter as ever entered the ring. We need scarcely enter on any recapitulation of the events which led to this match, all of which may be summed up in the few words that Sayers holds "the belt" as the Champion of England, and in virtue of his office, while he retains it, is bound for three years to accept all challenges, no matter from whom. This challenge accordingly came from America on Heenan's part, and in spite of the immense natural advantages of his challenger, Sayers was bound at once to accept it. All relating to the day and place fixed for the match was of course kept a profound secret as the police, to do them justice, left no means untried to prevent it taking place. Nevertheless in spite of all precautions a special train was hired, which started from London-bridge at four a.m. yesterday morning. The train was one of immense length, containing some thousand persons, all of what are called the upper classes, though each person was muffled up to the eyes in shawls and wrappers, so that it was hard to say whether your compagnon de voyage was or was not the redoubtable Sayers or Heenan himself. All along the line, police were posted, with mounted patrols, at regular distances; but the train turned off at Riegate, and, after a long run, came out in the Farnborough station close to Aldershot. In an

instant after, all were out in the fields, following the men who, with the ropes and stakes, led the way across what turned out to be a most difficult piece of country. There seemed a constant succession of double hedges and ditches, which were crossed at last more or less successfully, until rather a narrow stream or a very broad muddy ditch (the Blackwater), which divides Surrey from Hampshire, brought all to a full stop. A few venturesome spirits essayed to leap this, but their success was not such as to encourage others, inasmuch as most contrived to light in the very middle of the water, and those who did gain the opposite bank had only to jump back for their pains, as the ring was formed on the Hampshire side after all.

The instant the enclosure of ropes and stakes, twenty-four feet square, was formed, Sayers stepped into it, and was cheered tremendously. Heenan, who followed, was greeted in the same manner, and the two men, who met there for the first time, warmly shook hands, and then stepped back to take a long and careful survey each of the other. There was a toss for corners, which Heenan won, and chose that in which he would have the highest ground, and with his back to the sun, leaving Sayers the spot where the glare was full in his face. Umpires for each man were appointed, and a referee for both, and these preliminaries over, Heenan proceeded to strip to his waist. It seemed impossible to restrain a murmur of admiration at the appearance which he then presented. In height he is about six feet two, with extraordinarily long arms, deep chest, and wide and powerful shoulders. His appearance yesterday was truly formidable. Exercise and long training had developed the immense muscles of his arms and

shoulders till they appeared like masses of bone beneath the thin covering of skin. There seemed not an ounce of superfluous flesh. His ribs showed like those of a greyhound, save where they were crossed by powerful thews and sinews, and as he threw up his long sinewy arms and inflated his huge chest with the morning air he looked the most formidable of the tribe of gladiators who have ever entered the arena. Every movement showed the sinews and muscles working like lithe machinery beneath their thin fine covering, and every gesture was made with that natural grace and freedom which always seem to belong to the highest development of physical power. Sayers looked at him long and earnestly, and as one who saw in his every movement a dangerous customer, and he too stripped in turn. The contrast between the men was then still more marked than before. Sayers is only about five feet eight ; his chest is not broad, nor are his arms powerful, and it is only in the strong muscles of the shoulders that one sees anything to account for his tremendous powers of hitting. Sayers, too, looked hard as flint, but his deficiencies in regard to his antagonist in height, weight, and strength, and above all, length of arm, made it almost a matter of surprise how he could hope to contest with him at all. When to these disadvantages are added the superior height of the ground on which Heenan stood, and the light of the sun full in Sayers's eyes, it will be seen how tremendous were the obstacles with which he had to contend. As far as training went, however, the utmost had been done for both, and it would not be a lost lesson if some of our young volunteers imitated the boxers in this respect. Their whole system of training may be summed up in two or three words—moderation in eating and drinking,

exercise, and constant use of the sponge bath and rough towels. With these aids any man can train; without them he can do nothing. Heenan's skin yesterday was, as we have said, fair and white as marble—Sayers' as dark as that of a Mulatto; and the "fancy" leant strongly to the opinion that the former was too delicate, and would bruise too much—and this was true. As the men stripped, the spectators sat down outside the ropes, about six feet distant, in an outer ring, in which were gentlemen of all ranks—members of both Houses in plenty. Authors, poets, painters, soldiers, and even clergymen were present.

There was a minute's pause after the final shaking hands, when the seconds retired and left the antagonists face to face at last. Both instantly put themselves into position—the right hand held close across the body, the left advanced at length and kept moving gently out as if to feel its way. The immense difference between the height, weight, strength, and length of arm of the men was now more than ever manifest, and the disadvantages under which Sayers laboured appeared to many to be too much for him. The sun shone bright and full in his face, so as to almost blind him; yet Sayers seemed cool and confident, and smiled cosily as he ventured in reach of that tremendous muscular arm. Both seemed very cautious. The feints were quick and constant, and as each avoided the other with more or less agility neither could help laughing. At last Sayers caught a slight blow on the mouth, which he returned heavily, drawing first blood from Heenan, amid shouts of congratulation. Both seemed still more cautious, and after much sparring and warding off an intended blow with the speed of thought, both stopped and

looked at each other with hands down. After a little rest, they again sparred and closed, when Sayers gave his adversary some heavy body blows, and got down easily.

Each man was instantly attended by his seconds, who carefully sponged his body and face, and rinsed out his mouth with a little cold water. Again they advanced. Each seemed then to know his antagonist better, the sparring was quicker, and the huge muscular arm of Heenan went backwards and forwards with immense rapidity. Three times he hit at Sayers, but out of distance, and apparently as if to put the champion off his guard; at last he darted forward like lightning, and dealt Sayers a blow in the mouth which sent him reeling. Tom, however, as if to show how little he cared for it, at once ventured close to his huge antagonist—too close as it proved, for the long arm of Heenan was shot out like a dart, and with a heavy blow on the forehead Tom was knocked almost into his own corner. There were great cheers at this, and though Heenan seemed very pleased, Sayers took it as a matter of course, and went back to his corner, apparently unconcerned. Here he was sponged for a minute, and returned with a deep red lump across his forehead, and his mouth slightly disfigured, though with far less punishment in appearance than could have been expected, owing to his skill in jumping back ere the blow reached, and thus weakening half its force. He was smiling, and seemed quite at ease as he again approached the American in his own corner, who was very careful not to leave it, in order to keep Sayers with the glare of the sun in his face. This seemed to perplex Sayers much, and he again presented an opening, of which the Benicia Boy instantly availed himself, and with one blow

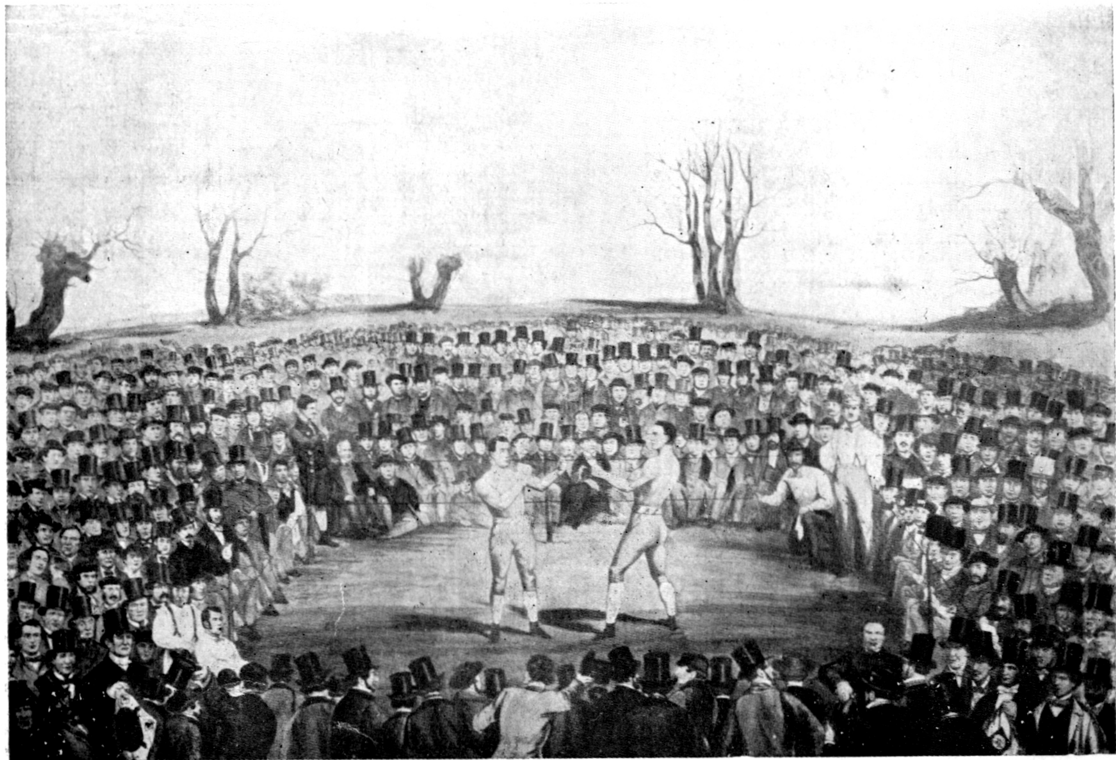
dashed Sayers to the ground. Again there were tremendous cheers for Heenan and ironical congratulations to the champion in the young novice he had met with. Those who had backed Sayers seemed rather depressed; the betting gradually became even, Heenan being almost as much in favour as the Champion. There were loud cries of "time," at which Heenan advanced to the centre of the ring, and waited for Sayers, retiring as the latter advanced, till the American again had the benefit of the higher ground and the sun in Tom's eyes. Sayers now found it was useless attempting outfighting with a man of such enormous strength and length of arm as the American, he therefore tried to dash in and got a slight blow at Heenan, who returned it with a very hard blow, which sent Tom staggering back, and after some further exchanges, all in favour of the powerful young American, Sayers got down.

Again the men were attended to, and again Sayers came forth, much marked and with a heavy cut over his eyebrow, to cope with Heenan in his own corner. This time the sparring was so long and cautious that at last both men put down their hands and laughed. Again they began, and after a few feints Heenan dashed out his left, and for the fourth time fairly struck Sayers to the ground with a very heavy blow. The effect of these repeated blows seemed almost greater on the spectators than on Sayers. The latter tried to treat them lightly, but around the ring a very different opinion was entertained, and Heenan was backed to win, and was cheered and encouraged to the utmost. Both men were duly wiped down, and Sayers's head and face, which were now smeared with blood and heavily bruised and bumped, was held close pressed between cold sponges

to keep down the contusions, which had now altered his deep sallow hue.

Shouts now went round the ring that Sayers had virtually already lost, and indeed the punishment he had received was so much more severe than that bestowed upon his tall, wiry antagonist, who seemed always smiling and always fresh, that matters really began to look serious for the Champion, and almost to warrant the belief that "the belt was going to Troy." Apparently roused by these shouts to stronger efforts, Sayers came on again, and, watching his man cautiously, stepped back from a dreadful blow aimed at him, sprang in before the American could recover himself, and gave Heenan a terrific smash full in his eye, splitting up the cheek, and sending his huge antagonist reeling like a drunken man back into his corner. The effect of this blow was so tremendous that even before half a minute had elapsed Heenan could scarcely be recognised as the same man, so swollen, disfigured, and bloodstained were his features. There were loud cheers for Sayers, who went up to Heenan's corner and peered into his face with a curious, half-puzzled expression, as if he too was astonished by the effects of his own handiwork. Sayers now let no time slip, but catching a most formidable blow of Heenan's on his right arm, again dashed in, and gave in return a still worse blow to the American, following it up with another, which seemed to smash his nose, and almost knocked Heenan off his legs in turn, so that he required the most careful attention from his seconds to make him fit for the next round.

The betting now changed again, and if Sayers was not a decided favourite, there at least seemed nothing to choose between the two. All the rounds had been



SAYERS AND HEENAN FIGHT, 17th April, 1860.

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long and cautiously fought, but the hitting had been dreadful, and both men began to show signs of fatigue, and after long sparring, in the seventh encounter, both paused, rested, and at last retired to rinse out their mouths, which were very bloody, with water. As they came up again, Sayers at once dashed in and gave another terrific blow to Heenan, which sent the blood pouring down over his broad chest, and seemed to make his huge form tremble like a child's. Heenan paused for a moment, and then darted in, but Sayers got under his guard, closed, and, after giving him some heavy head blows, both fell, Sayers under.

It had been noticed in the last two rounds that Sayers made not the least use of his right hand, with which in all his previous contests he had administered such terrific punishment that a full blow from it may almost be said to decide the fate of a battle. The reason of this was now painfully apparent on his again stepping into the ring. In stopping one of Heenan's tremendous blows it is supposed that one of the bones of his right arm was broken. Certain it is that the limb was frightfully swollen, and so powerless that he could only manage to support it across his chest. From this time, therefore, Sayers fought the rest of the battle with his left hand, only seeking every opportunity to ease the evident pain of the injured limb by opening the hand and resting it on his chest or ribs. He, however, advanced smiling, as did also Heenan, though the features of the latter were so distorted and swollen that it was hard to say what he was doing. Sayers, notwithstanding the loss of his right arm, still pushed in, and gave the American another fearful blow, which sent him staggering back to have the blood wiped from his gashed features, while Sayers as usual pried in with a curious look to see

what mischief he had done. The blow, however, though dreadful to look at, seemed to have no effect on the strength of the gaunt iron frame of the American, who was quickly out, and after some slight sparring again launched forth his powerful arm, and striking Sayers on the nose, with a blow that was heard all over the meadow, he felled him like an ox. This round lasted 13 minutes, and the men seemed so distressed at its close that each had to be carried to his corner. The seconds had much to do with sponging their faces and washing over the marks of their wounds, though some of Heenan's seemed too deep to be meddled with in this way. Time was loudly called by the umpires, and the American instantly rose; Sayers was much longer coming up, though he seemed almost fresher of the two, but not nearly so strong. As soon as Sayers was in reach, Heenan gave him a heavy blow over the eye, and almost immediately after a still more fierce one on the mouth and nose, which now in poor Sayers seemed all knocked into one. There was slight sparring and both exchanged hits, all the profit in this unpleasant species of barter being on the side of the American. Sayers drew back to spit the blood from his mouth, and was laughed at by some of Heenan's supporters. An imprudent ebullition, inasmuch as Sayers seemed stung by the taunts of the Americans, and again springing in, gave Heenan a blow which sent him tottering back, following it up with another and another, and a fourth tremendous one in the mouth. Heenan seemed staggered by these fearful visitations, and reeled like a drunken man, leaving himself so unguarded that if Sayers had had the use of his right arm the fight would have ended there and then. As it was, however, Sayers dared not trust himself in

the grip of an antagonist so immensely his superior in height, weight, strength, and length of arm, and he could only follow up his advantage by giving another heavy blow with his left in the mouth, and a most tremendous smash on the American's ribs, which sounded all over the meadow as if a box had been smashed in. In a minute after, however, Heenan came up trying to laugh, but only to receive a still worse blow in the face, which covered him with blood, and sent Sayers himself reeling back from the force of his own blow. There was a short pause, during which Tom, as usual, scanned curiously the dreadful effect of his hitting, and both went at it again, each exchanging heavy blows till both were covered with blood—especially the Benicia Boy, who in the end rallied and hit out fiercely, knocking Sayers down with an awful smash. The powerlessness of Sayer's right arm was more than ever manifest in this round, which lasted nearly twenty minutes. He seemed unable even to move it from his side, and it was fortunate indeed for him that Heenan himself made very little use of his right. Both men now seemed much distressed, and Heenan presented an awful sight. His face was gashed with apparently very deep flesh wounds, and the whole of the right side of his face—eyes, nose, and mouth—was simply one huge blue lump. Sayers, too, was badly punished about the mouth, but his face and head, though bloody, swollen, and much discoloured, were almost natural when compared to those of his antagonist. Both were very slow to the call of time. The Benicia Boy was first out. Sayers then came out, and Heenan at once, bringing his gaunt muscular left into play, reached over Tom's guard like lightning, and knocked him down with a tremendous blow. Again Sayers

was out, though weak, and Heenan rushed to force the fighting; each hit the other hard, and after a slight struggle Sayers got down, laughing. Another round followed with much the same result as to hitting; but in the close Heenan lifted Sayers from the ground with ease and flung him down heavily. Sayers was evidently distressed, and had not the least chance in closing with his powerful antagonist. Again there was a little struggle, and Sayers at last got a heavy blow on Heenan's left eye, the only one with which he could now see, receiving in return a blow in the chest, when he managed to get down. Both were very slow in coming up again, and Sayers being dodged round as usual, with his face to the sun, seemed dazzled; again the terrific long arm of the Benicia Boy came in, and Sayers was knocked down and apparently half-stunned. He required much care from his seconds before he came up again, though when he did so it at once seemed to revive all his vigour, for he made straight at Heenan, and dealt him a blow in the face that was heard all over the field. His antagonist seemed nothing loth to close for all this, and gave Sayers almost as bad a blow in return, till they both closed, when Sayers had all the best of it, and, for the first and only time, threw Heenan heavily.

In a minute both, though distressed, were at it again, and Heenan, with a fearful blow, knocked Sayers half across the ring. Another round ended, after a few exchanges, with the same result, except that Sayers was even harder hit, and seemed quite stunned.

Strange to say, after these tremendous rounds, Sayers still came up fresh, and showed not half the awful marks of punishment visible all over Heenan,

who was now a disgusting object. His left hand was much swollen and puffy, and his left eye was fast threatening to close as irremediably as his right had done long before. His friends shouted to him from all parts of the ring to go in and finish Sayers by closing with him, as the latter could now only use one hand; but Heenan in turn was getting cautious, and did not seem to like the look of running into Sayers who, always cool and wary, never threw a chance away. Several rounds were fought after this with success more or less varying, each taking and giving heavy blows and writhing his battered face into such contortions as might pass for smiles. In all the closes Heenan's immense strength prevailed, and he threw the Champion easily till in both the twenty-first and twenty-second rounds Sayers was knocked off his legs. Still he came up gaily, though carefully, and generally managed in most of the struggles to give one or more of his heaviest blows on Heenan's left eye, which was now almost gone like the other. The scene gradually became one of the most intense and brutal excitement. There were shouts to Heenan to keep his antagonist in the sun—to close with him and smash him, as he had only one arm, while the friends of Sayers called to him to take his time, as the American was fast blinding, and must give in. The bets were even on both men, and then again varied with every round. When Sayers was knocked down almost senseless under a tremendous blow, there were cheers from the Americans till the fields echoed again, which were retorted by the English whenever their champion sent his huge opponent reeling back from the tremendous blows which were always dealt on the eyes. At this time several policemen came upon the scene, and did their best to force their way into

the ring; but the crowd, which now amounted to some three thousand, kept them back by rushing on the ropes, shouting and cheering the combatants to the utmost. During all this, the men fought on with varying success, the heavy "thuds" upon the face of one or the other being clear above all the din. Sayers seemed getting weaker each time he was knocked off his legs, and Heenan more and more blind. It appeared all a chance whether the English champion would be struck senseless, or Heenan remain sightless, and at his mercy. Sayers now tried getting away, and leading his opponent round the ring. In one of these runs he got a heavy blow on the neck, which enabled his antagonist to overtake him, when they closed and Sayers fell, Heenan striking him a heavy blow on the head while on the ground. An appeal of foul play was made, but it was overruled, as the blow was supposed to be struck in the heat of fighting, and Heenan, it was truly said, could scarcely see whether his antagonist was up or down. The fighting was still very quick, Heenan almost as strong as ever, and though apparently much distressed, trying to get it over before he quite lost his sight. In the thirty-eighth round, Heenan got Sayer's head under his left arm, and supporting himself by the stake with his right, held his opponent bent down, as if he meant to strangle him. Sayers could no more free himself than if a mountain was on him. At last he got his left arm free, and gave Heenan two dreadful blows on the face, covering them both with blood, but Heenan, without relaxing his hold, turned himself so as to get his antagonist's neck over the rope, and then leaned on it with all his force. Sayers rapidly turned black in the face, and would have been strangled on the spot, but that the rules of the ring

provide for what would otherwise be fatal contingencies, and both the umpires called simultaneously to cut the ropes. This was done at once, and both fell heavily to the ground, Sayers nearly half-strangled. The police now made a determined effort to interfere, which those present seemed equally determined to prevent, and the ropes of the ring having been cut, the enclosure itself was inundated by a dense crowd, which scarcely left the combatants six square feet to fight in. Umpires, referees, and all were overwhelmed and the whole thing became a mere close mob round the two men fighting. After this four other rounds were fought in the midst of this dense mass of partizans of either side, who however allowed the men to fight in the fairest way they could, consistent with their having hardly any room to fight at all. This, however, was, on the whole, unfair to Sayers, whose only chance now lay in avoiding the tremendous blows of his antagonist, against whom he contended with only one hand, and who, though now as blind as a bat, was still possessed of nearly all his immense strength, and, to a little man like Sayers, was very nearly as formidable as ever. In these rounds sometimes Sayers got awful blows upon the head and body, and sometimes he managed to give in return his tremendous lunges full in the disfigured face of his antagonist. At one time caps were thrown up, and cheers given for Heenan as having won, when he knocked Sayers down, who would spring to his feet and give the American such staggering blows that he in return was hailed as a conqueror. At length the police forced their way to where they were fighting, in a space not much larger than an ordinary dining-table, and the referee ordered them at once to discontinue.

To do them justice, both seemed very willing to leave off, and Heenan was so blind that in the last round he could not see Sayers, but hit his unsuspecting second a tremendous blow in the face, which knocked him head over heels. Both men then left what had been the ring, Sayers, though much blown and distressed, walking firmly and coolly away, with both his eyes open and clear. His right arm, however, was helpless, his mouth and nose were dreadfully beaten, and the side of his head and forehead much punished. Heenan was almost unrecognisable as a human being, so dreadful had been his punishment about the face and neck. Yet he was still as strong on his legs, apparently, as ever, thanks to his perfect training, and, after leaving the field of battle, he ran as nimbly as any of the spectators and leaped over two small hedges. This, however, was a final effort, and he almost instantly after became so utterly blind that he was obliged to be led by the hand to the train.

How the fight would have terminated but for the interference of the police it is now literally quite impossible to say or even speculate. At any moment Sayers might have got a blow which would have struck him almost senseless; while if Heenan could have closed with him the Champion's chance would have been perhaps a poor one. On the other hand Sayers was carefully avoiding this, and Heenan's sight was so far gone that in two or three minutes more he would have lain at the mercy of a child. As matters now stand, the fight is adjourned *sine die*, and the only impression left is one of astonishment that Sayers, with one arm, should have so long contended, with success, with such a formidable antagonist,

and that Heenan should have borne his terrific punishment without his strength or courage to fight giving way.

THE END.