

ever, managed to play it on the bar-tender at Kennedy Flat in a way that was riling. These two fellows had got dead broke, and finding it very hot work prospecting on water, resolved to have some whisky somehow or other. They had a gallon keg with them, and one of them had a brilliant idea. He half filled the keg with water, and, going into the bar saloon, he placed it on the counter, and requested to be supplied with half a gallon of the best pizen in the shanty. The unsuspecting bartender put half a gallon of old Rye in the keg. "Times is dull, Johnny; I s'pose yer don't object to giving jawbone on this here trifle?" "Don't I. Thunder! no jawbone on Kennedy Flat; too many deadheads around." "Wall, then, guess yar've got to take it back again, boss. There's jest a trifle of the old chain-lightning we had afore left—jest the residoo." The half-gallon was poured back, the bartender tasted a drop, turned up his eyes, and observed, in admiring tones: "Joshaphat, that's smart; you'll do, my bootiful Congressman; but your residoo is considerable toned down!" He was always extremely suspicious of miners with gallon kegs ever afterwards. Although it was dull, yet the days I spent at Leech River seemed short. One day the bishop visited us at the Devil's Grip. What a to-do there was. Jumper shirts were at a discount, and white ones were worth any money. Three Canadians, who were working a claim next ours, when they heard that a live bishop was coming up to Devil's Grip, were flummoxed, because they could only raise one shirt among the crowd. After nearly coming to blows about it, they cast lots for the article, and the lucky possessor *pro tem* was delegated to do the honours. When he donned the shirt, he remarked; "Thunder, gentlemen, when I've a biled shirt on me I feel got up to the handle! I only wants a ten-dollar bell topper to look real Broadway style!" The bishop, accompanied by a lady, came up, and we had a grand spread of vension cutlets, &c., and the whole river went wild. He was pleased to say that he had enjoyed his trip exceedingly, and though there were lots of Lancashire and Cornish miners on the claims, not even a quarter of a brick was 'eaved at him. I soon left Leech River, however, and went to Oregon Diggings. In those days Oregon was rough, jest a trifle; out Boise City and Idaho and Montana territories the rowdies had it a good deal their own way. Fred Patterson and other "festive cusses," were ornaments of society, and Mr. Lynch was around as well. There are a great many remarkable men in America, but the difficulty is to find the most remarkable man. There can be no possible doubt, however, that this distinction must be awarded to Mr. Lynch in the mining camps and "new countries." If he has not reduced murder exactly to a fine art, at all events he drops on his victims in a manner most terrible, most unexpected and most swift. He has no regular circuit, and does not trouble himself much about counsels and juries; in fact, he generally dispenses with all such formalities altogether, and he has a great aversion to a crowded court. One of the great differences between Judge Lynch's Assizes and those of other judges is that, whereas when the latter are being held, most of the friends of the accused make a point of being present at the trial, when the former come on very few, if any, hear anything about it, and if they do they usually exhibit a contrary desire to stay away; for Judge Lynch has a pernicious, although illegal habit of occasionally including the prisoner's friends in the indictment, and treating them to the same penalty. There is one great point in favour of his verdicts, and that is they are always the same—Death! His mode, also, of conducting the proceedings of his court, as regards economy and saving of time, might very well be studied with advantage by our law courts. The great objection to his judgeship is that he occasionally gets hold of the wrong man, and as his invariable principle is "hang first and try afterwards," no doubt he makes himself objectionable sometimes, but, on the whole, he is a good institution in new countries, and a sudden visit from him is attended with the absquatulation of a good many scalliwags, gamblers, and general evildoers. He has visited most portions of the great American continent. Once he held a very bloody assize of some years length in San

Francisco itself. Oregon and Idaho were always rather pet places of his, and only a few years back he was particularly busy on the Union Pacific Railway. They have found out rather a more smooth-sounding title for him of late, and instead of Judge Lynch he is usually called V.C., not meaning thereby that he gained the distinction of the Victoria Cross, but that he is the spirit that rules the "Vigilance Committee." A vigilance committee is a body of men composed generally of those who have any stake in the community where they reside, and who combine together, under the strictest oaths, to protect themselves against ruffians who act with violence. In the vast west of America new mining camps and new "rushes" are perpetually springing up, and were resorted to by hundreds of adventurers of all classes. Owing to the evident circumstances of the case it is almost impossible at once to have a complete or incomplete system of law administration for the protection of life and property, and every man, more or less, is a law unto himself. In the rear of every army of these rushes is a tail of gamblers and loafers who trade on and not unfrequently kill a good many of their number. If the rush turns out such a good thing that a permanent settlement is made, of course law and order must be maintained at any cost, and it is to meet this end that the V.C. is formed. Some inoffensive man is killed, and the trees next morning are decorated with an assortment of rowdies dancing on nothing with a paper pinned on their breasts with the ominous letters V.C. on it. Some others, who are "wanted," take the hint, and go. It takes some time, however, to "corral" a real out-and-outer. Fred Patterson was a long time "going," till he was shot in a barber's shop at Portland. Billy Mulligan killed eight men "that were known," and probably many others. I was standing in Montgomery and Washington streets when Charlie Duane shot Colonel Fox through the back at San Francisco. Billy Mulligan killed a man in a gambling saloon, and was shot by a policeman through a window of the St. Francis Hotel, but not before he had killed one man and wounded another after he had entered the hotel. The policeman got out on the balcony of the opposite house, and shot him with a Springfield musket. Mr. Duane is still flourishing, I believe; most likely he is in Congress. Denver City, Colorado, at one time, was in complete possession of the murderers, and they had a dead man for breakfast every morning. A noted rowdy, called the "Devil's best trump in," once killed a man named Jules, and cut off his ears. Whenever he wanted a drink he used to go to the nearest saloon, throw the ears on the counter, and call for a cocktail. This was merely his way of hinting to the bar-keeper that *his* ears might possibly be added to the collection. He didn't believe in paying for any drinks. His end was remarkable; the V.C. got him at last, and hung him. His wife, when she heard he was corraled, mounted a horse and galloped to where he was as hard as she could, intending to shoot him before the V.C. could get hold of him. She was too late, however, and when she arrived at the scene of action her husband was dead. "Well," said she, "I'm real sorry he's pegged out so mean; but thank God he's died with his boots on!" This fellow once killed a man in Denver city in the open streets; when one of his pals asked him why he was so fresh that afternoon, he replied, "that feller had the darndest squint I ever seed; I raaly do hate a squint-eyed man, they allers spiles my dinner!" A friend of this playful gentleman was also very particular about his dinner. At a restaurant in Bear city two strangers came and sat opposite him; one of them, when the meat was served, took what was considered more than his share of the gravy, and for this he was immediately shot dead. The other stranger got up in haste to clear out, but he was covered by the six-shooter. "Sit down and finish your hash, and wait till I've got through with mine." After he had finished he galloped off. I happened once myself to be at the Bedrock Valley placers. Bedrock was new and quite lively; the first week I was there, however, was drawn blank; this was regarded as so derogatory to the honour of the camp that two men were laid out on Sunday to make up. A V.C. was immediately formed, and two noted desperadoes suddenly

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