

impossible to telegraph when the signals
could not be seen.

We travelled along and eventually
got to Bennington, which, at that time
was all alive, and one of the busiest
places I have ever seen. It was
covered with tents of all descriptions,
flags were flying, the place was
crowded with men, all was life
and bustle, and there was plenty of
money about. We knew nothing
whatever about gold digging, but we
came to the head of a gully (Mr Vallis
could not remember the name) where a
number of persons ^{had been} were searching
for gold, and when we saw a lot
of holes of various depths and shapes
we wondered what the dickens it was.
It was something like a graveyard
that had a sudden demand made
upon it, only there was nothing
filled up. We went on and got
into Canadian, where we camped
for the night. At that time the