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I had been going round and round my own tent, but, so dense was the fog that I could not see it, and when it did come into sight, it appeared to be two or three times its proper size. The dense fogs of Sebastopol in those days were very peculiar, and everyone seems to have forgotten them now.

While working at the back of the old theatre on the Red Street, there were three of us below. One was a terribly big, extra Scotch Scotchman, and we had an Englishman on the brace, and another Scotchman dressing timber some little distance away. The Scotchman below was so big that in order to work inside the drive he had to lie flat on his back and hand the buckets over his shoulder. The air was very bad, and we lost our lights, except the Scotchman. We told him to look after his light, and as often happens, in turning round to enquire what was the matter he knocked his light over