

"Well, I'm that b — Welshman, and I couldn't get out of bed for a week, after the hammering you gave me." It was all fight in those days. I have thrown a man to fight five times in one day. This man went out afterwards and settled in Bullarook, where he died ~~a~~ a little while ago a respected man. Any man travelling about would find by turning up events all sorts of little things which, at the time were not thought much of, but which may be of great interest at the present day. I remember an Irishman named William Shea, a comical, cock-eyed, but very intelligent man, and also a great blackguard. On one occasion, at Sebastopol, we were working ^{in a mine} about 300 feet away from the shaft, and were told to put in a blind shaft. We then put in the first big chamber which was put in in Sebastopol. They attempted to put up a putting machine. We got all the timber in in heavy