

The Trooper saw him at the same moment and after pulling his horse in front of us and giving us good look all over but never spoke and we appeared so unconcerned about the matter he concluded we had licenses, for he spurred his horse and went after the other fellow as fast as the horse could go. whether he caught him or no i cant say for we didnt stop to see for as soon as his back was turned. we dashed in to the nearest tent at hand. at the risk of being taken for Burglars, but there was no one in the tent. i dont know how it would have been with us if the owner had come and found two strange men in possession, for we were quite ignorant of whose place it was. but those sort of things ^{were} so common that almost every one that lived in those days can relate similar circumstances

on the occasion of the last great Digger Hunt i was working on the Gravel Pits just where Big Larry carried Lady Hothorn through the holes and was one to throw plabs down for them to walk on it had been arranged at a meeting to refuse to shew any license. and when Col Reed and Commissioner Johnson accompanied by a number of Mounted and Foot Police. some thousands of men met them in front of the Billiard Rooms or foot of Bakery Hill. but every one refused to shew any license but hooted and jeered the Commissioners + Police there was some stone throwing. then Col. Reed commenced to read the Riot Act but it was a futile attempt for his horse got frightened at the uproar and number of men surrounding him for he commenced plunging and the Col had all he knew how to do to keep his seat in the saddle I was standing close to the horses head at the time and a man jumped forward to hold the horse