

underneath it. He said "don't be frightened, don't make a noise" In answer to her demand for an explanation for his being there, he said he thought the police would scour the bush, but would not think of entering a woman's place, and thus he and his mates had made for there as the safest place of concealment. The other two having been brought in, she dressed them all in her husband's cloths, and giving each a bag of tools, let them go. About 20 years after this, as she was proceeding down Camp Hill in Sturt St., a gentleman stopped her, and enquired if she was Mrs. Powell. After a few more enquiries he asked of he could do anything for her. She spurned the help of a stranger and left him, but afterwards recollected him as one of the prisoners, -- the one she had found under her bed that night. He was well dressed, and in appearance, a gentleman.

On one occasion, the Melbourne police had come to Ballarat in search of "shanties" One general store was kept by a firm who still do business in another line in Ballarat, but one of the principals of which is now dead. Orders were given for none of the local police to leave the Camp. Mr. T. one of the storekeepers I have mentioned was very popular with the police, for they could obtain a glass of his illicit spirits whenever they wished. They had a desire to save him from being caught by the Melbourne men, and one of their number asked Mrs. Drew to go to T. and tell him not to give out any liquor to anyone that night. The spies were on the qui vie and saw her enter with a bottle under her arm, - for vinegar. She got a bottle of vinegar, and delivered her message. As she was leaving, the policeman on watch hurried in. She covered the bottle of vinegar with her dress to make