

agreed to keep the find a dead secret. A fourth party arrived, and they, too, were forced to join the agreement. Everything went happily for the thirty men for four and a half weeks when they ran out of food. During those weeks one man took 110 lb. of gold out of his claim. Fox went over to Dunstan to get stores. But on his way back he was followed by some of the Dunstan miners. He had a long and difficult track to climb back to the Arrow. That night he pitched his tent next to his pursuers. When they woke next morning Fox had gone, leaving his tent and everything in it behind. There was no doubt now that Fox had struck it rich. It seems that the miners were just as keen to find Fox as they were to find gold. But food and tobacco ran short once more, and some of the party went again to Dunstan. They were tracked, and one October morning a crowd of men poured over the ridge and down into the gorge. The rush had begun.

And so did the entries in the leather-bound volumes. So, too, not long afterwards did the building of the gaol. By December, 1862, there were 1,500 men and six policemen at Arrow; and what with horse-stealing, dog-stealing, watch-stealing, drunkenness, theft, threatening behaviour, administering deleterious drugs to a race horse and deaths by violence, some of the diggers kept the police busy. One brief entry tells the story of the goldfields in a sentence: "This day a complaint was laid that an opossum rug was stolen from the tent of Madam Linel." Another entry gives permission to the Royal Oak Hotel to keep open for a party until five in the morning. Two days later we note that the proprietor is charged with swindling "by means of an unlawful game." One, Hayes, was charged with drunkenness on January 17, 1864. He was owner of a hotel. More than that, the story goes that he was Bully Hayes, the blackbird of the South Seas. However, the Diggers Rest, the Golden Age, and the Caffé de Paris (no doubt Mme. Linel's place of employment) were no better. "Disorderly conduct" is entered against their names.

The small library in the stone Council Chambers under the elms holds intact

another and different packet of the past for our inspection. There is Dickens, of course, Charles Reade, Miss Braddon, the best-seller of her day, Charlotte M. Yonge, Charles Kingsley, Cook's Voyages, Ouida, Mrs. Humphrey Ward, and Mrs. Henry Wood; Tennyson, Browning, and Hardy. This collection has been added to and is probably not very much read now, as the taste for improving literature has gone. It strikes us to-day as strange that the diggers could read the high-life sentimentalities of Miss Yonge and Miss Braddon, but no doubt they would be as much surprised to learn that we find entertainment in reading about the high adventures of their times and their doings.

The Gold-receipt book tells its tale, too. Between March 2-7, 1863, 7,329 oz. of gold were deposited in the bank, the highest amount recorded. As the months went by the town quietened down. And we see in the letter book on August 6, 1864, applications for "Agricultural areas," the original quest, you may remember, of Low and MacGregor. The applications were granted, and descendants of three of the original pioneers still hold the land.

Still there, too are some of the sons and daughters of the first gold-miners. Little wonder, then, that the people of Arrow-town to-day are, like the magnificent elms, rooted in their romantic past. You watch the elderly fingers turning a bottle half-filled with heavy grains of lifeless gold, but as stories of the past are told the golden grains come very much alive. The young people, too,



The Gaol.