

"Most of those who come in seem totally unprovided with tents, and their make-shifts of blankets and calico will prove a poor protection during the rains. Saw some nice two-ounce nuggets with the people in the next tent; they have a good claim in Golden Gully. Have no license yet, and won't take one till next month. "15th.—Tried some stuff from the hole; some of it turned out a quarter of an ounce to the dish. Darby picked out some with the knife, so I hope our luck has come at last. 16th.—Carted down some stuff to the creek, and were much disappointed, as it turned out only an ounce, and so gave up the hole on Thursday evening, as not a speck more was to be seen in it or in the drive. 23rd.—No gold. Come down to a single sovereign and an ounce. June 4.—Started alone for Bendigo (30 miles) to see D. H., and get some money he owes me. Got £12, and returned. June 13.—It rained heavily, which prevented my proceeding to Friar's Creek. 15th.—Got a load of stuff from a shallow sinking carted down to the beach for ten shillings. Darby and I busy washing, when the police surrounded us. Not having licenses, was obliged to pay five pounds for self and same for Darby, who had no money. Out of spirits at this, as it has left me only ten shillings.

"June 16.—Attended at the camp 10 a.m. We were obliged to wait a long time before our case was called. We both pleaded guilty to the charge of occupying Crown Lands without license; were fined only two pounds each, as "we had given no trouble." The police seem an awkward set, and quite unaccustomed to pistols, which they handle too freely. They sometimes shoot people by mistake. (N.B. August.—See by a late paper that one of the MacIvor policemen had shot himself by letting his pistol fall into the fire.)

"17th.—Determined to leave MacIvor, so sold the tent to Bill, an old convict, who lives close to us; sold the tools for thirty-seven shillings, and have now about eight pounds. Curious characters living round us here. A London cabby, a Liverpool brass-founder, a dragoon, a man-of-war's-man, Jack by name, of course, several whalers, and a good many shepherds and hut-keepers, formerly denizens of Van Dieman's Land, and commonly termed "Darwenters." "June 18.—Started for Friar's Creek, crossed several swollen creeks on logs; met a man who had fallen in while crossing the Caliban, and had lost his blanket and boots. Breakfast at the Miami Inn (19th) at eight this morning, but nothing to eat for the rest of the day, as they refused to sell anything in the shape of food at the only sheep station on the road. 20th.—Reached Saw-pit Gully about 10 a.m., almost starved, having camped out under my blanket, without food since yesterday morning. Accompanied by two

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