

ed with murder, though the act may have been committed under the most extenuating circumstances known to man, but would immediately return a verdict of guilty, and forthwith pronounce the sentence of death, though in his heart, he would acknowledge that under similar circumstances he would have acted likewise, and though the prisoner was justified in committing the deed, still according to law he was found guilty of the charge, which was that of murder, so consequently must hang. Not so however with a jury of twelve men, to them it is as much a question of, why did he do it, as that of actual proof. Though possibly at times a miscarriage of justice may ensue, is it not better to err on the side of mercy. Moreover, our trials by jury is one of the corner stones of liberty, 'a vigorous plant of liberty' as it has been called, which will likely prove a difficult one to root up. It has existed for centuries and has become inextricably interwoven with other national customs, and using a familiar term, 'it's here to stay.' It might with advantage be reinvested with some of its original powers. In early times the jury could not only recommend but could also exercise the prerogative of mercy. Thus instead of being obliged as at present, to save the justified slayer by a verdict at variance with the evidence adduced, it would render a verdict of guilty, and immediately pardon the convicted prisoner. Let us retain our jury system.

Hon. John Henry Pope.

It is only a few months since we published a portrait of Mr. Pope and alluded to the public dinner given to him, and the enthusiastic reception accorded to him by the leading men of the Eastern Townships. It is now our sad duty to chronicle his death, which occurred at Ottawa, on Monday the 1st April instant. On such occasions, when one whom we have honored and respected departs to be no more seen, words can feebly express the feelings. We were more or less intimately acquainted with Mr. Pope for nearly thirty years, and on several occasions indebted to him for counsel and advice, which profoundly impressed us with a sense of his great ability and judgment. Of his political life it is unnecessary to say anything. His record speaks for itself, suffice it to say that few men comparatively have the ability to place themselves in the strong position which he occupied, honored and respected by all creeds and nationalities, including his political opponents. It was in his private life, however, where to see and know him was to esteem and reverence him. He was naturally a man of a very social disposition, and it was our privilege on many occasions to meet him when there was nothing to curb or interfere with the display of humor which he so largely possessed. It is only three or four years since we accompanied him on a day's outing to Spider Lake and were more than ever impressed with his sense of the humorous, and noticed the boyish delight which he displayed when beyond the reach of business worry. He will be missed by many, but by none so much as those who knew him best.

We beg to call attention to the card of Mr. Pat. McKenney in another column. The McKenney House is in the immediate vicinity of some of the best trout fishing in Maine, as we can vouch from experience, while Pat himself is one of the most genial, kind and accommodating landlords to be found anywhere. If you go there fishing, try and have him go along with you. What he don't know about it isn't worth knowing.

Gold Hunter's Adventures.

Castlemaine when I first knew it was a neatly and regularly laid out little town tolerably substantially built of brick and wood, with the streets running at right angles, and situated at the junction of Forest and Campbell's Creeks. A large square occupies the centre of the town which is solidly built up on three sides, the side fronting the creek being then open.

Two theatres faced each other on opposite sides of the square, one of which was then closed, the other being controlled by a party of the name of Gingell who managed to give some kind of an entertainment every evening. A refreshment room and bar stood at one side of the entrance and if one didn't care about the trouble of "going out to see a man," all he had to do was to attract the attention of one of the two policemen on duty, who would do the errand for him, returning with the result seen dimly through a glass, and keeping the balance of the half crown for his trouble. I will not attempt to maintain that this means of seeing a man was available at all times, nor by all parties, but I can assert that it always was as far as my party was concerned.

The post-office and Commissioner's camp stood at the outskirts of the town in the Campbell's creek direction. In rear of the town was Barker's creek, a shallow gully which yielded a very large amount of gold.

All these old gullies had been worked out, and were deserted except by a few who worked puddling machines and made fair wages by reworking the old workings, which had been very imperfectly done by the old tub and cradle process. These gullies in the dry season presented the appearance of dried up rivers of mud.

At a distance of a mile or two down Campbell's creek the leads of gold had left the present bed of the creek and followed what is known as "made hills," that is hills of gravel formed by the action of the water, the bottom or bed rock, in which is about on a level with the present creek. These hills, or rather the site occupied by them, doubtless formed the original bed of the creek, although distant half a mile from the creek as it now exists, and the

sinking is usually about fifty to sixty feet. The Campbell's creek and the gullies intersecting, have been very rich in gold.

Although only some thirty miles from Bendigo the country round Castlemaine presents a much more attractive appearance, and some of the gullies—Green gully for instance—are very rich in vegetable matter. As a general thing the leads of gold in these have followed the sides of the gullies, and prospecting holes sunk in them show eight or ten feet of rich black mould.

The hills are not lofty but finely undulated, with well wooded summits, and the valleys especially that of Campbell's creek where not disturbed by digging operations are green and pleasant. This creek unites with the Loddon river at a place called Guilford, where a bridge was in process of construction during my time, and below this the valley of the Loddon was all taken up for agricultural purposes and yielded large crops of wheat.

The South Australia or Adelaide wheat possesses more nutritive qualities than any wheat grown throughout the world, the flour being considered superior to Calum flour, and I can see no reason why the Loddon and Upper Murray river wheat should not be equally good.

Another crossing of the Loddon below Guilford was called Muckleford, Donolly and Jones' creek diggings.

About the time of which I speak Norborn O. Felton, of Sherbrooke, resided at Muckleford, and Lucius D. Osgood, also of Sherbrooke, managed the trading establishment of Ross and Hobby on Campbell's creek. I met the latter on two or three occasions as we since discovered by comparing notes.

Two brothers of the late Col. Jubal Wheeler who resided for some years in the vicinity of Sherbrooke, carried on an extensive brewery on Campbell's creek. One of them represented that constituency in the Legislative Council.

Business being dull on Forest creek Mr. Warren and I spent two or three days in looking round Fryer's creek, Sailors' gully, Morepork gully, German Flat, and other diggings in that vicinity, and finally decided to shift quarters to a locality rejoicing in the euphonious title of Donkey Hill, forming part of the Camp-

bell's creek leads, where there was quite a large mining population. So we erected a pole and canvas store and dwelling and commenced business at Donkey Hill.

Here I continued in the employ of Mr. Warren until I had earned money enough to start me in digging, when I joined some of the members of a Lancashire band whose tent adjoined, and one of them—George Coleclough—and myself set to work to sink a shaft where the sinking was about fifty-five feet deep.

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The little band moved off at a gentle trot.

(From "Adventures of a Chinaman.")