

A RETURNED GOLD DIGGER'S NARRATIVE.

CHAPTER I.

WHAT I DID AND WHAT I GOT IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

I HAVE been asked to make a plain statement, as a returned gold digger from Cariboo, in British Columbia, of what I did for myself in that splendid colony, and what I got by my stay in that quarter of the world.

I shall make a plain story of it, simply because I am a plain man. Mind, I am not a labourer in the ordinary sense of the word, or the chances are I should not be writing a book—good, bad, or indifferent. I don't care one straw so long as I speak out my mind and just say what I know to be the truth, and what I think will do good for others, since what I have done seems to have turned up trumps in my own case—or rather, I ought to say, which I turned up myself.

In reading this narrative I have no doubt the reader will often think that for a gold digger I am well informed—but I may state at once, and without any hesitation, that for three years, and *more*, I have been picking up knowledge here and there, and scraps out of newspapers everywhere, all bearing upon emigration and emigrants, and gold mining.

And I have also drawn pretty liberally upon different government books, pamphlets, and papers; so I do hope that altogether I have managed to put together such a mass of notes and hints as for real honest value is not to be found every day in the week.

And as people like to know something of the man they are reading about, I may just say a few words at once about “what I am,” and have done with it. I am the son of a small farmer who