

three occasions, within a little over two years, did it please a Divine Providence to spare me, while all my companions were taken.

I remained but two weeks in Victoria, during which time I was kept under the doctor's hands. I had seen enough of rough life to last me for some little time; so on receipt of letters, and a day or so later a cablegram, from the old country, I said good-bye to my kind Victorian friends, and started for dear old Ireland, where I was duly landed in safety in March '77.

Of my old pals, whose names figure in this narrative, but few, if any, remain, as I have heard nothing of them for many years. I received but one letter from Vivian after his arrival in 'Frisco, telling me that he was going to South America as purser of a vessel. This ship was lost some months later; and as I never heard from my friend again, there is no doubt he was among those who perished. The souls of old Tom White and his sailor companion, Captain Reynolds, have long since gone aloft to join Tom Bowling. Dick wrote to me at Victoria, B.C. He had saved some money, got married, and was then the landlord of a small hotel in the suburbs of San Francisco.

I have now given the reader a true account of some of the principal adventures that I experienced during my first three years' visit to the Western Continent. Had I exercised as much caution as I did perseverance, there is but little doubt that I would have made an independent fortune; but, like many more, I was in too great a hurry to become rich, and was therefore continually killing the goose that laid the golden egg. To those of my readers who may contemplate trying their luck in search of gold in one or other of the distant Colonies, my advice is—if you are young, strong, willing to work, and steady, take the first ship and go. If, however, you are weak, sickly, or past the heyday