

was good, more was better, between noon and night they had given me six doses, my partner and the sergeant got gloriously drunk and I was about as wild. It broke up the fever and ague but I think I had rather have the fever and ague than go through the same experience again. My partner perished on the deserts three years afterwards about 20 miles from the place for the want of water.

From my experience of Nevada then, the population were a reckless, brave, energetic set of men, true to their friends and their word, and as honest as men would average or the times would allow. Many of them had a peculiar way of their own of settling legal technicalities and shortening the laws delays and I am not quite sure but that they were about right. And the men who then and there played their part as you might literally say in the battle of life have almost to a man, to use a western expression, gone over the Great Divide. I think unless their natures are entirely changed by the journey many of them would like to go on a stampede to new diggings.

