

## FORTUNES IN GOLD LUMPS.

Lucky Discoveries of Nuggets of the Precious Metal.

Wealth Acquired by the Merest Accident—How Some of the Golden Masses were Unearthed—Early Days in the Mines.

California has yielded many large and beautiful "nuggets" of gold, but for the size of her nuggets Australia leads the world, at least in modern times, and there is no record of the big finds of the miners of ancient times in the nugget line. Though California has not produced very many nuggets of the great size of a few of the largest found in Australia, she has yielded an immense number of very large "chunks" of gold and of pieces of curious and beautiful shapes, treasured by miners and others as "specimens," and of larger size than the pieces called "chispas." Indeed California ranks as a coarse gold region; coarse gold is found in almost every camp in the State, whereas in many countries, even in most other places in the United States, nearly all the gold found is in the shape of fine dust or very small grains.

The first big lumps of gold found in California created a great excitement among the miners. They at once began picturing in imagination masses of gold larger than could be lifted by a dozen men. It was a common camp-fire amusement. There were afloat stories of men sitting down to starve by huge golden boulders rather than risk leaving their finds to go in search of transportation facilities.

The first nugget of sufficient size to create more than a mere local sensation was found by a young man who was a soldier in Stevenson's regiment. It is related that he found it in the Mokelumne River while in the act of taking a drink from that stream. The nugget weighed nearly twenty-five pounds. The finder at once hastened to San Francisco with his prize, where he placed it in the hands of Col. Mason for safe keeping. The big lump was sent to New York and placed on exhibition. It produced great excitement, and was probably the cause of many a man striking out for California.

The largest mass of gold ever found in California was that dug out of Carson Hill Calaveras county, in 1854. It weighed 195 pounds. Other lumps weighing several pounds were found at the same place. Aug. 18, 1860, W. A. Farish and Harry Warner took from the Monumental quartz mine, Sierra county, a mass of gold and quartz weighing 133 pounds. It was sold to R. B. Woodward of San Francisco for \$21,636.52. It yielded gold to the value of \$17,654.94.

Aug. 4, 1858, Ira A. Willard found on the west branch of Feather river a nugget which weighed 54 pounds avoirdupois before and 49½ pounds after melting.

A nugget dug at Kelsey, Eldorado county, was sold for \$4,200. In 1864 a nugget was found in the Middle Fork of the American River, two miles from Michigan Bluff, that weighed 18 pounds 10 ounces, and was sold for \$4,204 by the finder.

In 1850, at Corona, Tuolumne county, was found a gold quartz nugget which weighed 151 pounds 6 ounces. Half a mile east of Columbia, Tuolumne county, near the Knapp ranch, a Mr. Strain found a nugget which weighed 50 pounds avoirdupois. It yielded \$8,500 when melted. In 1849 was found in Sullivan's Creek, Tuolumne county, a nugget that weighed 28 pounds avoirdupois.

In 1871 a nugget was found in Kanaka Creek, Sierra county, that weighed ninety-six pounds. At Rattlesnake creek the same year a nugget weighing 106 pounds 2 ounces was found.

A quartz boulder found in French Gulch, Sierra county, in 1851 yielded \$8,000 in gold.

In 1867 a boulder of gold quartz was found at Pilot Hill, Eldorado county, that yielded \$8,000 when worked up. It was found in what is known as the "Boulder Gravel" claim, from which many smaller gold quartz nuggets have been taken at various times.

Some years ago a Frenchman found a nugget of almost pure gold worth over \$5,000 in Spring Gulch, Tuolumne county. The next day the man became insane. He was sent to the Stockton Asylum, and the nugget was forwarded to the French Consul at San Francisco, who sent its value to the family of the finder in France.

The Sailor Diggings, on the north fork of the Yuba, just below the mouth of Sailor Ravine, about three miles above Downieville, were wonderfully rich in nuggets. The diggings were owned and worked by a party of English sailors in 1851. In their claim the sailors found a nugget of pure gold that weighed thirty-one pounds. They also found a great number of nuggets weighing from five to fifteen pounds. The party all left together for England. They took with them all the nuggets they found—both great and small. They were carried in two canvas sacks, the weight being too great to be conveniently handled in a single sack. When the party reached England they, for a considerable time made a business of exhibiting their collection of nuggets and various fancy specimens in all the large towns and cities, thus infecting great numbers of people with the gold-digging fever, for just at that time came the world-startling news of the great gold discoveries made in April of that year in Australia.

In French Ravine, Sierra county, in 1855, there was found in the claim of a Missourian named Smith a double nugget of almost pure gold. The larger of the two nuggets weighed fifty pounds, and connected with it by a sort neck was a lump of gold that weighed fifteen pounds. In taking out the large nugget the two were broken apart. The large nugget yielded \$10,000 and the small one \$3,000.

In September, 1850, L. P. Wardell, now in Virginia City, found in Mad Canon, on the middlefork of the American River, a nugget of solid gold weighing six pounds. The nugget had in it a round hole, and the finder made use of it in his cabin as a candlestick. It was doubtless the most valuable candlestick on the Pacific coast. After the nugget had been thus used so long that it was covered with candle grease, the owner sold it, grease and all.

In the early days of placer mining in California colored miners were proverbially lucky. Companies of white men were always ready to take in a colored man as a partner, believing he would bring them good luck. I have from Steve Gillis of Virginia, Nev., a veteran printer and pioneer miner of the Pacific coast, the following scraps of "nigger luck": In 1868 a color-

ed miner who was out on a prospecting trip found on the slope of Table Mountain, Tuolumne county, a nugget that weighed thirty-five pounds avoirdupois and yielded over \$7,000. The nugget was found on the slope where Table Mountain drifts down toward Shaw's Flat. The man saw a corner of it sticking out of the ground, and, digging it up, he planted it in a new place nearby, marking the spot, and continued on his way to his intended prospecting ground.

He did not take up a claim where he found the nugget, as he believed it to have rolled down from some point high up on Table Mountain. He found such good pay in the place he went to prospect that he remained there at work for several weeks, feeling quite at ease in regard to the big nugget he had cached.

Finally he quit work in his new diggings and set out to look for his big nugget. On coming in sight of the spot where he had buried it he almost dropped in his tracks, for he saw a big company of men at work just where he had made his "plant." The men proved to be a lot of Italians, and they had worked up to within about ten feet of the spot where lay buried the big nugget. The colored miner explained the situation to the Italians, and they permitted him to dig up and carry away his nugget. Undoubtedly the "colored brother" had with him on that trip his "rabbit foot," for the "rescue" was about as fortunate as the "find."

In a drift mine at Remington Hill, Nevada county, in 1856, the half of a smoothly washed boulder of gold quartz was found, which yielded \$4,672.50. The nugget was smooth on all the rounded sides, but had on one side a flat rough face. At the time the chunk was found it was remarked that the other half of the boulder might possibly be somewhere in the same claim. In 1858 the owners of the mine had a hired man who was engaged in drifting out pay dirt. One day this man unexpectedly announced that he was going to leave; that he was going down to Nevada City to try his luck for a time.

The man was paid his wages and, shouldering his blankets, took his departure. After he had been gone a short time one of the partners said: "It is strange that the fellow should all at once quit work here when he had a steady job at as good wages as he can find anywhere in the country. I wonder if he has not found the other half of that boulder?"

The partner addressed scouted the idea. "You may laugh," said the suspicious partner, "but I feel it in my bones that the fellow is packing the missing half of the boulder away in his roll of blankets."

"Well, what are you going to do about it?" "I am going to mount a horse and follow the fellow. I am going to make him shell out that chunk of gold."

"So! Very well, you shall have my half of all you get."

Mounting his horse, the man who had "suspicions" took the road to Nevada City with a six-shooter in his belt.

When he overtook his man and asked him to throw down and open out his roll of blankets the fellow was at first quite indignant and inclined to be ugly, but when he saw a revolver leveled at his head he cried out: "I cave! Now, how in—did you find out that I'd got hold of the other half of that nugget?"

"Gessed it," said the mine owner, "Shell her out!"

Down went the blankets and out came a big golden nugget. Sure enough, it was the other half of the boulder. Taking the chunk the owner told the man to "git." That as he had met with a great temptation he was forgiven. The half thus received amounted to \$4,433.75, making a total for the whole boulder of \$9,106.25.

The unsuspecting partner was very sick when he saw the missing half of the boulder brought home. However, the other, after paying himself \$1,000 for his trouble and his ability as a detective, divided the remainder with the man who had laughed at him in the start. He said he took only \$20 for his trouble and risk, but for his "sabs" he must have \$980.

Near Sonora, Tuolumne county, in 1852, a nugget weighing forty-five pounds, and containing gold to the value of about \$8,000 was found. The finder had a friend who was far gone with consumption, yet was trying to work in the mines. The owner of the nugget saw that by working in the water and lifting heavy boulders this man was fast killing himself. He told his friend to take the big nugget and go back to the States and exhibit it, as at that time such a mass of native gold was a curiosity to see, which many would willingly pay a reasonable sum.

As the ailing man was well educated it was arranged that besides the nugget he should take some fine dust, "chispas," gold-bearing quartz, black and gravel, and dirt from a placer, and the like, and with all was to fix up a lecture on life in the mines, mining operations, and California in general. When the owner of the nugget wanted it or its value he was to let the other know of his need.

The sick man took the nugget to the States, got up his lecture, and did well wherever he went. For a time the miner heard from his friend pretty regularly, then for months lost track of him. He began to think his nugget lost; that his friend had been murdered and robbed in some out-of-the-way place.

One day, however, a letter reached the miner from a banker in New Orleans telling him that his friend had died in that city, but had left the big nugget at the bank subject to his order. The miner wrote to have the nugget melted down, and in due time he received a check for a little over \$8,000.

Pocket mining as practised by the experts of California is a branch of gold hunting that may be said to stand by itself as an "art." The pocket miner follows up the trail of gold thrown off from a quartz vein and strewn down a mountain slope until he at last reaches the mother deposit, whence the gold scattered below proceeded. This is an operation which sometimes requires many days to be devoted to the careful washing of samples of dirt taken from the slope of a mountain. Many rich pockets have, however, been found by accident. One of the richest of the pocket mines in California was that in the Morgan mine on Carson Hill, Calaveras county, from which \$110,000 was thrown out at one blast. The gold so held the quartz together that it had to be cut apart with cold chisels. It is estimated that this mine yielded \$2,800,000 in the years 1850 and 1851, almost yearly somewhere in the peculiar formation at and about Carson Hill.

The telluride veins of Sierra county, ex-

tending from Minnesota to the south Yuba, have been prolific of pockets. A big pocket found in the Fellows mine on this belt yielded \$250,000. Many other pockets yielding from \$5,000 to \$50,000 have been found in this region.

Since the discovery of gold at Sutter's mill California has yielded over \$1,300,000,000, in that metal. How much exactly will never be known. The Chinese must have carried away an immense amount. In 1880 the Government tried to make them report. In eighteen counties of the State there were partial reports. The amounts they acknowledged obtaining foot up \$1,751,244 for that year alone. Those who know the Chinese miners know the kind of report they would be likely to make. If they acknowledged securing \$1,751,244 as late as in 1880, what must they have obtained in all the years before, when all the places were new and prolific?

Outside of California few nuggets of note have been found in any of the Pacific coast States and Territories.

The largest nugget ever found in Nevada was one taken out of the Oacoola placer mine about twenty years ago. It weighed twenty-four pounds, and it is supposed to have contained nearly \$4,000 in gold. A hired man found and stole it, but repenting gave up to the owners in a month or two over \$2,000 in small bars—all he had left of the big chunk. In the same mine about a year ago a nugget worth \$2,190 was found.

Montana's largest nugget was found by Ed. Rising at Snow Shoe gulch, on the Little Blackfoot River. It was worth \$3,356. It lay twelve feet below the surface and about a foot above the bedrock.

Colorado's biggest nugget was found at Breckenridge. It weighed thirteen pounds, but was mixed with lead carbonate and quartz.

The pioneer nuggets in the United States were found in the placers of the Appalachian range of mountains, where gold was discovered as early as 1828. In October, 1828, a negro found grains of fine gold in Bear Creek, Ga., but the discovery did not attract much attention. Presently the same negro found a nugget in the Nacoochee River worth several thousand dollars. This "find" started a gold-hunting furor. Several other nuggets of considerable size have been found in Georgia at various times.

The largest nugget ever found in the Appalachian mining region was that dug at the Reed mine in North Carolina. It weighed eighty pounds.

In the same State some children playing

along a creek found a nugget that weighed

twelve pounds. The quartz veins of this

region generally show a good deal of coarse

gold, good-sized lumps, but seldom weighing

as much as a pound.

### Met a Tidal Wave at Sea.

"I had a strange experience at sea in the summer of 1884," said R. C. Macauley, for some years past commander of a Cunard steamer. "I was at the time in command of the Comet, plying between Liverpool and Havana. We were three days out from Liverpool and were ploughing through a sea that was as smooth as a billiard table. There was not a breeze stirring and the weather was terribly hot. Just at sundown the second officer called my attention to a curious ridge on the western horizon, into which the sun appeared to be dipping. I turned my glass on it and it resembled a mighty bank of gold, extending north and south as far as the eye could reach. 'It's a cloud,' said I. 'I'll be d—d if it is,' replied the officer emphatically; 'it's water.'"

"I looked at him and saw that he was pale as a sheet. I again brought my glass to bear on the curious phenomenon. The bank appeared nearer and higher, the upper edge of the sun being just visible above it. The top of the bank was of a reddish yellow, while the base had changed to a dark green. 'By the Lord!' I exclaimed, 'it is water. It is a tidal wave!' and so it was. It came rolling toward us at a terrific rate of speed. I put the prow of the ship squarely to it and had the hatches battened down. I did not think it possible that we could ride over it. My only hope was to plough through it. I was about to signal the engineer to put on all steam, when the second officer begged me to back ship. I yielded. The engines were reversed and by the time the wave reached us we were moving slowly backward. The wave was not so perpendicular as I at first supposed. The ship was in ballast and rode over it like a feather. It looked to me at least 50 feet high, and went rolling away to the northeast with a dull, rushing sound similar to Niagara."

### Fighting Without Firearms.

The Greek pike was 24 feet long. The mediæval lance was 18 feet. The Swiss pike was 18 feet long. The Roman javelin was 6 feet long. The petrary was a mediæval catapult. Plate armor was used from 1410 to 1600. The standard Roman sword was 22 inches.

The helmet of Richard I. weighs 25 pounds.

The rabbis say Cain killed Abel with a club.

David slew Goliath with a sling stone, B. C. 1063.

German helmets were ornamented with cow-horns.

The cross-bow came into use in the twelfth century.

The military flail came into use in the tenth century.

Spears are found in the earliest hieroglyphics of Egypt.

The first armor used was made of skins and padded hides.

The pulley-drawn cross-bow had a range of 40 rods.

Projecting engines were first invented by the Greeks.

Mixed chain and plate armor was used from 1300 to 1410.

Gustavus Adolphus abolished all armor but a light cuirass.

The French infantry were armed with the pike until 1640.

The battles of Creçy, Poitiers and Agincourt were won by the archers.

The Salton Lake, a great body of water in the Colorado desert, caused by an overflow of the Colorado River, has disappeared; and now what was once an area of barren sand greets the eye like a sea of verdure.

A Chicago barber-shop is run entirely by females. Some of the patrons each have their favorite artists, and when "Next!" is shouted, sometimes politely give way to impatient customers, so that their faces may be gently stroked by the operators they like best.

### WENT VERY QUIETLY ABOUT IT.

\$50,000 Embarked in a Missionary Project and No One Hears of It for a Year.

Once in a while some interesting project is carried out in Africa of which nothing is heard until it is far advanced. A year and a half ago a number of ladies and gentlemen in Scotland determined to found a new Lovedale in East Africa. Lovedale is one of the most famous of the missionary establishments, and its work has been carried on for nearly fifty years in South Africa, where many hundreds of the natives have been instructed in various trades. The new Lovedale was to be started somewhere north of Mount Kilima-Njaro, on the Messiaha plain, under the equator. Twelve ladies guaranteed the sum of \$50,000, and Dr. James Stewart, formerly of Lovedale, was engaged to go at once to British East Africa and establish the mission station, which was to be "religious, educational, medical, and industrial in its objects." Not a word of the project was breathed in the newspapers.

A year ago last August Dr. Stewart reached Zanzibar and collected a caravan of 273 men, with which he crossed to Mombasa for the inland journey. After a careful inspection of the country north of the big snow mountain Dr. Stewart selected the district of Kibwezi as the best place for a central station. It is about eighteen days' journey from the coast, has plenty of water and timber, the people are friendly, and it is on the regular caravan route to Uganda. Dr. Stewart found that the soil was good if not especially rich. The top of Kilima-Njaro was visible far south on clear mornings. The chief Kilundu was informed of the object of the white men in settling his country. He at once said that he and his people would give the mission every facility. He probably thought that the presence of so many white men would be a sort of safeguard against the Massai who now and then visit this region on raiding expeditions. Dr. Stewart bought 500 acres of land and at once commenced the erection of six large houses of bungalow type to serve as workshop, store, dispensary, and dwelling houses. A church was also erected and numerous smaller buildings. About two miles of roads and paths were made in and around the station. Oxen were trained as beasts of burden, small gardens were laid out, and within four months English potatoes, peas, beets, tomatoes, and a considerable variety of other European vegetables were raised.

Dr. Stewart is of the opinion that the district is generally very healthy, and that European women can enjoy fair health at the station, which, although under the equator, is 3,000 feet above the level of the sea. At present the white workers, six in number, are learning the language, putting up new buildings, and preparing the mission for its future work. It is not known why the projectors of this enterprise were so very quiet about it, but the first news that has reached the public concerning it is contained in Dr. Stewart's report showing the success of the preliminary work.

### CURIOUS, IF TRUE.

Some Strange Stories That are Told in Australia.

We had a talk the other day about haunted houses and other farie things. I was interrupted at that time, but a lull in more important news enables me to get off my mind two or three other ghostly things. For example: as I rode along in one of the suburban train cars I passed a cottage where in a strange thing happened awhile ago. Near by lived an old man, who had received many kindnesses from the true hearted mistress of the cottage, who took compassion upon his necessity. Early one morning this lady woke in great affright. She had dreamed that the old man was calling her in frantic haste to come and help him. She looked at the clock and noted the time. It was 4.20. Later on the lifeless body of the old man was found in a well. The medical opinion was that it must have got into the water at about 4.30 that morning. That was their independent testimony before they had been told of the curious experience of the woman. The distance of the well from the house made it impossible that she could have heard the old man cry, if he really did. How, then, can one explain the identity? I might relate other facts similar in their nature, all showing that there is in the world more mystery than we have yet comprehended. The task is, however, unnecessary. I will mention another peculiar event which happened less than a year ago in this colony. A lady, wife of a gentleman in an influential position, chanced to meet at a party one night a person who had a great reputation as an amateur soothsayer. "Oh, just tell me my fortune," she said, jocularly. "I'd rather not," replied the fortune teller, after looking steadily at her for a little time. "I'd rather not. It would disconcert you terribly." The lady urged her request, nevertheless. "Then," the soothsayer continued, "I am sorry to tell you that I am afraid that in three months you will be a widow, and that in six months you will be mad." The lady told her husband, who soon fell ill and died, while the other part of the prophecy was, to some extent, verified. I have called this incident peculiar, but there is in it, at any rate, some direct connection between the cause and effect. The man during his illness would certainly be depressed with the thought of the prophecy that he would not recover, and the same would affect his wife. Imagination, which is more potent than medicine was set to work against the couple. That not only explains the mystery in some degree, but it illustrates the need for imaginative people to be careful how they handle occult subjects.

### Not Quite Beret.

Little Girl.—What does your mamma do since the dog was stolen?

Little Boy.—O, she sort o' comforts herself with 'n' baby.

### A White Fence.

Two travellers one evening were telling one another some "tough" yarns about the marvellous speed of the trains in some parts of Canada.

"Yes," said one, "I was sitting one day with a friend of mine in an express train looking out of the window, and casually remarked that there was a very long white fence on our right."

"White fence!" said my companion. "That ain't no white fence. Them's the milestones!"

### A DIFFERENCE.

THE STARS AND STRIPES WERE HONORED IN ENGLAND.

An Old United States Soldier Rebukes His Countrymen for Insulting the Union Jack, and Relates Some Experiences.

The latest outrage upon the British flag in New York State has prompted Sergeant G. H. Bates, late of the United States Army, to publish the following letter in the local paper at Saybrook, Ill.:

Editors *Independent*.—When I call to mind experiences under and scenes around the American flag in England, I cannot but regret the late incident at Harlem, N. Y., wherein school boys pulled down an English flag and tore it into hundreds of pieces, and scattered the fragments about the street, trampling them under foot amid the cheers of older on-lookers. The action of these boys is to be regretted, but not so much as the fact that the people in Harlem and a considerable portion of the press should treat this demonstration of senseless prejudice as the correct spirit of patriotism. It is neither patriotism nor true Americanism. Therefore, we should not encourage it in our children. That English flag was unfurled and placed above its owner's door not in a spirit of defiance, but as a token of respect for the day and occasion. "Look on this picture and then on that."

November 1, 1872, I landed at Glasgow, Scotland. November 6, I unfurled the American flag on an old stone bridge over the little river Sark on the Scotch border. This flag was our National battle flag. I—a stranger in a strange land, 4000 miles from my home in Illinois, 3000 miles from the shores of the country that the flag represented—was to carry this emblem of the Republic unfurled through the very heart of the strongest monarchical power in the world, through where the combined armies of Napoleon and Julius Caesar could not have penetrated. Could I do it? If the good will, respect, and friendship of the English people for the American was as strong as I believed it to be, I could do it, otherwise, I could not. About 2 o'clock of the above day I commenced the "march" of 353 miles on foot, under the "stars and stripes," ending at Guildhall, London, November 30.

I will not attempt to describe the "entry of the American flag into London" on that day, for I lack the power to do the occasion and the people of London justice. Nor have I power to duly describe the demonstrations of

### RESPECT AND GOOD WILL.

by the hundreds of thousands of Englishmen that surrounded and honored our flag between London and the border. It was just simply a continuous mass of cheering, welcoming and hand extending Englishmen from the border to the Metropolis. No one would take money from me, everything was free to me. Yet it was not the man but the flag he carried that these people were receiving and welcoming with so much honor and respect. The flag was publicly received and honored in all cities, towns, villages and hamlets through which it passed. English soldiers received and honored it and the bearer in various ways: workmen and women by the thousands were permitted to leave their work, stand in the roadside and cheer the flag as it went by; committees appointed by the people and also public officials would come and meet the flag, escort it into city and town, make patriotic speeches (expressing nothing but good will for America), banquet the bearer, then escort the flag on its way to London. Men would form in columns in front and rear of the flag and escort it for many miles, singing the national airs of England and America as they marched. Schools were dismissed and the children drawn up in a line cheering the flag as it passed them. And in many cases the older boys and girls were allowed to escort the flag for considerable distance, and each would beg to be allowed to carry it, and carry it these English boys and girls did with as

### MUCH PRIDE AND PLEASURE.

as though American born and raised, until the limit of distance was reached, when they would bid me good-bye, cheer the flag and return to their school. Not only teachers, but the fathers and mothers encouraged these children in their patriotic demonstration of good will. This action was taken by schools from the lowest to the highest. At Oxford the great educational centre of England, hundreds of students formed a guard of honor and escorted the flag to Shotover Hill, several miles out from Oxford, where they halted and remained cheering the flag until it passed from their view.

Through all this I neither carried an English flag with this American, nor wore an English badge or emblem; it was not necessary—no one thought it necessary. Many public demonstrations in honor of the flag were made in various parts of the country after its reception in London. And in all this experience I did not hear one unkind or insulting word from English lips, nor see a frown of displeasure on the face of an English man, woman, or child. Now, which of these spirits as demonstrated—the one against the English flag at Harlem, the other for the American flag in England—which, I ask, is nearest right and best? Which was nearest to true Americanism? Which was nearest the teachings of God? Which was most in the interests of humanity? Which would do most toward the promotion and maintenance of a higher civilization? Which accorded best with the character of our free institutions?

Any intelligent, country-loving American citizen can answer this question correctly.

G. H. BATES.

### An Accidental Pop.

A young man proposed under very peculiar circumstances. He had known the young lady some months, when one evening he proposed going to the theatre. She being agreeable, away they went. Now, the entertainment was to commence with a laughable farce, entitled, *Will You be My Wife?*

The young man was reading this to the young lady as they were crushing to get in, but she only heard him say "Will you be my wife?" as she was squeezed closely to him by the crowd.

She answered, "Yes, Harry, dear, but had we not better get out of here?" And out they got.

He did not fairly comprehend till said, "Whatever made you propose when we were half-squeezed to death?"

But he rose to the occasion and said, "Was the squeeze that did it, my dear?"