approve of the stand which the diggers in the stockade took against a tyrannical system of administration. There is reason to believe that Mr Kemp's box of matches helped to set Bentley's Hotel in the blaze which consumed it to ashes. There was a great surging crowd around the hotel, and one of Mr Kemp's mates came alongside him and said, "Give us your matches, Jack," and not knowing at that time that they were to be used for the purposes of arson, Mr Kemp handed over his tin box of wax vestas, and saw them no more.

Mr Hayward and Mr Maine were present at the conflagration, and the latter caught Bentley's cat as it leapt out of the flames, and, later, took it home with him to his camp as a souvenir of the tremendous occasion.

Mr Hayward had a claim near the Gravel Pits, and he saw the military stoned as they were entering the camp from the Melbourne road, a few days before the stockade encounter. "That was an ill-advised action," remarked Mr Kemp this morning, and "It was, indeed," commented his three companions. There was no attempt at justification for that stupid attack on a body of men under strict orders not to act upon the offensive.

"But," said Mr Hayward, "the diggers had a right to be excited and indignant at the way they were treated. We had been worried out of our lives by the troopers always compelling us to show our licenses, and treating us like a lot of ticket-of-heave men. Besides, we had many other annoyances, and we could not see the fairness of paying 30/- license to dig in a small piece of ground when the squatters held thousands of acres for a few pounds a year. We were the men who were making the country, and we were treated as if we were undesirable immigrants. No wonder the blood of the wilder spirits boiled under such conditions."

Mr Firman tells a sensational story of the alleged brutality of one of the Commissioners. It appears that while the disturbances were in progress a miner named James Ralph was in trouble with the authorities. His wife went down to the camp one evening to get some tidings of her husband, when one of the Commissioners came out of his tent and held a revolver at her head. "You coward," exclaimed the woman, "that's all you're good for is to frighten women and children: you're paid to tackle men like my husband."

The Commissioner was in a boiling rage, but he threw away his revolver, and when it eventually passed into the possession of Mr Ralph it was found to be loaded in three chambers. Mr Firman is now endeavoring to trace Ralph, and, if possible, the revolver will be obtained for the Ballarat Historical Record Society.

Mr Hayward had something very interesting to say about Sir Charles Hotham, and if what he was told was true then the regulation is thereby cleared of the imputation that it was at least antidigotic to the diggers. When at the Custom House some years ago Mr Hayward was sending a dispatch from Charles Hotham to the Executive, and he states that the writer believed that all diggers' complaints were on the whole justified, and that a conference should be held to inquire into the causes of their grievances. The Governor's secretary believes that the Governor's good intentions were frustrated by the Attorney-General (Sir William Stawell, afterwards Chief Justice), who, it appears, had no sympathy with the digging population.

Many exciting scenes were witnessed by the four pioneers we have been referring to, and they will no doubt prove to be valuable additions to the collection of Eureka veterans Mr Troup is gathering together for the demonstration on Sunday next.