

The Temora Telegraph

AND MINING ADVOCATE.

Vol. 1.--No. 1.]

TEMORA, JULY 29, 1880.

[Price Threepence.]

THE INTERCOLONIAL Life and Fire Association, Limited.

HEAD OFFICES:—263 (late 247), GEORGE-STREET
(formerly the Mercantile Bank.)

Capital: £100,000, in 100,000 shares of One Pound
each.
Subscribed, £50,949.

DIRECTORS:

P. A. Jennings, Esq., C.M.G., President.
Mr. Alderman John Young, J.P., Vice-President.
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LIFE DEPARTMENT.—No entrance or medical
fees or other expenses.

FIRE DEPARTMENT.—Fire risks are taken on
all classes of insurable property.

PREMIUMS ON BOTH FIRE AND LIFE AS
LOW AS ANY office in the colony.

LIFE AND FIRE POLICY-HOLDERS partici-
pate in the profits.

JAMES S. BRAY, Secretary.

The Temora Telegraph AND MINING ADVOCATE.

THE districts of which Temora is the centre have
rapidly attained to population and developed in re-
sources, and the interests connected with them re-
quire an exponent of public opinion, which it is
proposed to supply by the establishment of THE
TEMORA TELEGRAPH.

These districts are not yet far advanced in Mining
Industry; but, lying in the way of immense mining
fields, there is no doubt that they will take a due
rank in the future in this respect. Mining interests,
therefore, will receive our greatest attention.

There are numerous other matters as connected
with the material and moral development of these
districts which come within the province of a journal.
Roads, Railways, Post-offices, Telegraphs, Admini-
stration of Justice, and Education may be mentioned
as being a few of them; and our columns will always
be devoted to their progress.

Politics is well known to be debatable ground,
and it is wise, therefore, neither to lay down "hard
and fast" doctrines, which oftentimes tie up the
hands of men from real usefulness, nor to worship
one set of politicians as demigods and heroes, while
depreciating another set as a dishonest clique of
designing knaves. Truth lies with all; "the gold in
mine" is only attained through free discussion and
an intelligent and liberal criticism. It shall always
be our endeavour to supply this in the columns of
THE TEMORA TELEGRAPH.

Arrangements have been made for the supply
of matter from all the surrounding districts, and for a
weekly news-letter from Sydney from a gentleman
extensively connected with the Press. The pro-
gramme will spare no pains or expense to make the
journal what it ought to be, and trusts that the above
programme will commend itself to every right-
minded person who has the interests of these dis-
tricts at heart, which, in the end, are his own in-
terests.

All communications to be addressed to Temora.

THE Temora Telegraph.

TEMORA, THURSDAY, JULY 29, 1879.

OURSELVES.

In introducing a newspaper to public notice
it is necessary to set forth in its first issue
the object and intentions of the proprietors.
It cannot but be admitted that the matter
set forth in our short prospectus, viz.,
that "the districts of which Temora is the
centre have rapidly attained to population
and developed in resources, and the inte-
rests connected with them require an
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districts which come within the province
of a journal. Roads, Railways, Post-
offices, Telegraphs, Administration of
Justice, and Education may be mentioned
as being a few of them; and our columns
will always be devoted to their progress."
In addition to the above, we will advocate,

agitate, and do all that in us lie to induce
the Government to undertake some scheme
by which a large and permanent Supply of
Water may be conserved for the use of the
present and future dwellers on this—which
it is evident it is intended to be—great
goldfield. Our columns shall ever be open
to correspondence having for its object the
encouragement of Mining Industries and
matters of general interest to the public;
and we shall scrupulously avoid giving
publicity to anything calculated to be offen-
sive to any section of the community, and
make use of whatever influence we may
have to allay discord and promote feelings
of goodwill among all classes.

Our future issues will speak for them-
selves. We have to ask the indulgence of
our readers for the meagre shape in which
we this week appear. Our next and future
issues will be four full pages of interesting
matter. In the meantime we will appear
weekly, but on and after the 14th August
it is our intention to issue tri-weekly.

We now commit THE TEMORA TELEGRAPH
to the public, and solicit such support as
the constant study and ambition of its pro-
prietors will be to merit.

TALES OF THE GOLDFIELDS.

By GEORGE SUTHERLAND, M.A. and published by
GEORGE ROBERTSON, Sydney, Melbourne and
Brisbane.

EDWARD HARGRAVES,
THE FIRST AUSTRALIAN DIGGER.

THE Australian colonies have experienced,
during their short history, many remark-
able seasons of commercial depression and
universal misfortune. Hard times, indeed,
seem to recur at stated intervals with the
utmost regularity. But no period of their
existence has ever proved so disastrous as
the years from 1844 to 1848. Hot winds
and floods destroyed the crops and ruined
the farmers, while the drought in the in-
terior of New South Wales killed the sheep by
thousands, and almost annihilated the pros-
perity of the pastoral colonists.

Among the most unfortunate of these
squatters was Edward Hargraves. Already
a colonist of nearly twenty years' standing,
he had fairly expected, after so many years
of self-denial and toil, to find himself in a
position of comfort, if not of affluence. But
his dreams of prosperity were rudely dis-
pelled by the bitter realities of this ruinous
season.

Early in life, when only fourteen years
of age, he had been sent to sea; and, after
three or four years of a roving sailor's life,
he had settled down in New South Wales,
not far from the town of Bathurst. He
immediately entered, heart and soul, into
the very arduous duties of a squatter of that
period; and before he was twenty he was
well established in life, having been married
when only nineteen.

For some years affairs prospered with
him. His cattle and sheep multiplied. He
was able to build houses and to draw a very
fair income from rent; while, from being a
mere tenant of the Crown, he had risen to
the dignity of a landowner. But when the
drought came, his stock died, his land was
worthless, and his houses would not let.
Large mansions brought a weekly rental
of half-a-crown, and even at that rate the
tenants grumbled incessantly. As for hotels,
in the country districts many of them could
not be let at any rates, however small
because there was no business to be done
on the roads, and even the squatters were too
poor to pay for beds and meals. No one
went on a journey without carrying a swag;
and, instead of staying at hotels, travellers
generally camped out in the bush. Along
the parched and dusty roads might be seen
large flocks of lean and hungry sheep,
travelling to the market to be sold at what-
ever price they might fetch, and when they
arrived at their destination the rates obtained
were generally from sixpence to half-
a-crown per sheep. Boiling down was the
fate of many a flock of well-bred animals,

for the squatters thanked Providence when
they managed to get out of a sheep the mere
price of its tallow.

At such a time of depression the eyes of
even the most stout-hearted are readily
turned away from the scene of their disas-
ters. Any change in their condition is
welcome, and the smallest opening in any
fresh line of life seems a splendid opportu-
nity, not to be let slip. In this case the
opportunity was opened up by the acci-
dental discovery of gold in America. There,
among the wilds of California, a large grant
of land was held by a certain Captain Sutor
on lease from the Government of Mexico.
He bred cattle, and traded with the natives
of the inland regions, bartering European
goods for skins and furs. In order to
utilize the land around him, Captain Sutor
erected timber and flour mills; and, in
digging a channel for a mill-race, one of
his employees, named Marshall (a bushman
from New South Wales), was fortunate
enough to discover gold in the soil. He
observed that, as the water rushed through
the earth, small bright yellow particles were
exposed to view. This led to the most ex-
tensive gold discoveries that had, up to that
time, taken place, and the news of the extra-
ordinary finds roused to activity many
adventurous spirits throughout the world;
but especially was this the case in New
South Wales, where the staple industries
of the colony seemed to have received their
death-blow.

Hargraves no sooner heard of these dis-
coveries than he made up his mind to try
his fortune in the new land; and, glad to
be able to pay twenty shillings in the pound,
he gathered up the ruins of his capital and
embarked for California.

Having arrived in San Francisco, he was
chosen leader of a party of nine men, all
bought for the upper San Joaquin. On the
roads—or, rather, mountain tracks—every-
thing was in the wildest confusion, and all
sorts of deceptions were practised on the in-
experienced. A guide and waggoner under-
took to convey their goods to the diggings;
and then, after taking them half their
journey, he left them in the middle of a bog
for a whole fortnight whilst he attended to
some business of his own. Finally he
returned and commenced to unload his
waggon, declaring that he would carry the
goods no further, and threatening to bring
against them a large number of wild Cali-
fornian "boys" unless they consented to
allow the waggon to be set free; but, fail-
ing to raise the requisite number for this
lawless company, he was forced to return
and to convey the party and their goods
southwards to the diggings on the banks of
the San Joaquin.

Arrived at the City of Tents, they re-
solved to commence operations immediately,
and on the very day of their arrival they
got a lesson in pan-washing. They learnt
how to choose the auriferous earth and
place it in their pan; how to moisten it,
and knead it up with their hands; to pour
off all the mud which would go off in solu-
tion; and, finally, to perform dexterously
the operation of causing the pan to rotate
in the water. By this means they got rid
of all the earth excepting the small stones,
the grains of iron, and the gold. The
stones were thrown away, the iron was
picked out by means of a magnet, and there
remained a little nest of gold and emery at
the bottom of the pan.

Their first day's pan-washing brought
them about seven shillings each. Encouraged
by this result, they invested their
whole stock of money—about £12—in the
purchase of a cradle. With this apparatus
they worked hard from sunrise till sunset—
some of them carrying the earth and
shovelling it upon the cradle, while the
others kept pouring water on it, and rock-
ing it vigorously to and fro. In the even-
ing they returned to their tent, all wet and
mud-stained, and proceeded to count out
their gains. For their day's work they
found that they had earned one shilling and
sixpence each. With some practice, how-
ever, they were able to raise their daily
earnings to about three shillings per man.

Having erected their tent, they lived in
tolerable comfort so long as the summer
lasted. But as winter approached the cold
became terribly severe. The ice on the
water almost stopped their operations during

the day; and, throughout the night, the
tent was constantly on the verge of collapsing
from the weight of snow lying upon it.
Inside the tent, it was extremely difficult
to keep the life and warmth in their bodies,
and to get the requisite amount of sleep.
They found their blankets quite inadequate
to the occasion, and, in order to keep them-
selves warm, they made heavy bags out of
their bedclothing and some flour-sacks they
had brought with them, and into these they
crept at night, feet foremost. Besides these
discomforts, they were troubled with the
dread of another thing totally unknown to
Hargraves. Grizzly bears, they were told,
frequented the locality where they had
pitched their tents, and often, when pro-
specting and digging in the forests, they
felt that they might at any moment receive
an unwelcome visit.

The prospect of living in this style for the
miserable remuneration of three shillings
per day did not appear by any means en-
couraging; so that, after having seen the
winter through, the party was obliged to
break up. Hargraves made his way back to
San Francisco, where he arrived, poor and
dispirited, with very little of that buoyant
hope which had supported him on his first
arrival. But on the journey down to San
Francisco very important thoughts occupied
his mind; and his reflections gave quite a
new colour to his adventures, by presenting
another and a far higher object to his
ambitious energy. He could not help ob-
serving that the country of the Californian
goldfields bore a singular resemblance to a
certain portion of the Bathurst district, in
New South Wales; and he knew for a fact
that the resemblance extended much further
than the mere surface of the ground. In the
goldfields of the Sierras the prevailing rocks
were slate and basaltic whinstone; in the
Blue Mountains, also, appeared the same
kind of slate and the whinstone. In the
Sierras he had perceived bold peaks of
granite, and trap rocks moulded and twisted
by the agency of volcanic fires; while in the
Blue Mountains the same characteristics
were present. Even the colour of the soil
was the same—a dull red; in both places
the clay was strongly impregnated with iron,
and on the surface of the ground were
scattered large quantities of gravel and
fragmentary quartz.

Hargraves thought to himself that, if any
faith could be placed in resemblances, gold-
fields certainly existed in the Australian
mountains. Accordingly, he wrote to a
friend in Sydney:—"I am very forcibly
impressed that I have been in a gold region
in New South Wales, within 300 miles of
Sydney, and, unless you knew how to find
it, you might live for a century in the region
and know nothing of its existence."

But, although his thoughts were turned
towards New South Wales, yet he was not
satisfied that he might not, after all, make
his fortune in California. He would try the
River Sacramento instead of the San Joa-
quin. Along with a friend named Davison,
he made three trips up the Sacramento in a
small craft of six tons, which they had pur-
chased for that purpose. On the last of
these expeditions they came upon a patch of
really good ground, and each of them earned
nearly £6 per day.

This certainly was very satisfactory. But,
nevertheless, Hargraves had now firmly
fixed in his mind the belief that the real
field for his enterprise lay in Australia.
Even £30 a week could not induce him to
stay in California, and, after eight or ten
days of his profitable work, he gave it up
and prepared to start for San Francisco once
more. Davison earnestly dissuaded him
from going on this expedition, and relin-
quishing substantial profits for the very
shadowy benefits to be gained by such an
enterprise. "Do you suppose," said he,
"that you have only to go to Australia and
immediately find out what all the geologists
have been unable to discover? They have
searched these mountains thoroughly, and if
they could have made their fortunes by
opening up a large goldfield, you may rest
assured they would have done so long before
this."

(To be Continued.)

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