

I have mentioned before my propensity for caricaturing. I still occasionally tried my hand at it. I drew a picture of an old Dutchman in Boston Ravine. It was pretty good, if I do say so, and when he got hold of it he was furious. He told me I ought to be ashamed of myself and threatened to send it to my father and let him know how disgracefully I acted. It afforded me much amusement.

There was living in Boston Ravine at one time a desperate character, who had been a Texas Ranger. He was a famous pistol shot. He thought nothing of shooting the necks off bottles at long range. His most spectacular performance was to select the ten spot from a deck of cards, fasten it up across the road from the principal store, and proceed to shoot out one spot after another, seldom missing his aim. He left there and went down on the Yuba River where he became involved in a quarrel with a fine young fellow and challenged him to a duel. The bully boasted to his friends beforehand of the way he intended to dispose of the young man. Indeed the poor inexperienced lad had no chance but fell at the first fire with a bullet through his heart. Although much indignation was felt over the matter, nothing was done about it and the fellow afterwards went to Stockton where he met his fate. While sleeping off the effects of a debauch in the back room of a saloon the place burned down and he perished in the flames.

While living in Boston Ravine, I attended a lynching at Rough and Ready. An Indian had attacked and murdered a teamster near there and indignation ran high. The citizens of Rough and Ready sent a description of the man to the chief of the tribe of that neighborhood and demanded that he surrender the murderer. This the chief accordingly did. They had their principal camp down below the "North Star."

The Indian was tried and sentenced to be hanged on the spot where the crime had been committed. A large number of miners from Grass Valley attended the execution. A rope was fastened to a branch of a tree and a couple of packing boxes placed underneath the fellow, who, maintaining his native stolidity throughout, was stood upon the boxes, the noose adjusted and the boxes kicked away. He fell kicking and struggling and strangled to death, a horrible sight.

Some of his tribesmen had waited near by, and as soon as the body had been cut down, they took it on their shoulders and started across hills with it to their camp. They were relieved at intervals by fresh relays of men, and so quickly did they travel that, although I was on horseback, before I reached my cabin in Boston Ravine they had arrived at their settlement and were having a great "cry" over the body.

In the spring of 'fifty a few months before I came to Grass Valley,