Lewiston, built of boards and canvas, looking sickly and discouraged, stood shivering in the wind of October, 1862, and wincing under the volleys of pebbles that struck the sounding houses with such force you might have thought an unseen army was bombarding them. The town looked as if it had started down from the mines in the mountains above, ragged and discouraged, and, getting to where it then was, had sat down in the forks of the river to wait for the ferry. The town looked as if it ought to go on-as if it wanted to go on-as if it really would go name. on, if the wind kept on blowing and the

naseen army kept up the cannonade. On your left, as you look down the course of the Columbia, sixty miles away, the Snake river came tumbling down, as if glad to get away from the clouds of dust, sage-brush, and savages. On the other hand, the Clear Water came on peacefully from the woody region of Pen d'Oreille, and joined company for the Columbia. Up this stream a little way stood the old adobe wintering quarters of Lewis and Clarke, exploring here under President Jefferson, in 1803; and a few rods beyond, the board camp of the Nez Perce Indians flapped and fluttered in the wind-while the sombre lock of a Blackfoot warrior streamed from the war-chief's tent.

There is something insufferably mean in a windy day in the northern territories. The whole country is a cloud of alkali dust-you are half suffocated and wholly blinded-you shut your eyes and compress your lips-you hold your hat with both hands, lean resolutely against the wind, and bravely wait for it to go by. But it will not go by; it increases in fierceness; it fills your hair and your nostrils with dust; it discharges volleys of little pebbles, flints, and quartz into your face till it smarts and bleeds, and then, all suddenly, goes down with the setting

The mines thus far found in the north had proved of but little account; and the miners were pouring back, as from a Waterloo. I had run a fierce opposition to Wells, Fargo & Co.; and as a result, sat alone in my office, trying to think, calmly as I could, how many of the best years of my life it would take to settle the ests, when the most ragged and wretched looking individual I ever beheld, looking back stealthily over his shoulder, entered, and took a seat silently in the further corner. He had a round, heavy head, covered with a shaggy coat of halfgray hair, which an Indian the least expert could have lifted without the trouble of removing his patched apology for a hat. He had an enormous chin, that looked like a deformity. He seemed to sit behind at his pipe, then dropped his head and deliberately fired a double-barrelled volley of smoke at his toes, that looked up wistfully from the gable end of his boots. Then he arose, glanced at the door, and being sure that we were alone, shuffled from his right pocket, half the length of

"Ned," cried he, in a harsh, cracked woice, "don't you know me? That's gold; and I know where there's bushels of it. "What! Baboon?-beg pardon, Mr. Bablain."

"No! Baboon? Old Baboon; my name. Old Baboon." As this man was the finder of that vast

right that the world should have a brief of his history, as well as his photograph. Peter Bablain, Esq., of Easton, Northampton county, Pennsylvania, reached San Francisco in 1849, as refined and intelligent a gentleman as could be found. A few weeks of luckless ventures, how-

ly, "Neither are you, Mrs. Flanagan," and quietly left the house. He felt that

all that was left.

torn away, and hid or covered up forever in the tailings. He was now nothing but "Bab." Here, while ground sluicing one night on Big Humbug, and possibly wondering what other deduction could be made and not leave him nameless, he the condition of an old quarter-coin where neither date, name, nor nationality can be deciphered. His jaws were crushed, and limbs broken, till they lay in every direction, like the claws of a search They took him to the County Hospital, and there they called him "Old Bab." It was a year before he got about; and then he came leaning on a staff, with a frightful face. He had lost all spirit. He sat moodily about the hospital, and sometimes said bitter things. One day he said of Grasshopper Jim, who was a great talker: "That was must necessarily lie. There is not truth enough in the United States to keep his tongue going forever as it does." One evening a young

candidate told him he was going to make out by my triend never received the dis- gether, and follow me. I will shoot the a speech, and very patronizingly asked him to come out and hear him. Old Bab looked straight at the wall, as if counting the stripes on the paper, then said, half least, is as large and flourishing as its constitution of a single building. However, first man who don't obey, and send him to hell a fluking."

Again he led on. We struggled after in silence—benumbed, spiritless, helpto himself: "The fact of Balaam's ass rival.

the Captain, "made a note of it."

These women are not bad women. For my part, I begin to find so much that is evil in that which the world calls good, and so much that is good in what the world calls evil, that I refuse to draw a line of he hated, drifted silently into a tropical, golden land of dreams.

This was the man who now stood before me with gold enough to buy the

"There are nine of us," he went on, "all sworn not to tell. Of course, being sworn, they have all taken the first op-portunity to tell their friends and send word to their relatives. Therefore, I will tell you."

This is briefly his account of the discovery. When it reached California that Baboon and party. Six days, or rather gold had deen found in the great water nights, of travel, and we reached Lewisshed of the Columbia river, the miners ton, now a sea of canvass. The next day waited for none of the details as to the English and party also entered. The dangers and hardships to be endured, tied up for the winter. Even the terry They poured over the northern moun- was impassable for thirteen days. It was tain-walls of Nevada-California, dreaming a little over a hundred miles to Walla the dreams of '49. He fretted to go, and Walla, and the snow deep and still fallfiercely through his nostrils like steam Shoshone Falls through the densely tim- chatting gayly, they must have felt, from through twin valves. I think his tattered duck pants, were stuck in the tops of his boots; but after the elapse of near-ly eight years t do not remember distinctly. However, this is not so impor- some became worn out and discouraged, It was twenty four miles to Petalia, the tant. He looked up at me, pulled busily and being reduced to half-rations, at nearest station. The days were short, tempted to return by what they thought and the snow deep. With the best of a shorter route. After nine days' strug- fortune we did not expect to make it till gle through deese undergrowth and fall. night. At noon we left the Alpowa, and en timber, they came out on a little prairie. Here they found signs of game, and being entirely out of provisions, they Petalia, twelve miles distant. Here the pever saw Wabash or up to the counter, and drew out a purse determined to turn out their horses on the snow was deeper, more difficult; besides, grass, and replenish with their rifles. a furious wind had set in, which blinded Baboon was left to keep camp. Their and discouraged our horses. It was in-blankets were spread by a little spring tensely cold. We had not been an hour stream that hugged a dense growth of on this high plain before each man's face tamarack at the edge of the prairie. The was a mass of ice, and our horses white prairie lay near the centre of an immense, snow-crested, horse-shoe opening to the south, of about thirty miles in diameter. a star of morning drowned in a flood of A farm on the Ohio could have produced as many "indications" to the California fears. Still English and party kept on gold-field, including Salmon, Warren's gold hunter as the site of this camp; but Boise, Owyhee, and Blackfoot, it is but as the day wore on, and the hunters desistrue—but still kept on as if they felt layed return, and Baboon to kill time, secure. Once I saw them stop, consult, took ap a pan, stepped to where a fallen look back, and then in a little while move tamarack had thrown up the earth, filled silently on. I managed to turn my head it, and carelessly washed it out. Marsh- a moment in the terrible storm, and saw al, in the mill race, could not have been that our trail was obliterated the moment more astonished. Haif a handful of gold we passed. Return was impossible—even -rough, rugged little specimens, about had it been possible to recross the river.

the first day of April.

Another week of wandering about the town in dirty linen, and his acquaintances treated the tail end of his Christian name as Aleibiades did the celebrated dog of Athens. He was now simply "Pete Bablain," and thus set out it was unprocked. This was uppealed. This was uppealed. This was uppealed. simply "Pete Bablain," and thus set out it was unpacked. This was I-da-hoe: us, and our horses were now floundering for the mines. A few months of hard the Indian name for this vast basin, or helplessly in the snow. Again English usage, and he found the whole front of his horse-shoe, with its snowy crest, which, ripped off and lost. "Bablain" was interpreted, means, "Gem of the Moun-

Ten years now passed. Ten terrible Baboon Gulch—a little indention of years, in which this brave and resolute not more than a hundred yards in length, man had dared more than Cæsar, had dipping down the prairie to a larger endured more than Ney; and he found gulch—was perhaps the richest spot of the entire end of his father's name had been, somowhere in the Sierras, worn or a thin turf, or peat, on a soft granite bed

was caught in a cave, sluiced out, and carried head-first through the flume. This last venture were him down to about the condition of an old quarter-coin Lewiston he went into the streets, and,

that time, every lineal descendant seems homeless and helpless men began to pour and curse like a madman. "There is but determined to follow his example." His out over the horseshoe in the direction of one chance," he said; "come up here face was never relieved by a smile, and his chin stuck out fearfully; so that one with the express, I met Baboon and his dles." He got the horses together as day, when Snalping Andy, who was licensed by the miners to be the champion
growler of the camp, called him "Old Baboen," it was so complete as a baptis-mal, that he was known by no other beaded by the notorious Dave English him, and all huddle together on the and Nelse Scott. They were well-known mass. "The sorrowful know the sorrowful." I robbers, and down on the books of the was then a helploss, sensitive, white- Expressmen as the worst of men; but, as headed boy, and so found refuge and re-lief in the irony of Old Baboon, and, like Vigilantes had not yet asserted themselves, these men moved about as freely Some women visited him one evening; as the best in camp. Only a few days fallen angels-women with the trail of before had occurred an incident which the serpent all over them-women that gave rise to a new and still popular name at that day lived their fierce, swift lives for their Order. Scott and English had through in a single lustrum, and at the reached a station on the road with their same time did deeds of mercy that put horses badly jaded. They were unknown their purer sisters to the blush. They to the keeper of the station, who had the gave him gifts and money, and, above all, express horses in charge; and not wishwords of encouragement and kindness. ing to do violence to get a change of He received it all in silence; but I saw horses, resorted to strategy. They talked when they had gone that the coldness of loudly to each other concerning the mer-his face had tempered down, like a win-its of their stock, and quietly telling the try hillside under a day of sun. He keeper they were connected with the exmoodily filled his meerschaum they had press, and were stocking the road-actbrought him, and after driving a volume ing as road agents-ordered him to sadof smoke through his nose, looked quiet- dle the two best horses at the station, and ly at me, and said: "Society is wrong, take the best possible care of theirs till their return. He did so, and when the

English was a thick-set, powerful man, distinction where God has not." Then with black beard and commanding manhe fired a double-barrelled volley at so- ner. One of his gray eyes appeared to ciety through his nose, and throwing out volume after volume of smoke as a sort of redoubt between himself and the world natured; but when roused, was terrible. Scott was tall, slim, brown-haired, and had a face fine and delicate as a woman's. Both men, as well as their four followers goers of California as Billy Peopleswere young.

Express arrived that night for its relays, the innocent keeper told the rider the

"road agents" had taken them.

Knowing their object, I asked them if Old Baboon had left camp. They answered, "Yes, they thought he had." They then halted, and I rode by uninterruptedly. I reached camp, got a fresh horse, and before dawn overtook

ever, left him unable to respond to his landlady's bill. She said fiercely, "You are no gentleman." He answered quietly, "Neither are you, Mrs. Flangan," and the great gold belt, which embraced slowly struggled on again; sometimes and the great gold belt, which embraced scott, sometimes English, and then Wanned quietly left the house. Salmon, Warren's, Boise, Owyhce, and bash or Peoples in the lead; but most of he had lost or left something behind him. He had. The "Esq." had been knocked from his name as easily as you would wish to kick a hat from the pavement on the first day of April struggled on; but at three in the even-

ing, standing up to the waist in the snow beside his prostrate horse, he shouted for us to approach. We did so, but could scarcely see each other's faces as we pushed against the storm. We held our

pushed against the storm. We held our heads bowed and necks bent, as you have seen cattle as such times in a barnyard.

"H—'s to pay, boys! I tell you, h—'s to pay; and if we don't keep our heads level, we'll go up the flume like a spring salmon. Which way do you think is the station?" said English.

Most of the party did not answer, but of those who did, scarcely two agreed. It was deplorable—pitifal. To add to our consternation, the three men who had joined us at Lewiston did not come up. We called, but no answer. We never saw them again. In the spring following some Indians brought in a note-book, which is now in my possession, with this writing: "Lost in the snow, December 19, 1862, James A. Keel, of Macoupin county, Ill.; Wesley Dean, of St. Louis; Ed. Parker, of Boston." They, at the same time, brought in a pair of boots containing hones of human feet. The

making a speech has had a more demor-alizing influence than any other event told in the Holy Bible; for ever since

"No nodding, now! I'll shoot the first man who don't answer when I call him." I truly believe he would have done so. Every man seemed to have given up all hope, save this fierce man of iron. moved as if in his element. He made a track in the snow around us, and kept constantly moving and shouting In less than an hour we saw the good effects of his action; the animal heat from the horses warmed us as it rose.

Suddenly he ceased to shout, and uttered an oath of surprise. The storm had lifted like a cartain, and away in the north, as it seemed to us, the full, stately moon moved on toward the east. That moon to us was as the sea to the Ten Thousand. We felt that we were saved. For as the moon seemed going in the wrong direction for the station, we, of course, were in the right, and could not be far from help.

When the morning sun came out, our leader bade us up and follow. I was almost impossible to rise. Baboon fell, rose, fell, and finally stood on his feet. But one of the party—a small German, named Ross—could not be roused. Eng-lish returned, cursed, kicked and rolled him over the frozen horses, and into the snow, but it was uscless. I think he was already dead; at least he had not moved from the position we left him in, when

found by the returning party.

At eleven in the morning English, who -one of whom was once known to circus still resolutely le i the party, gave a shout of joy as he stood on the edge of basaltic cliff and looked down on the Parterre. A long, straight pillar of white smoke rose from the station, like a column of marble

supporting the blue dome above. The dead man and money brought in, and in a few days the trail

Baboon stood leaning on the neck of his horse, and firing double-barrelled discharges of smoke across it, as over a barricade. Then he called Scott and wealth of the mines, their extent, or the river was full of ice, and the steamers | English to him; told them he knew their calling; still he liked them; that he believed a brave robber better than many legal thieves who infested the land; and offered them, or any of their band, a fair it and look at me there, as you would sit behind a redoubt in a rifle pit, watching again fluttered around the friendless man, and the gradual the dreams of 49. He friendless man, behind a redoubt in a rifle pit, watching again fluttered around the friendless man, and the gradual the dreams of 49. He friendless man, when English and party followed. But as we had been joined by three resolute flattered his vanity; but English was for bornly into his pocket, while his left camp could afford. Arrived north, the men, we were now nine, while they were a moment very thoughtful. Then he clutched the bowl of his pipe, which he mines were found a failure, and a party but six, we kept on. We knew their threw it off, and spoke a moment to Wasmoked furiously, driving the smoke of prospectors attempted to reach the business, and when they passed us soon, bash—a quiet, half melancholy young

and not a hair of your head, shall be

Wabash then solemnly shook hands with his old companions, and rode on. English and his remaining comrades re-

We reached Walla Walla safely, and I never saw Wabash or Baboon again. But a letter lies before me as I write, postmarked Easton, Northampton county, Pa., and signed, "Old Baboon." This MENS' FURNISHING GOODS letter contains the following paragraph:
"The house stands in this wood of elms. We have two California grizzlies, which we offer at UNSURPASSED PRICES, or go free. We are not troubled with visitors."

Scott, English, and Peoples were arrested some months later for highway robbery, and heavily iroued, were placed under guard in a log house as a tempora-ry jail. That night was born the first igilance Committee of the north. It consisted of but six men, mostly Expressmen. About midnight, under pretense of furnishing the guard with refresh-ments, they got hold of their arms, and told the prisoners they must die. Scott asked time to pray; English swore furiously, but Peoples was silent. Soon one of the Vigilantes approached Scott, where he was kneeling, and was about to place a noose over his head.
"Hang me first," cried English, "and

let him pray."

The wonderful courage of the man appealed strongly to the Vigilantes, but they had gone too far to falter now. They had but one rope, and proceeded to execute them, one at a time. When the rope was around the neck of English, he was asked by his executioners to invoke his God. He held down his head a moment, muttered something, then straightened himself up, and, turning to Scott,

"Nelse, pray for me a little, can't you, while I hang? D-n if I can pray."

He looked over to where Peoples sat, still as a stone, and continued, "D-n if

said .

same time, brought in a pair of boots his family is calmed by the news that he containing bones of human feet. The is enjoying oushioned ease in Mexico.

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