CHASING THE GOLDEN BUTTERFLY

A Story of Yale in The Early Days.

BY D. W. H.

"I'd be a Butterfly; living a rover, dying when fair things are fading away."

Late in the month of July, 1858, I embarked on the small stern-wheel steamer Enterprise, owned and commanded by Capt. Tom Wright, for the Fraser River Gold Mines. My destination was Yale, then the head of navigation. There was no wharf at Victoria at that time, the present wharf and warehouse of the Hudson Bay company not having been built till a year later. The little craft was lying in a small slip alongside the old log warehouse quite recently torn down and the ruins of which may still be seen if you should cast your eye over your right shoulder as you pass down the driveway to the C.P.N. wharf on your way to the water-front. The vessel was crowded with freight and passengers, and I was lucky in finding a vacant spot on the hurricane deck upon which to spread my blankets and lie down to unpleasant dreams. In the morning early we entered the Fraser River and by evening pulled in at Fort Langley, a Hudson Bay post, where we remained over night. New Westminster had then no existence, a dense forest of fir and cedar occupying the site of the future Royal City. A mile or two below Langley some speculative spirits were booming a town which they named Derby, but it was only a name. When I saw "Derby" two years later its only inhabitant was a billious-looking old man with frayed trousers, and its only building was a warehouse that was destitute of wares and occupants. At Langley several passengers left us and several came aboard. Among the latter were Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Power. They had been at Whatcom, and on the decay of that town had crossed by land to Langley and were now on their way to Yale to try their fortune there. Mr. and Mrs. Power and I soon became close friends. They were a most estimable couple and our intimacy lasted for many years.

The passage up the river has been so often described that I shall not attempt it now. The wild scenery of course charmed all, and incidents of travel were novel and exciting to those who had not been accustomed to life outside of a large city. All along the river, wherever there occurred a bench or bar, miners were encamped "waiting for the river to fall," when they expected to scoop up the gold by the handful and live at ease forevermore. The result was a practical exemplification of the larks one hopes to catch when the skies fall.

At Hope we left the Enterprise, saying good-bye to our bluff and genial captain with regret and, placing our effects in a large canoe, proceeded on up the river towards Yale, where we arrived at nightfall the next day, tired, wet and blue, with clothes and boots in tatters and appetites that would have been envied by a pack of young wolves. We slept in our clothes on blankets spread on the sands of the beach that night. In the morning we cooked some bacon and boiled a pot of coffee at a neighboring camp fire and I started out to take in the situation. The town of Yale must have contained at that time between five and six thousand people—mostly young miners and business men from California who had come in pursuit of the Golden Butterfly, which most of its devotees and admirers in the result found both elusive and disappointing.

One of the first men I ran against was Willis Bond, whom I afterwards dubbed the "Bronze Philosopher." I have had occasion to refer to him in a previous paper as an ex-slave and a very clever man. I had known him in San Francisco where, having bought his freedom and made some money at the mines, he established himself as an auctioneer. Bond was glad to see me and introduced me to his partner, a Yorkshireman named George Harrison. The two had built a ditch and were supplying water to the miners who were washing the bank and beach in front of Yale for gold. The next California acquaintance I saw was John Kurtz. When I last met Kurtz at San Francisco he was dressed in the height of fashion and was one of the leaders of society there—a club member, a poet, a noted wit, a contributor to the press, and one of the most popular and amiable young fellows in that big city. At Yale he wore a miner's grey shirt, his trousers were tucked in his boots, a Colt's revolver was stuck in his waistbelt and a slouched hat of large proportions half concealed his intellectual and handsome features. I was quite taken aback at the change; but it was not many hours before I was similarly attired and considered myself well dressed, too. Kurtz introduced me to his partner, a Mr. Hugh Nelson, a young man from the north of Ireland, and in every respect and under all circumstances a gentleman. I pitched my tent close to theirs and all three became quite chummy. The friendship thus formed was maintained for many years and until death carried off both Nelson and Kurtz. I often sit and wonder if the broken links in the chain of earthly friendship will be reunited in the Other World; or shall we enter upon the new existence with new aspirations and new aims, into which no thought, no remembrance of our earthly career will enter. Shall we "know each other better when the clouds roll by," or shall we know each other at all?

E. C. Johnson, then express agent at Yale, for many years a valued civic official at Victoria, and one of the best-natured men I have ever met, was another good friend whose acquaintance I first made at Yale.

All was bustle and excitement in the new mining town. Every race and every color and both sexes were represented in the population. There were Englishmen, Canadians, Americans, Australians, Frenchmen, Germans, Spaniards, Mexicans, Chinese and Negroes—all bent on winning gold from the Fraser sands and all hopeful of a successful season. It was a lottery in which there were few prizes. The diggings proved mostly unproductive and at least 20,000 impoverished worshippers at the shrine of the Golden Butterfly left the river before the first snow fell.

In every saloon a faro-bank or a three-card-monte table was in full swing, and the hells were crowded to suffocation. A worse set of cut-throats and all-round scoundrels than those who flocked to Yale from all parts of the world never assembled anywhere. Decent people feared to go out after dark. Night assaults and robberies, varied by an occasional cold-blooded murder or a daylight theft, were common occurrences. Crime in every form stalked boldly through the town unchecked and unpunished. The good element was numerically large; but it was dominated and terrorized by those whose trade it was to bully, beat, rob and slay. Often men who had had differences in California met at Yale and proceeded to fight it out on British soil by American methods. Here is a sample of many cases. A young man named Walton camped near my tent. He was apparently well disposed and quiet, and about the last person whom I should have thought would do anything wicked. He left his tent one morning and strolled to town—that is to the bench which then overlooked and still overlooks the rushing Fraser. In about an hour he returned and walking to the river brink washed his hands. Then he took from a sheath affixed to a belt that encircled his waist a knife and washed its blade. He dried the weapon on the sleeves of his grey shirt and returning it to the sheath, walked to where I was lounging and said in a quiet voice or the least excitement in his manner:

"I've had a fight up-town."

"Did you kill your man?" I asked, not for a moment imagining anything serious had occurred.

"No," he said, "I did better—I maimed him for life. It's just like this, you see: I had a row with a man named Dalton in the Calaveras mines a year ago. To-day he met me on the bench and drew a shotgun on me. I ran in and threw the gun up and the charge went into the air. Then I took my razor-edged bowie-knife and cut his right wrist, the tendons of it, clean across. He won't shoot any one else, I guess."

And so it proved. Dr. Fifer, a little German surgeon, who dressed the arm, told me the man might as well have had his hand cut off for it would be useless for the remainder of his days. Dr. Fifer, I may as well remark here, was most foully murdered three years later. A man named Wall, who had been his patient, laboring under the belief that Fifer had ruined his health by malpractice, walked up to him one morning in 1861 and handed him a newspaper, saying:

"Read that, Doctor."

Fifer, who was near-sighted, adjusted his spectacles and while reading the paragraph indicated the wretch shot him dead. Wall was captured at Hope, tried and executed. In his dying confession he accused a Dr. Crain, a professional rival of Fifer, of inciting him to commit the crime. Crain lost his practice and finally went away to Salt Lake, where he perished miserably by his own hand, he having been imprisoned for some offence.

Hill's Bar, two miles below Yale, was the scene of busy mining operations at this time. A narrow streak of pay-dirt on the bar proved very rich in flour-gold. This gold was so fine that you could blow it away with your breath. It was caught with the aid of quicksilver in sluices and rockers. The yield was very remunerative for a time and the streak extended into the beach where it ran out. All efforts to trace the source of this rich deposit have met with failure. It has never been found. The discoverers of Hill's Bar were a party of men who had been driven away from San Francisco by a vigilance committee. When news of the Fraser river gold mines reached California these men joined the rush and secured the richest placer claims on the river. The leader of the Hill's Bar roughs was a man named Ned McGowan. He had been a judge, a member of the legislature, a newspaper editor and an all-round bad man in California. The vigilance committee caught him he would have been hanged. But he eluded them and came, as I have said, with many others of his class to New Caledonia, as the mainland of British Columbia was then called. One of his friends was John Bagley, a former leading politician at San Francisco, who had also been driven away. These men gathered some of their kidney about them and proceeded to wreak their vengeance on such members of the vigilance committee as came in their way on the Fraser river. Many persons having been brutally assaulted and all but killed by the gang left the country lest worse things should befall them.

Now, it happened that the first Gold Commissioner at Yale was a man named Hicks—a weak and corrupt person—who proceeded at once to feather his nest by exacting blackmail from miners and others. Among other things he secured a 50-year lease of the best part of Yale and charged enormous ground rents. I exposed his conduct in a letter to the Colonist signed "Pure-in-heart Ofer." Governor Douglas removed him from office. His successor was a bigger failure than Hicks. His name was Peter B. Whannell. He laid claim to the title of Captain. He was wont to strut about in a uniform which he said he had worn in the Crimea, but several of the miners who had served in the Crimea declared that it was a sergeant's uniform. Another report said that he had been a private in the Australian Gold Escort, and that his uniform must have been stolen from that corps. Another report had it that he kept a livery-stable in California. All agreed that he was no gentleman and therefore that he could not have been a captain in the British army. He had a wife, a fine, buxom Scotch woman, very attractive and pleasant in her ways, but kept under by her husband, who seemed to recognize in every male visitor a possible lover of his wife. Whether the stories told about him reached Whannell's ears or not, I cannot say, but his arrogant and oppressive conduct soon made him the most unpopular man in Yale. Whenever any of the Hill's Bar roughs came to town, which was often, Whannell would don his trappings, buckle on a sword, knit his brows and strut through the street with a threatening air that was well calculated to strike terror to the hearts of the timid while in the ne'er-do-well's he only excited a feeling of contempt.

To give an idea of the sort of man he was: One night Nelson, Kurtz, Power, E. C. Johnson and myself and about twenty others were asked to the Court-house by Whannell to a reception. A nice little supper was served and in the course of it Whannell got drunk. At an evil moment some one called on the Captain for a speech, when to the amazement and alarm of his guests he suddenly sprang to his feet with a wild "Hoo-roo!" He then exclaimed in stentorian tones, "Me voice is in me sword," and drawing that weapon he proceeded to cut, thrust and slash the air about him in a most dangerous manner. One of his sweeps came perilously near my head. I ducked to avoid the stroke, and then ran for the door. The others followed in confusion and dismay, without hats, coats, canes, lanterns or goloshes. The snow was deep and as we plunged down the bank in our precipitous flight the Captain fired volley after volley of his wife's name and danced a war dance in front of his quarters, swinging his sword about and slashing at imaginary aerial foes. This added to our panic, and although the situation was so ludicrous that we screamed with laughter as we ran, it was thought wise to place as much space as possible between the Captain's sword and ourselves. The next morning we went up in twos and threes and recovered our property. The Captain was not in sight, but Mrs. Whannell received us graciously, "stood treat," and apologized for "His Worship," as she always referred to him, by saying that his extraordinary antics were due to a sabre-cut he had received on the head in the Crimea.

A lady of Yale, B.C., in the costume of 1858. This is not a caricature, but was taken from life.—D. W. H.

The glee of the Hill's Bar gang, who were not invited to the reception, and were at first inclined to be jealous of those who had been, was unbounded. They came up to town in a body and having got drunk their comments on the "swell" members of Yale society and their host and hostess were rich and rare and racy. In a few days Whannell again appeared on the street with his sword dangling at his side and his brow presided over by the regulation official frown; but no one trembled any more. He couldn't have frightened a sick pup. One Hill's Bar man who addressed him as "Sergeant" was given ten minutes in which to get out of town. He didn't go, but stood and laughed in the magistrate's face. Another fellow bawled out to him as he passed a gambling house, "Say, Cap., I see you've found your voice"—pointing to the sword.

Whannell, who was greatly incensed, strutted on without reply, but he discussed with Kurtz, Nelson and myself the propriety of dispatching a messenger to Victoria to ask Governor Douglas to send up a body of troops.

Humiliating as the situation had become for Whannell and gross as were the insults that were offered him whenever he appeared in public there were worse in store.

It appeared that when Hicks was Commissioner at Yale Governor Douglas paid a visit to Fraser River and while at Hill's Bar he was petitioned to appoint the only British subject on the Bar—a French-Canadian named Perrier—as police magistrate there. His limits were not defined, and so his warrants were served at Yale, although he always refused to recognize warrants issued by the magistrate of Yale on persons residing in Hill's Bar. McGowan and his friends "put up a job" on Whannell. One of their friends had committed an assault and was confined in the Yale prison. A warrant for the man's arrest had previously been issued by Perrier, but disregarded by Whannell, who insisted upon trying the culprit and sentencing him to jail for three months. Perrier immediately issued a warrant for Whannell's arrest for contempt of court and swore in McGowan, Bagley and twenty others as special constables, with orders to take the prisoner out of the jail and bring him and Whannell (the latter dead or alive) to Hill's Bar. The posse, heavily armed, came to Yale in canoes, surprised the jailer and locking him in one of the cells released the prisoner. They then seized Whannell by virtue of Perrier's warrant and conducted him in triumph through the town to their canoes. Whannell was frightened half to death and his alarm was increased when he was told that he had been recognized as a member of the hated vigilance committee. Arrived at Hill's Bar Whannell was arraigned before Perrier. He was convicted of contempt, fined $20 and advised by his fellow-magistrate to leave the Bar instantly, as a matter of precaution. The posse reformed and conducting him back to the canoes landed him safely at Yale, firing their revolvers and rifles by way of a parting salute. On the return trip Whannell and his guard fraternized and agreed to bury the hatchet and all was to be forgiven and forgotten and the two elements—virtue and vice—were to live together in peace and good will forever afterwards.

It had been previously arranged by the American miners that a grand ball should be given on the 22nd of February, 1859, in honor of the birth of Washington. Bennett's gambling house, the largest building in the town, had been hired for the occasion and an orchestra of five fiddlers was engaged. The night before the ball was to be held Willis Bond's partner, Harrison, got into an altercation with a young man named Campbell, whose father was Attorney-General of Washington Territory, and shot and killed him in Bennett's hall. Harrison was taken to Victoria and while awaiting trial escaped from the old Colonial jail and was never seen again. The body of the murdered man was laid away after a hurried inquest and preparations for the dance went on, uninterrupted by the grewsome event of the preceding night. Kurtz, Nelson, Power, Johnson and myself were placed on the ball committee, cheek by jowl with McGowan, Bagley and many others. All the married ladies in the town were invited. Mr. and Mrs. Whannell were also asked. This lady was of huge proportions. The bosom of her dress was cut very, very low and her arms were bare to the shoulders. She was what would have been called a fine-looking woman anywhere. She wore, as was the fashion in those days, enormous hoops. Some idea of her appearance may be gathered from a photograph of a lady in a walking costume of the day, which I send with this paper. All the ladies wore hoops at that ball, and how in the world they contrived to make their way through the crowded hall and retain their skirts will ever be a mystery to me.

Until midnight all went well. The few ladies present had no lack of partners while most of the men were forced to dance with each other. Supper having been announced it occurred to the committee to invite Ned McGowan to preside at the first, or ladies' table. He consented, and I am bound to say he performed the duties with grace and gentlemanly courtesy—for he could be a gentleman when occasion required. Bagley, who laid claim to good looks, and was very much of a lady's man, was furious at the selection of McGowan to preside, and when the ladies had left the table, fired a most offensive epithet at the chairman. The latter, who had a plate of soup in his hand, brought it down with a resounding whack on Bagley's head. Quick as thought Bagley, who also held a plate of soup in his hand, responded with a whack on McGowan's head. The plates of heavy delf flew into pieces and streams of blood and hot soup, with an occasional length of maccaroni, ran down the faces and necks of the combatants, saturating their clothing. The greasy fluid penetrated to their skins and more deplorable looking spectacles than these two men, who suddenly stood in need of baths, it would be difficult to conjure up. The adherents of the men yelled with rage. Pistols were drawn and flourished and a scene of carnage seemed imminent for a few moments. Curses filled the air and the crowd in the hall soon became a surging mass of excited men and screaming women—the men apparently bent on taking each other's lives. All but one of the ladies and the musicians fled the scene as quickly as they could get outside. The committee, in their anxiety to prevent bloodshed, naturally turned to Whannell as the representative of authority.

"Where's the magistrate?" was asked by one of the peaceably inclined.

"He was here a moment ago," said another. "There's his wife. Ask her."

The only woman who had not fled the scene was Mrs. Whannell. She stood, pale and trembling, in one corner of the room, apparently motionless from fear. Even the excited rowdies respected the presence of a lady and in their struggles left free space of several feet about her.

"Madam," said John Kurtz, "where's your husband? In God's name tell me, or murder will be done."

"I haven't the slightest idea," replied Mrs. Whannell, in a faltering voice.

"Allow me," said Kurtz, always polite and kind, "to escort you from this awful scene." As he spoke he extended his arm and half drew, half led the almost fainting woman from the spot. As she moved away a pair of boots, then a pair of long legs and finally a long body arrayed in the full panoply of war came into view. They all belonged to Whannell, who in a paroxysm of fear and laboring under a suspicion that the whole row had been raised for the purpose of potting him, had hidden behind his wife's ample hoop-skirt to get out of harm's way!

The rage of the combatants was changed to mirth. I verily believe that the spectacle of the magistrate rising from the floor and hurrying from the room and out into the darkness, pursued by the boots and laughter of the crowd prevented a tragedy. The two leaders threatened to fight a duel over the affair of the soup, but they were laughed out of their wrath and nothing more was heard of a hostile meeting.

Two days after the ball a stalwart young Irishman named Barney Rice entered Bennett's saloon and called for a drink. When served he refused to pay and walked out. The barkeeper, one Foster, followed him and as the miner moved off shot him dead. The body fell on the snow in the street and lay there for some hours. Foster fled and was seen no more at Yale, although several years later he was recognized in Arizona. This dreadful murder was the capsheaf of the huge pile of iniquity which the roughs had been heaping up for many months, and while a vigilance committee was forming to take charge of the town and drive the evil-doers out Lieut.-Governor Moody, Chief Justice Begbie and Attorney-General Cary, who had been quietly summoned from Victoria by Whannell, arrived on the scene. They were accompanied by a detachment of sappers and marines, and I never felt happier in my life than when very early one morning I saw the redcoats trekking along on the opposite side of the river towards the ferry crossing.

Judge Begbie proceeded to open court in Bennett's hall, some of the tables having been cleared away to make room for his lordship. The table at which the judge sat had the night before held a faro bank, and the table assigned to the Attorney-General and Col. Moody was commonly used for chuck-a-luck by a notorious gambler named Cherokee Bill.

Summonses had been issued for McGowan, Bagley and other offenders and they appeared in court. Their defence was that they were the objects of persecution by Whannell and other officials, that they had been driven from their own land and had come to this country to reside as peaceable citizens. Judge Begbie acted with great discretion and after a short address he dismissed all the prisoners with an expression of sympathy with their misfortune and confidence in their intention to be good. Whannell was dismissed and went away, and Hill's Bar having been worked out the rough element left the river and never came back.

There are many other incidents connected with the early settlement of Yale, but they must be reserved for a future day. No one visiting Yale at this time would imagine that it was ever the scene of stormy events or the seat of a large and busy population. It is a good specimen of a deserted village, with its empty houses and its silent streets, and yet time was when it was the busiest town in the colony of British Columbia. "So passes away earthly glory."

Of the multitude I met at Yale few remain. It is appalling to think of the ravages death has made in the ranks of those hardy young men who sought for gold among the sands of Fraser river. I shall sketch the career of only a few.

Hugh Nelson caught the Golden Butterfly, and after leaving Yale became a member of the Legislative Council of British Columbia; next he was made a Senator of the Dominion and then Lieut.-Governor, discharging all the duties with honor and credit to himself and advantage to the Dominion. At Ottawa he married Miss Stanton, a lady who brought to the Government House a charming personality and a winsome manner, which captivated all who were so fortunate as to be entertained there. When his term of office was ended Mr. Nelson, whose health was shattered, with Mrs. Nelson, went to England and while on a visit to Ditchley Park, in Oxfordshire, the seat of Lord Dillon, his brother-in-law, he died and was laid to rest in the family mausoleum of that nobleman. It is recorded that Queen Elizabeth visited Ditchley in 1592 and her successor, King James I., also staid there. The heads of several red deer shot by that monarch and his eldest son, Henry, Prince of Wales, during their visits in 1608 and 1610, adorn the walls of Lord Dillon's billiard-room. Even in death Mr. Nelson's Butterfly did not desert him.

John Kurtz captured the Golden Butterfly at Yale and Cariboo. Took it to Victoria thence it flew away and he never found it again. He died in Victoria twelve years ago.

His was a noble character. He loved his fellow man. His heart overflowed with the milk of human kindness, and his last dollar was ever at the call of charity. Where many of us had a hundred faults, he had but one; and that fault dragged him to an untimely grave—wept over and regretted by those who had enjoyed his friendship, and by those who had been the recipients of his bounty. I recall that on the day of his funeral, and while his body lay in state in Pioneer Hall, a poor widow woman, worn and wasted by illness and the pinching of poverty, entered the room, and after gazing on the placid features for a few moments, timidly laid a little bunch of violets on the coffin-lid, and withdrew, weeping silently. It was not much, but it was all that she had—the widow's mite—a tribute to the goodness of the man by whose hand she and her little ones had been fed and clothed. There is room in this world for a few more men like John Kurtz.

Wm. Power caught his Butterfly at Yale and carried it with him to New York and South America, where it escaped. He returned to British Columbia in 1881 and found his Butterfly again on the townsite of Vancouver Retiring with an ample fortune he died in an Eastern city several years ago. Of his amiable wife, it should be stated that she is still alive in New York City.

I brought my Butterfly to Victoria and for many years it was my good genius. I cherished and nourished it with the care and attention of a lover. It charmed me with its brilliant colors and its zoosamer wings. My close companion by day, at night I locked it securely in a vault. Everything I touched prospered—wealth, position, influence, friends, all were at my command. It just seemed as if there was nothing beyond my reach, and I revelled in my good fortune. But one day a sad thing happened. My close companion, my good genius, left my hand as I opened the vault and flew out into the open air. I followed, hoping to recover it. It went up and up until it was almost lost to view. Then it came down and down and down, describing graceful circles as it descended, and alighted upon the tramway track on Government street. I sprang forward to grasp it, but a tram car rolled over the spot and my Golden Butterfly must have been smashed to an unrecognizable mass, for I saw it no more, nor has any trace of it been since discovered so far as I know.

"Haven't you any smoke consumers in this town?" asked the stranger, wiping a chunk of soot out of his eye. "Yes, sir," coughed the native. "There are about 2,000,000 of us."—Chicago Tribune.

Farmer Greene—Mother, ye know how hard Steve's bin tryin' fer ter git in condition so's fer ye ter be in the boat racin' down there ter college. Mrs. Greene—Yes. Farmer Greene—Well, he's got there — writes ter say he's bin conditioned.—Judge.

The Chinese and the South African Labor Question

BY HIRAM S. MAXIM IN FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

I see by the English papers that the South African mine-owners are quite unable to obtain sufficient labor for the profitable working of their mines, and this notwithstanding that tens of thousands of workingmen, both in England and South Africa, are out of work and, I might say, at the point of starvation. It is said that if these white laborers were put to work in the mines, they would be unable to extract sufficient gold to pay their own wages, to say nothing of leaving something for the owners.

Heretofore negroes have been largely employed, but it now appears that the negro prefers to live off his cattle or by tilling the soil, and to forego the questionable luxuries of wearing store clothes and a top-hat, and of drinking rum. He evidently does not relish the ceaseless toil in the mines under conditions which practically make him a slave of the white man, all of which would seem to indicate that after all the negro has a fair amount of common-sense. According to the mine-owner's way of thinking at the present moment, there is only one alternative, and that is, the importation of Chinese workers. It is recognized, however, that the Chinaman is a very dangerous factor to introduce into a new country. The plan seems to be to engage them for a term of years, and to keep them in confinement in what is nothing more or less than a state of slavery, great care being taken that none escape, and at the expiration of their engagement to return all of them to their native country, whether they wish to go or not. There is no suggestion that they should be treated like white men, or even like negroes.

The English press in commenting on this subject, points out that whenever the Chinese have been allowed to enter a white man's country, they have been found to be extremely objectionable; in fact, so very objectionable, that it has always been found necessary to pass stringent and drastic laws for their exclusion or expulsion. As the history of the Chinese in America may be considered as typical of that in other countries, I will refer to it briefly, and attempt to point out the faults and peculiarities which have made the Chinese so extremely obnoxious and objectionable to the imported American people. It should be distinctly understood that the "American people" and "the noble American workman" referred to in this article do not in any way relate to the sons of the Pilgrim Fathers, but to a totally different kind of an American, manufactured out of a foreign workman, who, by strikes of the most malignant kind, have driven every industry out of his own country except agriculture, and this would have followed if the landowners could have moved the land.

First and foremost, it was found that the Chinese did too much work, and did it too well for the money they received They worked too many hours in a day, too many days in a week, and too many weeks in a year. It is said that they could not be assimilated and become a part of the American people. They were the only men that could not vote; they appeared to look upon everything from a totally different standpoint to the rest of mankind. Other men require some effort on their own part to commence work, and a good deal on the part of their employer to keep them going. The natural conditions of a white man appears to be a state of rest. Not so the Chinaman; his natural condition is one of ceaseless activity; it requires no effort on his part to commence work, and when once started, he goes on for ever like a steam engine without the necessity of any urging on the part of his employer. The fact is, a Chinaman is like some of our public speakers of years ago—dinner-time type, who can be started without any great effort, and, when once set going, would go on for ever if they were not stopped.

The American working men of the imported variety are falrminded and noble fellows, and believe in giving every one a fair chance, not even excepting the heathen Chinee. They sought out these misguided Chinamen and attempted to reason with them. They pointed out the error of their ways, and did all they could to reform and civilize the poor heathen, and to impress upon him the principles and practices of the white workers, but to all of no purpose; the misguided heathen still worked on like a machine; he would not even slow up. Then, again, the Chinese were not satisfied with doing twice as much as they should on week days. Many of them, who were profitably employed six days in the week, acquired small plots of land which they cultivated on nights and on Sunday, and no matter how poor the land might be, they made it produce amazing crops. It was like magic; they got about ten times as much out of the land as ever had been done before. This magic system and market gardening which I send with this paper. All the ladies wore hoops at that ball, and how in the world they contrived to make their way through the crowded hall and retain their skirts will ever be a mystery to me.

Until midnight all went well. The few ladies present had no lack of partners while most of the men were forced to dance with each other. Supper having been announced it occurred to the committee to invite Ned McGowan to preside at the first, or ladies' table. He consented, and I am bound to say he performed the duties with grace and gentlemanly courtesy—for he could be a gentleman when occasion required. Bagley, who laid claim to good looks, and was very much of a lady's man, was furious at the selection of McGowan to preside, and when the ladies had left the table, fired a most offensive epithet at the chairman. The latter, who had a plate of soup in his hand, brought it down with a resounding whack on Bagley's head. Quick as thought Bagley, who also held a plate of soup in his hand, responded with a whack on McGowan's head. The plates of heavy delf flew into pieces and streams of blood and hot soup, with an occasional length of maccaroni, ran down the faces and necks of the combatants, saturating their clothing. The greasy fluid penetrated to their skins and more deplorable looking spectacles than these two men, who suddenly stood in need of baths, it would be difficult to conjure up. The adherents of the men yelled with rage. Pistols were drawn and flourished and a scene of carnage seemed imminent for a few moments. Curses filled the air and the crowd in the hall soon became a surging mass of excited men and screaming women—the men apparently bent on taking each other's lives. All but one of the ladies and the musicians fled the scene as quickly as they could get outside. The committee, in their anxiety to prevent bloodshed, naturally turned to Whannell as the representative of authority.

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"He was here a moment ago," said another. "There's his wife. Ask her."

The only woman who had not fled the scene was Mrs. Whannell. She stood, pale and trembling, in one corner of the room, apparently motionless from fear. Even the excited rowdies respected the presence of a lady and in their struggles left free space of several feet about her.

"Madam," said John Kurtz, "where's your husband? In God's name tell me, or murder will be done."

"I haven't the slightest idea," replied Mrs. Whannell, in a faltering voice.

"Allow me," said Kurtz, always polite and kind, "to escort you from this awful scene." As he spoke he extended his arm and half drew, half led the almost fainting woman from the spot. As she moved away a pair of boots, then a pair of long legs and finally a long body arrayed in the full panoply of war came into view. They all belonged to Whannell, who in a paroxysm of fear and laboring under a suspicion that the whole row had been raised for the purpose of potting him, had hidden behind his wife's ample hoop-skirt to get out of harm's way!

The rage of the combatants was changed to mirth. I verily believe that the spectacle of the magistrate rising from the floor and hurrying from the room and out into the darkness, pursued by the boots and laughter of the crowd prevented a tragedy. The two leaders threatened to fight a duel over the affair of the soup, but they were laughed out of their wrath and nothing more was heard of a hostile meeting.

Two days after the ball a stalwart young Irishman named Barney Rice entered Bennett's saloon and called for a drink. When served he refused to pay and walked out. The barkeeper, one Foster, followed him and as the miner moved off shot him dead. The body fell on the snow in the street and lay there for some hours. Foster fled and was seen no more at Yale, although several years later he was recognized in Arizona. This dreadful murder was the capsheaf of the huge pile of iniquity which the roughs had been heaping up for many months, and while a vigilance committee was forming to take charge of the town and drive the evil-doers out Lieut.-Governor Moody, Chief Justice Begbie and Attorney-General Cary, who had been quietly summoned from Victoria by Whannell, arrived on the scene. They were accompanied by a detachment of sappers and marines, and I never felt happier in my life than when very early one morning I saw the redcoats trekking along on the opposite side of the river towards the ferry crossing.

Judge Begbie proceeded to open court in Bennett's hall, some of the tables having been cleared away to make room for his lordship. The table at which the judge sat had the night before held a faro bank, and the table assigned to the Attorney-General and Col. Moody was commonly used for chuck-a-luck by a notorious gambler named Cherokee Bill.

Summonses had been issued for McGowan, Bagley and other offenders and they appeared in court. Their defence was that they were the objects of persecution by Whannell and other officials, that they had been driven from their own land and had come to this country to reside as peaceable citizens. Judge Begbie acted with great discretion and after a short address he dismissed all the prisoners with an expression of sympathy with their misfortune and confidence in their intention to be good. Whannell was dismissed and went away, and Hill's Bar having been worked out the rough element left the river and never came back.

There are many other incidents connected with the early settlement of Yale, but they must be reserved for a future day. No one visiting Yale at this time would imagine that it was ever the scene of stormy events or the seat of a large and busy population. It is a good specimen of a deserted village, with its empty houses and its silent streets, and yet time was when it was the busiest town in the colony of British Columbia. "So passes away earthly glory."

Of the multitude I met at Yale few remain. It is appalling to think of the ravages death has made in the ranks of those hardy young men who sought for gold among the sands of Fraser river. I shall sketch the career of only a few.

Hugh Nelson caught the Golden Butterfly, and after leaving Yale became a member of the Legislative Council of British Columbia; next he was made a Senator of the Dominion and then Lieut.-Governor, discharging all the duties with honor and credit to himself and advantage to the Dominion. At Ottawa he married Miss Stanton, a lady who brought to the Government House a charming personality and a winsome manner, which captivated all who were so fortunate as to be entertained there. When his term of office was ended Mr. Nelson, whose health was shattered, with Mrs. Nelson, went to England and while on a visit to Ditchley Park, in Oxfordshire, the seat of Lord Dillon, his brother-in-law, he died and was laid to rest in the family mausoleum of that nobleman. It is recorded that Queen Elizabeth visited Ditchley in 1592 and her successor, King James I., also staid there. The heads of several red deer shot by that monarch and his eldest son, Henry, Prince of Wales, during their visits in 1608 and 1610, adorn the walls of Lord Dillon's billiard-room. Even in death Mr. Nelson's Butterfly did not desert him.

John Kurtz captured the Golden Butterfly at Yale and Cariboo. Took it to Victoria thence it flew away and he never found it again. He died in Victoria twelve years ago.

His was a noble character. He loved his fellow man. His heart overflowed with the milk of human kindness, and his last dollar was ever at the call of charity. Where many of us had a hundred faults, he had but one; and that fault dragged him to an untimely grave—wept over and regretted by those who had enjoyed his friendship, and by those who had been the recipients of his bounty. I recall that on the day of his funeral, and while his body lay in state in Pioneer Hall, a poor widow woman, worn and wasted by illness and the pinching of poverty, entered the room, and after gazing on the placid features for a few moments, timidly laid a little bunch of violets on the coffin-lid, and withdrew, weeping silently. It was not much, but it was all that she had—the widow's mite—a tribute to the goodness of the man by whose hand she and her little ones had been fed and clothed. There is room in this world for a few more men like John Kurtz.

Wm. Power caught his Butterfly at Yale and carried it with him to New York and South America, where it escaped. He returned to British Columbia in 1881 and found his Butterfly again on the townsite of Vancouver Retiring with an ample fortune he died in an Eastern city several years ago. Of his amiable wife, it should be stated that she is still alive in New York City.

I brought my Butterfly to Victoria and for many years it was my good genius. I cherished and nourished it with the care and attention of a lover. It charmed me with its brilliant colors and its zoosamer wings. My close companion by day, at night I locked it securely in a vault. Everything I touched prospered—wealth, position, influence, friends, all were at my command. It just seemed as if there was nothing beyond my reach, and I revelled in my good fortune. But one day a sad thing happened. My close companion, my good genius, left my hand as I opened the vault and flew out into the open air. I followed, hoping to recover it. It went up and up until it was almost lost to view. Then it came down and down and down, describing graceful circles as it descended, and alighted upon the tramway track on Government street. I sprang forward to grasp it, but a tram car rolled over the spot and my Golden Butterfly must have been smashed to an unrecognizable mass, for I saw it no more, nor has any trace of it been since discovered so far as I know.

"Haven't you any smoke consumers in this town?" asked the stranger, wiping a chunk of soot out of his eye. "Yes, sir," coughed the native. "There are about 2,000,000 of us."—Chicago Tribune.

Farmer Greene—Mother, ye know how hard Steve's bin tryin' fer ter git in condition so's fer ye ter be in the boat racin' down there ter college. Mrs. Greene—Yes. Farmer Greene—Well, he's got there — writes ter say he's bin conditioned.—Judge.

Is it any wonder then that the Chinaman always had plenty of money, while the white man had little or none? Various plans were proposed for transferring some of the Chinaman's money to the pockets of those who knew better what to do with it, that is how to spend it in a civilized and Christian manner. The great American game of draw poker appeared to be the most plausible means of making the much-desired transfer; so, in due time, the heathen Chinee was introduced to the mysteries of this great game. The game served, as had been expected, in changing the ownership of money, but not in the direction that the white man had confidently hoped, for it is on record that the heathen Chinee, by "ways that were dark and tricks that were vain," very soon collared all the cash, and this "at the game he did not understand." And the cry went up: "We are ruined by Chinese cheap labor."

At first it was believed that the heathen might be content to remain a human machine for performing rough and laborious work which was, as a rule, distasteful to the white man. But here again the white man deceived himself, for no sooner had the Chinaman learnt a little English and accumulated a little capital than he went into trade, and, curiously enough, by keeping his place clean and all his goods in excellent order, and by selling cheap for cash, he managed to capture the trade of a large number of white people. Even his system of casting up accounts was rapid and cheap; he wasted no pencils or paper, but employed a cheap, home-made calculating machine that never made a mistake. In fact, there seemed to be no end to the wickedness of these heathen. They were always looking for the main chance. When a knowledge of the English language became a necessity to them, they did not go to a teacher in the ordinary way and pay for lessons, as any one else would have done—not a bit of it; they found the open door to a cheaper and far more agreeable road to learning. Many of the charming and aristocratic young ladies of San Francisco were engaged in Church work, and were most anxious to save the Chinaman's soul and teach him to read the Bible. Evidently here was the chance for a clever deal, and the heathen was not slow to accept the situation and to profit by it. The rivalry between the ladies of the various churches in saving souls was so sharp that in many cases the Chinaman not only got his education free, in a very agreeable manner, but also received useful presents and sometimes small payments in cash. The payment of cash was, however, a fatal mistake on the part of the fair teachers, for no sooner did the Chinaman discover that his services had a commercial value, than he changed his name and religion and had his soul saved several times over. When this dodge had been worked as often as possible, he went back to his wooden Joss and to business, and this without a single exception. Indeed, "the ways of the heathen Chinee are peculiar."

When the San Francisco Chinese had accumulated a little money, many of them purchased old and worked-out gold mines that had been abandoned by their owners; others purchased the tailings or earth that had been already worked by the white man. By great skill and care, working seventeen to eighteen hours per day, and seven days in the week, they extracted a lot of gold and became a prosperous community. Sometimes they actually had the effrontery to come out on Sundays in a silk coat and cap. This greatly exasperated the white man, and new tactics were invented to abate this unbearable nuisance. Every means of civilizing the heathen Chinee having been tried, and having ignominiously failed, new and special laws were passed which did not apply to the white men. The Chinaman was taxed, and re-taxed, and then taxed again; he was arrested and fined, and re-fined; he was imprisoned, and abused, and lied about; the police clubbed and killed him; the rough stoned and murdered him; even the little boys and women annoyed and persecuted him. The noble working man killed him by the score, and "slim he came up smiling"; it seemed to agree with him. Then laws of expulsion and exclusion were passed; still some remained, they seemed rooted to the soil. At this point, the pious and good missionary came on the scene. As all efforts to civilize the Chinaman had failed, as nothing could be done for his body, the missionary thought that at least his poor soul might be saved; but upon visiting the Chinese quarters he was greatly pained and disappointed. He found that they had built a cheap Joss-house out of old packing-cases, and made a cheap "wooden god with a long red tongue." The missionary's feelings were greatly outraged. He reported what he had seen, and a petition to Congress was drawn up, which received a great number of signatures. The people of California protested against heathenism in general and this "wooden god with the red tongue" in particular. They pointed out that such a parody on religion had a bad effect on the rising generation. Even in this case, the Chinese found a defender in one of the greatest lawyers living in the States at the time. He pointed out that the "Chinese wooden god with the long tongue painted red" was perfectly harmless, and certainly no more objectionable than the local article which was said to have a tongue of flame.