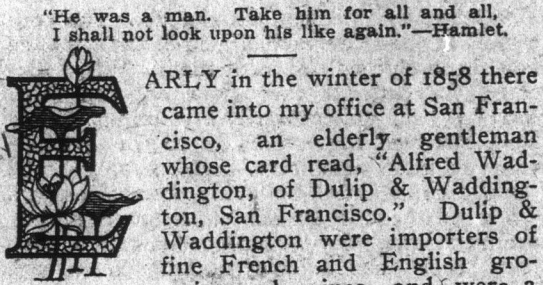


ALFRED WADDINGTON—A SKETCH

By D. W. Higgins, Author of "The Mystic Spring," etc.



He was a man. Take him for all and all, I shall not look upon his like again."—Hamlet.

ARLY in the winter of 1858 there came into my office at San Francisco, an elderly gentleman whose card read, "Alfred Waddington, of Dulip & Waddington, San Francisco." Dulip & Waddington were importers of fine French and English groceries and wines, and were a very responsible firm. Dulip was a Frenchman, Waddington was an Englishman. Dulip was no one in particular, so far as family went, but he was a straightforward, honorable man, and as such stood high in the business community. Waddington also enjoyed the confidence of the community, and was greatly respected by the English "colony" that then resided at San Francisco.

Mr. Waddington had passed many years of his life in France as a coal mining engineer. He was an uncle of M. Waddington who, before he died, was minister of the French Republic at the Court of St. James. As the French M. Waddington descended from the Plantagenets, it follows that Mr. Waddington of San Francisco was similarly connected.

The object of Mr. Waddington's visit to the Call office was to have editorial attention directed to a "Map of New Caledonia," which bearing his name, had just been issued from a lithographic establishment.

The map was twice the size of a sheet of foolscap. It was printed in colors, mostly red and yellow, and I recall that the magic word "Gold," with a yellow backing, was plentifully distributed over the plan. The Cascade Mountains were brought out in all their grandeur, with crowns of snow that closely resembled in form the nightcaps which were then in vogue. Mr. Waddington explained that his map was copied from maps prepared by the Hudson's Bay Company, from information received from servants of the Company, and from his own personal observations in the colony which, he added, was destined to become one of the foremost metal-producing countries in the world.

News of the discovery of gold on Thompson and Fraser rivers had reached San Francisco by way of Puget Sound in the summer of 1857. It was brought by the captain of a lumber schooner from Port Ludlow, who declared that he had obtained it from a miner who had taken the gold from a bar on one of the streams and had come out for provisions. The gold was of the variety known as "flour" gold. It was fine, that one could blow it away by lightly breathing upon it, and so heavy that the sample shown, though small in bulk, weighed about three ounces. The placers of California had begun to show exhaustion, and the attention of the miners, who knew little or nothing about quartz, was attracted to the discovery in New Caledonia. At the time Mr. Waddington issued his map, small parties were forming for a trip to the diggings in New Caledonia.

The map increased the interest in the discoveries, and the prospect of finding gold in every stream and in every mountain, as shown by Mr. Waddington, added to the excitement. Soon there was a mighty movement toward the Fraser river. The California diggings were mostly sold to tenderfeet, and the late owners hid them to the coast, where they took any kind of ship for the north. The interest grew with the days. Many thousands of Mr. Waddington's maps were disposed of at \$1 each. His presses could scarcely issue them fast enough. From all parts of California came orders. I never heard positively, but I have reason to believe that at least 20,000 copies were disposed of in a few weeks. The map was inaccurate. In dozens of places where the word "G O L D" with a yellow backing, met the eye there were only sand and gravel, and in places where a trail was said to be there was brush, forest or precipice.

Every steamboat, ship, schooner or sloop that could be secured for the trip was put on the berth. Vessels that had long been laid up as unseaworthy were brought alongside the docks and advertised as "the fast, commodious and seaworthy steamship," so-and-so, that would sail for Victoria, B. C., on such and such a date, carrying steerage passengers and cabin passengers at \$60 each. There was no official on the dock to count the numbers, and the way in which vessels were crowded with excited throngs was a disgrace to the authorities and a menace to public safety. It is estimated that 20,000 immigrants left California for Victoria in 1858. Their tents covered much of the Victoria townsite from the Hudson Bay fort as far east as Vancouver street, where there was a dense forest and a swamp that extended from Douglas street to the foot of the hill on Fort street. The last named thoroughfare and Yates street were made of earth that was dumped into the swamp. A system of culverts conducted the water to what was known as the Johnson street ravine, the course of which it followed to the harbor.

The steamer which brought me to Victoria was named the Sierra Nevada. She was so crowded with passengers that scarcely standing room could be found. No one who had the fare was denied a ticket. The steamer was nine days on the run; and landed her passengers here on the 10th day of July, 1858, slightly more than fifty years ago.

From \$100 to \$200 each in April, and in July they had risen in value to \$10,000. Sales were reported at that figure for inside lots, but they were mostly options which were not taken up when the time-limits expired. In 1862 there was a similar boom, but it only lasted a few months, and when the mines fell off in production Victoria really fell off in value. Mr. Waddington laid out Waddington Alley, and a number of cheap shops were erected on the lots. He told me in 1860 that his income from those shacks was upwards of \$1,000 a month. Most of the shops were built by the lessees, who left them when they went away, and they passed into the possession of the owner of the lots. Victoria at first grew rapidly. The day, even our long summer day, was too short, and some of the early stores were run up by candlelight, so eager were the owners to place their goods on sale.

Mr. Waddington was not a handsome man by any means. He had a rugged, scarred countenance, the result of an accident in a French coal mine where he was employed as manager; but he had a noble, generous heart, and was constantly doing good for some poor fellow who became stranded here. As he was very popular he was elected to the legislature and served a term with much credit and ability.

The government had opened a road by way of the Harrison river and the Pemberton Meadows to the town of Lillooet, utilizing a chain of lakes that lie between the towns of Harrison and Lillooet, for the transportation of freight and passengers, whence they traveled to Clinton and took the wagon-road for Cariboo, which had just been completed by G. B. Wright.

Another route via Yale and Fraser river was projected when J. W. Trutch spanned the river with a suspension bridge, which made unnecessary a ferry at that point, the road by way of Harrison river was abandoned and the money invested there was a dead loss to the government, which all the time had scarcely sufficient revenue to pay the salaries of the servants.

About this time a third route was project-

ed. It was proposed to build a wagon-road from the head of Bute Inlet to the Chilcotin Plains, and by that means reach Cariboo with a saving of 175 miles in the journey from Victoria. Amongst the advocates of the Bute Inlet route was Mr. Waddington, who backed his faith with his money. He sent a party of roadmakers, with tools and provisions, to the Inlet; and they began to cut a way through the forest and around the hills, and to construct bridges. He sent another party, under a well-known mountaineer named Alex. McDonald, who landed at Bella Coola with forty pack animals laden with provisions, with instructions to meet the roadmakers at Chilcotin.

Now it so happened that at a ferry on Humalkhop river a quantity of supplies were left, with a man named Jim Smith in charge. Smith, from what followed, must have been a short-tempered, choleric individual, for when a party of Chilcotin Indians, hungry and tired, applied to him for food and assistance in crossing the river, Smith abused them and refused to give them anything to eat. Enraged at their reception, one of the Indians shot Smith dead, and after satisfying their wants, repaired to a body of Indians encamped near by, and told them what they had done. The Indians, who had been long meditating over other wrongs, real or imaginary, decided to repair to the roadmakers' camp and destroy all the men.

Very early on the morning of the 20th of April, 1864, they fell on the sleeping workmen, on whom they dropped the tents, and by firing and by running knives into their bodies and slaying them with axes, they killed all but three of the party. Three men of the seven were desperately wounded. The trio made their way to Victoria, where they told their tale of tragedy. It was soon learned that Alex. McDonald's party of packers were waylaid two days after the assault on the camp and murdered, the supplies being looted. Only one man escaped. The Government acted with much energy. Heavy rewards were offered for the capture of the murderers, and the Chilcotin country was invaded by forces of

volunteers and friendly natives from Cariboo and Bute Inlet.

The causes that led to the outbreak are stated by Father A. G. Morice, O.M.I., whose admirable work on "The History (1658 to 1880) of the Northern Interior of British Columbia," should be found in every Canadian library, to have been interference with the wives and children of the Indians, and the spread of the smallpox, which carried off one-third of the tribe. Father Morice, on the authority of Mr. Waddington, says that two white men, Angus McLeod and one Taylor, gathered the infected blankets of the dead which had been thrown into the bush, and sold them as clean blankets to the Indians, thus causing a second visitation of the plague which destroyed another third of the tribe.

Among the pursuers of the murderers was one D. McLean, who pooh-poohed all warnings of danger, declaring that when the Chilcotins should see him they would bend down their heads and he would kill them with a club." One morning McLean, accompanied by an Indian servant, climbed a rocky hill, when his companion said he thought he heard a gun snap. McLean's father had been killed on the Red river by Indians when the son was a boy. The boy, having attained to manhood, was noted for the skillful use of his fists on Indians and generally for his brutality. He was concerned in the murder of three Indians some years before, and his very name was regarded with a feeling of terror by the tribes. A few years later three of his sons were hanged at New Westminster for the murder of Gold Commissioner Usher at Kamloops and of a shepherd in Nicola valley. At this particular moment, when he was told that a gun had snapped,

"Fshaw!" contemptuously exclaimed McLean, in answer "they would not shoot me. They are too much afraid of me."

He had scarcely finished the sentence when he fell dead, shot by an Indian who was never apprehended.

Father Morice says that Magistrate Cox, who commanded the party from Cariboo, sent a slave with provisions to the hostile camp, threatened to go all one way. Two runners from the United States won the first two places in the opening trial, and a Canadian came third. The next test showed two representatives of the United States again in the front. After that, however, several heats were carried off by Great Britain, and one for Canada, so that at the close of the preliminaries for the 1,500 metres race the Mother Country won five heats out of eight. The final should be a grand struggle, and even if our men do not win through they will have shown that there is still considerable vitality in this island. In the swimming contest we have at present an easy lead, and have held our own in the great bicycle race.

"We are not writing in the wrong spirit. We shall be entirely untrue to our traditions, and our behaviour will be very unlike our usual spirit in sport, if we do not welcome every success achieved by other nations with an ungrudging generosity of enthusiasm such as could not be surpassed in any other capital in the world. Nevertheless, we shall, of course, be curious to learn how the results of the Olympiad may show us to stand. They will test our present position among the nations in almost every form of sport. The time was, and it is not so far behind us, when we monopolized the "records" in games. In the last few years rose after rose has been plucked from our chaplet. We have seen ourselves frequently excelled from time to time in contests where our supremacy had once been unquestioned.

"Too much has been made of a process which has been to a large extent inevitable, like the similar movements in trade. It is not that we are worse men than our fathers were. It is that our Continental and American competitors are, for these particular purposes, far better men than their ancestors used to be. It is futile to suppose that when other nations turned their attention to athletics we could assert our national supremacy in all many exercises over the vast majority of the civilized world."

The Glory of Physical Vigor Described

THE Great Olympic Games were commenced at the Stadium of the Franco-British Exhibition on Monday, July 13—a great international parade of physical vigor.

"The opening scene was direct and brief," says the Daily Telegraph. "Lord Desborough presented the foreign delegates to His Majesty. King Edward fulfilled the purpose of the occasion in one ringing sentence: 'I declare the Olympic Games of London open.' Then followed a scene which lowering skies could not rob of its spirit and impressiveness. The two thousand picked athletes of the world had walked in, nation by nation, and were marshalled in solid array in front of the Royal box. The King's words were no sooner said than the trumpeters blew a fanfare, and after three cheers for His Majesty, as fine a phalanx of young manhood as sport has ever brought together in any age trooped past the Sovereign."

"Each nation marched as it were, in character, and the scene as they circled the path was as memorable and stirring a spectacle of its sort as has been witnessed or could be imagined in connection with modern athletics. The pride of place was conceded by all the English-speaking delegates to the foreign representatives. These latter ranked according to their nations, taken in alphabetical order. At the head of all, keeping time to the drums, came the Austrians. Each country had its distinctive costume, but there is nothing invidious in saying that by common consent of all their colleagues in the march and of every spectator in the Stadium, the finest display was made by the Scandinavian nations."

"Upon this occasion no hint of the political division of these splendid sea-races of the North could be detected, and as they went by they seemed in physique and in every aspect of racial type to be practically one people. They moved with costumes which were the scrupulous perfection of neatness. They deserved the volleys of cheering with which they were received.

"At the outset the Stadium running heats

"The English-speaking nations were led by the strong column of redoubtable athletes sent over by the United States, to be acclaimed with generous warmth by the whole gathering around them, as well as by the applause and flag-waving from their fellow citizens of both sections. Next came the sons of the Empire, owning their allegiance to a common flag by rendering to their Sovereign as they passed the military salute due from his subjects throughout the world to the King of All the Britains."

"The great games were seriously opened by the heats for the race of 1,500 metres, corresponding pretty nearly to an English mile. It looked first as though our American friends were about to repeat their marvellous performance at St. Louis. There, as we have already said, they carried off fifteen events out of seventeen. In feats of the most various kinds, in running, jumping, throwing the hammer, putting the shot, and in many other tests of strength or skill, they easily vanquished the delegates of all the rest of the world put together."

"There is no doubt that the climate of the North American Continent and the traditional temperament of its people tend to create a race of born athletes. They are lean rather than fleshy. There is more abstention from alcohol among very many millions of the American and Canadian people than among any similar number of the populations of Europe. Then they are helped by the tremendous power of concentration, in which the average citizen of the New World far exceeds the ordinary inhabitant of the Old. Every fibre of physique, every faculty of intelligence is exerted together to the utmost and made to bear upon one end. Hence, even if the records at St. Louis should not be altogether maintained in London, we may accept it as a fact that the American people have reached and will keep an astonishing level of athletic excellence."

Wise Words by the Premier of Great Britain

Some wise words were uttered in the speech which the British Premier Mr. Asquith made to the members of the Pan-Anglican Congress at the Pilgrims' Banquet in London. "I do not think," said Mr. Asquith "it is an exaggeration when I say a generation or two over in other countries was largely fed and fostered upon reciprocal ignorance and contempt. I remember, for instance, when I was a boy, and I do not suppose mine was an exceptional case, that my conception, and the American bishops who were horrified when I told them, of the average American citizen, was built up entirely out of impressions derived from the reading of 'Martin Chuzzlewit' and 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' A picture so composed, may I say it without offence, was one in which there was a marked predominance of unattractive features, but to

day I suppose there is hardly an English child in an elementary school who starts life with such a perverted image of what his American cousin really is, and a similar change has taken place, not only here, but elsewhere, in people's notions of one another. Improvements in the means of communication, greater facilities of intercourse, the spread of education, particularly in regard to foreign languages, a growing sense of the solidarity and interdependence of the trade of the world, the internationalization of science and invention—all these have been contributory causes converging in the same direction, but the work is still lamentably incomplete, and it makes, or ought to make, an irresistible appeal to the Pan-Anglican Congress. You, gentlemen, have come here from north and south, from east and west, from every part of our own empire, from the United States of

America, from China and Japan, and the uttermost parts of the earth. Everywhere in the places from which you come, amid all varieties of race, of climate, of culture, of civilization, you are teaching the same central truth, that men are children of one family, members of one body, members one of another, and let me remind you that in her best and greatest days the Church has always exercised two supremely important functions. She has been at once an emancipating and a unifying power. She denounces slavery, she re-creates the family, she proclaims to principalities and powers that property privilege the favors of fortune are not a freehold, but a trust—a trust for which a strict account will be exacted. But it is my suggestion to you, the mission of the Church not only to set men free, but to bind and hold them together."

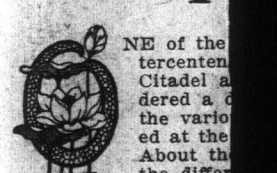
LA LITTÉRAIRE ANGLAISE

Canadian Literature. The Woman in the Rain. Songs of a Sourdough.

OMEWHER State of Indiana means of It was as black as the geese state in C to its in hian wall of boulders tinent. But there were dred in all; and one t of an avary of wingless of their songs had bee contributor to a "post of the State had been majority of the sacred distinction, but as ind of Chas. Deza Forey; and the stage when the w poet by profession, a r ter by his neighbors, of the country that some literary has poetic map of the Do French, Canada and judge by what one res of a new singer a new cleavings which extend cific. Unfortunately, nightingales," who in dition of technique ant errors of taste by Let us hear what M. standpoint the a conty subject of sonnet des volemtes poetes. Il en est natu nont d'autre merite qu excuse un complimente de son qualite. Laissan significants, nous no quelques personnalite M. Deza Forey, pr on the work of Suzan Heavyssee (1816-76), (1813-1887), George W. William Henry Drum D. Roberts, Archibald Wilfred Campbell, Du liam Bliss Carman; has the great merit names of mere rhyme "The making of an and it is much to be yet found an antholog namer as well as the strided by the critic, his last, has said that "by-eriticism and rye lack of sound criticism sor Pelham Edgar, C mark—is one of the e English-speaking Cana at unquestionably ext book, which is an un theologist of prose an -that by no means sc writers, is a specimen counsel. The critic w

As a cooled cane, Rebounding, quive as an example of a w

Imp



NE of the twentieth Citadel a deder a d the various vari ed at the About th the differ as well a the lieutenant-govern leading business men various provin his Excellency on the minutes spent in cor a superb dinner, in the Citadel. The r and stacks of arms, w covered music, and the leads to the balcony ana of the St. Lawren of the three friendl One of these friendi ing over to Earl G contribution to the B At the end of the "Gentlemen, I drink e King," which was the National Anthem, Sir drunk after cheers f He then proposed Prince of Wales, ren and honor to the princi sir in your hearts, a and grateful emotion, the Prince of Wales, of remarkable manifest Your Royal Highnes never be forgotten bu tunate as to be in G Later, in the cour the motto which has illuminated it by ni nous nous aimat truth of which this tation and which ou letters on the door was received with th by the hand, followe and a tiger, and the cheerers subsided low:

Your Excellency, you all most sincere ing this toast, and m ter in which they h referred to the fact I ada. I cannot, I reg of these celebratio the British Atlantic interests of his infi something like a reco from Hon. Mr. B, o one difference, howe gulate myself and champion's vessels, was near \$200 tons, forable." Continuo caison when I have made friends, and of Wales, who acco will ever forget. (C Canada, and to make personal feelings, the realising how enorm the recent years, the cessive governments is people."

His continuing rec Canada, understood could not have be