

through whirling torrents or portaged on men's backs.

An American trapping and trading company with St. Louis as its base, alive to great profits in the business, began sending its hunters towards the Rocky Mountains, the great grassy expanses covered by browsing buffalo, antelope and other game, offered a wide field for hardy spirits employed, at time sanguinary encounters occurring between employees of rival companies. The hunters finally descending the western slope became occasionally permanent settlers of the rich valley lands of the Columbia, their descendants living there to this day.

The discovery of gold on Fraser river in 1858 (much to the company's disgust) bringing a horde of western men and miners to Victoria, which in a few days became a city (of shacks mostly) of ten or twelve thousand ever-moving, restless adventurers, attracted by that magic (and cruel) word "Gold."

They came from San Francisco in everything that would float and much that wouldn't, making the coast line from Point Reyes to Cape Flattery a marine graveyard. Nothing justified this rush, for "Cariboo," "Cassiar" and other rich districts developed later.

Along in the fifties Americans from California, Oregon and now and then a wandering Missourian coming overland, built his cabin on Puget Sound as near as might be to clams and salmon, and chopping a hole in the forest, planted his potatoes, if pious perhaps thanking Heaven that he was per-