

Bygone Days of British Columbia

HOW FORT HOPE SUCCUMBED TO YALE

BY R. E. GOSNELL

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TALKING of Governor Douglas, there have been various estimates of him. Some of the early writers spoke of him as pompous, overbearing, and unjust. I have not time or space to quote from these. It is known that men in authority appeal differently to different persons. It largely depends upon the temperament and disposition of the person making the estimate. It also depends to some extent upon whether he has a favor or not and how his particular application was received. A man has eyes to see and a heart to feel; but he sometimes, very often, sees through his liver and stomach and feels by contact through the sensory nerves of self-interest. A story is told of a man moving into a new section of country and, as he travelled in that direction from his old home, being naturally anxious to know something of the personal factors in his new life, took every opportunity to inquire of those who were passing on the way and might have come from his prospective new home. He discovered two who had lived for years there and were changing their abode.

"How do you find the neighbors?" he asked of the first.

"The worst in the world. I pray God I shall find better where I am going. Take my advice and shun that neighborhood."

"How do you find the neighbors?" he asked of the second.

"The best I ever had. I pray God I shall find as good where am going to. I congratulate you upon your choice of a home."

Popular With the Miners.

Douglas was a strong man and, of course, had many enemies. If they were not enemies in the exact sense of the word, they were at least opponents or critics. He had no rivals. If you want a man "sized" up properly let him go among the miners. Let him deal with them officially, let him mix with them in a social way, and if the verdict is favorable you may be very sure there is not much wrong with him. A man may have eccentricities and be odd and a dozen other things, but if he exhibits common sense and if his reputation is quite safe in a mining camp, I have talked with a great many old timers on this very subject—in order to get, if possible, a just estimate of Douglas from their point of view, not as "court favorites," or officials or as politicians, but as men who met him casually or in the ordinary way of business. These old men, who include Ned Stout, Douglas, William Teague, William Yates, John McIver, "Dutch" Charlie and many others I might mention, all speak of him with respect, and in a reasonable, fair-minded—some might say imperious but kindly disposed—manner. He was quick to decide, prompt to act and generous in fulfilling his promises. Governor Douglas, they say, was a great favorite with the miners of the early days, and his influence in maintaining order, in preventing trouble with the Indians and in exciting respect for early civilization, was the most potent in the new colony of British Columbia. Even Ned Macgowan and his coterie of admirers were won to the side of the Governor by his judicious handling of the "Dutch" gang that had been "fred" from San Francisco by the Vigilantes as dangerous to the community were described by Douglas as "gentlemen," and they were by him.

William Teague, of Yale, gave me rather interesting reminiscences of Hope and Yale in the early days in which Governor Douglas figured large. It was really the story of how Fort Hope lost its supremacy as the head of Fraser river navigation to Yale.

Hope in 1860.

"It was in the midsummer of 1860, after the summer's freshet in the Fraser river, which through various channels drained an extensive interior watershed and swelled the water to such large stream for the months of June and July make it difficult and dangerous for steamboat navigation. Quantities of driftwood floated down, consequently passenger traffic was for these two months on a limited scale. It was on a calm, cloudless summer's day in the early part of August, that the little mining town of Hope was feted, and the inhabitants were astir early on the expectation of the arrival of the stern-wheel steamer Governor Douglas, with His Excellency Governor Douglas, and Lieut.-Col. Moody, on board, on an important mission in connection with the building of an eighteen feet wagon road leading from Hope via Boston Bar over the old Ladner trail, covering a distance of about 800 miles to the rich gold mining district of Cariboo. Flags were flying from the respective flagpoles belonging to the residents, the merchants, comprised of different nations representing their distinguished national houses, English, French, American and German. The little town was chiefly constructed of wooden houses, built in a row for half a mile or so in length, on the margin of the extensive plateau which flanks on the eastern bank of the Fraser river. The town consisted of provision stores, dry goods stores, hotels, billiard saloons, butchers' shops, restaurants, drug shops, and blacksmith shops. The Indians, too, were seen at this period in their primitive mode of living, hundreds of them occupied several large ranches, strongly built with cedar posts and cedar boards, hewn and trimmed up and decorated with carved devices and characteristic figures placed conspicuously at the entrances to their dwellings, in memory to the chieftains and heroes who have joined the Great Spirit. On steamer days it was always an interesting sight to see them turn out in squad on their haunches on the bank of the river with their different shades of color-blankets, shawls, and petticoats—silently and closely watching the methods and movements of the white men in their (to them) ingenious modes of

travelling up the Fraser. The Argonauts, too, from various placer camps along the river had assembled to join in the holiday scenes, and pay their homage of respect to this worthy representative of Britain—Governor Douglas. These early pioneers arrived in British Columbia by the thousands in 1858, from California, in quest of gold. They were conspicuous in their attire. Blue and scarlet flannel shirts, blue overalls, a scarlet sash girding the waist, gold boots and a sombrero hat, marked the external for a man from the gold diggings of California. Fidelity to one's trust, whether in great things or small, whether in sacred or secular duties, the principle being involved in all—this was the golden rule of action and belief with those bands of early pioneers—men who respected and esteemed the wise and good ruler who for the time being held sway in the name of Queen Victoria. The steamer was sighted rounding the point at Mariaville Island, "bucking" against a 15-mile current at this place with flags flying on the way and might have come from his prospective new home. He discovered two who had lived for years there and were changing their abode.

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"This extraordinary speech was the death knell to the little pictureque town of Hope.

"The Governor answered Mr. Chisholm's speech in a few words in a very clear manner which was easily understood by the assembly. He said, 'Do you think Mr. Chisholm that the people of Great Britain would be willing to pay the taxes to build your roads? If you do, I don't,' which brought vociferous cheers from the crowd.

"It was at this point of the meeting that was afforded the opportunity to the gentlemen of the Yale delegation, Charlie Christopher, William Power, and Frank Jay, to interview His Excellency on the subject of building a wagon road, starting at Yale following the Fraser river through the canyon to Lytton, based on the same terms—one cent per pound toll.' Bright and early on the following day the party left Hope under canvas for Yale. Shortly after their arrival an informal gathering of the residents of the place was held. His Excellency introduced his subject, submitting the advisability of constructing roads and collecting one cent per pound toll on the merchandise passing. It was unanimously approved by the Yale residents and within a few hours the rough draft of the specifications of starting the trunk road in the following year was made, and the Royal Engineers began the work. Then Yale became the important point, the head of the steamboat navigation on the Fraser river.

"The specifications for the Yale portions of the Cariboo trunk road were finally made and approved at Hope, by Col. Moody and his executive staff of Royal Engineers were camped for six weeks or more away out of reach from the annoying pest, the mosquito, where draughtsmen could work with steady nerves, and children rest and sleep without being tortured.

Interviewing Capt. Irving.

"The next object of the Yale delegation was to interview Capt. Wm. Irving at Hope, who came with (1860) plying his river steamers between Westminister and the town of Hope. The interview took place in a rather promiscuous manner in front of a certain building (of which the details I worked on these days—'Chah-bay-ya'—meaning

how do you do. The subject was opened by Charlie Oppenheimer: 'Well, Captain, we are going to have the Yale-Smith when a merchant in that country and everything in that country and chummed—' Theodore Davis.

"Doc" Holloway spent four years in the Cassiar country. He knew Porter and George Cook, and Ulrich Nelson, John Colbreath (John Grant's old partner), and Bill Southcombe, who was lost and never found, Bill Wigg, "Buckskin" Miller, and Capt. Bill Moore, who was there with his supplies, and hundreds of others. He went on the Liard and then to Finlay, McCulloch Bar and Thibert creek. Twenty-four years were spent in the northern interior after leaving the coast without coming back. He wintered at six different and remote places of the north, and spent some of the time at Port Essington, Wrangell and other places on the northwest coast. When it is a question of the Fraser river country I went down to Queenell—there were seventeen of us. I do not recollect what year it was. Among the fellows were Bob Clark, Joe Newton, Henry Christie, Frank Sylvester, Jack Hill and 'Brip' Lewis.

Was Blown Up

at Union Bar Riffe, where a strong current exists at low water, and three lives were lost, Capt. Jamieson, the freeman and one deck-hand, an Indian. It is also reported that one or two Chinamen were killed. Capt. Wm. Irving was on board at the time of the explosion, and Jim Ellison, alias Limber Jim, Capt. Irving called his life to his cabin and made his way to the lavatory at the stern of the vessel. Limber Jim was at the wheel-house and was blown twelve or fifteen feet in the air, and yet escaped with his life, but he sustained a few bruises. How he escaped from being killed 'twas hard to tell. The unfortunate wreck floated down with the current and was caught and made fast in Saw Mill Eddy at Hope.

Glory Departed.

"The days of the tandem prospectors are past. The ten and fourteen yoke of large work oxen, hauling 80,000 pounds or more of merchandise at 15 cents per pound, for the miners in the interior, and the large mule team of six oxen, though still used for hauling of heavy loads, starting out of Yale paying toll—these are all scenes of the past. The long distance, too, of mail carriage from Yale to England of fifty days, and the long distance of the Canadian Pacific railway in 1885, was the means of directing the channels of commercial activity to the coast, and the giving the once busy town of Yale the bee-hive of industry—its quietus."

"Doc" Holloway.

Among the interesting characters of the old-time element is J. S., more familiarly known as "Doc" Holloway. He is a fifty-eight and his experiences are typical of the class to which he belongs, the genuine prospector and pioneer, the rolling stone which gathers no moss, and which still keeps rolling with expectancy and undying energy. "Doc" has a claim of his own, in proof of his power. "If you saw it," he remarked proudly, "you would say it was the nicest little layout you ever saw. I was about a year and a half getting her ready, starting and putting the slides in place. I am using a copperplate blanket and slat riffe. I do not use more than three inches of water. All these different rackets of handling fine gold require very little water. But you can use the grade. That is better than too much. Water gravitation is the principle of saving the fine gold. We are working the slope; later on we shall get down into the channel. I have worked the ground before. It will pay thirty cents to the yard, maybe. There is no fortune in it, but there is a living, and perhaps a little to good. I have put in a good garden and have all the water I want from live springs to irrigate it. We have all the fruit—apples, plums, peaches and apricots—we want."

His Theory of Making Good.

All this he had accomplished without a dollar of capital. "Doc" Holloway has been broke for some time, but as he talks with all the ardor and has all the ambitions of youth. He unfolded to me his plans, as soon as the claim panned out to give him the required capital, he would work on the gold and chips and give dust in exchange. It was life in a mining camp, and the boys lived it every day.

"Doc" built the first house at North Bentons here that will pay him money if you go at that right, but not mean with the expenditure of \$100,000 or anything like that kind, but with a cheap rig. I am sure there will be plenty of gold down the river yet. The fallures have been due to trying to force gravel and boulders with the pressure of a big boom of water. Gravitation is what you want."

"Doc" Experiences and Vicissitudes

would fill a volume. He went from Kentucky to California in 1851 by way of Panama, came to Victoria in June, 1858, paddled his way from Victoria across to New Westminster in a canoe, and past the gunboat stationed there to collect taxes from the early miners. He had a Hudson Bay canoe and was at Yale during the time of trouble with Ned Macgowan and his associates; was among the first to make his way into Cariboo. Ned Stout and he were the leaders of the "Dutch" gang who worked on every creek in Cariboo, following the

Ands and the rushes; sometimes he made big pay, but more often he missed it; some of his apparently rich claims petered out on proved worthless others he chucked or sold out for a song that proved afterwards to be very rich. Altogether he has had some years in Cariboo and worked everywhere and at everything in that country and chummed—' Theodore Davis.

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The Lost Baby

A Children's Story in Five Chapters.

Written for the "Times" by Marguerite Evans.

CHAPTER I.—(Continued.)

Alex. watched him stop at the next house, and the next, calling: "Rags! Bottles!—Rubbers!" over and over again. When he turned the corner the boy jingled the silver he had given him and ran as fast as he could to Stewart's to see the little cot, thinking that maybe he could buy him now instead of the white rabbit. From there he went to Jones'. He didn't have to hurry home to rock the cradle, because, you see there wasn't a baby in it any more.

CHAPTER II.

Alma felt herself a very much abused little girl when Aunt Jean awakened her up out of such a nice sleep to ask her where Alex had taken the baby. Just as if it mattered! She didn't know anyway, for it was there when she went to sleep.

"I don't perfectly hate that baby," muttered Alma, trying to chase the sand man out of her eyes.

"Why—what have you been doing with that baby?" gossiped Aunt Jean, "you munched up an empty soothing syrup bottle, 'you—you didn't give all of it to the baby?"

"No I didn't neizer," sniffed Alma. "The baby can't have all the nice things I gussied. Alex just gave it a spoonful. I dranked the rest."

The curly brown head sank sleepily on the cushions, and with a muttered "Thank goodness, I guess it won't hurt her," Aunt Jean ran fearfully from one room to another, then, out in to the yard, down cellar, up street and down street, looking for what she could not find—the baby!

In length, in despair, she phoned for her brother to come home at once.

"Is she worse?" he asked, when he arrived, white and anxious.

"No, she's all right," she doesn't know yet, she's sleeping."

"Doesn't she what?"

"Oh, I forget. I'm nearly distracted and no wonder. That boy has gone off with the baby and I can't find either of them, high or low."

Miss Jean stood beside him wringing her hands. "I'm sure it's not from our side of the house he gets his badness," she said indignantly, "it must be from the Millers."

"I don't see that it matters much where he gets it," her brother answered wearily. He was not a strong man and the excitement of the past week had totally unnerved him.

"You're sure he's not in the house? Where is Alma?"

"In there asleep," Miss Jean was so thankful for the fact that she didn't think necessary to mention the soothing syrup just then. "Oh, yes," in answer to the first part of her brother's question, "I'm quite sure they're not in the house. Fortunately it's a warm sunny day and, for a wonder, Alex knew enough to wrap the baby up. The shawls were all gone."

"Let us be thankful for small mercies. He is holding a circus in somebody's stable and charging ten cents to see a toothless, hairless baby, I suspect," said Mr. Paterson, sternly repressing his inclination to smile.

"If I only knew which stable. But I must go somewhere. Its queer none of the women around have seen him."

He put on his hat again and went out, relieved to find that matters, bad as they were, were no worse. Beneath all his mischief, the boy had a certain amount of sense, and probably no harm would come to the baby after all.

Miss Jean tiptoed up stairs, and thankful to find her sister-in-law still sleeping, came quietly down again. After ineffectually trying to rouse Alma, she was much relieved to see the doctor coming to make his daily call.

"This little wretch has drunk all the soothing syrup," she said, going to the door with the heavy four-year-old in her arms.

The professional man looked serious, and thankful not to have been left where she could get it," he answered sternly. "How much was in the bottle?"

"It was nearly full."

The doctor took the bottle with a frown.

"If I had hold of the one who palms this poisonous narcotic on the public I would wring his neck," he said viciously. "It kills a large percentage of children and makes idiots of others. You had no right to use it without my permission."

Miss Jean glared at him angrily.

"How dare you be so rude?"

The doctor returned the glare with interest.

"Men in my profession have to dare a good many things," he said grimly. "Let it be a warning to you. Now let us get to work. I'll have to give the child an emetic."

"Where is the baby?" he asked, some minutes later, glancing at the empty cradle.

Miss Jean's rosy cheeks grew pale.

"Oh, I had forgotten. Alex took it somewhere and hasn't brought it back."

"Are you a born idiot?" the doctor inquired with the air of one who consulted the question needless.

"I wasn't born one," answered Miss Jean with all the dignity she could summon in her small person, "but I expect to become one if I stay here a much longer. Why with a sick woman, a cross baby, two of the most mischievous children that ever were born, and (wretchedly!) the most impertinent doctor that ever entered a house, I can't think a woman who has to be a cook, nurse and housemaid all at once, has much chance to keep her senses."

"It's quite evident that you haven't kept your wits. May I say (sarcastically) if my patient has been carried off too?"

"I can't say, I'm sure. You had better get upstairs and see for yourself."

"To see the fire is out," thought Miss Jean, going to the kitchen, and if it is he will be sure to want about ten gallons of hot water!"

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BRYAN SPEAKS ON TARIFF ISSUE

JUSTICE IN TAXATION IS CRY OF DEMOCRATS

Says Republicans Are Deeply Obligated to Highly Protected Interests.

Des Moines, Iowa, Aug. 22.—Comparing the attitude of the two dominant parties on the tariff question, William J. Bryan, Democratic candidate for the presidency, at the baseball park last night, before a vast audience, fired the first gun in the campaign. He attacked the Republican promises of tariff revision, and asked if the Democratic party was not justified when it included in its platform the declaration that "the people cannot safely entrust the execution of this important work to a party which is so deeply obligated to the highly protected interests as the Republican party."

"The whole aim of the party," he said, in summarizing, "is to procure justice in taxation. We believe that each individual should contribute to the support of the government in proportion to the benefits which he receives under the protection of the government. We believe that a revenue tariff, approached gradually, according to the plan laid down in our platform, will equalize the burden of taxation, and that the addition of an income tax will make taxation still more equitable. If the Republican party is to have the support of the people who find a pecuniary profit in the exercise of the taxing power as a private asset in their business, we ought to have the support of that large majority of the people who produce the nation's wealth in their offices, who protect the nation's flag in time of war and ask for nothing from the government but even-handed justice."

Mr. Bryan left Des Moines late last night for Chicago.

At first he obstinately refused to tell what his arm around the boy and I will not whip you. You surely do not want step-mother to die."

"She doesn't care about the old baby."

"That is because she has been too ill. She is better now, and wants it. Tell papa what you did with it."

The brown eyes looked indignantly into the other pair of brown eyes and the boy, with a stamp of his foot, said:

"I told you I sold the nasty red-faced baby to the ragman. I got a lot of dimes and nickles for it, enough to buy me a new coat. I guess Jack said he'd ask his papa about it. If I can't get the coat I'll buy Pat Murphy's dog. That funny one, you know without a tail."

The two men and the girl looked at each other in dismay. The child was so utterly unconscious of having done any harm that how to treat him was a problem.

Miss Jean ran to the back porch where the ragbag had hung.

"The rags are gone," she said, coming back to the parlor.

"How much money did you get for the baby?" asked the doctor as unconcernedly as he could.

"The boy produced a handful of silver."

"Part of it was for the rags and rubbers, and part for the baby," he said.

"But how much did he pay you for the baby?" persisted the doctor.

The Alex shook his head indifferently.

He didn't know it was there. I just put the shawls and blankets around it and laid it on top of the rags in the sack before he came in. I didn't hurt it a mite, the boy says, turning his brown eyes reassuringly on his aunt.

"God grant it," said the doctor fervently, and Miss Jean was surprised to see two big tears in his eyes. Then he clapped the dismayed father on the shoulder, saying cheerily: "It was nearly full."

The doctor took the bottle with a frown.

"If I had hold of the one who palms this poisonous narcotic on the public I would wring his neck," he said viciously. "It kills a large percentage of children and makes idiots of others. You had no right to use it without my permission."

Miss Jean glared at him angrily.

"How dare you be so rude?"

The doctor returned the glare with interest.

"Men in my profession have to dare a good many things," he said grimly. "Let it be a warning to you. Now let us get to work. I'll have to give the child an emetic."

"Where is the baby?" he asked, some minutes later, glancing at the empty cradle.

Miss Jean's rosy cheeks grew pale.

"Oh, I had forgotten. Alex took it somewhere and hasn't brought it back."

"Are you a born idiot?" the doctor inquired with the air of one who consulted the question needless.

"I wasn't born one," answered Miss Jean with all the dignity she could summon in her small person, "but I expect to become one if I stay here a much longer. Why with a sick woman, a cross baby, two of the most mischievous children that ever were born, and (wretchedly!) the most impertinent doctor that ever entered a house, I can't think a woman who has to be a cook, nurse and housemaid all at once, has much chance to keep her senses."

"It's quite evident that you haven't kept your wits. May I say (sarcastically) if my patient has been carried off too?"

"I can't say, I'm sure. You had better get upstairs and see for yourself."

"To see the fire is out," thought Miss Jean, going to the kitchen, and if it is he will be sure to want about ten gallons of hot water!"

Her expectations were realized. The fire was out—black out, and he did want hot water.

"I'm glad he had to wait for it," she thought angrily, as she took it upstairs. "Old cross-patch."

The doctor gave her a warning look

Malony Divorce Case.

New York, Aug. 22.—What is believed to be a final adjustment of the marital difficulties of Helen Maloney, daughter