

I told him to try and eat a good meal. "I find the food excellent," he answered, "but when I think they have nothing at home for breakfast, I cannot enjoy it myself; my appetite leaves me. I said all I could do to induce him to make a hearty meal, but he soon left the table, evidently anxious to get home, with something for his wife and children. I therefore ordered the long-boat to be manned by a crew of hardy sailors. Several barrels of flour, meal, peas and pork were put in it, sufficient to carry them through the long winter—the bundle of clothing crowned the lot—and Js., seated near his treasure, was rowed ashore. The thanks and blessings of that happy man still ring in my ears. What joy must have been in his house when he returned loaded with comforts they were so long strangers to. Cariboo and the white partridge or ptarmigan, are to be found not far off, and with powder and shot he no doubt added game, during the winter, to his other supplies.

In conclusion, I am happy to state that the next year brought better luck to poor J. He was fortunate enough to make a good season's fishing, and I understand has lived comparatively well ever since; but his poor wife did not live long to share his good luck. She soon after died of consumption.

There has been no period in my official career which I look back to with as much happiness as I do upon this mission, when I was the instrument of relieving so much suffering by the generosity of a paternal government.