

The Life of Sir Charles Tupper

up with seats cushioned and covered over with red cloth, and then we drove through to Yale, passing into and out of three hundred tunnels, one six hundred feet in length. The inevitable address was presented to Tupper, and amid much cheering we left the centre of the town and were landed at Mr. Onderdonk's door. Here four rooms were provided for Tupper, the Clarkes, Robertson and myself. Everything was on a grand scale for the locality, or rather, I should say, a most comfortable scale. We lived as if we were in New York. . . . At half-past one o'clock, luncheon being over, the famous Dufferin Coach was at the door, built after the fashion of the English mail coach, with a top that could be opened or closed at will. Robertson and Jones remained behind to follow us the next morning by an express. Mr. Onderdonk started with Tupper in his double-seated buckboard wagon and two horses. I took the box seat with Steve Lingley, the celebrated driver, over the four hundred miles of mountain road between Yale and Caribou. The ladies, Schreiber, Marcus Smith and the Clarkes were inside. The coach was commodious and very easy, and was built especially to take Lord and Lady Dufferin to Kamloops over this, the most dangerous road in the world. A splendid team of four horses carried us along at a rattling rate over heights that would have made your blood curdle. Sometimes we were over a thousand feet above the river on a road barely wide enough to carry our carriage. I trembled lest the horses should shy or a bullock team should meet us. A string of pack mules could be readily passed if we saw them in time to choose our stopping place, but a bullock team is more formidable, as the brutes will crowd and push each other just at the moment of passing our horses and carriage. These difficulties were, however, overcome. At the suspension bridge over the Fraser, I got in with Onderdonk; and Tupper entered the carriage. . . . On arriving at 'Hell's Gate,' the narrowest part of the river, we saw marked on the mountain side of the road in red paint the height reached by the water in 1876. The river rose 140 feet, and covered portions of the road at least ten feet, stopping all travel, and rendering it necessary for the mules and passengers to take the high trail above the road on mules' backs. . . . On the opposite side of the river we could see the line of railway progressing, tunnels being driven by compressed air along the mountain heights, where it would seem impossible to make a road. Men were at work making a track above the river at dizzy and perpendicular heights. They were let down from the mountain tops on ladders with ropes attached above to trees; and every shot that was fired in blasting, rendered it necessary that the men should get out of the way by running up those ladders. Engineers made their measure-