

factor, who was taking his boats up the river.

"Was the dinner a good one?"

"You bet it was, particularly the plum duff. Well, two days later McArthur started ahead of us, and we followed on the third day. We had not gone very far when we saw a boat bottom up and a man clinging to her keel. We rescued the man, who belonged to McArthur's party, but it was a close call for the rest of us, as we very nearly got into a strong riffle; if we had, that would have been the end of my adventures instead of the beginning. At last we reached Lytton, and found that a number of other prospectors had arrived at this point by the overland route! Capt. Frevalaux had been appointed Gold Commissioner, and he was a very strict man. For example he confiscated all the liquor brought to the town by different parties. In the long winter evenings, however, we would go to the Commissioner and give him the hint that he had been made a fool of, so far as those liquors were concerned. They weren't spirituous at all, we would tell him, but just kegs filled with plain water. Then the Gold Commissioner would be quite sure we were misinformed, but to prove it, he'd tap a keg or two and when we'd taken a number of samples, the evening would close by our putting the Commissioner to bed.

In the winter of '58 and the spring of '59, I did some prospecting round Lytton, locating a bench above Van Winkle Bar on the Fraser. This paid about \$25 a day, and I worked the claim for two months or so, but abandoned it as in those days we were looking only for big values. When the spring of '59 had well set in, several prospecting parties arrived at Lytton from the Coast and a lot of us, myself included, started inland. We found nothing of particular value *en route*, but we eventually reached Horsetly, and here we discovered the richest claim ever worked in Cariboo, the Blue Lead, now known as the Ward claim, which yielded us (there were twelve men in our party) \$100 a day per man working with rockers. Forty years after I re-visited this, our first location in old Cariboo, and Tim Deasy, the foreman, showed me a pan of gravel taken not 200 feet away from where he had worked, and it seemed to me that half the gravel was gold. But what impressed me most was the contrast, the difference of methods employed—between the old days and modern times. There is a wide difference between winning gold by rockers and by hydraulic elevators, and where we had no other illuminant besides that afforded by our camp fires, now these big companies are not content with less than electric light.

In the fall of '59, Hans Helgesen, Duncan McMartin, Neil Campbell and James Kennedy, members of our party, proceeded to Quesnel River, but I and others returned for a short time to Victoria. That winter Kennedy, hunting with a party of Indians, shot the first cariboo killed by a white man in the country, and that is how the district came to receive its name. In the meantime Keithley Creek was discovered, George Weaver finding the first prospects on this stream, and his partners, 'Cap.' Bowen, Fred Black, John Rose and a few others, staked some rich ground at the mouth of the creek. In the fall of '60 'Cap.'

Bowen, Weaver and 'Black' Martin went on a prospecting trip and presently camped on Antler Creek. Bowen and Weaver here found some big prospects, but they had left Martin in camp and decided not to let him in on the discovery. I had meanwhile got back to Lytton and met Bowen when he came down. He took me aside and with a great air of mystery said that he would want to see me particularly in the spring. Then he went off to Victoria to try and obtain a special concession from the Governor of half-a-mile of ground on Antler. But somehow in the winter the news leaked out and then followed a regular stampede, over Bald Mountain to stake claims on this latest El Dorado. It was a rich creek, too. I remember one case. Helgesen and his partner Hendryx had but a hundred feet of ground between them. In six weeks they raked out over \$9,000. From a crevice they got out as high as \$400 to half a pan of gravel, and frequently a bucket of dirt would run six ounces. After they believed the mine to have become exhausted they declared a dividend of \$80,000, having recovered altogether \$130,000 worth of gold. They subsequently sold the claim to some Italians who got enough money out of the property to take them back to Italy and set them up as rich men in their own country. In the summer of '61 I went into Antler myself, with a pack train of provisions, chiefly flour and bacon. The former I sold at the rate of a dollar a pound and bacon at \$2.50. With my profits I bought a large train of mules, but coming out in the fall, I lost them all in a snow-storm. In the meantime some of my old partners were making from six to nine ounces a day shovelling dirt into sluice boxes. They staked a claim for me on Antler, which was jumped, however. At the time I was sorry to lose it, but after all it didn't make much difference, for this particular claim happened to be a blank and quite valueless.

"Williams Creek was discovered in '61 by a party of Germans—Dutch Bill and others. Bill's claim, by-the-way, turned out the poorest on the creek. I was packing at the time, but still I got an interest on Williams and worked it that year, but the results were not satisfactory and so I abandoned my claim. In '62 I tried to re-locate, but the men owning the adjoining ground, which proved very rich, had forestalled me. Well, I didn't stake any more ground until '66 when I located on Cedar Creek, and for some time worked a claim that paid about an ounce a day and in '68 I discovered a mine on the North Fork of Quesnel, which I worked for about five years, taking out from two to six ounces to the sett of timbers. After that I went to the Cassiar country. It seemed now that my luck had abandoned me, for I got ill and had to remain at Glenora Landing all summer. My partner told me at the end of the season that our claim had not paid and sooner than pay the assessment I relinquished my interest, on the understanding that the adjoining claim was to be staked for me, but this was never done. I afterwards found out my partner had taken out \$6,000 that season and subsequently the claim yielded \$20,000. The adjoining claim, which