

was to be run over by travelling blocks, in bringing her quarter up to the current, but before all this work was completed, the heat of the weather increased, and in a night a freshet came, the river rose to such a height, and bounded away so swiftly, as to imperil our communication. At the Ferry headquarters were encamped, Frank Cote, senior canoeeman, two Portuguese, De Souza and Lonie, Henry McNeill, son of the late Capt. McNeill, H. B. Co., and Spillet the cook, with two Homatcho Indians. After waiting some days it became imperative to get more provisions across, as there were eighty men working about a mile or so beyond the river, and the fierce current was still unabated, but a liberal offer induced the Homatchoes to attempt the crossing with their canoes, and lightly laden, shoved off from the shore, about a mile above; they glided down as fast as wind, and brought up suddenly on a hidden snag,—capsized. away went the canoe, and only by dint of hard swimming, reached an eddy, and clinging to the bank, were saved. Men from the upper camps came down with Mr. Waddington, and appearing on the opposite bank, saw the dilemma; they shot over a message attached to an arrow, intimating that provisions were getting short, and an endeavour was made to make the riddle anyhow; a consultation was held, and we decided the attempt with the skiff, and she was accordingly loaded up, and with Frank Cote at the helm, and the balance of us pulling, started about a mile above, to reach the given point, watched eagerly by the crowd on the opposite shore; the seething current bore us down—swiftly down—Cote missing his steerage somehow when in mid-stream, and we were broadside on; away we sped, the Portuguese straining every nerve; there was a snag ahead; we almost seemed doomed—but no! an oar only strikes it, and shattered, flies upward; we could only faintly hear the shouts of the watchers, being hidden from view; the impression was we were lost, but a friendly eddy was ahead, and by hard pulling managed to swing the skiff, with its freight somewhat wet, into calmer water, two miles away. Some days afterwards the freshet abated sufficiently to allow the stretching of the rope across the river, and after some minor difficulties, the ferry was established by the swinging of the scow into position, thus enabling stores, etc., to be removed to the other side, where a substantial log house was built, and the place named Canyon Camp; this was the last station of supply during that season; the mule train continued to convey all necessaries up to the Ferry from the town—etc., and Indians and white men severally employed to pack over the mountain where the road crosses, called “Waddington Mountain,” to the camps beyond. A great deal of exploring had yet to be done in this most difficult part of the country, to insure the safest and best possible route, and at first sight of the difficulties to be overcome, one would rather be inclined to turn away from the idea of its possibility—the immense walls of rock and terrible yawning gulches, and the huge round bluffs encountered—but the line was defined by our indomitable chief, who was ever scrambling and climbing, and even crawling, for difficult sights, and peeping over awful precipices, the work of blasting commenced in real earnest, when

every faithful shot gave confidence in removing the gigantic mass.

One morning early, it was Sunday, a few of us started to ascend a high mountain to gain a general view of the country and with the idea also of peering into the depths of the big canyon, three of the working party who were leaving the road work, accompanied us, on part of the trail, to take the way through to Cariboo. We bade them farewell and good luck, Mr. Waddington impressing upon them to follow the northwest branch of the river. After several hours hard travelling, we rested for the view, and the sight was worthy of the trip. Looking far into the distance eastwise, could be traced the deep, dark array of magnificent forest growth, fringing the bank of the winding river down the valley, hemmed in by innumerable peaks of many heights, and when turning towards the interior, was to be seen distinctly, through a wide gap in the mountainous range, a gradual depression of the mountains, terminating into wide stretches of apparently verdant prairie land, presenting a scene of some relief as it were to the rugged, broken and entangled mass of the surrounding country. Eager for a glimpse of the big canyon on the return, we descended in its direction, and the grandeur of the sight can hardly be forgotten by those who saw the deep, dark, stupendous walls of rock, from whence came the echo of that solemn noise of the impetuous torrent below, never ceasing in its vibration; or hushed into repose, till passed the gateways of the enormous chasm. Our curiosity was much satisfied with these peeps of Nature's works and being pretty well scratched all over, and disgracefully ragged, we arrived in camp at nightfall, hungry and weary.

It was now the month of August, and the Chilcoaten Indians were expected about this time, as it is their usual custom to catch salmon on a creek near by Canyon Camp, called Salmon Creek. But perhaps it would be as well to inform the reader some fair details respecting them. The Clayhoose and Euclataw Indians claim just rights on the valley of the Homatcho up to the head of the valley on a place called Salmon ranch. The next tribe, a very small one, claim from thence to about a mile beyond the great canyon. They are a branch of the Chilcoaten. The Chilcoaten tribe proper extends from the above point (northward) probably 150 miles by 120 from east to west. Most of them have horses. They have three main fishing grounds where they congregate in the spring, viz., Chi-se-cut lake, Chilcoaten river, Alexis lake on the trail to Alexandria and the northern end of Tatla lake. These three points form a triangle about 25 miles apart. The Indians assemble to the number of 200 or 300 at each of these places during the fishing months—May, June and July.

A deadly feud existed between the lower Indians and the Chilcoaten, who massacred nineteen in the month of June some years ago, at a spot about a mile above the Ferry, but peace was established between them, though still suspicious of each other. These Chilcoaten Indians, to say the most of them, are a dirty, thriftless lot, and many have to follow the chase with bow and arrow. About the middle of the month they made their appearance in camp, having returned, with a few additional followers and Chinook Tellot with them; they had about twenty coyote looking dogs packing various *iktas* for their families. I was alone in camp at the time they came, and they certainly took advantage of the opportunity; for, while in