SAW VICTORIA CITY AT ITS BIRTH

The other day I accepted a long-standing invitation from Frank Mackenzie, M.P.P., to visit some friends of his in Ferndale, Washington state, about sixteen miles south of Blaine on the Great Northern, writes R. E. Gosnell in the Vancouver Province. He had often spoken to me about Blanket Bill as a character of great interest in my particular line of old-timers, but while the latter was indexed in my mind for future reference, he was not classified in any particular list-simply set down as some one to be enquired into. I did not realize that there was a mine to be exploited and that I had left off doing what could have been much better done several years ago, all of which emphasizes the folly of putting off until the day after tomorrow what you could have done yesterday.

Blanket Bill is probably the most historic character on the entire Pacific coast. At all events, he is probably the only man living who saw Victoria in course of construction, or immediately after its completion. He lives about a mile off Ferndale with his niece, Mrs. Manning, whose husband, by the way, was a pioneer in the Nicola country, and was a participator in the capture of the Maclean brothers, who, with Hare, were hanged in New Westminster years ago for the murder of Ussher and a man named Kelly. He is tall, erect, and walks with the ease of a man of at least 70. He is 94 years old ,and has a complexion almost like a girl's, and his eye is as bright as that of a young man. He reads without the aid of glasses. If you did not quietly observe the leathery, wrinkled skin of his neck just protruding above his collar you would not credit his advanced age. There are other and sure evidences of his many years. His memory is almost gone, and at time he is a child again. Blanket Bill will converse for a few minutes bright and animated, and then comes a blank when he is obviously struggling to recall a name or a date or an impression. The day we saw him he was at his best, and it was difficult to realize that the man was old at all. We got a rather interesting account of many episodes of old times, but I had to depend upon members of the family, with whom he has lived for a long time, to supply the gaps when memory turned Turk on him. About three years ago he had a slight attack of paralysis, and since then his mental powers have greatly failed, and second childhood has come upon him. Before that time when the fit was on him he used to recount his experiences, and though many of his stories have been forgotten in deail some of them have been preserved. Their denuineness is the better guaranteed from the fact that he would never talk for publication, and only to the few he liked. Frank Macken-

Curiously enough, the day we reached Blaine there was an article in the Bellingham Herald, a sort of special edition, containing one of his stories, and illustrated with his photograph. One of the fourth estate in Bellingham has treasured up some of the stories of "Uncle," as he is called by his familiars, with a view to future publication. The particular story in question was about a clambake at Point Roberts on Christmas Day, 1850. There was nothing historical about it; but it was extremely interesting from his manner of telling it. In brief, there was a party of pioneers camped there that winter and on Christmas Day they had planned a feast to celebrate Yuletide. It had been intended to get some game for the occasion, but nothing either in the way of aquatic or land bird or animal was to be had, so they resorted to clams. The concluding paragraph of the story is worth reproducing, for it has a spice of humor as well as a flavor of the past:

ie being a favorite, he talked on unconscious

of being interviewed.

"We went at it and in a short time we had a wagonbox full of fine clams. One of the boys built up the fire and then some one suggested that we see how many different ways we could cook clams.

"We went at it. We had boiled clams, roasted clams, clam chowder made with the heel of an old side of bacon, steamed clams, clams cooked siwash fashion, and horse clam "Eat?

"Sure we ate; we were a mighty hungry bunch, and we were glad to get clam to fodder on, so long as there was nothing else to have. "But some way I have never been so ardent about clams as other folks. I sort of lay it to the fact that I maybe overdid the matter at that Christmas feast away back in '50."

The hero of this narrative is Blanket Bill, but his real name is William Jarman or Jarmon, I am not sure which. As far back as 1846 he was taken prisoner by the Nootka Indians, when a sailor on the British brig Plateus, and being ransomed by Mr. James Douglas for a roll of blankets has been known on the coast as "Blanket" Bill. In giving me an account of his capture, he said the ship's name was "Precipice," but I have it on other authority that it was "Plateus." He came to this coast in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company, or rather as a sailor on one of their ships, and as a sailor was on these waters for some time. Just when he first saw the fort at ictoria it is not possible to fix definitely, but rom names he mentioned of those he met and heard of at the time, it must have been either ometime during construction or shortly aftervards. His story as ld me, was somewhat

He was one of a the who went ashore at Cape Beale in a boa boats to get a supply

of fresh water for the ship. There was a party of Indians near-Indians were always on the move up and down the coast, either in war paint or on hunting and fishing expeditionswho threatened an attack on the landing sailors, and in their hurry and skurry to get back to the ship, Blanket Bill was left behind, and the brig put to sea to escape the fleet of canoes filled with hostile Indians. As there was no escape for him he had, of course, to bow to the inevitable and be taken prisoner. It was the custom of the Indians of those days to make slaves of their captives, who were often treated very cruelly and inhumanely. This was almost invariable where the prisoner was a member of another tribe. It was not often that a white man fell to their lot, and in this case it was different. Blanket Bill said he was treated kindly and with consideration, and had nothing to complain of in that respect. Personally I could get very few of the actual details from him, and am indebted to another. source for the story as told several years ago:

"Here I was, all alone in a strange land and yelling Indians on all sides of me, who I expected every moment to send a shower of arrows through me, and I might be excused for feeling a trifle nervous; but the fact that I had been in some tight places and was still alive gave me hope that I might be free again, though there seemed to be little enough

"I was taken to their encampment, placed in a lodge, and a close watch kept over me. I was very uncertain for some time what they intended to do with me, whether they would torture me, or make me a slave, or just kill me outright. I had no means of telling. As the days went by I was given a little more liberty. Although the Indians appeared to take but little notice of me, I could see I was closely watched. After a while I was allowed to accompany them on their hunting and trapping expeditions, for all up and down the coast and everywhere the Indians sold their furs to the Hudson's Bay Company. I was taught the use of the bow and arrow and became quite expert in their methods. I also learned how they trapped their animals.

"We used sometimes to shoot the sea otter in the waters of the Sound. They would usually sink as soon as they were shot, but the tide would throw their bodies up on the beach and we would get them. We would get as high as eighty dollars for a good otter hide in those days. Of course, they are much higher than that today, and very hard to get at all. I learned their language and found there were many queer customs and traditions among them. When they went on a bear hunt they ate no breakfast. One morning they went out after a bear at four o'clock and told their klootchmen that they not be back until sundown. They did not come back, however, and all night their return was waited for. The next morning at daylight the son of one of the hunters took the trail and in about two hours returned in great excitement and told his news. About two miles from the camp he had come upon the mangled remains of his father. We all turned out and some came upon the body of the dead Indian, with a gash in his face and large claw marks on his shoulder. Near by was another Indian, also mangled and dead, a knife in hand, covered with blood, his abdomen ripped open, and close to him the body of a dead female panther. She had been

shot in the head and there were thirteen knife wounds in her body, with all the evidences of a terrible struggle. Not far away were three of her brood, which were secured and brought into camp, where they were immediately set upon and killed by the Indian children and cut to pieces. (The instances are so rare of panthers attacking human beings, I am inclined to believe this must have been a bear, and the young ones cubs, not kittens. However, it is possible as stated.—R. E. G.)

"Furs were traded, not for money, the value of which the Indians did not understand, but according to the standard in blankets, shells, etc. Finally the Hudson's Bay Company negotiated for my release, and gave the Indians the price they set upon me as a ransom, and 1 was turned over to the company. So you see I came honestly by my title as "Blanket Bill," which I have ever since borne. After I left the Hudson's Bay Company's employ, I paddled over the line into Puget Sound waters, and was the first man to carry the mail between Victoria and Seattle, which I did in a canoe, taking three days and two nights to complete the round trip.'

While Blanket Bill was telling me about his experiences with the Indians, I could not but call to mind the story of the four years of captivity of John Jewitt, among the same Indians, nearly sixty years before. Many of your readers will remember having read of the destruction of the ship Boston in Nootka Sound in 1803. All the crew were murdered with the exception of the armorer Jewitt and the sailmaker Thompson, and these were taken under the protection of Chief Maquinna of Captain Vancouver's time, and on the whole were treated with a great deal of consideration. Jewitt's book written after his escape is one of the classics of Western America. I asked him if he had heard of Jewitt, with the view of ascertaining what traditions, if any, there were among the Indians concerning these two men or of the ship Boston; but he did not seem to grasp my meaning, and would come back to the statement, repeated a number of times, that they had been good to him, and to assert that "these were good old days." I then regretted that I had not known him several years ago, as I might have done; because being a man of intelligence and a reader, he would undoubtedly have heard of the Jewitt incident, and possibly of the visit of Captain Vancouver, and even of the coming of Captain Cook and the Spaniards. There must have been Indians then living who would have remembered the Boston.

Our hero has had a varied and chequered career as well as a long one. Not only did he serve with the Hudson's Bay Company at a period now historical, and live in captivity among the Indians, and carry the first mail between Seattle and Victoria, but he pioneered in Washington state, being the first of the settlers in Jarman prairie, where he farmed for some time. This he lost through speculation on the advice of a young English nephew. He came back to British Columbia and fished on the Fraser River, and was variously occupied in different parts. He remembered Burrard Inlet in the early days and knew "Gassy Jack." He spoke of a number of oldtime Hudson's Bay people-Tolmie, Munro, Tod, Finlayson, and so on, now all gone. He always, other than on his farm, engaged in some oc-

cupation to do with the river or the sea. He never learned to use an axe. About seventeen or eighteen years ago he went to live with his niece, Mrs. Manning, and during all this time he has enjoyed the comforts of a good home. The Manning family have been devoted to him, and between them exists gen-

Blanket Bill has been an artist in wood. A writer in the Green Bay Review, Wisconsin, who visited him about four years ago, says: "I can not close until I have told you a little about Blanket Bill's fine work in carving models. When I was there four years ago he was completing the model of a fine shipone of our early warships, I think it was. He does most of the work with a Yankee tool, a jackknife. The ship was full rigged, the cannon on deck and the officers and men all carved out. He was offered a large sum for it, but refused to sell it. He is now engaged in making a model of old Fort Bellingham. He has completed the main part and is now carving the soldiers and officers and himself standing by to send Old Glory apeak. All of this is made of the original wood of the old fort, which is still in a good state of preser-

We saw the ship, which was shown at the Seattle exposition, and it is really a work of art, every bit of it carved out with a knife and built to scale throughout. It is said to be a correct representation of the original to the smallest detail. The old fort has been broken up. It was also to have been shown at the exposition, but for some reason did not get there, and the fact seemed to have caused the artist to have lost interest in his creation.

One is naturally interested in the man who has lived to so great an age, and who is still so well preserved, to know his habits. Although still well-built and well-proportioned, he was formerly much stouter than he is now, and I was told that he possessed great strength and endurance. It is almost needless to say that he lived the simple life, much of it outdoors. He has never had much use for intoxicants, never was intoxicated in his life and never drank beer. He has not been addicted to tobacco, except to smoke a pipe occasionally, and has drunken but little tea or coffee, always preferring milk when he could get it. For an old sailor this is remarkable." He has not been subject to sickness. He never had a physician, except in a surgical way, though he says he sometimes did have a sick spell. When he is sick he does not eat and after fasting for several days always got well. Apart from rowing or paddling, walking was his only means of communication. He walked everywhere, and would go to Bellingham, ten miles away, and back before taking a meal. Horses or trains or wagons, not to speak of automobiles, did not enter into his calculations at all. A great lover of nature, he only used nature's methods. He can still walk a considerable distance, but on account of his lapses of memory it is not safe to allow him to go out alone for fear of his losing his

This remarkable old man was born in Greenwich, England, and came out in a ship trading for the Hudson's Bay Company, in the waters of the northwest coast. His friends lost sight of him, and it was only years after-wards that his brother on a man-of-war located

them days, and the only trouble you had was to watch your top hair. But it is all changed now, some deer and bear yet, but not like. those old times. "There was only Indian trails through the

there not?"

him at Seattle. He still has an accent that de-

clares his nativity, though in most respects he

is the typical western pioneer. He once had

an Indian wife, of whom he was very fond,

and her photograph, still treasured by him, de-

notes that she was unusually good looking and

attractive according to our standard of female

charms. Now that he has reached his second

childhood, notwithstanding the freshness of

his countenance and the erectness of his hear-

ing, not unlike in appearance to an old Ken-

tucky colonel, it is improbable that his days

will be long in the land. He now lives entirely

in the past. He has achieved what few men

have achieved. He has by care, living close to

nature, come to the age of 94, and can count within the four walls of his experience nearly

everything that has pertained to the develop-

ment of the northwest coast. Without large

ambitions and simple in his requirements, he

has fully enjoyed living. He will take his last

voyage on an unknown sea without regrets

and without enemies or enmity to any, and

will be remembered as Blanket Bill, who

spanned a longer period of our early history

than any other man. Do men live for enjoy-

ment? He succeeded. Do they live for

wealth? He had sufficient for all his wants.

Do they live for fame? He will have it. In

Here is a story of Blanket Bill and a cou-

"Uncle Bill, I expect there must have been

plenty of game here in this Puget Sound coun-

try when you first struck these parts, was

it," and a far-away look came into the old

scout's eyes as memory seemed to carry him

back to former scenes in the wild West. "Yes,

a fine game country here then. There were

deer, bear, elk, cougar or mountain lion, moun-

tain sheep and goat and lots of smaller variety.

But when you wanted the sheep and the silver

tip, why just step over into the foothills and

you find them at home. Yes, good old times

"Yes, a heap of fine game, yes a heap of

gar, published in the Green Bay Review, writ-

ten by M. Reed, of Seymour, Wisconsin:

his own way he lived the whole of life.

woods here then instead of the fine roads we have now, and when you wanted to go over to Silver Beach, Birch Bay or Blaine, we had a trail through the timber and you know the underbrush was as thick as the hair on a quill pig, so we used all the big fallen fir and cedar logs we could find running in our direction for sidewalks and they helped us a pile, as we could have a fine walk of 200 feet or more on them. One day I was going up the trail to Silver Beach from Fairhaven amongst now a part of the big city of Whatcom. I told my old dog to stop at home that day, as I did not care to have him along-he was a big fellow and a fine dog. When I was well up the trail I heard the old fellow coming up through the brush. I called to him to go back. He was good to mind what I told him, and I was surprised to soon hear him coming on again. I yelled to him to go home. All was still and I went on my way again. In a short time I heard him in the brush, and I thought I would learn that old dog a lesson he would remember all his dog days. I climbed over a fir log across the trail, cut a good cudgel and crouched behind the log, which was not over five feet high and waited for him to come up. Soon I heard him rear up and, put his front paws on the log. Now was my time to get even with the pup. I gripped my stick, raised up to deal him a clip, and looked straight in the eyes of a monster cougar. I didn't dare move and he didn't seem disposed to, so there we were on our respective sides of the log, looking at each other. In a little while he slid down like a big cat and licked his shoulders. keeping his eyes on me. I was packing some fresh meat and I expect he wanted a piece. After a spell he changed his mind, much to my relief, and disappeared into the timber

"Another time I was up the trail near Blaine. I had only taken a pistol and axe that day. About noon I sat down to eat my snack, when I heard something behind me. I turned around and there on a large fir log a huge panther came trotting along with a spike horn buck in his mouth. He had it by the back and carried it seemingly as easy as a cat would a rat. I felt as though I wanted a quarter of that buck, and when he came opposite me I jumped up, made a rush towards him, swung my axe and yelled like all possessed. I expected he would drop it and make into the tall tim-bers. But it didn't work as I expected; instead, he dropped it across the log, placed his front paws on it, laid back his ears, lashed his long tail, and growled in a manner that I fully understood to mean, "Keep off; this is my meat!" Did I stop? Well, yes. I distinctly remember that I did. Soon he picked the buck up, trotted along again; I made a second rush at him, yelling as before. He dropped his prey, repeated his former tactics and stopped again. I didn't like his looks a bit, and concluded that I didn't want any of that spiked horn. I did not dare shoot with my pistol, for I knew he would kill me if I failed to kill him. When he picked it up again I let him go in peace. He trotted along the log, jumped off, walked into the timber a few steps, stopped and looked over his shoulder at me, then went his way and I went mine, each satisfied as near as I could judge."

THREE SORROWS

There are three Sorrows, worth my while to

Death, when I may be called upon to leave The friends I love, or they to part from me As mariners upon the uncharted sea That stretches, bleak and black, here at my

Where ships go forth to join the phantom fleet Of souls adrift upon an unknown shore, And what my port, I may return no more.

II. There are three Sorrows, worth my while to name:

Dishonor, with the burden of its shame, Bidding me bow my head and cast my eyes Upon the ground; a life of tinseled lies, Of practiced subterfuges and deceits, Dishonesties, ill-guarded trusts, and cheats; Dishonor of myself, for that I slept Upon the post I had, in honor, kept.

III

There are three Sorrows, worth my while of Lost Faith-that I had hallowed all these

Of love and friendship-faith that lies in dust With all the joys and symbols of my trust; Faith that was like a joyous dream, and left Me wide awake and wondering-bereft Of what I dreamed I had-a broken vase That had my heart for its abiding place

IV.

There are three Sorrows, worth my while to . share: All else that seemed sorrow I may repair With a soft word, a smile, a hope, that swings The gate into the garden of better things; So I shall measure up the grief to see If it be ought or part of these, the Three,

And if it be not one of these worthwhile I shall be glad to melt it with a smile!

MY LADY NIGHT

-J. W. Foley, in New York Times.

My Lady Night, ah, fair is she As is a twilight rose That in some deep-gloomed bower blows, As is a lily's face at night In some old garden 'neath the light Of misty moon Her arms are deep and wide; She moves as does a bride To some slow wedding tune. Like pools unfathomed are her eyes, And in them lie uncharted skies Where low lights burn like distant stars Aglisten through the sunset's bars That shut in all mortality-My Lady Night, ah, fair is she!

My Lady Night, ah, sweet is she, With all her tender ways, As is a mother when she lays Her babe asleep in cradle low Where unfelt winds from Dreamland blow Him far away. Soft is her dusky hair, Her bosom deep and fair With gentle lull and sway, Where sink to sleep earth's weary ones, While through time's glass life's bright sand runs; ... She soothes the fevered brow of pain

Till men to suffer more were fain; She comes to all so tenderly-My Lady Night, ah, sweet is she! -Arthur Wallace Peach, in the Smart Set

Bridge

"They say bridge is responsible for a lot of nervous breakdowns." "I know it. It won't be long before we'll

have to go to an asylum for a really good

HOPE!

Now and again—In the voyage of life. With its ceaseless struggles, its endless strife, And the eager longing, the goal to reach, And anchor our bark on the golden beach, Of the harbor beyond, in a tranquil sea; The star of hope gleams fitfully-Now and again.

Now and again-When skies are black, With inky clouds, and the tempests wrack, We catch a glimpse of ethereal blue, Piercing the darkest storm clouds through, And a shaft of golden sunlight seen, For a moment's space, the rift between. Now and again.

Now and again-When the heart is lone. And the thoughts are ever backward thrown, To the home, and the loved ones far away, A sweet voiced bird on a neighboring spray, Is singing of love in its blithest tone, Which gladdens the heart of the lonely one-Now and again.

Now and again-When faith is high And hope is bright as the noonday sky, We gather the sunbeams,-we hail the blue, And the star, and the song, an omens true, Of a glad beyond; of a happier day, When in fullness of heart, we'll joyfully say Now and for aye.

-Quintin Galbraith, 213 Belleville St., City.

"See here, Mr. Sands," said Mrs. Tompkins to the grocer, "what do you mean by giving me only nine-tenths of a pound of Swiss cheese when I am paying for a pound?" "In selling Swiss cheese, my dear madame," said the grocer with dignity, "business caution prompts me to allow myself 10 per cent. for the holes, which, as you must be aware, make no impression on the delicate-ly adjusted scales."—Harper's Weekly.

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