Photo by J. T. Wadds

W. WYMOND WALKEM

STORIES OF

EARLY BRITISH COLUMBIA

BY

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ILLUSTRATED BY S. P. JUDGE.

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FOREWORD

WHEN I arrived in British Columbia, some forty years ago, I was fortunate in meeting many of those brave spirits, servants of the Great Fur Company, who had come to New Caledonia, Oregon, and the Pacific coast to fill positions of trust, in the various posts, which the Hudson's Bay Company erected from time to time, to meet the requirements of their fur trade. These pioneers of the "Far West" were men of exceptional bravery and intelligence, and were fortunately at the time of my arrival still vigorous in mind as well as in body.

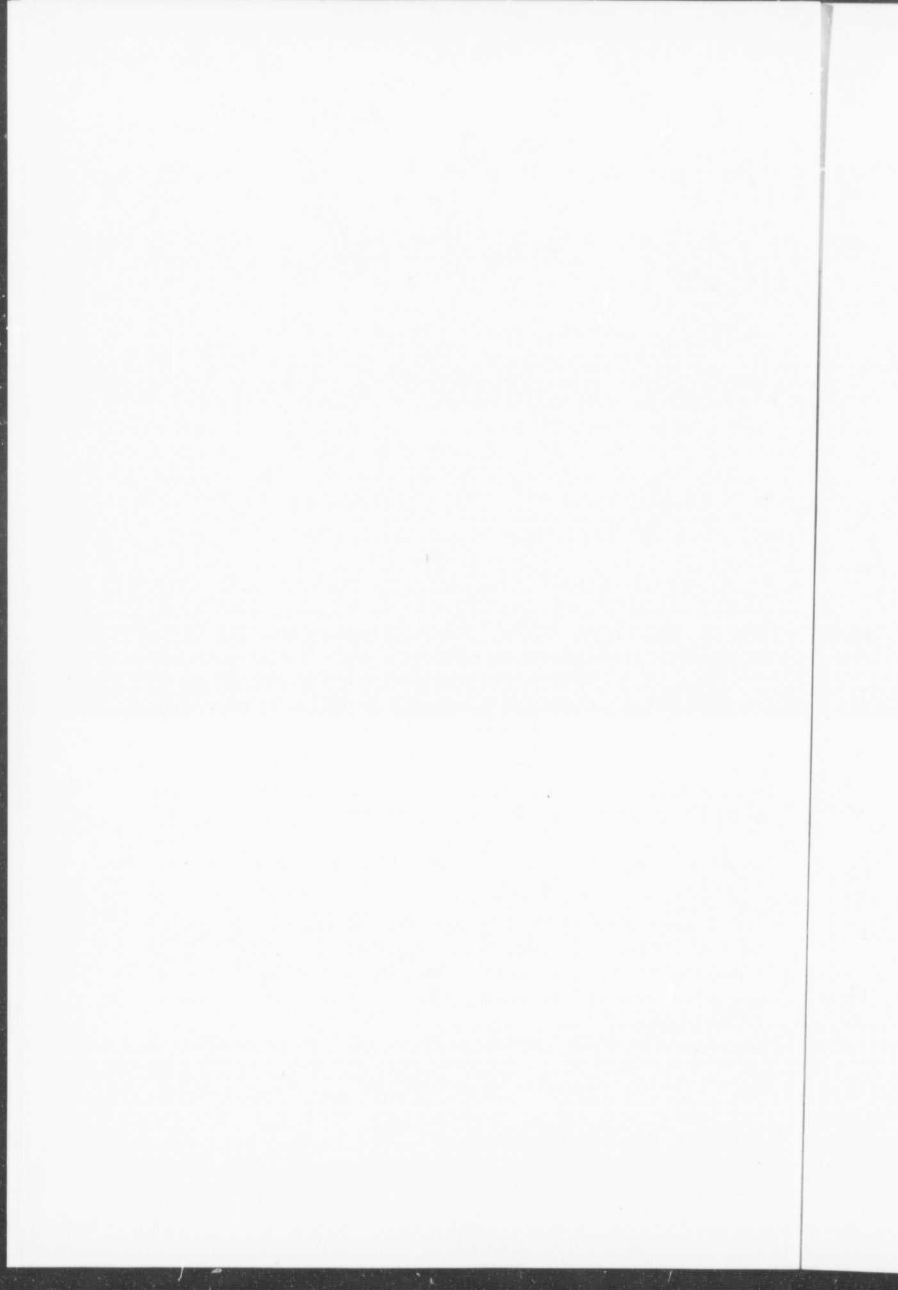
As a boy I had read many of the stories of Ballantyne, and Capt. Mayne Reid, with a throbbing heart, and those silent, moccasined, and brave heroes depicted by the facile pen of Fenimore Cooper, I had admired and loved. Thinking to obtain from the old servants of the Hudson's Bay Company, stories of a similar kind, I took every opportunity of questioning them on their life history. I was sorely disappointed, for the heroic age of the Indian, must have passed away. I was, however, successful in gleaning some stories of their early experiences in this province which I hope may prove interesting.

The reminiscences of Messrs. Stout, Stevenson, and J. C. Bryant will give the present generation some idea of the trials and vicissitudes which the early gold seekers encountered in their search after the precious metal. Mr. Bryant, who is still alive, was one of the most earnest and valuable of the Cariboo miners, as he was besides being a prospector,—an explorer who made good use of his eyes.

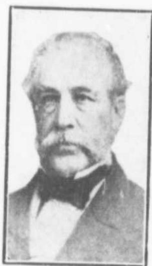
I have to thank Mr. S. P. Judge for the illustrations, as well as Mr. Geo. T. Wadds, photographer, of Vancouver, and Mrs. Maynard, Victoria, and last but not least, The Hon. Sir Richard McBride, Minister of Mines, for the loan of many valuable plates, the property of the Bureau of Mines.

W. WYMOND WALKEM.

Vancouver, B.C., 16th July, 1914.



In Memory



Of My Beloved Father

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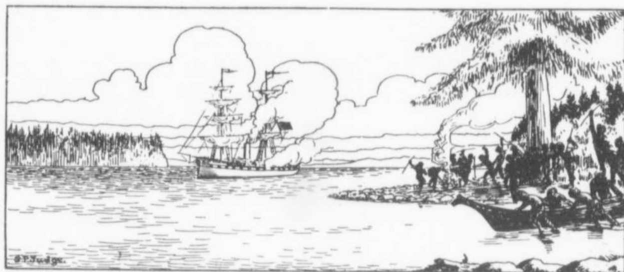

H. M. S. PLUMPER AND BELLA BELLA INDIANS.

INDIAN TROUBLES

COMPARED with Eastern Canada, or with the United States, British Columbia has been particularly free from Indian forays and lawlessness. Our Colonial and Provincial history contains no accounts of such terrible and bloody raids as were so common on the Canadian and New England frontiers during the Anglo-French wars, which terminated in the capture of Quebec by the gallant Wolfe. Our early settlers had no experience of midnight attacks, accompanied by the terrible war whoop, which often startled our eastern brothers from their tranquil slumbers, to meet the tomahawk and cruel scalping knife.

For the quiet and tranquil conditions which existed in this Province we were indebted to the great influence of the Hudson's Bay Co., and to the obedience and respect which they exacted from all those Indians with whom the company had dealings. To the Oblate Fathers, and other Roman Catholic missionaries, who took their lives in their hands in carrying to the Indian tribes of British Columbia the glorious truths of Christianity, we were also deeply indebted in this respect.

It was not until the wild rush for gold took place in 1858 that friction with the aborigines began to show itself. Disputes first arose over the price charged by Indians for transportation in their canoes, and over mining ground. The Indians demanded pay for the gold taken out, and also for the ground used by the miner in working his claim. Then came the attempt of the savages to arrest the influx of miners by the Okanagan by refusing to allow them to pass from above the canyon of the Fraser River. The Californians were often guilty of cruelty to, and unjust treatment of the aborigines.

They were, no doubt, incited to take this step on the advice of the Shushwaps, and the American Indians living just beyond the boundary line of Oregon. No authenticated case of scalping by the Indians occurred. This strife led to the killing of two Frenchmen on the 7th August, 1858. I will not go into the details of the Fraser war; sufficient to say that after thirteen Indians had been killed, and many others wounded, an agreement was arrived at by which the miner was allowed to work in peace. Many white men who had fitted out in Victoria and started for the Fraser river gold fields in boats, either purchased locally or built by their own hands, were never seen again.

I have been told by a Squamish Indian, who in 1858, lived with his father and mother at Capilano Creek, that many whites were killed by the Squamish Indians at the entrance of the First Narrows. On one occasion he saw some Indians attack a sloop containing twelve men. These men were all killed, the sloop plundered and then set on fire, and burned. These white men and many others mistook the entrance of Burrard Inlet for the Fraser River, especially if the tide was running out. But the first old-fashioned massacre of Indians by white men took place in the interior of British Columbia, by the the banks of the Fraser, in July, 1858, when a party of California miners surprised and massacred thirty-three innocent members of a friendly tribe.

To give the reader some idea of the number of Indians living in British Columbia in the 50's, in 1854 Haidahs to the number of 1500 visited Victoria in one body to see what the white man was doing. This tribe had a very bad reputation for ferocity, and had been guilty of many massacres of neighboring tribes. In 1853 they had captured Laing, the shipbuilder, the founder of Laing's shipyard, Victoria, and Ben Gibbs, and others from the United States. They kept them prisoners until they were finally ransomed. The influx of Haidahs to Victoria caused the good people of that city great uneasiness, but they were finally induced to leave by Governor James Douglas, whose every word was law with them.

In 1859 a convention of northern Indians was held in Victoria, at which 3,000 Indians were present. Two thousand of these were Haidahs, and the balance was made up of Bella Bellas, Stikines and Tsimpseans. What the convention was about nobody seemed to know. They were all camped on Finlayson's farm.

Their presence in such numbers, more especially when they would give no reasons for their meeting, so far away from their own rancheries, gave rise to much speculation as to their intentions, and the concensus of Victoria opinion was, that "they were up to no

good." As on the former occasion when the Haidahs had paid the city a visit, in force, they were requested to "klatawa kopa mika illehe," or in plain English to go home, by the head of the Hudson's Bay Co., Governor James Douglas.

A serious massacre of whites by Indians occurred in the month of May, 1864. This was known as the Chilcotin or Waddington massacre, and gave rise to great excitement throughout British Columbia and Vancouver Island. Mr. Alfred Waddington had contracted to build a trail for the Government from the head of Bute Inlet to Fort Alexandria. He had seventeen men in his party, one of whom, named Jem Smith, was in charge of a ferry and supplies at a crossing of the Homal-ko River.

While the main party was at work some distance off, upon the proposed trail, two fatigued and hungry Chilcotin Indians called on Jem Smith and asked him for food. These Indians were of a wild and uncivilized nature. They wore rings in their noses, a breech clout, and covered themselves with a blanket. They had very little intercourse with the whites, and were unvisited by the missionaries. Their request for food was met with a snappy refusal, and they were treated to rather rough and uncomplimentary language. The refusal and insulting language enraged the younger Indian of the two, and he raised his gun and quickly shot Smith dead. After taking what they wanted the two set out for a camp of their tribesmen who were acting as packers to the road party. To them they related the story of the refusal of food, the rough insults of the unfortunate Smith, and of having shot him.

On hearing the story the Indian packers put on war paint, danced a war dance during the night, and early in the morning set out for the working party's camp, a few hundred yards distant, and arrived there before any of the men were up. Surrounding the camp, they cut the pole and tent ropes, thus allowing the tents to fall upon the sleeping and tired road-men. Then they shot, stabbed and cut with axes all those who were within. Out of the sixteen men in the tents thirteen were killed outright. Four miles further the road boss, Brewster, was engaged with four men blazing the route of the proposed trail. This party was also attacked, and three of them, including Brewster, were killed.

One of the tent party who escaped was a Dane, named Petersen. Hearing the shots, he jumped up, and was at once attacked by an Indian armed with an axe. As the savage struck at him he nimbly jumped aside, but another Indian shot him in the arm. Bleeding copiously and very faint, he managed to reach the river, into which he plunged.

The river was running very swiftly, and in a short space of time he was carried down quite a distance, over rapids, in which were snags and rough stones, which bruised him greatly. He made the bank, and shortly after landing was joined by a man named Mosley, one of the party, who had escaped almost unhurt. An Irishman named Buckley had been stabbed several times by the Indians, and had fallen unconscious on the ground. Supposing that he was dead, the Indians left him lying where he fell. He subsequently joined the other two, and the three eventually reached the coast, where they told the story of the massacre of their fellows.

Once their appetite for blood was stimulated the Chilcotins looked for more. The opportunity came. Three weeks later a man named McDonald, in charge of a pack train of forty-two animals, was on his way from the head of Bentinck Arm to Fort Alexandria, when he was attacked by these same Indians at Nancootioon Lake. Three of the party were killed, and one escaped. McDonald, whose horse was shot under him, immediately mounted another, which was likewise shot. He then made for the bush, but was killed there.

A Chilcotin Indian whom my son, Vyvyan met, when with H. P. Bell's survey party, in connection with the British Pacific Railway scheme, paid a high compliment to McDonald for his bravery. He said that he saw the whole affray, and that when McDonald entered the bush he laid down behind a log and shot several of the Indians with his revolver, and that finally one Indian crawled up behind him and killed him with the blow of an axe. This Indian's account of this tragedy I will publish at some future time, as I have the notes my son made immediately after hearing the story from the Chilcotin outlaw, for such he was.

To avenge these murders, volunteers from Victoria and New Westminster set out on June 15, in H. M. S. Sutlej, for Bentinck Arm. The expedition was under the command of Governor Seymour, who had succeeded Sir James Douglas. A number of Bella Bellas were engaged to accompany the expedition. In the Chilcotin country they fell in with another band of volunteers composed of Cariboo miners under Judge Cox, and another party headed by D. McLean, a former Hudson's Bay Company's employee, who had left his ranch on the Bonaparte to gratify his love for pursuing Indians. This McLean was the father of the three men who were executed, with their cousin Hare, in New Westminster, on January 16, 1881, for the murder of Constable Ussher, in 1880. The result of the expedition was the arrest and conviction of some of the murderers. McLean was the only one killed among those who formed the expeditionary force.

Those convicted were hanged in view of an immense concourse of Indians, whose attendance the Governor arranged for, in order that they might see what punishment murders entailed on the guilty persons.

I will mention a few other instances where the natives robbed or murdered white people, and what steps were taken to punish them, before proceeding with the massacre of the Penellahuts, a narrative which I obtained partly from a former slave with the Bella Bellas, and partly from Mr. A. G. Horne, who was present on H. M. S. Plumper, as a representative of the Hudson's Bay Company, and because he was well known to the Indians, and was supposed to have some influence with them.

I have already mentioned that the Haidahs in 1854 captured Laing, the shipbuilder, Ben Gibbs, and a number of men from United States vessels and that these prisoners were set free on the payment of a ransom.

On January 31, 1859, the brig "Swiss Boy" of San Francisco, Captain Welden, laden with a cargo of lumber for Victoria from Puget Sound, put into Nitinat Sound on account of a gale in the Pacific, and to await fair weather. His vessel was visited by some of the Nitinat Indians on the day of his arrival. Early next morning the man doing the anchor watch being fast asleep, the brig was boarded by several hundred savages, who made prisoners of the captain and the crew. The Indians then stripped the brig of everything that was portable, including the sails and the furniture of the vessel. They held the captain and crew prisoners for two days, when they managed to make their escape. Making his way to Victoria the captain laid a complaint to the Governor. H. M. S. Satellite was sent down to Nitinat, and the brig, with its cargo of lumber intact, was recovered, but everything that was portable had been carried off by the savages. The crew of the war vessel saw no Indians, who were probably in hiding, and it was not considered advisable to follow them up.

In the autumn of 1864, Capcha, the chief of the Ahouset Indians, decoyed the trading schooner "Kingfisher" to the shore near Clayoquot, when he and his Indians killed the captain and crew and then plundered the vessel. An Ahouset Indian told me in 1885, when I was on a professional visit to Alberni, to see this man, who met me at the Indian agent's house, that he could not understand how the captain was induced to come in shore, as Capcha was noted all over the west coast as a "mesatche man" (bad man), and that he remembered the occasion well, though he was a little boy.

Admiral Duncan arrived in Esquimalt on H. M. S. Devastation on the same day on which word was brought down about the dreadful tragedy. Boarding H. M. S. Sutlej, the admiral hastened to the scene of the murders. On arriving there he at once demanded the surrender of the murderers, which was refused. The guns of the war vessel were then turned loose, and in a few minutes three villages where the guilty savages lived, were destroyed. This bombardment may or may not have had a good effect, but Capcha subsequently boasted, in the most impudent manner, that his own operations were a great success.

In 1865 H. M. S. Clio was compelled to throw a shell or two into a village near Fort Rupert, before the Indians would deliver up a murderer.

The Bella Bellas who were guilty of the shocking murder of the Penellahuts, were, in 1860, a large, powerful and warlike tribe. In that year they numbered close on 2,000 men, with a large number of women. In company with about 2,000 Haidahs, nearly 500 of this Bella Bella tribe had paid a visit to Victoria the previous year and had caused such a feeling of insecurity in that city that Governor Douglas made special reference to this large assemblage of Indians in an address to the Colonial Legislature.

In addition to the Haidahs and Bella Bellas were the Tsimpseans and Stikines, all northern Indians, who pretended to have met to discuss weighty matters with the other two tribes. There is little doubt, however, but that they had more sinister motives for this pretended convention, but that they found the whites too numerous to attack, with several ships of war lying in the adjacent harbor of Esquimalt.

Those of the Bella Bellas who made this visit to Victoria returned to their rancheries and told wonderful tales of what the white man possessed, and of the plunder that could be obtained from the isolated settlements along the coast. There was a general cry from those of the tribe who had not been on the expedition of the previous year, that it should be repeated and an opportunity given them to visit the great city of the white men, and perhaps obtain some plunder from the settlers or other tribes along the coast.

It was customary for the northern Indian tribes before starting on any expedition of this nature, to consult the Shamans, who acted as the oracles of the tribe, and the Bella Bellas were no exception to this custom. The proposed expedition was submitted to them for their advice. A grand council was then held, at which the younger men of the tribe were very fully represented. After spending several days in the forest, consulting their "temenwas," or guiding spirits, the

Shamans returned and attended the grand council. There, after much beating of drums and shaking of rattles, they announced that the spirits were quarrelling among themselves, and that they saw much bloodshed, but by whom, or on whom they could not tell. To give additional support to the replies of the Shamans, the sun which had been pouring down its hot rays from a clear sky during the day, was blood-red when it set. The moon also was of a reddish tinge. Taking the statements of the Shamans as an indication of war, with some tribe, the Bella Bellas held a grand war dance.

This dance was participated in by the whole fighting strength of the tribe, who were now fairly roused in anticipation of some successfull raid upon some other tribe. As the rancheria was too small for the large fighting force to carry out their dance, it was held in the open air. The first part of the dance consisted of circling round a large fire (built in a roomy space), to give light to the dancers. This dance was confined to the men only. They walked round the fire in absolute silence, until they reached the spot from whence they had started. Then they swung swiftly round and faced the women, who, in the form of an outer ring, were ten feet from them, and gave a great shout, or yell. Then forming into two lines opposite one another, they passed back and forth through the opposite files. The dance ended in a chant, in which the women joined.

Chief Tsallum then came forward and told the tribe that the morrow must be spent in preparing the large war canoes for the coming trip to the city "Victola," where they would see many rancherias and many white men—that they should go in their best war canoes, and that the old women and those who had children must stay behind, and with the old men, and a number of young men, take care of the settlement. Only those who had arms would be allowed to go.

Next morning the whole tribe was astir before dawn, and the day was spent in overhauling the canoes and making them water-tight. They smeared them also with some preparation to make them slip more easily and swiftly through the water.

The following day the camp was again astir before daybreak, and in a short time they packed their canoes with necessaries for the trip, stepped aboard and amidst much shouting paddled out into the tide.

It is only on special occasions that Indians travel during the night, so they arranged their camping places that they should pass Cape Mudge at night, where lived the ferocious and blood-thirsty Euclataws, of whom they were much afraid. As they sailed swiftly to the south they were all happy in anticipation of the pleasant and exciting time they would pass in Vic-to-la, the white man's home, where fire

water was easily obtained, as well as plenty. There were nineteen canoes in all, containing about 300 men and a few young women, wives of the chiefs.

Approaching Nanaimo, they passed down outside of the islands which cover its front. Between the Nanaimos and Bella Bellas an old blood feud existed. The last time they had met in battle the Nanaimos were badly worsted, losing many of their tribe, and some of their principal chiefs. But since their last meeting the Hudson's Bay Company had built a bastion and established a post, so that the Bella Bellas gave that place a wide berth, passing down outside of Protection and Gabriola Islands.

The Bella Bellas encamped on Thetis Island for the night, and starting bright and early next morning they passed Kuper Island on the inside passage a little after daybreak. The chief of the Bella Bellas noticed that the members of the Penellahut tribe, whose rancheries were in the small bay of Kuper Island were yet asleep. Landing two miles below Kuper Island, the chief Tsallum of the Bella Bellas directed two of his tribe to return and examine all the approaches and surroundings of the Penellahut rancheria, but not on any account to let the Penellahuts see them.

The scouts on their return reported that the tribe was still asleep and that they were possessed of animals the scouts had never seen before and which dug up clams from the beach with their noses. They said the rancheria was surrounded with thick brush, in which an enemy could hide until the time arrived to make an attack.

Satisfied with this report the canoes passed on down to Victoria, where they all arrived after a passage of eight days from their northern homes.

The arrival of so many Indians in one body gave rise to a good deal of speculation as to their motives and Governor Douglas sent Mr. Finlayson down to make enquiries and to advise them to return to their homes without molesting any whites or other Indians, as they would be held accountable for all their actions.

In the meantime the Bella Bellas had drawn up their canoes in preparation for making a lengthy stay. With members of other tribes, Cowichans and Songhees, and some Penellahuts, they engaged in gambling. At last they became such a nuisance that Governor Douglas ordered them to return to their homes in the north. As they sullenly pushed their canoes into the water Douglas expressed his fears to Mr. W. A. G. Young that these Bella Coolas would cause some trouble to the settlers or other tribes along the coast that were weaker than they were.

After leaving Victoria harbor and turning north the flotilla skirted along the coast and robbed the cabins of white men, carrying away what was portable and destroying what could not be carried in their canoes. Isolated camps of other Indians were visited and where the owner was at home he was ruthlessly murdered.

At last they arrived within five miles of Kuper Island. The chief had so timed his arrival at this point that it was almost dark when they hauled their canoes up on the Vancouver Island shore. The night was spent in daubing their faces with black paint, greasing their bodies and making themselves look as horrible as possible, for the chief had determined on wiping out the peaceable Penellahuts.

Next morning the Bella Bellas were moving quietly through the water towards their intended victims. It was still dark. Before landing the canoes had separated so as to land small parties at short distances from one another, and to provide against any of the Penellahuts escaping. The Penellahut tribe at that period mustered about five hundred souls, men, women and children.

About the time that the Bella Bellas landed the previous night on the shore of Vancouver Island, Winni-win-Chin, the war chief of the Nanaimo tribe, entered the Penellahut rancheria to consult with the tribe as to what they should do in case the Bella Bellas returned on mischief bent. As nothing could be done that night, it was arranged to hold a grand council next day. The Nanaimo chief was long-headed and crafty. He did not anticipate the Bella Bellas returning so soon from Victoria, but he did believe that when they returned mischief and murders would mark their track. He had noticed their canoes passing outside Protection Island on their way south and their numbers made him uneasy.

As day began to break the Nanaimo chief, who had been sleeping uneasily all night, thought he could hear a sound like paddles striking the water and canoes grating on the shingle. There were many—yes, he was sure. Springing out of his blankets he made his way to the door. One glance, and turning round he rushed for his axe, knife and rifle, at the same time giving the war cry of his tribe. The Penellahuts had hardly got on their feet when the Bella Bellas burst in upon them. It was now one wild "sauve qui peut," as the savage northern Indians shot, stabbed and struck down with stone clubs and axes the unfortunate Penellahuts.

Winni-win-chin in the meantime was not idle. He was a powerful man and knew not what fear meant. With his rifle in one hand and his short axe in the other, he hewed his way through his enemies

and gained the door. A Bella Bella warrior was standing there to see that none of those within should escape.

As Winni-win-chin drew close to him, the Bella Bella swung his war club and dealt a fearful blow at the chief's head. Dodging the blow, Winni-win-chin killed him on the spot and then gained the outside and made for his light canoe, which was concealed a short distance away in the bushes that lined the shore. As he did so he was surprised to be addresesd by a young woman in his own tongue. She explained as they ran side by side that she had been captured by the Bella Bellas four years previously and had been a slave in the chief's family ever since. Telling the young woman to hurry, he promised to take her back to her tribe. He knew her as the daughter of a lesser chief who had since died.

Gaining his canoe, into which they both leaped, he paddled furiously for the Vancouver Island shore, which he finally gained, and hauling up his canoe hid in the bushes and awaited a favorable time to return to the Hudson's Bay Company's post and tell of the massacre of the Penellahuts.

The exit from the rancheria being deprived of its guardian, was free to those Penellahuts who could gain its portal. But there were few who escaped. Some of the Penellahuts made a brave resistance, and many Bella Bellas fell before them, but in the end the former were beaten down and killed. Out of the four hundred Indians who were sleeping in the building one hundred and seventy-five escaped and hid in the bush.

The Bella Bellas camped there that day and the following night, and after setting fire to the building left for their northern homes.

In the meantime Winni-win-chin had made all haste, under the cover of the night, and reached Nanaimo a little after daybreak. On landing he had at once gone to Mr. A. G. Horne, at that time in charge of the Hudson's Bay post, and reported what had occurred. The news quickly spread and aroused a great feeling of uneasiness among the servants of the company. A little after noon the Bella Bellas were seen passing north, outside of Protection Island, and as they passed they shouted and yelled to express their delight, as well as defiance of the Nanaimos and those in the settlement.

As matters appeared very serious a canoe was manned by eight stalwart white men and sent to Victoria to report to Governor Douglas what had occurred. Their orders were to travel swiftly and keep the canoe going day and night.

Governor Douglas saw the canoe containing the white men enter the harbor of Victoria, and turning round to Mr. W. A. G. Young, he

said: "That canoe is carrying bad news—those Bella Bellas have been up to some devilment." In a short time a man entered the fort and presented a letter from Mr. Horne. "Just as I told you, Mr. Young, I have been expecting some news like this ever since the Bella Bellas left this harbor."

Sending a courier to Esquimalt, with a request for Captain Richards of H. M. S. Plumper to come to the fort on important business, he turned to Mr. Young and requested him to write a letter to Mr. Horne, at Nanaimo, to embark on H. M. S. Plumper, taking a constable with him, and endeavor to arrest the chiefs of the tribe of Bella Bellas who had been guilty of the Penellahut massacre.

Captain Richards was not long in obeying the request of the Governor, who gave him freedom of action in dealing with these savages.

Picking up the eight messengers and their canoe, Captain Richards set out for Nanaimo. There the captain took on Mr. Horne and Constable Gough (the first Nanaimo constable created) and set out in pursuit of the murderous Bella Bellas. He overtook them on the third day, and found them encamped on Vancouver Island, almost opposite Cape Mudge, at a place now known as Willow Point.

Here the Plumper came to an anchor, putting out a stern anchor so as to hold the warship's broadside to the shore.

Then Mr. Horne, who was a brave and fearless Scotchman, went ashore, accompanied by Constable Gough. So soon as he landed he walked up to where the Bella Bellas were camped, and meeting the chief, demanded in the name of Douglas that those who were guilty of the murders on Kuper Island should be given up. But this the chief refused to do and became somewhat abusive. As they neared the shore on their return to the ship's boat, Mr. Horne was explaining that extreme measures would be taken to enforce obedience to the demands of Governor Douglas, when Tsaltum, the chief, gave Mr. Horne a push, at the same time saying: "Mika cultas wawa, hyack mika killipi kopa miki ship, halo nika quass." (You are talking nonsense; hurry up and return to your ship; I'm not afraid).

Now, Mr. Horne was not a man who allowed another to push him twice, let alone a Siwash, so turning swiftly he dealt the chief a mighty blow with the butt of his revolver upon the top of his cranium, which brought him to the ground. Everything looked threatening for a few moments, but, standing his ground with a revolver in each hand, the brave Orkneyman, backed up by the equally brave constable, told the savages that no Siwash ever struck a Briton with impunity.

Returning on board, after seeing the Bella Bella chief arise and

stalk off to nurse his cranium, Mr. Horne went on board and reported to Captain Richards the result of his interview with the Bella Bella chief.

"We must resort to force and give these blood-thirsty Indians a lesson," said Captain Richards, "but before doing so I will give them a last chance. You see that large cedar tree ashore Mr. Horne, I will have one of my guns loaded tomorrow morning and you will go ashore and tell them that if they do not comply with our demands at once, that I will serve them in the same manner that I will serve that tree. By raising your arm you will notify me that they have again refused and the gun will at once be discharged at the tree, and there is very little doubt but that very little of that tree will be left after the shot has been fired."

Next morning Mr. Horne again went ashore with constable Gough, and, although he appreciated the very dangerous position he stood in, after the trouble with the chief on the previous day, no sign of nervousness was apparent in his face or demeanor. On the contrary, when landing, he walked boldly to where a large number of the savages were congregated and, addressing Tsallum, told him he was there to give him a last chance.

"We have the guns," said Mr. Horne. "See yonder cedar tree; if you still refuse we will do to you what we will do to that tree. Do you still refuse?"

"We want to fight," said the savage, "and when we are through we will have your big canoe and all your goods. Get aboard your canoe, and fight us if you are not afraid."

"Good," said Mr. Horne, and raising his arm, the signal was instantly answered by a puff of white smoke and the grape shot, tearing through the cedar, tore it into a thousand fragments.

The Indians took to their heels while Horne returned on board the warship. The war drums then began to beat, and many of the Indians, parading up and down, shook their arms at those on board. Before parting from the Indians, Mr. Horne had warned them that when a black flag was run up, the ship would fire.

In compliance with this promised notice, Capt. Richards ordered a flag to the foremast head. Then training their guns on the defiant murderers the gunners fired a broadside, which laid them low in groups. But they were still defiant and some of the Indians, lying down behind logs, began a fusilade upon the ship.

Another broadside cleared the whole front, but a large number ran for protection behind a hill. Then a few shells dropped among them disposed of many more, among whom was the principal criminal,

Tsallum, himself. Then the canoes were smashed, as the greatest punishment that can be inflicted next to taking an Indian's life is to destroy his canoe.

Going ashore after the cessation of the firing, Mr. Horne found a few women huddled together in abject terror. Now, as a matter of fact, women with a war party are not entitled to any more consideration than the men. These women in the massacre of the Penellahuts employed themselves during the massacre in striking on the head any helpless wounded with a stone mallet, made and used for that purpose and in doing so were guilty of the most awful cruelty it is possible to imagine. It is they who disfigure the wounded before killing them.

However, seeing that they had everything in the form of food destroyed by gunfire, Capt. Richards had a boatload of supplies sent ashore and deposited on the beach. This proved a great lesson to this hitherto troublesome tribe, as ever afterwards they behaved themselves, and were often employed by the Hudson's Bay Co. or the Government on expeditions where reliable men were wanted.

As for the Penellahuts, their dead bodies were not buried until 1881, when Rev. Mr. Roberts, who was a cousin of "Bobs," arrived to open the Church of England mission to that inoffensive and almost annihilated tribe.

On the return of Capt. Richards in the Plumper to Victoria he reported what he had done to Governor Douglas. On hearing of the destruction of the canoes, Governor Douglas was much enraged, as he said that it laid the Bella Bellas open to the attacks of the ferocious Euclataws, whose rancheria was on Cape Mudge, almost directly opposite. He threatened to have the captain tried by a naval court-martial, but his anger blew itself out at that.

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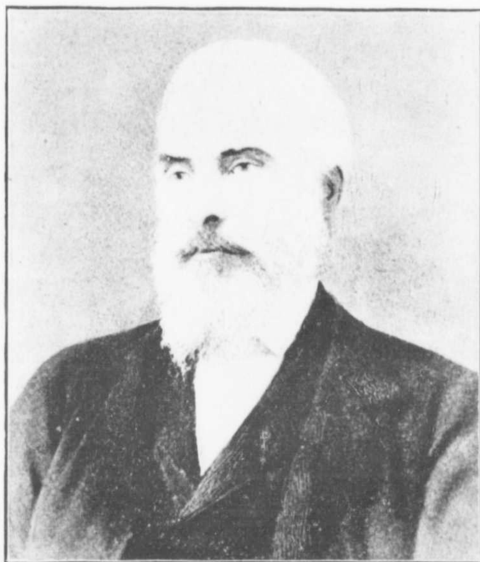


SIR MATTHEW BAILLIE BEGBIE

I have taken the liberty of giving a short history, and telling a few stories in connection with the life of the late Sir Matthew Baillie Begbie, the first Chief Justice of British Columbia, whose ability and courage as a judge in administering the laws of a crown colony, at the most critical time of its existence, have won for him the admiration of the English-speaking race, at least throughout Canada. This might be looked upon as an exaggerated statement, but there are very few in Canada who speak the English language, who have not heard of Begbie, the upright and impartial judge, and the terror of all evildoers.

Matthew Baillie Begbie was the eldest son of Col. T. S. Begbie of the 44th Foot. He was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1819, and after a thorough school training entered St. Peter's College, Cambridge, where he took the degree of B.A. with honors in 1841, and M.A. in 1844. He was called to the bar in Lincoln's Inn in the latter year, and practised his profession in England until 1858.

In this year Sir Edward Bulwer-Lytton, secretary for the colonies, resolved on proving "by active and original work, that he could

be a practical colonial statesman, as well as a novelist, a playwright, and a parliamentary orator," introduced into the British House of Commons a bill creating the crown colony of British Columbia, which was to comprise "all such territories as were bounded to the south by the frontier of the United States of America, to the east by the main chain of the Rocky Mountains, to the north by Simpson's river and the Finlay branch of the Peace river, and to the west by the Pacific Ocean.

For this separate colony of British Columbia a judge was required, and Matthew Baillie Begbie, at that time thirty-nine years of age, received the nomination of Sir Hugh (afterwards Lord) Cairns, and his appointment speedily followed.

For many months after his arrival in Victoria, Begbie acted, with the consent and approval of the Colonial Secretary, as attorney-general for the separate colony of Vancouver Island, of which Cameron was chief justice.

Cameron, at the time of his appointment as chief justice, was a clerk in the employ of the Hudson's Bay Company, as superintendent of the Nanaimo coal mines. He was not a lawyer by profession, but an ordinary draper, but what was of more importance, a brother-in-law of the governor. As superintendent of the coal mines he had been paid £150 a year, and to overcome any objections which the colonial secretary might have to his appointment, the Governor arranged that he should still draw this stipend from the company, and nothing from the Home Government.

David Cameron's first appointment to the bench was in December, 1853, as judge of the Supreme Court. By authority of a royal warrant, he was raised by Governor Douglas to the position of chief justice of Vancouver Island. On account of his salary being paid by the Hudson's Bay Company, his appointmnet gave rise to a great deal of dissatisfaction among those who were not employees of the fur company. Any servant of the company who would have raised his voice against the appointment would in ordinary parlance have lost the number of his mess.

Cameron was succeeded by the Hon. Joseph Needham, a selection of Sir Bulwer-Lytton. He arrived in Victoria on the 30th September, 1865, and was sworn in as chief justice of Vancouver Island on the 11th of October, 1865, which was the same day on which Cameron resigned. With the union of Vancouver Island and British Columbia there existed two chief justices, one for the mainland (British Columbia), and one for Vancouver Island.

When Chief Justice Needham landed in Victoria he understood

that he would be called upon to sit in every court then in existence. He had in consequence provided himself with wigs and robes to suit the court he was sitting in, from the full bottomed wig of the Court of Queen's Bench to the more modest headgear of the County Court. On the opening of the assizes he always appeared on the bench with a full bottomed wig and scarlet robes trimmed with fur. He was likewise attended by a chaplain, like the custom in vogue in England. He was extremely well posted in commercial law, and endeavored to do his duty faithfully and well. Chief Justice Needham resigned in March, 1870, and was honored with knighthood, after which he was appointed to a judicial position in Demarara.

Matthew Baillie Begbie was sworn in as judge of British Columbia on the 19th November, 1858, at Fort Langley, the time and place being also adopted for the proclamation of the mainland as a separate colony under the name of British Columbia.

In 1859 and 1860 the placer mines of the Fraser were attracting miners from all over the world, and more especially from California. Many gamblers, roughs, thugs and bad men of the Golden State found their way to Victoria. Not liking the aspect of affairs in that city, this canaille crossed over to Whatcom, U.S.A., where they expected to see a city spring into existence, but being disappointed they made their way to Yale and the mining camps along the Fraser River.

There was a great deal of legal business to be done in both colonies, and there was a great dearth of legal practitioners to do the work. I will now refer to a celebrated case which was tried before Judge Begbie, and from the date of which all the ill feeling which existed for years between the judge and the Hon. George A. Walkem had its inception.

I hope those who read this book will pardon my intruding what might be considered almost personal matters seeing that Mr. Walkem was my brother, but he was also a public man and was very much in the limelight in the early history of the Province. This case was the Cranford case, and Mr. Walkem, who had not been able to secure admission to the bar, although he had been admitted to practise his profession in both Upper and Lower Canada, before leaving Toronto for the Pacific coast, was at the time of the suit in the employ of Cranford. One day when discussing his case Mr. Walkem suggested to Cranford some legal moves it would be advisable for him to take in the suit which the latter was taking against Gus Wright, a trader and packer, for breach of contract. Mr. Cranford was so surprised at the wisdom of the advice that he asked Walkem how he came to be so well posted in law, and the latter replied that he was a full fledged

lawyer of Upper and Lower Canada. After that conversation Walkem was always consulted by the counsel in charge of the case, and when the trial came on in court he was asked to take a seat beside Mr. Cranford's counsel. No sooner did Judge Begbie notice Mr. Walkem giving advice to counsel, than he ordered him to retire from the seats allotted to barristers. Some words ensued between them and from that day onward the two were constantly coming into collision in the courts of the Province. This case also gave Mr. Walkem such a good reputation as a lawyer, as to attract many clients, and also made him many friends. Although steps were being taken by other parties to secure the intervention of the Secretary for the Colonies, the Duke of Newcastle, and an order from him to Governor Douglas for Mr. Walkem's admission to practise, a petition very extensively signed was presented to Governor Douglas, asking him to allow Mr. Walkem to follow his profession. The petition was refused, and its rejection was solely due to the advice of Judge Begbie, who had not forgotten the wordy dispute between them during the trial of the Cranford case.

About this time a good deal of trouble arose at Hill's Bar in which the notorious Ned McGowan played a very conspicuous part. The foreign element labored under the erroneous impression that the Lower Fraser, Langley and Hope were in United States territory. In a spirit of bravado, they defied the proper officers to collect taxes as well as duties on goods coming in from the other side of the line. The authorities, with the exception of Douglas, held this foreign element in some fear, but Douglas knew he could bring them very speedily into subjection whenever it pleased him. However, he did not go to extremes, for by the Royal Engineers and Judge Begbie the majesty of the law was upheld. It was at this time that Begbie first impressed the lawless with a wholesome fear for British law and justice.

A short time after this McGowan shot a man at Hill's Bar, and confiding to a comrade that he had a great fear as well as respect for the cut of Begbie's countenance, he left the country.

Judge Begbie's first circuit was undertaken on March 28, 1859, and although his journey was a short one his report was voluminous. This was sent to the Geographical Society of Great Britain and published by them and filled eleven pages of their pamphlet.

In his administration of the laws he endeavored to be just, but at times he was extremely tyrannical towards many barristers who appeared before him.

The mining population were divided in their estimation of his decisions. They took particular exception to his frequent annulment of decisions of mining recorders, of gold commissioners and county

court judges, as well as his setting aside of verdicts of juries. He was also complained of as being arbitrary, partial and doing illegal things. The miners of Cariboo held a mass meeting, the result of which was a petition for his recall. But no attention was paid to this and Begbie continued on the even tenor of his way.

In criminal cases where the prisoner was not represented by counsel, Judge Begbie invariably cross-examined all the witnesses, just as a counsel would have done on his behalf. He made it his duty to see that the man obtained fair play. Those who carried bowie knives, pistols and other weapons of the same nature were, when found guilty, treated with great severity. He showed no mercy to murderers when tried and convicted before him, and frequently tongue-lashed a jury when he deemed they had not done their duty. In confirmation of this I will now proceed to cite a case.

A miner, named Gilchrist, killed another miner under the following circumstances: While Gilchrist was sitting at a faro table at William's Lake, a man named Turner came in, and throwing down a sack of gold dust upon the table, bet an ounce. Turner won his bet, and then doubling it, placed two ounces upon the table, which bet he also won. Picking up his winnings, the miner turned to leave, at the same time asking Gilchrist in a good natured tone of voice, if there was any game he could play better than that one. Irritated by the remark, Gilchrist rose from his chair, and drawing his pistol pointed it at Turner. Just as he pulled the trigger, a spectator present turned Gilchrist half round, and the ball struck another man, who was leaning on the bar of the saloon, fast asleep. He was killed instantly. Gilchrist was arrested on a charge of murder.

The case subsequently came before Judge Begbie, and a jury chosen from a class of people composed of many fugitives from justice from the American side, and known to be horse thieves from the Dalles, Oregon.

After a very patient hearing of the evidence, which was clear and uncontradicted, Judge Begbie charged the jury very strongly against the prisoner, at the same time severely condemning the carrying of weapons of a dangerous and deadly character. He warned the jury against being carried away by sympathy, or by the accidental nature of the shooting. The prisoner in attempting to kill one man, had killed another. That was murder. He told them also that if they believed the evidence which had been uncontradicted, there was only one verdict they could return, and that was "wilful murder."

The jury retired, and after an absence of thirty minutes returned a verdict of "manslaughter." Turning to the prisoner, the chief justice

said: "Prisoner: It is far from a pleasant duty for me to have to sentence you only to imprisonment for life. I feel I am, through some incomprehensible reason prevented from doing my proper duty. (In a voice of thunder) Your crime was unmitigated, diabolical murder. You deserve to be hanged! Had the jury performed their duty I might now have the painful satisfaction of condemning you to death, and you, gentlemen of the jury, you are a pack of Dalles horse thieves, and permit me to say, it would give me great pleasure to see you hanged, each and every one of you, for declaring a murderer guilty only of manslaughter."

Gilchrist escaped the rope, but was sentenced by Judge Begbie to penal servitude for life. At that period in the history of British Columbia there was no penitentiary, as there is now, but the common gaol of New Westminster was used for that purpose, and in it were confined all manners of convicts, of long and short terms. It was to this prison, therefore, that Gilchrist was conveyed to serve out his sentence. After being in this gaol three or four years, he met one day, in the yard one of the most desperate thugs that ever crossed the international boundary line. Taking hold of the sleeve of his prison jacket, the criminal told Gilchrist that a conspiracy had been entered into by the long term prisoners, to fix on a certain day, to attack, and possibly kill their guards, on filing out from breakfast, escape from the prison, and with the aid of outside friends, make their way back to the United States.

Great was the surprise of this convict when Gilchrist refused to have anything to do with the conspiracy. In a few words Gilchrist informed him that he had one life on his conscience, and he resolutely refused to engage in any plot, especially when its success was dependent on the taking of human life.

In the course of the day he considered it his duty to inform the warden of the jail of the plans of the conspirators. That night a search of the cells was made before the convicts were locked up at the close of the day, with the result that packages of red pepper, and even pistols were found concealed in some of the bedding. Governor Seymour paid a visit to the gaol, and after hearing from Gilchrist the whole story of the plot, pardoned him there and then.

A few years later some citizens of New Westminster paid a visit to San Francisco, and while there went with some friends to inspect the San Quentin penitentiary on the other side of the bay. They were shown round by the warden, a most gentlemanly official. Just before leaving, the warden said to one of the visitors from New Westminster:

"Do you recognize or know who I am?"

"Yes," said the gentleman addressed, "I knew you the moment I laid eyes on you, and remember you well in old Cariboo. Your name is Gilchrist."

"Yes," admitted the warden, "but please do not call me by that name. Ever since I left British Columbia I have lived in California and changed my name and mode of life. Now I am warden of this prison, so if you have any sympathy for me never mention my name or allude to that horrible time, which I wish to forget."

The visitors promised to comply with his request. He is now dead or I would not refer to the matter here.

Another similar case occurred in Victoria not very many years ago. A well known mining man, named Robertson, had been sandbagged and killed in a most cowardly and brutal manner. The evidence against the prisoner in the opinion of the chief justice was clear and most convincing. I think the judge was right. The prisoner got a very patient and fair hearing. The evidence was submitted by the crown in anything but a vindictive manner, but the crown counsel called for justice to be meted out and an example made of men of the prisoner's type of character which others would take earnestly to heart.

In summing up the chief justice told the jury, as in the case of Gilchrist, that there was only one verdict which they could return, and that was "guilty of wilful murder." The jury retired and after being out only a few minutes returned a verdict of "not guilty." The most surprised man in that court that day was the prisoner himself.

Addressing the foreman in his most courteous manner, the chief justice said:

"Mr. Foreman—with your permission I will say a few words to the gentleman in the dock?"

The Foreman (delighted to be thus addressed by the chief justice: Certainly, my lord; certainly, I have no objection whatever.

The Chief Justice (turning to the prisoner)—You have escaped. The jury in their infinite wisdom have declared that you are not guilty of sandbagging the deceased. In return for this I would simply state that you would do me an inestimable favor if, after leaving this courthouse, you sandbag each and every one of that jury, and see that not one escapes. As I said before, you have escaped! You can go.

Captain John Thain, an old pioneer of this province, was called to his fathers some years ago, and buried in Victoria. Four large granite stones marked the four corners of his grave. These stones were connected with each other by steel chains to prevent people from tramp-

ling over the grave. One day these chains were missed, and a man, who was subsequently tried at the assize, was arrested, charged with stealing them and then selling them in a junk shop. This case was also tried before Begbie, and the evidence was very clear against the prisoner.

The chief justice told the jury what he thought they ought to do and if they were honest men could find but one verdict and that was guilty. Here again the jury did not see eye to eye with the chief justice. They brought in a verdict of "not guilty."

"What?" exclaimed the chief justice, "do I hear correctly?"

The Registrar—Not guilty, my lord!

Chief Justice (addressing the jury)—This verdict you have brought in is a disgrace to British justice. Have you not common intelligence?

I think, sir, (looking at the jury) by this verdict you have shown that you are not fit to sit on any jury where common intelligence is a requisite."

To the Prisoner—"The jury have seen fit to allow you to escape. It is my opinion, however, that you have been guilty of stealing these chains from a late Victoria citizen's grave, and the crime is about as mean a one as stealing coppers from a dead man's eyes. You can go."

Another case was called and a jury was in course of selection when the name of the foreman of the preceding jury was called. Taking a quick step forward this juror addressed his lordship as follows: "Noble lord. After the remarks which your lordship saw fit to make about the preceding jury, of which I was the foreman, I don't think I am fit to—"

The chief justice (interrupting)—"I quite agree with you, sir, I don't think you are fit to sit on this, or any other jury. Mr. Sheriff, strike this man's name off the panel."

The gentleman who thought he was about to take the chief justice down a peg or two, retired discomfited.

But the chief justice could be very facetious at times, and before I proceed to give an instance of this kind I must tell another story. When Judge Begbie was sojourning in New Westminster in the early days, some of its good citizens pressed upon the attention of the judge a mining claim which had been staked on a creek which ran under Hon. Henry Holbrook's building. This claim they had salted with pyrites and other material which to the uninitiated, resembled gold in appearance. Here his lordship stood with trousers rolled up to his knees, and pan in hand washing the gravel.

On the side of the creek stood a glass containing the gold (?)

which he had washed and which nobody dared to handle. The glass was half full. His success created such a stampede that Capt. Spaulding, S.M., applied for a company of Royal Engineers to guard against a riot. The price asked for the claim was $500—and the judge was about to close with the offer when Mrs. Lewis, an old-timer, advised him to try and cut his washings with a knife. He fell in with the suggestion, with the result that the deal was off. Hon. Wymond Hamley was a partner of Judge Begbie on this occasion.

A year or so after this episode a banquet was given by the New Westminster city council to which Judge Begbie was invited. Among the toasts offered on that occasion was one by the late Hon. John Robson to "New Westminster's Pioneer Miner Matthew Baillie Bebbie," which was drunk, so the chronicler told me, amid great enthusiasm. Begbie never forgot that incident, and often in the latter days of his life mentioned it to me.

Thomas was the name of a man who kept a boot and shoe store in New Westminster. He had hung a pair of boots upon a nail outside the door of his shop. An Indian passing saw the boots, and thinking that he needed them more than Thomas did, took them and fled. He was shortly afterwards arrested and brought before a magistrate, who committed him for trial.

I was at that time living at the Hastings Mill, and being a witness in a case, attended the same assize at which this Indian was to stand his trial. Chief Justice Begbie presided. The sittings were opened in due and ancient form, Mr. W. Norman Bole appearing for the first time as crown prosecutor. After several cases had been disposed of the Indian's name was called, and he stepped into the dock. His appearance there was the signal for considerable confusion in the body of the court, constables and ushers running hither and thither, and the sheriff assuming a very anxious expression of countenance. All of this did not escape the eagle eye of Sir Matthew, who, leaning over the front of the desk, addressed the crown prosecutor, and the following colloquy ensued:

Sir Matthew—Mr. Attorney! Is there no Indian interpreter in court?

Crown Prosecutor—No, my lord, but we have sent for one and he will be here shortly.

Sir Matthew—Very strange! Very strange! But, Mr. Attorney, is not the prevailing language of New Westminster Chinook?

Crown Prosecutor—No, my lord, I have never heard such to be the case.

Sir Matthew—But, Mr. Attorney, is it not a fact that more people of this city speak Chinook than Indians speak English?

Crown Prosecutor—I believe it is, my lord.

Sir Matthew—Quite so, Mr. Attorney, quite so. It simply shows the natural tendency of a people to fall back to the original state.

I have been told that Mr. Bole made quite a pointed remark to the chief justice, but if such a remark was made I did not catch it. However, the judge told the crown prosecutor to let the Indian's case stand over until an interpreter was obtained.

At another assize I heard one of the most scathing addresses to a convicted prisoner to which I have ever listened. Before hearing this one I had in my mind the address of Judge Aylwin to Barreau, a man convicted in Montreal of murder in the village of Laprairie in 1865 or 1866. It was a fearful lashing, but did not approach in severity the one which I will now repeat.

A man was brought up on an indictment charging him with having entered a church and broken open a box containing money belonging to some Sunday School children, which was hanging on the wall. The money was to be devoted towards the establishment of a Sunday School library.

Sir Matthew was again presiding. The prisoner appeared in the dock with three medals upon his breast. One medal was a Crimean one, with three clasps for Inkerman, Balaclava and Sebastopol, a Turkish medal (Medije), and an Indian medal with the Lucknow clasp. He was undefended, but Sir Matthew cross-examined every witness in the hope that he might find some redeeming feature for a British soldier. After the evidence was all submitted, the jury retired and the prisoner disappeared. In twenty or thirty minutes the jury returned to court, and so did the prisoner, who, however, had removed his medals from his breast. The verdict was "guilty."

Sir Matthew, after the usual question had been asked the prisoner if he had anything to say why the sentence of the court should not be passed upon him, and had given a negative shake of his head, paused for some time. I could see that this was a very painful case for him. Suddenly collecting himself, he first addressed the crown prosecutor:

"Mr. Attorney, I scarcely know how to deal with this case—(a long pause)—Prisoner, you are the most consummate scoundrel that ever disgraced a dock. To think that you, decked out in all Her Majesty's war paint, which you no doubt obtained by skulking in the trenches before Sebastopol, should arm yourself with an instrument like a hatchet, and crawl into the House of God upon your hands and knees, and break open a box in which the little children had placed

their sixpences to purchase books wherewith to make themselves more acquainted with their Maker! Ugh! A Siwash would not do it. A Chinaman would not do it, but if on the other hand you had decked yourself out in this war paint which, as I said before, you no doubt obtained by skulking in the trenches before Sebastopol, and had armed yourself with a double-barrelled gun and crawled up behind some poor wretch and blown his brains out—there might have been some merit in that, for you would have had the sure and certain conviction in your own mind that you would, if convicted, have been sentenced by me to be hanged by the neck in the shortest space of time which God and the law would have allowed; but I think eighteen months will meet all of the requirements of your case.

"When you come out, never shake an honest man by the hand—never look an honest man in the face! Go to the other side of the world, where you are not known. Should you be so unwise as to stay in this country, and should your form again throw its shadow in this courthouse, charged with crime, and you are found guilty, and I am sitting on this bench, I will send you to a place where you will speak to your fellow men no more, at least while there incarcerated. Go down! Warder, take him out of my sight."

There is no doubt but that the sight of medals upon this man's breast gave the chief justice intense irritation, the more especially as Col. Begbie, the judge's father, was a Peninsular veteran.

When Judge Begbie was holding an assize about two years after his arrival in the colony, a notorious horse thief, bully, and all-round bad man, who had been driven out of "hang town" at the foot of the Sierra Nevada mountains by a vigilance committee, was convicted of stabbing a man near Williams Lake, and was up before the judge for sentence. This was the first case of using a bowie knife which had come before his lordship. The court was crowded, as the general public, consisting of all sorts and conditions of men, were very anxious to ascertain of what kind of mettle this British judge was composed.

Taking a very deliberate survey of his audience, Judge Begbie said: "Prisoner, I am glad to see that your case has drawn together, in this temporary court of justice, so many of your compatriots. I am given to understand that the mining class of the western states look upon liberty as a condition of life which gives them the right to defy the laws of their country, and to govern it according to their wishes by the might of the bowie knife and Colt's revolver. You, prisoner, are a good representative of that class, and I am told that there are many more of your kidney within the sound of my voice.

"Let me define for those who have come from the United States what our laws look upon as liberty. It is laid down very clearly so that no person can make any mistake as to its meaning. "Liberty is the power of doing what is allowed by law. When you go beyond that you indulge in license." I have been appointed a judge to interpret the law, and to see that the law is carried out. We have a law which prohibits the use of bowie knives, pistols and other offensive weapons, and in those countries over which the British flag flies there is no necessity for carrying or using offensive weapons, and let me tell those who are in court that in the course of my duty I will punish most severely all those who, coming into this British colony, make use of such deadly weapons. Prisoner, the jury have very properly found you guilty of this wanton and cowardly attack. You will spend three years in a place of confinement to be determined on, and in giving you this sentence I feel that I have been very lenient with you."

I have often heard a story to the effect that on one occasion on sentencing a man he directed him to pay a fine of six hundred dollars, and that the man interjected the remark, "Oh, that's easy; I have that in my pants' pocket—" and so on. I am sorry to spoil this story, but this anecdote is not a Begbie one. The same story was told about a noted judge of Missouri, and was published in Harper's Magazine when I was a boy.

A correspondent of a United States journal, who was travelling through British Columbia, heard many stories about the judge, and duly chronicled them in his paper. One of these was that when on assize in Cariboo he always made it his business to spend his Sundays in selecting the trees on which to hang his victims who might be convicted during the week. This, of course, was untrue.

In the course of his duties as a criminal judge in the early days, Judge Begbie received many threatening letters, both anonymous and signed, in which the writer threatened to do bodily harm and worse to the judge in case he punished with severity certain parties about to be tried. One of these writers he had arrested and brought before him, and after lecturing him on the gravity of his offence, discharged him with the remark that he and others like him were beneath contempt or his notice.

It was said that he was afraid to go to Rock Creek during the so-called Rock Creek war. As a matter of fact, he earnestly asked Governor Douglas to be sent there, but the governor told him that he had duties of greater importance to deal with near the coast, and that he, the governor, and Judge Cox would deal with the situation.

One one occasion when trying a case at Yale, Mr. Uriah Nelson was the principal witness. It was a civil suit. This gentleman was, as all old timers know, a celebrated character in British Columbia's commercial life. In giving his evidence he did a little fencing with the lawyer who was examining him. At last Judge Begbie turned to the witness and said:

"Witness, be careful! Do not prevaricate."

Well, the examination of the witness was resumed, and Mr. Nelson resumed his fencing with the examining barrister. Then Judge Begbie turned on the witness and in a voice of thunder said:

"Witness, I told you a few moments ago to be careful, and to cease prevaricating. If you do not pay attention to what I tell you, I will commit you."

"Well, judge," said Uriah, with a long drawl, "how can a fellow help prevaricating when he's lost all his front teeth?"

The court broke into a roar of laughter, in which the judge joined.

At a time in our provincial history when we were short of county court judges, the judges of the supreme court often took up the work of these lower courts. On two or three occasions the amount sued for did not exceed in value more than two or three dollars. When these cases were called the judge would put his hand in his vest pocket and, taking out the amount, would settle the case, at the same time remarking that his time was too valuable to be frittered away in petty suits of this kind.

The late judge was very fond of music, and when the Philharmonic Society was organized in Victoria, many years ago, he was its first president. When living in New Westminster as judge of British Columbia, he sang in the choir of the cathedral (Church of England) and his voice could be heard drawling out at the end of a verse after every one had ceased singing. He had a chair placed for his use outside of the choir, as the seats would not admit his long legs between the rows. For some years antecedent to his death he was a member of the choir of what was known as the "iron church," Victoria, and frequently read the lessons. and a remarkable good reader he was.

The late Ike Johns used to tell a story about Judge Begbie (whom he did not know at the time by sight, but simply by reputation), having come to his cabin one night in Richfield and borrowed an overcoat, which was of a pattern commonly used by American soldiers. The night was dark and the weather very wet. As he passed the coat out to him, he said: "Stranger, you want to keep a good look out for that man Begbie; he will give you six months on sight for wearing

one of those coats." The coat was returned next day while Johns was in the mine.

Sir Matthew was very fond of both shooting and fishing. With the gun he was very handy, being a good shot, right or left.

One day a curious accident occurred to him in New Westminster when the judge was shooting in the swamp at the lower end of the city. The late Mr. C. E. Pooley was with him. A snipe arose and darted off on swiftly moving wings. Up went the judge's gun; he fired, and the bird dropped. Beautiful shot! was it not, Mr. Pooley?" in which remark the latter concurred.

Almost immediately after this remark was made, Jack Fannin, late curator of the provincial museum, came out of a cabin on the opposite side of the swamp, bleeding from a wound on the nose directly between his eyes. One of the shot had passed through Jack's window and wounded him. The judge immediately went over to Jack, and with him went to Mr. Adolphus Peele, at that time a druggist, who removed the shot. On regaining the street, the judge remarked: "That was not such a beautiful shot after all, Mr. Pooley."

In stature Sir Matthew was over six feet, and would have been a remarkable figure in any company.

MR. HORNE'S TRIP ACROSS VANCOUVER ISLAND

ADAM HORNE

In Nanaimo, on one beautiful morning in the month of May, 1883, an old friend of mine was sitting on a bench in the centre of his well-kept lawn. Mr. Adam Horne was a gentleman who had once seen very strenuous times in the service of the Hudson's Bay Co. He was now approaching the sere and yellow leaf in physical strength, but his brain was as clear and as active as ever. His tales of bygone days were always a strong temptation to me to seek his company and draw from his inexhaustible store some interesting tale of the early pathfinders.

Opening the garden gate I approached the old gentleman, who was leaning forward, with his hands crossed over the head of his stout walking stick, and his forehead resting on his hands. "Good morning," I said, and he looked up at me through a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles. After a moment's hesitation he replied: "Good morning, doctor, I knew your voice, but my sight is failing me, and I did not at once recognize your face." Still holding my hand, he remarked: "I was thinking of bygone days and of the many strange incidents of my earlier life in the service of the company, and all at once it occurred to me that was this day the anniversary of the murder of the small tribe of Indians who lived at the Qualicum, by a party of Haidahs from the Queen Charlotte Islands. It was one of the most cruel massacres that have ever happened on the Pacific coast of British Columbia. I was thinking of it when you spoke to me, and the incidents of that tragedy are as vividly clear to my memory today as they were at the time of its occurrence. But sit down and enjoy the ozone of this balmy atmosphere. Sir George Simpson was a great believer in British Columbia ozone." His reference to a massacre stimulated my curiosity, so I asked him to kindly tell me all

about it. Changing my seat into a garden chair, I awaited his reply. After a moment's pause, he said:

"The story in connection with this massacre is a long one, because it is interwoven with the account of the first trip made by a white man across Vancouver Island. This account is interesting from a historical point of view, and of some importance because it has never before been told. But to us, the old employes of the Hudson's Bay Company, these happenings were of passing interest because they were in the ordinary course of duty and of everyday occurrence. I will do my best and ask you to be patient and make some allowance for the infirmities of one who is now well advanced in years."

I was more than pleased and promising him my best attention settled back in my chair to hear his narrative.

"In 1855, or thereabouts, I was, as I am now, living in Nanaimo; I have no record of the exact date. Roderick Finlayson, who was the Hudson's Bay Company's official in charge of Fort Victoria, sent me word that he desired to see me at the fort. I accordingly met him there. Then he told me why he had sent for me. He said he wished me to undertake a somewhat dangerous expedition, and calling me to his side, he pointed out on a rough sketch, which he held in his hand, a creek on the east side of Vancouver Island, and a short distance north of Nanaimo. This creek he called the Qualicum. He explained that the Company was anxious to ascertain whether a trail existed from the Qualicum to the head of Barclay Sound, and if not whether it was possible to construct one at a low figure. He told me that I had been selected to head a small expedition to proceed to the creek, interview the Indians there, and if a trail existed ask their permission to use it. We believe, he said, that the natives of both sides of the island use a trail of some kind, and we look to you to find it." Mr. Finlayson then continued: 'The natives at the Qualicum are said to be of the same tribe as those at Cape Mudge. Their dwellings are inside the mouth of the creek. You will use great circumspection in approaching these people on the subject of using the trail, if there is one. They are not well known to the Company, but their relatives at Cape Mudge have a very bad reputation for treachery and theft. If they refuse to give you any information, or deny you the use of their trail, you will at once leave their camp, and use your own discretion in completing your task. Above all things be constantly on your guard against treachery. You will be allowed to choose four out of your six companions. There is one man we are sending with you and for whom you must find room. His name is Cote, a French-Canadian. He is a good canoeman;

knows the waters of this coast thoroughly, is invaluable in a crisis, and does not know what fear means. We will also furnish you with an interpreter and with all necessary supplies of which you will furnish us a list, and also with some small goods for presents to the natives of both coasts. You will proceed to carry out these orders without delay.'

"It was early in the day when I had this interview with Mr. Finlayson, and at once proceeded to write out a list of what we might need, which I handed in within an hour. I was told that they would be packed ready for transportation in the canoe that afternoon, in several small tarpaulins, which might be of use on the trip should I require to cache any of my supplies. I made preparations to leave Fort Victoria by the flood tide next morning, which set in about half past four. I looked up four other men to accompany me, one of whom was an Iroquois, one of the old engages of the campany. We all met that night, including the interpreter, Lafromboise, and Cote. This man Cote was a peculiar character, with a shock of wiry curly hair, which hung in ringlets about his shoulders. He was greatly given to profanity, but which he always confined to the French language.

Next morning the canoe was brought around to the foot of what is now known as Fort street, and on entering the fort we found all. our goods packed into portable packages. These we carried down and placed in the canoe. Mr. Finlayson came down to see us off, a remarkable thing for a gentleman in his position to do, but it showed the interest he took in the expedition. Cote entered and took his place in the stern, and we all followed. The canoe was pushed off and we made for the outer waters, and as we disappeared round the bend we saw the chief factor waving us an adieu with his lantern, for it was not quite daylight.

When we got out into the gulf we met a stiff southerly breeze and a fast flowing favorable tide. Sail was hoisted, and under its pressure and the rising tide, we bowled along nearly all that day at a great clip. The canoe which the Company furnished us with was what is known as a Haidah canoe. It was roomy and light and would have been an excellent model for a large vessel. It behaved well in a heavy sea, and we met many that day, throwing the water from its bow as it rose on the stormy brine like a duck. We saw no natives on our long run that day. As evening approached the wind gradually died down to a light breeze off shore, so we thought it better to go into camp for the night. It was some little time before we settled where we would land, as we wished to obtain a spot where we might

be able to have a camp secure from the intrusion of natives, who generally prove a great nuisance, being always "hyas kla-howya" and sticking to a camp until they eat you out.

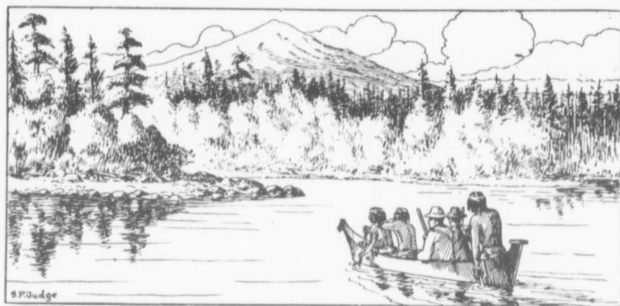
"We landed in a snug bay on the west side of what is now known as Salt Spring Island, so called from some salt springs which were found there. We made a small camp fire and after a hearty supper, made preparations for bed. I appointed a Red River half-breed as night watch, with orders to call us early. We sat around the camp fire for some time, the several men, who were all voyageurs of the old school, telling some very interesting stories. We finally rolled into our blankets and were soon sound asleep. It was half past four when the watchman called us next morning. He had breakfast all ready, which we soon disposed of. Once more we loaded and manned the canoe and, like on the previous day, had a fair tide as well as fast breeze to carry us on our northern journey. We sailed between many islands, beautifully clothed in verdure to the very water's edge.

About 10 a.m. as we were slipping through a rather wide stretch of open water, we saw a deer about a mile distant on our port side, swimming for his life toward Vancouver Island with three wolves in pursuit. The deer was evidently holding his own. It was too far out of our course, or I would have directed the crew to make some attempt to intercept and kill it, as we were much in want of fresh meat.

"We saw many canoes, all manned by natives, fishing. Although they saw us they made no attempt to get better acquainted. We camped that night on the eastern side of Newcastle Island. As it was our object to escape observation, we made no fire, as it might have been seen by the natives living at the mouth of the Nanaimo River. We lay concealed on this island until nine o'clock next night, when we again put the canoe in the water. We had a stiff southerly breeze at our backs, and every appearance of an approaching storm. The water was very rough, sometimes pouring over the sides of the canoe in bucketsful. Although there were no Indian settlements along the coast, we saw many camp fires on the beach as we sailed by, which must have been those of Siwashes going north or south. At 2.30 a.m. we ran on a mud flat, which Cote said was near the mouth of a river, five miles south of the Qualicum. We managed to get off again, but the wind approaching a gale, we had to land on a long, flat beach, a few miles further north. The wind had changed, and was now blowing from the north. As the water's edge was some distance from the timber, we had hard work packing our supplies and the canoe up into the bush. The beach was rough, and

covered with heavy boulders, and as it was as dark as Erebus the moving of the canoe into the brush and timber was attended with heavy work and many falls. We were rewarded, however, by finding the snuggest place for a camp that one could desire. It afforded splendid protection against the gale which was still blowing heavily. Tired out, we all turned into our blankets and went to sleep.

It must have been six o'clock next morning, or a little later, when the Iroquois aroused me, and told me in a subdued voice, that we were within one mile of the Qualicum, and that, for some time, he had



HORNE ENTERING THE BIG QUALICUM.

been watching a large fleet of northern canoes approaching the creek. What they intended doing, of course, he did not know, but he anticipated trouble.

We were fully awake without any loss of time, and from the edge of the timber we saw these large northern canoes enter the creek one after the other, and disappear behind the brush which bordered the banks of the stream. Then we took breakfast, and while doing so, thick volumes of smoke arose from the creek and poured down across the front of the timber where we lay concealed.

"We waited patiently to see whether those Indians would return or not. It was fully twelve o'clock before the first of them came into view in the lower reaches of the creek. We were horrified at the antics of these demons in human shape, as they rent the air with their shouts and yells. One or two of those manning each canoe would be standing upright going through strange motions and holding a human head by the hair in either or both hands. The wind at this time was almost blowing a hurricane from the north, and the sea was

tipped with angry white caps in every direction. Turning the prows of their canoes to the south, these northern Indians hoisted mats as sails, and fairly flew along before the gale. In an hour's time they were all out of sight behind a bend in the shore line. There was no doubt in our mind but that we were about to face some dreadful tragedy.

After lying concealed another hour we once more launched our canoe, loaded it up with our supplies and impedimenta, and poled our way along the shallow beach towards what we were now convinced was the mouth of the Qualicum. On account of its south eastern approach being extremely shallow, we had to make a detour and enter from the north. In the creek we found the current swift and a great volume of water to contend with, so we continued the use of the poles. Both sides of the creek were covered with small brush to the water's edge. In case we met with any natives, who might give us a hostile reception, all of our men had their muskets loaded and lying by their sides. We saw nothing of the rancherie on entering, but volumes of smoke were still pouring out from one side of the stream beyond a projecting point, covered with heavy timber.

In five minutes we were round this point, and then a most desolate and pitiable condition of things met our view. What had evidently been a rancherie was now a blackened heap of burning timbers. Naked bodies could be seen here and there, but not a living being was in sight. Our interpreter called out several times that if there was any person living to come out—that we were friends, and would do them no harm. He got no answer, except the echoes from the surrounding hills, and he then walked over to where the lifeless bodies were lying. Horror of horrors! Every trunk was headless and fearfully mutilated. We searched the surrounding underbrush for living beings, but without success. Discouraged, we sat down upon a drift log to discuss what we should do. Some of my men were for returning at once to Fort Victoria, but this I positively refused to do. I was sent out to do a certain work, and that work must be done, or a good reason given for my failure. There were no Qualicum Indians from whom I could gain my information, so I must try and find the trail without assistance. If there were any left they must be prisoners in the hands of these northern Indians. While discussing our own position as the result of this massacre, the Iroquois suddenly left us, and walked diagonally toward the bank of the creek. Then he halted as though he were listening. He stood in one attitude of keen attention for some moments, and then glided with moccasined feet toward the creek. There he lay down and placed his ear to the

ground. Rising he went a few yards further down the bank of the creek and lay down again with his arm well over the edge of the bank, beneath an overhanging maple tree, and extending his arm he bent it underneath the bank and drew the living body of a naked Indian woman from her place of concealment. She was a fearful sight. Old and wizened, she held a bow in her dying grasp, and was chanting some dirge in a low monotone. On her left side she had an ugly wound, from which the blood was flowing freely. This, with her pale face, and her very weak condition, told me that her end was near. However, she was not too far gone to speak, for she murmured something, and looked at us all, with fear expanded eyes. Evidently we were the first white people she had ever seen. I gave her a little rum and water, and then called Laframboise, the interpreter, to my side. I asked him to question her as to what had taken place. After many attempts to get her to speak, he at last succeeded in obtaining the following story:

They had all been asleep in the large rancherie when the Haidahs crept in with stealthy step, and more than half of those asleep were killed without awakening. The remainder were quickly killed, there being five Haidahs to one of themselves. She was wounded with a spear, but had seized a bow and fled to the side of the creek and had hidden herself beneath the bank. The Haidahs had taken away with them two young women, four little girls, and two small boys. This expedition was in revenge for the killing of one of the Haidahs when attempting to carry off the daughter of one of the principal men who live where the death curents meet (Cape Mudge). Beyond this we could get no further information. Her voice became weaker and her breathing more difficult, until she finally became insensible. As I looked down on her I could not help thinking of the uncertain and unsettled condition in which these people lived. At no time could they consider themselves safe from the attacks of other tribes, even when they were supposed to be living on terms of the greatest friendship. Even as I looked at her, her eyes became fixed, her jaw dropped—she had passed away.

"This camp, with its headless bodies, was no place for us, so we returned to our canoes and left the creek as we had entered. Paddling two miles up the coast, we landed and removed our supplies, and placed them on the beach. Then paddling a short distance further north, we cached our canoe in some thick shrubbery. After returning to where we left our supplies, we dug a hole, wrapped in tarpaulin what we thought would be sufficient to take us to Fort Victoria, after returning from the west coast, placed these supplies in the hole, filled

it up, smoothed it over, and then made a fire over all. This effectually concealed our cache.

"At this point we struck into the forest, taking a southerly course, in the hope of striking the trail if there might be one. After a most arduous trip of four hours we struck a trail going in a N. N. W. direction. We had thus far only covered four miles. The underbrush was heavy and thick, and interspersed were recumbent giants, in all stages of decay. These lay lengthways, crossways and every other way, in wild confusion. With heavy packs upon our shoulders, the ups and downs of that journey were very exhausting, and when we reached the trail we were thoroughly spent. Some of my men wished to camp here, but Cote and the Iroquois both objected, as they said it was too close to the Qualicum rancherie. They both pointed out that we were totally ignorant as to whether any of the tribe were absent at the time of the massacre, and were some absent, and return, they would institute a search, and finding us so close, they might decide that we were the murderers of their friends. With this I agreed and we continued our march along the trail until dusk, when we emerged from the forest upon the shore of a large and placid sheet of water, which we knew must be the lake which the trail was said to lead to. We made our camp inside a lovely grove of arbutus. We had supper, and then, tired men as we were, rolled ourselves in our blankets and soon were sound asleep.

About midnight I was awakened by the howling of wolves and the screech of a cougar close to our camp. I got up and piled more wood on the fire, which was nearly out. I was never in any part of the Pacific coast where I heard so many owls calling to one another. Whether our presence disturbed them or not, I cannot say, but for hours the cries of at least three different species of owl broke in upon the usual silence of the night. The screech owls were particularly noisy, as they called and answered their friends and neighbors, probably telling one another of the arrival of a new species of the genus homo, who did not smell of salmon, and who had invaded their ancient homes. As I returned to my couch Cote got up, and said he would remain awake and guard the camp, as he did not like the proximity of hungry wolves, with our supplies at their mercy, if there was no one awake to guard them. The last I saw of him as I dropped off to sleep, was with his eyes gazing fixedly into the trees above him, looking for the great cat which was giving vent to the most blood-curdling screeches every few minutes. He had nothing to report next morning, except that two large timber wolves kept hovering round the provisions, but always under shelter of the underbrush.

I was up next morning bright and early, and taking a small pole as an improvised fishing rod, and my musket under my arm, I wended my way towards the lake. As I emerged on the shore, I saw a cow elk and a young calf standing up to their knees in the waters of the lake, having a morning drink. They saw me at the same time, but they did not appear to have the least fear of me. Our camp was much in want of fresh meat, so I made up my mind to kill the calf. Making a slight detour to get the cow elk out of the line of fire, I crept up to within forty yards of them and shot the calf through the neck. She fell dead in the water, and the Iroquois coming up at the same time, dressed the beast and carried the carcase into camp. With a hook and line and a piece of dried venison I tried my luck in this lake, the first white man to do so, and with very flattering results. The water was very clear and cold, and I could see the trout moving about in every direction. In fact, this lake fairly teemed with fish. Just as soon as I had caught sufficient to meet the wants of our camp I detached my line, and walking back gave my catch to the man whose turn it was to cook the breakfast that morning. As the men were very tired from the previous day's work, we did not start on the trail again until after the noonday meal. We had a haunch of young venison for dinner, cooked in a hole in the ground beneath the fire, and encased in a thick coating of mud. I have never tasted venison that could compare with the haunch of that young wapiti. As we could not take all of the meat with us, as we were already pretty well loaded, we hung part of the carcase on a tree a short distance from the trail, hoping to be back at this place on our return journey before the meat spoiled.

"We started on the trail again shortly after dinner, our road leading us round the shore of the lake, which was everywhere marked with the footprints of wapiti (elk), deer, wolves, and occasionally those of the black bear. This lake was evidently the drinking place of the wild animals of that part of the island. After leaving the lake the trail became tortuous, and unnecessarily so, like most of the Siwash trails. A native will walk yards out of the direct route to avoid some small obstacle which we could remove with a little labor.

Darkness overtook us at the foot of the last mountain trail we were to climb, before we might look down upon the waters of the western coast. Here we again camped for the night, but before turning into my blankets I put two men on watch, to be relieved after four hours by two others. This I thought to be necessary in case some wandering natives might be in the vicinity. Taking up the trail next morning shortly after daybreak, we arrived at the summit

about noon, and from this point we had a fine view of the west coast and of Barclay Sound. On the summit we cached some more of our provisions, and we had a very steep and difficult descent to make, which would be made dangerous with heavy packs upon our backs. The gifts intended for the natives we of course took with us to propitiate any tribes with whom we might come in contact. It was to the interests of the great company we had to look, and a friendly attitude on the part of all natives was of the first importance in obtaining their furs, and their trade. We were told that the majority of the natives of Barclay Sound had never seen a white man, and consequently they might be difficult to approach, or even hostile, unless we succeeded in gaining their confidence and friendship. I shall never forget that trail down the mountain side. It was so exceedingly steep in places that we could only descend by hanging on to the brush which skirted the trail, and letting ourselves down. The trail at the foot of the mountain led directly to the salt water, and our arrival there was productive of great excitement among the Indians. We heard shouting in the timber, and the savages calling to one another in that weird and abrupt cadence so peculiar to the Indians of British Columbia. We could see none of them, but that they were within easy bow-shot was evidenced by the flight of an arrow which found a resting place in the bark of a Douglas fir, not far from my head. Cote, who was walking a few feet in my rear, advised me to keep more within the timber, where I would be safe from flying arrows, or other missiles. I recognized the value of his advice by complying with his suggestion. The shouting now seemed to come from the other side of a narrow canal, and presently two Indians appeared on the opposite bank, shouting, gesticulating and brandishing some weapons which they held in their hands. The interpreter, Lafromboise, attempted to hold some conversation with them, but the attempt was a failure.

"Taking off my pack, and filling my canvas bag with knick-knacks and biscuit (hard-tack), I advanced along the water's edge, in the hope of obtaining some means of crossing to the opposite side. After walking a short distance we found a canoe on the bank. We then pantomimed to the savages our intention of crossing over, to which they showed strenuous objection, but after a little over half an hour's pantomiming with our hands and arms they finally consented. There were no paddles in the canoe, but Cote went into the bush and returned with a branch of a fir tree, with which by vigorous use he propelled the canoe to the opposite bank. On our advancing towards them the two natives, and many others who had joined them, retreated with threatening gestures. One, however, stood his ground,

but showing some timidity I thought it advisable to try the effect of some of my knick-knacks. I accordingly drew from my bag some small looking-glasses, and threw one towards him, as well as a one-bladed knife. These laid for some time on the ground before he would touch them. He finally took up the small mirror and gave vent to some grunts of satisfaction which brought the others from the timber, where they had been concealed. Taking up the one-bladed knife, which I had opened before throwing it to him, he appeared to know its use, and they were all pleased with it, and made signs for more.

"Taking some biscuits from my sack, I threw one in the direction of an Indian who appeared to have some authority, and taking another I put it in my mouth and bit off a chunk, which I commenced to chew. But he looked at his buscuit, and would not touch it, and after I had eaten half the one in my hand he motioned to me to throw it to him, which I did. Biting a piece off, he chewed it, and seemed highly pleased with its taste. Taking some more from my bag I advanced and he stood his ground. I then offered him some of those just taken from my bag, but he would only eat them after I had eaten a piece of them myself. Many more natives coming up, they asked me for biscuits, mirrors and knives. I gave them all I had with me, but I was joined shortly after by the remaining members of my party who had been ferried over by Cote, while I was going through a pantomime with the natives. The most of these natives were completely naked, but some had coverings made from the inner bark of the cedar tree. The interpreter then asked in a loud voice if there were any of the Indians who spoke the Songhee tongue, when a young man who appeared to be about 18 years of age stepped forward and said he could speak the language. He explained that he was a Songhee and captured when a boy had been living with these Indians ever since. He told us that we were the first strangers they had ever seen, and they were afraid. The Indian who appeared to be the chief, invited us to visit his rancherie. We walked down with them after sending one of my men back for a Hudson's Bay blanket. The rancheria was situated some distance from the salt water canal. As we approached this large structure Cote objected to my entering the building. He said the Indians were already showing signs of becoming troublesome, by trying to steal from the supply bag and jostling some of the party.

"We were all well armed, but I wished to avoid trouble in the interests of the Company. The interpreter told the Songhee to ask the chief to make his people behave themselves or there would be trouble, which he did, as the chief addressed the natives, and they fell

back a little from about us. I was suspicious, however, of the chief's intentions, and refused to enter the rancherie, although pressed to do so.

The blanket in the meantime had arrived, and I presented it to the chief with much ceremony. He was highly pleased with it, and in return he gave me two otter skins, which he had intended trading with the Indians on the outer coast.

I then explained to him that the blanket was a present from the Company, who had trading posts at different places in Briish Columbia, and that the Company would be glad if he took any furs they caught to these posts and be well paid for them. The young Songhee then asked if we could get him his freedom to return with us to his people at Fort Victoria. Before making any proposition in connection with him we distributed a few of the mirrors and knives. I was on the point of returning to the foot of the trail, where we intended camping for the night and leaving early in the morning. It was now close to 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and it was necessary that the men should have their supper, as they had had nothing to eat at noon. Taking the chief on one side, I explained by signs that I would give him two blankets in exchange for the boy. At first he refused, but at last he consented. Not wishing him to see what goods we had with us, I told him to come to the foot of the trail in the evening, and bring the young man with him. We were glad to leave this tribe, and make all haste to a place at the foot of the trail which I had noted in the morning as offering a good site for a camp, if I returned that day. While they were preparing a camp and getting supper, I took Cote and Lafromboise with me, and walked down a couple of miles to salt water. Here I saw a native fishing, but I did not leave the protection of the timber, as I was interested in his peculiar method of spearing cod-fish. This man had a wooden block carved into the shape of a boy's spinning top, and adorned with a circlet of feathers.

This shuttlecock, for it closely resembled one, he placed at the end of a pronged spear, and pushed it far down into the water. Then standing over it he withdrew the spear and allowed it to come slowly upwards in front of the shuttle. This was evidently a bait, for a few moments after withdrawing the spear he plunged it quickly downwards again, and then withdrew it with a struggling grey cod on its extremity. After watching the man for some time I came out of the timber, whereupon the Indian paddled off with great shouts of fear towards the rancherie. When I came back to camp the supper was ready, and while disposing of it, the Indian chief or headman came in, accompanied by the young Songhee. Then another blanket was

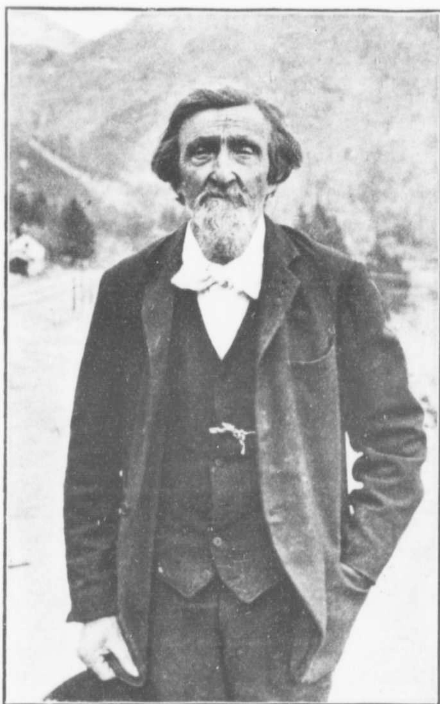
asked for, in exchange for the Songhee's liberty, in rather an imperious manner. This I point blank refused to give him, and he was about to take the boy back with him, when Cote took the boy by the shoulders, and pushed him among our men, at the same time throwing the two blankets at the chief, and motioning him to take himself off. He left us in high dudgeon, and we were told by the boy that he would return with more of his tribe and kill us all. As I said before, we had an excellent place for a camp, and we immediately began to prepare for eventualities. In about half an hour's time we heard shouting throughout the timber, and we saw the chief with a considerable number of men returning to retake the boy and punish us. We lay concealed in the brush and the natives halted, and one man shot an arrow, which passed over our heads. Cote, who was on one side of the trail, then arose with his rough shirt tied over his head and fired his musket in the air. This appeared to throw the Indians into a panic. They fled in dismay, headed by the chief, who, to expedite his movements, left his blanket which I had given him in the morning, on a bush. For sanitary reasons we left it there and then got everything ready for an early start. Night came down upon us shortly after and we turned into our blankets, with Cote and the Iroquois as night watches. We left next morning just before day break, and gained the summit, where we had breakfast. Just as we were about to take the trail again we saw some of the Indians dodging along the road which led to our camp, unaware that we had left. We had a much easier tramp towards the lake. It was down-hill, and when dusk overtook us we went into camp. Next day we reached the lake about noon. We found our venison where we had left it, but the ground beneath showed unmistakable signs of wolves having been there in force. I forgot to mention that at the summit we found our cache of supplies intact, with no evidence that any animal or human being had been in the neighborhood.

We stayed at the lake until early next morning. Here some of our party shot some mallards and teal, as well as a few grouse. We made our camp close to the shore and built a large fire to keep off the wolves which were howling all around us. It was impossible to tell their number, as two wolves will make noise enough for a pack. Our old friends, the owls, were also present, in good voice. After a noisy night we made preparations next morning to return by way of the Qualicum, if the route proved safe. Before starting I directed one of the men to try and get some meat for our return journey. He had not left the camp more than a few minutes when we heard his musket, and in the course of twenty minutes he returned with a fine yearling

buck. It was dressed when brought into camp, so that all that had to be done was to divide it into quarters, of which we took the best, and left the rest for wild animals to feed on. Just before we left this camp we saw a large cougar, or panther, jump from a tree, almost above our heads, and in a few leaps disappear in the forest.

We started for the coast about seven o'clock. When about, as we thought, one mile from the mouth of the Qualicum, we halted, and I sent the Iroquois forward to ascertain whether any Indians were at the scene of the late massacre, and then to come back and report. We did not care about repeating the tramp we made through the bush on our westward journey. He returned in a little over half an hour and reported that we were only half a mile from the late rancherie, and it appeared as though no person had been there since our last visit. This was good news. He also reported that he saw no canoes in the gulf. We therefore continued our tramp in the direction of the late abode of the Qualicums. On our arrival there we found the buildings still burning, but the headless bodies of the dead had been partly devoured by wild animals. There was nothing to claim our attention so after a few moments spent in examining the place we walked down the beach to where we had cached some of our supplies. We found these in the same condition as we had left them, and after hunting up the canoe, which had been undisturbed, we set out for Fort Victoria. During the course of the second afternoon of our journey southward, we turned into the mouth of the Nanaimo River, and were accorded a very friendly reception by the Nanaimo Indians. Here we saw a very interesting method of killing ducks and geese. At the mouth of the river is a large flat piece of swampy land much frequented by waterfowl. Sometimes they congregate here in thousands, more especially in the early months of the year. I asked the chief to have supper with us, after which he accompanied us to the flats I have mentioned. About the middle of this flat and cutting it in two are a series of posts about twenty feet in height and forty feet apart. Stretched between the posts was a large and extensive net. At dusk when the flats are covered with waterfowl the Indians frighten them, and rising in a large body with necks extended these waterfowl circle round, and without seeing the net they push their necks through the mesh and fall back with broken vertebrae, but retained in a hanging position until removed. Stray flights of waterfowl are caught in the night when the Indian is asleep within his dwelling.

On the second day after my visit to the Nanaimos I arrived with my party at Victoria, and received the commendations of the chief factor.



NED STOUT

A PIONEER OF '58.

There are few of the "old timers" better known to British Columbians, than Net Stout, of Yale, and none, certainly, can tell a more interesting story than this sturdy old pioneer.

I had heard his name mentioned as that of a miner who had come to the Fraser River, in the van of the "first rush." His experiences with the Thompson tribe of Indians, as told to me, were so enthralling as to warrant my visiting Yale, where he had his home, to obtain his story at first hand.

On arriving there I had no difficulty in finding his house, which was situated a short distance from the railway station. Knocking at the door, I was admitted by Ned himself, and after mentioning my

name I was invited to take a seat. In reply to his question, I stated I was a brother of the late Mr. Justice Walkem, which appeared to please him greatly. Mr. Stout said he knew Mr. Walkem well when he was member for Cariboo, and Premier of the Province, and had voted for him on every occasion on which he had been a candidate for the legislature.

After explaining the object of my visit, he at once put my mind at ease by inviting me into a room provided with a table and chairs, and stating that he would willingly tell me the story of his early experiences in search of gold.

"Those were stirring and eventful periods in the history of my life," said Ned, "filled with episodes which are indelibly fixed upon my memory."

"There are only a few of us left, doctor, time is fast thinning out our ranks, but I may say that of those who came to the country with me, only four out of the twenty-six survived the war with the Indians on the Fraser River. I have heard of some who claim to have gone through that war, but any stories which they may have to tell in this respect must be taken with a great deal of salt."

Mr. Stout is a gentleman who probably would measure five feet six or seven in height. Though stout by name, he is almost the opposite in the flesh. His face is a very pleasing one, as though the owner was possessed of an excellent temper, while his lips and jaw tell of an iron will to attempt, and carry out, if possible, any enterprise or project upon which he has set his mind. His moustache is grey, but not white, and a small pointed beard, of the same color, covered a square, well-formed lower jaw. His eyes are light in color, and his nose is decidedly aquiline. His movements would lead one to believe that he was a much younger man that his stated age. On his arms are the evidences of the strenuous times of those early days, in which all, but three or four of their party escaped alive from the attacks of the blood-thirsty savages. His groin bears witness, in a large puckered scar, to where a musket ball entered, fired from one of the old muskets supplied by the Hudson's Bay Company to the natives to hunt game with. This wound nearly terminated his existence, and I believe that if it had not been for his magnificent recuperative powers, and his careful manner of living he would have succumbed to the dangerous wound. His arms and body are literally covered with the scars of arrow wounds. There are over forty of these plainly to be seen. These scars are not confined to any particular part of his body, but are to be found everywhere an arrow could find a place for entry. When his arms are exposed, you do not see a limb of massive propor-

tions, but one in which the muscles stand out like whipcords, and eloquently speak of great strength and wiry endurance.

"I was born," said Mr. Edwin Stout, "in Germany, in 1827, but came to America, landing in New York in 1846. From there I proceeded to Milwaukee, where I obtained employment on a schooner, on which I sailed Lake Michigan for over a year. On this schooner I visited nearly every port on the lake from Chicago at the southern end of it, to the Canadian frontier line in the northern end. In the spring of 1848 I moved to Council Bluffs.

"I stayed with the Mormons, who were a thrifty and industrious people, until the spring of 1849, when I joined a cattle drover, who was driving a band of cattle in connection with some immigrant wagons across the plains to California. It was a long, but at that season of the year, a pleasant journey. I can remember it most distinctly. We passed over a beautiful country literally swarming with buffalo, elk and other deer, as well as antelopes. We travelled by way of the North Platte, Salt Lake City, Laramie, Bear River, the Little Desert, the Big Desert, and passed where the Humbolt disappears from sight in the bowels of the earth. Then we crossed the Sierra Nevada Mountains and arrived in "Hangtown," or Placerville, as it was afterwards called, in the month of November, 1849. I may rightfully be called one of the forty-niners of California. To be a forty-niner of California and a fifty-eighter of the Fraser River is very exceptional, and I should say that the number of such men living at the present time, might be counted on the fingers of one hand. This village, or town, derived its name of "Hangtown" from the number of desperadoes who were hanged within its boundaries by the Vigilance Committee. In the centre of the town was an oak tree, with large, thick and widespreading branches. One could count the number of hangings that had been carried out by the number of rings on the branches of the tree, just as you can tell the age of some trees by the number of circles or rings which can be counted within the bark when the tree is felled to the ground. Every time the rope from which the criminal was pendent was thrown over the branch and drawn into the air, the friction removed some of the bark in a circular manner and left its count.

"About twenty-five or twenty-six of our party engaged in mining in various creeks and streams of California. The last place we tried our luck was in Georgetown, El Dorado County. Among those who were with me then and afterwards accompanied me to this Province were Alexander Coultee, of the Nicola Valley, now deceased, and John O. ——, of Yale. We crossed the plains together.

Coultee a brother of the late Sheriff Coultee of Ottawa

"In 1857 rumors of rich diggings on the Fraser River were going the rounds of the mining camps of California, and these rumors did not lose anything in the description of the richness of the new finds by their repetition. These reports produced intense excitement, and we, like a great many more, we struck by an intense attack of Fraser River gold fever. We made up our minds to seek out the new El Dorado without loss of time, so we hunted round for some kind of transportation and we finally succeeded in obtaining a schooner to take us there. We made a bargain with the captain and owner to take us to Bellingham Bay for $2,000, including the carriage of our supplies and a sufficiency of timber to build two large boats with. There were twenty-six of us all told. We would have cleared for Victoria, V. I., but it was not a port of entry, so we had to clear for Bellingham Bay instead. In the schooner we put a good stock of supplies, and what lumber we thought we would require. We started from San Francisco, California, and arrived, after a medium passage, in Bellingham Bay, in March, 1858. We were the only vessel in that spacious harbor. Whatcom, at that time, consisted of two or three houses, or cabins. With the lumber we brought with us we constructed two good, large flat bottomed boats. They were easily handled and carried with comfort a large amount of freight, as well as ourselves. We arrived at Canoe Pass on May 2, 1858. When we arrived on the Fraser River there was not a living soul to be seen. We did not even see the mark of an axe on any of the timber. We passed up to what is now known as Langley. At Fort Langley we saw one white man, a Hudson's Bay employe, and at Fort Hope we saw only two. After a long struggle of eighteen days we arrived opposite the present town of Yale. Of course it had no name at that time. You will naturally enquire as to whether we saw those who had been mining there, for it was at Yale where they found their first pay dirt. Well, the history of the original claim strikers is a very sad one. Old Chief Jim, whose rancherie was on the opposite side of the river, told us that the previous year two strange white men made their appearance on the river from the direction of Fort Langley, and employed Jim to work for them. They went across the river and sunk two holes, and after washing a lot of dirt appeared to be very happy. They got quite a large amount of gold. After a while they ran out of supplies and then started out for Port Townsend to obtain some more. On passing Bellingham they told of their great luck, and they mentioned their wonderful success at Port Townsend as well. Then they went on to Seattle and repeated to the inhabitants of that city the story of what they had struck on the Fraser, and showed their gold.

After getting a year's supplies they started out to return to their claim, but on reaching the upper end of Lulu Island they were suddenly attacked by a band of Squamish Indians from the North Arm of the Fraser, and murdered. Their vessel was looted of everything of value and then burned. Jim said we were the first who had appeared since the two original miners had disappeared. I asked him if he knew their names. He replied that he only knew that one of them was called Charlie. They told him when they left that they would soon return, and that by and by there would be crowds of white men on the river.

"We now made arrangements to start mining. The first thing we did was to elect officers to see that everything was carried out in a proper manner. It was necessary to do so where there were twenty-six men to manage and in one company. Our officers were as follows:

"Chief, or foreman, John McLennan.

"Assistant Chief, Archie McDonald.

"Two under officers, two ex-Texas rangers.

"Poor Jack McLennan, a really good fellow, was subsequently killed by the Indians. After we had been prospecting for some weeks Jack McLennan called us together one day and said: 'Boys, we have been working here for some time, and have found nothing but fine gold, and in California we have been accustomed to coarse gold. Let us pull our stakes and go right up the country, and try to find out where this gold comes from. It comes from somewhere, and if we can find that 'somewhere' we may discover some valuable placer mines. If we fail in finding what we are in search of, we will return to California." To this we all agreed. In the meantime during the week we had been working men were pouring in by the hundreds, so that when we left we had no fear of Indians murdering the two men we were leaving in charge of the two boats, and some supplies, to be used on our return or forwarded to us in case we made a strike.

"Just about this time the Hudson's Bay Company attempted to establish a post or fort at Yale. In fact, they did establish one, and Mr. Ellard, the chief factor at Fort Hope, called the post Fort Yale, but through some misunderstanding with the natives they were compelled to abandon their project until after the signing of the peace agreement after the Fraser River Indian war, when they established the post.

"In accordance with the suggestion of our foreman, Jack McLennan, we took up our packs, quitted the scene of our three weeks' work, and started out to ascend the Fraser River. First we made for the mountains, and I can tell you there was no trail, or sign of a trail

on which to travel. We left Yale on June 2, 1858, and in making our way through the timber we had the hardest kind of a time. Sometimes we had to use the axe, for it was impossible to make headway without its assistance. We never had a glimpse of the sun except when it was almost overhead. When lying on our backs at night, listening to the racoons quarreling among themselves, we could discern some stars through the tops of the giant trees. At last, after herculean efforts, we succeeded in making our way through the big canyon, and reaching the forks of a large river which met the one whose banks we had been skirting. This was what is now known as the present town site of Lytton. The mainland of the colony was known to us as New Caledonia, and a Scotchman of our party on reaching this point, extended his arm in a most dramatic fashion, and said: 'This is Queen Victoria's New Caledonian Land. Oh, Mighty Mountains, what may be behind you?' We were to find out, alas! to our cost! Leaving the forks of the river, we ascended the Thompson, prospecting all the way until we reached Nicomen, now called Thompson's Siding, where we struck some gold, but not sufficiently rich to justify our staying there. We once more started out in search of something better, and arrived at the mouth of the Nicola River, on June 14, 1858. From this point we started out in an east and southeast direction, prospecting the mountains in search of a placer mine, but found none. Then we returned to Nicomen, and resumed mining, where we had left off previously. We stayed with it until the middle of July, when something occurred which led up to our leaving a number of our men dead upon the trail.

As we progressed through the country we came across several small bands of Indians of the Thompson tribe. An innocent and good looking woman child of the forest, had formed a strong attachment for our foreman, Jack McLennan. When we first met her she was practically naked, and Jack out of pure good nature and compassion for her nude condition, had given her sundry shirts and trousers to cover her nakedness. She, in return, had fawned on him like a dog does on his master. She followed him about, working for him, insisting on carrying his pack, and otherwise showing in her childish innocent way her strong love and affection for him. She was in love with Jack, but beyond having a natural pity for the woman, I do not think he reciprocated her love. At night she usually stopped with some member of her tribe, who followed in our trail.

"One night—it must have been close on midnight, and many of us were still sitting in front of the blazing log fire—this woman suddenly appeared, and placing her finger on her lip, as she walked to take a seat

close to Jack, said in a very low and subdued voice, 'Hist!' Taking her seat upon a fallen tree, she stared gloomily, if not sadly, into the fire. Cautioning silence, Jack said to us: 'Boys, something serious has happened or is going to happen which concerns us all. This woman would not have come here tonight unless she had something important to tell us. Let no man speak, but let us wait until she is ready to tell us what it is.' The woman in the meantime still kept her eyes fixed upon the blazing logs. Twice she made a move as though to speak. At last, in a most intensely sad tone of voice she said: 'Before sun up you white men go. Go back in the stick, far, far, then you back to salt chuck (water). Indian kill all white men in canyon, by-by he come kill you all. Tomorrow he come. Go now, go quick,' and rising from the log she disappeared as suddenly as she had come. We understood her warning to mean that the Indians below were killing all the white men, and had killed all those in the big canyon, and if we did not get far back in the bush and work our way back to salt water we would be surrounded on the morrow and killed. We determined to take the trail without loss of time. It was fair travelling where we were, and there was a bright new moon to light our way.

"Carefully putting out our fires we struck into the thickest portions of the timber and travelled until daylight, when we lay down for rest and repose. We were now divested of everything that would encumber our rapid flight to the lower reaches of the Fraser. We had thrown away everything but our guns and ammunition, as well as a blanket apiece, but we kept some jerked venison as the best and most easily carried of our supplies. After a short rest we struck across into the hills until we reached Jackass Mountain near the Fraser River. While we were in the act of walking from a little bench below Jackass Mountain to another bench, the Indians, who were concealed in the brush, suddenly fired on us from above. They were hidden among some rocks and brush on the mountain side. Three of our men were wounded, and as the arrows were poisoned, they died next day, after several attacks of convulsions. At death the poor fellows turned black. The poison with which they anoint the tips of the arrows is made as follows: Some teeth or fangs from the rattlesnake are placed in a sort of mortar, with some deer's blood and are rubbed up together. Sufficient moisture is added if necessary, to make it possible to anoint the tips of the arrows. To prevent the Indians from robbing the dead of their clothing or other belongings, we pushed the bodies of our late comrades into the Fraser, and they were soon carried out of sight.

"As it was extremely dangerous to travel by day, we made our way in the night time. As soon as the day broke we built small forts

upon the bank of the river with stones and pieces of timber. Detached parties of Indians often hemmed us in, skulking behind low bushes, while occasionally some of them would send a chance musket ball whistling across the rocks with savage interest. Our arsenal consisted of twelve double-barrelled shotguns and six Kentucky rifles, and several large horse pistols. We lost a man nearly every day; Jack McLennan was one of these, and at Slaughter Bar we lost six of our comrades. This Slaughter Bar was between Boston Bar and Jackass Mountain. Opposite Keefers we made an attack on their caches which contained all their dried salmon and berry cakes, and burned the rancherie as well. When we arrived at Ten-Mile Creek the Indians tried to head us off, but we set fire to the bush about 2 o'clock at night and retired into the darkness. The light of our bush fire exposed the Indians who were lying waiting for us on the opposite bank, and they were all killed off by the fire of the heavy Kentucky rifles. All of our men were expert shots. At Four-Mile Creek they had hung four poisoned salmon on a pole, expecting that we would eat them. Mike Mallahan, an Irishman who was with us, when we approached the salmon, pointed to some blue jays lying dead beneath the salmon. He warned us not to touch the fish as they were undoubtedly poisoned. The dead jays were good evidence of this. We threw down the pole, and after reducing the salmon to small pieces, pitched them in the river. We next descended to Boston Bâr, and crossed Anderson River on a natural bridge made from driftwood, jammed tight in the narrow space. Then we made our way round China Bar Mountain to China Bar, where we built a fort. There were only five of us now left. The rifles were no longer of any use to us as we had no ammunition to suit them. We broke them to pieces and threw them in the river. Every one of us was wounded, and as we were unable to travel we laid behind our fortifications, expecting to be attacked at any moment, but we were relieved by Capt. Snider and his company on the following day. If he had not come when he did I would not be here today to recount to you the story of our rescue.

"I have said little of the privations of that trip. Let me tell you that our sufferings from many causes were terrible. The total number of whites who were murdered by the savages will never be known. Capt. Snider took out of the water at Yale ten dead whites; at Deadman's Bend on the opposite shore they took out nineteen, and the Hudson's Bay Company at Hope took out thirty-two. Of those who were murdered all of them had their heads and arms cut off, while those who were killed otherwise were not mutilated, but simply had arrows sticking in their bodies. Some of the corpses found their way to the

ocean. A doctor had been sent up to attend those who might be wounded, and as I was not able to move, from a dangerous wound in the groin, the doctor stayed with us, and to him I am indebted for my being here today. Leaving us Capt. Graham, an American Scotchman, took the route over the mountains, while Capt. Snider kept straight on. At Spuzzum they met, and were joined by Yates and Ellard of the Hudson's Bay Company. These officials had paraded all of the Indians in the vicinity with white flags in their hands. They addressed the Indians and told them they must not kill any more whites.

"'To h—ll with those flags,' said Graham, 'we are here to find out and kill those who are responsible for the dead bodies which are to be seen floating daily down the river.'

"On the way up Snider and Graham had come across the following dead and missing people of and from their several claims. At Rocky Bar, one mile above what is now known as Camp 16, on the opposite side of the river, they found seventeen Scotchmen and one American dead, and their heads and arms cut off. At a spot corresponding to where the Spuzzum bridge now stands, or stood, some Germans and many of other nationalities were missing and never found. At what is now known as Hell Gate, Dick Green and six of his brother Cornishmen had been made away with by these blood-thirsty hell hounds. At Boston Bar the savages had murdered every Frenchman who had been working there. As they tramped along the river bank dead bodies were in evidence everywhere. Some were floating in the swift waters of the Fraser, while others were lying headless on the shore, as evidence of the carnival of blood of which these Indians had been guilty. Poor John McLennan and the other officers of our force had perished in our attempts to gain the lower Fraser, and if it had not been for the timely arrival of Captain Snider and his miner-soldiers from Yale, not one of us would have lived to tell the sad tale of our sufferings and of our companions' deaths. To Ned McGowan, who had sent up his doctor to attend us, being unable to travel from the nature of our wounds, and to the miners, noble fellows, of Yale, who kept us supplied with food, we were indebted for our lives.

"At Spuzzum, Snider and Graham separated, Snider continuing his course up the Thompson, while Graham turned into the mountains with the intention of following up the Fraser. On the second day after parting with Captain Snider, Captain Graham, Jim McCormack and two French-Canadians were standing before a fire warming themselves, for the night was very cold, when the cracks of three muskets were heard in the night air, and they all fell dead beside the fire.

They were shot by Indians armed with muskets supplied them by the Hudson's Bay Company, not for the purpose of shooting white men, but for getting furs in a more easy manner than by the ancient way of bow and arrow. These Indians had hidden themselves in the brush and rocks immediately above where their three victims were standing.

"In his march to the upper country, Snider was unable to control his men. They were fairly maddened by the sight of the numerous corpses floating down the swift waters of the Fraser River, and in disobedience to orders, they killed numbers of natives at Chapman's Bar and at Boston Bar.

"Peace was finally signed with the Indians on August 11, 1858. But people must not imagine that because peace was signed, and that no overt acts of rebellion have been made since that date, that they love the white men any better than they did then. They do not, and if they were strong enough and were given the opportunity, they would once more be on the warpath.

"After I recovered from my wound, and the conditions of existence had once more become normal, I resumed mining. I worked on Yankee Bar and made good money in 1859. In 1860 I started up the Fraser River and worked on Quesnel River and Keightley Creek in the fall of that year and made good pay.

"In 1861 in company with "Dutch" Bill as my partner, I crossed the mountains and we took up a claim on what was afterwards to prove the richest creek in Cariboo. It was called William's Creek after my partner. Our 'discovery' claim was in the canyon, and was called Stout's Gulch. At the depth of a few feet the gold had a totally different color to what it had at a greater depth. The shallower gold was dark, while the deep gold was of the same color as that found in William's Creek. Billy Barker, or as he was called, Billy the 'bladge' or 'blage,' had a claim below us which paid him $5.00 to the pan. We worked there for some time, but finally sold out to George Black for $600, who subsequently went into the butchering business in 'Old Gasstown.' There were four of us in this claim and two of us stayed on Keightley Creek rocking. Hunt was just above us when we held the canyon, and Curley below. After selling out to George Black we took up the Dutch Bill claim above Richfield. There were five or six of us in this. On account of the state of the law at that time we were cut out by the Steele claim. Our stakes did not go far enough back. The Steele claim struck it rich. Then we started to work at the entrance to Stout's Gulch and washed what we found above the clay, making $75 a day each. We took out two kinds of gold at this place—blue gold, which was William's Creek gold, and yellow gold, which be-

longed to Stout's Gulch. We worked here for two years and then sold out to 'Doc' Chisholm, afterwards M. P. for New Westminster; 'Doc' Edwards and 'Doc' Holloway.

"In the fall of 1861 we followed Dick Willoughby for two days when he found Lowhee, Jim Bell was with me, but we returned to the gulch and in the following year sold it to a man named Smith. Where we worked was a part of the Ship claim. Next year we sunk a shaft in the gulch and got considerable gold, but it did not turn out very well and we gradually sold out. On the benches on each side of the gulch other miners found plenty of the precious metal.

"It is not the discoverers who reap the cream of the mining claims. Ten to one it is some fellow who knows nothing about mining, but comes along and is lucky enough to strike it.

"Cariboo still holds millions and millions of dollars worth of gold. From what I hear of mining in that country at the present time, I am sure, if the proper assistance is given to those who are trying to develop the claims which have been abandoned long ago, there will be millions taken out, and very soon, too. At the foot of William's Creek there is a large flat covered with water, and if that flat is ever dredged it will give those who dredge it an immense return. It has been a kind of sump for William's Creek. It requires machinery to develop these properties, and large machinery cannot be brought in over the present roads. It will take a railway to do this, but none of the present lines run close enough to deliver the machinery. I have the utmost faith in the old Cariboo. So far it has been only scratched over, but good engineers, backed by the proper machinery, will prove what I am saying to be correct. Like the balance of the miners, I always returned to the coast at the close of the mining season. I generally came down in a boat. I was the first man to bring a large boat down from the Forks of the Quesnelles to New Westminster, with passengers. When they were building the overland Russian telegraph, abandoned on the laying of the Atlantic cable, I brought a large boat down for the company. I also brought one down for Pat Hickey and for many others.

"I mined every year in Cariboo, until 1870. In 1862 Rose and Johnston were lost in a prospecting trip to Bear River, from which they never returned. I was the last person to see them as they passed out into the wilds.

"For two years Dick Watters and I searched the country for them, doing a little prospecting at the same time, but we never came across any traces of them.

"Although I am 87 years of age, I am still engaged in mining. I have a claim on Siwash Creek, and it is turning out very well. On the mountains back of us, I have a silver, gold and zinc claim. Everybody is surprised at my vigor, seeing that I have passed the three score years and ten allotted to man. A very curious thing is that at 75 years I was unable to read without a strong pair of glasses, but now I can see print as well as I did at eighteen. Do I speak the Thompson Indian language? Oh, yes, as fluently as the Indians do themselves. Sir Matthew Begbie, and your brother always had me sent for when an interpreter was required in court.

"I hope to live many years yet. I have never tasted liquor, by which I mean intoxicants, in my life. I have always lived a regular steady life, and to these two reasons I attribute my excellent health at the present time."

Ned Stout has referred to two miners, Rose and Johnston, having lost their lives in 1862 when on a prospecting trip to Bear River. They were reported as having died from starvation, but Johnnie Bryant, of Nanaimo, who was an intimate friend of Rose, told me a short time ago that Rose was far too good a frontiersman to have perished from any such cause. The truth of the matter is they were both murdered by the Bear Lake Indians. Peter Ogden, the Hudson's Bay Company's official in charge of Fort St. James, Stuart Lake, told a number of miners at the Forks of Quesnel, that the two prospectors were murdered by the Indians I have mentioned, and their bodies were subsequently buried under their camp fire. He also said he knew the names of the murderers, and could put his hands upon them at any time. I am surprised that the authorities did not make Mr. Ogden furnish them with these names, after he had made such a bold statement, in such a public manner.

As many enquiries have been made as to the origin or meaning of the word Lillooet, and no satisfactory explanation given, I took the opportunity of asking Ned Stout if he could explain the meaning of the word. Stout, who speaks the Thompson tongue like a native, said the word was really pronounced ill-oo-it, the accent on the second syllable, and very softly pronounced. The "oo" was pronounced like the o in the word "do." The whole word was applied as the name of the tribe, and had no other signification that he knew of.

FORT VICTORIA OR FORT CAMOSUN.

AN EARLY TROUBLE AT FORT CAMOSUN

By the Ashburton Treaty of 1845, the international boundary line of Canada was so decided that we lost, in addition to a good part of Maine, all of that valuable territory now known as Oregon. It has been customary to ascribe to a British naval officer, a relative of the Earl of Aberdeen, the loss of Oregon, on the ground that the country was no good, as the salmon would not take a fly. If careful enquiry were made by those who made this charge, they would, I fear, find that the loss of Oregon was in a great part due to many Canadian settlers in that territory who had taken the oath of allegiance to the United States, after foreswearing their allegiance to the British crown, and also to the machination of missionaries who, while they were receiving many kindnesses from the Hudson's Bay Company with one hand were writing letters to their detriment with the other. I will say no more on this subject. Its discussion is too prolific of ill-feeling, but I thought that it might be as well that "palman qui meruit ferat."

With the loss of Oregon, the Hudson's Bay Company were compelled to seek some site, under the protection of the British flag, whereon they could erect a fort, or post, which would serve as a central distributing point for Sitka, and their posts in Caledonia and the northern Pacific coast.

Mr. James Douglas, the assistant chief factor at Fort Vancouver, was appointed to attend to this work. After examining several bays and inlets on the southeast coast of Vancouver Island, he decided upon Camosun Bay, as a site which would meet their requirements. His selection being approved of, he left Fort Nisqually on the 13th of March, 1843, with fourteen workmen, many of whom were carpenters, and a missionary, Father Bolduc, and directed the course of the steamer Beaver towards Vancouver Island, and at four o'clock on the after-

noon of the 14th, the steamer anchored off Shoal Point. On the following day the workmen and missionary disembarked on the land now covered by the municipality of Victoria. Then the steamer proceeded north, and after paying a visit to Sitka, proceeded to Fort Durham, on Taku Inlet, where they took on all the supplies and other material to be found there, closed the post, and then sailed for Fort McLoughlin, which was also dismantled and abandoned. Mr. Charles Ross, who was in charge of this post, was taken on board. Then turning the prow of the vessel towards Fort Simpson, Mr. Roderick Finlayson was embarked, and Mr. Joseph W. Mackay placed in charge as chief trader. During the absence of the vessel in the north work had been started on the new Fort Camosun, and on the return of the Beaver Mr. Charles Ross was put in charge of the new post, with Mr. Finlayson as his assistant. Mr. Ross died in the following spring (1844), and Mr. Roderick Finlayson was appointed to succeed him.

The Rev. Father Bolduc had not been idle either during Douglas' absence. He held many services among the Indians and made many converts. One must admire the zeal and activity of these early missionaries. They suffered privations which will never be known, and risked their lives in obedience to the mandate of their conscience and their church. To them as well as to the Hudson's Bay Company are the people of this province heavily indebted for the peaceable attitude of the Indians at the present day. However, the reverend father had carried out his work, and on 13th April returned to Nisqually before the Beaver dropped her anchor on her return from the north (1st June).

Mr. Finlayson was one of the old officers of the Hudson's Bay Company whom I met on my first arrival in the province. I was introduced to this gentleman by the late Dr. Tolmie, an old chief factor, who remarked: "Mr. Finlayson, let me introduce you to a late arrival in the province, who is a great delver after the early history of this Great West." "Indeed," said Mr. Finlayson, "I shall always be too happy to give you any information you may require. I like to see that disposition in any young man, so bear that in mind, please."

I did bear it in mind, and many were the conversations we had in respect to men and events of the long ago.

Mr. Roderick Finlayson, as I knew him in 1875, was a fine, well developed man, of magnificent physique. He was about five feet ten inches in height, with square shoulders and deep chest. His whole appearance denoted a man of great strength. His facial appearance and conversation were indicative of good mental capacity, as well as

of great determination and force of character. His hair was distinctly blonde, not gray, even at his age, and slightly curly.

He was the owner of a large amount of real estate within the municipality in 1875 and 1876 and perhaps longer, for I ceased to reside there after the first of January, 1877. This valuable property was vacant and he time and again refused to sell any part of it. When urged by his friends in consideration of the heavy taxes he had to pay to the municipality to part with a portion, at least, he would invariably reply: "I need it a' to pasture my coo."

Calling at our residence to see my brother in October, 1875, Mr. Finlayson very kindly recounted to me the first and only trouble which at one time threatened to be serious between himself, as representative of the company, and the Indians, in the early days of Fort Camosun.

"You will understand, of course, doctor," said Mr. Finlayson, "that we always endeavored to treat the Indian justly—to give him exactly what was his due, but nothing more. To have given him more than what was his right to have, would have encouraged him to make further demands. We always made it a point to give him justice. We punished them for any offences they committed and punished our servants when they wronged the Indian. You have often heard, of course, of their inability to count above ten. Well, that was strictly correct. We had to do that for them. In the north we had some trouble owing to their lack of confidence in us. That was all brought about by an American ship captain taking advantage of them and robbing them of what was their due in a trade for furs. The same condition of suspicion existed at Fort Camosun, and from the same cause, when we first arrived, but we finally gained their confidence and afterwards they always took our word as to a count in a fur trade without cavil and without suspicion.

Among the tribes we met at Camosun on our first arrival were the Clallams, the Songhees and the Cowichans. The last named tribe was at that time a very troublesome one. They bullied the other tribes whom they had beaten in war, and were generally overbearing to every one, ourselves included.

We were a new people to these Cowichans and I suppose they thought it was due to their dignity, as well as lofty position, so far as other tribes were concerned, that they should treat us like those they had beaten in warfare. 'What is yours, is mine,' was their motto, and their views of ownership of anything they craved for was governed by their ability or power to take it from the possessor.

In the spring of the year following our first arrival at Camosun, my senior officer, Mr. Charles Ross, died, and I was appointed to succeed him. On my arrival I at once set to work to acquire a knowledge of the Songhee tongue. Somehow I never had any difficulty in acquiring a language. I always had a gift that way, and in about a year after first stepping on the beach at Camosun I could speak the Songhee language perfectly.

As we were to be the principal depot for furnishing the Russians with beef and mutton, our steamer Beaver had been making regular trips between Nisqually and Fort Camosun transporting cattle and sheep, and a few horses. The last we required for various purposes incidental to farm work. The cattle had been collected from the plains east of Nisqually, and some had been driven from grazing grounds more inland, and were totally unacquainted with human beings, except those occasionally on the range to count and sort them. The breed was mostly Mexican, and had been imported from the company's farms in California. We had fenced a large area for the express purpose of corralling these cattle, but a large number had escaped into the bush, and we were doing our best to get them within the enclosed area. Those that were without the enclosures were wild and far less approachable than the deer, which were so common in the forests of the Island.

We had given all of the natives timely notice of the arrival of these cattle, and had warned them that if they interfered or killed any of them they would be held strictly accountable for their misdeeds. Up to this time we had had no trouble of a serious nature with these Indians, or with any tribes in fact, but we knew that they held our threats of punishment in contempt, and that when it suited them to disobey our commands they would do so, under the idea that we would not dare to punish them. Shortly after the arrival of the cattle, a band of truculent Cowichans arrived, and encamped not far from the fort. I suppose our near neighbors, the Songhees, had informed the new arrivals of the new kind of beast which took the place of their women in the tilling and cultivating of the ground. It must have been fully a week after the arrival of the Cowichans that some of our workmen had occasion to go out to one of the corrals to get some work oxen for use about the fort. What was his surprise to find few of the work animals within the enclosure. On making a search he found offal and blood in one corner of the corral, but no animals in sight. That corner was the nearest as well as the most convenient to the camp of the Cowichans.

The report of the loss was at once reported to me, and I immedi-

ately took steps to bring this tribe to their bearings. It would never do to allow this truculent band of plunderers to break and defy the orders of the company. If this offence were allowed to go unpunished, the company would become the laughing-stock of the adjacent tribes. Moreover, if this wholesale killing of our cattle were permitted to go on without some swift and condign punishment, then the usefulness of Fort Camosun as a central supply post for Alaska and the Pacific Coast was gone, as well as my own usefulness as an employe of the company.

The Hudson's Bay Company always had a number of Iroquois among their engages, and at Fort Camosun was one, named Peter, whom I had picked up at Fort Tako, and who had shown signal service at Fort Simpson, in defending me against the attack of a treacherous Tsimpsean Indian. I selected him to carry a message to the Cowichan chief, to surrender those who had killed the cattle, or pay their value in furs. Sough-hi-lam, on receipt of the message, attempted to intimidate the Iroquois, but finding he was made of sterner stuff, then pretended that he had killed them in a most innocent manner, being totally ignorant, so he averred, of their use or value. "You have the message of our great chief," said the Iroquois, "and he must have payment for those animals you have killed." "Did he make those animals you have asked me to pay you for?" said the chief of the Cowichans. "They are like the deer to me," he continued, "and where I see them I will kill them and will pay no man for them." "Well," said the undaunted Iroquois, "I have known our chief for many years, and when he asks you to pay for those animals he means it, and if you do not you will never get inside of that fort again—you will get no powder, but you will be treated as a thief." "If you close your gates against me, I will beat them down. I am Sough-hi-lam, a great chief in the Cowichans, and I fear no man, not even the white chief inside your fort. I lived here before the white man came, and can live still." "I will tell the white chief that you are a boaster and a fool," said the Iroquois, and then turning on his heel he left the camp with stately tread.

I had no fear of the Cowichans, as I knew that they had never heard the sound which accompanies the discharge of a nine-pounder, or had seen the effects of a shot. I commended Peter for the dignified manner in which he had represented me, as a messenger to the Cowichan camp. I then gave orders that no Indians were to be admitted inside of the gates without first consulting me.

Three Cowichans were turned back on the following day, at which they were very indignant. When they were about three hun-

dred yards away from the fort, after being refused admission, they turned and shook their useless muskets at us in token of their hatred and defiance. They were extremely angry, as they had no powder for their guns.

It was but a day or two before word reached me that a grand council of the different tribes was to be held for the purpose of discussing a plan to capture the fort, massacre those inside and then loot and burn it. Peter, my Iroquois friend, came to my office a few minutes after my receipt of this information and offered to bring in the scalp of the Cowichan chief if I would only give him leave. I had to decline his offer, pointing out to him that it was the desire of the company to live on terms of friendship with all the natives, and that they were averse to the taking of a single life.

Well, the council was held at which the three tribes of that part of the coast were represented. I mean the Clallams, the Songhees and the Cowichans.

I had seen, from one of the bastions, the Songhees pass over to the council meeting from their dwellings on the opposite side of Camosun Bay.

From the fort we could hear the beating of drums and boards, and the usual howling, attendant on every council meeting. Where rancherias exist, and the council is held there, the speakers always address their audience from the elevated beams which are used at potlatches, and which are to be found in front of any important Indian settlement. As the Cowichans were not permanent residents at, or about Camosun, all the speeches had to be made from the ground floor.

Sough-hi-lam, who considered himself the most important as well as the most powerful chief of the council, opened the pow-wow. I can not tell you the exact words he used, but I have been told they were something like these:

"Brothers, we have seen a strange people arrive upon our shores. They have built themselves strong houses, and have brought strange animals here to do the work our women do. These strange animals have frightened away our deer, and because we have killed some of them, the man calling himself the white chief, has sent a message to me, that we must give up those who have killed these animals, or pay their value in furs. My heart is sick. Never before has Sough-hi-lam received a message like that. Then I told his messenger that I would kill any animal I saw, and would pay no man for it. Let us join together before it is too late, and kill these strange people before they extend themselves over our land. Let us batter down those sticks

and capture the strong place, and kill them all. We will be well paid by the booty we get inside."

The next speaker was Tsil-al-thack, the chief of the Sanghees. His being there showed what little faith one can place on the word of an Indian, who has not learned by experience that the company is his best friend. I had shown this man many little favors, and often had given him presents. He may have regarded them as exhibitions of fear on my part, or that I wished to secure his friendship, in case he, and his tribe should propose to kill the inmates of our fort. He is said to have spoken to the following effect: "Brothers! We are come here today to decide what we shall do in answer to the message of those white men and their chief. They were strangers to us when they landed on our shores. We have lived here, and our fathers before us, for many winters, and these strangers now come among us, and drive our deer away with strange animals. We must live—and if my brother has killed those strange animals for food, has he not done right? They have taken a little land from us, but they will take more when they get stronger. Let us destroy them." It was then decided that the fort was to be attacked by the now allied tribes.

Nothing was done, however, for two days, during which time a regular sentry duty was carried out on the part of those within the fort. Those days were days of great anxiety to me. We were anxious to live on friendly terms with the natives, but I knew it was against the policy of the company to spill blood, unless actually driven to it. Yet we had to keep a strict watch against being taken by surprise. I knew well enough that if these Indians only understood our ability to destroy them they would act differently. I had also decided in my own mind that those who had killed the cattle should reimburse the company for the loss, no matter what happened. To do otherwise would be backing down, which had never been the policy of the company.

Immediately after the dissolution of the council word had been sent to the absent members of the assembled tribes to come and assist in the capture of the fort, so that in a very short space of time quite a large force was gathered in front of the fort.

On the first night after the council a kind of preliminary performance was enacted by our enemies in front of the fort, by which I mean the north and east side of it. It was intensely dark that night owing to the sky being covered with heavy dark clouds. There were many within the fort who were totally unaccustomed to Indians or their ways and they were timorous. The fort was faced by a large number of dancing figures, with lighted torches in their hands, wildly

gesticulating, and every few minutes of time were punctuated by a horrible yell. All the figures were naked, with their hair flying loosely from their heads. Some wore hideous head dresses, giving them the appearance of monsters of another world, and all keeping step to the beating of a shaman's drum, or to the rythmic beating of sticks upon boards, brought from the opposite rancheria for the purpose. The forest trees afforded a dark back ground to the dancing figures before the fort. We were told there was to be no attack that night. Women lined the edges of the forest, providing a dismal accompaniment to the dancing figures by a monotonous howling in one key. I have seen representations in the theatre of satanic goblins, dancing about the fires of hell, and these figures were very like them. At one stage of this demoniacal performance, a band of naked warriors, with large masks upon their faces, charged across the open ground in front of us, and were met, half-way, by a similar body of masked figures, in imitation of some battle between opposing forces.

At one period of this weird spectacle a single figure rushed out and faced the fort. On his face he wore a huge mask, from which depended long tresses of human hair. By means of a funnel which penetrated that part of the mask which overlapped the crown of his head, the warrior blew a shower of sparks into the atmosphere above his head. All this performance was, I suppose, intended to strike terror into us, within the fort, and also as a kind of proof to their allies and friends that they were true and doughty warriors whose prowess had been proved on many a bloody field. After this performance had lasted for at least an hour another figure stalked into the centre of the open space before the fort. He was, like the rest, naked to the waist, with a necklace of bear's claws round his neck. In his right hand he held a musket, and in the other a heavy war club. No sooner had he gained the centre than he halted and raised the heavy club with extended arm above his head. His appearance there alone, without mask or decoration, was followed by a complete lull in the horrible din which had up to this time prevailed. Then his clear voice could be heard all over the crowded ground. It was Sough-hi-lam. He was telling me, so the interpreter told me afterwards, what he was going to do to us on the following day. He was the hero of so many fights he could not count them. Turning to his followers he told them of the booty which awaited them on the morrow. Then he stalked away and the warriors also sought their couches to await the coming of the eventful morrow.

Before retiring to bed that night, I made a round of the fort and gave a great deal of advice to the sentries as to their great responsibil-

ities. These sentries were doubled, and also relieved every hour. As I turned to enter my room that night, I encountered Peter, my faithful Iroquois. I scarcely knew him. He was got up in war paint of due and ancient Iroquois pattern, and once more begged my permission to go in search of the Cowichan brave, but I refused absolutely to allow him to go on any expedition of that kind.

At last the morrow came. Once more the Indians with horrible and terrifying masks upon their faces, engaged in a series of antics, accompanied by hideous yells, then they advanced in front of the fort. This time, however, they treated us to a shower of arrows and musket balls. Many of the latter riddled the stockade and pattered on the roofs of the bastions, and the buildings within the square. The stockades were well backed, however, and the balls did them no harm beyond providing holes for those within to look through. I had given orders that not a single shot was to be fired in return. I knew that armed as we were with several six and nine-pounders, we at any crucial moment could annihilate their exposed forces, but until that crucial moment arrived, I deemed it to be in the best interests of the company to avoid bloodshed.

I assure you that it was with the greatest difficulty I restrained some of our men from returning the fire of the Indians. The barbaric display of the previous evening seemed to have effected what the savage intended it should do—frightem them while they worked their own valor up to the boiling point. I told these men, who were mostly carpenters brought from the other side to work on the buildings, that there was no cause for fear, as the fort was well able to resist and repel any attack from a lot of ill-armed Indians. These men were anxious, so they said, to teach the natives a lesson, to which I replied that I was equally bent on teaching them a lesson, yes, the great lesson of magnanimity.

The musketry fire was kept up for about half an hour, when it commenced to be intermittent and then gradually declined, and became what you would call a "dropping" fire. It was extremely amusing to observe the antics of some of the Indian warriors. After loading his musket he would advance in front of the fort and go through a series of strange motions, which were supposed to be of a most offensive character and to represent insults, which, if there was any fight in us, would surely act as a stimulus to any slumbering valor we possessed. After aiming and discharging his piece, the doughty braggart would strut up and down like a male grouse on a log, in our forest glades.

At last the firing completely ceased, when Lafromboise, our interpreter, informed me that they were run out of ammunition, as he had

heard the Cowichan Indians asking the Songhees for more powder and ball, and that they replied they had no more, but would get plenty when they took the fort.

After waiting for some ten minutes I called Peter to come up to me. I directed his attention to a shack which was standing some four hundred yards away, and told him to make his way there as quickly as possible and warn the inmates to vacate the building at once, as the white chief was going to destroy it with a blast of thunder and lightning, and that if they did not leave it they would be killed. Peter managed this very well. He left the fort at full speed, as though he was pursued, and though many Indians were about, they never attempted to stop him. In the shack he found three young women, wives of the Songhee chiefs, and to them he delivered my message, no doubt with many additions. They left without delay. Then he started on his return. It was now that his speed of foot was of great service to him. He easily distanced those who attempted to follow him. When half way to the fort a Cowichan brave, armed with a stone war club, attempted to strike him down. Peter was too quick for him. Just as the Cowichan swung his club, Peter came to an abrupt standstill. In a moment he shot out his fist on his enemy's nose, and raising a most frightful war whoop, continued his course towards the fort.

After waiting fully half an hour I directed the interpreter to call for Sough-hi-lam. In about twenty minutes or so the chief came forward and asked what was wanted. Did we wish to give up the fort and save our lives? That query was somewhat of a surprise to me, but under the circumstances quite a natural one. Assuming my most severe tone of voice I said, through the interpreter: "Sough-hi-lam! Fool that you are! Did you think that you could steal our animals and then defy us after we asked you to pay for them? Do you think that with those worthless guns of yours you can take this fort, kill us all, and steal the great company's stores and supplies? I thought you were a great chief. I could have killed you all with a wave of my hand. But we look upon you as children, and the company does not wish me to kill any unless compelled to do so. See yonder house! I could sweep you off the face of the earth, yes, you and all your tribe as easily as, standing here, I can smash that house to chips." Then raising my hand as a signal a gunner in charge of a nine-pounder in the n. w. bastion, fired the gun which was loaded with grape and canister at the house I had pointed to. The flash of the piece, the sudden puff of dense smoke, and the loud noise following the explosion were terrible to those ignorant natives, but when they saw that the house I

had told them all would be blown into splinters was utterly destroyed, the effect was magical. They fled in terror in all directions, fearful lest the fate of the house should be theirs also. Some threw themselves on the ground and grovelled with their faces in the earth. They were afraid to look up in case they should be destroyed. It was well on to sundown when a deputation of chiefs approached the fort and asked to see me. I did not make my appearance for some time, as I did not think it wise to show too great a desire to come to terms, after their late behavior. They were told I was very angry, and after making them wait for fully an hour I came out at last and asked them to come within the stockade. They were afraid to do so in case I should kill them. To allay their doubts and fears I sent two of our men out to act as hostages to the tribes for the safe return of their chiefs.

Once more I explained to them that unless those who killed our cattle were delivered up or the cattle paid for not one of them would obtain any supplies from that or any other trading post of the company. I then showed them our big guns, our rifles and knives and pistols, and their jaws dropped in wonder and surprise. These coast Indians do not possess the same stoicism as the Indian of the great plains. They finally agreed to pay for the cattle, and next day furs equivalent in value to the slaughtered beasts were brought in and delivered to the clerk of the storehouse.

After the delivery of the furs they begged me to fire off another gun so that they could judge of its effects. Accordingly I set to work to have such an arrangement made as would leave a lasting impression on their minds. Our best gunner was sent for. A canoe was placed out near the entrance of the harbor and there made fast so as to present itself broadside on to the aim of the gunner in the s. e. bastion. A round shot was fired at the canoe, which struck it amidships, cutting it in two and throwing both ends high into the air. It was as much as I could do to persuade the Indians from taking instant flight.

From that time forth, with the exception of several isolated cases of murder, we have had very little trouble with these tribes. They are aware of our superiority to them in every way, and they behave themselves accordingly. After reporting the matter to my superior officers I was highly commended for my way of settling this troublesome question without the spilling of one drop of blood, although I might have had good grounds for doing so.

I thanked Mr. Finlayson for his kindness in telling us such interesting facts.

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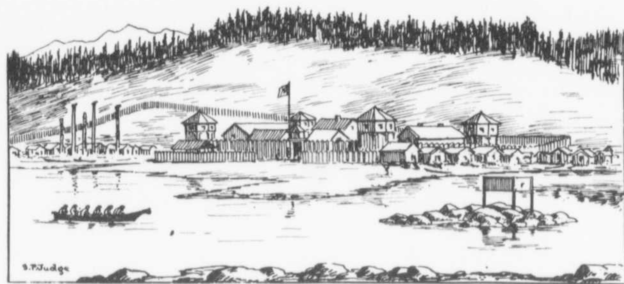


FORT SIMPSON IN EARLY DAYS

LIFE AT FORT SIMPSON IN THE FORTIES

When I arrived in British Columbia, in 1875, many of the gentlemen of the Hudson's Bay Company who had served that company faithfully and well in many positions of trust and responsibility, were still alive, and what is more important, were in full possession of all their faculties. I have often regretted that I did not commit to paper, instead of trusting them to a treacherous memory, the many interesting tales which they have told me, of incidents and hazardous journeys in connection with the business of the company. These legends were apparently inexhaustible, and so enthralling, that I regretfully watched the hands of the clock approach the hour of ten, at which hour I always made it a rule to bid "good night" to my host.

I had a keen appetite for all information about the habits of the aborigines, more especially in connection with any observances or ritual incidental to the ceremony of installing a shaman. Of the gentlemen whom I met and conversed with on all these topics, Mr. Moffatt, Mr. John Todd, Mr. Joseph W. McKay and Mr. Adam Horne were the most entertaining. With the writing of these tales of early days, many others have recurred to my memory, and I propose telling here a few interesting facts, as communicated to me by Mr. J. W. McKay, in 1876.

Before I do so, however, I might say that I have often heard gentlemen expressing their opinions as to where the aborigines of this coast came from. In 1876 when I was editing the Victoria Standard, a French savant arrived from France. His form of insanity was ethnology. He was very anxious to find some of the burial places of the

early races. I drove him down to the Gorge. Here he selected a spot, which I could find again, and engaging four men, began to sink a small shaft. After sinking fifteen feet, or thereabouts, the men uncovered some skeletons of a former race, whose heads were of a far different shape to those at present constituting the aborigines of British Columbia. They were buried in a sitting posture, with their arms crossed over their breast, and their posture as though looking towards the setting sun. The savant explained to me that these skeletons were of a race which lived some thousands of years previously and were of the same type as some that had been disinterred in Peru, and who were supposed to have lived at about the same period as those found at the "Gorge."

It was about a week after my return to Victoria that I met Mr. J. W. McKay, on Government street. We were mutually glad to see one another. His face as usual was wreathed in smiles; in fact, trouble or worry never appeared to have any place with them. "You have returned, have you?" he said. "I called in to see you the other night but your brother told me you were in Comox and did not know when you wiuld return. It was nothing important. I called to simply smoke a pipe, and listen to any new stories you might have about eastern politicians." "Come up with me, now, McKay, it is a few minutes to six o'clock, our dinner hour, I have a few stories to tell you about my trip to Comox, and what I saw there." Our conversation ended in his accepting my invitation and together we wended our way to my residence, which at that time was on the corner of Yates and Douglas streets.

After dinner we adjourned to the smoking room in the front part of the house, and taking easy chairs, I forthwith related to him what I had seen at Comox, when Johnny Chiceete was introduced into the ranks of the shamans, or wise men of the Yuclataw tribe. "Well," said McKay, "you were a very lucky man, doctor, a very lucky man" laying particular stress on the word "very." "Ten years ago," he continued, "it would have been impossible for you to have seen a fraction of what you did see, except at the risk of your life. No friendship or influence would have gained you admission within the rancheria. I dare not tell you what they might have done to you, had you gained admission by any crafty or deceitful method. Let me again say to you that you were a very, very lucky man."

"Of course you have seen this ordeal or performance before?" I said. "Oh yes," said McKay, "and from what you have told me of the ceremony in connection with Johnny Chiceete's entrance into the brotherhood of the shaman, that performance was a very tame affair

in comparison with the horrible, awful orgies which I once witnessed when chief trader at Fort Simpson, in 1847." "Would you mind telling me of it?" I said. "I will," said McKay, "If you will tell me some of your eastern political stories.

"Well," said McKay, settling himself back in his chair, "if I ramble somewhat in telling you this story, it is because you have taken me somewhat by surprise, and the period of time in which my story lies is so long ago that it is rather a difficult matter to put my facts in consecutive order, so as to give you an idea of the terrible load of responsibility which rested on my shoulders, situated as I was among the most lawless, bloodthirsty and aggressive bands of Indians at that time living on the coast. The last words Douglas, whose factotum I had become in this northern district, said to me were these: "You have assumed a very dangerous and important position, McKay, and I hope to have satisfactory reports from you—you have those scheming, tricky Russians to deal with in the north, with whom our obligations must be carried out to the letter, and it will be your duty to see that they do the same by us. Assert, both with them and with the Indians, the supremacy and rights of the company on all occasions, where you may think it necessary to do so. As to the Indians, they are a scheming and treacherous lot, and to go out alone with any of these savages would simply mean that Joe McKay would never return alive. There are the Tungas and the Stikine tribes, with whom the Russians are constantly flirting with a view to driving us off this northern coast. I leave everything in your hands. Do your best; always keeping in mind the interests of the company to guide your actions."

The occasion of the chief factor's parting with me, before stepping once more upon the Beaver, was the first time I had seen him abandon that hauteur—and yet I can not call it hauteur, in an offensive sense, but that distant reserve which, from long habit, he had always assumed towards his subordinate officers. On the contrary, he was kindness itself, and as he bade me "good-bye," he took my hand between the palms of both of his and pressed it most gently. "Remember what I told you, McKay. Be careful of these Indians; they are most treacherous."

With these parting words, our chief stepped aboard the Beaver, the lines were cast off, and under a full head of steam the good old boat turned its prow southwards on its return journey to Fort Vancouver, on the banks of the Columbia River.

As I watched it gradually fade in the distance, I felt, for the first and only time in my life, an acute sense of loneliness. I was im-

pressed with the thought as I saw the chief depart, that he was returning to the post where I had spent some of the happiest years of my life, under the kind-hearted chief factor, Dr. McLoughlin. It is true that he had retired from the service, and that chief factor Douglas had succeeded him, with Peter Skene Ogden as his assistant; but the associations of the old fort were still strong in my mind. A few years after the time I am speaking of, Douglas removed to Victoria, when Oregon and the old fort were abandoned to the Americans.

After the departure of the chief factor, I set to work to make myself thoroughly acquainted with the business of the fort and to study the language and habits of the different tribes with whom I should be brought in contact. We had part of the Russian coast at that time under lease from the Russian-American Fur Company. From that strip of coast we obtained the right to procure all the furs caught by the Indians, and in return we furnished the company with vegetables and fodder for their cattle, also beef and mutton, at certain contract prices. These supplies our post had nothing to do with, but we bought all the furs these Indians brought into Fort Simpson and also to Fort Stikine, which we built on Wrangell Island (part of the leased coast).

To make sure of this trade, I had been placed in authority over all the posts, some six or seven in number, of the northwestern coast, so you may imagine that my responsibility was very great, more especially when you remember that I was in the centre of the most treacherous and unreliable Indian tribes of the Pacific northwest coast. My dislike for them was increased by hearing that the Indian medicine men had a few days after my arrival eaten the body of a slave, to propitiate the evil spirits.

At the risk of repetition I may say that the Tsimpseans, Stikines, Tongass and Haidahs were the worst lot of cut-throats I ever had to do business with. We had so little confidence in them, that an order had been made by my predecessor, forbidding the admission of more than two of these Indians to the store at the same time. My clerks and assistants were constantly telling me to be on the watch for treachery.

I had assumed charge of the post in October, 1846, and during the whole of the succeeding winter there was one plot after another to capture Fort Simpson and murder the officials, with the object, of course, of looting the fort of the valuable stores and supplies. These plots originated sometimes with one tribe and sometimes with another, and in every one, the tribe to which we were the closest neighbors, the Tsimpseans, took a very prominent part.

In all of the dealings we had with our Russian neighbors, I found them very sociable, but also very tricky. They appeared to be very jealous of our large trade with the natives, and their queries as to where we obtained particular furs, especially otter skins, were very wearisome.

These constant plots gave me a large amount of anxiety, as I felt that I was responsible for the young men in the company's employ and also for the company's property, and I was hoping against hope that I could fix the origin of any one of these plots on any particular individual, when an incident occurred that nearly led up to a serious "fall out" between two friendly nations.

It was towards the last of the month of August, 1847, that I was sitting in my office, going over the list of the last spring's shipment of furs to Fort Vancouver, when a clerk entered and said that one of the principal chiefs of the Stikine tribe of Indians, known locally as the "Panther," was in the trader's, or bartering room, and wished to see me. As soon as I entered, the chief came towards me and said that he had very bad news to tell me, but the trading room was too dangerous a place to speak in. There was another Indian of the Tongass tribe not far off, and if he, the Panther, spoke at any length to me, he would notice it and mention this to the Indians elsewhere. Then he told me that there was a plot to take the fort and kill me and the staff and then loot the premises. He wished I would allow him admission to the fort late at night, when it was dark, and he would tell me everything. To be of any use to the company, he must see me that night. He pressed me for an answer, as he said it was dangerous for him to stay any longer. After giving the subject a moment's consideration, I told him to approach the wicket at 10 p.m., giving four hoots of an owl, as a warning that he was there. With this arrangement made, he left the fort, and I returned to my official room.

Sitting down in my chair to think matters over, I asked myself what information of an important matter could this Indian have to cause him to come to me and ask for a private interview in the fort, and late at night. Was it a plot by the natives to gain admission and capture the fort by superior numbers? I thought not. I knew the "Panther" well, and had the fullest confidence in his loyalty, not only to me but to the company. Worried as to the best course to pursue, I walked into the next office and directed one of the clerks to find Iroquois Joe and bid him come to my office. Iroquois Joe was a Caughnawaga Indian who had joined the company's forces at Fort Vancouver, the same day as I had joined, both of us arriving by the regular company's express from Montreal. He had, however, like myself, been in the service for some years, and I had always consulted

Joe when I had some important affair like the one created by the Panther to deal with. As I sat there awaiting Joe's coming, I asked myself whether I was justified in breaking one of the company's most important rules, in admitting a native into the fort after seven o'clock at night. I thought I had stretched my authority somewhat in doing so, but had not the Panther told me that the lives of the company's servants were at stake, and the property of the company liable to be stolen or destroyed? I was still wondering what plot was on foot, when I heard Joe approaching my office humming one of the good old boat songs:

> "Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant,
> En roulant ma boule roulant,
> En roulant ma boule."

That deep rich "roll, rolling" from the throats of the canoe men as each dip of the paddle seemed to lift the canoe like a living thing through the waters of our overland route, I had heard so often under happier circumstances, and its remembrance gave me new spirits, as Joe knocked at my door and the next moment, in obedience to my summons, stood within. Bidding him to take a seat, I told Joe why I had sent for him, at the same time telling him in detail what the Panther had told me and of his request for a night conference.

Joe's opinion was to the effect that the Panther knew of a very serious plot among the natives in which his tribe, as well as the Tsimpseans, were associated. He, like myself, had full faith in the Panther's loyalty, but, said Joe, "Mr. McKay, if the Panther comes here tonight he will be followed and perhaps killed; but, believe me, after what I have heard from you, the man that kills the Panther, his scalp will dangle in my belt next morning." Joe promised to "dog" the footsteps of the Panther, to see that no treachery or danger came to the inmates of the fort.

Promptly that night at 10 o'clock I heard the hoots of the owls, and so perfectly were they imitated that at first I believed they were the birds themselves, but the regular repetition of the four hoots told me that the Panther was close to the gate. I went to the gate with the regular gateman and admitted the chief, as well as Iroquois Joe, who was close at the chief's heels. In my private room the Panther unfolded the details of a deep conspiracy on the part of the Russians to have us all wiped off the northwestern Pacific coast. Some of the Russian officers had approached the Panther, made him presents, which he produced, and endeavored to persuade him to get a coalition of the Stikines, Tongass and Tsimpseans to make war on Fort Simpson and kill all the Hudson's Bay men, and if they would do so they

would get all the weapons and ammunition they required from the Russians to carry out the project.

He had given the Russian officers no decided answer, but they had succeeded in inducing the chiefs of all three tribes to enter the conspiracy. They had held several grand councils to arrange matters, and they intended attacking the fort just as soon as they obtained the guns and ammunition from Sitka.

I gave him no further advice than to return to his camp and I would take care of the fort, at the same time making him a present and thanking him for his warning, which it was very important that I should attend to.

He left the fort shortly after midnight, followed in a few minutes by Iroquois Joe.

Next morning Joe informed me that the Panther had been followed by one of the Tongass, who had attempted to shoot him with an arrow, but the Stikine chief was too wary and had managed to grapple with his tracker and after a short struggle had first stunned and then killed him.

Next day I made arrangements to leave for Sitka, and as one of the company's vessels was in port, I left in the evening, accompanied by Joe and two French-Canadians named Bruneau and Cote.

In due time we arrived at Sitka. The governor's name was Etholine, who had succeeded Wrangell, who had died some years previously. One or two Russian ships lay in the harbor, which I recognized as having seen off Fort Simpson, cruising about in search of any canoes laden with furs obtained on the Russian coast. As soon as word was transmitted up to the governor, a salue was fired from a battery of brass guns mounted in Sitka Castle.

We had scarcely dropped our anchor when Governor Etholine left the shore in his well-manned gig, and came out to greet us, and ascertain our wishes. Etholine was a very clever man, and came, I believe, from a very noble and distinguished family. He had succeeded Baron von Wrangell. As it was very early when we arrived, we were perforce compelled to breakfast with the governor, and it was a breakfast which resembled a banquet more than anything else. His wife was a most charming lady, with whom I had a very interesting conversation, in French, about the coast and her life there. She was, of course, very anxious to return to Russia, as her surroundings there were not to her taste. Sitka itself was a very dirty village, and very full of semi-nude dirty Indians of the Thlinkeet tribe.

I had made known to the governor the reasons for my visit. He was very straightforward, and assured me that he was totally ignorant

of any intrigues between the Russians and the Stikine, or any other Indian tribe, to attack the British. He would have a strict enquiry made, and if he succeeded in finding out the guilty, would punish them severely. I thanked him for his promise, and let the matter drop. Of the breakfast I will say no more than mention that on the table were the best of wines, fruits from California, and from Spain, delicious pickles, caviare, and everything else that was good to the Russian palate. They just lived like fighting cocks, if you understand what I mean by that.

After breakfast he gave me a long list of supplies which he wished forwarded from Fort Vancouver, as speedily as possible.

Having nothing further to do, we took a walk through the village, and I was surprised to see the deformities of mouth, everywhere present where women were. I refer, of course, to the native women.

I fully intended leaving on my return journey to Fort Simpson the night following my arrival at Sitka, but the governor importuned me to wait and see some Indians who were aspiring to be doctors in the tribe complete the last performance in connection therewith. There were some girls, too, who had arrived at womanhood, and who were to go through the ceremony of the baptism of the block. Surprised, I asked the governor if they allowed him to witness these ceremonies. "Allowed? Did you say allowed?" said the governor. "Yes," I said. "They are very particular in not allowing any of the white men in British territory to witness any of these ordeals." The governor laughed. "I am a law unto myself," he said. "I would like to see the native who would dare attempt to stop me in entering any of their rancheries to witness any of their pagan performances. I would hang the first man as high as Haman who would dare attempt such a thing. I see to it that they treat me with proper respect."

Accordingly at nine o'clock that night we set out, attended by a small army of attendants carrying lanterns, to light our way with, and in due time arrived at a building where we were met by a Russian officer, and shown up to the best positions. These were on a dais specially raised during the day, to afford us a view of everything without coming in contact with the dirty Indians that crowded the building. An open place was kept cleared of all Indians in the centre, where the ceremonies took place. Soon after our entry, an Indian with a shock of hair on his head, unkempt, and hanging in long locks down his back, rushed in, naked all but a breech clout. He was mad with hunger; in fact, he was almost insane, and without a moment's warning he rushed at one Indian, who happened to have his head turned away at the moment, bit a large piece of flesh out of his arm

and swallowed it in the most ravenous manner. He was, after repeating these bites on other Indians six or seven times, seized by several stalwarts. Then some shamans advanced and ran some skewers, made from the walrus ivory, beneath the deep muscles of the would-be shaman's back. Two of these were used, and to each one was attached a rope made from the hide of the walrus. By these ropes the man was hauled up into mid-air over pulleys set in the top of the building. Then he was swung backwards and forwards, until his feet almost touched the roof, the muscles of the back bulging forward as though some part of the flesh would give way at any moment. The man in the meantime never uttered a sound; but a number of shamans, dressed in skins of beasts, and their heads surmounted with a mask, denoting a raven, kept walking up and down in the central space and administering a lash each time the body of the man swung by.

In a little time the man was lowered to the ground, and it was really marvellous to see the activity he displayed after going through such an ordeal. He fought and struggled with those about him to get away, and he made frantic efforts to get at their arms with his mouth. However, they managed to give him a coating of some oil, and then covered him with a coating of fine feathers. This is the common covering of all these northern Indians; at least it was in those days. Taking advantage of some inattention on the part of his captors, he at last broke away and rushed towards the entrance of the rancheria, where a mass of natives jammed the opening. I never saw a crowd disperse so quickly in my life as that crowd of natives did on the approach of this hungry human being. But one young man suffered the loss of one mouthful of flesh. He took the loss most philosophically; in fact, he was proud of having been so highly honored as to be chosen as a victim. The future shaman disappeared through the entrance, and, I suppose, was taken care of by his friends.

The next performance was what has been called by early explorers the baptism of the block. It is customary in the Thlinkeets and their branch tribes, to insert in the lower lips of all their female children a block of wood, which is held in place by the sides of the aperture. Some parents prepare the lip either when the child is a few months old, or when they have come to the age of puberty. We were to see the performance at the age of puberty.

Twelve or thirteen young girls stood in a row in the centre of the open space, and each one went up in turn to have the lower lip bored through with an ivory needle. Then a piece of copper wire was inserted in the aperture. All of these thirteen girls, children I might

almost call them, came up in turn, and submitted to the same ordeal. Of course, I only saw the first part of this tribal performance. Day after day, the mothers pull the wire to and fro, and put a pressure on it parallel to the opening of the mouth, until it is sufficiently large to hold a small block of wood. A continuous strain is kept on the aperture by the block, until such a time has arrived when it will take a larger block of wood. It takes years for the aperture to arrive at the proper dimensions. Then an oval block, or it may be called elliptic in shape, grooved along the sides so as to fit the upper and lower edges of the aperture, is inserted. These blocks are from 2 to 6 inches long, 1 to 4 inches in width, and about half an inch thick round the edge, and highly polished. These appendages to the lower lips are considered by the women as a great addition to their natural beauty. Should the block be removed, more especially in the case of a woman who has worn one for a number of years, the lip falls down over the chin, producing a horrible appearance. An old woman does not dread the increase of age, so far as her personal appearance is concerned, as the size of the lower lip is the standard by which her beauty is gauged. I have seen women of this tribe, right down here in Victoria, who, when the block was removed, could extend their lower lips over the tips of their noses and almost to the margins of the lower eyelids.

These Thlinkeets inhabit all the islands and shores from the Copper River to the Naas. They live in communities in different localities. For instance, there are the Chilcats, at Lyn Canal; the Hoodnids, at Cross Sound; the Auk; the Tatoos, and the Stikines.

With all their peculiarities, they are a fine race, and not so deformed in the legs as the Haidahs, who are bow-legged, from sitting in their canoes from a very early age. The women have a filthy habit of daubing their hair and bodies with a mixture of grease and, differently colored. They scar their faces, too, and their bodies, with sharp-pointed instruments. They also wear earrings with small shells as appendages. They often pierce their noses through the centre cartilages, and pass rings, with green stones attached, through the small holes.

Most of the men and women I saw at Sitka wore dressed robes made of the skins of wild animals, which extended to their knees. These skins are made to go over the head, having holes for the arms and neck. The chief I saw there was dressed in exactly the same way as I remember Vancouver described in one of his works, as having seen in some bay along this same coast. He had a robe woven from mountain goat and dogs' hair, covered with little tufts or frogs dyed in different colors. He had some kind of wooden head-dress much

like a crown, adorned with burnished copper plates, from which hung a number of streamers of racoon tails, and others made of wool.

We left Sitka during the night, after bidding the governor a hearty farewell. On arriving at Fort Simpson, I was surprised to hear that some of the Russian vessels which we had seen at Sitka had been chasing some of our boats, bringing in furs. I was more surprised to hear this after the fulsome professions of friendship which the governor had expressed for our company.

The following day Iroquois Joe came in to tell me that the Stikines and Tongass were at war, and that a battle had taken place, in which the Tongass had been badly beaten. The Tsimpseans had also made a prisoner of the Panther during my absence, and were going to put him to death as soon as the head chief of both tribes would meet, which would be on the following day. The chief of the Tsimpseans was at Masset interviewing the Haidahs with the view of effecting an alliance for the extermination of the whites. I made up my mind that the Panther must be saved at all hazards, so I asked Joe to hunt up Bruneau and Cote, and tell them to come to my private room in the fort at once.

In the course of twenty minutes, all three turned up in my room as desired. I pointed out to them that it was necessary to arrest the Tsimpsean chief before he succeeded in returning to his camp. He should be captured when he landed from his canoe, but Iroquois Joe suggested that it would be better to go out in a boat or large canoe and intercept him. If he refused to stop when called upon to do so, then he should be killed. I agreed with what Joe said, told him to get what he required for the expedition from the store, and take or choose those he wished to go with him. I then gave him directions as to his movements, should he be successful. He was to make a prisoner of the chief and those with him, and on landing, which must be at night, bring all the prisoners to the fort, and I would then know what to do.

With these few directions, Joe and his companions left my room to prepare for their expedition.

About three o'clock next morning I was awakened by a rap on my door, and on opening it was surprised to see the smiling and swarthy face of my faithful Iroquois. He had two scalps dangling at his belt, which I noticed were fresh. "What!" I said, "have you killed the chief?" "Oh, no," said Joe, "we have him below, safe; but we had a bad fight before we captured the chief." Calling him into the room, he told of his adventures. They had armed themselves with pistols, guns and long sharp hunting knives. They had chosen two o'clock as a good time to set out; but on reaching the beach,

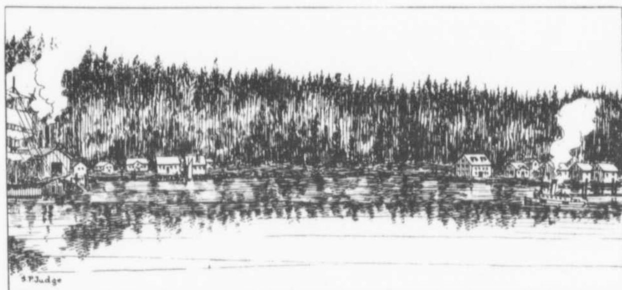
they were surprised to see the chief, with two others, making a landing. Joe dealt the chief a blow on the side of the head with one of his pistols and was immediately attacked by the other two. One of them, just before turning on Joe, had badly wounded Bruneau, who fell to the ground, and Joe at the time thought he was killed. Another Indian came down from the rancheria and attacked Cote, but the French-Canadian soon disposed of him, and Joe, to save his own life, was forced to kill the other two, whom he had likewise scalped. They had gagged and bound the chief, who showed signs of coming-to, and had carried him to the fort, where they had him a prisoner in one of the cells. He had a good bed and was comfortable.

Poor Bruneau, who had likewise been carried into the fort, was confined to his bed for over a month. The knife with which he was struck had been poisoned, as most of their weapons are; but the poison must have been rubbed off in going through the Frenchman's thick clothing, and he thus escaped the poison in the wound. But the knife had pierced the lung, and for some time his life hung, as it were, upon a thread.

Having the chief as a prisoner, I was enabled to dictate terms for the surrender of the Panther. He was escorted to the fort by a number of the Tsimpsean tribe before their own chief was let out. I took occasion to give the chief a warning, that if I heard of any more plots to kill any whites I would send for a man-o'-war and blow all their villages to pieces. Next spring H. M. S. Constance, a well equipped frigate, very opportunely came up from Esquimalt and gave them a very good idea of what they were likely to encounter, in case they entered into any more conspiracies against the whites.

Still they swaggered about, and at times were very insolent; and on one occasion a Tsimpsean, who entered the fort to purchase some goods, spat on some material which was being shown him. As he would not pay for what he had spoiled, I had him made a prisoner and gave him a dozen, to show he could not do these things with impunity.

"Now, doctor, I have fulfilled my part of the compact; let me hear you tell some of your Eastern stories, as you promised." But just at this moment Mr. Walkem and Mr. Farwell came into the room, and my stories were postponed to another time.



GRANVILLE IN THE EARLY DAYS

CHRISTMAS THIRTY-EIGHT YEARS AGO.

Burrard Inlet, so far as population was concerned, was a very small place in 1877. There were two mills doing business on the Inlet then—mills, too, that were renowned all over the world, even at that early period, for the quality of the lumber that they shipped abroad. These were the Hastings Mill and the Moodyville Mill. Both of these mills employed a large number of hands. The manager of the Hastings Mill was Capt. Raymur, who had formerly been a ship captain, as well as ship's husband for Anderson, Anderson & Co., the owners of the mill, in London.

Mr. R. H. Alexander was next in authority at the Hastings Mill, and he had with him in the office Mr. Ainslie Mount, whose father had been an employe of the Hudson's Bay Co. in Victoria. Mr. Henry Harvey was manager of the mill store, and also postmaster. Mr. Charles Coldwell, afterwards Alderman of Vancouver, was the mill foreman, and Mr. P. Gaffney, the engineer, completed the roll of the official class. Capt. W. Soule was the mill stevedore.

The Moodyville Mill had for its manager Mr. Hugh Nelson, afterwards Senator, and later Lieut.-Governor of the Province. Mr. Ben Springer, everywhere respected and beloved, was next to the manager, and head bookkeeper. Mr. Hermann Brantlecht was assistant, Mr. David Shibley Milligan was storekeeper and postmaster, while Mr. Philander Swett was mill foreman, and Mr. Murray Thain was the company stevedore. Murray was sometimes assisted in this work by Capt. John Thain, his brother, whose residence was in Victoria. Of all these officials, I think only Hermann Brentlecht is still living. I forgot to tell you of Jim Lockhart, the mill engineer, one of the cleverest men in his particular line that has ever been on Bur-

rard Inlet. He, too, has passed away. James Van Bramer, who ran a ferry between Hastings, Moodyville and Gasstown, or Granville, also lived at Moodyville; nor must I forget that Nestor in the tow boat business, Capt. Smith, Sr.

At that time there were no hotels, or saloons, in Moodyville; but there might just as well have been, because there was one hotel at Hastings, kept by Maxime Michaud, a French-Canadian, who was reputed to be wealthy, and there the men obtained all the liquor they desired.

Now as to Gasstown, called after the celebrated philanthropist, Gassy Jack, or Jack Deighton. To get an idea of old Gasstown, picture to yourself a road extending from what is now known as the Alexandria Hotel, west as far as 113 Water Street, which corresponded with the western boundary of Gasstown. The northern side of this road was open and faced the sea. Where the Alexandria now stands there was the Sunnyside Hotel. Many people who are residents in the city today will remember it, as it is not many years since it was pulled down to make room for the present structure. This hotel had the front resting on the bank, and the rear extending out over the water and supported on piles. It had been built with an eye to convenience as well as comfort, for in the floor of the back was a trap door, through which one could lower groceries, clothing and other comforting articles into canoes beneath.

Next to the Sunnyside dwelt Mr. George Black, well known all over British Columbia as an ardent and patriotic Scotsman, and poor indeed would be the Scotch dance or picnic if Black, in Highland dress, were not there to give the affair a "go." Next to his residence Black had his butcher shop, where he or his man Robinson dispensed meats to the residents and shipping of Burrard Inlet. I can see Black now in my mind's eye as, with a preliminary twist to his curled moustache, he would lean, one hand on his hip and the other resting on his knife, whose point was pressed into the block, tell some amusing story about something he had seen or heard of lately.

On the opposite side from the Sunnyside, and facing it, was the Deighton Hotel, managed by Messrs. Clarke & Cudlip. Poor Tom Cudlip has played his last game of cinch, and passed in his checks. He came from a good Cornish family, and had great expectations through a young son he had, but who unfortunately died of diphtheria in 1878. Capt. Clarke, his partner, is still alive and in good health, and lives here in Vancouver. Capt. Clarke had many little confabs with Lord Beresford when he was here, and whom he knew in early

days when he (Clarke) was master, pilot, boatswain and cook of Governor Seymour's yacht.

Since the foregoing was written Capt. Clarke has passed away. He died in the month of May, 1914.

West of the Deighton Hotel was the "lock-up," where those under arrest by Jonathan Miller, constable and collector of taxes, were kept in limbo. Mr. Miller's position in those days was no sinecure. A pretty hard crowd used to find their way to Burrard Inlet from other parts to escape arrest, and it consequently fell to him to put them in the skookum house. This was more often effected by strategy than by main force; but when Miller had the drop on them he never funked his duty, and never failed to land his man. Mr. Miller was also a school trustee; but I will allow him to tell his trials and tribulations as such in his own way.

A little further down was a Chinese store. The proprietor of this shop, or store, had a boy who attended the local school, and who was a wonder in his class. I have heard since that he turned out well and was about to leave for China to take an important position in the British Embassy, when he was struck down by the hand of death. The Granville Hotel, of which Joseph Mannion was proprietor, occupied a position corresponding to the centre of the town. Joe is still alive. His hotel was well patronized. He had a taking way with him, and always a pleasant smile and address to those who called upon him. Mr. Mannion had many stories to tell about his early experience in seeking for gold. Having had a good education, he could converse on any subject of interest. He knew Davitt and Dillon, the Irish Nationalists, and went to school with one of them.

If Burrard Inlet had mills that turned out lumber of world-wide reputation, it also had shoemakers who were justly celebrated for the quality of the leather they put in their boots and shoes, as well as in the careful and substantial manner in which they were made and finished. One of these shoemakers was McKendry, who had a small room adjacent to Mannion's hotel, and which was always well patronized by those who took an interest in what was going on in lumbering on the coast, and other interesting gossip. The other subject of St. Crispin was John Fannin, who lived at Hastings, and who afterwards became curator of the Provincial Museum. Both of these old-timers turned out an article which was in great demand in all parts of the Province. Many of their orders came from far off Cariboo, and, though the charges were high, they were paid with pleasure.

Mr. Isaac Johns, customs officer and harbormaster, lived in a neat dwelling to the west of Mannions. Ike, as he was called, was

from Bristol, England. He was a capable musician and much in demand for concerts in New Westminster. Often we would sit and listen to "Crazy George" performing on the flute, of which he was a perfect master. But of course Crazy George was of later days. He came here from Peru on a lumber vessel. He was in the band of one of the men-of-war of the Peruvian navy, and became mentally affected from having been jilted by his lady love. Poor George! He was kind to children. I hope he has the flute I gave him in the hospital for the insane, where I understand he is at present. At a date later than that of which I speak, George lived in a small house at the south end of Main Street bridge.

"The Hole in the Wall" was the next dwelling, as well as house of cheer, beyond the dwelling of Ike Johns. Mr. Peter Donnelly was the proprietor, and a thorough Scotchman. On the opposite side of the road facing the south was the Methodist parsonage. This dwelling is now used for the fruit business, and is 113 Water Street.

Coming back to the Deighton Hotel, it is worth mentioning that a two-plank wooden walk extended from Gasstown to the mill. It was a lovely walk on a hot day, as it went through close timber and brush. At the Deighton Hotel was a large maple tree, whose extended branches gave ample shade to the verandah of the hotel, and was a favorite lounging place for the "tired" Siwash. A wide road extended from the Deighton Hotel to False Creek, flanked by the trees of the primeval forest. At the bridge across False Creek was Geo. Black's slaughter-house. After crossing the bridge, the trail extended down to the Fraser River.

In addition to the many employes of the mills living in their immediate neighborhood, were numerous logging camps, both on the inlet itself and scattered along the coast on the several timber claims belonging to the companies. Jerry Rogers had a large camp, for instance, at Jericho, where some of the finest timber that was ever cut was got out and towed by the powerful tug Maggie Rogers to the booms of the Hastings Mill. Angus Fraser had a camp on Bowen Island, and Furry and Dagget had another camp in what is now known as Stanley Park, removing some of the giant timbers from that now famous reserve. This camp was the last of five different camps which at one time and another worked within its boundaries.

Scattered along the coast from the head of Johnston's Straits to Burrard Inlet were the shacks of scores of handloggers who cut timber on their own account and sold them to the mills after they had been scaled by the mill scaler. These men were usually in partnerships of two. Some of their dwellings, or shacks, were located in

most picturesque spots, and were often hidden in the dense foliage which surrounded them, and their locality could only be divined by the chutes they built, on which the immense sticks glided into the water. For it must be remmebred that in those days no logs were taken, or even looked at, which contained a knot to mar the beaty of the flooring into which much of it was cut. The trees cut down were generally those which had not a branch below sixty or seventy feet from the ground. Oh, they were giants in those days! Sticks have been turned out from the mills 30x30 and 120 feet long. There was a great demand at this time for square timber of large size in China, and a great deal of it went there.

Most of these loggers led a very lonely life. There were very few steamers churning the waters of the northern coast in those days, except one or two bound for Alaska, or an occasional tug in search of some hand logger's boom, which was ready for the mill. Months might go by, and these men would never see a stranger. You may imagine therefore that they looked forward to Christmas time with a happy anticipation of fun and frolic. Those who were any distance away would take advantage of some passing tug, perhaps a couple of weeks before Christmas, and make their way to "Gasstown." They were, on the whole, a good class of men. Brawny and well developed, they were the finest of axemen. Those who arrived first in Gasstown usually spent the most of their time on the waterfront, keeping a sharp lookout for others who were expected from day to day. Every man was known, and it was a daily speculation with those already arrived as to whether Jack or Tom would be the next arrival.

Yes, it was good to see the welcome which each man received as he ran his boat up by the floating stage in front of Mannion's Hotel. All hands would go down on the landing stage until it would threaten to sink with all on board. Then the hand-shakings followed. Having moored their craft, they would be led up the bank—and the drinks that would go round, and the questions, and the laughter—all good-humored, and then the enquiries as to their prospects, and as to how much they had cut, and what their last boom had measured. Then out they would all go, and visit some other house of cheer, until they had made the round.

And I am proud to add that there was little drunkenness among them. They drank, but they were not drunkards. They were a superior class of men to that. Ask Mannion, who is here with us today in Vancouver. He will tell you the same. Of course there were many among these happy fellows who never touched any liquor

stronger than beer, and some not even that. The most of these men were of a saving character, and had money coming to them at the offices of the mill, and after spending Christmas in Gasstown would take a little trip to Victoria, which was at that time the Mecca of British Columbia.

When Christmas Day arrived, the hotels would all be full. The tables always groaned with the best the market afforded. Geo. Black made a point of having the finest of bunch grass beef for those who patronized him on Burrard Inlet. The dinner was the meal on Christmas Day, as it always is the world over, and these dinners in the hotels of Burrard Inlet were no exception to the rule. Yes, and the boys always had toasts, in which their lady loves were not forgotten. Joe Mannion and Capt. Clarke would sit at the heads of their respective tables with smiles broader than their countenances, and that they were not niggardly in any way was amply demonstrated at the close, for cheers for their hosts invariably followed. Then all would adjourn and play cards, or checkers, in the rooms allotted to those games.

Leaving the hotels of Gasstown, and paying a visit to the logging camp at Jericho, there you would receive a welcome spontaneous and hearty. Jerry Rogers was always proud of his Christmas dinners. They were high-class, and put on the table with great ceremony. Sometimes a miniature barbecue would be furnished the boys, as the old man affectionately called his workers. Such a dinner! Better than you can see in this city today. Venison fat and juicy—sucking pigs and turkeys (none of your cold storage turkeys either, but killed and dressed a few days before); ducks and geese, both wild and tame, and a huge sirloin of George Black's best bunch grass product. A monster plum pudding with a sprig of holly, and aflame with brandy, wound up the feast, to bind together what had gone before. Small stowage, Jerry called it. How the old man's eyes would twinkle as he watched the feast, and listened to the occasional sallies of wit which burst from different parts of the table.

That gathering of men represented some of the finest lumbermen on the continent. The axemen had no equals in the deftness with which they wielded the single or double-bitted axe. To give a proper touch to the feast, there were always two twenty-gallon kegs of beer on tap. The good old man was the happiest of the band, for to make his men happy at this festive time was his single aim. Among those who worked in the camp at that time was Mike King. Mike in those days was dressed in a blue shirt, sans coat, a broad strap around his waist, his hair rather long, curly locks, and hatless. He was an expert

with the axe, and was generally selected on state occasions, such as the visits of the Governors-General, to fell the giants of the forest.

The only thing that remains to tell of the glories of departed days is the name Jericho. This name was given to the camp by Jerry himself, to conform to Scripture, for did not Jeremiah once dwell in Jericho? The other camps also commemorated Christmas Day after similar methods. There was the Furry and Daggett camp. This outfit was always celebrated for the excellence of their table, which was looked after by the wife of one of the partners. Angus Fraser, who had a heart as big as an ox's, made a special point of seeing that the Christmas dinner should be up to the mark. Being a married man, his Christmas was partly spent in the camp and partly at home.

On both sides of the inlet, those who were not connected with the camps spent their Christmas much as they do now. Plum puddings and mince pies engaged the attention of the busy housewives for weeks in advance of the festive occasion. Isolated to a certain extent from the rest of British Columbia, a social and sympathetic feeling bound all as though in one family bond. Go into any house where there were children, and your ears were greeted with squeaking trumpets and hammering of drums, and even before you reached the door the evidence that Santa Claus had not forgotten the little children of this far western harbor was before your eyes in sleighs being pulled on sawdust and mud, or skates being tested on the same material. You often hear today of the high prices of eggs; but prices here today are low in comparison with the price of eggs in 1877. We obtained most of our eggs, turkeys, geese, ducks and chickens from an Irishman who paid occasional visits to Burrard Inlet with the fowl I have mentioned, and also with potatoes and vegetables, which might be in season.

Billy Paterson—that was his name—came from Semiahmoo, and did a roaring business here. He always managed to sell his whole cargo, which was carried in a 12-ton sloop. Just about Christmas time those with eyes bent upon the First Narrows would see this indefatigable trader making his way in on the rising tide. After clearing his sloop at the local custom house, Billy would make the round of Gasstown to ascertain how the supply and demand stood, in respect to the farm produce which he carried under his hatches. Eggs were always in demand at this period for making "Tom and Jerries," and good stiff prices were asked and paid for absolutely fresh eggs. In 1877 eggs were high—in price, I mean—and you could not buy them for less than $3.00 per dozen, and we were lucky to get them at that.

"I have already told you that the little children were not forgotten at Christmas time. The population of the province was small and much scattered, and old Santa Claus had very long journeys to make, which necessarily took up much of his time. He always came to the inlet two or three weeks in advance of Christmas and took a good look at all the little boys and girls to settle in his mind what kind of a present would suit each one. As his sleigh was always full for little Indians of the northern missions, and as he had to make time, he always made arrangements with the captain of the Etta White, who was a distant relation of his—at least the captain used to say so—to bring up most of the presents from his storehouse in Victoria the day before Christmas, and also a special team of reindeer, small enough to make their way down the stovepipes which led into the houses. There were no chimneys, consequently he had a tight squeeze to get near any little child's stocking. But he was very good and never forgot any child. They were all well satisfied and well treated.

The effects of Christmas generally led up to a kind of ennui which lasted until over New Year's Day. Then the boys would begin to make a move towards their shacks, laden with all kinds of remembrances of their holidays. Let me add that many of the residents here spent their Christmas in Victoria or New Westminster. Some even went as far as San Francisco.

"We had visitors, too, from New Westminster, as the sleighing was good in winter, and if there was not too much snow on the ice I think a good many used to find their way to Burnaby Lake, where they would enjoy themselves immensely.

"A visit to New Westminster always resulted in your being well treated there, and they had no bounds to their hospitality. When you went there you were sure to see Captain Adolphus Peele, weather prophet, who always greeted you with some reference to the weather. On my visit there a short time since, although I had not seen him for twenty years, he had the same reference to the weather, and the beauty of it was that he was nearly always right. He has today probably the most valuable collection of weather reports of New Westminster district, and of this province generally that can be found outside the Bureau at Ottawa. Mr. Joseph Armstrong was another gentleman who was there then, and is there now. He has not changed in the slightest within the last thirty years.

"When the Christmas week was over in old Gasstown the little burg went once more asleep for another year."

MAKING OF AN INDIAN SHAMAN

THE ORDINATION OF A MEDICINE MAN.

In another chapter of this book, I have described in detail what I saw and heard on my first visit in 1875 to an Indian potlatch. This experience was gained in a casual trespass on the grounds of the Saanich Indians, which were situated a few miles from the city of Victoria, the capital of British Columbia.

My second visit to an Indian potlatch was made in the following year, but the locality where it took place was Comox, and the circumstances which led up to its being given, were totally different from those which were the origin of the first one, as will be gleaned from the narrative as I will tell it.

It was in the fall of 1876, that taking advantage of a temporary lull in my duties as health officer of the city of Victoria, I took passage on the steamer Cariboo Fly, on a flying visit to Comox. Old-timers there will remember this pioneer steamer of the east coast of Vancouver Island. It was a slow little thing, totally unlike the midget whose name it bore, and was owned by Mr. Joseph Spratt, of Victoria. I had been requested several times by the Indian Department to visit the Indians of that settlement and vaccinate them all, without making any exceptions.

It was in consequenece of that request that I landed one bright afternoon in Comox, where it was my great luck to witness one of the most interesting, as well as exclusive Indian rites as handed down from generation to generation, from time immemorial. It is rarely, indeed, that any white man is admitted to the arena to witness the

ceremonial observed in the "making" of an Indian Shaman, or Medicine Man. If I had not been on an official visit to the tribe, and the bearer of a letter of introduction to the Indian agent, Mr. A. G. Horne, I would never have witnessed this great exhibition of Indian fortitude in the last stages of an unearthly drama. I had often heard weird stories of Indian Medicine Men, and of the ceremonial incidental to their assumption of that uncanny office, but all these accounts were a long way short in the tragic details as I witnessed them, on this my second visit to an Indian potlatch. In describing this function, I will stick strictly to the facts, and furnish my readers with nothing but the facts.

How I came to describe this as my second visit to an Indian potlatch is because the most interested person in the ceremony gave a grand potlatch on the day after passing through his trying ordeal.

After a tedious trip on the Cariboo Fly, consuming three days of my time, I landed, as I said before, one bright afternoon, on the wharf at Comox. As I was anxious to get back to Victoria without loss of time, I at once set out to hunt up the Indian agent, Mr. A. G. Horne, to whom I had a letter of introduction from the superintendent in Victoria. I found the gentleman in the Hudson's Bay Co.'s post on the Indian reservation, where he also represented the big company in his position as chief trader. He received me very kindly and read my letter of introduction. He expressed his regret that my visit was made at such an inopportune time, at the same time explaining to me that it would be utterly impossible to vaccinate any of the Indians on the Comox reserve.

They were, he said, in a high state of excitement, bordering on frenzy, over the coming ceremonies incidental to the "making" of a Shaman, or Indian medicine man.

"These rites," said Mr. Horne, "will be in connection with the elevation of a man to the most important office among Indian tribesmen, and bring with it an influence and dictum which are superior to those of the chiefs of any tribe. This ceremony," continued Mr. Horne, "has never been witnessed by any white man, except those in the service of the Hudson's Bay Co., and they, as a matter of policy, are particularly careful never to tell to outsiders anything in connection with what they see there—in fact, were they to do so, their lives would not be worth a day's purchase. They trust us most implicitly, and we repay that trust by observing an absolute silence as to everything we see and hear. It is only by observing these confidences that we enjoy the influence over them that we do. It is sometimes very dangerous to be near the candidate during some parts of the ceremonial ,and we

have to be very careful of our demeanor and facial expression during the continuance of the whole performance. I am going myself this evening, and will be accompanied by Mrs. Horne and Mr. Alexander Grant and his wife. I have taken great care that our seats are far above the ground tier, and I think and hope they will not be in the zone of danger."

"Oh," I said, "Mr. Horne I will give a month's salary to see this ceremony. Mr. Charles and Mr. Moffatt have told me so many things about this ritual, without telling me what actually happened, that I fairly burn to see it. Is there no way by which I can obtain permission to be present? I may never get the chance again, and I would be disappointed if I returned to Victoria without witnessing a ceremony which might not be again used in the lifetime of these tribes, who are fast disappearing from the land of their birth and inheritance."

"Well," said Mr. Horne, "I will arrange for your meeting Chief Nim-nim at this office at 5 o'clock, and will explain your wishes to him, at the same time giving him to understand that you are a very important official of the department, on an official visit here. Perhaps that will work the oracle." I agreed to this, returned to the hotel, and after brushing myself up, and slinging an important looking satchel across my shoulders, returned to Mr. Horne's office, and reached there sharp at 5. The chief had not as yet arrived, but he did not keep us waiting long, and at five minutes past the hour, he stepped across the threshold of the agent's tidy little office.

Chief Nim-nim was rather an imposing personage, as he was dressed that day, with silk hat and scarlet coat (of some ancient militia regiment), and a golden eagle's feather in his hat. His eyes were bright and clear, and seemed as though they would look one through. He had heavy jaws, firm set lips, Roman nose, and his hair was carefully groomed. He looked extremely "fit" as he stalked into our presence, and apologized for being late. I was duly introduced as a "delate hyas tyee" from the Indian department in Victoria, and had been sent to see if there was anything that would add to the comfort and dignity of the 'delate hyas tyee" Nim-nim. The chief was possessed of a rather wide mouth, but when mention was made that part of my duty was to see whether there was anything that might add to the comfort and dignity of Nim-nim, a smile of an amazing width spread across his countenance. His necessities were many, of all of which I made due note in a spare note book, carried in my inner coat pocket.

I told him his requests would be made known to the Queen, and he would hear later on from me. Shaking me heartily by the hand, he said I must honor them with my presence at the rancherie that

night to witness the Indian Shamans receiving another addition to their number. I looked up with eyes of thankfulness and gratitude to my friend Mr. Horne, whose face gave no indication of his thoughts or feelings. The chief then asked me to step over to the rancherie, and view the preparations that had been made for the night's performance.

As we walked over he told me of the former importance and numbers of his tribe, and how the deadly smallpox introduced by an Indian who had been in Victoria, and had returned with the disease, had carried off more than five hundred of his tillicums. Then he would fiercely tell me that it was brought to the country by the white man Now white men ploughed the fields where they once hunted the wild animals for their meat. They were now confined on reservations, while long ago they moved about where they wished to go. But the Government was good to him, because they knew he was a "hyas closhe man."

Thus he poured into my ear the woes and troubles of his tribe. We shortly arrived opposite the entrance of the rancherie. Two planks of three inches in thickness, fastened together by two stout cross pieces led up on an inclined plane to the entrance, and as we reached the wall of the building I observed that the footwalk was curved on both edges like the sides of a canoe. Crossing the doorway under the lintel, the footwalk sank down like a see-saw, and the end rested on the ground within the building. As soon as we stepped off the board walk, it rose slowly upwards and stopped with a snap. On looking at it from within, the entrance was fashioned to represent the head of a bald-headed eagle. The planks on which we entered the building filled the place of the lower beak or mandible. We therefore came in through the bird's throat.

It was a very clever and ingenious piece of work. The whole head was almost a perfect model of what it was intended to represent. For eyes the Indian had used some large shell, which gave a savage glint, as would be expected to emanate from such a bird. The building itself was not quite so long as the one at Saanich, but it was equal to it in width. This one, however, had a large square opening in the centre of the roof. Over this opening was a square covering raised on four posts about four feet in length. This covering was to prevent the entrance of rain, during the rainy season or at other times. From the ends of four timbers, which were bound firmly together, and projected into the square opening, hung a pulley, attached to the timbers by a stout rope. Another rope ran over the pulley wheel, at one end of which was a long steel hook. The remainder of the rope, which

was of considerable length, was coiled on the outside of the roof. All this was explained to me by the chief, and I have described this pulley and the way it was attached to the timbers at some length, as it played a very important part in the functions of the night.

Chief Nim-nim explained to me that it was not a member of his tribe who was to become a Shaman that night, but one Johnny Chiceete, from Cape Mudge, not far from the entrance to Seymour Narrows. Johnny was one of the Yu-kwul-toes, or Yuclataws, as white men usually call the tribe. They were at one time the most bloodthirsty, and the most dreaded of the coast tribes. Johnny was compelled to come to Comox for his initiation, as it was the only camp where there were many Medicine Men to take part in the ceremony.

In consideration of this privilege, Johnny intended on the following day giving as a free gift to those assembled for the ceremony, one thousand dollars' worth of goods. This was termed a cultus potlatch, and went to show as well, for the Indian dearly loves boasting, that he had a "shook-um tum-tum," and was possessed of "hy-yu ictas," much substance, or to put it in our language—that he was a man of wealth, and gave away for the mere love of it. He wished coute qui coute to have his name noised about as a prince of good fellows. This is the Indian character, on this coast at least.

At this point in this narrative is a good opportunity for me to explain the process through which a novitiate passes in his course to become a full fledged medicine man, which I am enabled to do from a long residence in this province, during which time I have had a great deal to do with Indians and their affairs and customs.

The first movement of the aspirant for medical honors is to take to the woods and find some isolated lonely spot, either on some mountain top or by the waters of some lake, where his cries to his "temenwos" will not be heard by human ears. All Indian cries are a species of lamentation, and are much the same whether made by the novitiate to his "temenwos" or by the hired howler on the sea shore, by the side of some dead body. They are fearfully sad, and striking so weirdly on your ear at dead of night, give you the shivers.

Thirty-three years ago I had to go to the head of the North Arm to see a sick logger. I had hired Big Footed George of Seymour Creek to take me there. As we approached the shore line beneath Temenwos Lake, now called Lake Beautiful, one of these howlers broke out with her dismal lament. George would go no further. He was afraid of the spirits of the lake above. He turned the canoe, notwithstanding my protests, and fled swiftly away towards his home on Seymour Creek. I had to engage a white man to take me up next day.

It is, or was, very difficult to get a Siwash to take you anywhere at night, unless he was one of the Mission Indians.

When camped on the shores of Lake Buttle some twenty years ago, I was awakened about two o'clock in the morning by a most plaintive wail, which struck upon my ear from a distance which I judged was half a mile away. The wailing continued for fully three hours. I recognized it as the plaintive appeal of the future Medicine Man to his temenwos. My companion, a young Irishman not long out from the "ould sod," would not agree with me as to the reason or cause of the wail. He insisted that it was a "banshee" for he had heard the same on the Lakes of Killarney, when he was a boy. I smiled, and said no more, for argument was useless. Towards morning the wail of the novitiate was supplemented by the screams of two cougars from opposite sides of the lake. This produced a far greater impression on my young friend than his banshee. He insisted that we should return home on the morrow, as it was a most uncanny place in which to be camped at night. I saw the novitiate the next day. He was almost naked, but stole away into the timber as fast as possible on seeing me. I afterwards learned that he was an Indian from Alert Bay. In their incantations by the lake they are sometimes answered by the laughing quaver of the Great Northern Diver, as though resenting the encroachment on his solitude.

For six weeks or more the "would-be" Shaman wanders sadly through the mountains picking his sustenance from the berries, or edible tubers which everywhere abound. His nights were wholly consumed in the never-ending appeal to the temenwos, or to those spirits good or evil which may hear his distressing appeals for recognition. They are spiritualists, pure and simple, but their spiritualism differs from the modern "ism" of the present day, in that the spirit or "temenwos" whom they appeal to is in their belief an original spirit, and not the spirit of one who has died. Privation and lack of food no doubt reduce the Indian novitiate to a condition bordering on hysteria, and when in that condition he is liable to believe that he hears the answer to his plaintive wails for help and recognition. It is at this stage that he determines to return to the homes of his tribe. He is now dangerous—a species of demon, whose hunger must be appeased by flesh.

Slowly and stealthily he makes his way back to where his former companions are anxiously awaiting his return. When within a short distance of his place of birth, he rushes in with frightful yells, and woe betide the unfortunate native whom he first encounters on his way. He leaps upon him like a wild beast, and probably bites a piece out of his victim's arm. No resistence is offered, as it is considered a great

privilege to be thus bitten by the future Shaman. The man is famished and he devours the piece of flesh like a hungry dog. If, instead of meeting with one of his own kind, he sees a dog, he will, if possible, seize it with both hands and rend the animal in pieces.

Once inside the village or settlement, four or more sturdy members of the tribe pounce on him and confine him for the last and trying ordeal which I saw in the case of Johnny Chiceete, or "grey-haired" Johnny, as he was known to the whites. I will describe this shortly.

After parting with Chief Nim-nim at the entrance to the rancherie, I returned to the hotel where I was a guest, and after dinner made my way to the Hudson's Bay post, where I met Mr. and Mrs. Horne, as well as Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Grant, who were the only other whites who were permitted to view the ceremony. As the ceremony was supposed to begin at 7 o'clock we lost no time in hastening to the rancherie. We were accompanied by a large number of Indians from Cape Mudge, and other points, who did not live in the Comox rancherie. As I looked at them, I thought of Cooper's "The Last of the Mohicans."

These, too, were among the last of a passing race, whose ranks even from the date of my arrival, had been sadly decimated by smallpox and other diseases. Of course we did not want to have him with us, dressed out in the panoply of war, stealing stealthily on his neighbors, knife in hand, slaughtering men, women and children without distinction of age or sex, but we would love to see him leading an industrious life and enjoying that civilization which we had brought him. The Pacific Coast Indian is not fitted by disposition or inclination to take advantage of what is offered him.

It was still light when we entered the rancherie, two at a time, through the eagle's throat. Four Indians with wolf masks over their faces guarded the entry on the inner side. Two other natives with bear and eagle masks stood close to these four. They were all there to see that no interlopers gained admission to the building. Chief Nim-nim stood a short distance from them, resplendent in scarlet tunic and high silk hat. His hat had received since I saw him in the afternoon three additional eagle feathers to reinforce his dignity and importance as a chief. The building was well filled with a mixed audience of Indians from up and down the coast.

We were shown to seats well up from the floor, but commanding a perfect view of the whole inside of the rancherie. At intervals along the front were sentinels encased in a complete suit of feathers, their figures being topped by a mask of a most perfect imitation of the bald-headed eagle, and glittering eyes as already described, as com-

pleting the eagle head entrance. I noticed that all the women of the tribe were seated well up from the ground floor, and appeared to me to wear upon their faces an aspect of anxiety, if not of fear.

About three quarters of an hour had elapsed when the drummers in the centre of the ground space began to beat a regular rhythmic stroke upon the gigantic drums which they had before them. Four Shamans were walking up and down in this space, one of whom reminded me of a huge baboon I had seen at the Zoological Gardens in Regent's Park. While singing they were shaking rattles, as well as their ankles, most assiduously, which were adorned with shells and small rattles. In a few moments some of the women and men stepped out upon the floor, and began to move about in the usual dancing step. Their tunes are always the same, and the movements of the dancers also. These dances were kept up for some time, one middle-aged man showed his gastric capacity by swallowing a square gin bottle of dog fish oil without drawing a breath. He subsided in a helpless condition upon the earthen floor, from which he was promptly packed off to one of the platform seats.

At 8.00 o'clock everything was perfectly quiet, so quiet indeed, that you could have heard a pin drop in the dusty floor. Then a noise, with much howling was suddenly heard proceeding from the roof. In a few moments a human body was pushed through the square hole in the roof of the rancherie. As the body dangled inside of the skylight, as I will call it, I was able to see that the figure was pendant by four hooks and chains, from the pulley I have already mentioned as being at the ends of the four poles, lying across the skylight. It was the body of Johnny Chiceete which was dangling in the upper air. He was hanging suspended by four hooks, one through the muscles of each upper arm, and one through the muscles of each thigh. He was completely naked with the exception of a loin covering made from the inner bark of the cedar.

His attendants on the roof lowered him slowly to the ground, then back to the roof and down again. This was repeated three times. While going up and down he shouted out some words which I took to be a species of ritual, for at every pause in his speech he was answered by the Shamans on the ground below. They kept walking up and down in line for about twenty feet and back, silent while Johnny Chiceete was speaking, and picking up the words just as Johnny ceased. No sign on Johnny's face told of the horrible torture he must have been enduring. He could not have been more quiet if he had been lowered and raised in a capacious basket.

At the termination of the third drop, four big powerful members of his tribe rushed out and grasped him by the arms, while the hooks were kept quite taut to prevent his breaking away. Straps were slipped round his arms to give his captors a good firm hold and command of his body. The hooks were then removed, and Johnny sprang to his feet, and attempted to break away.

Many of the audience, fearful he should escape from his captors, began to seek safer positions. Now came the most curious part of the ceremony. Ten Indians came down the circular pathway, naked to the waist. Johnny saw them, and began to gnash his teeth in anticipation of a feast, for he was fearfully hungry, having arrived from the mountains a short hour before his appearance on the roof. As Johnny strained like a dog on the leash to get at the first semi-naked Siwash, he seemed more like a wild beast than a human being.

Gradually he dragged his keepers to his first victim, the Shamans following in the rear with pieces or strips of cotton and Indian balm. Arriving at the first man, he seized his arm, and bit a large piece out of it. and then passed on towards the next. The Shamans to our surprise called our special attention to the wound in the first man's arm, to show there was no fake about it, I suppose. Then they applied some balm or ointment, and wrapped up the whole in cotton.

After binding up the wound on the first man's arm, a Shaman slipped a ten-dollar gold piece into the victim's hand, according, as I was afterwards told by Mr. Horne, to an arrangement between the victim and Johnny Chiceete's friends. After this first performance with his teeth, Mrs. Horne and Mrs. Grant retired from the building. It was too horrible for their sensitive nerves. Mr. Horne, Mr. Grant and I stayed on to see the ceremony through. Johnny completed his round with the hired victims, and just as he finished with the last, he saw a small dog near the platform, which he seized with both hands and began to eat alive. He was pushed, with the dog in his hands, towards the entrance and was taken by his friends to a cabin specially prepared for him, where his hook wounds received special attention. All of those who supplied Johnny with arms to bite were rewarded in the same way as the first one was, who by the way was an Indian known to the whites as Siwash George. I only heard the names of three others. They were Three Fingered Jimmy, Saweetlum and Potato Johnny.

If this represented the ceremony of making an Indian Medicine Man at a time when the province was well settled, what must have been the orgies in connection with the same performance before the whites came.

The late Mr. Moffatt, an old servant of the Hudson's Bay Company, told me when spending the evening with him, in Victoria, that once when stationed at Fort Rupert he saw one of these novitiates, on his return from seeking his temenwos, run amuck throughout the rancherie, biting men, women and children, and he even attempted to bite Mr. Moffatt, but he felled him with a blow, which the natives thought would be followed by his instant death. The natives consider it a great privilege to be bitten by a novitiate, or rather I should say, they once thought so, but now they must receive compensation for providing the material for the proper carrying out of the ceremony.

After the retirement of Johnny Chiceete, wine made from the ollale (salmon berry) was handed round among the guests.

The last performance was very amusing. Two of the men covered with complete suits of bird plumage, engaged in a fight in the centre of the arena. By some means they opened their beaks and took a bite out of each other's plumage, and then blew the feathers into the air through a hole in the top of the head. They imitated the rasping screech of the bald-headed eagle to perfection. Then an encounter took place between a wolf and a bear, which was a tame affair, as they were rather clumsy on their feet.

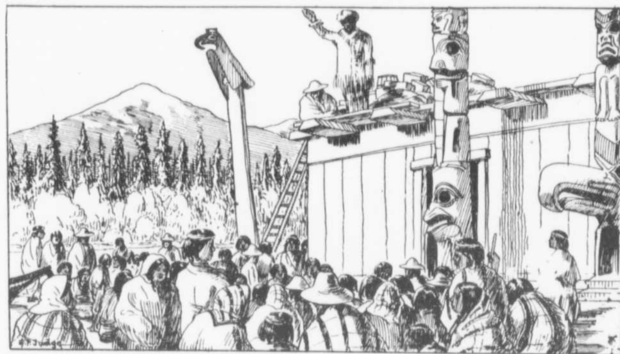
We left the rancherie at midnight, but we could hear the beating of the dance drums until past daylight.

Next day Johnny Chiceete gave a grand potlatch, when he threw away to his tillicums, one thousand dollars' worth of goods, consisting of bales of blankets, a cuddy of tobacco, boxes of crackers, barrels of molasses, as Mr. Grant told me to make his friends stick to him, boxes of apples, flour, and not forgetting the red and yellow handkerchiefs so dear to the Siwash heart.

To show his indifference to money values he broke up and burned a new, large war canoe, valued at $175.

I had my surfeit of Indian ceremonies so I did not stop to see another novitiate pass into the ranks of the Shamans, although the Chief Nim-nim pressed me very hard to stay and see it. It took place the following Sunday.

I returned to Victoria the night following.



MY FIRST VISIT TO AN INDIAN POTLATCH.

In the month of September, 1875, I was living in a comfortably furnished house on Gonzales Farm, Victoria, the property of Mr. J. Despard Pemberton, who was, at that time, travelling in Europe, with his wife and family. This farm had had no tenant for some time, but the large fields had been temporarily let to Mr. J. Reynolds, a butcher, wherein to keep his cattle as they arrived from time to time by steamer from the mainland. These cattle, which had a free run over the outside premises, were exceedingly wild and dangerous, as all cattle were that came in those days from the upper country. The last tenant, whoever he might have been, had been exceedingly careless of the premises.

It was a beautiful farm, but sadly neglected. Turkeys and other poultry were perfectly wild, and had been allowed to make their nests and rear their offspring according to the laws of primitive nature. The farm was also a covert for large numbers of grouse, and California quail, and was an ideal place for shooting, when these birds were in season.

The location of the house was, as it is now, a lovely spot, from which a view could be obtained that, for extent and variety of scene, is unsurpassed in British Columbia. How impressive was the sunrise as Old Sol stole over the mountain tops of the Coast Range on the opposite shores of the Gulf of Georgia, tinting those snow-capped peaks with ever-changing hues, imparting an ideal touch to the sloping sides at early morn.

But while at eventime the whole view might be a delightful recreation on a summer's evening, the isolation and consequent loneliness, as the night came on, were depressing. I had been warned by the agent, Mr. Leopold Lowenberg, to be extremely watchful, and vigilant, as the outbuildings on this farm were a favorite sleeping place for thieves and tramps. Within,—the building was a lengthy

one, and was divided down the centre by a passage which separated the front from the back rooms. The ceiling of this passage was covered with a network of wires, communicating at one end with every door and window in the building, and at the other with a num- of bells, constituting a perfect burglar alarm.

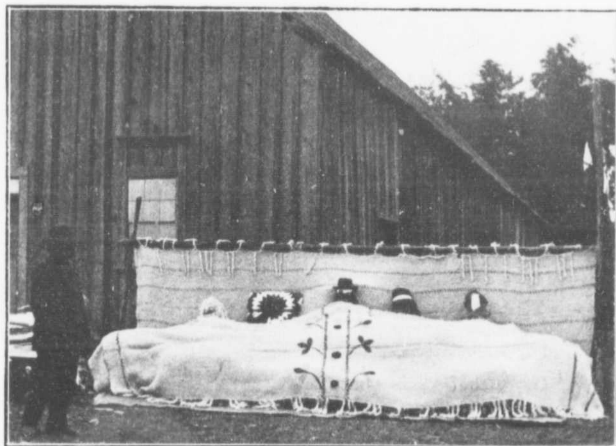
This provision, with the isolation of the building and the solemn warning of the agent about tramps and thieves, had a very depressing effect upon me—a tenderfoot. My nights were rendered sleepless by the frequent ringing of bells, a full chorus of them. During the first week, I jumped out of bed three or four times a night, and, with a black thorn stick in one hand and a revolver in the other, I walked the rounds and examined every door and window in the building. I had about arrived at that stage when I was fully convinced that the house was haunted, or in the grasp of spooks, when accident informed me of the fons et origo of these constant alarms.

One night, when the bells were more than usually active, I rushed into the passageway to see a swarm of rats travelling down the close-strung wires, while the bells were jangling furiously. About 4 a.m. the bells were once more ringing, but this time accompanied by a loud rapping on the hall door. At last, I thought, that tramp, predicted by Mr. Lowenberg, is here. Putting on my dressing gown, and shoving a large revolver in my pocket, I cautiously opened the hall door as far as the restraining chain would allow. A man was standing there, with a fragment of a lighted candle stuck into the neck of an empty bottle to give him light. "Pawdon me," he said, at the same time glancing with a kind of nervous look over his shoulder, "I have a note for you, if you are Dr. Walkem—but, oh! those cattle; they gave me such a turn!"

He gave me the note, which was from Dr. Ash, asking me to visit a patient of his who lived at the far end of the Saanich road, about seventeen miles distant. I was not long in dressing, for in ten minutes we were driving up the carriageway to the gate. Cattle were very numerous on each side of the road—cattle which were fresh from the upper or "bunch grass" country, and which were very wild and dangerous. My companion told me that in driving down to the house we had just left, he was in constant dread of these animals, which made several hostile demonstrations, charging down parallel to the phaeton as it rolled along. We passed safely through them, and, after a drive over a splendid road, arrived at our destination at noon.

Here I saw the young man who was ill, and shortly after had lunch with his parents. I was preparing to return to Victoria, when a neighbor of my host rode up on a stout little cob and asked whether

there was anything he could get in Victoria for his neighbor. He also said he had just met the official who looked after the telegraph cable, and who would be returning to Victoria as soon as some necessary repairs were made and the cable placed in working order. I saw at once that this would give me an opportunity of relieving the young man's father of the trouble of driving me back to Victoria, and of a long, lonely drive back to his farm. After making the suggestion, the farmer reluctantly consented to my hunting up the operator, and,



DUMMIES REPRESENTING FRIENDS AT POTLATCH.

after giving me minute directions as to the path I was to take to arrive at the cable station through the woods, I packed my satchel and started out. Before going, however, I gave the neighbor who had called a prescription to have filled at Shotbolt's, in Victoria.

The cable station was said to be about a mile distant, and, after walking at a good pace for over half an hour, I came to where three roads or trails converged. Uncertain which one to take, I at last chose the centre one, and, once more looking at my watch, I came to the conclusion that I must have taken the wrong trail, otherwise I would have arrived at the station long before that hour.

I was still in the bush, but I knew that the trail must lead somewhere, and I pushed on, following the trail I was on. I had not walked more than ten minutes when I heard shouting. I felt relieved,

as I knew I must be approaching some human habitations where I could get directions as to my future course. At last I saw an opening in the trees, at right angles to the trail, and I turned off and made for it through heavy brush and fallen timber. Several grouse started up almost under my feet; and presently I emerged upon the beach, at the rear of a large Indian rancherie.

This was the first rancherie I had ever seen, and, I might truthfully add, ever smelt. It was not unlike a large flat-roofed barn, slightly higher in front than behind. The roof consisted of long, wide split cedar boards, laid over one another, supported by crosspieces, which were held up in turn by cedar posts. The sides of this building were also composed of split cedar boards, but they were bound to the uprights and many crosspieces by withes. There was not a single nail in the building; but I afterwards learned that this building was an old one, and erected before a white man had come to the country.

In front of this building were three upright posts, on the top of which, and connecting them, or holding them together, was a long stick of timber, flattened top and bottom. The posts were thirty feet in length. A native was walking up and down this crosspiece, addressing a large concourse of Indians, and they appeared much impressed with what he said, as ejaculations of approval, as I took them to be, punctuated his remarks every few minutes. His audience, composed of a large concourse of natives, were seated on the ground, with blankets gathered round their bodies.

I knew there was something unusual taking place, and was about to retreat to the bush once more and try to find my way back to the house of my patient; but on turning to do so, I was accosted by an Indian in civilized garb, with a white band over the cuff of his coat. He walked beside me as I pushed my way out of the excited crowd, and seized my bag by the handle, asking me some questions in Chinook, which at that time I did not understand. I refused to let him open my bag, and a scuffle would certainly have ensued, as I felt disinclined to allow him to touch it without a struggle; but just at that moment I heard two whistles, and, looking up, I saw a man standing at the edge of the timber a little west of where we stood, beckoning to me to come to him. The Indian immediately let go of my bag, and, pointing towards the man, said: "Go—police."

Never did I feel more relieved in my mind. I was in the midst of Indians whose ways I did not understand, and in a locality where I was practically lost. Walking up the shingle, I noticed that the afternoon was well advanced, as the sun was beginning to haze, and

would shortly be below the horizon. When I met the man who had hailed me, I saw from the label on his vest that he was a provincial constable. He asked me what my name was, and, on telling him, he at once asked me to come up to his tent. I said that I was anxious to find the telegraph operator, who was supposed to be down attending to the cable, as I expected to be able to obtain a seat in his carriage on his return to Victoria. He told me that the operator had left an hour previously, and that if I cared to share his tent I was welcome. There were two camp beds, he said, and the other officer was in Victoria and would not return until the following morning, so I would have a bed to myself. Superintendent Todd of the provincial police force was also expected down on the morrow with some additional constables.

Sergeant Bloomfield, for such was his name, said they were expecting trouble at the Indian camp, as they were holding a potlach, and the Nitinat Indians from Cape Flattery were about to meet the Cowichan Indians for the first time in peace after a state of warfare which had existed for very many years. Bloomfield, I learned, was really a city constable, but had been borrowed by the provincial authorities on account of his intimate knowledge of the Indian character and ways, as well as to prevent the introduction of spirituous liquors among the Indians by unscrupulous white men.

As it was after six o'clock, and I saw no chance of returning to Victoria that night, I gladly accepted his kind offer of the tent and bed, and walked up to his camp with him. The tent was a very roomy one, and furnished with three chairs and a small table, as well as two comfortable beds. A small canvas addition to the tent formed what was called the kitchen, which was furnished with a small sheet-iron stove and a table. As soon as we arrived in the tent Bloomfield set to work to prepare supper, which we soon disposed of, after which he started out to take a walk around the Indian camp, while I turned into bed. A small spaniel belonging to the officer made friends with me and took up a position across my feet at the bottom of my bed. My head had scarcely touched the pillow before I fell asleep; and although there were no wires, rats or burglar alarms about the tent, I found myself engaged in a desperate battle with a swarm of brown rats, who were all snapping at me at once, and I could see their black eyes twinkling as they took a bite out of me every minute.

It was at the most desperate period of this encounter that I was awakened by the dog barking furiously, and the next minute Bloomfield entered the tent, dragging one of the toughest looking specimens of the white race I had ever seen. He was resisting the constable as

he came in; but as soon as the light of the lamp fell upon him, Bloomfield slipped the darbies over his wrists quicker than you could wink. Behind the prisoner came a Siwash, with his arm wrapped up in some white material.

"It's a lucky thing you are here," said the constable. "This Nitinat has a badly gashed arm, and if you will attend to it, I will see that you are paid for your professional work."

I immediately tumbled out of bed, and after examining the arm, proceeded to dress it. My ideas of Indian stoicism had been formed from reading J. Fenimore Cooper's books; but, alas! they were sadly dissipated by the behavior of this representative of the red man. I had to put six stitches in the arm, which I only succeeded in doing with the assistance of Bloomfield, as the Indian struggled with the insertion of every stitch. When I had completed the dressing, the officer told him to make himself scarce, in short and angry language.

After ascertaining from the prisoner where he had obtained the liquor, he asked me to examine his face, which was covered with blood. This, I found, came from his nose, which had received rude treatment at some person's hands.

Then Bloomfield told the man he was about to let him go free, but at the same time warned him against being seen in the vicinity of the camp on the following day. If he was, he would be arrested, and taken before the nearest magistrate, by whom he would be committed to prison for a long term. Taking off the man's handcuffs, the officer led him to the door of the tent, and there administered some powerful vis a tergo, which almost turned the whisky peddler into a skyrocket. I saw him no more.

Sergeant Bloomfield explained to me that, as there was no lockup, he did not feel like sitting up and wasting sleep watching one of this offender's class. With the departure of this whisky peddler, we both "turned in" and slept well.

Next morning Bloomfield walked down to the Indian camp, but came back in a short time to tell me that the Cowichans were expected about noon. What was of more importance, he said, was that the Nitinats were now going through an ancient war dance, which was a very rare thing for them to do—that the dance was most weird and uncanny, and that probably I would never have such a chance again as the present one of seeing a dance they very seldom performed. He advised me to return with him.

I readily accepted his invitation, and, stick in hand, accompanied the officer to the rancheria. I was not sorry I did so, for I will never forget that dance. When I entered the building it was packed all

round the sides with Indians of the Nitinat tribe. Some of them were sitting, while others were standing. A long board extended down in front of these Indians, so that both those sitting and those standing could strike it with a stick. Others had drums of native manufacture.

The dance was in active operation as we entered, and these

boards and drums were beaten by the onlookers to make up a rhythm in keeping with the steps of the dancers. The dancers were composed of two lines many feet in length, and facing one another. Each dancer wore a most hideous mask, from which depended human hair, some light colored, but the larger amount of hair was dark. In dancing, they appeared to mark time with their feet for a few steps,

and then advance and cross over, turning round in the centre, so that when they reached the opposite side they were facing one another. As they turned in the centre, the shamans (doctors) gave two sharp blows upon their drums, and the dancers immediately gave vent to the most blood-curdling yells, that denoted, as I was afterward informed, their moment of victory. Some of these dancers were armed with stone clubs, others with stone axes, while the others had arrows pointed with jasper and other stones.

While the dancing was in progress, one wizened old klootchman (woman) rose on one of the benches, and shouted out that she was the daughter of the ancient arrow-maker of the tribe, who likewise made the knives, which were so sharp, to kill their enemies. She was like an uneasy spirit as she rolled from side to side and uttered most ear-piercing, hysterical shrieks. She was evidently held in deep veneration and respect by the women folk, for at the termination of every shriek these women would express their feelings with a compassionate voice and "Ah-s-t ah-s-t." The "ah" would be prolonged, while the "s" would be made to whistle through their closed teeth.

Then followed an Indian war dance, in which one Indian, tall and powerful, waved over the head of another a blood-red club; an exhibition which left us nothing to conjecture.

Our attention was suddenly called to the door, through which many of the natives were passing to the open air, shouting excitedly as they went. Almost at the same moment a well-formed, square-shouldered Indian, with an otter skin bound around and over his head, and a magnificent one hanging down his back, rushed in between the dancers, and said something to them in a loud voice. Then the dancers dispersed in a few moments.

Following the constable, we gained the open air, and there saw what was causing the commotion. The Cowichan Indians were coming over the water in twelve canoes, arranged in the shape of a fan, and about 100 yards apart. Every few minutes one could see a puff of smoke from one of the canoes. What these Cowichans meant, I could not say; but the puff of smoke preceded the skipping of a bullet along the surface of the water, until it sank a few feet from shore. As the canoes came nearer, the bullets sank closer to the shore line.

In course of time it became dangerous to stand upon the beach, as the bullets fell upon the shingle, while others would strike the front of the rancheria. Then "puff," "puff," and the report, loud and sharp, from the bushes on our left hand, indicated that the Nitinats were firing from the shore, and we could see where their bullets

struck the water, some of them close to the advancing canoes. At last a thud told that one of these was struck.

The cracking of the rifles was now continuous, and Bloomfield, calling my attention to one of the canoes, in which some commotion existed, said this shooting must be stopped, as serious consequences might follow. The Nitinats noticed this also, for immediately a drum was struck in quick time, accompanied by boisterous whoopings and singing to the cadence of the drum. Bloomfield left me, and I saw him disappear within the rancheria, accompanied by the Nitinat constable.

The firing still continued from the Cowichan canoes, and I could hear the lead passing through the atmosphere. I then laid down behind a large log on the upper part of the beach. While lying here waiting for Bloomfield to reappear, the beating on the drum suddenly ceased with a kind of rattle. Then I heard his voice raised in angry dispute with some Indian, who was also speaking rapidly and in a high key.

I sprang to my feet, ran across the beach and entered the rancheria. Bloomfield was standing in front of the chief, whom I recognized by the otter skin hanging down his back. His face was now covered with a mask like a frog, with two side pieces hanging down in front to represent the front legs. The Indian doctors, or shamans, held Bloomfield by the shoulders, while the Nitinat constable was standing a few feet away, apparently cowed. I pushed aside one of the doctors, and was about to strike the other, when Bloomfield asked me not to make another move, as these Indians were a wild and savage lot, and any violence might provoke a row in which we might fare badly.

While hesitating as to what I should do, I was surprised and delighted to see Superintendent Todd come through the entrance. He came over to where we stood, and Bloomfield explained what the trouble was.

The superintendent was immediately recognized by the chief, who took off his mask, as well as by the two shamans, who let go their hold on the constable's arms. Todd expressed surprise at seeing me there, and after he had repeated Bloomfield's orders, through the interpreter, about calling his men in from the timber, we all went out.

The Cowichan Indians were now stepping out of their canoes, and were being welcomed by the Saanich chief, whose potlach they had come to partake of. One of the visitors had the middle finger of the left hand shattered by a bullet from a Nitinat rifle; and had it not been for the presence of Superintendent Todd, and his constables,

there probably would have been bloodshed, as the law of all the coast tribes is "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth." This law, which has been handed down from father to son for many generations, has led up to the killing of many settlers, traders and prospectors.

After Superintendent Todd had had a brief conversation with the chief of the Cowichans, we all walked up to the tent I had slept in the previous night. There I saw two lately arrived constables erecting two more tents, the furnishings for which had been brought down from Victoria in an express wagon, and which were scattered around upon the grass.

After an excellent lunch, we returned to the rancheria, where it was understood the Saanich chief would present some of his visitors with flour and blankets. When we arrived in front of it, the Indian chief was addressing his visitors, from the elevated platform which I have already mentioned, and his words must have been very pleasing and acceptable to those who understood them, for they were punctuated by grunts of approval by the majority of the audience. Our Nitinat interpreter and constable was standing on the end of the platform, translating into Nitinat language what the chief said to them.

After his speech of welcome, the chief descended to mother earth, and gave orders that sacks of flour should be carried out, and one sack given to the head of each family.

It was a matter of wonder and astonishment to me how this untidy, half clothed native chief managed to purchase the large quantity of flour he gave away on this occasion. The number of sacks distributed amounted to 250; and as these were not sufficient to go round, he announced that those who had not received one would be supplied next day, as he expected to receive a further large supply from the Hudson's Bay Company that night. The blankets also had not arrived, but he expected them towards evening. He wished everybody to know that next morning, after the distribution of the flour, a grand scramble would be a prominent part of the festivities.

The natives were then much more numerous than they are today, and a potlatch was in consequence a very serious undertaking. A combination was often formed of several of the more wealthy members of a tribe, who pooled their money or wealth to make the potlatch a success, as well as a credit to the tribe to which they belonged.

It would be as well for me to explain the manner in which the various tribes are invited to a potlatch, as it constitutes a ceremonial and is extremely interesting.

A chief, having decided upon giving a potlatch, selects the most

prominent and trustworthy, as well as respected, young men of his tribe, and, after giving them instructions as to which of the neighboring tribes he wishes to invite, provides them with an adequate number of blankets, to be used as I will presently describe. Choosing the largest of their war canoes, which, as is well known, are handsome models of sea-going canoes, and manning it with the very best "paddlers" of the tribe, they set out for the various Indian settlements. As they approach the first village, the visitors strike up a song. When opposite, and close to the landing place of the first village, this chorus ceases, and one of the crew, arising, commences to sing another song in a loud, moaning tone—sadness itself. The method of approaching a village for the purpose of extending an invitation to a potlatch, is so well known to every tribe on the North Pacific coast, that few, if any, of the tribe run down to welcome the visitors, it not being considered the proper thing to do. On landing from the canoe, the last singer calls out the name of the chief's heir, or, if he has no son, his next of kin. The chief sends down one of his young men, and to him is given a blanket for the chief, although his name is never mentioned, for the parent is always sheltered behind the heir. After sending a blanket as a present to the chief, another is given as a present for the second chief, and so on until six chiefs are the recipients of presents. The visitors, or embassadors, or whatever name you may call them, are then invited to the rancheria, and properly entertained. Then they take their leave and proceed to the village of the next tribe on the invitation list, and the same present-making is gone through.

A formal warning, or invitation, is subsequently sent to these various tribes, to whom presents have been made, that their presence is expected soon after they have received the warning. The chief of the tribe who is giving the potlatch, privately warns all the members of his tribe to be prepared to entertain those he has invited, in a manner which will reflect credit upon their tribe. This gives them an opportunity to lay in a stock of supplies usually purchased from the Hudson's Bay Company, or at the nearest trading post. The time of starting out to comply with the invitation to the feast is one of excitement to the favored village. All the able-bodied men, and the majority of the women, take their places in the canoes, eager to enjoy themselves to the full.

Their arrival at the village to which they have been invited is also attended with great excitement. Poor, simple creatures! As the canoes approach the shore, the occupants arise and sing and dance in them. Drums are beaten and the sides of the canoes are beaten with

the paddle handles, so as to make as much noise as possible. To add to the din, old muskets are shot off with great frequency. All the visitors are at once taken charge of by the members of the tribe whose village they are the guests of, and at once provided with what always appeals to an Indian's mind, a good meal.

To resume my story.—It must not be assumed that the rancheria accommodated one-third of those who were present on this occasion. The Saanich Indians at that date gave up all their sleeping places, which were arranged around the inside of the building to accommodate the needs of their visitors. These sleeping places very much resembled the bunks to be found in the forecastle of an old windjammer. The Nitinats, being the first to arrive, were the lucky recipients of this accommodation. The Cowichans were compelled to erect structures for themselves, much like the tepees of their brethren of the prairies, but covered with mats woven from the bullrushes. The Saanich Inlians, who had given up all their sleeping places to accommodate their numerous guests ,did the same. Camp fires were lit all along the beach, which were provided with various kinds of kettles and iron pots. With the arrival of the Cowichans, pieces of meat of the best quality were distributed among the different families at regular intervals of time. These were cooked in many ways according to the fancy of the recipient.

As nothing more was to be seen that afternoon, we returned to our tents.

About 7 o'clock we walked down to the rancheria, where seats had been set apart for three of us, Superintendent Todd, Sergt. Bloomfield and myself. We were to be given an entertainment by some Nitinats, which the Saanich chief told the superintendent was really wonderful.

The performance began with some incantations by the Shamans who, after the introduction of the star performers, kept up an incessant beating on big drums, each tap being given slowly, and a most weird wailing as a kind of accompaniment. There were five performers in the troupe, all short and thick set in figure. Their black, glossy hair was clasped to the head by raccoon tails round the head and forehead. Projecting from the side of each Indian's head was a tail feather of the bald-headed eagle. An ordinary biscuit box was brought in and placed in the centre of an open space, which was kept clear by men evidently assigned to that duty.

As these five Indians entered the building they moved, as they always do in any performance, with measured step, to the slow beating of the Shamans' drums. Passing into the open space, they moved

slowly round the box twice. On the third round they took the feathers from their heads and threw them with considerable force inside the box. One could distinctly hear the thud as the quill struck the bottom of the box. Still moving round, they commenced a low, wailing song, in which all the audience joined. Then the quills began to rise above the edge of the box, spinning rapidly and perpendicularly upon their axes. When risen to a height corresponding to the arm of the performer, each one grabbed his own feather and, moving round one circle, threw the feather again within the box. Still moving round, the feathers rose once more in the same mysterious manner and, deeming this sufficient, they replaced the feathers on their heads.

But at this moment another performer appears upon the scene. He enters the centre space and empties a bucket filled with water into the box and retires. Again those with the feathers circle the box and repeat their first performance. Again one hears the feather strike the bottom. The sixth performer appears again with another bucket of water and empties it once more within the box. As he retires the feathers rise as before, spinning rapidly and apparently quite dry. This is repeated seven times and then all retire, the performers with their feathers, and the entertainmnt is at an end.

I examined the box, but there was no sign of water, nor was the floor in any way different from other parts of the surrounding earthen space. No water had apparently escaped, nor was the box wet. The floor was always dry except in the winter season, when passing feet might introduce moisture from without.

I may say that I saw this same performance by these Nitinats many years after this at Duncan's, Vancouver Island, to which the Indian agent, Mr. Lomas, and a few others were admitted. The agent offered the performers quite a sum of money as an inducement to tour the world, and give the same performance, but they refused. What we saw on this occasion was the subject of much discussion when we returned to the tent that night.

We had breakfast at half-past seven next morning, and Bloomfield strayed down to the Indian camp to ascertain what the programme for the day might be. On returning, he said that 250 extra bags of flour had arrived, and had been distributed to the great satisfaction of the Indian guests, who were now convinced that the Saanich chief was a "delate hyas tyee." A grand distribution of blankets, both Hudson's Bay, and native, would take place at 10 a.m. to which he carried an invitation from the chief for us to attend. We arrived on the potlach ground a short time before the appointed hour, and were given chairs and a good position to see everything that took place. I

have mentioned native blankets. These were made from the hair of the Rocky Mountain goat (king of all mountain climbers), mixed with the long, light hair of the Indian dog. In 1875, the year in which this story lies, the head and entire skin could be purchased for the sum of two dollars. They are, of course, much more expensive now, for Rocky Mountain goats were hunted in all the mountains of the coast range in those days.

The mountains of Burrard Inlet, and more especially of its North Arm, were favorite feeding places of this great mountaineer, long, I fancy, before the ancestors of the coast Indians found their way over from Japan. The Indians hunted and killed them for the purpose of obtaining the long hair, which with the finer wool beneath, protected these animals from the intense cold on their natural haunts, the very extreme peaks of the coast ranges. When killed, the skin was removed at once, taken to the Indian's home and there well washed. Then the longest hairs were picked out, and being placed together, were rolled into one long strand, over the bare knee of an Indian woman. These strands were attached to one another to make a long rope, which were woven like their mats into squares, which, joined together, served the purpose of a blanket. In many cases the Indians used the fine, long, silky hair of their dogs to supplement the goat's hair in the making of these blankets.

Of late years goats' hair blankets have become obsolete, and at potlatches held during the last ten or fifteen years, small squares about six inches each way, are the only specimens one can see of bygone years. When these small pieces are distributed amongst the assembled Indians, one or two of them will endeavor to purchase all of these small squares, and if they are successful, will join them together to form a larger square, which finds a ready sale at a good figure anywhere along the coast.

During the last fifty years, goat hair formed a large item in the trade between the mainland Indians and those living on Vancouver Island. At this, my first Indian potlatch, goat hair blankets could be obtained for $12 or $15. At the present time, 1914, they are worth from $60 to $75. Just as soon as the Indian found he could buy from the Hudson's Bay Company a better and warmer blanket for a few dollars, he abandoned the one of native manufacture, associated as it was with difficult and hazardous climbing through the mountains.

Precisely at 10 o'clock the chief, attended by a number of his tribe, climbed up to the elevated platform. His assistant received from the ground three or four Hudson's Bay blankets and handed them one at a time to the chief, who in turn threw them into the large crowd of visitors below, who scrambled and struggled for them in a desperate

endeavor to obtain all. Two hundred blankets were tossed down that afternoon, and the bidding for them would have made a modern auctioneer, if there had been any commission attached to it, ill with envy.

It was 1 p.m. before the last of the two hundred Hudson's Bay blankets was tossed down among the struggling mass beneath the platform. Many of the blankets had been torn in shreds, each one obtaining a small piece. It wss now the turn of the goat-hair blankets. These were only eight in number, but before they were thrown out, each one was divided into halves, sixteen pieces in all. I saw one Indian exchange one-half for three Hudson's Bay Co.'s blankets.

As the last hair blanket was thrown down from the platform the Indians gathered below gave a mighty shout, but the chief was looking to the house where he and his family lived, for they did not dwell with the others in the large rancheria upon the reserve. At last the door of his dwelling opened and two little boys dressed in deer-skin pants and jacket jumped nimbly out, and ran quickly down until they reached the foot of the posts where their father awaited them. They were passed up and their father, standing up with all the dignity a coast Indian can assume, which to tell the truth is never very much, raised them up and placed them in perfect poise upon his shoulders. If one might translate the father's feelings then, they might have been written down as the proudest moment of his life, as he felt a few minutes' happiness in fatherhood. He was now the greatest chief on the coast, and the presence of his two boys on his shoulders completed his happiness.

If he was the greatest chief, he was now also one of the poorest Indians to be found from Cape Flattery to the northern end of Queen Charlotte Island. In that great potlatch he had given all he possessed away, except his name for generosity and wealth. Let his future be what it might, his name would be handed down as the great Saanich chief who had given more away in one day than all collectively had ever owned.

He gently lowered his little sons from his shoulders and passed them to the ground. Then the Nitinat chief with the gorgeous otter skin hanging down his back, took up a position at one end of the platform, and the Cowichan chief at the other. Both addressed their own people in different tongues.

We returned to the tent, where I found my wife and brother waiting to take me home. Before I left we all went to the rancheria, where a great dance was in full swing.

I had had enough and I may say, although I have been present at many potlatches since, I never was at one where so much merchandise was given away or where a man transformed himself so rapidly from a state of plenty into one of poverty. I returned to Victoria that afternoon.

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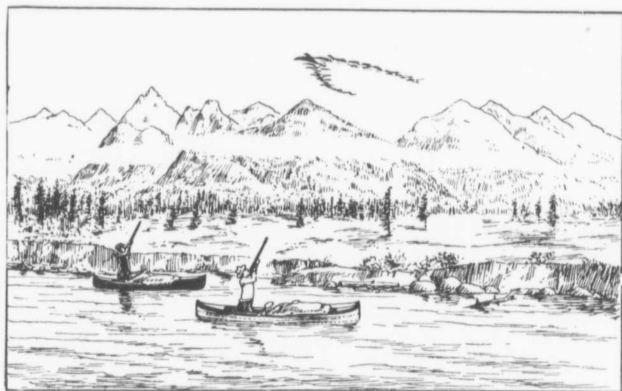


JOHNNIE BRYANT SHOOTING GEESE ON THE PEACE RIVER.

A STURDY PROSPECTOR

Among those who are still living, and who played an important part in the mining life of British Columbia, is Mr. J. C. Bryant, of Nanaimo. I will write no introduction to his story. "Good wine needs no bush." I will tell Mr. Bryan's story as he gave it to me, and I will simply add that it will be found extremely interesting.

"I was born," said Mr. Bryant, "in Cornwall, England, on the 23rd September, 1831. For many years previous to my leaving for America, I had been working in the copper mines of my native county.

When I was twenty-three years of age, I was working in the parish of St. Neots. Dissatisfied with conditions as they then existed in Cornwall, I set out for America to seek my fortune. This was in the year 1854. The first mines I obtained work in on the American continent were the copper mines of Lake Superior. After spending three years there I set out for the "Golden West," by way of Nicaragua. That country was at the time I crossed it with a small party, which we had formed for mutual protection, suffering from a state of utter lawlessness, caused by the invasion of a band of American fillibusterers, under the leadership of a man named Walker. The members of our party were Jesse Pears, George Bailey, Jim Ralph, Thomas Mutton, Charles York and myself.

After many exciting episodes, which want of space will not allow of my recounting, we finally reached San Juan del Norte, on the Pacific Coast. Here we embarked on a steamer bound for San Francisco, which we reached after a quiet passage of two weeks. On arriving at this city we started out for Grass Valley, Nevada County, where I mined with Sam Sincock, for a partner, for nearly a year. Quite a large number of Englishmen were working there at the same time.

In the winter of 1857 reports of rich placer mines on the Fraser River, British Columbia, were current throughout California, and caused much excitement. We were taken with the fever, and nothing would do but that we must pull our stakes and set out for the Land of

J. C. BRYANT.

Promise. As the party which had existed when crossing Nicaragua had all scattered after our arrival at San Francisco, we lost no time in forming a new one to go to British Columbia. This new party consisted of Bill Ladner, Jack Bunnie, Sam Sincock, Ned Branch, Tom Scadden and myself. We took passage at San Francisco, on the steamer Commodore, and landed at Victoria on the 11th of May, 1858.

Our steamer contained the first party of Englishmen to arrive at the port of Victoria, from California.

After spending a week in Victoria building a boat, we chartered a schooner to carry us across the Straits of Fuca. We landed at Point Roberts, and after transferring our supplies to our boat, we set out in it for the Fraser River, which we entered by way of Canoe Pass. Our first night camp was on a beautiful piece of meadow land, now known as Ladner. Bill Ladner, who was one of our party, was so taken with it as a farm site, that he vowed if he was favored by fortune, to come back and live on it. He subsequently kept his word, as everybody knows, for Ladner's is today one of the finest and most progressive farming settlements of the Lower Fraser. Next morning we proceeded up the river and landed at Fort Hope. Here we found many other men who had come principally from California, looking for claims. On the day following our arrival at Fort Hope we went down the river and staked claims on "Murderer's Bar," which was about three miles from Fort Hope. The water at this time was too high to allow of our working our claims, and it was not until the latter part of August that it fell sufficiently low to admit of our going to work with any chance of success.

The majority of those who were waiting at Hope to engage in mining, were from the other side of the line and principally from California. About the 8th of June, Donald McLean, chief trader in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company, arrived at Fort Hope with a very valuable pack of furs from Fort Thompson. Just as he arrived at the fort, a white man had come up the river with a boatload of Chinese. As the boat with the Chinese crew came alongside of the bank, a crowd of Californians lined the top and declared that no Chinese would land there. The white man pleaded that he had been paid to transport these Chinese to Fort Hope, and he did not feel like taking them back again unless he was paid for doing so "Well, it doesn't matter whether you are paid or not, no Chinese will land at Fort Hope. We'll see who is going to have the say about whether Chinese come here or not. We say they shall not," said the Californian crowd. Just at this moment Chief Trader McLean stepped through the crowd and took a position on the bank above the boat, with a cocked revolver in his hand, and accompanied by his eldest son Alexander.

"Who says these Chinese are not to land?" said McLean, with head erect and haughty eye. "I represent the Hudson's Bay Company who own this country, and as their representative I say they *shall* land." Then turning to his son he told him to go up to the

rancherie and bring down some Indians. On Alexander's return with the Indians McLean explained to them in their own tongue the position of affairs, and then directed them to take the baggage of the Chinese and carry it up to the fort, and place it within the stockade. This was done, and McLean then told the Chinese to come up on the bank and proceed to the fort and camp inside of the stockade, finishing his directions with the significant words, "and I would like to see the man who would stop you."

The Chinese accordingly moved within the stockade and camped. Jim Walker was in charge of Fort Hope at that time. One day word came down the river that an Indian had been killed up at Yale, and that the Indians in revenge were about to make a descent on Hope and kill every white man to be found there. When this word was brought down these same Californians made haste to the fort and sought protection behind the stockades. Then Walker told them they were a pack of cowards, whose only bravery was shown in threatening Chinese. "Act like men," he said, "your flocking into the fort is a good indication to the Indians how cowardly you are. I am going to mount that stump," pointing to the sawn-off butt of a large tree, "and you will do much better if you stand by that gun and serve it. If any Indians come down here I will sweep them off the face of the earth." This report turned out a false alarm, and these brave Californians once more breathed easily.

In the meantime we had built ourselves a convenient shack, big enough to hold all of our party comfortably. We had likewise cleared off the bank of the river to give us some room to move about. To show that we were British we started to make a Union Jack. For the white we used some flour sacks, for the blue we cut up some blue drilling overalls, and for the red we used some red undershirts. After completing the flag we cut out two letters to represent G. B. (Great Britain) and placed them in the centre of the flag. You must understand that these Americans on account of being so close to the international boundary line, imagined that all land they saw belonged to Uncle Sam, and we were determined that if possible they should learn the opposite. Well, I got a nice pole and fastened our flag to it and then climbed the highest tree at the back of our shack, and trimmed the top of the tree of all limbs and bark for a considerable distance. Then I fastened the pole with the flag attached to it to the top of the tree, where it flew as a land mark to show that our country was British and that Britons were there to defend it.

A short time after we had started working our claim, some disturbances took place at Yale. These got so serious that Governor

Douglas with the first officer of the Satellite, a British gunboat, passed up the river. It did not take a determined man like Governor Douglas long to bring the disturbers to their senses, and a few days after that the governor landed at Hope and came down to Murderers' Bar" and out on our claim. He called us all together and made us a speech much as follows: "Gentlemen, when I was passing up the river the other day I noticed your flag with the letters G. B. on it, which I supposed you meant to represent Great Britain. I knew at once that Britons placed that flag there, and I was very pleased to see it. Point out to me the man who put that flag there," and Ned Branch pointed to me. Turning to me the governor said: "When I return to Victoria I will send back to you by this young gentleman," pointing to a Mr. Kitchen, a member of his staff, "so as to ensure its safe delivery, a proper flag." He then said how pleased he was to see the men so proud of the land of their birth. Then he enquired from us as to our methods of mining and enquired what our daily work amounted to in gold. We told the governor all he wished to know, and then we washed a few pans of dirt and put the results in another pan, which we handed to the governor to wash. We cleared his pan for him and then presented him with quite a little gold, which we told him was the result of his first mining venture. The governor's gold was wrapped in a piece of cotton, and he was highly pleased with it. As he went away we gave him three hearty cheers.

With regard to the flag the governor was as good as his word, for in a few days Mr. Kitchen arrived with an eighteen-foot Union Jack, which he said was sent with the governor's compliments and best wishes. Well, the rest of the boys deputed me to get a pole worthy of the flag, and I went down the river and obtained one eighty feet in length. The bank of the river had in the meantime been cleared of the brush and trees by the crowds of miners who were working there, for their tents and shacks. After barking the pole and obtaining a proper set of halliards and a pulley, we set up our pole and hoisted the magnificent flag presented by the governor. That flag was hoisted every morning at 8 o'clock and lowered at sunset in true military style.

On June 7th—I am going back in my history now—the Indians came down from the mountains and told us that a large steamer was coming up the river, and sure enough the first steamer to come up the Fraser arrived at Fort Hope on the 7th of June, 1858. This was the side wheel steamer Surprise from the Sacramento River.

Bill Ladner only worked a few days with us, for he was appointed

constable and collector of customs at Fort Hope. He was the first constable appointed on the mainland.

Among others who worked on "Murderers' Bar" with us were Pete Toy, and his partner Oates. Toy, who played an important part in the prospecting of the Peace, Finlay and Omineca Rivers, was one of Nature's noblemen. He was a splendidly developed man, standing five feet ten inches in height, with a kindly disposition. Let me say here that to this same Toy many a struggling and half famished argonaut is deeply indebted for assistance, in the way of supplies, and a shelter when required.

While Governor Douglas was at Fort Hope, word was brought to him that a man named King had killed his partner, named Eaton, near the foot of the big canyon. King was arrested by Constable Ladner, and brought down to Fort Hope. Governor Douglas appointed a commission of three to try King, and Ladner was directed to summon a jury of British subjects. Three of the jurymen were summoned from "Murderers' Bar." They were John Teague, Ned Branch and myself. Teague, who was afterward an architect in Victoria, was elected foreman. King was found "guilty" and sentenced to life imprisonment in Victoria gaol. This was the first trial by jury on the mainland. The man King escaped, so I subsequently learned, after serving three years of his sentence.

Another murder took place about the same time. Charley Adams and John McDonald were two sports, or gamblers, who were in the habit of pooling their money. Sometimes one would be a little boozy, and sometimes the other, and the one who was sober usually took possession of the swag. Well, one day McDonald had possession of $2,000.00 of the partnership money, and as Adams was a little "off," he obtained a boat and slipped down the river with the money, bound for the "land of the free." He put ashore at the same place as we first camped, to pass the night. On coming to himself Adams started down the river in pursuit, and overtook McDonald in his night camp. Walking in on him he gave him no time to speak, but shot McDonald dead. Adams then made his escape by Canoe Pass to the American side, and the Government no doubt thinking that the death of his partner, and his own flight across the line were a good riddance of bad elements at a minimum of expense, made no efforts to extradite him.

It was while we were camped at Fort Hope that the first steamer passed up the river to Fort Yale. This was the Umatilla, a stern wheeler.

When the mining season was finished we all made preparations to go down to Victoria. There must have been close on eight hundred men bound in the same direction. We packed up our traps, and set out in our boat, thirteen in all, for Fort Langley. When we arrived below Harrison River, we found that the Fraser was frozen over. At this point we left our boat and made our way by a series of detours about sloughs and swamps, in an almost famished condition to reach Langley. Many miners tired out and hungry, who were flocking to Fort Langley, threw away guns, tents, knives, pistols, in fact anything and everything but food, to lighten their load. Poor fellows, there were scores who were almost starved.

The river at this time was frozen over, preventing steamers from calling in for passengers. Fort Langley was crowded with miners, waiting to get a passage to Victoria. We were three days here when a high tide raised the ice and broke up the blockade. This allowed the steamers Beaver, and the Santa Cruz to come in. Both were quickly filled. I embarked on the Santa Cruz, and as soon as we were all aboard the captain gave orders to the chief steward to give the miners anything they asked for in the way of food. We fully appreciated the open heartedness of the captain, as many of the poor fellows were on the verge of starvation, and the great crowd which had been at Langley had exhausted the supplies of that post. After calling at Semiahmoo we proceeded to Victoria, where we arrived on the second day.

In the middle of the following summer instead of returning to the Fraser River I went to the Queen Charlotte Islands. Some years previously the Hudson's Bay Company were credited with getting in the year 1851, quite a quantity of gold from these islands. The gold was obtained from a narrow ledge of quartz which was exposed to the action of the weather for some distance along the face of the rock in Gold Bay. A schooner was chartered by the merchants of Victoria, and men hired at regular pay to prospect these islands. Our work there that summer resulted in a simple waste of time, as we found no gold in paying quantities. We returned as we thought we were only wasting money. On our arrival in Victoria we found that England and the United States had been on the brink of war over San Juan Island. Some trouble had arisen between some of the settlers on the island and the Hudson's Bay Company who claimed it. In an attempt to arrest a settler he had applied for protection to the United States Government. General Harney, who commanded the Oregon District, ordered Capt. Pickett to go to San Juan, and after taking possession, to afford protection to any person asking for

it. When Governor Douglas heard of this he ordered Capt. Prevost of the Satellite to take his vessel to San Juan, ask for explanations from Capt. Pickett, and if he refused to vacate the island, to shell his camp, and make him move.

Capt. Prevost at once set out in obedience to orders, and had reached Clover Point when the flag ship, Admiral Baynes, appeared off Race Rocks. As the flag ship was a windjammer, and there was no wind, the admiral signalled the Satallite to come to the flag ship and tow it into Esquimalt. This was done, and on Capt. Prevost telling the admiral the mission he was on, the admiral countermanded the orders, and said the matter would have to be referred to the Admiralty before any action was taken.

On my return from the Queen Charlotte Islands I went to work on the Race Rocks lighthouse. John Morris, commonly known as "Old Grizzley," had the contract for its erection. Those who worked on that useful adjunct to the navigation of the Gulf of Georgia were Dick Jeffery, John Morris and myself. I am the only one of the three living at the present time.

In 1860 I sailed for Nanaimo and worked for a short time in the slope over which Robert Dunsmuir was the "boss." I found him a good man to work under, and having been brought up as a miner he knew his business.

Then I crossed the harbour to Newcastle Island, and with Magnus, Chappel and Sam Fiddick, who had a contract under the company, started to open up a mine.

While we were working there some very rosy accounts of the richness of the Cariboo mines were circulating among the men. In 1859 many miners had ascended the Fraser in search of gold, the lower reaches of the Fraser being overcrowded with men. When the forks of Quesnel were reached gold was found in paying quantities, and men were receiving very high wages where they worked for claim holders. In a very short time prospectors found their way over the mountains and descended on Keithley and Antler creeks. Many of the finds were prodigiously rich, and news of the amounts taken out daily filtered through to the outer world. The reports that came down from the mines did not lose anything by repetition. On the contrary they were somewhat exaggerated. A story that you would hear today you would scarcely recognize tomorrow, as it was recirculated with more rosy details.

To the old and experienced gold miner these reports were much as the war bugle is to the old war horse. They made him uneasy at first, and then produced a feverish desire to be in the thick of the gold hunt.

Sam Fiddick and I had mined in California and on the Lower Fraser, and these reports of rich strikes gave us a very severe attack of this fever.

One day Sam Fiddick came to me and said: "Oh, Johnny! what do you say if we go to Cariboo?"

"All right, Sam," I replied; "let's strike out at once, and go right up to the mines, without delay."

That day Sam made arrangements with his partners to take over his share of the contracts, after which he went to the company's office, accompanied by me, to settle up.

The manager, Mr. Nicol, then paid Sam the amount coming to him which was twenty-six twenty dollar gold pieces.

We left Nanaimo in a schooner called "The Nanaimo Packet," bound for Victoria. When we arrived there the city was fairly full of men on their way to the mines. They had mostly come from Puget Sound and California by the boats which were under charter at that time.

We were fortunate in getting accommodations on the steamer Otter, bound for New Westminster. The boat was just packed with men going out to seek their fortunes, or lose their lives or time.

On arriving at New Westminster we were again very lucky in getting berths on the stern wheel steamer Henrietta, running to Port Douglas at the head of the Little Harrison Lake. From Port Douglas we made our way to Lillooet. While in Lillooet we heard that a man named Askill had arrived on the opposite side of the Fraser River with a large band of cayuses and horses. We went across and saw them, and then returned across the river to Lillooet. During our absence a party of men had arrived in Lillooet, bound for the mines, so we set to work to make up a party. I might as well mention some of those who composed this band of Argonauts. There were Sam Fiddick and myself, Jack Deighton, or the notorious Gassy Jack, who gave his name to old Gasstown, a name familiar to all old-time Vancouverites, a man named Bell, George Welch and Charles Meyers. Meyers had steam-boated a good deal on the Lower Fraser, and was pretty well known. We formed a party, as I said, and bought a number of horses from this man Askill. We bought all our necessary supplies and ferried them across the river, so as to be able to make an early start next day, which would be the 8th of May, 1860. When we had transferred our supplies to the other side of the Fraser, and bought our horses, Askill had promised to pack the animals as well as show us how to do it, for we were greenhorns at the packing part. He carried out his promise in respect to the packing, but advised us to lead

our horses for the first day, and to picket them at night so that they would not come back to Lillooet. We carried out his directions, and everything went very smoothly for the first day.

On the second day we secured our horses, and then proceeded to pack them as Askill had shown us how to do. Then the fun began. You can just imagine how we greenhorns acted when trying to pack ten or twelve untamed wild cayuses. It took us two hours of persevering work with each animal, interlarded with much "cussing," to pack these animals. Every horse had a name; and the readers, or some of them at least, might be able to guess what that name was. The majority of them had the same name, and was of the same gender. We got along the trail after we had packed them, very smoothly, on this the second day. We led them as before, but tried to break them into following one another like an ordinary pack train. Our efforts to drive them were most unsatisfactory, for every time any of them saw a tree or a bunch of timber, these cayuse devils made for it to rub their packs off. Even trained horses will sometimes do this. After this, everything went all right until we came to Pavilion Mountain. At this point, instead of going over the mountain, we turned in by the Marble Canyon route, on our way to the Bonaparte. This trail, which winds round the base of Pavilion Mountain, allows of one horse only proceeding at a time. About the middle of the canyon one of these cayuses thought he ought to be ahead of the other. A matter of precedence only. It was an exceedingly narrow trail, and this attempt of the rear horse to pass the one in front of him resulted in the outside horse being jammed off the trail, and, not being able to keep its feet, rolled down the mountain side, and at last came to a stop against a large boulder. We managed to get the pack off the poor animal, but the horse was so badly injured that we left it there. We tried to raise it, but our efforts were ineffectual. We did not kill it, because we thought that in a few days it might possibly be able to get on its feet again. Its pack was distributed among the other horses, and we resumed our march.

Everything went smoothly once more, and at last we arrived on the banks of the Bonaparte. We crossed the river at a place known as the "round mound." There we met some Thompson River Indians, and made a trade with them for another pack horse, giving some goods in exchange. After crossing the Bonaparte we took the old "brigade trail" of the Hudson's Bay Company. Down this trail the old voyageurs of the Hudson's Bay Company would sing the song of the Three Fairy Ducks:

"Derriere chez nous, il y a un etang,"
"En roulant ma boule."
"Trois beaux canards s'en vont baignant."
"En roulant ma boule."
"Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant,"
"En roulant, ma boule roulant,"
"En roulant ma boule."

Those days, with their light-hearted, sturdy voyageurs, have all passed away; but the sweet memories of the past have been revived by the name of the trail.

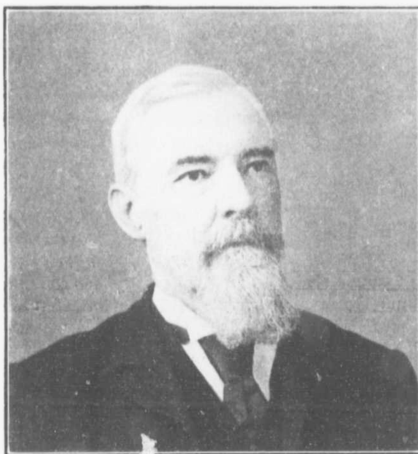
This trail led us round by Green Lake, and through the skinnish country.

After a very arduous trip we finally reached Beaver Lake. We camped there and sold our horses to Pete Dunlevy, who, with Sellars as a partner, was in the hotel business. Pete Dunlevy was one of the early pioneers, and, like ourselves, gained his experience in British Columbia mining on the lower Fraser.

Just about the time that Dunlevy arrived, the Indians about Fort Yale had massacred a number of white people, among whom was one woman; but this did not deter Dunlevy from trying his luck further up the Fraser River.

When he announced his intention of starting for more extensive mining grounds, he was solemnly warned by those prophets who are always numerous on such occasions, of the results which would surely follow any such (to them) foolhardy attempts to push any further into a hostile Indian country. But Dunlevy was to prove that to treat the native—as he was found in those days—honestly, and keep liquor away from him,—he will not molest you. In spite of the massacre just mentioned, and the solemn shaking of heads by the wise ones, Dunlevy went to work on a bar, two and a half miles above Yale. Not satisfied with his prospects there, Pete moved still further up the Fraser ,and in a short time found himself at the mouth of the Chilcoten River. One day, while he was working there with pan and shovel, a young, well-formed, pleasant faced Indian from Fort Kamloops suddenly appeared upon the bank of the stream, and asked Dunlevy for food. Walking from his claim to his tent, Pete quickly made a little fire and gave the native some hot tea, as well as some food. The Indian stayed two days with Peter, and on the second, while watching Dunlevy washing some gold in his pan, drew a rough plan on the ground of the surrounding country, with a pointed stick. Placing the end of his stick upon a certain spot upon his plan, the Indian told Dunlevy that if he would meet him there after

the lapse of sixteen days, he would conduct him to a place where the yellow metal was very plentiful. On the appointed day, Dunlevy repaired to what he took to be the meeting place, and sat down with grave doubts as to whether the Indian would make his appearance as promised. While standing with his back towards some thick brush, after waiting four hours for the appearance of the Indian, the native suddenly, but very quietly, stepped from the brush, and, placing his hand upon Dunlevy's shoulder, said: "Kla-how-ya—Dunleebi." The native, who turned out to be the son of the Fort Kamloops' chief, in return for the hospitality shown him by Dunlevy at the time of his



MR. P. DUNLEVY

first meeting, produced a haunch of young venison, and then helped his white friend to prepare supper.

At an early hour next morning the Indian awoke Dunlevy, and, after having breakfast, conducted him to a place which pleased Peter immensely, and afterwards became the renowned Horsefly mines.

At Beaver Lake, besides keeping a hotel for the accommodation of those going and coming from the mines, Dunlevy carried on the business of a fur trader.

Regretfully we assumed our packs and set out for the Forks of Quesnel, where we arrived in the course of two days, but stopping over night at Little Lake.

We stayed one week at the Forks, waiting for news as to the

condition of the trail over the mountain to Keithley Creek. There were two trails, one by the river and the other over the mountain, which was a kind of "cut off." We finally got word that the mountain was passable, and over that route after a tough march we made our way, and finally arrived at Keithley. From here we walked over to Antler. This was the creek whose diggings had been reported all over the world as being wonderfully rich. After two days' rest we started out to look for a claim for ourselves. After making several tests of different ground, we at last found what we thought would repay our trouble. We formed a small company to work it. That company was composed of Joe Hepple, Nick Bailey, Billy Mitchell, Sam Fiddick, and myself. We worked on this claim until we had proved that it was not worth a continental. After four months' hard work we quit. Our supplies were now getting low, so we started out to look for something certain in the way of money, and that could be only obtained by getting work with some well established company. At last we got to work with the Antler Ditch Company, which was bringing water in four miles to work some of the benches on Antler Creek. George Weaver and John Rose were in charge of this work for the company. I made arrangements with Sam Fiddick that he should go to Keithley and buy some supplies. Sam started away next morning bright and early, and bidding me good-bye with a smiling countenance.

After he had started, I took my pick and shovel and sallied forth in search of work. I had not gone very far when I met Rose, who was walking along the line laid out by the surveyors for the line of the ditch. The first words he said to me were: "Do you want work?" "Yes," I said, "that's what I am out after." "Then pitch in right there," at the same time pointing to the pegs which marked out the proposed line of the ditch. Rose, who, by the way, was a Scotchman, was then on his way to place men on the different sections of the ditch to be. I started to work, and with pick and shovel had made part of the ditch and was sitting on one side of it when Rose came back some little time afterwards.

I had my pipe out having a smoke when Rose came up. Well, seeing me smoking, Rose stopped, and looking round and examining what I had done, said: "Well, you have done good work and are deserving of a smoke. Just go up a short distance and see the work that Italian has done, who commenced at the same time as you did." I did as he told me to do and coming back he said: "What do you think of it?" By the time I have worked two days it will take him a week of the same kind of work he is now doing to equal what I have done," I replied. Then he told me that Weaver had spoken to him about a red-

headed man who was not up to much, and he was sure it wasn't I he meant. (I was at that time red-headed.) Well, I worked four days and in that time I was told I did more work than the Italian did in a week and two days. Our wages on the ditch were eight dollars a day.

Coming into the town one night I saw Peebles. He was the head blacksmith. He told me I ought to come down to the creek where men were getting ten dollars a day. I then saw the boss of the creek, and he told me that the company had reached a place in the creek where rock men were required to get out a lot of rock that was impeding operations. That was a job which just suited me. I went to the ditch as usual, but when I was quitting work at the usual time I took my pick and shovel with me. When leaving I met the "boss" and he asked me if I was quitting. I said I was; that I was going to work in the creek, where I would get two dollars more than on the ditch. He then asked me why I did not tell him I wanted to work there and he would have given me work on their claim. So we parted.

Now, I had better tell you about Sam Fiddick. Instead of going to Keithley Creek by the same trail as we had taken when coming from it to Antler, some man in a party who was bound on the same errand, said he knew of a "cut-off."

This cut-off was, according to this amateur guide, known as "Decker's cut-off." Well, they managed in some way or other to get too near the head waters of Keithley Creek, and were finally lost so far as their knowledge of the country was concerned. To make matters worse they ran out of food. For three days they had to live on moss boiled down into a kind of jelly. They at last met with some person who brought them into Keithley Creek in an exhausted condition. In a little over a week Sam Fiddick turned up at Antler Creek with a good supply of provisions.

We were once more in a position to move about and do some prospecting, on our own account, instead of occupying the position of a worker for wages. We did not come out to be hewers of wood and drawers of water for other people. The wages given were good, but, as a counterpoise to the high wages earned, was the extremely high prices charged for provisions, or meals at hotels. After a week or a month's work our wages were barely sufficient to make it worth our while to continue in a wild and unsettled country, where the only inhabitants were the workers in the mines. The life of a miner was so uncertain that at any time we might have our services dispensed with, and but a few dollars in our pocket.

While I was working on Antler Creek and Sam Fiddick was at Keithley Creek buying supplies, I heard many reports about new creeks and new discoveries being found and strikes made, and which

were all panning out very favorably. Tied hand and foot as we were by the want of provisions, these constantly iterated reports of the discovery of new diggings were very irritating, and kept me in a continuous feverish condition to be off and prove myself as good as any other prospector in finding a good paying claim for ourselves.

Among the many rumors flying about was one—that Dick Willoughby had struck rich "pay dirt" on a creek which was subsequently called Lowhee Creek. As the excitement was very great we had to follow the custom which rules even to this day. I mean we had to rush where the reported strikes were best.

We had now plenty of provisions, so I struck out with Sam to find or strike something out of which we might make our fortunes.

The first place we made for was Lowhee Creek, but when we arrived on the ground we found that there were far more men there than there were claims to be staked. Among others whom we met there was the well-known Bill Cunningham. Who has not heard of Bill? He had been one of the first to be on the creek, and had sunk a prospecting hole about four feet, when he was driven out by water. He was standing by the hole when I came up, and after shaking hands with me he said, "Here, Johnny, you and your partner can have this claim if you wish. We took him at his word and continued the sinking for two or three days, when we, too, had to abandon it on account of the water. Well, that was one time when we missed it, and had to give up a good thing. Others took it after we had abandoned it, and worked it during the season, but were always driven out by water before bedrock was reached. During the following season some other parties took it up, and were lucky enough to be able to sink to the bedrock without being troubled with water. This claim turned out one of the richest on the creek, and Lowhee Creek was one of the richest in Cariboo.

I would like to say a few words about Bill Cunningham before I go on with my story. Cunningham was a great speculator. At the time that I met him by the prospect hole, he was fairly well off. He was at various times a large shareholder in the Canadian claim, which was a very rich claim, and paid $48,000 in one season, also in the Caledonian claim, which paid high, and also in the Ericson claim. This last-named claim took out fourteen hundred ounces of gold in six days, and in the following week nineteen hundred and twenty-six ounces; during the following weeks over fifty-three thousand dollars in thirteen days.

Yet Cunningham left the country in '66 a comparatively poor man.

The next excitement that created a stir was on Sugar Creek and Hard Scrabble. Both of these creeks were some distance from one another at their mouths, but their sources of origin were very close. Well, we tried Sugar Creek, and wasted two or three days on it. It was all sugar and no dust, for it was a dead failure. We had now spent two weeks prospecting, for it was that length of time since I quit work on Antler Creek. Besides the time lost, we had eaten up all of our provisions, so we had to return to Antler to obtain provisions from Keithley Creek.

On Antler Creek we went to work on a claim owned by Ned Whitney and Ted Sweeney. Just about this time Antler was staked off from its point of origin to its mouth.

Away at the lower end of Antler Creek, about two miles below the town of Antler, a company composed principally of Californians, had staked off a number of bench claims. The foreman of this company was a brow-beating fellow, a "bully" in fact, well—very like some boatswains-mates are to the forecastle of a windjammer. His name was Jerry Bulger. Any of the company who had the temerity to disobey his orders or fail to carry them out, would be treated by Jerry to a slap in the mouth or a kick. The men stood this very patiently, but at the same time Jerry had been warned several times that he would do this once too often.

His conduct and treatment of the miners had been frequently reported to the gold commissioner and magistrate, but without improving conditions.

Among the members of the company was a man named Tommy Watters. He was a very quiet and reserved man, and most inoffensive. Still he was the subject of a great deal of Bulger's abuse and ill-treatment. It may have been that Bulger thought that he would lie down and take it. But even the worm will turn.

One day after dinner Bulger turned himself loose on Watters and this time much worse than he had ever done before. Tommy Watters could not stand this last assault, followed, as it was, by the most foul and disgusting language. Bulger's language was brought to a sudden stop, for Watters whipped out a long knife and dropped Jerry with a stab, which entered the chest wall just below the heart.

Jerry's companions rushed to his assistance, but nothing could be done for him and he died. His last words showed his bullying disposition, for if he had known that Watters was in possession of a knife he would have taken good care to keep a bridle on his tongue and a check on his bad temper.

In the meantime while they were attending to Bulger, and before word had reached the authorities in the town of Antler, poor Watters was well on the trail to Keithley Creek, on his way out of the country. Before starting out, however, he walked up to Antler town, and entering a shop kept by a man named George Hush, bought a dollar's worth of cheese and crackers, and then "hit the trail." Thus were two lives spoilt. This occurred in the month of July, '61. As there was very little sympathy for the man who was killed and a great deal for Watters, no attempt was made by any of the miners to stop him. To those of us who were working on the creek, the report of the trouble and the death of Bulger came to us like a "bolt from the blue," but in the rush and excitement of those mining days, the surprise and horror, no, I won't say horror, but sensation, quickly subsided.

After working for Sweeney and Whitney for three weeks Sam and I caught the prospecting fever again, and we started off to two new "finds" Burns and Nelson Creeks. These two creeks had caused considerable excitement, but when we got there we found everything taken up. After prospecting a little about these creeks we returned to Antler Creek. It was now getting on towards the fall of the year and Sam made up his mind to return to Nanaimo. He had cold feet. Sam left me in the month of September. Just before this time there came a heavy fall of rain which drowned out all the creeks, carrying away wing dams, water wheels, sluice boxes, and every other contrivance used in mining. A great many men on the creeks came to the conclusion that it would not pay them to reopen their claims and work them any more that fall.

Among those who owned claims at the lower end of the creek was a company, two of whom I knew. Their names were Tom Harper and Alexander Porter. They told me if I wasn't going out to the coast that I could keep on working for them until they quit. To fill the place of Sam, I entered into a partnership with a man named Bill Nicholls, and we lived in a tent midway between our work and the town. By these means we were able to get into town when we were wanting anything and attend to our work at the same time.

Well, we worked away until the cold finally drove us out. It was now late in the fall. By the time our work was over for the day and we got back to our tent it was dark, and we needed a light to mix our bread and cook our beans with. No, we didn't bother about our beds, we let them take care of themselves.

One night I said to Bill, "I'll run up town and get some candles." So I went into town and stepped into a shop kept by a little Jew named Cohen. I asked him if he had any candles. "Yes," he said. Then I

told him to give me a dollars' worth. He handed me one candle. I said, "Is this all you give for a dollar?" "Why, yes," he replied, "they are five dollars a pound." I took the candle to the tent with me; it wasn't much larger than a rat's tail. It was pretty precious after that. When the season closed everybody quit.

I made up my mind to go to the Forks of Quesnel for the winter, but I had to call and see a partner of mine on William's Creek on the way down. My partner intended stopping on William's Creek with some companions to do some prospecting. He and his friends had taken up a hill claim afterwards known as the celebrated Cornish claim. My partner's name in this claim was Jesse Pears, who crossed Nicaragua with me. His other partners were Charles Ettershank, Tom Butcher, Gel Triplet, Paul Arcole and Johnny Sipples. Mr. Neufelder had a grubstake in the claim.

I called and saw Pears and gave him what money I had to spare to help him to winter there, and I was going outside to rustle for my living. I staked a claim off at the Forks, and when I arrived at Quesnel I went to the acting recorder's office and recorded it. Capt. Fitzstubbs was the acting recorder at that time.

The Quesnel River had a good reputation. In the previous year, '60, it had given employment to six hundred men who made from ten to twenty-five dollars per day. Some large nuggets had also been picked up there weighing from six to eight ounces each. On Ferguson's bar men made as high as $60 a day per man.

When I was speaking of Cunningham, I should have mentioned that during one season he averaged two thousand dollars a day from his different claims during the whole of one season.

About this time any miner having a claim on the North Fork would or could have credit for a winter's supplies with any of the merchants.

I was slightly acquainted with a man keeping store at the Forks He was working for a firm called Locke & Harte. His name was Steve Leland. I called on him, and told him I had a claim on the Forks alongside Harry Coulter's, and I asked him what chance there was for my getting a winter's supply of grub. He asked me if I had any cash. I told him I could give him $100. I must explain that the reason he asked me this question, was because every merchant in the upper country was anxious to get in as much money as possible to purchase supplies for the opening of the spring trade. When I told him I had $100, he said, "Give me that money and I'll stick by you all winter." He proved himself as good as his word. I never had to go without anything that I required. If I had been paying cash, he

couldn't have treated me better. I got what I then required, and went back up the North Fork and started to work with a rocker. Harry Coulter and his partner told me I could winter with them in their cabin.

I had already made arrangements with a butcher, named Dick Bennet, for my meat, and had picked out the biggest quarter in the shop, and then had it tagged with my name on it. The quarter was left with him, and when I wanted a piece I came down and had a piece sawed off.

I worked on my claim about one week, when it became so cold I could not work any longer with a rocker. In that little spell I made on an average seven dollars a day. I took this amount down and gave it to Steve Leland, the shopkeeper. I told him I had taken the dust out since I had seen him, and I wanted him to get me some potatoes. He gave me about seventy-five pounds, which were more than anybody else could have got in the country. Those potatoes cost me eighty cents a pound. As I thought I had a considerable amount of winter's work before me, I set to work and packed up a good supply of grub.

After I got all my supplies I set to work to get out logs 60 feet by 8 inches for my dams, and shakes from six to seven and eight feet long. These were for lining the bulkheads, and then they were filled up with dirt to keep the water out. After a time it got so cold that it was all we could do to get out wood to keep ourselves warm. The mercurial thermometer was frozen up for six weeks. We worked part of the day when the sun was out making shakes.

We put in a very comfortable winter. We had plenty of reading matter and you will laugh, I know, when I tell you we only used one candle the whole winter.

It was after Christmas, when people began to travel in and out from the different creeks. About the beginning of March a man named Ben Macdonald came out from William's Creek, on his way to the Forks. He stopped at our place to have some dinner. We asked him how things were looking on the creek. "I'll tell you, boys," he said, "the Cornish claim, they say, has struck it big, and there—that's what I got from those boys," showing us a bag of gold dust, valued at $1,000, to go to the Forks and get a stock of liquor with." As fast as he travelled down the river the news spread.

Before this I had been out taking a survey of the North Fork, and I could see that it would not be open for a long time, and I wasn't going to make any money, as the season would be too short.

So I made up my mind to go to William's Creek. I set to work

and made a toboggan to carry supplies on. I never told a soul, except those in the cabin, of my intention to go to William's Creek. After finishing my toboggan I loaded it with a big freight of supplies and started for the Cornish claim, a journey of four or five days, with a load such as I had. I passed many camps on the road, but I always camped by myself.

When I got on the summit of the Bald Mountains a heavy snowstorm came on; so heavy I couldn't see. I pulled my toboggan off the trail a short piece and then turned it over on its side and depended on the snow so covering it up as to lead people passing on the trail to believe that it was a fallen log or rock. Light-handed I started down the mountain for William's Creek.

At last I arrived at the cabin where my partners were. They were all glad to see me and I told them that I had left my toboggan on the mountain, loaded with a lot of supplies which they did not possess, such as dried peaches and fruits of all kinds. Next day I went out and brought in my toboggan and divided up my supplies with them. Then I started off for the North Forks to bring over the balance of my supplies. I had with me a man named Joe Rowley, as a travelling companion. I left him at Keithley Creek and went on by myself. I managed to land my second load at William's Creek all right.

The season was now opening up, and the Cornish boys had a heap of dirt taken out of the tunnel waiting for the opening of spring to wash up. When they struck a rich pocket inside they rocked it with the water that was found there. But this water was not sufficient, nor had it enough head to wash the dirt with. They appointed me foreman of the claim, and I proceeded to get everything ready for work.

When the season opened we were all ready to go to washing. During this time we were all in one cabin. It was known as the old Cornish cabin. Jesse Pears, Paul Arcole, and I built a cabin to accommodate ourselves. When we started to wash we took out sixty ounces the first day.

Well, we worked until we had washed all the dirt, but we still kept on digging until July, when my comrades of the North Fork came into camp. They told me that on the opening of the Forks the waters came down in a rush and carried everything away. All our winter work had been carried off in one hour, and piled up under Captain Mitchell's bridge.

Some time in July I met Steve Leland, who came up the creek.

"Oh," I said, "Steve, did you bring my bill with you?"

He said: "I've got a whole lot of bills, Johnny. I don't expect I'm going to collect anything yet."

Then I said: "Do you see that little cabin over there?"

"Yes."

"Well, you come over after supper, I'll be home then."

He said: "Do you live in that cabin?" I said: "Yes." He now knew he was on the old Cornish claim.

Well, he came over after supper and gave me my bill. I looked at it, and then said: "That's all right, Steve. Sit down and receipt it. I can remember it was just $337. I weighed out the dust and handed it over to him.

He said: "Johnny, this is a surprise to me. This is more than I expected to get from the whole of my collections." He then said: "Let's go over to the town" where we had a couple of drinks. Then he said: "You are a very funny fellow, Johnny. You never told me in the winter when you came down to see me, that you were interested in the Cornish claim."

I said: "No, I always try to get my credit on my own merits, and I think I did this time."

When the season closed down that year our claim had been pretty well worked out, so I made up my mind to accept the first offer I received, which I considered to be a fair and proper one.

My partner sold out his share for $1,000, but as that was far below what I thought the half share was worth, I refused to accept the same money. I had not to wait long. In less than a week I parted with my half interest at double that amount.

As this claim was one of the best on William's Creek, we made sufficient that season to allow us to remain idle for a long time. The claim eventually passed into the hands of a hydraulicking company, who obtained and washed off the whole hill.

After selling out my interest in the Cornish claim, on William's Creek, it was fairly late in the fall of '62. Although I had parted with my interest in the mine, I still held the beautiful cabin in partnership with the two men who had built it with me. I mentioned their names in a former story, namely Jesse Pears and Paul Arcole. We had made up our minds to stay in the upper country during the winter, instead of going to the coast, which was the usual custom of nearly all the working miners.

During our leisure time we had looked over all of the surrounding country, and had fixed on a certain part to prospect which we thought looked favorable. This ground was situated in the same hill as the Cornish claim, but some distance above it, and almost close to the

summit. It was part of the hill which formed the watershed between William's Creek and Conklin's Gulch.

The first claim was owned by "Badger Ned." That was the only name that man was known by, but others were prospecting above him, all the way up the creek. Every now and then word would come down that rich pay dirt had been struck, and these statements caused and kept up considerable excitement. There were other claims up the creek, such as the Wilson Company, of which Wilson was foreman, another claim owned by some Cornishmen, of which Joe Trevethic was foreman, and the Downie claim, of which Major Downie was foreman. Poor old Downie, who does not remember the major? I was well acquainted with all these foremen.

As it was late in the fall, as I said before, all the pack trains loaded with all kinds of supplies flocked into William's Creek, the richest of the creeks, to endeavor to sell everything they had in preference to taking them back to the coast again. Richfield and Barkerville were loaded up with winter stocks, and freight rates were so low that packers could get little more than freight rates for whatever goods they might have on hand.

About this time a man named Jones came along with a pack train of nine animals and halted his train right in front of our cabin, while he took a run into Richfield to ascertain what were the ruling prices for various goods or freight. When he returned I asked him what his freight consisted of, and he said he had flour, sugar, bacon, butter, tea, coffee, a case or two of lard, an assortment of dried fruits, rice and a very large Gloucester cheese. This freight suited us to a "T," and we bought the whole outfit. I cannot recollect at present what we paid for it, but it was extremely cheap, in fact below freight rates.

While some pack trains were engaging my attention, Badger Ned got busy and sank a small shaft on his claim, just above the Steele claim, and reported striking water and a good prospect. He made people believe this by dipping a long shovel down beneath the water in the shaft, and taking out gravel which carried a quantity of gold in it. In a short time one of those gullible creatures who are to be found about every mining camp, came along and snapped at Badger Ned's prospects. We heard he paid a pretty good figure for it, but in forty-eight hours Badger Ned had levanted. He went to California for his health. This ground never paid. Of course it is unnecessary for me to state that Badger Ned had salted it.

At this same time there were parties working higher up the creek on McCullom's Gulch, and they also had sunk a hole in this gulch, which crosscut the hill on which the Cornish mine was situated. They

sank and also struck water with a prospect. This claim was owned by a company of which John McLean and Patrick McGrath were the principal shareholders. Peter Dunlevy bought out Pat McGrath's share on the strength of his prospect. Poor Dunlevy was too honest to think that anybody else could be crooked.

I stayed in my cabin for some days attending to some business, and then started out to examine a claim on William's Creek in which I was interested. This claim was the fifth below the canyon, Dutch Bill's discovery claim. I took special care that the windlasses, laggin, and timbers were there and in good condition. In fact I looked after everything that was used in connection with the mine. When I was satisfied that everything which had been left on the ground was intact, I proceeded to examine the position of our stakes, marking out our claims. This, as you will readily understand, and as turned out some years after, was the most important part of my work. I went about this work in the usual way.

When I came to the southeast corner stake, I found that a party of men, Alex. McMahon and others, interested in an adjoining claim, had built a cabin right over that stake. These men had been in a hurry to erect this cabin, and get the roof on to protect themselves from the snow. The floor had not been put down as yet. They intended to clear the small stumps, and put down the flooring the last thing, so when I came there, I saw our stake (squared and cut off in the usual manner) bearing our southeast marks.

I walked into the cabin and said "boys, you have our stake over there enclosed in your building." Then I walked over and placed my hand upon the stake. Now, boys," I said, "the best thing you can do is for one of you to get out on the roof, and drop a plumb line, and by that means ascertain where the southeast stake should be, marked on the roof."

This they did, and then I cut out in the stake in the roof, close to the ridge pole, and five feet from the end of the cabin which contained the door, the letters Co-Co-S.E. corner. From this mark I took a sight and obtained the position of the middle stake. On the ground where this middle stake should be was a hollow tree. I cut this tree off at a convenient height, and then took a piece of small timbed and squared it in the usual manner, and nicked the sharpened end with three nicks by means of my axe. These nicks are a cousin Jack's mark. Then I took this stake and drove it well down into the centre of this hollow tree.

The next claim below us was the Mozier claim, at least that was the name given to it by those who first staked and recorded it. It

had been abandoned by these parties, and re-staked and re-recorded many, many times, and given a new name every time, but by the name of Mozier it was commonly known to all miners. Every time it was re-staked the stakers had encroached on our claims, until '67 or '68, when we brought matters to a focus. Then it was that the mark upon the roof, and the stake with the cousin Jack's marks turned out to be our best witnesses. A friend of mine told me the Mozier Company was in good pay over our line.

Then I went to the Gold Commissioner and explained my case to him. He told me that if I could prove a trespass, he would order a survey. As I said before, the only information I could get was from a friend of mine who was working for the company. The chief constable, Fitzgerald, asked me whether the company was working one or two shifts. I told him that they were only working a day shift. Then Fitzgerald suggested that I could drop down the shaft at midnight, and make a survey without permission. It struck me as a famous idea, so one night when the overman was fast asleep I walked over to their shaft with two companions, Dave French and Tom Thistlewood. These two lowered me into the mine, where I lit a candle, and made a thorough survey of their workings. After taking as many sights as were necessary, and making all the measurements I wanted, I came to the foot of the shaft and in a cheery voice called out, "Hoist away——"

After we got a little distance from the shaft we sat down and just laughed ourselves hoarse at the way we had outwitted them. A survey was then ordered by the Gold Commissioner and the stake, which had of late years been covered by another, was produced as a witness. The middle stake was unearthed from the tailings of our mine. It was in the same position as I had once placed it, and when pulled out there were my original nicks. It played old Nick with the other side, and we won out.

But I am six or seven years ahead of my story, so I will return to where I made the marks for our claim.

I went back to my cabin and made arrangements to sink a shaft on our ground near the summit of the hill in which the Cornish claim existed. We started about half a mile from our cabin, and sank about eighteen feet when we struck bedrock, and found it pitching from the summit towards Conklin's Gulch. Then we went one thousand feet towards Conklin's Gulch, and there started another shaft, and struck bedrock at a depth of ten feet, and pitching towards Williams Creek. Each shaft indicated by their respective depths and their pitch, that a deep channel existed between the two shafts.

As there were only three of us there we thought we would not be able to tackle such a deep proposition that winter.

As it was going to be an expensive work we decided upon using our spare time in trying to get up a company to prospect this claim thoroughly during the coming season. We laid off for a few days, and then thought it would be a good idea to lay in a stock of firewood for the winter, so as to have it handy to our cabin and not be compelled to go in search of it in the depth of winter. We spent a couple of weeks doing this, and as a result we had a fine stock at the side of the cabin.

About this time there was a party of men sinking a shaft on a claim below the canyon on Williams Creek, and just above the Barker claim. This was called the Canadian claim. A man named Kelly was one of the shareholders in this company. He was a Canadian, and went by the name of Kelly "the rebel." His history was that he had accepted the bounty for some wealthy man, who had been impressed on the southern side in the late war between the North and South. He jumped the bounty and made his way directly to British Columbia. Bill Cunningham was another shareholder. Pat Murray held shares in the company representing Jim Loring and Bill Diller of the Diller claim. Let me wander from my story to tell you that this Diller claim paid the large amount of $20,000, or one hundred and two pounds of gold in a single day. A nice little dividend, was it not?

The fourth claim or share was represented by Matt Carruthers. Previous to this Carruthers had been working in the Cornish claim under me. One day he came up to our cabin and told me that he had a good prospect in the Canadian claim, and asked me if I would come down and look at the claim. I said I would. The next day I went down. He told me when I got there that the majority of those in the Canadian claim were greenhorns, and knew nothing about mining or timbering a claim. He then asked me whether I would take charge. I said I would, provided they allowed me to make certain alterations. They were then working, as I noticed, according to the most crude system, and I suggested a number of alterations which they objected to on the ground of expense, while I looked upon these improvements in the light of expeditious work. They offered me an ounce a day if I took charge of it. I told them I had prospected the ground they had already passed over, and if they would supply me with timbers, I would make a lot of alterations and put the diggings in good shape for working at my own expense if they would let me have the profits I took out. But they would not agree to this either, but reversed their first decision and told me to go ahead, and do all I wanted to do. The

first thing I did was to alter the shaft so as to take in larger timbers than they had been using, and make a larger station at the bottom of the shaft.

The first thing I did was to have a car made after my own design, and the rails altered. I took out the timbers, which had been put in by my predecessor and took up the bedrock, which had been passed over, and which was very rich in gold. In some of the old holes in which the timbers were set I found as much as one ounce of gold to the pan of dirt. Had they agreed to accept my offer as submitted in my first proposition I would, after having paid all the expenses incidental to the changes which they refused at first to agree to on the score of expense, and for which they afterwards gave me carte blanche, made fifty dollars per day at the very least.

I went to the blacksmith to see how the car was getting on, and also to obtain the width between the wheels as a gauge for laying down my track. By the time I had the rails laid and the sills in place, the car was ready, and I had it sent down into the diggings.

I told the shareholders who were not working in the mine to come down and see how my car worked. When I turned the car loose and ran it over the track they were surprised, as it was the first of its kind they had ever seen. They were well pleased with it, and I may say that this car lasted long enough to work out those diggings. With the addition of this car we were enabled to put two more men to work. It made more than the amount of their pay in the increased output. At this time we were working upstream from the foot of the shaft towards the Diller claim, and when we got to their lines we had to quit.

These alterations resulted in the claim paying more than double what my predecessors obtained from it. Well, after working upstream we had to turn round and work back again, or downstream. For the first hundred feet the bedrock was about level and the ground very rich. While doing this I had my mind set on the future working of the claim. I was anxious to work out these claims without being compelled to sink another shaft, and I laid out a timbering system of my own so that the roof should be everywhere well supported to obviate any chance of caving in any part of it. I supervised this part of the work myself, and also the cleaning up of the bedrock. There was only one shareholder working in the claim, and I had explicit instructions from the comapny not to allow this shareholder to touch the bedrock.

At this time the claim was paying from two to five thousand dollars per week to each share. The biggest dividend that it ever

paid was five thousand seven hundred dollars per week per share. This amount multiplied by eight represented the total output.

I have already referred to the output of the Diller claim, whose lines adjoined ours, when I said that it produced in a single day 102 pounds of gold. I would like to add that for weeks the Diller claim declared every Sunday a dividend of ten thousand dollars per share. Bill Diller weighed 240 pounds. He got more than his weight in gold out of his own claim. He had also a dog weighing 120 pounds, and received that weight also, and how much more I cannot tell. The whole of the gold in the Diller claim was taken out of 100 feet of ground.

One day when I was cleaning up the bedrock in the mine where I was superintendent, I got to a place where I dug off a piece of the bedrock. It was soft and came off like cheese with the shovel. Right under this place, in a little hole, not much bigger than a gold pan, I saw what I took to be solid gold. I obtained a gold pan, cleaned it out, and then washed what I took out. Then I went to the shaft and washed out a bucket, and shouted up to the windlass man on top: "Run over to the cabin and see if Kelly is there. If he is tell him I want to speak to him." Kelly came to the top of the shaft and I called up to him, "I'm going to send you up a prospect." I dumped what I had into the bucket and sent it up.

Men at that time were very plentiful in Cariboo, and were always wandering round looking for work., and watching everything in the washing line. There were quite a number in the shaft house when my prospect went up. I called up to Kelly to dump it into a gold pan and I would come up and weigh it. Well, I went up and weighed it. There were 96 ounces and seven dollars in it, or a total of $1,543. This was about the biggest pan of dirt that was ever taken out in the Cariboo. "Fancy, Walkem, this wasn't five minutes' work!" We kept on working in the biggest kind of pay.

There was a woman who wintered on the creek called Scotch Jeannie. She kept a saloon and got quite a lot of money from the members of the company. I remember Pat Murray and Black Martin being in Jeannie's saloon at Christmas time. Black Martin was part Cherokee. Well, Murray said to Martin, "I'll shake you the dice for all the wine that Jeannie has." To this Martin agreed. "How many cases have you, Jeannie?" asked Martin. "Seven," said Jeaniie. Well, they shook and Martin lost. A case of wine represented twelve quart bottles. So that there were eighty-four bottles, and these sold at an ounce a bottle, which is equal to sixteen dollars a bottle. These cost Martin $1,344. They were drinking wine there until New Year.

There was a prize fight there that week also, and both combatants were loaded with champagne. I didn't see much of this sport, as I attended to my work and was always in the mine.

About the middle of May Bill Cunningham arrived from Victoria and he came down to look at the mine, being a shareholder. He said he would like to go down and look at the diggings and see what shape they were in. After going through them he said to the other shareholders, "They beat anything I have ever seen in the shape of mining." He was so astonished that he brought a mining man whom he had met in California, and who had mined in Monte Christo, Nevada City, Forest City and goodness knows where else, to take a look too. He asked me to show this man round. I did so and after he arrived on top he told Bill Cunningham that he had never seen a mine so well timbered in his life.

Then Bob Dexter and Bill Hankin of the Barker claim came round. You knew both of them. They were very anxious to see the Canadian claim and how it was timbered, as they were always having caves in their mines, and they could not understand how it was that their mine with an experienced miner from Forest City, as boss, should be constantly having caves, while the Canadian never had one. I had refused them admittance to the mine several times, but one day they happened to come around, and I told them they could go down. They walked around and examined my style of timbering, and after completing their round, offered me $25 a day if I would take charge of the Barker claim. I told them it was out of the question, as I was shortly to take charge of the Cariboo claim, in which I was myself interested.

On the first of June, which is the opening of the mining season, every claim has to be represented. The members of the Cariboo company had all arrived, and had determined upon starting work at once. By this time the Canadian claim was pretty well worked out.

Bill Cunningham, one of the largest shareholders of the Cariboo claim, said to me, "John, we are going to start the Cariboo claim on the first of June, and we want you to take charge ot it." He told me to select a man from the Canadian company to take my place with them. I recommended a man named Bill Runnels. On the first of June I left them. I had instructions from the shareholders of both claims to exercise a supervision over the Canadian claim, and to make a visit or call there once a day to see that the foreman carried out his instructions and did his work properly. That every day when I went down in the Canadian company I was to pay myself by taking a pan of dirt.

The way I paid myself was by taking a pan of dirt and taking a handful out of it. Then I walked over to the brewery, which was on my way home—there was always a lot of thirsty souls hanging round there—and I would hand the dirt over to Dick Cuneo, the man who was running it, and tell him to treat all the boys. I did this every day on my way home, and my visit was always looked forward to by a number of men who might be out of work or out of pocket. Dick put the dirt into the blower and cleaned it in that way.

During the time that I was in charge of the Canadian claim, from November until the first of June, the claim paid each shareholder over and above the working expenses $48,000, or a total of $384,000.

As the first day of June, 1863, was the opening day of that year's mining season, all those who held interests in any claims had to be represented on the ground where their claims lay, consequently those interested in the Cariboo claim, which I had promised to superintend, were on the spot. On taking charge of the Cariboo claim I was promised the same wages I had received in the Canadian claim, namely, an ounce a day, which was the standard wage of the country. I made one provision on assuming charge and that was that I should be allowed to do the work in my own way and that I was not to be interfered with. This was readily agreed to by the members of the company.

The Cariboo claim, which I now assumed charge of, had been worked the previous season by McIntyre, who had sunk a shaft and also some other work. When I came to bale the water out of this shaft I found it improperly constructed and badly secured. It was all askew from curves in the side of the shaft, as well as all twisted. I found it impossible to make a good shaft of it, so I abandoned any idea of trying to. I advised the company to have another shaft sunk, which they agreed to and I selected another spot on which to sink one. In order to do this sinking in a workmanlike manner I had to run a drain from the gravel which lay over the clay to conduct the water, on a slight fall, into the creek. I then sunk the shaft two feet in the clay and put in two sets of timbers, three inches in thickness, and then puddled behind the timbers to keep the water out, as well as to throw it into the drain when constructed. My first job was to put in timber so as to have it sufficiently high above the gravel to have plenty of space for tailings or to run our sluice boxes. Finally we made a windlass to sit on top of the cribbing, and then started to sink the shaft. In reply to an enquiry from the company I told them it would take me about ten days to reach bedrock. It was from sixty

to sixty-five feet below the surface. I hired a good crowd of men who understood sinking to do the work. They were all Cornishmen.

In sinking this shaft we concluded that we would have to go through four or five feet of slum. The progress of the sinking prospered well until we got indications of this slum, when I made alterations in the manner of sinking. Instead of the timbers we had been using, I obtained some lagging, and fixed the shaft and lagging so that I could drive the lagging into this slum, and the lagging would always be sufficiently deep to have a solid bottom in the undisturbed slum. By doing this we had nothing more to contend with than the slum at the foot of the shaft. After working two shifts in this slum, the spiling struck hard gravel, which was an indication that the sinkers were through the slum. The work through that slum was the best and quickest piece of work done on William's Creek. Bill Cunningham, who was one of the largest shareholders, took a deep interest in the progress of this shaft, and was always around, bright and early every morning, to see how work progressed. Coming around the morning we passed through the slum, he said: "You've struck gravel, have you? That's the best news I've heard. Run up and get a bottle of brandy and bring it down here to warm up the boys." We obeyed his orders.

We struck bedrock on the eighth day after we had started the work from the surface. The total depth of the shaft was sixty-two feet, and we struck it two days ahead of our calculations. The bedrock was ten feet below the slum, which gave us a good station from which to start work from, or to break away from the shaft. During the time the sinkers were doing this, I was preparing the timbers for the station. Then we got away about twenty feet from the bottom of the shaft and everything was well secured. While I was working at the bottom of the shaft I very foolishly omitted to wear a gum coat, with the result that I got thoroughly soaked. These wettings occurred at odd times when I was asked to come below to direct the men how to put in the timbers.

While we were sinking the shaft, we were also engaged in making a water wheel, and pumps to pump the water out. In the side drift the bedrock was pitching, and we were expecting every day to get into the main channel of the creek. During the time that I was occasionally wet, I was also having chills. I went to see a physician, and he told me that I had "mountain fever," and he started to treat me for it.

I got in such a condition that I could not attend to my work, and I deemed it my duty to tell the company so. They asked me to choose

a man to take my place, and I recommended a man whom I knew to be a good practical miner, and one who would be able to carry on the work. Then I put myself under the care of my physician, and was treated by him for over a month. I would report to the doctor every few days, and every report and little talk cost me $25. After I was in debt to the doctor to the amount of $500, I thought it was time to call a halt, and meeting the doctor one day I told him his medicine was doing me no good, and I thought of taking a trip to the coast. He said, "The best thing you can do." "Oh," I said, "why did you not tell me before?" "Because I thought I could do you some good," he said. That evening I purchased a horse from "Uncle" Frank Richards and next morning I started for the coast.

My first day's travel took me to the "Live Yankee's" on the summit of the Bald Mountain. I told the Yankee I was sick and was going below, and asked him if he could put me and the horse up for the night. I particularly wanted him to take good care of the horse. It was now about supper time, and I asked him what he had for supper. He said he had beans and bacon and a groundhog stew. I told him that was a pretty good layout for a sick man. My supper consisted of bread and butter and a cup of tea. Next morning I started out for Keithley Creek, and at the same time I was getting out of the fever belt. The first man that I struck was a man named George Tees. He kept a small restaurant or wayside house. He told me to get off my horse, which he took charge of and led to the back of the house. He then told me to come in the house, and asked me what was the matter with me. I told him and then he asked me if I felt hungry. I told him I had not eaten anything since I had left the creek. He set down before me a fine huckleberry pie and a nice big glass of milk, and then told me I was not to leave his place for a couple of days and he would fix me up. My principal food was huckleberry and raspberry pies. I stopped with him three or four days and I felt myself improving every day. I then made up my mind to go to Beaver Lake, where I have already mentioned Peter Dunlevy and Jim Sellars were keeping a first-class hotel.

So I started out from Tees' hostelry, and one morning got as far as the Forks of Quesnelle. I stayed there one night and then set out for Beaver Lake. When I got to Dunlevy's there was a crowd of people there whom I knew. Among them were Doc English and Jim Basseltine, Billy Hazeltine and many others. I told Jim Sellars what was the matter with me when I left William's Creek, and he said to stop with them and they would see that I got better. When the supper bell rang I went in with the crowd. At the head of the table

was a large roast of beef and scattered over the table were dishes containing all kinds of vegetables. This hotel kept by Dunlevy and Jim Sellars was the best between Victoria and Cariboo. Indeed, Victoria hotels could not compare with this one at Beaver Lake in the splendid meals given to its guests. The firm had a very good piece of land attached to the building where cattle had a fine range. The milk and cream placed upon the table were not only plentiful, but of the very best, and our hosts were not niggardly or mean in supplying the table with the finest products of the farm.

As I pushed my way in with the others into the dining room. Jim Sellars saw me. He called out, "Johnny, come up here; this is your place." Pointing to a large huckleberry pie, supported by a splendid dish of fresh cream, he said: "This is your supper." I stayed at Beaver Lake two or three weeks, until I began to feel as though there was nothing the matter with me. I gradually began to eat roast beef and vegetables. What with the bracing air and the lovely scenery I felt my strength coming back to me day by day.

Then I thought I would pay a visit to Bill Nichols and Bob Richards, who lived at Big Lake, eight or ten miles further down the road. Both of these men had a ranch where they were raising cattle and growing vegetables on a large scale to sell to the shops in Richfield and Barkerville. The cattle range about Big Lake was a fine one, and at that time Nichols and Richards had a large number of cattle running there.

What contributed considerably to my restoration to health, was the exercise I obtained from rowing about in a boat, fishing as well as shooting ducks and other wild fowl, and an occasional deer in the grass close to the lake. The fishing and shooting were very good, as they are at the present day. This is one of the most beautiful and healthiest spots in the province, and were I at the present time an immigrant in search of some place in which to engage in mixed farming, I know of no better places in British Columbia than the Beaver Lake and Big Lake districts. I have travelled all over the province and have seen and walked over the lands of the remote Peace River, but have never seen a district which caught my fancy more than those I have mentioned.

I lived a couple of weeks with Nichols and Richards, and at the end of that time felt so much improved, that I determined upon returning to William's Creek to winter there.

Nichols and Richards had a large garden in which they had grown large quantities of vegetables to dispose of in the mining districts. To get them marketed they organized a small pack train. One of the

horses I purchased to carry a load for myself and partners. I loaded this horse with potatoes, carrots and onions. What vegetables they were! I never saw finer in any part of this province.

I left this hospitable place for Beaver Lake, where I told Nichols I would remain until he arrived with his pack train, when I would help him to get it into William's Creek. When Bill Nichols overtook me with his pack train, I felt as though I was quite well again. I told him so when we met, and that I felt well enough to go to work again.

Then we started for William's Creek and arrived there safely without any mishaps on the road. Of course we travelled by easy stages over the usual route. On the first day of our arrival a firm, called Boss & Hamburger, seized the whole of Bill Nicholls' train of vegetables for debt. This firm was doing business on the creek. My pack was seized as well as the rest, but fortunately the horse on which my pack was carried belonged to me and was loaded with my freight. I saw the firm and told them so. I took the horse to my cabin, and there removed the freight. Poor Bill Nichols! He lost all his vegetables. He remained at the creek a short time, but sent a man with his pack train of horses out over Bald Mountain, saying he would follow him in a short time. Giving his man the time he thought was sufficient to cross the mountain, he started out himself, expecting to catch up to him at Keithley Creek. When he got there he found the man, but no horses. He asked him what had become of the pack train, and the man answered that he had lost them on Bald Mountain in a snowstorm. It was a common thing to lose a train on a mountain in the midst of a snow storm. Many human lives were lost in Cariboo from the same cause. To avoid being caught by winter storms, Bill and his man set out for Beaver Lake on foot. It was a distance of fifty miles.

When Nichols arrived there he found his partner, Bob Richards, waiting for him. The first words Bob said to Nichols were; "Hello, Bill! where's the pack train? "They are on the top of Bald Mountain somewhere. They were lost in a snow storm, and this is all I have left," Bill answered, pointing to a blanket he had on his back.

By the time I had returned to the creek the mining season was about closed, so I laid back in my cabin to recuperate. I was living at that time with my partners, Fred Carne and Jesse Pears, who, with me, owned the cabin. When the season closed they went to Victoria to spend the winter.

After a time I went to work for Jack Edwards, commonly known as "Aurora Jack," in a tunnel in the Aurora claim. I didn't stay long at this work, but changed into the Caledonian claim under John Perrin

where I put in the winter. When my partners came back in the spring, we took up some ground on the hill beside the Diller claim. After working with Perrin and the Caledonian claim, the Cariboo company wished me to go back and work for them, but I refused. We wanted to get a claim running up from the Diller claim, which at that time was nearly worked out. We took up a claim and recorded it. We pitched on the line of the Diller claim as the place to sink our shaft. We started sinking at once, and within seven feet of the bedrock we struck the lagging of the Diller company. My partner, Jesse Pears, was foreman of the Diller claim when I was foreman in the Canadian. He had a very good idea that the pay ran into the hill, and that the company had run over their line. When we came to the lagging we cut through it, and dropped to the bedrock, a distance of seven feet. We examined this part thoroughly, and then prospected it to ascertain what the probable pay was that was taken out of it by the Diller company.

Then we went to the Gold Commissioner, Judge O'Reilly, and laid a complaint of trespass against the Diller company and asked for a survey. He appointed Edgar Dewdney, who at that time was considered a practical engineer and surveyor. He surveyed the ground and measured the space, and prospected it, and on the strength of his report we commenced a suit against the Diller company for $5,000 damages. It just took Mr. Dewdney one day to do this work, besides furnishing us a plan of the disputed area, and for which we paid him $100.

When our case came up before the judge it did not last long. Mr. Walker was on our side and Mr. Walkem appeared for the Diller company. We obtained judgment for the total sum sued for, as well as the costs. We got, therefore, $5,000, and as I have said, the costs we were put to, with the exception of what we paid Mr. Dewdney.

At this time there was a private bank in Cariboo, called McDonald's Bank, and quite a lot of their paper was in circulation. Jim Laurin was the bank's principal backer. He had thirty thousand dollars invested in it. When Fred Carne and I went up to the office of the Diller company to get the money, Jim wanted to pay the five thousand dollar judgment in McDonald bank bills. We refused to accept them, as we were afraid of the bank. We had to have money to buy our lumber with. We had purchased some quantities already for a very long flume to carry the water into our claim with. At last we made a compromise with the Diller company, or with Laurin, and took one thousand dollars in bills of the McDonald Bank and the balance was paid us in gold dust. The thousand dollars we took down

to Fred Black and John Ouser, who owned the saw mill, and paid them a bill of that amount which we owed them. Jim Laurin was the principal shareholder in the Diller claim, so as he had so much money invested in the McDonald Bank you can understand why he was so anxious to pay us off in bills of that bank.

It took us some time to get our sluice boxes and everything else in working order. The workers of the Diller claim in encroaching on our ground had left quite a big face, on which we started. We had a long run of sluice boxes to carry our tailings to the creek. After that we got our water in and started to work. Our first week's work, after paying off all our indebtedness, gave us $2,300. There were five shares. Among those who worked for us that time as carpenters were Billy Allen and George Eade, to whom we paid an ounce a day. We had eight men working for us at ten dollars a day.

The payment of the five thousand dollars as damages to us gave rise to trouble among the shareholders of the Diller claim. When they came to settle up their accounts George Platz, a foreigner, found himself charged up with one thousand dollars, which Jim Laurin said he had paid on Platz' account. Platz came to me and asked me if what Laurin said was true. I said "No," that not a word had been mentioned about any such thing. "The only thing I know about it is this," I said: "When Laurin paid me the money I understood it was on account of the Diller company."

Platz brought suit against Laurin in the Supreme Court for hearing before Judge Begbie. George Platz came to see me and asked me if I would come up and give evidence. I told him I would come if he sent a rig for me. I was at that time very lame, as I had my foot injured by the fall of a rock on it. I was then living about two miles below Barkerville. I promised to attend the court without a subpoena. When the day fixed for the trial came on Platz sent down the rig as promised, and I was driven into Richfield. The first man I met on arriving there was Jim Laurin, who asked me if I was coming up to give evidence. I told him I was, upon which he handed me a subpoena to appear as Jim Laurin's witness.

Well, the suit went on, and the same lawyers appeared, Walker for Platz and Walkem for Laurin. After the judge had heard both sides, he asked the counsel if they had any witnesses. (I might tell you that Begbie was very partial to Walker, but always had it in for Walkem). Have you any witnesses, Mr. Walkem? No, your lordship, my case is closed. Turning to Mr. Walker, he enquired whether he had any witnesses. Mr. Walker said that he had intended calling a witness and a very important witness he was, but that the counsel

on the other side had made him his witness by serving him with a subpoena, and then not calling him. If it had not been for that he might have been able to prove by that witness the justice of his client's position. Judge Begbie, interrupting, said: "Oh, I see. You have a witness and can't call him, and you, Mr. Walkem, have a witness and don't wish to call him. Well, he will be my witness, and I will call him. What is the witness' name?" "His name is Bryant, your lordship," said Mr. Walker. "Is he in court?" asked the judge. "Yes, I'm here," I said. "Come in here, sir, inside of the railings."

When I had climbed into the witness box Judge Begbie said to me: "Mr. Bryant, there are two lawyers in court, and neither of them is going to call you. One of these lawyers would like to call you but can not, and the other can call you, but will not, but I will call you and you are my witness. Now, sir, you have been in court and heard the evidence in this case. You have heard one witness say that he paid you one thousand dollars on account of Mr. Platz. What was the understanding as you knew it when Mr. Laurin paid you this money?" "As far as the trouble between Laurin and Platz is concerned," I said, "I know nothing. What I understood at the time Mr. Laurin paid me the money was that he did so on account of the Diller company. The name of Platz, I am positive, was never mentioned." Mr. Platz won his case.

We continued to work this claim for the rest of the season, but after the second month the gold began to peter out. We finally threw it up. The bedrock kept rising all the time. It appeared to be the principal feeder of claims in Williams Creek and Conklin's Gulch. It was staked and abandoned several times by other people after us, but without any profitable results.

I went back and worked one month in the Cariboo claim and then went to Victoria, where I spent the winter of '64.

Like all cities where gold miners, who have been successful in the search for the precious metal congregate, Victoria was a pretty lively town that winter. The city was crowded with men, who had either recently arrived from other parts of the world, or had come in from the mines of British Columbia, on the closing of the season. I am not one of those who have spent their hard-earned gold at the gambling table, but from observation of what was taking place in Victoria in those days, I noticed that the noise of the poker chips never seemed to cease, and gambling halls were always lit up, and through the doors a constant stream of miners kept moving in and out at all hours of the day and night.

There were many foolish young men who "bucked the tiger" with the accumulated dust of many months of hard work, and went back to the mountains in the spring in a condition called "dead broke." A great number of those who had tried their luck at the faro and roulette tables were green at the game, and were robbed by those who knew in a moment that they were so.

Of those whom I regarded as friends from my native English county, Cornwall, Mr. Pendray, or Billy Pendray, as we called him, met with a sudden death this year in his soap works in Victoria. I will have more to say about this estimable gentleman later in my story. These friends of mine were Messrs. Trounce, Jeffery, Carne and Pendray, and were all in Victoria that winter.

I returned to Cariboo in the month of May, 1865, and went to work once more in the Cariboo claim. This company had been working all the winter of '64-'65. But it was not what might be called a good paying concern. The gold which was in it was scattered through a large amount of ground. Those mines which were rich, were those in which the gold was confined or compressed into a narrow channel. Such a mine was very easy to work, as well as inexpensive. Some of the mines which were considered rich and cheap to work were the Diller, the Canadian claim, and the Barker. In these the gold was all in a narrow compressed channel. The Cariboo, the Baldhead and the Welsh were mines where the gold was scattered and consequently expensive to work.

To give you some idea of the freaks which occur in a man's life as a gold miner, and the curious "ups and downs" which attend his path, I think the Welsh claim is a very good instance. This claim had a shaft sunk to its bedrock very late in the fall of '62. At the foot of this shaft, on reaching bedrock, the prospect found was ninety ounces of gold in a couple of days. The season was too far advanced to do any more work at that time, and the putting in of machinery was deferred until the weather was favorable in the coming year.

On the strength of that prospect, one of the shareholders in the company sold out his interest to Aleck Campbell and Jimmie Harris, for $18,000. Another shareholder was offered a similar sum for his interest, but he refused the offer, and asked $20,0000 for it. But he never got it. He told me his reasons for refusing it, and they were worth repeating here. Evan Benjamin was this man's name—a Welshman by birth. A few days before the offer of $18,000 was made to him, he received a letter from his home in Wales, and among other items of news which it contained, was the information that his brother had just returned from Australia, with £4,000, so he, Evans,

was anxious to have a like sum on returning home from Cariboo. He had, therefore, asked $20,000, which was almost the equivalent of £4,000, for the interest he held. As I said before, he never got that amount.

In the following season most expensive machinery was put in, and the company proceeded to work the mine. It turned out a failure. It was a mine in which the gold was much scattered, and consequently expensive to work. It did not pay a dollar a day over the expense of working it. Poor Evan was much disappointed, and subsequently committed suicide at Esquimalt by shooting himself with a pistol.

After returning from Victoria, in the spring of '65, I started to work in the Cariboo claim. Among others who worked in that claim with me, was William Soule, now living in Vancouver. I remember him as being in those days, a sturdy, well set-up man, wth a magnificent physique. He was a great worker, and an acquisition to any mine he worked in.

The parties interested about this time in the Cariboo claim were Bill Cunningham, who held a controlling share, John Perrin, Dave French, John Joyce, John McNevin, Alexander McMahon and George Hamilton. The last named gentleman was county court clerk during the regime of Judge Cox. He lived in a cabin about twenty feet away from me, and should this tale I am telling you, doctor, ever meet his eye, he will remember me at once. He told me that his father was the founder of Hamilton, the ambitious city of Ontario. Dave French was nicknamed "old growler" from the habit he had of growling at every piece of work that was done in the mine. Nothing ever suited him. Alexander McMahon was a tall, raw-boned Scotch-Canadian from Glengarry, Canada. He was six feet four inches in height.

After working in the Cariboo claim for a good part of the season of '65, I left and joined in the second "rush" to Mosquito Creek. In this second rush to this creek in '65, I located a claim below the canyon, where Lewis was still working his prospect of '62. I had as partners Billy Williams, Billy Phillips and Matthews. We sunk a shaft on our claim, which we called "The Ridge Claim," and on striking bedrock, got a good prospect of four ounces of gold at the bottom of the shaft. I sold out to Joe Phillips for $2,000. It was called the Ridge claim because it formed a ridge between Red Gulch and Mosquito Creek. Some of the claims paid "big," such as the Jeffrey claim, the Point or Hocking claim, Joseph Richards' claim, the Minnehaha and the Willow claim.

After selling out my interest on Mosquito Creek, I returned to William's Creek. Among those who had an interest in the Jeffrey

claim was Billy Pendray, as we called him. Mr. Pendray was the first person I ever spoke to over the telephone.

When I returned from the Omineca, I had never up to that time, seen an electric light, or used a telephone. As my clothing was much the worse for wear, I walked into Jeffrey's establishment to get a new suit of clothes and underwear. Our conversation happened to lead up to the number of new inventions which were in use since I had last been in civilization. Jeffrey asked me if I had ever used a telephone. I said "No." Then he asked me if I would like to talk to Billy Pendray. I told him I would.

Walking over to the telephone, Jeffrey got Pendray on the wire, and told him that Johnny Bryant was back, and would like to speak to him on the telephone. Calling me to the telephone, Jeffrey handed me the receiver, and as I took it I said I hoped he would not play any tricks on me, or give me a shock of electricity.

Well, I got into communication with Pendray, and he finally asked me to come down to the factory and see him. While fitting on some clothes, Jeffrey asked me what I thought of the electric lights. He, of course, was referring to the incandescent lights on poles throughout the streets. I told him I had seen no lights. Then he asked me if I had been on Douglas street the night before, and I told him I had. "Well, didn't you see the light at the top of the pole on that street?" "No, I didn't," I said. "I saw a full moon, though," at which he burst out laughing, and told me there was no full moon on the night previous, that it was an electric light. Then, of course, I had to laugh too.

The mining fever which had struck Cariboo in the first of the sixties was not destined to remain there. It flowed and ebbed in various directions until it finally broke away in the direction of the Omineca.

In the building of the overland telegraph, which was stopped by the successful laying of the Atlantic cable by Cyrus Field, some of the workmen had brought in word of some undevelopd mines to the back of Stuart Lake. This Omineca was properly called the Omo-e-an River, or Omoenekhah River. This was about in the years '67 and '68. So much had been said about these fine prospects in the fall of the year '70, that I made up my mind to try my chances in the spring of '71

I made up a party, consisting of Tom Stalker, Johnny Ede, Tommy Datson and Johnnie Sampson, afterwards drowned on the ill-fated steamer Pacific. Sampson was a most unlucky mortal, as you will recognize when I tell you of our trip to the Omineca. He was commonly reputed to be a married man, with a wife and a large fam-

ily of children in England. After leaving the Omineca, he went to Cassiar, in 1873, and made quite a stake there. Coming out in the close of the season of 1875, he took passage on the steamer Pacific, on his way to England, via San Francisco. He had intended getting his gold dust converted into coin in San Francisco, but he was destined never to reach there. He was supposed to have had $9,000 in dust on him, when he went on board the Pacific. There were many more of the Cassiar miners drowned on that steamer besides Sampson.

Now that I have mentioned the fate of Sampson, I might as well speak of my other companions on that Omineca trip. Stalker died in Tacoma some years ago. Ede was blown up by an explosion of dynamite in Kootenay. Tommie Datson was murdered in Departure Bay by a man called Bell, who was hanged for the crime in Victoria. I am the only one left of the party.

During the winter of '70-'71, we employed our time in preparing for our journey. We made our toboggans and handsleds on William's Creek. I was the only one in the party who had snowshoes. These I bought from Johnston Robertson, who owed me the money. He charged me $25 for them. They were made by William Robinson, a blacksmith on Lightning Creek. Johnston Robertson was sand-bagged and killed many years afterwards. (Note—I have referred to the trial of his murderer in stories about Judge Begbie, W. W. W.)

We left William's Creek on March 15, and the Forks of Quesnel on the 16th March, 1871, and arrived on Germansen Creek on April 17. We were just one month making the 350 miles. Sampson was the unfortunate one of the party. His first mishap occurred when we were crossing the Blackwater, 25 miles from Quesnel, and he broke through the ice. Fortunately the water was low, and he was only wet to the hips. It was hard work that tramp tugging the toboggan and handsleds behind us.

In leaving Cariboo, we took all the supplies we could manage to put on our toboggans and sleds. These supplies and other impedimenta were divided up, so that we each had 150 pounds. We came across very little game on the trip, but was occasionally saw that magnificent bird the great snowy owl. Unlike most of the owls, the snowy is diurnal in its habits and is most active in the early morning and towards evening. We saw no deer or caribou. Grouse were quite plentiful, and in this connection I might say that I had a retriever exceedingly well-trained, which was very useful to us in retrieving birds when killed.

The country was well supplied with timber wolves, whose prolonged howl we frequently heard during the bitterly cold nights. Of

course, that pest, the coyote, was exceedingly common. One day when crossing a lake we saw a magnificent black fox putting as great a distance between himself and our party as it was possible for him to do at a record "clip."

Our progress to our destination went fairly well without any mishaps, until we were crossing Lake Tremble, and there poor Jack Sampson fell through the ice once more. He was leaning forward and pressing against the ropes of the toboggan at the time. His leaning forward saved him, as in falling his clothes caught on the rim of the ice, and thus supported him. But he got wet, and we had to make the shore and go into camp, light a fire and dry his clothes. It took us four and a half days going from Quesnel to Fort Fraser.

From Fort Fraser we headed for Fort St. James. In crossing the mountain we found the snow on the top rather soft, and it was not until late in the afternoon ,after the sun had disappeared behind the hill, did it get hard again. After we had passed over the mountain we camped low down on its side for the night.

We arrived at Fort St. James on the next day. Fort St. James is the depot of the Caledonia district, and is situated near the outlet of Stuart Lake. The lake is about 50 miles wide in places.

Fort St. James was a fairly large establishment, and was in charge of Peter Skene Ogden, chief factor. This fort was once the scene of a great outbreak of the Nisqually tribe against James Douglas, prior to his going to the Columbia River, on which occasion Douglas nearly lost his life at the hands of a nephew of the then chief, Kwah.

We were very much in want of supplies, but here we could get only canned corned beef and dried salmon. We were not out of supplies, but we were trying to provide against the future.

From Stuart Lake we travelled forward on the ice until we got to Tatla, on Tatla Lake. There were a few traders who arrived here the preceding fall. But these traders had nothing but dried salmon. Then we started from Tatla Lake to cross the divide, to get on the Arctic slope, or the watershed of the Omineca. After we got over the divide we struck a chain of lakes, which we followed.

These drained into Fall River, which emptied into the Omineca, at a place called Hogem. Here we met a man named Elsmore, a trader who was located there. He was well-known in Cariboo, as one who owned a place just above the Australian Ranche, and called after him. This man was always in the van of discoveries and excitements. He had some supplies which we had to buy at "his" price.

After purchasing these supplies we travelled down the Omineca, bound for Germansen Creek. As we travelled along, the ice was con-

stantly getting softer, and very bad in places. We were frequently compelled to abandon the river and take to the woods, through which we had to break a fresh trail. This was extremely hard work. Every night when we got into camp we did not require much coaxing to get us off to sleep.

After selecting our camping place we always had a lot of work to do before we could take to our beds. In the first place we had to collect brush for our beds. This brush was placed on top of the snow. We had also to have bread enough to serve the following day as well as a pot of beans, tea or coffee. This was a regular every day's work. Our course was now down the river for a distance of 60 miles. In summer it was customary to use the old pack trail, but in winter we used the Hudsons' Bay trail. There were any number of men travelling over the trail at the same time as we were, and sometimes we would follow in their track, and sometimes this track would be left in such a condition that we had to break a new one.

We carried long poles in our hands which we would use for testing the ice before stepping on it. On one occasion we found ourselves on a long streak of ice, which was separated from the shore by soft, dangerous snow. In crossing from one side to the other in conditions like these, I usually put on my snowshoes and passed backwards and forwards over it. This packed the snow and made it firmer and more capable of sustaining a weight. I made a crossing back and forth over the ice in this way by which the rest of the party was enabled to continue the journey.

In order to make it as safe as possible, I directed them to extend the ropes of the toboggans and pull them across unattended by any one of us. On one occasion poor Jack Sampson was the last to cross, and as he was crossing with one of the tow ropes in his hand, he went through the packed snow in about the centre of the river. We had hold of the end of the rope, and as he sank into the cold water it made his voice tremble as he shouted to us, "D-o-n-'t let-go-the-end-of-the-rope." We managed to pull him out, after which we had to find a good place to make a camp to dry his clothes, and we stayed there until they were all dried.

The next morning we started early with the intention of making Germansen Creek that day, but luck was against us, as we had to make new trails which delayed us very much. That day we scattered along the ice looking for a safe place to cross to the other side. We were two or three hundred feet apart. Sampson was the farthest down the river, testing the ice in front of him with a pole, and every few minutes calling out with a loud voice, "Here's the trail, it's solid

enough." Stalker, who was next to him, called out to me, "Bryant, come on this way—Sampson's got the trail," and as I looked up poor Jack had disappeared beneath the water. This was the fourth time on the trip. He was up to his waist in water again. It was sometime before we finally got across, and again we were delayed until his clothes were thoroughly dried. The next day we struck Germansen Creek.

Previous to our arrival on Germansen Creek a large number of men, many of whom were carpenters, had settled on a large flat in anticipation of its being a townsite. After locating lots they had erected houses to lease to Germansen's future citizens. Although dwelling houses had been erected we could find no stores or places where supplies could be purchased, but it was confidently expected that with the opening of navigation merchants with large freights would crowd into the new diggings. Much of this freight was expected to come in by way of Hazelton, thence by pack train to Hogem, and from there by bateaux down the Omineca to Germansen Creek. I have more than once mentioned the name "hog 'em." This name had its origin from places where traders having no opposition "hogged" everything a miner possessed in the way of money, by the extortionate charges they levied on everything they had to sell. There was a trail from Hazelton to Tatla Lake. Indeed, Mr. Edgar Dewdney was at that time surveying a route from Lake Babine across the Frying Pan Mountains to Lake Tatla, and from there over the Tatla Divide thence down Fall River to Hogem. The first gold to be found in the Omineca district was said to have been obtained by a French Canadian called Vital La Force, on Vital's Creek, in 1869, and such was the rapidity with which news of a "strike" travelled in those days, that the year 1871 witnessed a general stampede for the Omineca.

Just as soon as the Omineca was found to be gold-bearing, the provincial government sent chief constable W. H. Fitzgerald of William's Creek, to Vital Creek to act as gold commissioner. He had had a great deal of experience before he went to Vital Creek, and let me add he gave very general satisfaction.

Judge O'Reilly came up shortly afterwards, coming by way of Discombe Portage, McLeod's Lake and the Parsnip River. Ascending the Finlay River, he turned into the Omineca, which he ascended until he arrived at Germansen Creek, where he established his headquarters.

I have digressed somewhat in this story, but will now return to tell of my doings and those of my partners. After taking three or four days' rest, after the very arduous trip we had made, I set out to prospect up the creek while my partners tried the ground below the camp,

as far as the mouth of the creek. After a couple of days' prospecting, I located some ground on the flat on which we were camped. When I started out to prospect the ground was frozen, but I managed to sink a hole four feet deep, when I struck bedrock. With the striking of bedrock I struck a good prospect. I was now anxious to get to work as soon as possible. The first thing I did was to record my claim, which could be done, in the absence of a gold commissioner, by depositing five dollars with any responsible man and obtaining a receipt for the amount. This payment was always acknowledged by the gold commissioner on the production of the money, and the receipt.

After recording my claim I set to work to make a rocker, after which I went to work in the hole I had sunk, and stripped off all the upper earth until I had reached the bedrock, for the pay was all close to it. My first day I spent in packing the dirt to the creek, and washing it with the rocker. The distance I had to pack this dirt was about one hundred feet, which represented the distance between the hole and where I had my rocker set up. The first day's work netted me ten dollars, which was a good showing. As I kept working my pay increased daily. The best day's work I did with my rocker brought me in fifty dollars. It must be remembered I was working all alone, and keeping the results a secret.

At the lower end of this flat, a little gulch came in. I had said nothing as yet to my partners about my prospect, and they had found nothing where they had been prospecting. I might say that my partners were as yet "green" at prospecting this kind of diggings. However, they were my partners, and I was bound by my word to tell them of my prospects, and share up with them.

The spring was now opening up, and the water was beginning to run in the different gulches. I proposed to them to cut a small ditch from the little gulch I had spoken of to carry water to my claim, to wash the dirt with. We had to get timber, with which to make our sluice boxes. Whip saws were in use all over the creek. We bought our lumber from some men who were sawing lumber for the houses. While my partners were digging the ditch I was making the sluice boxes. I always carried a saw and hammer with me wherever I went prospecting. At last we had the ditches finished, the sluice boxes in position, and the water turned on, and everything ready for us to go to work. Well, we started at last, and the first day's work netted us thirty-six ounces, or $576 in fine gold. By this time a large number of men were round the creek taking a great interest in what was going on. Some were looking for claims, while others had just arrived, and had not as yet started out prospecting. People were thronging in

from all quarters of the globe. There were men from Australia, the United States, England, Canada, France, Germany. I recognized quite a few from Cariboo. Among others I saw there were J. McB. Smith, and many others who have since passed away. George Cicero, a sport from Cariboo, had also found his way in. He was one of the whitest men I ever knew, notwithstanding his gambling proclivities. Gamblers were always liable to go "broke," and some actually did. Cicero was one of these, and he often came to me to get a stake. He always asked for $100 and never failed to pay the money back. He gave a great deal away to hospitals and to poor fellows who were unlucky.

At this time we were all living in tents. Our gold was kept in a sack until Sunday, when it was divided up among the five partners. I had now come to the conclusion that the Omineca was going to be my home for some time to come, so I began to make arrangements to build a cabin for myself. The days were beginning to lengthen out, and after quitting work I would take my axe and make my way to a hill close by, where there was a growth of fine black pine, of a size just suitable for building cabins with. I cut a lot of logs, and rolled them down to where my cabin was to be, at the end of the claim. I got out enough of these logs to build a cabin 15 ft. by 12 ft. I set to work to lay the four foundation logs myself. This requires care and patience to make them level and square. My friends had told me that when I had the foundation laid they would come and assist me to build the cabin. They said they would come some Sunday morning and form a "bee," as the Canadians called it, and put some work into that cabin. If there is a man in the world who can be called an axeman, it is a Canadian. There are some Americans who come from the Western States of the Union, who are good axemen, but taking nationalities all round, the Canadian beats the world. My friends were all Canadians, and they were all good axemen. Their names were John Macdonald, Sam Withrow, my old friend and partner in the Cariboo claim, Dave French, and myself, a Cornishman. There was one man for each corner of the cabin. We all started on Sunday morning, and when evening came the cabin was finished ready for the roof. It was as good a cabin as could be built. It was no shack, but a cabin only Canadian axemen can build. I bought shakes from a man called Bill Poland. He made a business of making shakes. He formerly lived on Williams Creek, and was generally called "shakes." On the following evening, instead of sitting round the camp fire, I went up to the cabin and employed my time in putting on shakes on the roof. In a short time I had a comfortable cabin to go to, instead

of a cold, uncomfortable tent. I had no stove or chimney in it yet, but I managed to cook what I required outside.

About this time Doc English, now living at Kamloops, came into the creek with a band of cattle. He left some of the steers on the Cariboo side of the Bald Mountains, and drove the number of cattle required for the necessities of the camp into Germansen. Those he left on the other side of the mountains were in a region where there was the finest of feed for them. English also opened a shop where he sold meat at fifty cents a pound and up. It was never below that price. A man named Stirling, or Sterling, came in about this time also, with a large stock of merchandise. He brought his goods from Victoria by way of Hazelton. He had as his partner J. McB. Smith, late auditor-general, but now superannuated. This firm brought in thousands of dollars' worth of stuff anticipating the building of a town. They had hanging lamps, brackets, door hinges, in fact a full assortment of hardware fit for a metropolitan town. As Germansen never amounted to anything and freighting was most expensive, they must have lost a fortune. The charges for packing were $25.00 per hundred pounds. Another firm that came in about this time was the Cohen and Hollman firm. They came from Quesnel, and had a good stock of dry goods. Sam Adler and Tom Barry well known to old timers, came in also with a large stock of liquors.

We kept on working at our claims, and while we were busy a mining excitement started up on Mansen Creek, and a rush took place in that direction. Reports of big strikes on that creek were coming in daily, while every now and then news of some new gulch being discovered was passed from mouth to mouth. The first reported strike was Black Jack gulch, which was reported extra good. Then came Lost Creek, because two men had been lost, and had struck a good prospect on it. Jerry Griffiths who was at one time on the Hudson's Bay Company's wharf, Victoria, was one of these. He and his partner worked this creek for some years and did well; in fact they made quite a stake. Then came Slate Creek, so called because it ran through a slate country. That creek paid well in places. Some "Greasers" had claims on this creek. These comprised all of the paying creeks. On Germansen Creek there was only one gulch which paid. It was called Black Jack Creek. The Payne claim also paid well. Fred Payne, an American, was the discoverer, and part owner. Joe Clarihue was one of his partners.

After hearing so many glowing accounts about Mansen Creek, I thought I would take a run over and see for myself what there was there. Accordingly I made my way over to it, and one of the first

persons I met there was my old partner "Growler" Dave French, of the old Cariboo claim. Dave was on Black Joe Creek, and as he stayed there for many years he must have done well, as he was one who was never satisfied with bare wages. I took a good look round, and then returned to Germansen Creek, not very much impressed with what I had seen.

When I left William's Creek, Jack Jenkins was in full charge of my cabin there. But he got so excited by the reports from the Omineca that he pulled his stakes and joined me at Germansen Creek. When Jenkins arrived my cabin was all finished but a chimney, so he had a comfortable place to put up in. He arrived in June '71, and worked down the creek with George Kenney. During the summer he and I put in our evenings building a chimney to make things comfortable for the winter. The mines shut down on the 15th October. Those who were going to winter at the coast crowded the bateaux on their way up the river to Hogem, and thence by trail to Hazelton. We were well supplied with stores at this time, as many more merchants had opened up, and we were therefore never short of supplies. Allan Grahame came in that fall and was postmaster when Major Butler passed through on his way south, after his wonderful overland journey.

After the closing down of the mines my partners and I drove a tunnel into our claims to ascertain what prospects we had for the coming season. They were most discouraging, and as my partners saw there was a poor prospect for the coming season, they all left the country for Victoria. After paying all expenses, each one of them had $4,000 to take away with him. After they left Jenkins and I cut a lot of firewood for use in the winter months. About three hundred yards from the mouth of the creek we selected a piece of ground to prospect before the snow came. This had never been staked. My former partners never came back to Germansen, and I have already told what became of them. Their names were Stalker, Datson, Samson and Ede.

We started our tunnel, (Jenkins and I) and got our sluice boxes into position, so that they would not freeze, and put down a short flume to supply us with water from the creek.

Early in the fall Pete Toy and his partner Bill Southcombe arrived from the Finlay River to pay us a visit. I am in duty bound to say a good deal about Toy, for he was the most remarkable man that ever stepped upon the banks of a mining claim. He was five feet ten inches in height, and very broad across the shoulders, and had an extremely well-knit frame. He was noted all through the camps as a

very powerful man. He had a very kind disposition and was very thoughtful as to the necessities of his fellow miner, when struck by adversity. Many and many a struggling Argonaut was indebted to Pete for a day's or a week's shelter, it did not matter which, and a good supply of provisions to take him back to camp.

Pete Toy came from the same county as I did, Cornwall, England. I first met him in 1858 on "Murderers' Bar" on the Fraser River. In 1862 he and Joe Oates, his partner, started for the Peace River, which they struck to the east of the Rockies. Turning their canoe westward, they prospected every bar and likely looking place, until they reached the junction of the Parsnip and the Finlay. Here they were uncertain which stream to follow up. After debating the question for a day, they finally decided upon going up the Finlay, and should the prospects not prove satisfactory, they would return and go up the Parsnip. After paddling a few miles up the river they landed on a bar which gave indications of great richness. Here they stayed, and it became known as Toy's Bar. Pete was still working it when he paid his visit to us. It was paying one dollar to the pan, with a rocker, and if the dirt came to the rocker quickly enough, a man could rock four hundred pans a day. A pan is equal to a bucket of dirt, and possessing four buckets, two of these were filled and taken to the rocker, and as soon as delivered, two were taken back to fill. They had been making great pay all the season.

Oates, poor fellow, died in 1868, and was buried at his own request, on the flat at the junction of the Finlay and Parsnip Rivers. Major Butler speaks of having seen his grave when on his transcontinental trip.

Bill Southcombe was a Devonshire man, and came from the same place as big hearted Sam Drake, late sheriff of Nanaimo, B. C.

When Toy paid us his visit he was on his way to his winter cabin on Mansen Creek. There he usually put in the winter,—trapping. This cabin was on the shore of a chain of lakes, near the head waters of Wolverene Creek. The country surrounding it teemed with all kinds of game—moose, cariboo, wolverene, fox, marten, lynx and mink. The lakes lying at the door of his cabin furnished white fish, in large quantities, and Arctic trout. After we all had breakfast, Toy and his partner took leave of us, but before doing so, made us both promise that we would visit them in their winter quarters on Christmas Day.

After our visitors left, Jenkins, Harry Rosewall and I started work on our winter tunnelling. We kept this up until the day before Christmas. We had promised to pay Toy and his partner a visit on that festive day, and we went to bed early with the intention of rising

early, as we had quite a tramp before us to reach Toy's winter cabin. Jenkins rose before daylight, to make the fire and get breakfast ready, so as to make an early start for Pete Toy's. We had a thermometer hanging on a tree about fifteen feet from our cabin. Out there it was not affected by the heat from our cabin. Jenkins went over to it, and coming back said, "Johnny, are you going to Toy's today?"

"Yes, certainly," I replied.

"I'll be hanged if I am. Do you know how cold it is, Johnny?"

"It doesn't matter to me how cold it is," I said.

"It's below forty degrees," said Jenkins, "and the mercury is frozen."

"That doesn't matter," I said, "I'm going anyway, so hurry up and get breakfast."

After breakfast I put on a good pair of thick buckskin moccasins, and also some thick, warm underwear. Just before daylight I started off for Mansen Creek. I had a tramp of fifteen miles to reach Mansen Creek, then five miles down that creek, and three miles more to Toy's winter cabin.

When I reached the town of Germansen, I met a man named Reid, and J. McB. Smith. They were standing on the stoop in front of Sterling's store. Smith accosted me with, "Hello, Johnnie, where are you going?"

To Mansen Creek," I said.

"You'll freeze before you get there. Just look at this," said Smith. He was holding up a piece of frozen quicksilver for me to look at. But I kept on my journey, and arrived finally at Mansen Creek, where I had dinner. Then I resumed my tramp, and just at dusk reached what is known as the "pass." In about fifteen minutes it was dark. This did not deter me, however, it wasnt' the first trail I had followed after night had come down. In another hour a beautiful moon gave me the required light to hasten my steps. It was not quite 8 o'clock when I reached Toy's cabin, and although they didn't quite expect me, on account of the severe cold, Toy, always considerate of his friends, had kept dinner waiting, and—it **was** a dinner, I can tell you. Major Butler, in that interesting work of his, "The Great Lone Land," gave Toy great credit for his skill in cookery.

Let me tell you, doctor, that the moose meat was cooked with the skill of a **chef de cuisine,** in a miner's gold pan, in the ashes.

After dinner we spent a most enjoyable evening spinning yarns of days gone by, and stories of old mutual friends in the "rush" of '58. Toy recalled the time when Sir James Douglas sent us the present of the "seventeen feet" of Union Jack.

It makes me sad to recall the incidents of that Christmas dinner, for I had a great affection for Toy. The other day I found myself beginning a letter with "Friend Toy;" I think of him so often.

Next day Toy and Southcombe hauled in their net, which they had set in the lake, under the ice. This haul gave them a large quantity of Arctic trout and white fish. These trout have a different shape, and taste to those we get in Southern British Columbia. They are about the same weight but not so long.

I left for my own cabin on the following morning, and as a parting remembrance, Toy gave me a load of frozen fish—a very acceptable present, as we only had those fish which the Indians brought around and sold to us.

On my return journey I fell in with a number of old friends at Mansen Creek, and as we had not seen one another for some years, I had to spend one evening with them. When I arrivd at my cabin, Jenkins was surprised to see me, as he thought I would never get back in such weather.

In the latter part of March, Jenkins and I bought an interest in the Reliance claim. When the Omineca opened in the month of May, I made up my mind to take a trip down the Peace River, and hired a half negro named Dan Williams to accompany me, as he was well acquainted with the Peace River district.

Starting from the Germansen Landing, we passed down the Omineca, running the "black canyon," where Major Butler, when in a very bad plight fell in with Pete Toy, and which he described as "the unhoped for meeting and the feast of joy." Butler was at that time out of provisions, and Toy cooked him a great supper, which impelled Butler to call it "the feast of joy."

When we arrived at Toy's cabin, on the Finlay River, Toy was there to bid me welcome. He and his partner had arrived two days previously from their winter cabin, and had brought with them a valuable collection of furs. Some of the skins they had traded at Mansen Creek for provisions and ammunition. Among the furs were three black fox skins, which were worth a large sum of money. Pete, besides mining, kept a free trading post, in opposition to the Hudson's Bay Company. Those who principally patronized him were the Sekkanni Indians, who roamed about to the westward of the Rocky Mountain Portage, but having no certain place of residence. These Indians, although they were great gamblers, were strictly honest. Pete had an understanding with them that "if at any time they came to his cabin in want of supplies, and he was absent, they were to help themselves to whatever they were in need of, such as sugar, tea, or

ammunition. They always did this, and would leave a statement behind them of what they had taken, which would be perfectly legible to Pete. Pete told me that he had never known them to take advantage of this privilege.

After spending two happy days with Toy, we resumed our trip, with the understanding that we would go into camp at the Bighorn River, and await Pete's arrival. He was waiting for Bill Cusp, who at one time had a trading store at the western end of the Rocky Mountain Portage. After leaving Toy, we soon reached the junction of the Parsnip and Peace Rivers, and dropping down the Peace, we landed at the mouth of the Bighorn, and went into camp.

On the way down, just at the mouth of Mansen Creek we picked up a man, named Ross, who was marooned on a small island, and had no canoe or other means of leaving it. Ross had been stationed there by the merchants of Mansen to intercept all boats from Quesnel, through Giscombe Portage, McLeod's Lake, and the Parsnip River, having goods on board, for them, and point out Mansen Creek as a route by which they saved one hundred miles of travel, as well as the swift and dangerous currents of the Omineca. Ross was anxious to go down the Peace; consequently he entered our canoe on the understanding that he would assist me after Nigger Dan left me, and also return with me to Germansen Creek. How well he kept his agreement will be seen later on.

After landing we cached a quantity of our provisions by skinning a tree of its bark between the first branch and the ground, and then nailing on cross-pieces of wood to prevent the squirrels from climbing up the tree, or the wolves from jumping up and getting them.

Bill Cusp and Pete Toy arrived on the following day. Shortly after their arrival, I took my gun and walked up the creek just above the water mark. A mile from camp I saw innumerable signs of moose. They were so thick that they resembled a large cattle yard, the indentations from the hooves were so thick. A mile further up I saw a moose standing on a piece of land which projected into the river or creek. Knowing that I could not get any closer, as there was no timber near where the animal was standing in which I could conceal myself, I raised my gun, and taking careful aim, fired. The moose gave one great jump, and then ran round in a circle at the upper end of the promontary he was standing on, after which he disappeared in the timber on the opposite side of the creek. Toy, who had been following me, heard my shot, and overtaking me remarked, "you've hurt him badly; he isn't far off," and sure enough we found him lying on the ground quite dead. Returning to camp, I sent Williams up to

skin and cut up the animal, after which we brought the pieces down the creek in the canoe, and carried them into camp.

Toy, who knew more about this northern country than any of us, said he felt sure that a cow moose was not very far away from where I shot the bull, and that, if I was agreeable, we should go out in the morning in search of her. I willingly consented.

Accordingly next morning Toy and I arose, had breakfast, and crossing the Bighorn in our canoe, we walked up stream in the direction of the place where I had shot the bull. The Bighorn was a very rapid stream, which had cut deep channels through the soil. There were two benches, one close to the water's edge, and the other higher and further away. Toy took the higher bench, while I walked on the lower one, close to the edge of the river.

When we had walked up stream about a mile, Pete called to me in a low voice that he could hear a cow moose calling her calf, and that he was certain the calf was on a small island directly opposite where we were at that moment. He advised me to keep a sharp watch, as the calf might emerge from the bushes and swim across the stream to join its mother, without my seeing it. He had scarcely ceased speaking when I saw the bushes move at the upper end of the island, and a calf moose come out and take to the water. It was heading half up stream, and, carried down by the current, it struck the shore a few yards from where I was concealed in some bushes. When almost clear of the water I dropped it with a bullet through the head. We heard no more from its mother, and we concluded that she had heard the sound of the shot and made off. I carried the calf down to camp, and quartered it for present use. The bull moose we cut up, and then sliced into fine pieces, which we dried in the sun, intending them for future use.

As it would take a few days for our meat to dry properly, Toy and I arranged to take a trip together up the Bighorn on the following day. Accordingly next morning we arose early, and, after taking breakfast, crossed over to the opposite side of the creek in our canoe.

We ascended the Bighorn as far as it was possible for us to go, and in doing so saw numerous signs of moose and timber wolves, but neither of these animals in the flesh. Our progress was arrested by perpendicular rocky heights, from which some Rocky Mountain goats looked down upon us. The feats of climbing which these active animals performed that day were truly wonderful. I have frequently hunted them for the sake of fresh meat, when mining at Lorne Creek, but I have never seen them climb such perpendicular faces of rock

as they did at the head of the Bighorn. As climbers they have no equals, in fact he is the king of cragmasters.

"On dizzy ledge of mountain wall, above the timber line,

I hear the riven slide-rock fall toward the stunted pine.

Upon the paths I tread secure, no foot dares follow me,

For I am master of the crags, and march above the scree."

—The Cragmaster.

I could tell many stories in connection with the mountain goat's bravery, but I can say that on certain occasions he has successfully fought the grizzly bear, and that I think will be sufficient to prove not only his pluck, but his wonderful quickness of foot and his strength.

It took two days before the meat was in a fit condition to allow of our moving down stream. Between the Bighorn and the Rocky Mountain Portage we prospected every bar which had been worked by the miners in the great rush of '62.

One of these bars was named Blue Nose Bar. While standing on this bar, we saw a moose standing on a small island in the middle of the Peace River. We could not stalk him, as we had no shelter, but we thought we would have a try at him The island was a short distance down stream, and we thought we might try and float down, and be in a position to intercept him no matter which side of the river he attempted to cross. Cusp and Toy took charge of the canoe, while I sat in the centre ready to shoot. It wasn't long before the moose took to the water bound for the other side, and we after him in full pursuit. As he gained his feet on the opposite shore I took a quick sight at him, and fired. Whether I hit him or not I cannot say, but he went into the woods like a scared wolf. We could hear him going through the timber for some time afterwards.

Another place we stopped at was called the "Big Sandy." It derived its name from having from six to eight feet of sandy loam above the gravel. This place will at some future time be the home of some happy settler. It had been worked by miners in '62, and they had constructed a ditch to carry water down across the flat for sluicing purposes. This ditch made a nice water grade of three-eighths of an inch to the rod. If it had been greater it would have carried away the soil along its banks, and caused caves of earth. We stopped here for one day, and employed that time in digging up a patch for a garden, in which I sowed turnip, lettuce, carrot, and radish seed. I examined this patch in the following fall. The turnips had grown up to be splendid specimens of the Swedish variety, the radishes had grown up coarse and strong, while the carrots had suffered for want

of attention. They had squeezed one another out of the ground. The drawbacks to a settler in this part of the province are the long winters and the intense cold.

At last we arrived at Cusp's cabin on the western end of the Rocky Mountain Portage. Shortly after we had entered the cabin, I heard a sound as though a thousand tom cats were engaged in a furious battle. I was about to rise and look through the cabin window, when Cusp told me to wait a few minutes and I would see a sight I might never witness again. The sounds did get nearer and in about twenty minutes I took a peep through the parchment window and saw thirty-one lynxes, male of course, quarrelling over one of the opposite sex. This proves with out a doubt that the lynx does not mate, but leads an independent and solitary life, at least in the west.

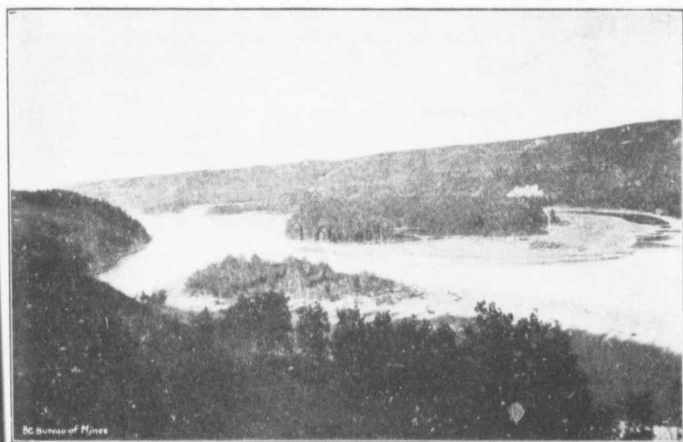
The Rocky Mountain Portage is twelve miles in length and is a short traverse of the Great Canyon of the Peace River. Entering the canyon a short distance to the east of Cusp's cabin, the constricted waters of the Peace take a southerly course, and slightly west, then after a short run they turn south by east, and then due east, when, taking a large curve, they run north and emerge from the canyon near Hudson's Hope, taking an easterly direction through the fertile belts of the north to eventually swell the current of the Mackenzie in its way towards the Arctic Ocean. The walls of the mighty canyon are nine hundred feet in height and are more widely separated near the water's edge than they are at the top. This lower width is without doubt caused by the friction of the stream.

When we arrived at the western end the water was running through at a great speed and creating a roar like that of an angry lion. As the water lashed itself against the rocky walls, it fell back to form large billows, with crests of foam, in which it seemed to me no prospector's canoe had the slightest chance of existing.

To avoid this dangerous canyon we portaged our packs and supplies across to where the Hudson's Bay Company had an outlying post, called Hudson's Hope. As we were crossing over immense flocks of geese and some swans were passing overhead on their way from their breeding places in the "far north." Indeed, their wedge-shaped battalions had been observed by us every day on our way down from the mouth of the Finlay. Occasionally we saw white cranes also passing in the same direction, bugling as they flew. The geese that were flying overhead were as white as snow, and are called snowy geese. Thousands of these are annually killed and salted down by the Hudson's Bay Company's servants for winter use.

From the western end of the Grand Canyon, the Peace River traverses a maze of rocky canyons, a distance of thirty miles, before it finds an exit through an eastern gate opposite the terminus of the twelve miles of portage.

While in camp at Hudson's Hope I took a trip down the river with Nigger Dan to what are called the Rocky Islands, as from these a good view can be obtained of the surrounding country. My principal object was to ascertain the geological formation. I saw at once that it was one of sandstone. While I was there Nigger Dan showed



LOOKING EAST DOWN PEACE RIVER FROM HUDSON'S HOPE, B. C.

me his cabin, which was on the opposite side of the river. I examined it. It was exceedingly well built of logs, and to make it proof against the cold of winter the chinks between the logs were hermetically sealed with mud. At one end of the cabin was a huge fireplace at the foot of a chimney made of rocks and clay. The cabin was surrounded by a garden patch, which was planted with garden truck of all kinds, potatoes predominating.

Looking towards the north, my eyes roamed over the large and beautiful prairie, known to all of the voyageurs as Chimeroo's Prairie, and close at hand was Chimeroo's Hill, standing out like the profile of a man's face. I have seen one or two places on the Skeena, and the Upper Finlay, where the eye and a slight imagination can trace

the features of a Cyclopean head, but in clearness and distinctness of outline, the profile of old Chimeroo beats them all. The reader will ask, who was Chimeroo? He was supposed to be a great chief of the Beaver Indians, and is generally credited with having killed the last of the buffaloes. A collection of bones, said to be the remains of this animal, were still to be seen when I was at Hudson's Hope, in 1872.

As we paddled back to Hudson's Hope, several flocks of honkers descended in long spirals, with a great whirring of wings. These birds were all flying low, on account of the number of young ones which made up the flock. When going north in the spring of the year the lines of the wedge are well defined, and the bugle calls are full throated, clear and strong. The flight also is at a great height, and few stops are made. But when the flight is towards the south, the wedge is not so well kept, and the flight is closer to the earth. The bugle calls are also accompanied by a peculiar chattering medley. The birds are young, and not so strong, and the flight is more uncertain. In a flock of twenty, there were not more than four or five old birds; the balance were young birds hatched within the Arctic Circle in the early spring. We had, unfortunately, no guns with us, or we might have brought in some well feathered, juicy goslings for our evening meal. Plover were very numerous along the banks of the river, and in swampy places we could distinctly hear the cheeping of the young birds. Within a few hundred yards of where we were about to land, a large flock of blue winged teal were dipping after food along the bottom close to the shore. Frightened by our approach they rose in the air. Then a shot rang out, and four of them dropped into the river. Looking in the direction of the powder smoke I saw the smiling face of Pete Toy. He waved to me to pick up the birds. We did so, and came ashore.

Two days after my trip down the river, I paid a visit to the Hudson's Bay post. The agent was a French Canadian halfbreed, who spoke English very indifferently. He had his wife and family with him. He told me that the post was open for a few weeks every spring and fall. In the spring the Beaver Indians brought in the furs they had trapped or shot during the winter and exchanged them for supplies, or paid their debts. In the fall the Indians obtained supplies for the winter on credit.

To the north was a bluff, commonly called the Buffalo's Head, and I had been longing to climb it, to obtain a view of the surrounding country. On the next morning I could no longer resist the desire to do so. I set out early and climbed to the top, and was amply rewarded for my exertions. From the rock I could see the Peace above

the canyon to the westward, and the course of the large stream as it wound in and out along the prairie, to the eastward like a long silver thread.

It was a little after noon when I returned to camp, and after dinner all of us set out to look up some timber with which to build a raft. On this raft we intended floating down as far as Fort St. John. We found what we wanted, and in the course of a few hours had a strong and well constructed raft.

Next morning we started down the Peace, on our raft. We went ashore at the Halfway River, to see if there were any trees growing there, out of which we might construct a canoe. We failed to find any, but we camped there that night. All around where we were camped were Saskatoon berries, and on the ground where the bushes had root, and on the soft land near the bank of the river, were innumerable footmarks of grizzly and black bears. I was sure the country must be alive with them. The spoor of moose was equally numerous.

Leaving our camping ground at break of day, we arrived in a short time at Fort St. John. This misnomered "fort" was not a stockaded post, but consisted simply of a storehouse, a meat house, and a few cabins, for attaches.

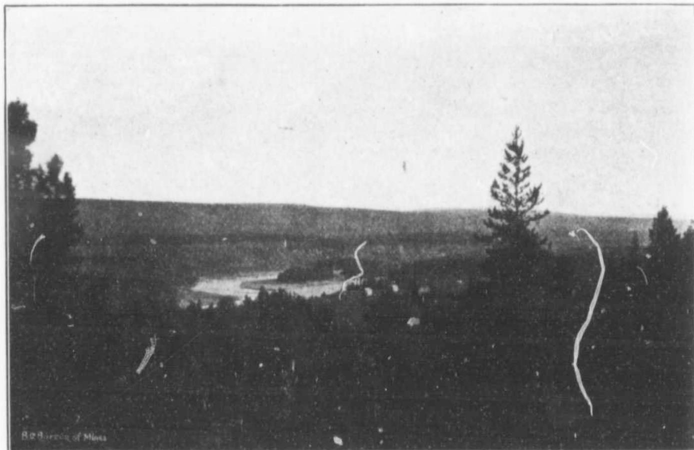
After a conversation with the agent of the company, Toy and I walked down to the Pine River. It was a level bench the whole way down, covered with grass, but having a few scrub pine. Trees for making canoes were plentiful. We selected two—one for Pete and one for myself. In three or four days we had our canoes ready, and Pete Toy, who had gold dust with him, did a lot of trading with the Hudson's Bay Company for dried moose meat, pemmican, grease and moose skins. These last were for trading with the Indians, who remove the hair, Indian-tan them, and then make them into moccasins. This canoe which Pete made was the canoe which he exchanged with Major Butler at the Black Canyon on the Omineca, thereby assisting him out of a great difficulty. Pete required his canoe to take his stuff back to the Rocky Mountain portage, and from there to his cabin on the Finlay.

At Fort St. John Nigger Dan left me, crossed the river, and entered a cabin, which I have already referred to in my story.

George Kennedy was the name of the Hudson's Bay Company's agent at the fort. He was a Scotchman, a very nice young fellow, and most kind and obliging to me. At the fort at this time were two white men. One was an old soldier by the name of Frank Hansen,

and the other had been a British man-of-war's man. His name was Jimmie Pritchard. They had made an agreement with the Hudson's Bay Company to plant their garden with vegetables and potatoes. They were also planting a patch for themselves as a speculation.

After wasting two weeks about the fort, I thought I would do a little prospecting up the river, so one morning, accompanied by Ross, I started out. Pete Toy, having completed his trading, kept me company as far as the Halfway River. His partner was with him. They were on their return journey to their cabin on Toy's Bar. At the



HUDSON'S HOPE, PEACE RIVER, FROM THE EAST.

mouth of this river we went into camp and had our last meal together until we should meet again in the fall of the year, under peculiar circumstances.

After dinner we bade one another good-by, and I watched him as he paddled away and finally disappeared from view behind a bend in the river. I was always downcast when parting with Toy.

After spending two weeks about the mouth, I finally started to ascend the river, on a prospecting tour, which I fixed to last ten days. We tried every bar on our way up, and found a little fine gold, but not in paying quantities. We at last concluded it was no use going further up, so leaving our canoe at the mouth of a tributary creek,

we ascended it. We ascended this for a distance of sixty miles, but finding nothing returned. We went into camp when close to the main stream (the Halfway) as darkness overtook us. As we had noticed many large timber wolves about our camp the previous night, we surrounded our sleeping place this night with large fires. There was any quantity of dry drift wood to make our fires with. We were also beset by myriads of mosquitoes, but we passed a fairly comfortable night under the circumstances.

Next morning when about to continue our tramp, a large flock of geese descended and lit in a pool of water near the creek. Telling Ross I was going to try and get a shot, I took my gun and attempted to stalk them. I got as close as twenty-five or thirty yards to them when they took alarm and rose. Taking a steady aim I fired into the thickest portion of the flock, and killed seven of them. These were the common grey goose and were all young birds. We packed them down to our canoe on the Halfway River. As we descended this stream towards the mouth, it was alive with waterfowl of all kinds, but principally geese. At the mouth of the river two large trumpeter swans arose, and flew upwards almost perpendicularly. I got one of them with my right barred, but missed the other with my left, or it may be the shot did not penetrate the thick coat of feathers it was dressed in.

Returning to the fort I gave Kennedy four of the geese. We had already eaten two, so that we only had one and the swan left to us.

Then I determined on going further down the river to Fort Dunvegan. I stayed three or four days longer at Fort St. John and then bade Kennedy goodbye. Before I entered my canoe he gave me directions as to how to address Mr. Bourassa, the chief trader at Dunvegan. I was to touch my hat after the style of the French, and say, "Bon jour, Monsieur Bourassa," etc. This would please the gentleman at once, and provide an easy access to his heart.

On my way to Dunvegan down the Peace, I prospected several places and at one or two spots made three or four dollars a day. At last I reached Nigger Dan's Bar, which he had often told me about, and also his log cabin. Dan had often told me that this place was a great place for bear. We prospected this bar and found we could make $4 a day. I said to Ross one afternoon: "I think I'll take a walk up that ridge and see if there is any prospect of striking a bear." This ridge formed a large amphitheatre enclosing acres of land, and all the outside of the ridge was dotted with saskatoon bushes, now covered with ripe berries. In the centre of the amphitheatre was a patch of bush, and a little creek flowing out of it.

I had not been on the ridge very long before I saw Mr. Bruin coming out of it. I was hid behind a little clump of bushes, and Bruin as he fed on the berries kept coming towards me. I thought I would take a shot directly, but before he got near enough I saw another bear coming out of the same thicket, and in the course of a minute still another came out. These last two set me thinking of a line of retreat, as I saw that they were grizzlies. I had only a double-barrelled shotgun, and I didn't feel as though I was called upon to try conclusions with two powerful members of the genus ursus horribilis.

DUNVEGAN ON THE PEACE RIVER.

I beat a rapid retreat, knowing that there was no person about to see me run. I got back safely to the cabin and told Ross what I had seen, and of my great magnanimity in allowing the poor creatures to live a little longer. Ross said to me quite naively: "Your head was level that time, Johnny, in taking the back track." He appeared to be quite proud of me. We stopped a couple of days longer, but I did not look for any more bears. I confined my attention to the examination of "bars." Then we pulled stakes and dropped down to Dunvegan.

The Peace from Hudson's Hope to Dunvegan is about a four mile current.

When I landed at the foot of the bank below the fort, I saw quite a crowd assembled to scrutinize me, but they were all women, with the exception of three men. I ascended the bank and approaching the man whom I took to be Mr. Bourassa, I addressed him as George Kennedy had advised me to do. Touching my hat I said, "Bon jour, Monsieur Bourassa. Comment vous portez vous?" "Tres bien, monsieur, tres bien, monsieur, parlez vous Francais?" I said "Non, non, monsieur."

"Ah," he said, "Anglais?"

We were fast friends after that. I asked him if I could stop there for a few days, and he replied, "Oui, oui, certainement." He gave me a room, which was part of the dairy, but Ross lived in a tent which he had brought with him. There were only two men, besides Bourassa, in the fort. One was a hunter in charge of the wives of the men who were off with the bateaux. The other was a halfbreed named George Derrick, who had charge of the dairy. He had also charge of the horses and cows, of which there were quite a large number. There were dogs—huskies innumerable. George Derrick's wife was a full-blooded Cree, and very handsome for an Indian woman. Derrick claimed to be a Scotch halfbreed. I got along very well with these two and had all the butter and milk and cream I could use. I gave them a cup of flour, sugar and tea occasionally, which were luxuries to them, as they received nothing of this sort from the company. Flour was a very scarce commodity. At Fort St. John the chief clerk was only allowed two sacks of flour a year.

A week or so after my arrival a large party of men came down from the Omineca on a raft. They were on their way to the Saskatchewan. A man, named Armstrong, was their captain. My friend, Mr. Ross, joined this party and left me there alone to get back the best way I could. I gave him all the gold dust we had made and let him go. A few days after their arrival the two men who had been planting the garden at Fort St. John also arrived.

Here, at this time, I first met Bishop Bompas. He had just arrived from the Great Slave Lake and was on his way to the coast, by Stuart Lake and the Forks of Quesnel.

These two men returned in a short time to Fort St. John after receiving some pounded moose meat from Bourassa for the purpose of making pemmican. Before they left, however, I had some conversation with the old soldier Hansen, in respect to a large amount of

potatoes which he was anxious to dispose of to the best advantage. I told him that if he could get them up to Mansen, or Germansen, he would surely get fifty cents a pound for them. It was now well on in the month of September, and if these potatoes were to be taken there they had to be moved without delay. He did not decide as to what he should do and left for his temporary home at Fort St. John.

Ross having deserted me in return for having picked him up marooned on an island at the junction of the Parsnip and Finlay Rivers, my mind was filled with plans as to what I should do. My welcome at the fort would shortly run out and I consequently had to make a move in some direction. I was not always in the fort, for at times I would take trips further down the Peace in my canoe towards

INDIAN WOMAN

the Peace River Landing, or go away on foot and explore in every direction around Dunvegan to ascertain the character and lay of the country.

One day when worrying more than usual as to how I was to get back to Germansen Creek alone and unassisted, a band of half a dozen Iroquois Indians arrived from the Athabasca, where there was a settlement of them. They had horses at the mouth of Smoking River, but had come from there in canoes. After doing their trading with the Hudson's Bay Company, they made preparations to leave. I thought it would be a good idea, if I could get out to Red River, where I would be able to get into communication with my friends in British Columbia. Of course, if I did go away with these Indians I would be able to obtain employment sinking wells for the settlers in the Athabasca, which, the chief told me, they were anxious to have done, but there was no one there who knew how to sink wells. That employment was just what, as a Cornishman, I was proficient at.

I heard, too, that Mr. Walter Moberly, with whom I was acquainted, when he was a member for Cariboo, was in the Athabasca surveying. If I could get to where he was I would find employment at once. So I made a proposition to the chief of the Iroquois that in return for a sack of flour and a little tea and sugar he should take me out with him. He agreed to this at once, and said: "I will give you my son," a husky fellow, "to act as your servant." The chief told me that I would do well to go out with him as there were a number of people at Lake St. Ann and Lake La Biche, and throughout that district who were anxious to have wells sunk. I felt elated, for I knew I could make good money at this work, and thus work my way out of the country.

I accordingly made preparations to leave, but all my hopes were suddenly blasted. Just as I was on the point of leaving the fort, the chief came to me and told me that Bourassa had positively forbidden him to take me with him, and he dared not disobey the Hudson's Bay Company. When I returned to my room Derrick told me that the reason Bourassa had forbidden the Indians taking me with them, was because he was sure that I was on the hunt for a station to open up as a "free trader" in opposition to the company.

However, I made up my mind to take a trip down the Peace, in my own canoe in the company of the Indians, as far as Smoking River, a distance of fifty miles or thereabouts.

I told Bourassa when leaving the fort, where I was going and that I would be back in two days. The wily old fox knew I was not going very far away, as he was well posted as to the amount of food I had taken with me. So I went down the river with the Indians and camped with them at the mouth of the Smoking River. This river enters the Peace from the southwest, and its source is about seventy or eighty miles north of where the Athabasca issues from the Rocky Mountains. It discharges into the Peace between high banks. Before setting out on my return to Dunvegan I took an extensive tramp in various directions, to observe the general character of the country. On my return back to Dunvegan the river was alive with geese and ducks, and when I landed in the evening I concealed myself near a marsh and had some flight shooting, which I had learned to be proficient in when a boy in Cornwall. I got a few ducks, some plover, and a couple of curlew. Round the marsh I saw signs of moose and the foot marks of a black bear, which had been in the swamp digging up skunk cabbage. I arrived at Dunvegan on the third day.

On my return to Dunvegan I made up my mind that be the distance and difficulties what they might, I would make an effort to return to Germansen Creek by the way I came. With a companion to assist me in going up the Peace, I would have thought lightly of the undertaking. Kalder, a Scotch half-breed, who afterwards accompanied Major Butler into the Omineca from Dunvegan, told me when I met him at Fort St. John that the distance between Dunvegan and Fort St. John was about 100 miles, and that he had made it in one night with a dog team.

So I made preparations to leave, and provided myself with some pemmican and other necessaries, although I felt confident that my gun would provide me with all the fresh meat I could eat. At this time the berries were ripe and the women of the fort, who as I said before, were the wives of those voyageurs who were out on the annual tour with the bateaux were about going up the Peace as far as Bear River, a distance of 20 miles, where they usually obtained a large supply of berries. All the women were mounted on horses, of which they had a large number at the post. A camp equipment of tents and cooking implements was packed on other horses.

Just before we started, a report was brought in by a woman who had been on the high land above the fort, that she had seen a grizzly bear chasing a calf, and she had hurried in to report the matter. She described the locality to the hunter, and he set out with two horses, one on which he was mounted, and the other for the woman's boy, who had been with his mother when she saw the grizzly chasing the calf.

We could see the hunter going up in the direction of where the grizzly was supposed to be. Then we saw him stop and get off his horse and put the boy in charge of it. The hunter then sneaked up to a hillock. It wasn't long before we saw two puffs of smoke from two shots, and in a second or two we heard the reports. Then the hunter ran and climbed on his horse and rode down quite a distance towards Dunvegan. Then he stopped and looked back, but there was no grizzly in sight. Then he rode back towards the hillock, and in a short time after he was seen dragging the grizzly with a long rope, with the assistance of his horse. He took the grizzly right into the fort. He was an immense animal, and I should judge an old one. When the hunter shot him he was eating the calf, which he had already killed. He killed him with two bullets in the head. After skinning the grizzly, he joined the women and children and proceeded with them up the river.

I struck their camp next day, as it was slow work poling up the river. That night I stayed in their camp and they kept teasing me to marry one of the young women and stay with them.

I left their camp at daybreak. I had been told before I left Dunvegan that I would probably meet Racine, an Indian chief of some importance, and his band somewhere up the Peace on a hunting expedition, so as I went slowly up the river I kept a sharp lookout for them.

Two days after leaving this berry camp, I went over to the south side of the river, and was about to camp for the night when I saw a number of Indians coming into a camp over some benches. By the time I had arrived opposite them they were all in. In a short time a canoe put out from their side with two men in it, and made across the river to where I was. I had my canoe drawn up, and was about to make a fire and camp for the night. I walked down to the bank and awaited their arrival. One of them advanced and saluted me in French. He told me he was Racine, and that he and some of his tribe were out on a hunting trip. I told him of the women of the fort who were encamped further down under the charge of the hunter of the company. He got into the stern of my canoe, and made signs to me to go across and sleep in his camp. I pointed to the sun and gave him to understand that I wished to continue travelling until sunset. But he insisted on my going with him.

When we arrived on the other side he took me by the hand and led me up to his camp. He had a large marquee tent, which was divided on the inside into compartments. One of these he assigned to me. He then sent two of his men to bring all my things up from my canoe. These they put in under the tent by the side of my sleeping place. I went out to look after my canoe, when I saw that they had carried it up and placed it by the side of the tent wall. All this time the chief's wife was cooking us a juicy moose steak. When I came in after seeing to my canoe, the chief led me in to dinner. As I was going in I gave his wife some tea and sugar to be served after dinner. I stopped there all night and was extremely well treated. About nine o'clock that night all the Indians were called into the marquee, and the old chief said prayers before he assembled the band. He was a Roman Catholic convert, and was a good example of their missionaries' influence for good. Everything about the marquee was extremely clean and tidy. My bed consisted of two heavy bearskins, over which I spread my blankets.

Next morning when I was ready to go, I gave the chief a piece

of tobacco, a cupful of sugar and a cupful of tea. I gave his wife a brand new bandana handkerchief, of which she was extremely proud.

After I had rolled my blankets up, the chief ordered two of his men to carry my canoe down and place it in the water, after which they packed all my supplies down and placed them in the canoe, including my box or kitchen. Then the chief loaded my canoe with dried moose meat and a ham of fresh moose meat. He wished to send his boy with me to help me up the river, but I declined his offer. When I had entered the canoe and was about to push off, the whole band was down at the shore and bade me good-by.

On the second day after quitting Racine's hospitable camp, I arrived at a spot which had a very sad history. It was the site of old Fort Pinet or the old Fort St. Johns, around which is gathered a story of tragic interest. Major Butler was in error in giving the reasons which he published as the cause of the massacre which here took place in 1823 or 1824. John McLean, in his "Notes of a Twenty-five Years' Service," writes of reaching on his journey—1833—the "tenantless fort" where some years previously a massacre of those in charge had taken place. The story goes that early in the century the catch of beaver had been declining in the Peace River country. "It had been decided by the board of directors of the Hudson's Bay Company to remove the Fort St. John to the Rocky Mountain Portage. The Sekkanees who did all their trading at this fort, took umbrage at the proposed removal, and looked upon it as an insult to their tribe."

"When in course of removal the chief trader in charge had despatched some of his men with some of the effects of the fort intended for the new fort, Mr. Hughes, the officer alluded to, was standing on the riverside. The party of men whom he had sent to the new fort on returning, altogether unconscious of the fate that awaited them, came paddling towards the landing place, singing a voyageur's song, and just as the canoe touched the shore, a volley of bullets was discharged at them, which silenced them forever. They were all killed on the spot."

This quotation is from McLean's work already alluded to. The traders organized a retaliatory expedition, but they were persuaded to abandon this. Those who were concerned in this massacre were afraid to come into the posts, and subsequently nearly all died of hunger.

As I walked over the site of the former fort I could see some relics of its former existence. The old fireplaces were still to be seen, and some of the timbers of former dwellings, but a heavy growth of willows and light underbrush mercifully covered a tale of Indian perfidy.

I camped at the site of the old fort for one night. I took a walk about in every direction to gain some information in respect to the country. I saw signs of moose all around the old fort; in fact, I saw moose every day from my canoe in going up the river, but they were of no use to me, as I had plenty of meat to carry me to Fort St. Johns, and when I felt like it, I usually shot a duck or young goose to give to my meals a little variety.

After leaving the site of this old fort I had to cross the river to avoid a riffle which existed a short distance above it, on the north side. I kept steadily on until dinner time, when I ran into what appeared to be a favorable spot to camp. On the beach where I was cooking my dinner I saw traces of float coal, and in the side of a cliff, a seam of coal with a shale roof. The seam was thicker than my outstretched arms could span. I subsequently met some young fellows in Nanaimo, who had been down the Peace with a survey party, and they told me that they had seen the same seam, but that it now belonged to a band of Indians. I arrived at Fort St. John next day. When I landed, the first man that accosted me was the old soldier Frank Hansen, who again spoke to me about taking a boatload of potatoes to Germanson Creek or Mansen. Now, doctor, this was the only time that I ever remember doing or rather acting the mean part towards my fellow man. He was enthusiastic in his determination to get those potatoes into the gold mining camps. He asked me if I would help him. I said I would, but I must confess that I felt pretty certain that the potatoes would be frozen long before they would reach there. But I never told him that he would reach the camps, nor did he ask my opinion as to whether it was possible for him to get them there. He simply stated that he would get them there if I would help him. He was carried away by the knowledge that if he could get them there in good condition, that he would have $1,000 in his pocket, which would have been of great assistance to him. The potatoes were of no use at Fort St. John. I told Hansen I was bound for Germansen Creek. Of course, this was my only chance of getting from the end of the Rocky Mountain Portage to Toy's cabin on the Findlay River. It was agreed that we should endeavor to take 2,000 pounds of potatoes. I told him before I should start out that I would like to take a cruise throughout the surrounding country to ascertain its nature and appearance.

Before leaving the post, I told Hansen that if I did not turn up for a few days not to feel uneasy. I took supplies to last me two or three days, and then set out to cruise the surrounding country.

On my first day out I saw two moose, whose horns were well

developed and a large flock of sandhill cranes upon a meadow. I shot one of these for my supper and it was excellent eating.

On my second day I came to a small lake, and just as I gained the edge of it, I noticed a large black bear lying near a fallen log with his front legs thrown over the log. This log extended over a slough. His position was much like what a man's would be, when extended with his chest on the log and his arms dangling over the log. As soon as he saw me he made off before I could get a shot at him.

I walked around to where Bruin had been resting on this log. It was at the mouth of a creek. I was much surprised to see a large pile of fish, consisting principally of trout and suckers. These he had caught and piled up for his own use. Some of the trout were so fresh that I took them to my camp and used them. When I arrived back at the fort I told George Kennedy what I had seen. His only remark was: "Oh, that's nothing. Our people often see the same as that."

Well, Frank Hansen and his partner and I dug up the potatoes.

"After loading up our canoes with all the potatoes they could stagger under, we engaged Kalder and Nigger Dan to help us as far as Hudsons' Hope, and over the portage. I told Hansen to provide himself with rope and tackle to track line the canoes past rifles, but the rope had to be exceedingly strong to meet the force of the current against the bows of the canoe or boat. The usual way to track line is for one man to walk along the shore, dragging the rope attached to the canoe, while another sits in the bow of the canoe, "with a long pole in his hand glancing to right and left, here and there, and ahead watching over the face of the snarling riffles, and when necessary to ply with might and main that pole, to push the canoe aside to where the river is in milder, kindlier mood.

Just before leaving Fort St. John, Kalder told me he had lately seen Toy at his cabin on the Findlay, and if I lost no time, I might be able to intercept him, before he left for his winter trapping grounds up the Parsnip River.

We reached Hudson's Hope without any difficulty, and there Hansen engaged horses from the Hudson's Bay Company to portage the potatoes across the Rocky Mountain Portage. On the western side of the portage we met a party of four miners from the Omineca. Three out of these four I knew. One was Arthur Harper, who had formerly been a partner of mine in the Cariboo claim. Another was Frank Wilkinson, whom I had met on Mansen Creek the previous winter, while the third was French Pete, well-known to all the miners of the Omineca. They were all on their way to the Luard or Liard River. I told them what I had found on the Halfway River, and I

afterwards heard that they went up that river and thence up the tributary I had been on, and from there they had found their way to Nelson River and thence to Fort Simpson, Mackenzie River, and from there to the Yukon.

I heard, too, that Harper, after mining a short time on the Yukon, went into the employ of the Alaska Commercial Company, who were trading there, and that he afterwards went into business for himself at Forty Mile.

Peace River Jacques, whom I also met at the western end of the portage, told me the same thing that Kalder had, which was that if I hurried I might be able to see Toy before he left for his winter trapping grounds. Hansen bought the boat which the miners had come down in, and in addition, let them have his canoe. I sold my canoe to the clerk of Fort St. John, and Nigger Dan and Kalder returned to the fort in it.

Having filled the boat up with the potatoes, Hansen and I rowed it up as far as Bighorn Creek, and camped just within the creek. As we made the landing we saw two bull moose with magnificent antlers, standing at the edge of the creek, one within two hundred yards of where we landed.

They seemed to get our wind almost simultaneously, for they both disappeared like flashes of light. After taking supper I took a walk down to where I had planted the turnip, carrot and radish seeds several months previously. The turnips had grown to an enormous size, the carrots from want of thinning out had forced one another out of the ground, but they were of great size. The radishes had gone to seed, but they were simply immense in size, and too coarse at that stage to eat. The potatoes were well developed and a few I dug up were of a very fine quality when boiled. The growth of these various roots showed that although the season was short, the growth was rapid, and the ground very rich in quality.

After breakfast we dropped down the Bighorn and turned the bow of the boat upstream. A little distance above the mouth of the creek we encountered a wicked riffle, which I have alluded to earlier in my story as the Rocher Deboule. After making an effort to stem the current Hansen landed while I stayed in the boat to guide it, as he endeavored to track line the boat through the worst of the riffle. But the rope he had provided was useless. It was nothing more than an ordinary clothes line, and under pressure of the current it snapped like a piece of pack thread. He told me that was the only kind of rope which the Hudson's Bay Company had for sale at Fort St. John. Find-

ing our efforts to make way up the river of no avail, we returned to Bighorn Creek, and drew the boat well up on the shore.

After a short consultation Hansen proposed that we should endeavor to make the Finlay River on foot and if Toy was at home to obtain his assistance in getting the boat up stream. It was now October, and if we were to see Toy we had to hurry, as he would be leaving for his trapping grounds very shortly.

Taking our packs on our backs and sufficient to last us, we started to walk up the bank of the Peace. Here again we met with trouble. A short distance above the Rocher Deboule the mountains approached the river and formed a steep escarpment with deep water as its base. This escarpment it was impossible to climb. After trying several places we were compelled to return to the Bighorn, and as the day was pretty well advanced we camped there again for another night. Next morning we chose a spot and began our climb of the Rockies. It was one of the most difficult climbs I ever made. In some places it was so steep that we had to haul my dog up with the clothesline. At last we reached the top and made our way through a "pass," though at a great height. We were now on a mountain to the north of the one that skirted the river, and we found little difficulty in getting down from the end of that "pass." We made this in one day, and reached a spot on the riverside a little below Wicked River. Here we were once more on the banks of the Peace where the travelling was easy, and where we again camped for the night.

Next day we turned into Wicked River, where Hansen nearly lost his life in attempting to cross the river at a most dangerous spot. He had my gun in his hand at the time, and it was lost, as he had to drop it to grasp a rock, which lay in midstream. Crossing this river higher up, I descended down to a place opposite to where Hansen was holding on for dear life. I threw him my pack rope, made of strong moose hide, and after he had tied this around his waist, I was able to pull him across, though further down stream. He had indeed a very narrow escape.

After drying our clothes, we continued our journey, crossing Quartz Creek, and finally reached the flat where Joe Oates, the former partner of Pete Toy, was buried. Then we walked up the Findlay in the hope that Toy might be at home, and might hear us and take us across the river. As we were walking through the bush close to the bank of the Findlay, my dog was constantly barking at grouse, of which the woods were full. I had just knocked a grouse off a tree, when my dog ran off in the direction of the Findlay, barking furiously. He had just disappeared in the chapparel when I heard a

voice say, "Oh, there's Johhnie Bryant's dog." Then I heard Toy call out, for I knew his voice in an instant, "O-o-o-h, Johnnie," to which I answered, "I'm here all right, Pete." Then he called out, "Come out here, and get into the canoe, we are just going home." You can hardly realize how glad I was to hear my friend's voice. We both made our way to the river and got into the canoe, and in a short time we were in Toy's cabin. I told him what Kalder and Peace River Jacques had told me about my chances of finding him at home. He explained that he had been making a canoe for the last three or four days at the end of the flat, and that he had just finished it, and was on his way home, when my dog barked.

On our arrival at the cabin, Pete said, "You had your usual luck, Johhnie; if you had come here tomorrow night you would not have found me here."

Frank Hansen ,who was brimming over with his desire to know whether Toy would assist him in getting the potatoes as far as Germansen or Mansen, in the Omineca, now asked him, but Toy promptly refused. He told Hansen that the potatoes would be frozen before he could get them there, besides, if he helped him, it would take so much time that the Parsnip would freeze before he had finished with the potatoes, and he would be unable to go up to his trapping grounds. It was now the 4th or 5th day of October.

We stayed there all night ,and next morning Hansen obtained a canoe from Pete, and left for the Bighorn to look after his potatoes.

While staying at Pete's cabin, I told Pete that at some future time I would try my luck in a prospecting trip up the Finlay. It had not been explored since the time John Finlay, an employe of the Hudson's Bay Company ascended it to Thutage Lake. Of that trip I will tell you later on.

After Hansen had left, Pete asked me if I required any supplies, and I replied that I would like to get a little sugar, tea and flour. He told me to go and help myself to anything I required, that he had just brought down from Germansen a full stock of supplies, more than enough to last him the winter. I took what I required, and at twelve o'clock bade good-bye to Pete, who was at that time in his canoe. As we stood with clasped hands, Toy looked at me and said that he would look forward to our meeting in the spring to renew old ties of friendship, and talk over old times. Then we parted, and as a bend in the river was about to hide us both from each other's sight, Toy turned around and we waved a last adieu that year.

Starting from Toy's cabin, I took my course so as to reach the Omineca some miles above where it empties its waters into the Fin-

lay, thereby cutting off many miles of my journey. Toy had told me that if my usual luck stayed with me, that I might fall in with Bill and George Rath, who were working in the Black Canyon, and if I did I would most probably get a seat in their canoe to Germansen. So I made all haste to overtake them, but I had to make circuits occasionally through the bush where the bank of the river was not passable. I travelled from daylight until dark in the hope that I might make their camp in one day. I arrived within two miles of the mouth of the canyon when darkness overtook me. I found a very nice place to make a bed and plenty of dry firewood for a fire. I knew the exact place where the Raths were working, but the circles I had to make in reaching it delayed me. On the following morning when I gained the river bank again, I saw a fire burning at the place where they ought to be camped. After scrambling down the bank, I found that the fire I saw, was the one they had used in preparing breakfast, that morning. I knew they would have some difficulty in making their way upstream through the canyon, and would have great difficulty in contending with a swift current as far as the mouth of the Mesalinka. I walked hard all that day and struck the spot where they had camped the night before. Following the river was hard and lengthy work, so I took a line on the back benches, where I took a straight shoot for my destination. I was now in a part of the country that I knew well, having hunted in it in both winter and summer weather. I crossed Rath Creek quite easily, and had no difficulties until I came to Wolverine Creek. The banks of this creek were high, the creek having cut a deep bed through the soil. Across this creek, or nearly across it, was lying a tree with old bark upon it. Old bark is dangerous to walk on ,as it is liable to break away, but after some prospecting I managed to ford across. I was now four miles from Germansen Creek.

After I had crossed this last creek I found that a fire had run through the bush, and I could see for a good distance all about me. I made up my mind to reach Germansen Creek that night, and I succeeded. The place I came out upon was a large flat known as Butcher's Flat. It was very dark, as you might know. In that northern country at that time of the year it gets dark very early in the evening. I could not see a man across the creek, but I could see the fire in the fireplace, as the door of his cabin was open. Presently I saw a man come out of the cabin to get a pail of water from the creek. I hailed him and asked him if he could tell me where I could get across. He answered and said he thought I could cross at Jim Walshs' place. When I came to Walsh's, the door of his cabin was open, and I saw

him cooking bread for his supper. I knew him well. I poked my nose in the door and said, "Hello, there, Jim." He almost jumped in the air hearing my voice, and said, "My goodness, is that you, Johnnie? Come in here; I'm just going to have supper." I promptly accepted his invitation, for you know, it doesn't do to give a man time to change his mind.

I had been many months absent from Germansen, and during that time my clothes had become worn and shabby, if not a little ragged. One thing I always cared for, and that was my underclothes, which I changed at the various posts of the Hudson's Bay Company. My hat was a sight and had three or four holes in it. I was somewhat ashamed to put in an appearance in Walsh's cabin, yet he was a good old friend of mine. His welcome was a genuine one. We had supper, during which I had to tell him about my wanderings through the Peace River country, and to explain to him how I managed to find my way to his cabin from the bush at that time of night. In respect to the last, I told him I knew the country pretty well through which I was travelling in the last stage of my return journey.

After supper he went to a box he had and took out a complete new suit of clothes, and I filled a tub, and taking a good bath and wash I put on these new clothes. Then he explained to me that the last boat going out up river for the coast would be leaving on the following day, so he proposed that we should take a walk "up town" and see some of the boys who were leaving and bid them good-bye.

When we got "up town," the first man I met was Frank Page, who was acting government agent. I met him in Mose Adler's saloon, and he told me that Jenkins and his partners in the Reliance claim had all left for Victoria by the last boat. He handed me the key of my cabin and a letter, which he said would explain everything. I met a large number of other miners who were all glad to see me, amongst whom were Dancing Bill, Black Jack and Bill Humphreys of Victoria, Stirling, and many who were waiting for Rufus Sylvestre, who was about due with the last mail of the season. Many were going out with him, heading for the Forks of Quesnel, and thence to Victoria by the Cariboo road. These good fellows nearly wrung my arm off, they were so glad to see me.

That night there was a crowd playing "freeze out" at one of the tables in Adler's, composed of Bill Humphreys, Stirling, Johnny McMaster, Andrew Grator, a Frenchman, and others, and they asked me to take a hand, which I did. I had only one dollar left in my pocket. I showed them my old hat, full of holes, and putting my lonely dollar in the pot I told them it was my last, and I would do my best to win

the pot to get a new hat with. "Oh, Johnnie!" said Stirling, "it doesn't matter whether you win the pot or not, you just go down to the store and pick out any hat you may have a fancy for, at any time."

Well, I fought hard to win and was one of the two last, but I ran up against a better hand than I held, and lost. I got up, for I was "broke," and they wanted me to stay in. saying that if I lost I could pay them the following summer, but I refused. Jim offered to lend me fifty dollars, but I refused and told Jim I was very tired and wished to go to my cabin. Jim Walsh insisted on my going back with him, and whenever I was ready, he was ready too.

As soon as we returned Walsh told me he intended working his claim until Sylvestre came in, and that if I wished to join him he would either work the claim on half shares, or pay me wages. I told him I would sooner work for wages. "All right," he said. "I'll pay you seven dollars a day." This was one dollar more than was being paid on the creek. This was Friday night, October 13. It was agreed that I should start on Monday morning, and Saturday I would fix up my cabin and get some firewood to keep it warm and cook with.

Jim asked me to go up on Sunday all along the ditch, and see that it was clear, and to turn on a good head of water to work with, but to so regulate it as to prevent flooding, or it getting too low. Of course, I was paid a day's work for that. I promised to attend to it.

I knew that at the head of the ditch there was quite a number of marten, and thinking it would be a good idea to trap some of them, I took up on Sunday five traps and set them.

On Monday morning I started working with Jim Walsh on his claim. As the weather was very cold we had to clean up every day, or the dirt would freeze. After working three days I saw by the cleanups that Jim was doing pretty well. Wednesday night Walsh asked me to go up to the head of the ditch and turn on more water. He said it would be better if I went up after breakfast and came down with the water. I went up, turned on more water, and then took a look at my traps. I had five beautiful marten. When I say beautiful I mean that their skins were of the very best kind, as to color and fur. I followed the water down the ditch, as I promised, and with a better head we kept on working every day.

Walsh and I worked on for thirty days, and by that time I had a few dollars to help me through the winter. I bought a quarter of beef, weighing a few pounds over two hundred, and I paid Poole for it before he left. All this time I was doing extremely well with my traps. A number of the storekeepers wished to purchase my marten, but I refused to sell them, as I could do better with them myself. In

my spare hours I was kept quite busy skinning those I caught and putting them in position to dry for the trade.

A short distance from the head of the ditch, Poole and Hamilton had a slaughter pen. The place where this pen was had been excavated, so as to have an upright bank on one side. The floor consisted of a number of rails let into this bank, and having a slight dip for drainage purposes. The outside end of these rails or posts was supported by a strong cross rail or post, supported in such a way as to leave a space between the cross rail and the ground. Of course, it was surrounded on all sides with a fence. A great deal of the blood found its way beneath the floor.

When coming from my traps one day I turned in towards this slaughter pen and saw an animal about three feet long, with arched back, and head and tail carried low, making good speed towards the pen. I knew the animal at once. I had been too long in the wilds of British Columbia to hesitate in determining the kind of animal this was. It was a wolverine, the greatest enemy of all trappers. It entered a hole beneath the pen, and getting a pole I pushed it in to see if he was still there. He immediately gripped th pole with his teeth and "scoffed" at me. I had been frequently told by the Indians that in defence of their young the female will battle to the death. If this one had any young they were not in sight. They are usually in the northern country born in the latter end of May or in June, and they stay with the mother until the following winter. I knew that the wolverines did not travel in couples, but were solitary in their habits.

Knowing that it was dangerous to tackle a wolverine with only a short pole as a weapon, I made up my mind to obtain a gun. A wolverine when cornered will make a desperate fight. Some people will probably ask why I did not let it go its way—For the simple reason that so long as the mischievous brute was in the vicinity of my traps, trapping would be in vain. I went down to my cabin and got a gun and then returned and shot it.

At this time the mining town of Germansen was deserted. At one time it promised to be a mining centre of some importance. The winter previous quite a number of miners had wintered there. But now every one had left for the outside or moved out to Mansen on Mansen Creek., and Page and I were now the only residents.

My trapping ground at this time was pretty well exhausted. I had caught eighteen marten and two wolverines, and I made up my mind to hunt out a new trapping ground. Taking sufficient provisions for a week, I started out in a northrly direction, and crossing the Omineca on the ice, pushed on until I came to the back of Mount

O'Reilly, where I examined the country for signs of fur-bearing animals. I saw signs of lynx, fox, marten and wolverine. There was a number of small lakes, around which were numerous signs of beaver. In my travels around this section I came across an immense spruce tree whose lower boughs were very long and drooped towards the ground. All the boughs above the lowest ones drooped in the same way above them, just like shingles on a roof.

The snow was very deep, and where the lowest branches were, had formed a high bank in which the ends of the branches were buried. Between this bank and the tree itself the ground was perfectly free from snow, and from bank to bank on opposite sides of the tree was a clear space of sixteen feet or more. Where the first branch sprung from, the tree was about eight feet from the ground. It was such a snug spot that I at once made up my mind to make it my camping place. There was room enough for my bed next to the tree and perfectly dry, and space enough for a fire also. I cut away some boughs above my proposed fireplace to allow for the escape of any smoke from the fire. I had never seen a place like it before and have never since.

Fortunately for me there was a growth of cotton wood of medium dimensions, close to this tree, broken off by a storm and lying on the ground. These cotton woods were as dry as a bone, and I could take each tree by the tips, and by rocking them to and fro break them off at the roots. These I took to my camp and cut into lengths for my fire. I was thus provided with firewood which gave off very little smoke and no sparks, and was therefore very safe for using beneath the spruce branches. I lived in this camp all winter, and I can say that during the fiercest of snowstorms I did not see the sign of a snowflake inside the bank of snow.

Having got in a good supply of wood I made preparations to set my traps. I always looked after my traps in the morning. When I got up I was as snug as a bug in a rug, and then proceeded to get my breakfast. When I started out in the mornings I skirted the foot of the mountains.

The first morning I set out I noticed the sign of rabbits, so I made up my mind to set some snares for rabbits, as close to my shelter as possible, to provide myself with fresh meat. I made a certain number of traps for marten every day, and then came home. I stopped at that camp six days, and then made preparations to return to Germansen, as I had promised Page I would be away a week, and if I failed to keep my promise he would become anxious about me.

In my wanderings about this section of the country, I had noticed many signs of beaver and air holes in the ice close to the lodges, so I

made up my mind that the next time I came down I would bring two beaver traps which I had in my cabin. So far I had caught nine marten, two of which had been on the second day.

On my return to Germansen I crossed the track of a wolverine, and I at once knew that before I got back to my camp the pestiferous beast would have back-tracked my trail, and have pulled down all my traps. The sight of that track told me that I would have to bring down some poison to destroy him.

Page was on the lookout for me when I returned. He told me he had been very lonesome during my absence, not having seen a soul during that time. I stayed in Germansen two days, and after getting a further supply of provisions to last me for another week, two steel beaver traps and some strychnine, returned to my trapping camp. Before leaving I told Page I would be away a week.

On making an inspection of my traps after my return to my trapping grounds, I found, as I expected, that the wolverine had been after them. He had knocked down fifteen, which were exactly half, and had taken a marten from each one, and buried it. When a wolverine sees a trap he approaches it at first from in front, and then makes a circle to the back of it, and pulling away any brush which the trapper has placed there, pulls the rest of the trap to pieces.

After resetting my traps, and setting out some poisoned bait for the wolverine, I went over to the lake and set two beaver traps. Next morning I set out on my usual round, but as the beaver traps were the nearest I went to them first. One of the traps had a fine beaver but the other had not been sprung. Then I visited my marten traps, and found six with marten in them. I saw no signs of the wolverine. I reset my traps and returned to my camp to skin my catch. It was two days before I went out again, and then I saw signs of my friend, as well as lynx tracks. I set a snare for the lynx, which was nothing more than a piece off my red flannel shirt, set inside a little house I made with a trap at the entrance. You know that a lynx is a bundle of curiosity. I have often laid down behind a toboggan and waved a red shirt or rag on the end of a stick, while I was hidden from sight. He will look at the rag first with his head on one side and then on the other, and then come right up to it. The little red rag inside of a small house, whose entrance is covered with a trap will excite his curiosity in the same way.

Although the wolverine had not interfered with my traps, I saw where he had sniffed the poisoned bait, and then passed on. I took this bait, which was a lump of grease, with strychnine in it, and buried it in the snow. Then I scattered some small pieces of dried salmon

all round the spot where the grease was buried, and buried some in the snow. The next day when I visited my line of traps I found that the wolverine had eaten the dried salmon, as well as the bait I had buried.

I set out at once on the trail of the wolverine. When this animal feels he is sick, he will at once take to thickets and the roughest kind of country. He had followed my trail, but after a time I lost his track, so I took a circle each side of my trail without striking his marks. Then I twice extended the size of the circle without seeing any signs of him. The place where I lost his trail in my snowshoe track was opposite a large tree, which had a hole beneath it similar to that which formed my camping place, but not so large. While looking under the branches of this tree I noticed the wolverine's tail. He was as dead as a door nail. In his last spasm he had left the trail and taken a spasmodic leap across from one side of the hole to the other, and entering the snow bank on the other side head first, had completely buried himself. I took him back to camp with me and skinned him. He weighed about sixty pounds. The wolverine is a difficult animal to skin, as the pelt sticks so closely to the tissues beneath.

I trapped from this camp all winter, changing my trapping ground every few weeks, and returning to Germansen every week for supplies. My winter's catch was seven beaver, two lynx, two wolverines, and thirty-six marten.

I returned to Germansen to prepare for the summer's mining in the month of April. About this time men were beginning to arrive on the creek from the outside. Two weeks after my return to town, Capt. Fitztubbs and Gold Commissioner W. H. Fitzgerald arrived from Fort St. James, on Stuart's Lake, where they had passed the winter. About two weeks after his arrival, Fitzgerald died very suddenly one morning, of heart failure. For days before he died he would warn us about burying him alive. He used to say to us: "Now, boys, if anything happens to me, do not do the same as they did with the Indian chief at Fort St. James, last winter, and bury me alive. Be sure I am dead before you put me in the ground."

We obeyed his instructions, and his body was kept in the Government office until signs of decay set in.

His reference to the burial alive of the Indian chief was this: A prominent Indian chief had died (so they supposed) at the fort, and was buried a short time afterwards. His klootchman when sitting the same night on the top of the grave, wailing, heard, so she said, knocking in the grave beneath her. She rushed back, and told the chief's relatives what she had heard, and next morning they exhumed the

coffin, and on opening it found that he had turned over in his box. The story made a great impression on Fitzgerald, and he was constantly in dread of it occurring in his case. Fortunately, poor fellow, he died suddenly, so his last moments were spared the mental dread of being buried alive.

As the late gold commissioner had been a member of the A. F. and A. M. word was sent down to Mansen Creek, where there were a number of that worthy order, and they came up in a body and took charge of his funeral, consigning his body to the grave with full Masonic honors. His grave and coffin were made by me. He was interred within fifty feet of my cabin. A neat head-board was placed over his grave, but I fear the elements have long since destroyed it. Fitzgerald came from Kingston, Ontario.

In the latter part of April, I started to prospect a fraction of a claim adjoining the Reliance claim. I worked alone on this for two weeks and succeeded in extracting from it two hundred dollars. In the first week in May my partners, General Harney, Isom, Johnny Harris and Frank Collingsworth arrived from Victoria, where they had wintered. We then set to work to clean out our ditch for hydraulicing. We also got out lumber for the bed rock flume, and blocks for the rifles. We were waiting for Jenkins to come in with the hose.

When he arrived in the first week in June everything was in position for work. He had been delayed in getting in by the depth of the snow on the Bald Mountains, through which it was impossible for the pack horses to make their way. Jenkins brought in with him one hundred and twenty feet of hose. It should have measured two hundred feet and we had to make some hose afterwards and add it to the original piece.

It wasn't long before we got the hose in place and commenced hydraulicing. We worked the whole of that summer until the closing down of the season, and did extremely well. Then all of our company with the exception of myself started for Victoria. Some person had to stay behind and see the hose dried out and put away for the winter in some secure place. This hydraulic claim was a mile from my cabin. Well, I dried the hose, and also took a look at the dam at the head of the ditch, to guard against any overflow of water, which might do a great deal of damage if not attended to.

While waiting for the hose to dry I put in a week's work sluicing the fraction of ground which I had been working on while waiting for the other members of the company to arrive. In that week's work of four hours a day I took out twenty-six ounces, equal to four hundred

and sixteen dollars. This fraction was a small bench, and the best pay I took out was from the brow as it dipped over to the creek.

I left Germansen on the last bateau going out for Hogem. With us were Charlie Clifford, Jim May, Sterling and Ezra Jones. They were taking supplies into Vitalle Creek, which was situated a few miles from Hogem. I continued on to Hazelton and had as travelling companion Charlie Jones, one of Sterling's clerks. With us were Jack Mackie, Aleck Orr, Jerry Griffiths and a man named Floyd, a "down east" Yankee. On arriving at Hazelton we found a large number of canoes, manned by Indians, who were waiting for us. I embarked in one of these and after a trip of a couple of days we reached Essington. Here I found Jenkins and the balance of the Reliance company, and about three hundred others all waiting for transportation. As Jenkins was my partner in the fraction of ground which I sluiced after he and the company had left, I divided with him the twenty-six ounces which I had taken out of that small claim.

It was three days before the old "Otter" made her appearance with a large crowd from Cassiar on it, who had embarked at Wrangle. Our crowd had to get aboard, and it did not matter to us how we roughed it so long as we got transportation to Victoria and had something to eat on the way down. Beef and meat were very scarce on board, and the steward was very careful in the way he doled them out to the passengers.

Amongst those who came from Cassiar that trip were John Grant, now in Dawson; Joe Irvine, Bill and Mike Larkin, Matt Kane and several others whom I cannot recall by name.

We arrived at Victoria after a very good passage down, and I spent the winter there. A short time before I took passage on my return to the Omineca I bought out my partners in the Reliance claim, still keeping up my partnership with Jenkins in other workings. I had determined on getting a good rifle before I returned, so one day I paid a visit to my old friend Henry Short, and bought a Winchester rifle of the .66 pattern and a quantity of ammunition. These cost me sixty-five dollars, a high figure judging from present day prices.

In February I took passage in the steamer "Grappler," which was burned some years afterwards in Seymour Narrows, accompanied by great loss of life. My destination was Fort Simpson, on my way to the Naas and thence to Hazelton and the Omineca. My companions were Crawley Stevens, Peter Connors and a friend of his, and Pat Smith, and his nephew.

From Hazelton we tramped over the Babine Mountain range to

Babine Lake, and thence over the Frying Pan Mountains to Lake Tatla. Before going any further, let me say a word or two in respect to the naming of this last mountain range. I have frequently seen, on the official provincial and other maps, this range marked as the "Fire Pan" mountains. This is a misnomer, for they were named by the miners who travelled over them the "Frying Pan" Mountains, and for this reason: Miners, when travelling, have, as a necessity, to carry a pack upon their backs. For convenience sake, and to obviate the necessity of undoing their packs every time they stopped to cook a meal, they suspend their frying pan by the handle upon the outside of their pack, together with whatever food they intend to consume.

All those who have crossed this mountain range know that the "Frying Pan" Mountains are covered with a short, heavy growth of timber, which compels the travelling miner to bend his head and neck well down to pass beneath the branches. In doing so, the frying pan handle is frequently caught and broken off. In no part of British Columbia has this accident occurred more frequently than when crossing this mountain range. Such frequent accidents to the most useful article of a miner's "furniture" made a great impression on the miner, and when referring to the range in course of conversation, in lieu of an official name, they always spoke of the mountains as the "Frying Pan" Mountains; and by that name, and that only, are those mountains known to the gold miners of this province.

From Hazelton to Babine the distance was sixty miles, and from Babine to Lake Tatla fifty miles. From Tatla we tramped to Hogem, and from there it was a straight shoot over the ice to Germansen.

The reason I wished to get in so early was because I knew where I could trap some beaver, whose pelts were now valuable and in the best pelage. One of the Indians whom I had hired to pack in from Hazelton had worked for me before, so I engaged him for the season about to open. After taking a couple of days' rest, he and I started up Curry Creek to the lakes, a distance of five or six miles, so we had no need to camp there, but only to expend sufficient time to set our traps.

This creek had never been mined, and the game were therefore undisturbed. The first night we went to these lakes we took a blanket apiece and lay down under the trees. Next morning, before returning to Germansen, we examined the traps and found two beaver in them, probably the finest in size and condition I have ever caught. On our way back to the cabin we ran across some moose tracks, which led to our going on the hunt next day.

After carefully examining the tracks I came to the conclusion that the moose had struck up towards a high bench, at the back of Germansen Creek, and as I knew it to be a grand feeding ground for those animals, I felt confident that he would be found there next morning, if not disturbed in the meantime.

On looking at my watch next morning I found that daybreak was close at hand, so I arose and ate a substantial breakfast. Then I put on a warm jacket, and tying my snowshoes securely on my feet, sallied forth in search of my Indian, who lived in a neighboring cabin. I found him ready and awaiting my arrival. There had been a very sharp frost during the night, which still continued. This caused a hard crust to form upon the snow, but it was not quite strong enough to bear us up without breaking. The result was that every step we took was accompanied by a sharp crackling, which could be heard for some distance.

The snow was three feet deep, which with the crust I felt sure would prevent the moose from travelling very fast, should he attempt to make his way through the forest. We had to be careful when running over the snow to guard against the toe of our snowshoe catching in the broken crust and throwing us. An accident of this kind may sometimes prove very serious.

Before going up on the bench we made a very careful examination of the snow in every direction to ascertain whether the moose had taken the back trail during the night, and returned to the east of Germansen Creek. But we found no marks to guide us, so we came to the conclusion that he must still be on the bench. I wasn't surprised, when, after gaining the bench to see the moose in full flight, heading towards the Omineca. We had been travelling with the wind, in fact, from our line of approach we had no choice, and I have no doubt he got our scent just as soon as we struck the bench, and the crackling of the crust as it broke beneath our snowshoes must have reached his delicate ears before we came in sight.

We were experts in the use of snowshoes, so that as soon as we saw him we broke into a run in pursuit. I noticed that although he floundered somewhat after breaking through the crust, his long legs were of great service to him in making his way through the deep snow. On gaining the river, which, of course, was frozen over, covered with deeper snow than existed in the forest, the moose turned down stream, and after running a short distance turned into a thicket on a large flat on the northern side of the river. After striking this trail we made for the river also. We were both in fine form and training for the chase and covered the trail in excellent time.

We followed his track on the river, but before we arrived at the thicket where the moose had disappeared he again emerged a little further down and crossed to the southern bank. Then I attempted to make a short cut so as to get within shooting distance of the quarry, but I was disappointed as the moose once more crossed to the northern side.

Although it has taken but a few minutes to tell you about the progress of this hunt, we had at that moment really been some hours on our feet and running nearly all of the time. Well, after crossing and re-crossing the river several times we at last succeeded in driving him in the direction of a perpendicular wall of sand. A gulley led through this high bank, but it was on a sharp incline and very slippery. The Indian managed to get to the top of this slope while I was following the moose and driving him up the hill. But every few yards in the ascent the moose would fall upon his knees, and, fearing my approach, he turned and eyed me for a few moments. Then shaking his head he charged down toward me. To steady my aim I leaned my back against a tree, for I was blowing a little from the hard run. I took aim at the middle of his chest and fired. He staggered forward a little when a shot from the Indian, who had run along the side of the gully to obtain a better position, brought the large beast to the ground. As it was now 4 o'clock, and we were some distance from home, I simply cut his throat, bled and gralloched him, and left the carcase lying there with the intention of returning next day with toboggans to take the meat to our cabins.

We were thoroughly fagged out with the long run, and were hungry as well. It was dark when we reached our cabins, where, after taking a good supper, I turned into bed.

Next morning we took two toboggans and went down to where we had left our "kill" of the previous day, and found that no animal had interfered with it in any way. We skinned him, and after cutting him up took back with us as much of the meat as we could carry on the toboggans. We cached the balance on a tree with the intention of coming for it on the following day. It was well we took precautions against it being disturbed, for on returning next morning we found the footprints of foxes, lynx, and even wolves. Although I had been in Germansen two or three seasons I had never seen wolves, but had heard them in the mountains when trapping to the north of the Omineca. I may say here that no animal is so difficult to kill as the wolf, whether by poison or the rifle, yet I have known wolves which were once plentiful in a district to disappear after one or two have been killed. Where they vanish to is a mystery.

That day we took in all the remaining meat and set to work to slice it up for the purpose of curing it. Next day I paid a visit to my traps on Curry Creek and found four very fine beaver in them. From that time until the mining season opened I did nothing but trap beaver, and did extremely well. All those we caught had extra fine pelts, which I sold at top prices in Victoria.

When mining started again I engaged three men, and hydrauliced my claim, the Reliance, which I was now the sole owner of, having bought out all of my partners. It paid handsomely.

When the mining season closed I had to stay behind to see the hose and working tools snugly put away for the winter. Just at this time I had a visit from Charles Rols, a "down east Yankee," who worked on Mansen Creek. He told me that he had struck a good prospect in a piece of ground close to his cabin, and as everything looked very favorable he would have worked a little later on, but he said all the men on Mansen Creek were gone or were going out, and he could get no one to help him. Then he told me he had come over to see if I would give him a hand. Well, doctor, as you know, all those who stayed very late in the Omineca, after the last boat had gone up the river, took grave chances of crossing Lake Tatla. In the summer an Indian is always there who performs the duties of a ferryman, but when the last boat has come out, and the mining season is closed, he leaves for his rancheria on Stuart Lake. At the point where you cross Lake Tatla it is about three miles wide, and occasionally there is a stiff breeze blowing on the lake, which sometimes continues for a week or so, making the crossing on a raft a very dangerous undertaking. Sometimes, too, there are some very bad snow storms on the Frying Pan Mountain Range, which make the crossing of that range a very risky one. I told Rols I would think the matter over, and if I made up my mind to help him, I would be over on the following Monday morning. On leaving he told me that if I made up my mind to join him, to bring nothing over with me, as he had plenty of blankets and supplies to last us both for some time, and if we ran out of supplies we could get some more from the store at Mansen.

Well, I thought the matter over, and apart from the question of money I could not refuse to give him a hand, so on Monday morning I walked over to Mansen Creek and started to work with him. We worked on his claim until November 21. We cleaned up our boxes every night. From the 20th October to the 20th November we made about $500 per man. We worked the ground so close up to his cabin that we could not have gone any further without taking away his

cabin as well. He reserved that piece of ground until the following spring.

We were now getting very anxious about the crossing of Lake Tatla and the Frying Pan Mountains, over which we had also to pack our supplies, as we could not get any after leaving Mansen until we reached the Hudson's Bay post on Babine Lake, on the western side of the Frying Pan range.

Rols came out to my cabin and stayed one night and then we started off on the trail for Lake Tatla. So far we had very little snow on the ground, and it was just cold enough to make it pleasant walking. When we arrived at Tatla Lake we found that old "T. G." as the ferry man was called, had left for Fort St. James, on Stuart Lake. There was a gale of wind blowing up the lake when we arrived on its shores. We, therefore, set to work to make a raft, knowing that the wind might go down at any moment. This did not take long to make, after which we simply waited for our opportunity to cross. It was three days before the wind proved favorable. We started to cross very early in the morning, and got over all right.

After crossing the lake we had a twelve mile tramp before we struck "12 Mile Creek," at the foot of the Frying Pan Mountains. We camped there that night, in the midst of another heavy snow storm. Next morning it was still snowing and continued while we were making the first bench, which was half way up the mountain. Then we had to cross a large flat to strike the second and last ascension. Here we found the snow very deep, and in places up to our waists, and very soft. We had no snowshoes, but rope enough to make a pair of what miners call "bears' paws." These are quite easily made. We made two pairs that night. All the rope that they required is what is sufficient to make the foot filling, say about twenty-five or thirty feet of raw hide. We had heavy snow storms and deep snow all the way to the Hudson's Bay post on Lake Babine. We found our snowshoes of great service, on account of the great depth of the snow. We laid over one day at the fur company's post. I was well acquainted with St. Pierre, the company's agent, who made us both very comfortable the night we stopped with him.

The next morning we started to climb the Babine Mountains. On other occasions when crossing these mountains I have always seen snowshoe tracks, but this time we found none, and had to break our own track, which as everyone knows who has used a snowshoe, is very laborious work. We went into camp a short distance from the summit, so as not to be caught there in the dark. That was always a rule of mine, but if I had followed the advice of others, I assure you I would

not be speaking to you today. I can recollect many instances to prove this. Next day we passed over the summit where the snow was three feet deep, and down to the base on the western side. At the foot of the mountain we took off our snowshoes as the snow was light, but kept them with us in case we should be compelled to use them again.

We had no difficulties to speak of until we reached a point eight miles from Hazelton. This settlement was so called by Tom Hankin on account of the large number of hazel bushes which grew around it. Before we struck this thick patch we held a consultation as to how we were going to get through it. The branches were from eight to ten feet high, and bent completely over the trail by the lodging of snow upon their tops. We could look through this trail like through a tunnel. We couldn't walk through it, so we had to get down on our hands and knees and creep through, dragging our packs behind us. We had to creep in this position for a distance of two miles. Every time our heads struck a branch above us, down would come snow enough to almost bury one.

After we passed through these bushes we lost no time in making Hazelton. I spent the winter there and employed my time profitably in building a house for Tom Hankin. I worked on the roof even in the coldest weather, as I was anxious to have it covered in before any snow flew. I finished it late one Saturday afternoon. It was then too dark to go to town, but after the moon rose I started off for Hazelton and called on Tom Hankin. Tom said: "What kept you so long? I have expected you for several days."

I said: "I've been working."

"You haven't been working?" he said.

"Yes, I have," I replied, "until very late this afternoon. The last day's work I did was to put on 800 shakes."

"I can't believe you have been working," he said; "why,—the weather has been so cold I did not go up to see you. Do you know how cold it has been?"

"No," I said.

"Well, it is now, and has been for nearly a week, 48 degrees below zero. Go out and look for yourself."

I went out and looked at the thermometer, and sure enough it was 48 degrees below. I stayed at the Forks until the end of the cold spell, when, after settling up with Hankin, I returned to the Omineca, and engaged in hydraulicking all of that summer, and started for Victoria in the fall of 1875. My companion coming out that year was a miner named Jim May. He was born in the northeast corner of Missouri. He crossed the plains in '49 and worked in the mountains of

California until '58. These mountains were far from the coast. Then when the Fraser River excitement was at its height he started overland for British Columbia and worked on various parts of the Fraser, on the Quesnel, Antler Creek, Williams Creek and finally came to the Omineca. When coming out with me in the fall of '75 we arrived together at Essington, and there he saw the old Boscowitz, the first steamer he had ever seen afloat in the first salt water he had ever seen.

We took passage on the Boscowitz for Victoria and called in at Departure Bay, where Jim saw for the first time a railroad engine and track. This engine had just brought a load of coal for the steamer from the Wellington mines. He is now living in Hazelton or Prince Rupert, and I do not think that up to this time he has taken a trip on a railroad train.

Jim May is one of the heroes of Cariboo, being one of the seven who in one party discovered Cariboo. The others were John Rose, John Houser, "Black" Macdonald, Fred Black, George Weaver and John McLean. They left Keithley Creek during the winter of 1860-61 and crossing the Bald Mountains, found their way down to Antler Creek, striking such rich pay as to cause a veritable stampede to those parts. Of these "old-timers," Jim May is living at Hazelton. I have known him intimately for many years, and have always found him one of the finest men I met with in old Cariboo. He was a partner in early days of John Rose and Johnston. Rose was reported to have died from starvation, but he, too, was too much of a frontiersman to die from any such cause. Peter Ogden on one occasion, when at the Forks of Quesnel, stated that he and his companion were murdered by Bear Lake Indians, and buried under their camp fire. He further said he knew the names of the Indians who murdered them, and could put his hand upon them at any time. Peter Ogden was an authority, for, as I have frequently stated in these reminiscences, he was chief factor of Fort St. James on Stuart Lake.

In recounting the incidents of my life on Germansen Creek during the years that I was on it, I have forgotten to tell of the untimely end of the great and good hearted Pete Toy. You will remember of my telling you of the accidental meeting between Pete Toy and Major (afterwards Major-General) Butler, C.B.F.R.G.S., at the foot of the Black Canyon on the Omineca River. Butler had made several ineffectual attempts to ascend the swift and dangerous waters of this canyon. In his last attempt he and all his companions almost lost their lives. As they were returning from this last attempt they caught sight of a camp in a nook close by the well known eddy at the foot of the canyon.

Landing they found among other things a pair of miner's boots which little Jacques immediately recognized as belonging to Pete Toy.

This well-known Cornish miner was at that very moment portaging some supplies from the top of the canyon to the lower end, he being afraid to run the canyon with a loaded canoe. Toy's canoe was at the upper end of the canyon, and Toy intended to make the dangerous descent with just sufficient freight to keep the canoe on an even keel and likewise give it steerage way. Toy shortly afterwards appeared, and Major Butler proposed to him that they should swap canoes, Butler and his party portaging the very few effects they had to the upper end of the canyon and placing them in Toy's canoe, and Toy portaging his supplies and effects from the upper to the lower end of the canyon and placing them in Butler's canoe. This proposition was at once accepted by Toy, who did not altogether relish the idea of running the canyon with a canoe, loaded or unloaded.

It would have been well if Toy had always observed this caution, as my story will presently show. In coming back from my trip down the Peace River as far as Dunvegan you will recollect that I parted with Toy when he was about to proceed to his trapping grounds in the Parsnip River region. In the following spring after returning to his cabin he had paid a visit to Germanesen in quest of supplies, of which he was much in need. He was returning with these supplies to his cabin when he met Major Butler at the lower end of the canyon at Nigger Dan's cache. I knew this cache extremely well. I had camped there when I had descended the Omineca with Nigger Dan on my way to the Peace, and I had camped there after parting with Pete Toy when walking back to Germansen.

Now to resume my story about Toy. It was the middle of summer before Pete made his second trip to Germansen to get a further stock of provisions. Being a former partner of mine, he always came to my cabin as a welcome guest whenever he came to Germansen. On this second trip he had likewise paid a visit to Mansen, where he met "Red Aleck," the packer, who was about to start for Quesnel, and his next trip to Mansen would be the last trip that season. Pete wished to obtain some goods from Quesnel for trading purposes with the Indians and he borrowed three hundred dollars from Jenkins and myself to give to "Red Aleck" to pay the storekeepers.

When Pete had completed his business at Germansen, and was about to start for his cabin on the Finlay, he asked me to walk down as far as his canoe with him, and as an inducement to do so offered me half a beaver. I walked down with him and after he had loaded his canoe with his numerous packages, I remarked to him, "You have got

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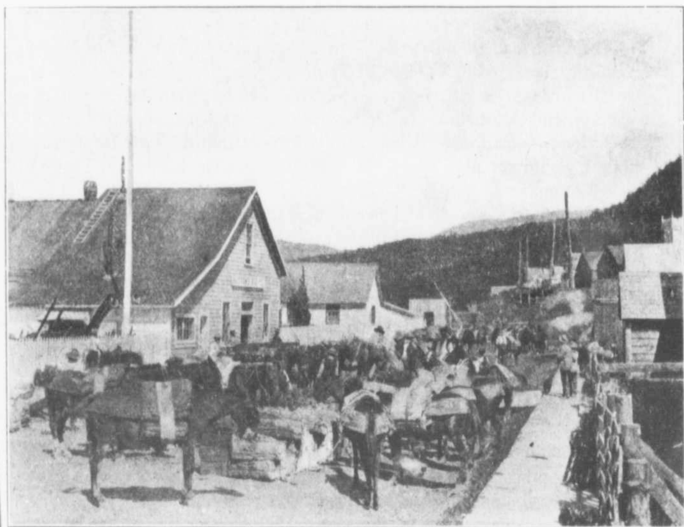


HAZELTON, BULKELEY VALLEY, PACK TRAIN LOADING.

CHIEF FACTOR'S HOUSE, HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY, FORT ST. JAMES.

too heavy a load there, Pete. You will have to lighten her up before you run the canyon." Then he replied: "Oh, yes, Johnnie, I know; we'll manage that all right." The "we" referred to himself and his partner, Bill Southcombe, a Devonian, who was with him. I watched them for a long time, for I had a presentiment that it would be the last time I would see poor Pete. It was the last. He was never seen or heard of again.

Twelve-foot Davis had been on a trading trip down the Peace River and when returning on his way to Quesnel thought he would take a run up the Finlay and see Toy. When he reached the cabin he found the furs of the last winter's trapping there, as well as a quantity of supplies, but no Pete. Next year some other person called in and reported things in the cabin in the same condition, and Pete still absent, so it was natural to conclude that he was lost when he made the run of the canyon with the heavy load which I have already referred to.

Now I wish to refer to another incident which happened at Germansen while I was mining there. I have already told you, I think, of my trapping near the mouth of Curry Creek. This creek was situated a short distance up the northern side of the Omineca. I had also two traps down the river on the southern bank.

One day while visiting my traps I noticed the footsteps of a man, who had been walking back and forth in a most erratic manner along the hard beaten trail which I had made between my cabin and the locality of my several traps. When I first noticed them, I thought they might be those of some Indian who had been robbing my traps, but I found these intact, and on my way back to the cabin I noticed that this wanderer had twice fallen head-first in the snow. This man, whoever he was, had no snowshoes on his feet, a rather strange circumstance.

As soon as I reached my cabin I started a fire, for which signal of my arrival home, Frank Page was evidently on the watch, for this fire had been going but a few minutes when Page called up to me to come down to him, that he particularly wished to see me at once. I knew that it was something of importance and I immediately went down. Page met me at the door of the Government office and then said: "Oh Johnnie—here's Frank Marshall in an awful condition—come on in."

As soon as I got in I saw Frank lying back in a chair, evidently extremely weak, and suffering terribly, for the poor fellow was "snow blind." Only those who have suffered from the same affliction can form any idea of what this poor fellow had suffered, and was then

suffering. He had had nothing to eat for four days, and in his weakness had cast off one thing after another until he arrived at Germansen with only a piece of a blanket. By careful nursing he gradually regained his strength, and was able to give us an account of what he had gone through.

He had started out from Hazelton with the intention of going to the Finlay River, and if my readers will take a map and cast their eyes over it, they will see what kind of journeys the gold seekers and

THE SKEENA RIVER, BELOW THE CANYON

pathfinders of this province frequently took in exploring its almost limitless domains.

He had started out from Hazelton about six weeks previously, employing some Indians to take him up the Skeena, along the usual trail to Bear's Lake. There he discharged his Indians and started out without any companion (a most foolish thing to do), to reach, if possible, the Finlay River. This, I have no hesitation in saying, was a most daring as well as terrible trip to attempt. He was at that time provided with snowshoes. After the Indians left him, Marshall

crossed Bear Lake, and then attempted to cross over the Bear Lake Mountains. In doing this, for he was successful in his attempt, he contracted that dread affliction, "snow-blindness."

He was forced to stay in the mountains for several days for he could not see, and was therefore unable to travel. During the whole of this time he was without any fire for he was unable to procure firewood to make one, being unable to see. After leaving the mountains he had to cross the headwaters of the Osalinka before reaching the Finlay. But on striking the Osalinka he abandoned the idea of going to the Finlay and followed the course of the first named river to where it emptied into the Omineca, and from there he struggled on until he struck Germansen Creek.

While travelling southward to the Omineca he had grown weaker every day. The first thing he had to discard was his toboggan, for he was too weak to pull it. Then one thing after another went, until he struggled into Germansen with a mere shred of a blanket and no food of any kind. It was our firm belief that if he had not arrived at Germansen on the night he did there would have been another bold Argonaut lost in these northern wilds, whose grave would have been amid the forests, and who would have been spoken of as one of those dauntless pathfinders who went out and never returned.

This was the same man who answered my hail when I struck Butchers' Flat on Germansen Creek on my return from my Peace River trip, and was to be my future companion on my trip in '77 to and up the Finlay River.

After staying a few months in Victoria I returned to Germansen, and continued my hydraulicking work on the Reliance claim. During this season I worked it out, so when the season closed I was free to engage in any new enterprise during the following year.

During the season of '76 I had several conversations and consultations with Marshall, with the result that we entered into an agreement to go into the Finlay River country the following spring. During this same summer of '76 Frank Page was going to Victoria by way of Fort St. James on Stuart Lake, and when he left he took with him authority from us to the officials of the Hudson's Bay Company at Fort St. James to send a quantity of supplies on our account to be delivered at the new Hudson's Bay post, Fort Graham, a few miles up the Finlay River, of which Tom Hamilton was in charge.

The supplies which we wished to be sent there were of the heavier kind, and consisted of the following, namely: 600 lbs. of flour, 1 barrel sugar, 2 sacks of rice, 2 sacks beans, 3 gunnies bacon, 30 pounds tea,

and 2 gallons of rum. We intended taking with us in the following spring on toboggans all the butter, lard, dried fruit, raisins, currants, tobacco and hops which we thought we might require for our trip.

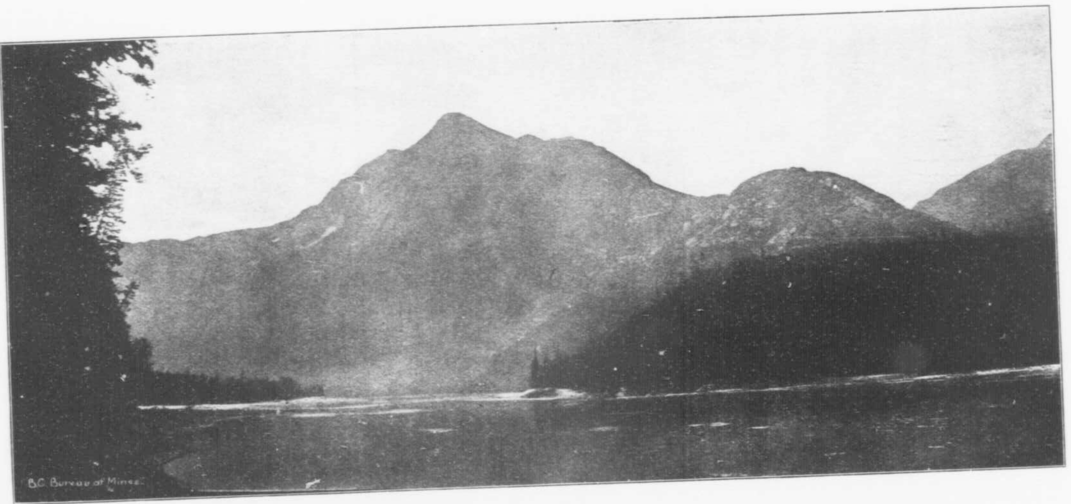
We had made up our minds to go into the country and stay there two years. We were to thoroughly prospect it the first year for placer diggings or a new gold field, and if we weren't very successful we might possibly turn our hands to working those bars which might give us an average daily pay per man.

Marshall and I wintered at The Forks, or Hazelton, the winter of '76-'77. In the latter part of February we started out from Hazelton, accompanied by three Indians. There were five of us in the party, and we had 100 pounds each on separate toboggans. Our intention was to reach Germansen Creek, and there get mining tools as well as a full fit-out of carpenters' tools, such as hammers, saws, nails, and whatever tools a working miner might require in the course of his work.

We arrived at Germansen Creek, and stayed in my cabin, while we were making our purchases in Mansen for whatever supplies we required. The mining and carpenters' tools which we needed were in my cabin, as I had already purchased them for the work in which I had embarked in previous years. After we had taken a good rest of three or four days we packed everything we needed in the shape of supplies on toboggans, and started down the Omineca on our road to the Finlay.

Now I, of course knew the Omineca in summer pretty thoroughly, but only fifteen miles of it as it is in the winter time, and those fifteen miles were below Germansen Creek. I had never seen the Victoria canyon, which is the first below Germansen, in the winter time, and distant about thirty-five miles. There was that awful and dangerous canyon, the Black canyon, which, with the Victoria, might be very dangerous obstacles to any one going down the river on the ice. We therefore approached the entrance of the first canyon most cautiously, and after entering and sounding the ice, I pronounced it safe to travel over.

We passed the Osalinka and the Mesalinka, and finally reached the entrance of the Black Canyon. Here I called a halt, while armed with a pole I entered the gorge alone, with the usual testing pole in my hand. Well, I passed through from one end to the other and the raging, tossing waves of this much dreaded canyon were effectively concealed by winter's icy hand. It was frozen solidly over, and even the thunderous sound which their struggling contests with the confining rocky walls gave rise to were effectually smothered by the



MR. SELWYN ON PEACE RIVER, B. C.
LOOKING SOUTH-EAST

overlying ice and snow. I walked still further down and satisfied myself that our route was safe, and that no open water or air holes existed to endanger the progress of our party.

Before I made this exploration my companions had gone into camp for the night. I might say that the first part of this canyon is a straight shoot, and the water meets with its first obstruction in a perpendicular wall, which the raging waves in anger attempt to scale. Then the canyon takes a sharp turn to the south, and after a course of a few hundred yards, bends sharply to the eastward to join the Finlay some miles below.

At the lower end of this second stretch, I could see the huge rock so dangerous to those who have the temerity to run the canyon in canoes. It was on this rock that Major Butler ran his canoe and nearly lost his life, an accident which might have had a very important influence upon the Boer War.

My trail down the canyon and back again on snowshoes had hardened during the night, and allowed of our packing our supplies without any further sinking in the snow, and without the aid of snowshoes. Once through the canyon we knew we were through the most dangerous part of the river.

At last we reached the Finlay River, and at its junction, one of the most delightful, as well as beautiful views in the world, can be obtained. Before us stretched for miles thousands of acres of level soil, covered principally with cottonwood trees, and backed up in the distance with ranges of undulating hills.

The most promising and picturesque object, however, is a cone-shaped sentinel, commonly known among the miners as Mount Walkem, called after the former undefeated member of Cariboo. It can be seen to greatest advantage at the time of the year when it was our privilege to see it. In shape it is a most perfect resemblance of one of those sugar cones which we were wont to see in our younger days, exhibited in the windows of the family grocer. Under the rays of the brilliant sun, its sides scintillated like diamonds. The man or party who will successfully plant the Union Jack upon the top of that mountainous cone will be deserving of a most valuable premium.

After striking the Finlay we devoted some time to taking observations of the surrounding country. At last we struck out on our journey up the river. We had taken but a few steps when my little cocker spaniel, who was trotting gaily at my heels, left me suddenly and ran towards an object on the shore. Upon a bare spot, due to the sun's heat, a massive porcupine was preparing to climb a tree. With

a little fretting grunt, this inoffensive creature at once erected his quills in a bristling manner, and gave my cocker notice that he had better mind his own business, and leave others to do the same.

Proceeding up the Finlay in Indian file, each one taking his turn in the lead, although the crust did not at any time give way, we soon passed a river which I had been told was the Tescoming, and which came in from the eastward. But in new regions where little travel takes place, names of rivers may be erroneous.

Just after passing this river we saw two moose, walking leisurely across the Finlay. When about half-way across they stopped and looked towards us with their ears projecting, intent upon catching any sounds from the movements of our raquettes. The wind at that time was blowing down stream, so sound and scent were carried from them to us, making it difficult for them to catch anything which might tell them what strange creatures were before them. Suddenly they threw up their heads at one and the same time, and trotted at a good pace for the opposite shore. We made no attempt to interfere with these magnificent wild creatures, as we were not in want of meat, and I was always opposed to killing wild animals unnecessarily. In fact, I can remember one occasion, when in company with some Indians, I brought upon myself their enmity by refusing to shoot a caribou when we were loaded down with meat and other supplies.

We found the ice and snow in prime condition on the river for travelling. The Finlay is a river of large volume, and is navigable for steamers for a great distance. The canyon above Fort Graham will probably at some future time be tested, but I fancy that no difficulty will be experienced in passing through its narrow channel. It (the river) has few bends in its long course, and during its flow of a thousand years or more, has cut out a deep channel in the centre of a level and wide valley. One can stand upon an elevated spot on any part of this river and see its waters for miles above or below. The sides of the river consist of wild and extensive benches, and are bounded in the distance by a long and continuous range of mountains. At and about the mouth of the Finlay and east of this, the mountains are covered with small timber, but as one ascends the Finlay in a northerly direction, the mountains which border these steppes or flats or benches, as they are generally called, are covered with grass and are ideal places for pasturing sheep. These hills are at the present time the homes of numerous mountain sheep. The great question which has to be solved is whether the winter climate of the Finlay will permit settlers taking up large ranges and going in for a species

of mixed farming. Wolves at the present time are quite numerous and would require some attention with a view to their extermination.

On the second day's journey we had our attention first drawn to the presence of wolves. We saw many crossing the river, but they were some distance away. Their tracks were numerous, and during our second night's camp they surrounded us and made night hideous with their howling. My little dog, which was a cocker spaniel, when a wolf would howl close to the camp, would shiver with fear, and push himself under my blanket, pressing his body against mine for protection. As we went further up the river, the benches on each side would show the presence of burned timber, a fire having at some time passed over the country. There was more green timber on the east than on the west side. What standing timber we saw consisted principally of spruce and cottonwood. When we started on the third morning we saw wolf tracks and those of a moose, but whether they were in chase or following slowly, I could not say.

On the fourth day we struck open water in the river, and we had to take to the benches for three or four miles. This was much more tedious travelling on account of the large amount of fallen timber and numerous logs over which we had to drag our toboggans until we struck the river again. On the benches we found numerous small flocks of willow grouse, some of which we killed. Just as we took to the ice-covered river again we saw two big timber wolves crossing the ice ahead of us. They were too far off to fire at with any certainty of killing them.

When we went into camp that night on a high bench, and we were hunting around for dry wood, we saw quite a number of moose tracks. I was up at daylight, after an almost continuous serenade from the wolves all night. I had moccasins on as usual, and sallied forth in search of fresh meat, of which we were then in much need. My trip over the bench was as noiseless as possible, but although I saw innumerable tracks of moose, I could not see the animals. When I came back to the camp Marshall told me that almost immediately after I went into the woods two moose came out only one hundred yards from the camp and crossed the river. I had evidently disturbed them.

We travelled hard all the fourth day, and on the fifth the sun was very warm and made the snow very moist and wet, and travelling was therefore very difficult. We had to go into camp at noon, and stayed there three or four hours. We started again in the afternoon, and travelled until it was very late. We were in hope of reaching

Fort Graham that night, but we failed in the attempt. Next morning we started by moonlight, and an hour before daybreak, and I told the boys that we must make Fort Graham that day.

We arrived at Fort Graham at half past nine the same morning. This so-called fort was nothing more than a small cabin. When we reached there Tom Hamilton wasn't at home. This Hamilton was a neyhew of Dr. Wray or Reay, who was a companion of Admiral Palliser on his journey across the continent. Hamilton had been adopted and educated by Dr. Reay, and had been at one time an officer in the Royal Navy. He was a brother of Gavin Hamilton, who was in

FORT GRAHAM

charge of Fort St. James, on Stuart Lake. Poor Tom subsequently shot himself somewhere near Kamloops. I asked the two halfbreeds who were at the fort where Tom was, and they told me he was out hunting for some rabbits. He was looking for something for his breakfast. He came home shortly after we arrived. He had come across our tracks further down the river and had followed us up.

I knew Tom well, he having had a claim on Germansen Creek on the first year of its existence as a mining camp. After the usual interchanges of courtesies, he handed his gun to the English halfbreed, Joe Flett, and had told him to go and get something for his breakfast. He replied: "What's the use of my going when you have failed?" Taking me into the "fort," he showed me our supplies all neatly stowed away. We went over them with the invoice and found everything there.

After checking off the order with Tom Hamilton, and finding everything correct, I was about to leave the building when Tom took up a small tin dish, and showed me some flour which he said was the scrapings of the flour sacks. This flour was moistened with a little water which had been used in dissolving some of the lumps which

clung to the seams of the sacks. I asked him what he was going to do with these scrapings, and he said he had been trying to get sufficient flour to make a flap jack for his wife who was ill in bed.

These scrapings and a pound of butter were the only eatables at the post. He had been out that morning in the hope of shooting a rabbit, but had been unsuccessful. I told him I was surprised that he should have been reduced to scraping a sack, when my supplies were lying there at his disposal.

"Well," said Tom, "the orders I received from Gavin Hamilton, who besides being my brother is also my superior officer, were, that we were not to touch any of the supplies except we were compelled to do so by imminent starvation." I will say this for Tom:—He carried out his orders to the letter.

"I think you were very foolish to go without when you knew me so well," I said.

"That's very nice and kind of you to make that remark, but we Hudson's Bay officials have to obey orders or take the consequences," replied Tom.

I took down a sack of flour, and gave it to him, together with some tea, sugar and beans. Then I cut a large piece off the bacon in the gunnies, and handed that to him with the observation that he was welcome to them all. He thanked me very kindly, and I opened my keg of rum, and handed round a "snifter" to each and every one, including our coast Indians.

The Finlay River was now showing signs of breaking up, and as I wished to prospect the Ingenika River district, which was some distance up the Finlay, I thought it would be wise to move our supplies while the ice was solid and our coast Indians were with us. Ice transportation was, of course, the easiest, and with our three Indians, the two halfbreeds from Fort Graham, my partner and myself, we would be able to move a large portion of our supplies while the ice lasted. I told our Indians what I wished them to do, and said that if they stayed with us and helped us move our supplies, I would supply them with moose meat for their outward trip. They consented. The two half-starved halfbreeds were only too glad to work for a cup of flour, a little tea, and sugar.

We started out next morning with all we could carry on our toboggans, about 700 pounds divided among seven of us. We travelled all that day, and went into camp that night. Next morning we started out once more, and reached the Ingenika the following afternoon. We made our camp on a point, where this large tributary joins the Finlay. It was well located on a high dry bench, secure from any sud-

den rise of either stream, and with plenty of firewood close at hand. The band of Indians I have already referred to were camped on the opposite bank of the Finlay, and as soon as they saw the smoke of our camp fires, they came over to us in a body. The men of this band were loaded down with fresh and dried moose meat. I took all the meat they had, for I intended, when going back for the rest of my supplies, taking some of the meat down to Tom Hamilton. I gave them in return, some flour, tea, a little sugar, and some tobacco. These Indians are very fond of tea, and will sit up all night and drink it.

We stayed there that night, making ourselves as comfortable as possible for there was a very cold wind blowing, from which our "fly" did not altogether protect us. But we kept a good fire going for we were well provided with wood.

We returned to Fort Graham next day, some of the Indians going down with us, among whom was the chief, We-wanni-hitch. We took down with us as much meat as we could carry on our toboggans. No, I left no one in charge of our supplies. It wasn't necessary, as these Seccannies were absolutely trustworthy and honest, as indeed were all of the Indians I have come in contact with. I might say while I am on the subject of their honesty, that storekeepers at Mansen have frequently sent money to Hazelton by parties going down, mostly Indians, and the only time they lost any money was when they entrust-it to a white man, who kept it and left the country.

When I arrived at the fort, I paid off our three Indians from Hazelton, and gave them a good supply of meat to take with them. The next day after our return to the Ingenika we put our camp in order, and then took a good survey of the surrounding country. From where our camp was situated an old Indian trail led over to Bear's Lake, and paralleled the Ingenika for some distance. It was well defined and could be easily followed.

We had stopped for a moment when up this river, and were discussing whether it would be better to move up that stream on the ice, or by the trail, when a moose came out of the timber upon the opposite bank. It was a magnificent animal, and the largest I have even seen in British Columbia. He presented an easy mark, and stood there some time regarding us with great curiosity. I could have shot him quite easily, but as I have frequently told you, I was never in favor of killing these beautiful creatures of the "wilds," unless I was compelled to do so from scarcity of meat. I simply stood there and admired the noble beast as he kept raising his nostrils and sniffing the air in an attempt to ascertain what kind of creatures we were.

Suddenly tossing up his huge head he turned and disappeared again in the timber.

Next day we loaded up our toboggans and started up the Ingenika River on the ice to select a favorable site for a central camp. We located at the mouth of a large creek, which emptied into the Ingenika about ten miles from its mouth. Right at the entrance of this creek we found a small prospect of fine gold, which made us believe we were in a good territory. It was a good day's trip to take loaded toboggans to this spot and then return to the original camp for the night.

It took us five days steady work to complete the transfer of our supplies. Our last trip was made on April 27, 1877. We then set to work to fix up a cache to make our supplies safer than they would be on the ground. There was no heavy timber in that section of the country, and we could see from our camp a great distance over the surrounding country. Then we started prospecting up and down this creek and spent several days at it. The formation appeared favorable, but we failed to find anything of value. We ascended this creek to its source which was a lake two miles in length, and half that in width. We ran several open cuts into the benches of this creek but found no gold.

Then we decided to go higher up the Ingenika to a country which from our camp appeared more favorable. The Indian trail led in that direction, but it was on the opposite side of the river, which was now open. We made a raft, and taking a blanket apiece and a few days' provisions we crossed the river. On our way up stream we struck a very large creek, which came from a range of mountains on the north side, and which appeared to us to be rough and rugged. We walked up this creek as far as we could go, being prevented from going further by the closing in of the perpendicular walls of the mountains on each side.

We forded this creek and walked up on the left side until we came to a cave in the mountains. Here we ran into a large band of mountain sheep, and not having tasted mutton for some months, I took a shot at a lamb which was scampering up a rocky trail and knocked it over. Then throwing it over my shoulder I carried it down the trail and laid it on the rocks while I proceeded to examine our surroundings and prospect the creek. I got one color which a miner would call of the coarse gold order. We turned down the creek until we reached the trail, which should have led us to the place we had started out to look at. But we didn't go far before we lost all traces of a trail.

I see this trail marked on official maps, and they may be well de-

fined at the present day, but I would not depend on information derived from Indians, as they always follow a course and would find their way almost by instinct. The Indians must have taken some other route for Bear Lake. However, we kept on in the direction of the country we had noted in the morning. When we arrived there we could see where a large creek came in from the western side. There we had to cross the Ingenika to the south side, which we did.

We ascended this creek, but could find no bedrock, and the only chance we had was to prospect the gravel on the sides of the creek. We got two or three fine colors of gold. About a couple of miles from where this creek empties into the Ingenika there was a fall about six feet in height. I have seen an account in the papers somewhere of some people from Hazelton having sunk a shaft (from what I took from the description to be the same section of country) one hundred feet deep. But I never heard or ascertained what the result of this sinking was. Neither have I heard of any authentic reports as to the gold or mineral value of this country.

When we returned once more to the Ingenika, I prospected a bar which had been formed just below a canyon, and got a fair prospect. This place I thought would be a good spot to fall back upon, if we failed everywhere else. We had to hurry back and cross the creek we had forded, before the water rose, for if we were too late to do so we would have been in a bad fix, as there was no timber on this creek with which to build a raft if it was required.

When we got back to our camp we found that the Indians had been there while we had been absent, and had left us a lot of fresh meat, which they had carefully hung up in our camp. They had also left some dried meat. To their credit, they had not disturbed anything, although they knew of all the stores we had there.

The river was now clear of ice, and a canoe was a necessity. When we first went up to the Ingenika from Fort Graham, I thought I would have no difficulty in finding a tree out of which to make a canoe, but in looking round I couldn't find one, and I had to return on foot to Fort Graham. At the post I had no difficulty in finding several trees that suited me, and I set to work at once to make a canoe. This took me four days. Hamilton wasn't there when I arrived, having gone on a week's hunting trip.

Having finished my canoe, I engaged the two halfbreeds to accompany me back to my camp on the Ingenika. It took us two days to reach there. We were now satisfied as to the value of the section of country we were now in from a gold miner's standpoint. There was nothing there we could easily get at. It was not a poor man's

country by any means. We made up our minds to leave the Ingenika, and go up the Finlay. We knew there was another band of this same tribe of Indians further up the main river, called Mas-kin-a-claw's band.

We put all of our stuff in the canoe. One of the halfbreeds who had accompanied me from Fort Graham went down in the canoe with me as far as the Finlay, while my partner and the other halfbreed walked down, after which they "tracked" us up the Finlay with a rope, they walking up the side, until we arrived at Bird's House, ten miles above the Ingenika. This house derived its name from one Jimmy Bird, who at one time had been in charge of Fort Connolly, now abandoned, on Bear Lake.

At Bird's cabin we made up our minds to lighten our canoe, and we cached a lot of our supplies in this cabin. Another reason we had for lightening our canoe was because there was a canyon higher up the river, which it was necessary for us to pass. It was a very difficult canyon to negotiate. The two halfbreed boys left us at Bird's house, and my partner and I pushed on alone. When we arrived below the canyon my partner and I examined it thoroughly, and after deliberating for a short time he proposed that we make an attempt to work our way up against the boiling flood which rushed through its narrow channel. He seemed to think it was an easy matter. I flatly refused to attempt it, but I proposed that we make a portage, and incur no risks. He finally agreed to my plan. After portaging, we returned everything to the water again and continued our course up river. On our way we stopped at all the likely looking bars and prospected them and found nothing.

The Finlay was rising very fast now. On our second day's travel above the canyon I saw a big moose on a bar some distance above us. Getting out of the canoe I went up the bench, keeping back from the river bank. When I arrived at a point which I judged would be about opposite the bar where the moose was standing, I crawled quietly towards the bank of the river, and taking a cautious look through some brush which lined the edge, I could see the moose standing apparently in the same place looking up stream. He was well within range, and taking a careful and deliberate aim for a point back of his shoulder, I fired. The ball took effect, for the moose made one jump, and then fell dead on the bar.

Running down to where the canoe was resting with its nose upon the shore I jumped in, and with my partner paddled up to where the moose was lying. We dragged him to the shore. Of course we made camp at once. I skinned the moose and then cut him up. He was in fine order, and about two years old. We cut off all the meat

and dried it as well as we could. The carcase we left as a free gift to the wolves, who pretty well cleaned the bones by the time we resumed our journey. This occasioned a delay of two days, and when we left on the third the meat was almost dry. With the drying it lost some of its weight and every time we camped we hung it up to dry more thoroughly.

We continued ascending the river, the flats or benches being a remarkable feature on each side. Like further down the Finlay these benches were backed by mountains which differed from those at the back of Fort Graham inasmuch as they were devoid of timber, but in its place a growth of grass covered them from top to bottom. The whole country hereabouts was an ideal grazing country for sheep or cattle in the summer months.

Of the winter unfortunately I cannot speak, as circumstances which I will speak of later on, prevented my passing a winter there. But when railway communication is established through the Peace River Pass these lands may become very valuable.

On the completion of the tenth day, we figured we had ascended the river for 120 miles above the canyon, or about 175 miles from the mouth of the Finlay. Just after going into camp that night, we received a visit from two of Mas-kin-a-claw's band. They wished us to break up our camp and go two miles further up the river to the camp of their tribe. I refused. Next morning, however, I agreed to call on the chief, and these two Indians embarked in our canoe, and helped us to paddle up the river. The camp was on the opposite side.

We were greeted with every appearance of friendliness by the chief and the members of his band. They had been hunting further up, close to the head waters of the Liard, and were now on their way down to Fort Graham with a large amount of furs. The next day was May 24, and as we were both good and loyal subjects of Her Majesty, we decided to observe the day by taking a rest. As the band was going down to Fort Graham, I took the opportunity of writing to Tom Hamilton, and informing him as to my whereabouts.

The men of this band travelled down the valley on foot, their wives and children going down the river in small bark canoes. The men would hunt as they went down, while the women would go ashore at certain appointed places, and await their coming into camp. Their camp when I met them was at the mouth of a large tributary of the Finlay, called the Azoola. That day I did considerable trading with them. I got one beatiful marten skin for a cup of tea and a cup of sugar. I afterwards sold this to the Hudson's Bay Company for ten dollars.

This day—the 24th—was a beautiful fine one. The next day we continued our voyage up stream, but we hadn't gone far when we ran into a very thick snowstorm. The snow was a foot deep in half an hour. As we could not see where we were going we went ashore, and went into camp. We stayed there all that day, and next morning started to go up the river again. After going some distance we struck a riffle, which was too strong for us, so we crossed the river, and were surprised to find the other side as dry as a bone. There wasn't a particle of snow to be seen there. The flat was large and the soil appearing to be rich, I planted some turnip, carrot, lettuce and carrot seeds to test the ground, in case I came back that way.

Just at this place the Finlay takes a great sweep to the westward, round the base of a mountain which lay to the eastward of it. It looked as though this mountain had pushed the river to one side. Another stream which I called the White River on account of the color of the water, flows in from the eastward. We still kept going up stream, but the water was getting too high to prospect properly.

As I said, we kept running up river continuously for two days when we ran into a slough, and there we found an excellent camping place. On the first day I saw a beaver, and shot it. I was hunting for the pot then. The next day we started out on a prospecting expedition and went up a small creek which emptied into the slough. I thought by the appearance of it we were in the right place for fine gold.

In the flats or benches we could see large quartz boulders protruding through the ground. These, of course, were all float. It was a skinnish country and no underbrush in it. This flat was on the north side, or right hand side of the creek going up. The creek was coming in from the west. On the left side was a rolling country, with spurs of bedrock sticking up in places through the surface. We prospected two or three places, but could find no gold. Right at the mouth of the creek was, in my opinion, a good place. Here a dump and a wash which had existed for hundreds of years, gave me the idea that if any gold was present thereabouts it ought certainly to be there. I tried it again and again, but didn't get a color. We returned to camp, as it was getting late.

The next day as we were crossing the flats we struck a trail about three feet wide, which under other circumstances would have given one the impression that it had been a pack trail for horses for years and years. The soil was a black loam which under the tramp of animals had been cut down two or three inches in depth. Here and there were deep holes, and in the trail itself we recognized the footprints

of caribou, moose, sheep, grizzly and black bears. The doglike footmarks of the wolf were very numerous and well defined. This trail was undoubtedly largely due to the annual migration of the caribou from one range of mountains to the other, which usually occurs in the month of April, when the soil is moist.

We went back to the mountains and examined several of the mountain streams. They were all filled with snowslide debris. It was only wasting time prospecting these. While we were standing on one mountain looking down on the big trail which led from one range to the other I heard a noise behind me, and turning saw a large band of sheep, some of the rams having magnificent horns, scampering off over the sides of a slope. The easy manner in which they cleared the obstacles which were in the course of their flight was remarkable. I told my partner I would take a turn round the grassy mountain.

Shortly after he left me for the camp I ascended the mountain, which was easy walking, and when I got pretty well up I caught sight of two caribou. I kept out of their sight and then proceeded to stalk them. In a short time I got within range, when I noticed they were a cow and calf. The cow was too big for me, being so far away from camp, so I took steady aim at the calf and shot it through the head. The cow took to her heels at once. I slung the calf over my shoulders and started for the camp. It proved splendid eating and was a change from the everlasting moose meat.

We stayed in camp for two days, and then started out on foot with a few days' provisions for an opening in the mountains which we could see in the distance, and which the Indians called Thutat River. On reaching it I found it was rough with boulders, and panning some dirt we got a few colors, but they were not satisfactory. We stopped there a few days and prospected some gulches which led into the lake, and then returned to camp, disgusted.

Next day I started off to get more meat, and after going out some distance I laid down to await any game which might come along. After waiting an hour a band of caribou came in sight in the act of migrating from one mountain range to another. When within two hundred yards of me they made off at full gallop to run around me. The leading one was a young two-year old, and picking him out as the best in the band I fired, giving a small margin for the speed at which he was going. He took two jumps and then one big one and went over on his head. The rest scattered, but kept stopping every few hundred yards as though they were troubled with a great curiosity as to what kind of creature had invaded their grounds. I returned to

camp and in the afternoon my partner assisted me in getting the best part of the animal into camp.

While we were at the Thutat River we also prospected all the mountain streams. The most we obtained from any of these was a cent to the pan. As to the mountains themselves they resemble those in the Ingenika district in that they have no timber on them, but are covered with a short growth of grass.

Having satisfied ourselves as to the value of the country from a gold miner's point of view, we returned to our camp on the slough. The country over which we passed from Thutat River to the slough was a flat, rolling country and very easy to traverse. We stayed over one day at the slough after our return, and as I had the only rifle I rose early next morning for the purpose of obtaining if possible some fresh meat.

Taking a hasty breakfast and accompanied by my little cocker spaniel, I followed a line of travel that would lead to the caribou trail I have already mentioned. After reaching the trail I saw a moving mass flit across the front, but it was so early in the morning, and the light was so dusky that I could not make out what this mass was. Kneeling, I waited in expectation of seeing whatever it was. What was my surprise when in the uncertain light there appeared a large bear coming directly towards me on a trail used by the deer in coming to water. Black or grizzly I was unable to determine. I had but a few moments to run or shoot. Run I wouldn't, so settling my rifle tight down on my shoulder, I was about to fire when he suddenly caught my scent. Coming to a stand he raised himself on his hind legs as though anxious to make out what was in his front. Then I once more took aim and fired.

He was soon on his feet again, but taking the back track. Reloading as fast as possible I again took aim as he was making off, and fired. This time he rolled over and made no attempt to rise. He proved to be a large grizzly, but his pelt was of little or no use, as the new fur was just beginning to form. If I had not been compelled to shoot old Ephraim from a sense of self-preservation I do not think I would have done so.

After a sharp walk of an hour I finally reached the caribou trail, but saw nothing unusual. Finally I walked over as far as the mountains I had previously been on, and crawling up to the summit, I took a cautious look over the top. Right below me were seven sheep and two lambs. They were grazing with their sides parallel with the ridge of the summit. After waiting fully an hour I managed to get a good sight on one of the lambs. I fired and missed, but I threw an-

other cartridge into the barrel, and before it disappeared with the rest of the band below the bench I knocked it over. I walked down, and after trimming it up a little threw it over my shoulder and walked back to camp. When I reached the bear I had shot a little after dawn in the morning I saw some wolves skulking off from his carcase, which they had almost devoured. I fired at one, the bullet striking the ground beneath him and throwing up a small puff of dust.

As I was going into camp I saw a beaver swimming down the slough, and thinking he would make a nice supper for us, I shot it and carried it into camp. It wasn't long before we had it skinned and a choice part cut off and placed in the pot to be boiled. The liver we placed on one side, and next morning had a savory dish of liver and bacon for breakfast. The lamb we cut into quarters for use on our way down the river.

Next day, leaving my partner in camp, I crossed the river and ascended the high mountain, whose position causes the heavy sweep in the course of the Finlay. It was easy walking all the way up that mountain. From the summit I had a good view all around me. From the appearance and the lay of the land beneath me I would judge that the course of the river was at one time on the eastern side of this mountain, but from some cause which I can not explain it was now on the western side. The river as it swung round the base of this mountain was of good size, but from where I was standing on the summit its banks appeared to close in as though forming a canyon, many miles upstream.

I saw no game, but many fresh signs of caribou. Far to the eastward the appearance of the country was like that of a huge flat plain, totally devoid of trees, and bounded on the horizon by the Rocky Mountains. To the west the country was a succession of high rolling mountains, covered with grass, the home of innumerable bands of sheep and caribou.

That night we discussed the question of continuing our way up the Finlay or of returning to Fort Graham. So far we had found nothing to induce us to go to the labor and expense of mining in any part of the Finlay or in its tributaries. If gold were there it must be at some depth, for which, provided as we were, we wuold be unable to search. I had no doubt from the appearance of the country that coal will be found there some day when transportation will be so close at hand as to reimburse the company that undertakes to develop it. We decided to devote the next day to hunting to provide ourselves with sufficient meat to last us until we reached Fort Graham.

We selected the mountains to the westward in the direction of the

wide game trail, as the place for the hunt of the following day. Next morning we started out and spent the whole day in a fruitless search after caribou or moose, and it was only when dusk was approaching, and we were nearly back to our camp, that a young caribou passed down the trail on his way to the western mountains. We were about eighty or ninety yards from where he was trotting along, and barely discernible in the gathering darkness. Hardly expecting to get him, I raised my rifle, took a swift sight, and fired, and we were both overjoyed to see him fall. The ball had passed through his neck. As it was then too late to skin and quarter him, and carry all the meat into camp, I cut off the two hindquarters, and each carrying one, we returned o camp. The rest of his carcase we left for the wolves, and I can assure you the remainder did not last long after we left it.

That night we agreed to go down stream on the following day, as far as Fort Graham, and to prospect any bars we had failed to examine when coming up. This we did, lying over at several places which had a favorable appearance. We got nothing of any moment. At last we reached the upper end of the Finlay River canyon.

I forgot to tell you that when camped at the slough of my sitting for several hours watching beaver putting in a dam. It was just after high water, for they never attempt to dam any stream until the high water is over. There were four of them engaged at the work, and I was much interested to see the way in which they would begin operations. They first pulled up a number of bushes of alder, cottonwood and similar stuff, and swimming down stream with them in their mouths, they laid them from bank to bank in a suitable place, where they could anchor them. All of these bushes had the roots upstream, and the branches pointing down or with the current. On these branches they placed stones to anchor them. The roots caught all the debris of the stream, and the leaves and other stuff usually floating on water. Over the branches these little workers placed mud, and I expect used their tails to pound it in. Just a day before we left the water was beginning to rise at the back of the dam, and the beavers were floating down logs and poles to strengthen the breastwork.

In Cariboo many of the miners were indebted to these creatures for the head of water which they obtained for sluicing and other purposes. When the miner went to his work in the morning, he found the sluice water not running and on going to see what the trouble was, found that the beaver had simply repaired his dam.

Instead of portaging our tools and supplies from the upper to the lower end of the canyon, we attempted to lower the canoe down after removing some of the most valuable of our goods. The canoe went

down over a little fall and took the water quite nicely, and was going towards a big boulder when it came to a sudden stop. I knew at once the boil had hold of her and was working it upstream again with the back current. Then it ran its nose into the heave caused by the current striking the boulder. The water by its sheer force caught the canoe and turned it end up. Then it disappeared like a shot beneath the current. Close to me was a big rock, and in a flash I had taken a turn round it with the line. This brought the canoe up again, and back to the eddy close to the big rock and the same thing occurred again, but this time the line broke and the canoe went down the river.

I scrambled up on the bank and saw it pass through the canyon, and down the river for a couple of miles. After we got to the end of the canyon, I said to Frank: "Well, what do you think of things now, Frank?"

"It's a poor job, Johnny."

"Yes," I said, "and I'm afraid the end hasn't come yet."

The only thing we could do now was to make a raft and go down the river. There was fortunately a large amount of driftwood in the eddy at the foot of the canyon, from which to make a good raft. We collected logs enough to make a raft twenty feet long, and seven feet wide. We angle-braced it with stout poles, where a brace could be placed. Then we made a steering pole, and some poles and paddles. At last we finished it and got it in the water, and after loading it started down the river with the intention of calling at Bird's house, where, as you may recollect, we cached a quantity of our supplies.

We arrived there all right, but struck ground twice on the way. down. Next day I told Frank I was going to spend that day in strengthening the raft with stronger angle braces. I saw danger ahead and was much worried over it. He asked me if I required his assistance, because if I didn't he would take a turn around with his shotgun. I told him I could do the work myself, so he started off with the intention of bringing in some grouse.

I worked at the raft until well on in the afternoon when Frank came back, with half a dozen of grouse. He made a "mulligan" of the grouse and when it was ready we had supper, during which he related where he had been. He told me he had been back some distance on the bench which extends over ten miles at the back of Bird's cabin. He had taken a good look at the two peaks I have already mentioned we had seen on our way up, and he had named them subject to my approval "Johnny Bryant's Twins." All right, I said, that name goes. Afterwards when speaking of the canyon and the region

round about, we always when mentioning these peaks, called them as he had named them.

When going down the river next day, I called Frank's attention to the water having a stronger set towards the right bank where the current struck very hard against a long bluff. Here the river appeared to almost climb the sharp sides, and form huge waves which rolled backwards into the river. A tree stump had lodged on some shallow spot in the centre of the river, and we saw that to avoid being carried over to the dangerous bluff on the other side, we would have to pass to the left of it. Well, after using the paddles and poles vigorously, we just cleared the stump, but we got far enough down the river to save us from being carried to the other side.

After we passed the Ingenika we brought our raft to the shore, and camped there for the night. Next morning I took my rifle and started off in search of moose or caribou. A short distance above the mouth of the Ingenika are some flats which are, according to the Indians, a favorite feeding place for moose. Our camp was only a short distance below the river so I walked over in the direction of these flats to see if I could find any fresh signs of them. I had not gone far up the side of the river when I noticed that some of the willows were freshly nipped, and looking down I saw the tracks of a young moose.

Having gained the foothills of the mountains, I turned round and took a general survey of the flats. Between where I was standing and these flats was a large amount of brush, and on the far side of the brush I could see the head of a young moose projecting above the brush. It was without doubt the same moose whose trail I had seen further down the river bank. I at once proceeded to stalk him, under cover of the brush. The wind was in my favor, and as I crawled on him I did so with a minimum of noise. The brush ended within 150 yards of where the moose was standing. The breaking of a twig sent him off at full speed. I rose at once and let drive at him. He stumbled, and I immediately pumped another cartridge into my rifle barrel, and took a little more careful sight. This time he dropped after rearing himself in the air, falling in a heap. Both bullets went through his chest within a finger's breadth from one another, back of the shoulder.

Frank heard my shot and quickly joined me. We skinned and quartered the moose, and carried the meat into camp. It was a year old bull. The next day, after putting the meat on the raft, we dropped down to Fort Graham.

As soon as our supplies and tools had been carried ashore to our camping place, I turned to Frank and told him that I had completed

the last rafting trip I would ever take on the Finlay River, and that nothing would induce me to alter my mind.

This being the locality where I made the canoe which we had lost, I set out on the day after our arrival to hunt up another tree suitable for the construction of a new one. I found an excellent one, and then returned to camp and told Frank Marshall. We made preparations to fell the tree, which we successfully accomplished, and then I started to fashion it into a canoe. I told my partner that I was going to make it the same length as the one we had lost, but he objected to this as he thought it was too long. Then I agreed to cut it a foot shorter, but he suggested doing without a canoe, and going down the river on a raft to a bar we had in view upon which to work. Then I said "How are we to get home to Germansen?"

"Pack it," he replied.

"Not for me," I said. "I told you, Frank, when I landed here, that nothing would induce me to take another rafting trip on the Finlay. I'm going to make a canoe before I leave here."

"If you are going to wait here to make a canoe," he said, "I will take the raft and go down the river on it, and work on the bar until you come down."

"Well, Frank," I replied, "if you are not going to stop here and help me to make a canoe, I will make it to suit myself, but let me tell you this—if you go down on that raft, I don't think I will ever see you again."

I was thoroughly convinced about this, because he was totally inexperienced in the management of a raft. Then I went off and chose another tree to suit myself, and felled it. When I came back to camp at dinner time Frank told me he had made up his mind to divide our supplies, and take the raft and go down the river to work on the bar. I told him he need not mind dividing our supplies, but to take whatever he required.

I never said very much more to Frank on the subject.. Next morning I arose early and cooked my own breakfast, and then hurried off to my work. I thought if I finished the canoe soon, I might be able to induce him to abandon his idea of going down on the raft. Before leaving the camp for my work, Frank asked me if I wasn't going to divide the supplies. I said I wouldn't, for him to take all he required. He then told me if I wasn't going to divide the supplies he would. Then for the last time I asked him if he was still determined to go down on the raft, and he said that he was.

"Oh," I said, "let me try to prevail on you to abandon any such idea. Only wait a few days and I will have the canoe finished, and then we can leave together as partners and prospectors, and return to

Germansen together. If you go down on that raft I shall never see you again, but if I do I shall look upon it as one of the greatest miracles which has ever happened. Now I am off to work. If you are determined to have your own way, good-bye!"

Then I started off with a heavy heart, and it was like a load on my mind all the time I was at work. When I came back at noon I found my share of the supplies all accounted for, and lying there to await my return, but Frank was gone. He had taken a chance on a river of which he knew nothing, as it was covered with ice when we came up.

It took five days to complete my canoe and have it in the water. The first thing I did was to take a short trip down the river to see what sort of a chance Frank would have in descending it. I saw two places where he was very likely to come to grief, but if he was able to pass those in safety he might be all right.

The following day I made an excursion on foot to the eastward of the fort, to ascertain what kind of a country it was. I found it to be a low-lying flat country, indeed too low to be productive, as well as being liable to floodings. I was four days on this trip. I saw no game, but tracks of grizzly bears, and moose. In any case moose are such great travellers that one might stay in one place a month or more before seeing them again.

On my return from this trip I crossed over to the west side of the river, made my way into the mountains, and prospected several of the mountain streams. I found no gold in any of them, but any number of small rubies of no commercial value. I saw signs of grizzlies in every direction, but I never tried to hunt them, I expected to meet a band of Indians who were said to be in these mountains, hunting ground hogs, which were plentiful at that time of the year and very fat.

All of these mountains were bare of timber but covered with grass. At the time I visited them the grass was withered with the sun, and very dry. These mountains were of a rolling character, and from the tops of them I could see over a vast area. One day when walking over one of the slopes of these mountains, I saw a number of puffs resembling small powder explosions. These occurred at intervals, and I couldn't make out what was causing them, so I went over to investigate. When I got nearer to where these puffs were appearing I heard some one calling me. Then it was that I found that these puffs of smoke were made by Indians, who having seen me, wished to attract my attention. Not wishing to waste gunpowder by firing shots, and perhaps frightening any game which might be in the hills,

they had pulled small tufts of dry grass and lit them with a match, and the grass had burned in a sharp puff, like gunpowder.

These Indians belonged to Man-a-wa-hitch's band, and were all camped on the other side of the mountain. They invited me to visit their camp, an invitation I accepted. I went there and had supper with them, and they gave me a fine meal of caribou meat, to which I added some tea, sugar and bread.

I slept at their camp that night. It was close to a mountain lake of clear crystal water. It was grand up there, as the air was most exhilarating, and free from taint, for nothing but the creatures of the wild breathed it. On account of the atmosphere being so clear, I had a splendid view of the surrounding country. As it grew dusk two animals passed, which I recognized as caribou. The Indians wanted me to shoot them, but I refused, and the old chief endorsed my refusal. He said he would get them in the morning.

Next morning the old chief arose early, and it seemed as though he knew exactly where the two caribou would be found. He was accompanied by his young son when he went to shoot them. He was not long absent, and when he returned he said he had shot both of them, and he then sent the women to bring the carcases into camp.

While I was with these Indians I determined on taking a two days' journey further west. Taking my pack on my back I went far enough west to see the waters of the Mesalinka, almost at my feet, and Mount Carruthers, 10,000 feet above the sea, which marks the region where the Mesalinka takes its rise. I could also see the Omineca, at its junction with the Mesalinka, and the mountains which divide the Mesalinka from the Osalinka. All this part of the country, and as far north as the Ingenika, were a succession of rolling hills, devoid of timber, but covered with grass. To the north where I stood I could see the golden eagles turning in graceful spirals at a great height, no doubt watching the movements of the mountain sheep, which pastured in bands on the grassy hills. It was a beautiful landscape that was spread before me.

After drinking my fill of the beauties of the surrounding country, I turned my back upon it and took the trail for the Indian camp. On my way there I met a pack of wolves in pursuit of a cow caribou and her two young calves. Just below a rocky wall the caribou came to a stand, and the two calves rushed in terror to either side of her. With lowered head she met the charge of the wolves with horns and feet. But the pack divided, and while some came to a stand in front of her three others swept past. Engaged as the mother was in defending her young ones from the front, she failed to see one large

wolf which made a charge from the rear, and as he passed one of the calves, gave it a quick snap just back of the forelegs. Then the wolves drew back and in a few moments the injured calf fell to the ground.

Of course these wolves acted from a natural instinct, yet I felt as though they deserved some punishment from me. Picking out the largest wolf in the pack, I broke his shoulder with a leaden messenger, whereupon the others, seeing me for the first time, took to their heels in the same direction I was following towards the Indian camp. The old cow trotted off with the unwounded calf, and when I reached the other it was dead. The calf was very small and I cut off its two hind quarters and slung them round my shoulders. I lost no time at noon in taking a meal, but camped about 5 o'clock close to a stream of clear cold water, which issued from a small lake on the summit of a mountain. Having made a fire I cut some slices of veal from one of the hindquarters of the caribou calf and fried them in my pan with some slices of bacon. These with a cup of tea, and some bread and butter made a most enjoyable meal, and doubly so from the fact that I had eaten nothing since morning.

It must have been ten o'clock before I spread my blanket for the night and it was another hour before I dropped off to sleep. During that hour I heard the furious howling of wolves quite close to my camp, and once or twice I saw their sneaking forms in the dusky night. My little cocker spaniel was terrified and crept close to me for protection.

When I reached the Indian camp I pointed out to the chief the mountains I had visited, and the first question he asked me was whether I had seen any game. I answered in the negative. That night after supper the old chief asked me whether I would go on a hunting trip with him on the following doy. I said I would.

The next morning we both rose early, and after breakfast he conducted me to the hills where I found the rubies, and where I forgot to tell you I also discovered large deposits of mica. He told me that was a grand place for the "mesatchee" bear, or grizzly. I knew that, too, for when I was prospecting the streams that flowed down their sides I told you I had seen many signs of them. He took me round to the summit of a hill, and suggested that we had better stay there for a little time and keep a good look out. He explained to me that this was a ground hog country, and that the grizzlies at that time of the year usually came round to dig them out of the ground.

The chief left me for a time, and while he was away my attention was called to a large animal immediately in my front. He was com-

ing up quite at his leisure. I had heavy cartridges in my rifle, and I sat there waiting until he should approach near enough to give me a chance to put in an effective shot. When within seventy-five yards of me, he suddenly thought there was something strange in front of him, and he sat up, as grizzlies frequently do, to make me out. That was my chance. I took careful aim and fired, and with a loud bawl he fell backwards. Regaining his feet he saw me, and advanced as though to attack me. Then he stopped again and I rolled him over with another shot, which struck him in the chest. Reloading my rifle as a precaution I walked down towards him, but he was dead. His pelt had well advanced in winter fur, and I had him half skinned when the chief came up, greatly pleased. He was a large bear and must have weighed close on four hundred pounds.

I did not return to the chief's camp, but went to where I had camped when I first met the Indians, on the mountains opposite Fort Graham, on the west side of the Finlay. When parting I told the old chief that if I saw Tom Hamilton returning from Stuart Lake I would come back and let him know.

Early next morning when looking down the Finlay I saw smoke arising near the mouth of the river, and I came to the conclusion that that was the smoke from Tom Hamilton's camp. I stayed in this camp three or four days, doing nothing but taking observations. I could trace the advance of this smoke, for it was coming nearer every morning and evening. When I judged him to be one day's travel from the fort I went up and told the old chief that Tom Hamilton would arrive on the following day.

The Indians were all anxious to meet him, as they knew that he had been to Fort St. James, and that he would return with a large stock of new goods, for which they could trade the furs they had. Next day they all called at my camp, five or six men, with their women and children, and we went down the mountain together to cross over to Fort Graham. On going down this mountain we had to follow the banks of a small creek, which emptied into the Finlay, a short distance above Fort Graham on the west side of the river. In doing this we passed through a thicket of small pines, and as the Indians had axes with them, as well as I, we chopped a good trail through the growth. This was the first work that was done on a trail which afterwards led over to Fort Connolly, on Bear Lake, from Fort Graham. We crossed the river and arrived at the fort early, but Tom Hamilton did not arrive until three o'clock in the afternoon. He came up the river in a big bateau which was filled with a large amount of goods and supplies from Fort St. James, on Stuart Lake.

All were glad to see him, and especially many of the Indian women whose husbands had been away with Tom. As soon as he came up on the bank, he noticed me and shook hands with me, and then turned round as though searching for some one. Then he said, "Johnny, where's Frank?"

"Didn't you see him when you were coming up the river?" I asked.

"No," he replied. "Did he go down the river?"

"Yes."

"What did he go down on?"

"On a raft."

"On a raft?" he said in tones of surprise. "Did you say on a raft?"

"Yes, he went down on a raft," I repeated.

"Well, if he went down on a raft, it's all over with poor old Frank, for I wouldn't attempt to do it myself, and I know the river well," said Tom.

I told Tom that Frank had made up his mind to go down and work on a bar a little above the mouth of the Omineca, where the river was narrow, and that if he had arrived there safely, Tom couldn't help seeing him on his way up.

"Well, Johnny," said Tom, "we camped there the first night we were on the Finlay and if he had been there we would have seen him."

"Well," I said, "you'll be busy a couple of days with these Indians and I will say no more about this matter, until you get through your business with them."

"Very well," he replied, "we'll talk this matter over at some future time."

When the Indians had completed their trading at the Hudson's Bay post, they separated into small groups and commenced gambling. This is one vice they did not acquire from the white man, for gambling was common among the Indians of British Columbia long before the first white trader landed on its shores. Once Indians start gambling they will not cease until one or the other side has lost everything they possess. They had just fairly started when there arrived in camp a lone Indian. He was what they called a No-han-na Indian, and was one of a band of five or six who were outlawed from the Naas and Skeena river districts.

This particular Indian was known throughout the north-west as "The Evil Spirit." His companions had sought refuge at the very head of the Finlay river, in a district far from the paths of other tribes. Occasionally they came to the Hudson's Bay posts on the Liard, Mac-

kenzie or Finlay rivers, to obtain supplies, in exchange for furs. The company's officials took no notice of them, as to whether they were outlaws, or not, so long as they did a good business with them in furs. This Indian had a few furs with him, which he was anxious to exchange for the necessaries of life.

Unfortunately he had a fondness for gambling, and as gambling was going on among the Secannies when he arrived at the fort, he sought a seat among the rest. They were not very anxious to have him, as they knew that his goods were few, and as it was a rule among the Indians of this province that no man should be turned adrift after a gambling spell, without a gun, sufficient clothing, and the necessary amount of supplies to take him back to his own district, they frowned at his taking a seat. Well, he gambled with them and lost one thing after another, until he had only his gun left. This he also put up and lost.

After the gambling was over the Indians separated into their various bands, preparatory to returning to their own districts. It was then that they noticed the outlaw standing a short distance away, alone, and apparently in a state of deep dejection. Calling him over to their camp they returned his gun to him, and also gave him a pair of leggings, and an old blanket. He disappeared after that and I never saw him again.

While the gambling was going on Tom Hamilton came to me and asked me if I had any thread among my supplies. I said I had a hank for which I paid his company two dollars and a half at their post on Lake Babine the previous winter. He told me that the Indian women were very anxious to obtain some thread, and that I could do some profitable trading with them. So I went over to where they had camped, to see what they had to offer in exchange for my thread. They had moose skin moccasins, fancy and plain, and for that hank of thread I received moccasins which I can enumerate in the following manner. I kept three pairs myself, gave two pairs away to a friend, sold two pairs at Germansen for $5, and the balance of the moccasins to a storekeeper at Mansen for $45.

After many of the bands had left Fort Graham, Cathar, a Secannie chief, came to me and asked me if I would go with his band on an excursion after mountain sheep. I told him I thought not, but he said he would not be away for more than three or four days. I still refused. Just at this time I saw Tom Hamilton again and told him that I did not wish to remain in the Finlay River district alone and I would return to Germansen. But before I started back I thought it would be wise if he would call the two halfbreed assistants before him

and ask them to state what they knew about Marshall going down the river on a raft by himself. They could tell him how they and I tried to persuade Frank from attempting anything of the kind.

"Tom," I said, "I want you to take their statements down in writing, so that when I return to Germansen I can show their statements taken before you to the authorities."

Tom agreed and called the halfbreeds before him, and embodied their statements in a letter to Allan Grahame, who was acting government agent at Mansen, and handed the letter to me for delivery.

Then he told me that when I was ready to go away he would go down the river with me in his own canoe, and would take another man to help him paddle the canoe back. "We can each take a side of the river," he said, "and examine the banks thoroughly for any traces of Frank, but I can not be ready for three or four days. If you can make it convenient I wish you would wait over that length of time."

"Well," I said, "Cathar's band has twice asked me to go sheep hunting in the mountains, and as it will take two or three days, I think I will go with them."

"Very good," he said, "when you return I will be ready to accompany you down the river."

I spent the afternoon cleaning and oiling my rifle, as well as caching some of the supplies which I could not take to Germansen. So I told Cathar's band I would go with them, which greatly pleased the chief and members of the band. The section of country they proposed to visit was at the head waters of a stream which entered the Finlay on the west side, midway between Fort Graham and the mouth of the Ingenika river. It was a day's journey to where they would encamp for the night. This camping place, the chief told me, was to serve as the headquarters during the hunt, and was a short distance from a plateau where the sheep pastured.

We left next morning, and after crossing the river commenced our tramp for the mountains. All the early part of the day we made good progress, but the women who had to pack the supplies were left some distance behind. When we went into camp the sun had set and the air was now decidedly cold. Our camp, as I said before, was below a plateau, and the chief informed me that the sheep spent the night in a ravine on the other side of the tableland. The idea of our camping where we did was to allow of our making fires in the evening and of surprising the sheep from our position on the following morning. The sheep are so seldom molested about this place that they do not place sentinels to apprise them of impending danger from human enemies. This part of the country was the hunting ground of this particular

band, and it had been undisturbed for four years. The sheep had greatly increased in numbers and at the time I paid my visit to these mountains were very numerous.

The sun had set in a bank of dark rolling clouds. There was something about the manner in which those clouds shot up in curling masses that warned me that we might soon have a heavy storm. As it promised to be very dark, I started out to find a shelter. In the side of one of the ridges I found a small cave, dry and well sheltered. I made a small fire to cook my evening meal. Here I was joined by the chief, who came to give me a piece of fresh caribou meat.

In the course of an hour, while talking to the chief, we were surprised and our conversation interrupted by a blinding flash of lightning, followed by a deafening crash of thunder, which reverberated from the side of the surrounding mountains in one continuous roll. As the last of the echoes died away a roar like that of an approaching storm at sea, came on puffs of wind. Such puffs, too! Stray sticks and small stones were tossed in air and the short brush which grew here and there upon the mountain slopes was bent close to the ground by its resistless force. Another flash of dazzling light and again another crash. Then flash followed flash so quickly that light and sound were blended in one. In a few minutes the rain began to fall and then it seemed as though the heavens were opened and it descended in quantities which I had never seen before. The storm, however, did not last long. The rain ceased as suddenly as it had begun and the sky cleared above our heads. But though the sky was clear the air was cold, and I retired a little inside of the cave, and there composed myself for sleep.

I had slept about three hours when my cocker spaniel whined and struggled to get closer to me. This awoke me, and just in time to see a large timber wolf disappear from the entrance of my shelter. The chief was fast asleep on the inner side of where I was lying. When morning broke every Indian was awake, and the women had lit the fires and were preparing breakfast for their lords and masters. As soon as this had been disposed of the men walked up the mountain side to take the posts assigned to them by the chief, at different places along the sides of the plateau. He appeared to know the exact place where a man was likely to do the most execution when the sheep made their wild rush to escape their cunning foes.

The chief, who had heard great stories about my skill with the repeater from old Man-a-wa-hitch, who, if you recollect, was with me when I killed the grizzlies, had a special place reserved for me, where I would have an opportunity of using my Winchester with great

effect. The place he had selected for me was in a contracted part of the plateau, which was bordered by rocky sides. I was told by the chief as he left me that in the course of half an hour or more the sheep would rush past me for another plateau, from which they could escape to the other side of the mountains, and where it was very difficult to follow them. I lay concealed for an hour, and I was about coming to the conclusion that the chief's plans had failed or that there were no sheep, when suddenly I heard the confused beating of hooves upon the ground. It was evidently a large band which was approaching. Presently they broke in sight and at the same time puffs of smoke could be seen and reports of guns heard in swift succession. As they approached me I saw they were led by a ram with a magnificent pair of horns. In my eagerness to land him I pressed the trigger too soon and my first shot missed. It took but a second to reload and taking careful aim I fired just as he was passing out of sight behind a clump of bushes. Another miss, I thought, as he bounded on and out of view. Out of seven shots I subsequently fired I killed four, missed one and placed two bullets in one sheep before bringing him down.

When the last of the band had passed I came down and walked over to where the ram had disappeared after my second shot. He lay dead about 300 yards further on. The ball had entered just in front of the hip joint and had passed out a little behind the left foreleg.

The sheep were those usually found close to the headwaters of the Stikine River, being black about the head and neck, although some of them were of the same variety as are found further south. The chief had killed a ram with the finest head I had ever seen. If I had not been loaded down with many other things which were essential to my existence, I would assuredly have brought two or three heads home with me. Of the number of sheep killed that day I will not speak, but it must be remembered that they were not wantonly destroyed or for the purpose of selling them, but were killed by these Indians, who looked upon them as their lawful property. But I will say in extenuation of this slaughter, it was only made once in four or five years. Catbatter, a member of this band, told me that the chief would not allow these sheep to be interfered with or shot except at long intervals. They had plenty of moose and caribou to draw upon for meat.

The next day I returned to the Finlay River, and crossing over reached Fort Graham. I at once called to see if Tom was ready to go down the river with me, as the season was advancing and I was anxious to return to Germansen as soon as possible. Tom was in the fort trading with some Indians. He was ready to leave, so the next

day we started down the river, Tom on the one side, and I on the other. We stopped at various places on the way done where it was likely a clue might be obtained as to the fate of Frank, but without any success. At last we reached the mouth of the Omineca, and there we went into camp together and spent the night. Next morning we bade each other good-bye, promising that if either of us heard anything in regard to Frank's fate he should let the other know.

After parting with Hamilton I started on a lonely trip up the Omineca on my way to Germansen. Everything went well the first day, and on the second I reached the Black Canyon, one of the terrors of the Omineca. I camped at Nigger Dan's cache, and then portaged my iktas to the head of the canyon. While engaged in this I was constantly thinking of Pete Toy, and the numerous occasions on which he had done the same thing.

At last, after a most tedious and difficult journey, I arrived at Germansen Landing, and in a short time after that I was once more back in my cabin again.

In the evening when these three miners came to my cabin I had to give them a full account of my travels. One of the first questions they asked me was what had become of Frank? I told them all I knew and read the letter to them which I had received from Tom Hamilton. Next day I walked over to Mansen and delivered Tom's letter to Mr. Grahame, who read it over carefully, and said he was perfectly satisfied with the explanation. He said the letter plainly showed that Frank was responsible for his own death. I stayed with Grahame that night and next day returned to Germansen Creek.

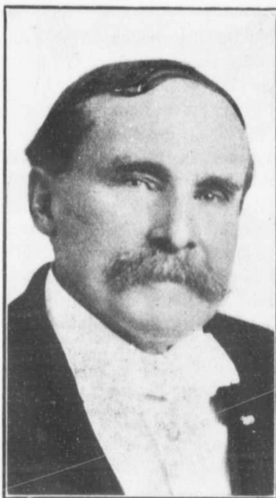
Before I leave this subject I may as well state that the following year I received a letter by pack train from Hamilton to say that Frank's body had been found on the left bank of the Finlay about four miles below the post, that it was lying above high water mark and had been partially devoured by wolves.

I worked on my claims continuously until 1884, when I went down to Lorne Creek, below Hazelton. This was a creek discovered by Harry McDame. After putting in two seasons on this creek I bade good-bye to gold mining and went to Nanaimo to take charge of the "Old Flag" for Jack Jenkins.

A PIONEER OF '59.

Mr. Robert Stevenson, whose story of early mining days and of the trials and vicissitudes through which the early miners passed, chased a farm at Vankleek Hill, and it was there that I received my early education.

When the news came that gold had been struck in paying quantities on the Fraser River, it created a wave of excitement to pass over



MR. ROBERT STEVENSON

part of British Columbia is full of interest. His remarkable story of persons, places and dates is a particular feature of this story.

"I was born in Williamstown, County of Glengarry, Upper Canada, on July 28, 1838. When I attained the age of five my father pur-appears below, is a veritable "old-timer" of "old-timers." He first came to British Columbia in 1859, but instead of going to the Fraser River proceeded by way of Seattle and the Columbia River to the Rock Creek mines in the Similkameen. His description of his journey to that

Canada from one end to the other. As these golden stories were recounted in the towns and villages of Canada, they did not lose anything as they were passed from mouth to mouth. On the contrary, the richness of the "finds" were greatly exaggerated, and created so much excitement that thousands, both young and old, married and single, turned their faces in the direction of the Isthmus of Panama to seek the golden shores of British Columbia. It was in the early days of March, '59 that we left home for New York to obtain transportation for that narrow neck of land, which has, since the canal was undertaken by our progressive neighbors, attracted the attention of the diplomatic world. The steamers from New York were crowded by fellow Canadians and eastern Americans, who talked of nothing but gold, gold, gold, from the day we left New York until we were deposited on the unhealthy shores of the narrow isthmus. Unlike most of the young men who left home, my father accompanied me. I was at that time just out of my "teens," and as trong as an ox. After crossing the isthmus by the short line of railway we were transported by steamer to San Francisco, where we changed to another, which took us to British Columbia. As mining on the Fraser was on our arrival rather dull we both went to Washington Territory to take the trail for Upper British Columbia. Gold had been discovered on the Similkameen River in British Columbia, close to the international boundary line, by an engineer of the Boundary Commission.

At that time there was living on a farm of 640 acres, five miles east of Seattle, a man known as Capt. Collins. He was rather a notorious character, and had earned the title of "Collins, the Indian fighter." The title was well bestowed. On his ranch he had built a block house strong enough to resist Indian attacks, and surmounted with a piece of heavy artillery.

In the year 1856 there had been a war with the Indians of Washington Territory, but peace had been satisfactorily arranged, and the relations between the whites and the red men were amicable. But Collins did not appear to view any arrangement with the Indians with a friendly eye. His creed was that all good Indians were dead Indians, and he considered he made them good by killing them whenever the opportunity to do so occurred. The block-house on Captain Collins' ranch overlooked the river down which the Indians in their canoes visited Seattle, which at that time had only two hundred of a population. Collins had purchased two bushels of rivet heads and old saw teeth, and with a large amount of this metal he swept the river whenever Indian canoes came within range of his big gun. Many a canoe load of trusting natives was swept off the surface of

the river by this murderous charge of metal. The authorities of Seattle and the government had Capt. Collins arrested several times; in fact, these arrests became chronic, but so did his escapes from durance vile. The law was administered with little idea of enforcing its provisions. I mention this notorious man for the reason that a short time after my arrival in the Territory I noticed an advertisement with the captain's name appended to it, which led up to an expedition of which I shall shortly speak.

Capt. Collins' advertisement appeared in an Olympia paper, and was to the effect that he purposed leading a party of gold miners into the Similkameen country on the British Columbia side of the boundary line, to start from Seattle on April 15, 1860, and taking his route through Snoqualamie Pass, would cut a trail through it. Those going with him would have the honor of being the first white men to cross the Cascade Mountains from salt water towards the east.

Some idea may be formed of our difficulties, as well as the loneliness of our trip, when I tell you that there was not a settler along the whole route except at Black River, and at the base of the Cascades where there were one or two settlers. The Yakima was at that time a silent wilderness. So on the night of April 13 we arrived in Seattle on the Wilson G. Hunt, whose bones after many years of usefulness are now undergoing decay in one of the bone yards for used up steamers in Victoria. There were two others besides myself who came in on the steamer to join the Collins' outfit—Frank Pasters, my partner, a big Kentuckian, and J. McCurdy, of Boston. In the morning we started out with three pack horses, which we had brought with us, for the Collins' farm, five miles east of Seattle. We arrived at the farm on the 14th, which, by the way, was Sunday. We found it was useless to start at that time as the Cascades were still too deeply covered with snow. On Monday, the 29th, after a fortnight's delay, the celebrated Collins' expedition moved out from the Collins' farm. There were thirty-four men in the party, and a slight excess in number of pack horses. It was an independent expedition, by which I mean we were banded together for safety, every one having his own pack horse and supplies. We followed the trail by Blackman's where there were a few settlers, but we traversed the country for sixty miles before we saw any more, which was at Kellogg's Prairie, now called Snoqualamie Prairie, one of the greatest hop fields of the west.

When we arrived there we found the snow still heavy on the mountains. In order to make any advance we dug a ditch, two and one-half feet deep and the same number of feet in width, for a distance of thirteen miles. This long ditch we filled in with brush, and while

working on it the rain was pouring down in torrents, soaking us to the skin.

While still on the west side of the Cascades our captain had an encounter with a bear which might have ended his life, only I happened by chance to be out with my gun in search of a few grouse for my dinner and supper.

Pushing through the bush I heard the cry of a man for help. He must have heard me breaking through the timber. I made my way as fast as I could in the direction from which the cry had come. Arriving at a comparatively open spot, I saw a bear standing over a man who was lying on his back, and whom I at once recognized as Captain Collins. The bear was tearing large chunks out of his heavy overcoat and the captain's face was covered with blood. I whipped out my Colt and fired. The first shot missed the bear, but on firing the second the bear turned round as though about to attack me, and then sank slowly down. The second shot had entered the head back of the ear, and had come out over the left eye, passing right through the brain.

The heavy overcoat and vest which the captain wore undoubtedly saved his life. On rising from the ground he shook me by the hand and said:

"Stevenson, I shall never forget you for this. I was a dead man if it had not been for you."

He never did, for I was a great favorite of his throughout the rest of the expedition. We got some of the men up from camp, and packed the bear back to it, where we skinned her and cut her up. She was very good eating and there was more bear meat than was sufficient to feed the whole party.

I forgot to mention that with the exception of a nasty scratch on his forehead from which the blood poured freely, the captain was uninjured. It was a very narrow escape.

On the second of June we succeeded in crossing the summit of the Cascades. On all sides we were surrounded by heavy impenetrable forests, in which were numerous cougars or mountain lions, who often made night hideous with their frightful screeching.

We saw the footprints of many grizzly bears, some of very large size. We saw two, but they were very shy and keen of nose and hearing.

On the second night after crossing the summit we reached some grass at the head waters of the Yakima. We had up to this time been fourteen days continuously in wet clothes and wet blankets, and I was the only man of the thirty-four who could speak above a whisper. In

all my fifty years experience on the trail that was the hardest trip I ever made. The alternation of rich grass and groves which today line the banks of numerous streams afford all the polished beauty of a region that has been for a century under the softening influence of the hand of man. We took the opportunity of drying our clothes and our blankets in the wind as well as sometimes before a roaring fire. We turned our horses out properly hobbled to partake of the rich grass. Seeing that I was the only one of the party unaffected by the wet and boisterous weather, Capt. Collins remarked that he felt sure that I would live to see every member of the expedition buried. Wise prophet was Captain Collins, for, as far as I know, every one has been buried for over twenty years.

From these head waters of the Yakima we followed the course of the river for three days. As we travelled along I could not help being impressed by the absolute silence which everywhere prevailed. We saw no settlements in any direction, but we frequently saw bands of Indians.

At a point corresponding to where the town of Parker now stands we crossed the river. It was here we had serious trouble with some Indians, one of whom very nearly got my scalp by means of a poisoned arrow. All the way down the Yakima we had seen and met with them and I fully realized that if any bloodshed occurred that we would be massacred to a man. They outnumbered us one hundred to one, and I had counselled caution as well as a peaceable bearing towards them. We were strangers to these Indians and it was natural that they should regard us with a good deal of suspicion. I can not say how the trouble began, but I had my eyes about me in every direction, watching every bush and stone that offered a cover for a human body. Suddenly a young Indian, who sat his horse as though he was part of the animal, raised his bow and had pulled the arrow to the head against the timber of the bow to shoot. I realized that my life was in danger, but I did not wish to kill him. I had no time to aim, but I raised my double barrelled shotgun and fired. This disconcerted his aim, and he missed me, as I also missed him in the hurry of the moment. Covering him with my other loaded barrel I rushed forward and made him a prisoner. When I found he was unwounded I was highly pleased, and it was well, as subsequently I ascertained that he was the son of the chief of the Yakimas. I took from him his bow and a case of thirty arrows. When the members of our company, after recovering the arrow, found that it was a poisoned one, they wanted to lynch him on the spot. They had three different ropes ready to string him up with, but I got in front of the Indian and threatened to shoot the first

man that laid a hand upon him. How did the Indian behave while this was going on? He never made a move. He was sitting on a beautiful little horse watching everything that was going on. Frank Pasters, my partner, notwithstanding my protests, fired twice at him, but I kept close to Pasters and every time he shot I pushed his arm up. One of the shots struck a rocky ledge at the back of the Indian and the other fairly grazed the young man's head. He did not appear to me to be more than twenty years old. After that he rode beside me for fifteen miles patting me occasionally on the shoulder and expressing his gratitude for saving his life. He said, too, that he would stay with me always, and go where I went.

We went into camp at two o'clock and I picketed out two horses amid the best grass I could find. Here the Indian, after borrowing my gun, slipped away into the bush, and in twenty minutes returned with two grouse, which he plucked and cleaned and then cooked on two spits before the fire. He sat down beside me and ate his dinner, the first he had ever eaten with a white man. He then lay down close to me and slept soundly until five o'clock. Then ten of our company came up and told him to go. After satisfying myself that they were not going to shoot at him I made no objections, and bidding him good-bye, he jumped on to his horse; drew his long, two-edged knife, and shaking it in defiance at the ten who had ordered him off, galloped swiftly away. I think that young Indian was the bravest I ever saw. At what is now called Wenatchee we found a colored man living with the Indians. He spoke English with that accent peculiar to the race, and said he had been through a university course. In our party were three university men who at once proceeded to test his knowledge. Long Tom Davis, a nephew of Jeff Davis, examined him in his knowledge of Greek, Latin and French, and Bill Skill (Schombrash), a German, in German, Spanish and some other language. The colored man spoke four language all right, and he knew enough about classics to prove that he probably did have a university education. He would give no account of himself or why he was there, and on being asked if he was a murderer, answered that we wanted to know too much. He was a big powerful fellow, and told us that he was married to the chief's daughter, and that he would be the chief at some time in the future.

At Lake Chehan we had some trouble with a most degraded looking white man about ferriage. This man was living with an Indian woman. While the dispute was going on and he was defying us and saying he was not afraid of the whole thirty-four of us, two of our party said they thought they had seen him somewhere. All of a

sudden both of them recognized him at the same time, and stepping out to the front said: "We know you—you are Tomlinson, the cannibal and murderer—you were caught in the snows in the mountains once, then you killed your squaw and lived on her body for two weeks. Yes, when Kit Carson heard of it, he ordered you out of the mountains, and told you that if ever you came back he would kill you on sight. We have a perfect right to lynch you now, but if you are here tonight we will do so." He got away in a hurry, for he certainly would have been lynched as our party was composed of some very determined fellows. That Tomlinson was the hardest and toughest looking character I ever saw. He was a big brute, and had red hair, which was sticking through the crown of an old straw hat. His trousers were all gone as high as the knees, his shirt sleeves were half gone, his moccasins were in tatters. He stood about six feet two inches, a large, raw-boned man, with watery blue eyes. He was about forty years of age and as active as a cougar. Shortly after that we heard he murdered a man named Little George, who was with Mattingly's mule train. Tomlinson was afraid of little George, but one day he got a chance and treacherously murdered him.

We passed up the Columbia to the mouth of the Okanagan river, where we arrived on the evening of June 16, 1860. Next morning Capt. Collins sent me and five others to Fort Okanagan to hire a boat to cross the stream with. The fort was distant about four miles, and we made a raft on which to cross the Okanagan. When we arrived at the fort we found everything packed up in readiness for its abandonment, which occurred on June 18, 1860. Francois Lafleur, Hudson's Bay Company's engage, a French halfbreed, was in charge of the fort. He could not sell us anything as it was all packed up in 300 side packs, or loads for 150 horses. The Hudson's Bay Company abandoned the fort on the date named, and went into the Similkameen and opened up a store on what is now the Lowe and Costen ranch, close to where the town of Keremeos stands. I was appointed to do the talking so I went to Francois and asked him to hire us a boat. He replied that he would not hire us a boat, but would lend us one which had a history. "It has," said Francois, "several bullet holes in the stern, which were put there when McLaughlin, in charge of an expedition which left Oregon for the Fraser River, had the big fight with the Indians at the fort.

We obtained the loan of the boat from Francois, and started down the Columbia on a strong current, and amid all kinds of logs, trees and floating debris. When we reached the mouth of the Okanagan there was little or no current. People of the town of Brewster, and those in that part of the country still believe that Fort Okanagan was at the

mouth of the Okanagan, but it was not. It was about two miles, I think, above, on a nice gentle slope to the margin of the Columbia. But what matters it whether it was above or below, in a few years no one living will know the difference. It is almost certain that I am the only man living today who saw old Fort Okanagan. It was built by J. J. Astor in 1811, and had a heavy stockade of firs, straight on end, and a double door to give entrance to the stockade. All went well until one of our party who had seven ten-gallon kegs of liquor, asked leave from our party to get rid of one of the kegs. He was taking this liquor with him intending to start a saloon at Rock Creek. The old keg was giving him a lot of trouble. The question of disposing of it to the Indians was put to the vote, and was carried, although Captain Collins and I opposed his doing so as hard as we could. It was sold to the Indians for $60, and paid for in half dollar pieces, and one could see that they had lately come out of the ground. Capt. Collins asked me to ride to the fort with the Indians, and see how they disposed of the liquor. I went down alone with those Indians, chatting with them in Chinook. When they got to the fort they at once set it down in the centre of the square surrounded by the stockade. Then they took an axe and knocked in the head of the keg, and placed two tin cups on the rim to drink the liquor. Every one of them drank a tinful, and Francois Lafleur took as big a drink as any of them. Seeing that trouble would soon start I tried to persuade Francois not to drink any more, but my efforts were useless, and I mounted my horse, intending to return at once. Francois stopped me and said, "Your company have more liquor, but the Indians have no more money, your company will have to give the Indians another keg of liquor or they will fight you for it. That is what the Indians are telling me to say to you."

I said, "They will not get any more liquor, but if we have to, we will fight them for it." At that time each one of the Indians had had two cups full, and were just starting to drink a third. They were also beginning to whoop and howl, and the women were drinking in the house. Then they commenced to plait their horses' manes and tails in preparation for a fight. The whooping of the Indians and the excitement nearly drove my horse crazy, and he began to rear and pitch to get away from the fort. I then let him go, never once pulling rein in the four miles of a ride. Capt. Collins was watching for me with a strong field glass, and when I was two miles away, so he told me afterwards, called out, "Run in all the horses, boys, there's trouble coming, for I told him to ride fast if there was any danger." The horses were at once tied in a circle of about one hundred yards across, and we set to work to dig pits, and place our saddles and goods before the pits.

We were then directed to shoot off one-half of our firearms and to reload with fresh ammunition. Captain Collins said there was no time to cook dinner, but when all was ready to meet the Indians we could do so. Well, we had finished, and they were not yet in sight, he told us to cook our dinners, and he would watch with his glass. It was about two o'clock when Capt. Collins called out "Here they come." They looked fine, all their horses' manes and tails were plaited, and the white horses were dyed blue, and the Indians were almost naked, and they started at once to circle round us, lying over on the sides of their horses, and you could see their faces protruding under the breasts of their horses. The circle they made in riding round us must have been nearly half a mile in diameter, and they rode in single file. It was evident that they were slightly intoxicated, but they clung on and rode all right.

As they circled round us they tried their best to reduce the diameter of the circle and get closer to us, but when Capt. Collins noticed it he warned the Indians to keep off. Of course they were anxious to get close to us because they knew we were much more effective at long range than they were. The only firearms they had were the old Hudson's Bay muskets with the barrels cut down to a length of sixteen inches, while we were armed with shotguns of great strength, as well as rifles and Colt's heavy navy revolvers.

Those who read this account may wonder why the Indians were not intoxicated, but it should be explained that the keg sold had been in use during the trip and had been frequently watered to make up quantity, irrespective of quality. When the Indians obtained it the keg contained nearly three-fourths water. Still the liquor had some effect upon them, for as they circled round, clinging to their horses, they were shouting and whooping in great style.

Ever since the day I saved Captain Collins' life in his encounter with the bear at the foot of the Cascades, I had been a great favorite of his and on this occasion he insisted on my standing beside him while the Indians galloped round us. The rest of the company were lying down behind their saddles in the pits they had dug out. At the completion of each circle the chief would dash up in front of us and ask if we were going to give him that keg. Then he would dare us to fire on them and the men in reply dared the Indians to fire the first shot. At last the circling became reduced in speed and when the chief at one time attempted to get his band closer to us, Captain Collins warned him to keep his distance or he would surely fire on them. Our leader was not to be trifled with and I feel sure the Indian chief recognized this, for he said if we whipped his men there were two hundred more

of his tribe who would see that not one of us got out of the country alive. Of course there were times when everything was at a high tension and the slightest mistake would have proved very serious, but Captain Collins kept constantly telling us to keep perfectly cool and not to fire a shot unless he gave the word. "Do not forget, men," he said, "that these are the Okanagan Indians, wha have persistently refused to sign a treaty with the United States Government. I know them well—they are sturdy and brave fighters. I fought them four years ago in the Indian War of 1856."

We were at this time about eighty-four miles south of the international boundary line. They had us corralled there for fully five hours, and during that time the Indians must have challenged us at least ten times to fire the first shot. Of course the man who sold the liquor to the Indians was the cause of all this trouble, but he lived to become a wealthy and respected citizen of Victoria. He died there twenty-five years ago. I do not think it would be wise to mention his name. He is dead, poor fellow, and was much thought of by our party. He was a great story-teller and on many a night before the camp fire he told tale after tale, which kept us in fits of laughter.

Well, after trying to bluff us into giving them a second keg of liquor and being unsuccessful, the Indians gradually left us, in small parties of two, three or five at a time, until the whole band disappeared.

We all recognized that we had had a narrow escape from what would certainly have proved a sanguinary conflict. When they left us the Indians all rode back to the fort to see what drops of the delicious 'lum 'lum might still be clinging to the timber of that keg.

We stayed in that camp that night. It would have been the sheerest folly to do otherwise, but great care was taken that a thoroughly reliable guard was appointed to keep watch while the rest were sleeping.

When the Indians left us the sun was well down on the western horizon and cast a purplish light over the surrounding country. Not a living creature was in sight beside our party., but caution was necessary in dealing with savages, who were almost crazed with liquor. We all lay in our rifle pits, each man collecting sufficient grass to feed his horses where they were tethered when we were expecting a fight with the Okanagans and also to line the pits, in which we were expecting to pass the night, our firearms by our side, loaded and ready for use.

We passed the night without the slightest disturbance and on rising in the morning failed to see an Indian anywhere. To make sure that no ambush or similar deviltry was contemplated by the Indians, a reconnaisance was made of the surrounding country with a negative

result. Everything appeared peaceable, so we continued our journey up the Okanagan River. About forty miles from where it empties into the Columbia is the McLaughlin Canyon, named after the leader of an expedition of gold miners from Oregon in 1858 to gold diggings on the Fraser River. This canyon had all the earmarks of a previous fight having taken place there between armed parties. The stone defences and the loopholes for muskets were still visible and in good preservation. A man named John Blackburn, one of our party, explained to us the prominent features of this narrow passage. He had been a member of McLaughlin's expedition and told us a very interesting story, which I will repeat as nearly as I can remember, and allow you, doctor, to clothe it in your own language.

"Like many others, I had heard of the wonderful gold diggings on the Fraser River. This was in 1858, two years ago. I joined the expedition, which was composed of 160 men, all well armed, and starting from Oregon we crossed the Columbia River at Fort Okanagan. We had a short sharp fight while crossing, but we drove the Indians back. Our expedition was divided into four commands of forty men each. The four captains were James McLaughlin, Hambright, Wilson and Plummer. The company I was in was commanded by McLaughlin, and accompanying us was a trader named Wolfe, who lived at Colville. He had with him a large band of cattle, while we had about 180 horses packing in our supplies and outfits.

The skirmish at the crossing of the Columbia made the Okanagans respect our firearms, which were of the very latest pattern. When we arrived at this narrow passage we found stone fortifications as you see them today, but no Indians were in sight. Just as we were about to enter this defile McLaughlin, who was as sharp as a needle, saw an Indian's head peeping above the stone work, and he instantly called a halt, and for one half the men to take the animals down to the plateau near the river, and the other half to get under cover at once. We had a very sharp fight, which lasted from 4 o'clock until a little after dark. Three of our comrades were killed and seven wounded. Those killed were Hurley, Evans and Rice. Poor fellows. They did not understand Indian fighting, and exposed themselves too much. They were brave enough, in fact, too brave. During the night the Indians fired the grass and we did the same, but this firing of the grass did not drive us out, as they thought it would. In the morning we buried our comrades, and you can see the places where they are buried are marked. But when we proceeded to flank the Indian position we found that they had left during the night. Our wounded men all recovered. A little further on we were again attacked by 120 warriors,

all mounted. They attempted to cut off our train and Wolfe's cattle, but we saw at once what they were after, and drove them off, killing four of their warriors, whose dead bodies they carried away with them. We finally made peace with them, only to find a few days after that they had stolen during the night, sixty head of Wolfe's cattle. Two days after that three of us captured two Indians who were jerking some of the beef of the stolen cattle. We carried them off with us as prisoners, but meeting Mr. McDonald, the chief trader of theHudson's Bay Company at Fort Colville, who was on his way to Hope with a pack train, we were simpletons enough to let them go, as he earnestly asked us to do so. Of course he was making himself and his company solid with the Indians. We should have strung them up, as only a few days after that these same rascals robbed a Spaniard, who was packing for us and who had got a little too far behind us. These same Okanagans followed us many days' march in the direction of the Thompson River, doing their best to steal, or cut off stragglers, but we kept a sharp lookout, and when they came too near a whistling bullet would tell them to keep off. I noticed among the Indians yesterday several that were following us two years ago. The chief was one. I would never forget him, from the fact that he has an ugly scar on his left cheek, caused by the sear of a bullet. I was glad to see those Okanagans disappear, as I know them to be all good fighters, and if they were well armed, they would be very dangerous fellows to tackle. They are such good horsemen, too, which is greatly in their favor.

Such was Blackburn's story as he told it to me.

Well, to resume, after leaving this canyon on the Okanagan, we reached the Little Bonaparte, our guide took us across the Colville reservation, and on the afternoon of June 22, 1860, we arrived at the mouth of Rock Creek, twelve miles from where the town of Midway now stands. At this point we were three miles north of the boundary line, and in British territory.

We were now called together and Captain Collins made us a farewell speech, and disbanded us. Thus ended the celebrated Collins expedition, about which so much has been heard.

As far as I know I am the only one of those thirty-four adventurers who are living today. There might be another, but I have not heard of him. The last one died in Victoria, twenty-five years ago.

On the 23rd of June I walked into the diggings of Rock Creek. Adam Bean was the man who discovered gold on this creek, but only a few men were there ahead of our party, so we saw the first shovelling into the sluices. The diggings were fairly good, paying from $30

to $50 to the man per day. There were only two claims, however, that paid $50—they were the discovery claims. The miners there were a mighty poor class. They did not get one-half of the gold. Of course I know this from the knowledge and experience I have since gained in gold mining. One very bad feature in connection with those diggings at that time was the absence of all law. "Might was right" with the majority, who were nothing more than a pack of border ruffians, who would have slit your throat to obtain your claim, if it was worth anything. It was the roughest lot of blackguards I was ever amongst.

After a time Mr. O'Reilly came up to the creek, sent there by Governor Douglas, to act as gold commissioner, recorder and government agent. He had orders to enforce British law. Mr. O'Reilly told the miners they would have to obey the law, and take out miners' licenses, for which they would have to pay $5, and $2.50 for recording each claim. They refused, and on one occasion threw rocks at him. They were always abusive when he spoke to them. Mr. O'Reilly had no means of enforcing the law, so as he saw he was of no use there, he mounted his horse and returned to the coast, where he reported to the governor. He said that he could do nothing; he was helpless without force to command respect. Governor Douglas then came up himself. His outfit was packed in by the late William Ladner That was the first time I met Mr. Ladner. The refusal of the miners to pay taxes of any kind was called the Rock Creek war.

The governor camped three miles from the creek. When he came down to the creek I knew he was coming and I went through the camp and told the miners. I also begged of them to come down and meet the governor, but they all refused. The governor came down and I met him. He thanked me for meeting him and asked me to carry a message to the miners and tell them that he was coming down to address them on the following day, and to ask them to come in. I did so, but they still refused, some of them being the reverse of complimentary. At this time there were 2000 miners on Rock Creek. He came down in full uniform on the following day, accompanied by Judge Cox and Mr. Bushby, but not a miner put in an appearance. Then he asked me to hire a hall for him, wherein he could address the miners. I promised to do so, and obtained a new $5,000 building not yet in use. It was owned by Hayden &Leatherman, and was intended for a saloon, as yet not opened.

When the meeting opened at 3 o'clock there were three hundred miners present, and he made a great impression. He offered to build them a wagon road to Hope, a bridge across the Kettle River, and a

race track on the other side. "But said Governor Douglas, "You must obey the law, and if you don't I'll come back with 500 marines from Esquimalt and compel you to comply with the law of this British country." He asked all those present to stay inside the hall and give him a chance to get to the door so that he could shake them by the hand as they went out and thank them for coming to hear him. Then they gave him a rousing cheer, which was repeated several times, and he went to the door and shook hands with all of them as they went out. That ended what was known as the Rock Creek War.

Judge Cox was left behind to act as gold commissioner, as well as attending to three or four other offices. Well, Judge Cox was rather soft, and gave unlimited credit for all kinds of licenses, and many other taxes. None of these were ever paid, and the following session of the colonial Parliament the government had to have a special vote of $5,000 to cover all of Judge Cox's losses through giving credit.

For the part I had taken in this matter the governor appointed me custom house officer at Osoyoos. I was one of the seven custom officers in crown colony days, and I am the only one living today. The last one of the remaining six was Mr. Haynes of Osoyoos. He died some time ago.

I may say that my position in those days was no sinecure. Nat a week passed while I held that position at Osoyoos but several attempts were made to kill me. I had constantly to be alert and on the watch. The paying of customs dues was much resisted by the ruffians who were so common along the border line in those days. My salary for that position was $250 per month.

My life at Osoyoos was not a very happy one. The constant trouble which I was subjected to by the canaille who infested the boundary line made my work very miserable. The reports, too, that were constantly coming in about the richness of the diggings in Cariboo unsettled me. I had left home in search of gold, and filling a position as a customs officer on the boundary line was not fulfilling my aspirations. At last the news of an enormously rich strike on Antler Creek impelled me to send in my resignation at once. I did so, and asked to have a relieving official sent up as soon as possible.

Before leaving Osoyoos, I thought it would be a good investment to purchase some horses to sell in Lillooet, where they were in great demand for the pack trains. Packers were making handsome profits packing freight from Lillooet to Cariboo at 78c per lb.. I bought 100

head, but was unable to pay for all of them, so I made arrangements with Big Chief Tenasket, to whom I owed the unpaid balance, $600, to accompany me to Lillooet, where I would settle with him. He also engaged another Indian to assist in driving the horses, with the understanding that both the chief and this Indian were to be paid daily wages for doing so. Before setting out we were joined by a Mr. Rowlands, who was on his way from the Dalles to Cariboo with 150 head of cattle. He had one Indian with him also.

This Tenasket was a big powerful fellow who appeared to exercise some sort of authority over the Indians on both sides of the boundary line. He was much feared by all of them, and had the reputation of being able to whip any three of them at one time. Hence he was called Big Chief Tenasket.

Cattle and horses drive very well together, and we made satisfactory progress until we reached the west side of Okanagan Lake, where what is now known as Peachland is situated.

One day I was out a short distance rounding up some horses which had strayed out of line, when I heard the chief's voice. He was roaring like an angry bull, and his voice could have been heard at the distance of half a mile. Fearing that something serious was happening, I put spurs to my horse and galloped towards them at full speed. I was not a minute too soon to stop a duel, which probably would have had a serious ending. As I was approaching them I saw both Rowlands and Tenasket with their pistols raised and pointed at each other. The chief had called "one"—"two"—when I galloped up between them calling "don't shoot, don't shoot." Dashing between them I jumped off my horse, and throwing myself on Rowlands I wrenched the pistol from his hand. It was well I did so, for his hand was trembling like a leaf. He was also shaking all over. On the other hand, the chief was cool and collected, and his hand was as steady as a rock.

I asked what the cause of the trouble was. Then Rowlands said that while they were driving the horses and cattle, his large bull, a very valuable one, laid down and would not get up. He was dead lame, his feet being very sore from the long drive from the Dalles. When the bull would not rise, the chief had collected a quantity of dry dead grass, had placed it under and all round the animal and had then set fire to it, which, of course, was a very cruel thing to do. The bull was very badly burned. I told the chief he had no right to interfere with the animal, let alone burn it in the cruel way he had done. This made the chief furiously angry at me. He swore that he would

quit right there and return to Osoyoos Lake, taking the horses and other Indians with him. This I told him I would not allow him to do, and we had a scrimmage at once. We clinched, while Rowlands kept the other Indian off with his pistol.

This Indian had no firearms or other weapons. Being a young man of great physical strength as you know, doctor, I threw the chief, and holding him down, disarmed him. We had to keep a pretty strict watch on the horses, both of us sitting up all night to prevent the chief stealing away with them. Early in the morning (it was rather dark), in taking my rounds, I caught them in the act of sneaking off with the band. I then gave the chief to understand, in plain language, what I would do if I caught them doing anything like that a second time. The chief was so angry that he would not eat anything the whole of the next day, but when we arrived at McLean's on the Bonaparte, Rowlands and one of the Indians left us and headed for Cariboo. As soon as Rowlands had left us the chief became himself once more, and I returned his pistol to him.

After parting with Rowlands we turned off towards the Marble Canyon, on our way to Lillooet. There I found a ready market for all my horses, selling them at figures ranging from $120 to $180 each. The average profit was $100 a head. These horses I had paid $40 a head for at Osoyoos Lake. I paid the chief the money I owed him, throwing in a handsome present as well. I also paid him and the other Indian the wages I owed them for the time they had been with me. The chief and I parted the best of friends, he returning to Osoyoos, while I started for Cariboo.

I am one of the ten men who took the most money into Cariboo. I had ($10,000) ten thousand dollars with me. The majority of those who went into the mines took in one, two and three hundred, and some again, took in no money at all, being what is termed "broke." Poor fellows, they were always given a helping hand, and many of them came out with a large amount of dust afterwards.

I arrived at Williams Lake, on my way in, on the day of a most noted horse race. It was famous on account of the large amount of money which was staked on the result. Some say it was $100,000, but I think from $60,000 to $70,000 is nearer the mark. The race was between Nigger Baby, owned and ridden by Doc English, and a sorrel from Victoria, owned by Phil Grinder, and ridden by Stubbs of Walla Walla, who was afterwards killed at Fort Okanagan. Nigger Baby was a noted 600 yards horse, and on this occasion won in a canter.

Doc English is still alive and lives at Ashcroft, while Phil Grinder, who lives at Big Bar on the Fraser River, must be over 90 years of age.

On arrival at the mines I bought into the Jordan claim on Antler, and I also purchased for $4,000 a building in the town of Antler from James Kirby and Charles Kendal. This was now the fall of 1861. On November 3, '61, I left the Forks of Quesnelle for Victoria. It snowed nearly every day on the way down. At the Bonaparte, Isaac Oppenheimer, brother to David, Vancouver's celebrated chief magistrate, passed us on his way down. He was mounted on a mule and had with him 110 pounds of gold dust, equal to $21,120 in the canteen hanging on the mule. At Lytton our party overtook Mr. E. Dewdney, who was lieutenant-governor of British Columbia in the nineties.

It snowed so hard that we were detained one day in Lytton, and when we started out next morning the snow was four feet six inches on the level. We had no snowshoes and the walking was most laborious. Morgan, the owner of a large mule train, who was termed a packer, as well as Reynolds, another mule train owner and packer, and an Indian composed our party. That was one of the toughest trips I ever made, but we had to get through. That may give the people of today some idea of what we pioneers went through in the search for gold. We arrived in Yale on December 5, having taken ten days to make 57 miles. Here Mr. Dewdney wanted me to go to Hope with him, and after some conversation on the subject, I agreed to do so. We hired an Indian to take us there for three dollars each. We were just on the point of stepping into the canoe when David Oppenheimer overtook us and asked us to stay over for the grand farewell ball which was to be given to the McRoberts family, who were leaving Yale to settle on a farm on the North Arm of the Fraser. You will notice that wherever Mr. David Oppenheimer made his home he was always a leading spirit in any public entertainment.

Mr. Dewdney at once said, "I'll flip head or tail with you, as to whether we stay or not."

Mr. Oppenheimer knew that Mr. Dewdney was quite a sleight-of-hand performer and replied: "No, but I will throw in the air with you and let it fall on the ground."

Well, to make a long story short, we lost and we returned to the hotel. It turned out to be a splendid ball, as it was sure to be where David Oppenheimer was the leading spirit. There were sixty couples on the floor that night, and I think 150 men were present. There was good music, a good supper, and the best whistler on the Pacific coast, "Whistling" Tom Schooley, he was called. I will say nothing more

about him, as he came to a rather bad end in Victoria in the seventies. Mr. Isaac and David Oppenheimer were at the ball and I think young Miss McRoberts was the only single lady there.

We were detained nine days, waiting for a steamer to take us to New Westminster. It was bitterly cold weather. At last, on December 14, the Onward, Captain William Irving, father of Captain John, arrived. The boat did not stay long. It was soon filled. Fares, $13 to New Westminster, no return tickets. This was the last trip of the season, and we arrived in plenty of time to take the Otter next morning at New Westminster for Victoria. It took an hour and a half, however, to cut her out of her icy surroundings, for it was freezing hard. Captain Mowat was in command of the Otter, and it was well on in the night when we tied up in the harbor of Victoria. The Fraser River was frozen over that month of December, 1861, right down to the mouth, and those bound for the mainland from Victoria had to be deposited at Port Moody, where they found means of being transported to the Royal City. It was eight weeks before steamers could ply again between Victoria and New Westminster.

Victoria at that time was virtually a city of tents, for it was said that there were about 2,000 miners wintering there awaiting the opening of the mining season of 1862. Among the arrivals in Victoria that spring was John A. Cameron, afterwards known as Cariboo Cameron. He arrived on the second day of March, 1862, and put up at the Royal Hotel. He had his wife and little daughter with him. This little girl died on the fifth day after arrival. Her death was a great grief to her parents. Cameron and I came from Glengarry, Eastern Canada, and in a short time after he arrived we became close and intimate friends. He told me that he had only $40 when he landed. As I had some money we agreed to go into partnership, and together we went to the Hudson's Bay Company's store, where I introduced him. After a conversation of over an hour, the chief trader agreed to let him have $2,000 worth of goods, for which I went security. Cameron subsequently paid his debt in full, when he and I brought his wife's body to Victoria in March, 1863.

I left Victoria on my way to Cariboo, on April 2, 1862. In company with three others, I arrived on Antler Creek on April 23, 1862. The snow on the creek was seven feet deep, but not an icicle was to be seen. Forty-five of those who had started out with us could not keep up to our pace, and fell behind and came in in twos and threes, for ten days after.

I went into the building I had purchased in the town of Antler, and engaged in the commission business, advancing money to packers, and getting 10 per cent. for selling their goods. In less than four months I cleared $11,000.

Cameron and his wife arrived on Antler Creek on July 25, following, but his goods were still at the Forks of Quesnelle. He was owing $1,400 freight money to Alan McDonald (afterwards Captain Alan McDonald of Fort McLeod) for packing them in. I settled with McDonald and got him to deliver the goods in Richfield on Williams Creek. Cameron and McDonald had quarrelled on the way up from Yale, and were deadly enemies.

Among the goods which Cameron brought in was a large lot of candles, which were then selling at $5 per pound. Candles at this time were very scarce, and I went to the several claims and sold them at $100 a box, twenty pounds to the box. They were poor, small American candles, and were badly broken up in the carriage on the animals' backs, for a distance of 385 miles. Chips and all went at $100 per box. People had to take chances in buying them, and had to take them as they found them. Those were dear days in Cariboo. I will give you a few of the prices asked and paid: Nails, $5 per pound by the 100-pound keg; butter, $5; matches (wax), $1.50 per box; bag of salt, (5 lbs.), $7.50; flour for nine days was $2 per pound; no one was allowed to buy more than two pounds at a time; potatoes $1.15 per pound in 100-lb. sacks, $115.

About this date I sold out my business on Antler Creek, and went to Williams Creek, just in the nick of time, to get into what was known as the Cameron claim. Dr. Crane had told me of the ground being vacant, and wanted me to go with him that night and stake it off. I told him I had a few friends I would like to take in with us. So I organized a company as follows: J. A. Cameron, Sophia Cameron, Robert Stevenson, Alan McDonald, Richard Rivers, Charles Clendenning and James Clendenning. I had to wait a day and a half on Cameron to come with us to stake the claim. Cameron was nearly not coming that morning to stake the claim, as he had a prejudice against doing so on a Friday, as he thought it was unlucky.

When staking, Cameron and I disagreed, and then quarrelled over the location, and if he had followed my advice the claim, instead of paying one million dollars, would have paid double that amount. He would insist on single claims on the left bank of the creek, and I wished to stake two claims abreast on the right bank. If my plan had

been followed, the Tinker claim would not have been heard of, and Henry Beattie of Toronto might not have been a millionaire today, for the Tinker claim, in which he was interested, paid nearly as well as the Cameron, and put him right on his feet. After staking the claim, we sat down to name it. This was on Aug. 22, 1862. Dr Crane proposed that it should be called the Stevenson claim because I got up the company. I objected to this and asked the privilege of calling it the Cameron claim, and so it was called. Crane, at this time had a full interest in the claim, but lost it through getting into a row in a saloon in Richfield, where he drew a pistol and fired at some person. Though no one was hurt, he was given thirty days in gaol by Judge Elwyn, in addition to a heavy fine. As we did not wish this kind of a man in the same company with us, we forfeited his interest.

The first shaft was sunk by Charles and James Clendenning, R. Rivers and myself, but we lost it at twenty-two feet, and the work was stopped. The Clendennings went to Victoria, refusing to work on the claim, or to leave any money to aid in sinking a shaft. This was on Sept. 26. At this time there was a heavy fall of snow, and the ground was well covered with it. Two weeks prior to this Mrs. Cameron was taken ill with mountain fever, as they first called it, but it was typhoid. She was a tall, beautiful woman and 28 years of age. I helped to nurse her, and used to tramp through the heavy brush and snow at midnight to take my turn in seeing that she got her medicine regularly, and that other directions of the doctor were carried out.. She was attended by Dr. Wilkinson.

Mrs. Cameron died at 3 a.m. on Oct. 23, 1862. Richfield was the name of the mining town where she passed away. Cameron and I were the only persons present at the time. I happened to be there, as it was the period of my morning watch. Poor Cameron! His wife's death was a great blow to him. He certainly had his periods of grief. It will be recollected that he lost his only child five days after his arrival in the province. The morning Mrs. Cameron died was intensely cold, the thermometer standing at thirty degrees below zero, and a wind blowing at the rate of sixty miles an hour. As there were no undertakers in Cariboo in those days, I went away and engaged Griffin to make a coffin, and Henry Lightfoot of Vankleek Hill made the case. You must understand that at that time there were very few women in Caribou, but her remains were laid in the coffin by Griffin, Loring and myself, who came from the same place in Eastern Canada. Mr. Cameron intended taking the body back to the place of her childhood, so after being enclosed in the tin and wooden cases it was placed in a cabin at the back of Richfield to await removal

to Victoria. Out of eight thousand miners who worked in Cariboo during the mining season in 1862 there were only ninety left to attend the funeral in the winter.

Two days after the funeral Dick Rivers and I started work again upon another shaft on the Cameron claim. I might say two shafts, as Rivers and I, like Cameron and I, in the location of the claim, disagreed. Rivers and I could not agree on the exact spot to sink. Like Cameron, he wished to keep too much to the left bank, so each of us started on our own chosen spots, and worked until noon, when Rivers gave in and came and joined me. We had the shaft down fourteen feet before Cameron came down to see how matters were progressing, when he at once said that I was right in my selection of the spot to sink. It was afterwards proved that a shaft on Rivers' selection would have missed the rich pay. At fourteen feet we met with a lot of water, and had to engage William Halpenny to assist us. This William Halpenny was afterwards Government guide for the placing of immigrants on suitable locations. In 1878 he delivered the Colonist in Victoria, and at that time his hair was hanging halfway down his back. I met him at that time and asked him what he meant by wearing his hair so long. He replied that he had sworn an oath when in Cariboo, ten years previously, that he would never cut his hair until they had struck pay in the Beaver claim, in the Meadows of Williams Creek, and that it had not yet been struck. I told him that I was sure the Lord would forgive him "if he sold out his crop." He followed my advice.

Well, as I was saying, we employed Halpenny and three others to help us. On Dec. 22 we struck it very rich at 22 feet. Dick Rivers was in the shaft at the time, and Halpenny and I were at the windlass. I may tell you that it was 30 below zero at the time. Cameron had just come down from Richfield to see how we were getting on, when Rivers called up from the bottom of the shaft: "Cameron or Stevenson—come down here at once—the place is yellow with gold! Look here, boys!" at the same time holding up a flat rock the size of a dinner pail. I laid down flat on the platform and peered into the shaft. I could see the gold standing out on the rock as he held it. "Put it in the bucket and send it up," I said, and in a short time it was on the surface. I got $16 out of this piece of rock. Then Cameron started down the shaft, and while he was down I took my pick and went through some of the frozen stuff that had been sent up all morning, and got $16 before he came up again. Out of three 12-gallon kegs of gravel I obtained $155. Of course this turned out one of the best claims of the Cariboo.

Sinking, we found bedrock at 38 feet. It was good all the way down from 22 to there, but the richest was at 22 feet. Strange to say the coarse gold was at 22 feet. We now knew what we had, but we agreed to keep it quiet a short time.

Cameron was anxious to have his wife's body removed to Victoria and there embalmed, and had offered $12 per day, and $2,000 to any hardy man who would make the round trip to Victoria with his wife's body, and I was to stay in Cariboo and work the claim. On the evening before starting he was told that the last man whom he had engaged had backed out. The smallpox at this time was raging all the way down to Victoria, and men were timid about catching it. It was the genuine old smallpox, which left its marks behind it, and was somewhat fatal, too, to those who caught it. Cameron was very much broken up by this disappointment, and seeing this, I said I would go with him, but he said: "No you have never had the smallpox, and I would feel very badly if you caught it," but I told him I was willing to take the chance, but he objected on the ground that I was required to run the claim. I told him we could appoint Evan Jones to run the claim until we returned, and as for the smallpox, I wasn't afraid of it. Well," said Cameron, "if you will go, I would rather have you than any man in Cariboo." I said "I'll go, but I will pay my own expenses."

On the last day of January, 1863, we started up the mountain opposite Richfield, on the way to Victoria. There were twenty-two of us, and we started out shortly after daylight. There were six or seven feet of snow, and two feet on the top of that, and newly fallen, so it was very soft. We were all on snowshoes. The box containing Mrs. Cameron's body was placed on a toboggan, to which it was lashed. The toboggan was fourteen inches in width, and on top of the box were fifty pounds of gold dust, our blankets and a considerable amount of grub. There wasn't any sign of any trail, not even the mark of a dog's foot. I was appointed leader and guide. There was a long rope attached to the toboggan, and as leader I took the end of the rope over my shoulder, and started off, every one of the remaining men taking a hold also. As the load was topheavy, it was constantly turning over.

The climb up the mountain was so difficult that at 12 o'clock, noon, we had only made three and a half miles. It was very evident that by going that way we would not reach Tom Maloney's that night. As I was guide I turned off sharply to the left for Grouse Creek, through the thick green timber. They were all bady scared that I would miss it, but I didn't. Even after striking Grouse Creek it was

hard to make some of them believe it was Grouse Creek. We followed up Grouse Creek and reached Maloney's some hours after dark. Next morning it was 35 degrees below zero, and the wind was blowing a gale, and the snow drifting most terribly, for at Tom Maloney's there was no timber. At this point fourteen men returned to Richfield, but eight kept on with us. Our party now consisted of Cameron, myself, Dr. Wilkinson, A. Rivers, Rosser Edwards, Evan Jones, French Joe and Big Indian Jim. We went by way of Antler and Swift River. It was bitterly cold. We had no tent so we slept in the open, the spirit thermometer belonging to Cameron, hanging from a limb of a tree, registering 50 degrees below zero. We travelled very slowly, the snow being dry and loose, and the toboggan being topheavy, was constantly turning over and spilling everything.

Between Swift River and Snowshoe Creek our "grub" gave out, leaving us without a bite to eat. Another disaster was the loss of our rum, from the two gallon keg. It was what was known as Hudson's Bay rum, and like all the liquors that company sold, of the very best. This keg was carried on the toboggan with the grub and blankets, and once when the toboggan upset the keg rolled down a steep short bluff, struck against a tree and knocked the bung out. Before it could be salved the spirit had all escaped from the keg. To add to our misfortunes we found that all of our matches had been destroyed. It was well on in the afternoon, and the sun a little above the trees, when our unfortunate position was realized. We at once held counsel as to what we should do. Our position was a desperate one. We were in a thick spruce forest, without the first sign of a trail, and no food left to allow of our spending any time to gauge our position to the surrounding country. We were between Swift River and Snowshoe Creek, and the only chance to save our lives was to find Davis' Crossing on Keightly Creek, where a German kept a "road house" and a small store.

The question arose 'who would go on and find Davis' Crossing?' The other seven said they were too tired, and were afraid they would be unable to find the crossing. Even French Joe and Indian Jim funked it, and refused to go; but they were all kind enough to suggest that I was the man to go, as they were sure I could find it. Such disinterested willingness on their part to allow me the honor of piloting them out of their desperate position rather ruffled me, but when Cameron and Dr. Wilkinson came to me, and with almost imploring looks said, "Will you go?" I replied very briefly, "Yes, I will, and find it, too; don't be the least afraid, I'll not make the least mistake." "If you do," said Dr. Wilkinson, "we are all dead men; we are all depend-

ing on you." "Remember this," I said to Dr. Wilkinson, "after dark you will find it most difficult to follow my snowshoe tracks."

Well, I started off and made straight for the crossing, not making the slightest deviation, and got there a few hours after dark. Loading myself with supplies of bread, meat and some matches, I started back to meet them. I found them coming on slowly following my tracks. They were all glad to meet me, but told me that as they had no matches they had a most difficult time following my snowshoe tracks. Dr. Wilkinson and Cameron both said "You have done well—God bless you—you have saved our lives."

French Joe and Indian Jim were carrying the blankets, and the fifty pounds of gold. The body was on the toboggan some distance back in the forest, where we had been obliged to leave it. As it was we had a close call for our lives. At daybreak next morning we started back for the body, and returned with it to the crossing that night. Next day we walked down the creek to its mouth, where there were a house and a small store. At this point Dr. Wilkinson, Richard Rivers, Rosser Edwards and Evan Jones turned back to William's Creek.

Cameron, Joe, Indian Jim and myself continued on to the Forks of Quesnelle, where we arrived during the night.

We sought the shelter of a hotel there, managed by Mrs. Lawless. In one of the pretty stories told by Mr. D. W. Higgins in the "Mystic Spring" a woman is referred to as the once Irish lady of the city of Dublin. She was undoubtedly the lost daughter of Dan O'Connell, the great Irish liberator. So she is referred to in Irish song. Her name was Johanna McGuire. We had the proof right there in Cariboo. A brother of an Irish peer told Judge Cox, Sir Matthew Begbie, the late Judge Walkem, Murdoch Campbell and myself, that he was well acquainted with her, and had met her frequently in society in Dublin. She did her best to keep him from revealing her identity, but without success. Her letters, I remember, always came to her through the bank. She was rather a wild creature and consumed a large amount of liquor. "De mortuis nil nisi bonum" may be an excellent precept or maxim, but this is history which I am giving you. On one occasion she was up before Judge Cox on some charge, when he asked her to give some account of herself as to who she was and where she came from. She refused to tell him, and on his threatening to give her sixty days for contempt, she remarked: "I would not tell you if you gave me my natural life." She kept a saloon, but it was closed half the time. She endeavored to induce me

not to proceed to Victoria on account of the smallpox, but to return to William's Creek. Of course I couldn't do that.

Next morning we went on as far as Beaver Lake, where French Joe and Indian Jim left us to return to William's Creek. This was on the 10th of February, eleven days since we had set out, and only covering 72 miles. At this time the weather was intensely cold, the thermometer ranging between forty and fifty below zero. I counted ninety snow graves of Indians who died here from the smallpox There was only one adult Indian of the Beaver Lake tribe living. All the rest had succumbed to the dreaded fever. Here Cameron bought a three-hundred-dollar horse and hitched it to the toboggan. After this we marched along; I was in front, then the horse and toboggan and Cameron bringing up the rear. The snow was not so deep here as it was about William's Creek, being only two and a half feet. At Deep Creek, Williams Lake and all through the valley of the Lake La Hache smallpox was epidemic. At William's Creek I counted one hundred and twenty Indian snow graves, and only three full grown Indians left. When I use the term snow graves, I mean that the bodies were only covered with snow, awaiting the opening of spring and milder weather to dispose of them propertly. At old Mr. Wright's in the Lake La Hache valley, there were two snow graves within six feet of his door. The old man was living alone. In one grave was an Indian who had died of smallpox, and the other contained the body of a white man, who had come to a violent and sudden death. He was one of the two men in the employ of a settler, at that time a bachelor. While amusing themselves with a game of cards, these two men quarrelled and one of the two, snatching up a three-legged stool, dealt the other a blow on the head, killing him instantly. The man escaped and was never afterwards apprehended, on this charge at least.

We passed on to Lillooet—smallpox everywhere. We crossed the Lillooet-Douglas portage in deep snow. On the Pemberton portage we met, for the first time, Jim Cumming, now living at the "150," on the Cariboo road. The smallpox at Douglas was awful, white and Indians both being carried off.

We had purchased, at odd times, three horses in all, to help us transport our things over the nearly four hundred mile journey from Cariboo. Two of these had died, and the third we had no further use for, as we were at the end of land transportation, and our journey from there on was by water. On our way to embark on the little steamer Henrietta we had to pass over a road lined by two rows of tents on each side of the road. The flaps of these tents were raised sufficiently

to let us see Indians lying thereunder in all stages of the disease. Some of them were actually black with confluent smallpox, and the stench peculiar to the disease was simply awful.

We were met at New Westminster by many who are still alive, among whom I might mention J. Armstrong, W. J. Armstrong, C. G. Major, J. Clute, John McLennan, J. Cunningham and a few others, whom I can not at present recall by name. The captain of the Henrietta was Charles Millard, and, I might add, he was also the owner. He is still living in New Westminster. It was March 6 when we arrived at New Westminster, and the next day, the 7th, we left on the Enterprise, Capt. William Mouat, for Victoria, where we arrived on the same day. There was one gentleman who was on the Enterprise as purser who was known and beloved by all old-timers. I mean Alexander Hardisty. He was a brother-in-law of Hon. Donald Smith, now Lord Strathcona. The body of Mrs. Cameron, still in a frozen condition, was handed over to Mr. Lewis, the undertaker. He was likewise mayor of Victoria. By him the metal coffin was filled with alcohol, sealed up, and the following Sunday, March 8, the second funeral was held, and the body was buried in the Quadra street cemetery. There were about 800 people at the funeral, and if due notice had been given there would have been four times that number, for it was the winter season and the city was full of miners.

We only stopped a few days in Victoria, when we again returned to Cariboo by way of Yale and Lillooet. Our return was made as far as William's Lake on horseback. These horses cost us $350 each. We left the animals at the lake and proceeded on foot to William's Creek by way of the Forks, Keightly Creek, Live Yankee's on Bald Mountain, Antler Creek, Tom Maloney's, and arrived at our creek on April 4, making the trip in 66 days. I may say that the trip down to Port Douglas was the most severe and trying I have ever experienced. The length of the journey was 1200 miles, 800 of which were through the snow.

During our absence our new strike had caused great excitement and from that time on it was one continuous rush to the Cariboo.

As I have already mentioned Cameron and I met J. Cumming at the Pemberton Portage. It was then that Cameron made arrangements with Cumming to proceed to Cariboo and represent a claim for him, which he intended to purchase from the Clendennings in Victoria. This he afterwards did. On arriving at New Westminster, Cummings turned back and proceeded to Cariboo by Port Douglas and Lillooet. He reached there before we did. The reason Cameron had asked Cumming to represent a claim for him was due to the existence

at that time of a very bad mining law, which prohibited any person owning more than two mining claims—one by pre-emption and another by purchase. Cumming's claim, or the one which was in his name, paid from the start, and everything was going on swimmingly when, about the middle of June, a stranger appeared upon the scene, who sent a bombshell into our camp. I said he was a stranger. I should have qualified this statement by adding "to every one but Cummings." He knew him and said his name was Robert Lamont and that he was his partner. Well, this claim of being Cumming's partner was enlarged by his claiming, as his partner, one half interest in the claim standing in Cumming's name. Cumming never thought of this before. Lamont was really entitled to the half interest, and if Cumming had been a crook or a dishonest man, he could have caused Cameron a great deal of worry, and have done him out of at least one half of that claim. But no! Cumming showed up what he really was—an honest man, and acted throughout in the most honorable manner towards Cameron. He told Lamont that he did not own a cent in the claim and he would, if necessary, go into court and swear that the claim had been put in his name in trust by Cameron, and that he had never owned a dollar in it. Well, after a lot of trouble, Lamont took his departure, convinced that he could do nothing if it came to the pinch. Cummings bluffed him right out. Cameron was paying Cummings $16 per day for working this claim as foreman. Cummings always put the gold taken out each day in a separate box, of which he had the key and which he took away with him each night. This box was kept in the company's office, where Cameron, Steele and I lived together. James Wattie and Cummings lived in another house. James T. Steele was secretary of the company at a salary of $16 per day. He was one of the finest men I have ever met in a period of fifty years. During the time I had dealings with him I never knew him to lose his temper, utter a blasphemous word, or touch a drop of liquor. He was a brother of the principals of the present seed merchants, Steele Bros. of Toronto.

Cameron remained in Cariboo from Aug. '62, until 6th October, '63, when he and I left for Eastern Canada.

At that time, or during that time, there was plenty of work in Cariboo at $10 per day of ten hours, but about the first week of May, '63, the men struck for $12 per day. This demand was granted. But in two weeks they again struck for $12 for a day of eight hours. This was acceded to, but we soon found that we had been taken in, for quite a number of these men, who were the real engineers of the strike, were working two shifts of eight hours each, leaving a number of poor

fellows idle. The secretaries of the various companies had kept a close tab on those who were responsible for this last strike and by comparing notes it was discovered that nearly all of them were from California or Puget Sound, and that not a single man was really from Cariboo. They were all outsiders. This we would not stand for and the mine owners shut down their mines. This caused a great loss to many claims. I know our company, the Cameron Company, lost $20,-000, and many claims lost through the caving in of the workings, the places not having been secured. We then made a move to get back to the old $10 and ten hours basis, allowing an extra $2 to drifters. Several meetings were held with this object in view, but these outsiders swore they would do all sorts of terrible things, and so frightened the men that no person could be found to make a motion with that object in view. At last a few of us met and arranged for a meeting at which we were determined to take some action. I do not wish to put myself prominently forward in a bragging kind of way, but I simply wish to chronicle the facts. The night of the meeting arrived. It was held in the open air, as there was no hall which could contain the crowd. There must have been 2,000 miners present. At the proper time and stage of the meeting I arose and moved "That the wages should once more revert to $10 for ten hours; that drifters should get $12 for ten hours; that all those responsible for the last strike of $12 for eight hours should be debarred from all works for the season." This motion was seconded by Cumming, who could scarcely be heard for the cheers with which the motion was received. I was told by a man who was distant about a mile, and on account of an injury unable to be present, that he heard the cheering most distinctly. The motion was carried by a large majority. It effected two good results. One was the resumption of work and the other was the banishment of an element among the miners who are a curse to every mining camp. Work in all of the mines was resumed next day. All the bad and troublesome characters were gradually weeded out. Judge Begbie, in addressing the grand jury on a certain assize held after this, said: "That it appeared to him, judging from the men whom he had met in Cariboo, as though every good family of the east and of Great Britain had sent the best son they possessed for the development of the gold mines of Cariboo. He also said, "That the best hotels of London did not possess a record book of arrivals with finer specimens of handwriting than were to be found in the most humble of hostelries of Barkerville and Richfield, that the miners of this country were the finest body of men he had ever met." I heard Judge Begbie pass these remarks, so that they are not hearsay as between him and me.

The celebrations at midsummer used usually to last four of five days, so as to include the first and fourth of July, and during the whole of this time there were no disturbances, no rows, no drunkenness.

The gold that has been taken out of Cariboo has never been correctly stated. It has always been too low. The mine owners always kept the real output a secret. I can state positively that the companies always made a strict rule that the amount of the output should be kept secret. This secret was intensified after Governor Seymour put on a tax of 50 cents an ounce. From that moment the government has never been able to ascertain the amount. J. T. Steele, John Bowron, gold commissioner, and George Tunstall, gold commissioner, collected the output from each working for our own information. Speaking for myself, and I think they all did the same, I paid periodical visits to each creek, including all the outside creeks and workings, and enquired carefully into their output. We got our information after a great deal of work, but in some cases the mine owners were very reticent.

To exemplify the difficulty of getting honest and correct returns, I will give this example. I went in 1874 to the mouth of Brigg's Gulch, where three old Frenchmen had been ground-sluicing three or four years. When I asked them on the evening of my arrival how they had been doing, they said nothing at all; that they had not been paying expenses. But when I told them that I had prospected the same ground in 1862 with good results, they said they had $180,000 on hand, and would make $20,000 more that season, when their claim, they thought, would be worked out. Then they would go to Paris and enjoy life.

When Bowron, Steele, Tunstall and I compared notes in later days, we decided that the lowest estimate we could make of the output of Cariboo was $100,000,000. William's and Lightning, we were sure, paid more than $50,000,000. Stout's Gulch paid $1,000 per lineal foot for a mile. The lower hundred feet of the Steele claims on William's Creek, abreast of Richfield, paid over $500,000.

Over thirty years ago a stranger, who was writing up the country, undertook to cut $100,000,000 in two. This was done by a man who knew nothing about the country, and still less than nothing about Cariboo. Then Mr. Robertson, our present provincial mineralogist, cut that estimate in two, on what authority I do not know. Twenty-five millions never paid for the goods, machinery, tools and food products which were shipped into Cariboo. Among these goods, if I may call them such, were most expensive pumps, boilers and engines. Seven of these pumps in the Kurtz and Lane Company's claims can

never be removed again. Take into account the freight paid on all these goods and supplies for three years—and heavy years they were—when freight was 78 cents per pound from Yale and Lillooet to Cariboo. In conversation with George Murdoch, not long ago, he said that no one who knew anything about Cariboo would venture to suggest that the output of the mines was lower than $80,000,000, although he felt sure it must have been $100,000,000. George Murdoch was forty-nine years in Cariboo and must be considered an authority.

After Governor Seymour had proclaimed a tax of fifty cents an ounce on the gold taken out, the miners showed a general indisposition to paying it. If I remember rightly, the tax was collected at New Westminster. What was the result? Many miners with large amounts of gold in their possession dodged the tax by going to the United States by way of Kamloops. They avoided passing through New Westminster. For instance, I can remember Jeffery Bros., cattlemen, taking 250 lbs. of gold dust out of the country by this route. How could the Government obtain an accurate return of the gold taken out of the mines, if the miners did not give them the information, and in face of evasions such as I have just stated? The Chinese, who became very numerous, refused information to every one. It was simply impossible to get any return from them. Now that I mention the Chinese I may say that they were kept out of Cariboo until the fall of 1864, when a Chinese cook who was with Jack Bowie's pack train got a foothold in Barkerville. After that it was simply impossible to keep them out, as the law protected them like any other human being who chose to enter Cariboo, or a British colony, and behave himself. The Chinese did no prospecting. At first they bought claims which were supposed to be nearly worked out, but many of these paid richly afterwards. I remember they bought the "twelve-foot" Davis claim on William's Creek, and which lay between the Adams and Grier claims. It was twelve feet across the creek, and had been twice worked over. It paid Davis $12,000 over and above all expenses. Wilkinson bought it and cut the bedrock deeper, when he obtained another clear $12,000—about $24,000 in all above expenses. Then Wilkinson, thinking that he had obtained all that was in it, sold it to the Chinese for $2,000, and in the first week after cutting the bedrock still deeper, they struck a crevice out of which they took $10,000 in two days. The following week they struck another crevice out of which they took $15,000 in one day. That was in the fall of 1864. These twelve feet of ground paid in all about $65,000. The Chinese developed some very good hydraulic claims, and kept buying claims anywhere. They made money all over Cariboo. We estimated at the very lowest com-

putation they did not send out less than ten million ($10,000,000) dollars.

I went in to Cariboo in the fall of 1861, and left it for good in June, 1877. From the time I went in my headquarters were in Antler, on Antler Creek, but when William's Creek took the lead in August, 1862, I made William's Creek my headquarters. During the whole time I was in Cariboo I took an active part in everything that went on, and as I was at the centre of operations, so to speak, I had a good opportunity of being posted on the output of all the mines, and of mining work generally. It was not like as though I was living on an outside creek, where mining news was scarce. Another reason why I had a good opportunity of being posted was from the fact that I had prospected the greater portion of Cariboo. Ed. Stout did not discover Cariboo, nor did he claim to, but he discovered Stout's Gulch, half a mile from the present site of Barkerville. I saw him working there in 1862. He is still mining, I believe, which will represent half a century of work. Stout's partner, Dutch Bill, discovered Williams Creek in 1861. For quite a while his discovery was called Dutch Bill's "humbug." They were both very fine men. Stout was a teetotaller. I never saw or heard of his taking a drink of liquor. Bill Cunningham discovered Cunningham Creek in 1861; George Harvey, Harvey Creek in 1860. The last time I saw him in Cariboo was at Deep Creek in February, 1863, when we were bringing Mrs. Cameron's body down to Victoria. At that time he was very ill with confluent smallpox. He is still living, his home being at Colville, Wash. About eight months ago I was in Spokane, and as my route from there took me through Colville, I wired him to meet me at the station as the train passed through. He met me. He was then 85 years of age. He was a very tall man, standing six feet four inches in his stockings.

Lightning Creek was discovered by Henry Lighthall, W. Cunningham and Ned Campbell. When about to give their discovery a name, Cunningham proposed that they should call it Lighthall Creek, but Lighthall said "No, but I would suggest that it be called Lightning Creek, as it will be chain lightning to work it." Lightning Creek it was therefore called. Keithley Creek was discovered by Doc Keithley in '60; Rose's Gulch by John Rose in '60. This man was called by many "a leader of men," and came from one of the Southern States of the Union. He was six feet four inches in height and was a very handsome man. Chisholm Creek was discovered by a miner named Chisholm, hailing from Nova Scotia; Lowhee Creek by Dick Willoughby, in '61. This creek turned out to be very rich. Sugar Creek was discovered by the Thain Bros. in '62. These Thains lived

for a time in Victoria after they left Cariboo. Two of them, Captain John and Captain Murray, were partners in the stevedoring business. Murray Thain removed to Moodyville and loaded vessels bound to that mill for lumber. Captain John, who always lived in Victoria, made a specialty of loading spar timber, and frequently came to Burrard Inlet for that purpose. Captain John died in Victoria about twenty years ago, and Murray Thain, who was harbor master in Vancouver for many years, died about five years ago. The third brother, James Neelon Thain, lived a private life in Victoria, and died some years prior to the death of Captain John. Grouse Creek was discovered by George Black, late of Hastings, and two others in '61. There were many other creeks and gulches but they were not named after their discoverers.

Now I come to those who were the real discoverers of Cariboo. The seven men to whom we must take off our hats I will mention in the order in which they were esteemed by the miners of Cariboo. First was the man who I have already mentioned was generally called "a leader of men," namely, John Rose, then John McLean, James May, John Houser, Fred Black, George Weaver and "Black" McDonald. They started from Keitheley Creek during the winter of '60-'61, going over Bald Mountain, and thence down on to Antler Creek; striking very rich pay there. For a short time the discovery claim paid 200 ounces a day ($3,200), to one rocker. This rocker was run by John McLean, who is living today at Quesnelle, and is quite well off and a prominent member of the Methodist Church. He is now 81 or 82 years of age. Mr. McLean came from Kentucky. These were the 200 ounces a day which I read about when customs officer at Osoyoos, and which impelled me to join in the rush for Cariboo Jim May is living in the Peace River country, and I hear is well fixed. He must be 85 or 86 years of age. He also comes from the Southern States, and he, McLean and Rose, were all tall men. Of these seven six owned rich claims. "Black" McDonald, as he was called, never seemed to make headway, and made scarcely any money. He was the son of chief factor McDonald of Fort Colville, whom I have already mentioned in connection with the McLaughlin expedition. This younger McDonald was a halfbreed, and was a real good fellow and noted for his great strength.

George Weaver met his death on Weaver's Gulch, Kootenay, in a ground sluice claim which he was working all alone. When found he was buried to the neck in sofe icy cold ground. He had been in this condition for two days and a half. He nearly survived the shock after all, his physical strength being very great. John Houser died

a short time ago. He was the managing owner of a flour mill near Colville, Wash. Frederick Black was drowned in Dease River, Cassiar, in 1878, I think. John Rose was murdered while on the Rose expedition, in '62. I was well acquainted with all of the discoverers of Cariboo except Keithley. I had two chances of being sheriff of Cariboo. The first chance occurred in '65, when Hamilton resigned. I had accepted the appointment and in another half hour would have been sworn in, when I said to the judge: "What about the seven Chilcotin Indians who are to be hanged within two weeks" "I'm afraid your office would cause you to have to do the hanging," he replied. "Then I won't accept the office," although it was good for $7,000 a year. Mr. Lee accepted it, and had the hanging done for $250. Sheriff Lee laughed at me several times after that. The second time I was offered it was when Chisholm resigned, or was made to resign, on account of having offered for $1500 to pack a jury for John Perrin in some trial in 1875. Judge Ball of the county court was making out the necessary papers when I asked him: "What about the execution against the Neufelders?" They had lost their suit for the third time. "I think that is one of your first duties," said Judge Ball. "Then I refuse the appointment, for I am one of the few men who have ever been invited into their parlor." This execution was settled out of court. The appointment at that time was worth $6,000 a year. Ball tried to get me to accept, saying that they wanted a man who would show more courage than they had as yet shown. Since that time my brother John has been sheriff for about twenty-two years. He is still in Cariboo, and has been there for forty-nine years. Before going any further let me say that the story published by Bancroft on the authority of R. Byron Johnson, in a book entitled "Very Far West, Indeed," about a lynching having taken place on Jack of Clubs Creek is a downright falsehood and a gross libel on the law-abiding miners of Cariboo. I do not know how Johnson came to invent such a story, but as this gentleman was notorious for many other equally true stories about persons and places in this work of his, this story was no effort for his imagination. I only mention this to give it the most positive refutation. Judge Begbie inspired too much respect for the law of Great Britain to allow of such a thing taking place without swift trial and punishment following.

The full history of Cariboo as I knew it from 1861 to 1877 would take some time to write and would fill a rather large volume. So far what has been written is very poor and unreliable.

The judges or gold commissioners, as they combined both offices, were as follows: In 1861, Judge Nynd; in 1862, Judge Elwyn; in

1863, Judge O'Reilly; in 1864, 1865 and 1866, Judge Cox; Judge Brew succeeded Judge Cox, but he only lived a short time and was succeeded by Judge Ball. Of these Judges Edwyn and O'Reilly were excellent interpreters and administrators of the law. Judge O'Reilly was especially popular. Judge Cox gave some very strange decisions, and was extremely fond of holding that "possession was nine points of the law." His decisions were nearly always reversed by Judge Begbie when they came up on appeal.

If Judge Cox was a poor jurist he was an excellent artist and had many excellent sketches, which were much admired in Cariboo. With Mr. G. A. Walkem he was on any but friendly terms. Now, Walkem, as many people in this province know, was also an artist, and was especially good at drawing caricatures. He had drawn one of Judge Cox which was the talk of all the mining camps, and its existence coming to the ears of Judge Cox, he asked a mutual friend to endeavor to get it from Walkem, by purchase or other means. The judge then furnished the friend with $600, and in due course that friend presented himself to Walkem, in that gentleman's office. After some general observations on many other irrelevant subjects the conversation turned on to the caricature of Judge Cox. The mutual friend at first asked Mr. Walkem for the offending sketch, but unsuccessfully. Then he offered him $600 for it. Mr. Walkem thought for a few moments, and then looking at the mutual friend said, "Oh, no! Judge Cox sent you down here. Just go back and tell Cox that he could not have that sketch for twice six hundred dollars." There the matter ended. Poor Cox died in San Francisco. At the last he was in straitened circumstances.

Judge Brew was the poorest judge we ever had there. He lived only a short time after being appointed judge, and died and was buried in Cariboo.

John Ball was very much esteemed as a judge, and his decisions were generally considered clear and good and the equal of Judge O'Reilly's.

Judge Begbie was the judge all we old-timers considered as the best of the old-time judges, both in criminal and civil suits. One anecdote in connection with his administration of the law I think is worth telling.

There was an eighty thousand dollar suit before him between the Raby Co. and the Dead Broke Co. The trial of this case lasted two days. I was the principal witness in this case, and was under cross-examination by Hon. G. H. Carey, the then attorney-general, and the builder of Carey Castle, used by the lieutenant-governor of the pro-

vince. I was in the witness box for four hours. Carey was treating me very badly, and in trying to hold my own I was saying some hard things to him. The whole court broke out laughing when I told him of his many crooked acts in Cariboo. Then Carey appealed to the court for protection, but Judge Begbie refused, telling the attorney-general he deserved all he was getting. "Mr. attorney, the witness is only telling you the truth." Carey then pulled off his wig and dashed it down on the table, upon which Judge Begbie got very angry and said: "I have a good mind to order your wig and gown off for ever in this colony. Sit down, sir. I will now take this witness in hand myself."

Of the forty charter members of the William's Creek Bed Rock Flume Company of William's Creek, of '64, if Jack Edwards has passed away, I am the only one living. Hon. G. A. Walkem, afterwards Premier and judge, a very able lawyer, attended to all matters in connection with the charter, and was counsel for some years. The British Columbia Mining & Milling Company was first located in 1863, and was called the Golden Gate Company. Cariboo Cameron, Charley Hankin, myself and seven lawyers owned it. Of the lawyers I might mention three, G. A. Walkem, H. E. Courtney, a Dublin solicitor and afterwards police magistrate in Victoria, and Mr. Barnston, who was a gold medallist of McGill University, and whose father, a retired Hudson's Bay official, lived in Montreal.

Of the twenty-two men who assisted in hauling the body of Mrs. Cameron up the mountain side opposite Richfield, on the last day of January, '63, William Hodginson, of Barkerville, is the only one remaining besides myself.

Of the ninety persons who wintered in Cariboo in the winters of '62 and '63, the following are the sole survivors: John Bryant, of Nanaimo; John Pinkerton and Hodginson, of Cariboo, and myself. The women who were there that winter were as follows: Mrs. Winnard (with her husband), Mrs. Connelly (with her husband), Mrs. Richard Cameron (with her husband), known as Little Dick Cameron, Lizzie Roddie, her sister, afterwards Mrs. A. D. McInnes, of Fort Alexander, and Scotch Jennie, afterwards Mrs. Allan. All these women are dead long ago. Cariboo Cameron died in Joe Mason's hotel, Barkerville, twenty-five years ago, and is buried in the grave yard opposite the old town of Camerontown, right abreast of the Cameron claim. Peter Gibson, who was constable under me at Osoyoos Lake, was the first person buried there. He was from Vankleek Hill, and we had attended school together. Since it was first selected the graveyard has been enlarged several times, and is now very full. Here

some of the best men of Cariboo are buried. There were some very bright intellects in Cariboo in the olden days.

I was in Cariboo seven years ago, and went to look at the graves where some of my old-time friends were buried. The first grave I visited was that of my old friend and associate, Cariboo Cameron. He and I had been through much together, and had seen many hard scenes since we had left our homes in old Glengarry. His grave is marked by a neat marble headstone, but although I am nearly 76 years of age, I still intend taking the body of Cameron and burying it alongside that of his first wife.

When in Cariboo I could not help thinking of all those who in the sixties were fellow-miners with me, in the search for gold. Free hearted, manly, happy fellows they were, or at least the majority of them were. Yet there were some on whom fortune had not shone, as they had hoped she would.

In the intensity of their disappointment many committed suicide. I can not help mentioning some of the most notable of these cases.

Perhaps the saddest was that of Fraser. When Simon Fraser, the great pathfinder and discoverer of the river which bears his name died, he left a will bequeathing a very large homestead farm to his children, to be equally divided amongst them when the youngest came of age. John Fraser, a very bright young fellow, was the eldest son. He had received an excellent education, and was a civil engineer by profession. Like many others he had heard of the wonderful gold mines of Cariboo. After a consultation with the other members of the family, it was decided to raise three or four thousand dollars on the farm, and give it to John, to pay his expenses in reaching Cariboo, to invest in any promising mine which he might hear of. The money was raised by one of those old-time snap mortgages, where no notice of foreclosure was necessary. In due course Fraser arrived in Cariboo, and one of the first he met after his arrival in Barkerville was myself. Explaining to me that he had a few thousand dollars, and his great desire to invest them in some safe mine where he might be able to get some return for his brothers and sisters, I advised him to buy into the Prince of Wales claim on William's Creek, in which Jim Cummings and I were also interested, and to go to work himself on the dump box at $10 a day. The Prince of Wales was returning good dividends to the shareholders, and with these and his wages he was doing exceedingly well. But he was not contented with this state of things, but launched out into mining ventures in all directions. He was soon deep in mining, and one of the leading men of Cariboo. He was elected president of the Literary Society, the Glee Club and the

Library Association. He was also a member of the Methodist choir, which had the reputation of being the best in British Columbia. Whilst he was doing well in his mining ventures he was neglecting the mortgage which was hanging over the family homestead, on which his three sisters and two brothers were living. One day in May, 1865, two letters came in for him by the express. The first letter he opened told him that the bloodsuckers had foreclosed the mortgage on the family homestead, and that his sisters had been turned out upon the road. This was a hard blow, but a worse one was to follow. The second letter informed him that his fiancee had forgotten her plighted troth to him, and had married another. Poor Fraser! He rose up from his chair a raving maniac. All night long he trod the floor of his room, and next morning a little after daylight, he cut both jugular veins with a small pen knife. With the blood rushing from his throat he endeavored to reach the dark timber, but he was overtaken by two of us and carried into the surgery of Dr. Chipp, where that gentleman and Dr. Bell endeavored to stitch the jugulars. It was all in vein. Fraser was dead in twenty minutes. He was scarcely cold before they struck it rich in the Saw Mill claim in Conklin's gulch, in which he was heavily interested. Thus the poor fellow died another victim to misplaced love!

Another suicide was Mr. Pin, of Pin & Co. Pin took poison in September, 1864, after losing $60,000. He took the poison when in the woods, and his body was not found for ten months.

Still another gentleman who took his life was Robert Craig, manager of the Bank of British Columbia. He was one of the most considerate of men, but too kind-hearted to be manager of a bank. He had allowed the Oppenheimer Bros., Uriah Nelson, Scott of Lillooet, and many others to get too heavily indebted to the bank. As these parties did not pay up he saw his mistake and resigned. He then engaged in mining, but was most unlucky, and in a moment of despair, committed suicide.

One of our best men was Mr. Neufelder. As a merchant he was more highly esteemed than any other man in Cariboo. His mind became deranged by the loss of $200,000, and his inability to pay his creditors. He shot himself with his revolver. His death produced a very painful impression, and was regretted by all classes of the community.

In the "Mystic Spring," Mr. D. W. Higgins tells of a duel which took place in Victoria in '58, between Liverpool Jack and a young Englishman. Murdoch Campbell, Thomas Allen and James Holmes, three Cariboo miners, told me on one occasion in Cariboo that they

were on the spot when the duel took place, and a few minutes after it occurred they saw the dead body of the young Englishman lying on the ground where he had fallen, but not another living being besides themselves was in sight. Everybody was afraid of the law, which was very severe about duelling, so they kept away.

But that was not by any means the only duel which took place in British Columbia.

In '61 Adam Bean and John Wadley, both Kentuckians, had a dispute over a discovery claim on Mission Creek, Okanagan. Adam Bean was the discoverer of the Rock Creek mines. The duel was fought at a spot corresponding to where the town of Kelowna now is. Bean was armed with a six-shooter, and Wadley with a double-barrelled gun, loaded with buckshot. The distance was thirty yards. Wadley missed both shots, and of the six fired by Bean one missed, one cut a lock of hair from Wadley's head, and three went through the rim of his hat, and one tore his scalp. Bean was considered one of the best shots on the Pacific coast. I was well acquainted with both.

Another duel I recollect was in 1863, between John Mahoney, a handsome young New York Irishman, and a Mexican. A woman was the cause of this duel. It took place on the flats on the opposite side of the Fraser from Lillooet. It was agreed that the distance should be ten paces, and that they should both fire on a signal given by a referee. Both men stepped off the ten paces, but the Mexican treacherously fired before the signal was given, shooting poor Mahoney through the heart, and killing him instantly. Nothing was done in this matter. Those concerned in it disappeared at once, and everything was hushed up. The Mexican was never seen again, on this side of the boundary line anyway. Some revenge would have been taken on the Mexican by the Irishman's friends had he remained in the country.

Another duel took place about thirty years ago on the Similkameen River, near where the town of Keremeos now stands. A Montana cowboy named Jimmie McLaughlin, and a Dutchman named Schwartz had a dispute over a horse and saddle. The cowboy thinking to bluff the Dutchman challenged him to fight him with pistols. As neither of the two possessed any firearms, those anxious to see a scrap hunted two up, but they were of a very old pattern and rusty at at that. One was a five shooter four inches long, and the other was also a five shooter of the old pepper box pattern. They pulled straws for choice of weapons. It was arranged that each man should take hold of the corner of a pocket handkerchief, and still keeping a grip

should keep firing at one another until their ammunition was expended.

On the appointed day both took positions on the chosen ground, and grasped the opposite corners of a large cotton handkerchief. The cowboy never expected to see the Dutchman file an appearance on the ground, but he couldn't bluff Schwartz. Holding the handkerchief they both opened fire, moving round in a circle, and making every now and then, some wonderful jumps in the air. Before the word was given to open fire, the spectators, who were somewhat numerous, sought shelter behind trees, banks of earth, or anything which afforded protection from stray flying bullets, but this really proved unnecessary, as the two men were so close to one another that they could not miss.

The fight was fierce and continued until both weapons were empty. It was most laughable to see the movements of the men. After each shot one or the other would spring into the air like cats at play. Round and round they circled, holding tightly to the corners of the handkerchief. When the weapons were empty both men fell upon the ground exhausted, and had to be carried off the field. This fight differed from all other contests in that the two principals instead of losing weight, gained some ounces. They were chuck full of lead. Strange to say, both recovered, and the horse had a much needed rest, as neither party could sit in the saddle for some months. No action was taken by the authorities, for although there were quite a number present at the duel, nothing leaked out which could give the authorities grounds to take any action.

I have mentioned these duels because it has been positively denied by a certain authority that more than one duel was fought in B. C I think I ought to know.

I will mention, among the crimes committed, what was commonly known as the "murder of the Jews," and which caused a great deal of excitement throughout the Province, or colony, rather. There were three men who occasionally came to Cariboo with pack trains loaded down with food products, or merchandise, out of which they made large profits. One of these was David Galowski, or Sokoloski, a Russian Pole, a tall and very handsome man. Early in the year he had brought in a general assortment of merchandise, and on selling it had made a very handsome profit. But he was rather too fond of gambling, and when the day arrived on which he had to return to the coast, his profits had dwindled down to $2,000. Another man was Leone, a partner of I Braverman, well known in Victoria as a money lender. He had brought in some cases of long rubber boots, which he sold at $60 a

pair, or $720 a case. He had made a profit of $3,500. Then there was a little Frenchman, of the name of Routhier, and who had made a good profit out of a trainload of general merchandise. He had $5,500 dollars in his pocket. On a certain day in July, 1862, these three men left Antler Creek at the break of day for Victoria. There can be little doubt but that the fact that they carried this amount of gold dust out with them must have been known to others on the creek. One notorious thug was noticed by me hanging round the camp. His name was Crossroad Jack, an immigrant from across the line, and for whom a large reward was offered by the United States authorities. It was a cold sharp morning the day they left Antler, and the snow was light and crisp. They must have proceeded without seeing anybody, or without interruption as far as the lower side of Cap Mitchell's bridge, when they were set upon by three highwaymen. Leone and the little Frenchman were shot down, but Galowski had made a fight for what he possessed, and a desperate struggle too, if his condition was any indication of what had occurred. His face and skull were badly battered in, and their bodies rifled of the gold dust, were found lying on the roadway. When the murder was reported to the authorities at Richfield, Judge Elwyn, with Charles Seymour and a posse of special constables, set out for the scene of the murder. They suspected one man of having a hand in it. His name was Crossroad Jack, a desperate thug already mentioned, who had been seen in the vicinity of Antler at the time the three merchants had left there. A full description of him was given to Judge Elwyn and the chief of police by me. The expedition was a fiasco, as well as all the subsequent attempts to effect a capture of any one of the murderers. Instead of bringing in Crossroad Jack, they arrested and brought to Richfield an inocent Irishman of good character, who had a wife and family in Victoria. When he was brought to Richfield I was sent for to identify him, and when I told them that they had made a huge mistake, the blacksmith was sent for and his shackles struck off. However, the men were Crossroad Jack, Boone Helme, of Oregon, and a little Irishman. All of these thugs were subsequently arrested on the American side for other murders, and found their way to the scaffold. The little Irishman was the last executed. His execution took place in Montana, and when in prison prior to going to the scaffold, he confessed to the murders with the others already mentioned, and stated that about $8,000 were lying cached behind a log on the trail, and are lying there still, for so far no one has found them.

I have not succeeded in telling you the full history of Cariboo, but have been simply "hitting the high spots" so to speak. I think

that with the necessary time, and my mind free from the worries of mining, I could give you a very readable and correct description of the old Cariboo days, and a detailed delineation of some of the most highly educated as well as able men to be foun don any part of the earth's surface. But everything must have an ending, and so must this story of early days in Cariboo.

Of the men who worked there in 1861, the following are the only ones living: Edgar Dewdney, of Victoria; Ned Stout, of Yale; C. G.

RUIN OF "CARIBOO CAMERON'S" CABIN, BARKERVILLE.

Major, of New Westminster; John McLean, of Quesnelle; J. May, of Peace River; George Harvey, of Colville, Wash.; Johnny Bryant, of Nanaimo; John McLennan, of Vancouver; Tom Ladner, of Vancouver; Doc English, of Ashcroft; Isaac Oppenheimer, of Berlin, Germany; Phil Grinder, of Big Bear, on the Fraser River; Sam Pierce, of Princeton, and myself. Phil Grinder is now more than 93 years of age. Dewdney, Oppenheimer and I were in the big snowstorm that caught us on our way down from Cariboo that year. Of the men of '62 I can count between forty and fifty.

Before closing I must refer to a matter which caused a great deal of talk in Glengarry, in connection with the death and burial of Mrs. Cameron.

As I have already mentioned, Cameron and I left Cariboo on the 6th of October, 1863, for Glengarry. We went by way of Victoria, where Mrs. Cameron had been buried in the Quadra street cemetery. With a view of preserving her body, I have already mentioned the metal coffin in which she was placed, was filled with alcohol. This was done with a purpose, for Cameron had determined on taking her body east for burial, and the only route which could be taken in those days was by the Isthmus of Panama, where it was already intensely hot. We had the body disinterred and covered with a new box, and then set out for home. In due course we arrived in Cornwall, where arrangements were made to bury her in the cemetery in the town of Cornwall. Everybody expected that Cameron would give orders for the opening of the coffin, so as to allow her relatives a view of her face. But Cameron refused. This made me intensely angry, and I reminded him in language that could be heard all over the cemetery of his promise to me, when I first consented to accompany him with the body to Victoria. He still refused, when I again said in a high voice: "Cameron, the day will come when you will have to show her face. The people are not satisfied, and never will be, until you do show it. This is an awful mistake you are making. You made a distinct promise to me that you would do so, or I would never have left Cariboo with her body and you." Cameron asked me three or four times to make a sworn statement in regard to her death, but I refused.

In the cemetery as a last argument to induce him to open the coffin, I came to Cameron and told him that even his wife's father had doubts about Mrs. Cameron's body being in the coffin. That the old gentleman had pointed his finger at the coffin and in a very doubting tone of voice had said, "Yes, they tell me she is there." Cameron said, "Bring the man who heard him say so before me now." "Yes, I will do that," I said. I hunted up Aleck Robinson, and brought him face to face with Cameron, and said to him: "Did you hear Mr. Groves say 'they tell me she is there?'" Aleck admitted that he had heard the old gentleman say that a few minutes previously. "That settles it," said Cameron. "I will never show her face now to any person." He had his own way, and she was buried at that time without her face being shown. That night we stayed at the old Cameron homestead, and we quarrelled again, and although the two brothers and sisters tried to smooth matters over, neither of us was satisfied.

Nine years rolled round, and there is a change on the part of Cameron. In those nine years the tongue of scandal had been busy. I was then in Cariboo. A story invented by some paper in the town of Malone, N. Y., that the body Cameron had brought home with him was not that of his wife,—that she was still living and the wife of an Indian chief to whom Cameron was said to have sold her for the money he had brought home with him. This disgraceful libel and slander found their way all over the country, and were firmly believed by the majority of people. The story got into the magazines, and were even the foundation of a novel. In Cariboo I received a full account of what was being said from his second wife, and from that good man, James T. Steele, the former secretary of the Cameron company. These and Cameron tried to induce me to contradict the story in the form of an affidavit, but I refused. I knew that my doing so would never contradict the story to the satisfaction of the public, and I was determined to make Cameron do what he had promised me, and show his wife's face.

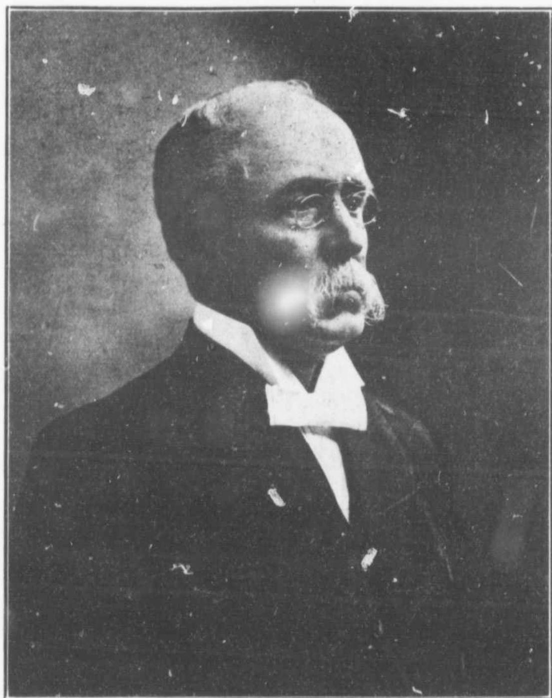
Well, the pressure of scandal and public opinion proved too great, and on disinterring the coffin to remove it to Summertown, on the banks of the St. Lawrence, close to the pretty house and farm of Cameron, he opened the coffin in the presence of many spectators, and this satisfied everybody, and put a stop at once to the cruel stories which had been in circulation for nine years. Mr. Pringle, of Vancouver, son of Judge Pringle, of Cornwall, was present in the graveyard that day Mrs. Cameron, therefore, had four funerals.

On his return from Cariboo in '63, to old Glengarry, Cameron purchased a farm, which was overrun with mustard weed, on which he spent $52,000, and built a $16,000 house. This farm turned out a complete failure, and would not have supported him, even if he had worked to himself. This was his first bad speculation, and was followed by a big loss in a sawmill and timber limits, and a bad contract on the Lachine Canal. He also lost a large sum in some quartz mines in Nova Scotia. It ended in Cameron losing everything, in fact he "went broke," if I may use that expression in that form. In the meantime Cameron had married again, and returned to Cariboo to seek another fortune. But Dame Fortune does not often favor her protege twice. Poor Cameron! He died about six weeks after his arrival in Barkerville. Perhaps of a broken heart. Who knows? He was buried, as I said before, opposite his claim of the golden days of '62 and '63.

He and I were so mixed up in business together that I never can

forget him. I knew him very intimately, and always regarded him with a great deal of affection. This regard was mutual.

Cameron's second wife is still living, and in excellent health. She resides in Chicago and is now 73 years of age. She is a daughter of Col. John R. Woods, who, at one time, was a wealthy man. Like



THE HONORABLE G. A. WALKEM.

Cameron, he had some bad speculative investments, and is now much reduced in circumstances. I might say that Judge Brew died in Cariboo, and was not killed in the Chilcoten country.

I have now finished this long, long story, but I could have made

it much longer, which would be the only way to do full justice to Cariboo and her golden days.

You ask me whether my life has been a success. I answer "yes." At the present time I, in common with my Methodist family, own a large and beautiful farm, with a good home on it, at Sardis, Chilliwack, in the best part of the Fraser Valley. I am not much at home, as my occupation as a mining man takes me a good deal among the rich mines of the Similkameen Valley. With the exception of E. F. Voight, I own more good mining property than any man in that country. My first claim was recorded in the Similkameen in 1877, and a new mining record book had to be opened at Yale, in which to enter my first record. This has since been known as "the lost Stevenson mine," but it was never lost to me. This was the first claim that drew the attention of mining men to the Similkameen. My first assay, made at the government office, Victoria, was $19,697 to the ton, and in seven different assays of other ore, the lowest assay went $3,760 to the ton. I still own the property, but it is so difficult of access that it is almost impossible to develop it.

I could tell of numerous and unpunished murders that took place in the early days on both sides of the boundary line. These were common during the time that I was customs officer at Osoyoos.

It might perhaps be interesting to know that the Vernon country was once given to the Okanagan Indians by Judge Cox, but when Governor Douglas heard of it he cut the reserve in two at the base of the lake.

I forgot to mention that the first representative from Cariboo was James Orr, and the second G. A. Walkem, who in that district was never vanquished. He was unbeatable.

A short time since I received a letter from a gentleman of Walla Walla, who in former years had been a members of the McLaughlin expedition to the Fraser River, in which he said that the description of that expedition was the best and only correct one he had ever read, and he had read legions.