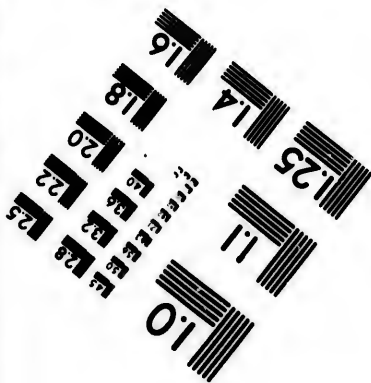
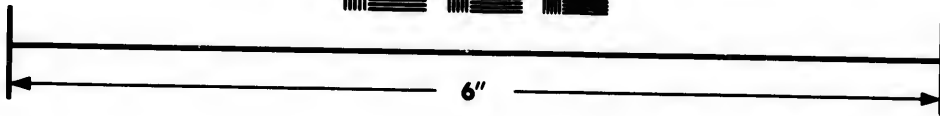


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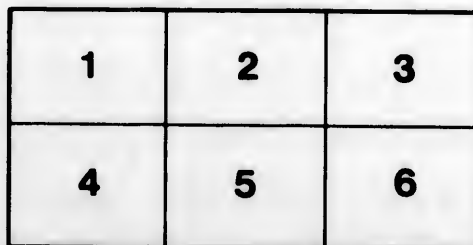
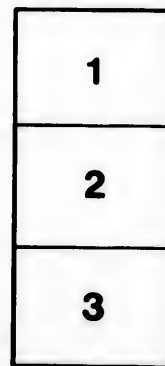
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 "Oh, Harry!" He almost pushed her away from him as he hurried to the door. It was some time before Edith joined her mother and Annie, and when she did so her eyes were very red, though it was the common belief in the family that Edith never cried.

*J.K. Lord*  
 "HOW WE WENT TO FORT RUPERT,"  
 AND MADE A STRANGE PURCHASE.

VICTORIA, the capital of Vancouver Island, now a thriving town, in 1857 had barely commenced its existence; its subsequent rapid rise and growth in commercial prosperity being solely attributable to the gold discoveries on the Fraser, and latterly to the vast gold fields of Carraboo.

My story commences on board the Hudson's Bay Company's steamer, *The Otter*, as she puffed and twisted out of Victoria Harbour one sunny morning in the year 1857; our destination, Fort Rupert, a trading post of the Company's at the extreme north end of Vancouver Island. As we left the harbour, the scenery opened out like a magnificent panorama, indescribably wild and beautiful. In front, the sharp jagged mountains of the coast range, wooded to the sea-line, towering up in the far distance to the regions of eternal snow. To the left, the rounder hills of the island, sloping easily to the water's edge, in grassy glades and lawn-like openings, belted with scrub-oaks, that higher up the hill sides are overshadowed by the Douglas pine and cedar. Just visible in our course, like a green speck, the famed Island of St. Juan; whilst bending away to the right as far as eye could reach, the dense forests of Oregon looked like one vast unbroken sea of green.

To take in a fresh supply of coal, we called at Nainimo, now the great coaling depôt of the island, at this early stage of its history consisting of about a dozen log shanties built in a row overlooking the harbour, inhabited by the coal miners and employes of the fur-trading establishments.

Whilst "coaling," a deputation of Indian braves, headed by a young chief, waited on the captain of the steamer. Squatted in a circle on the deck, the all-essential pipe smoked, the object of their visit was disclosed.

The Fort Rupert Indians residing at the Indian village and trading post we were en route to visit, had very recently made a raid on these, the Nainimo savages; in the foray the old chief had been killed, several braves seriously injured, and what was worse than all, the favourite wife of the deceased dignitary seized, and carried off a slave. The young chief, it seems, had loved the wife of his predecessor, and was willing to pay any

ransom for his lost darling. After a long wa waa (talk), the captain consented to effect a purchase if possible, and bring back on our return the lost one to the arms of her sable lover.

Nothing could be more enjoyable than our run through the Gulf of Georgia, that opens out into a wide expanse for a distance of forty miles betwixt Nainimo and Valdes Island, then suddenly narrows to a channel about a mile in width, completely walled in by rocks; this narrow channel is Discovery Passage. About a mile from its entrance we passed a large Indian village, the home of the Tah-cultas, a powerful band, of most predatory habits, and generally at war with the different tribes north and south of them; they own a perfect fleet of canoes, a great many slaves, and they scalp and plunder all they can lay hands on.

For fourteen miles Discovery Passage is much the same width, until reaching Menzies' Bay, where the rapids commence. At the base of these rapids, the channel is barely a quarter of a mile wide, suddenly opening out into a large pond-like space. The tide rushes down the narrow passage at the rate of ten knots an hour, and to get up through it was as much as our little steamer could accomplish. Panting and struggling, sometimes hardly moving, at others carried violently against the shore, by slow degrees she breasted the current and got safely through. The rapids cleared, the remainder of the passage lay through open bays and groups of islands.

We are steaming into Beaver Harbour, a stiff breeze, a good half-gale, blowing dead in-shore.

The so-called harbour, being nothing more than an open roadstead, is disagreeably rough; a heavy sea rolls angrily in, dashing in foamy breakers on the rocky coast line.

We anchor about a mile from shore, the skipper deeming it unsafe to venture nearer. To announce our arrival, a gun is to be fired; this, I observed, was rather a service of danger to the sailor who had to touch it off, inasmuch as it was just an equal chance whether the bulk of the charge came through the barrel or the touch-hole, the latter having become so capacious from rust and long usage, as to necessitate the employment of an enormously long wand with a piece of lighted slowmatch tied to the end of it. All hands having cleared away, and carefully concealed themselves, the wand slowly appears from a secure hiding-place, and the wheezing bang proclaims "all's safe."

The report was still echoing through the distant hills, when countless tiny specks were discernible dancing over the waves like sea

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J. K. Lord.

JUNE 24, 1865

birds. On they came, a perfect shoal of them, nearer and nearer, all evidently bound for the ship. I could make out clearly now that the specks were canoes filled with Indians. By this time our boat was lowered; how I got into it, I never clearly remember; I have a dim recollection of descending a rope with great rapidity, and finding myself sprawling in the bottom of the boat, and being dragged up by the captain, much after the fashion adopted by clowns in a pantomime to reinstate the prostrate pantaloon upon his legs. At any rate I was safe, and the boat, propelled by four sturdy rowers, neared the shore.

On looking round, I observed the canoes had all turned towards the boat, and we were soon surrounded with the most extraordinary fleet I had ever beheld; the canoes were of all sizes, varying from those used for war purposes, holding thirty men, to the cockle-shell paddled by a squaw. With the exception of a bit of skin or old blanket tied round the waist, the savages were all perfectly nude, their long black hair hung in tangled elf-locks down their backs, their faces and bodies painted in most fantastic patterns with red and white. Keeping steadily along with us, they continually relieved their feelings by giving utterance to the most wild and fiendish yells that ever came from human throats.

As we neared the landing, I could see the chief trader of the Hudson's Bay Company, conspicuously white amidst a group of red-skins, waiting to receive us. The boat grated on the shingle some distance from the beach, white with spray. "Surely you don't expect me to go ashore like a seal?" I appealingly inquired of the captain. Before he had time to reply, four powerful savages, up to their waists in water, *fisted* me out of the boat; two taking my heels, and two my shoulders, bore me (as I have seen "bobbies" convey a drunken man) safely to the shore. Having handed my letters of introduction from his Excellency to the chief trader, I was presented to the chiefs as a Hijas tyee (great chief), one of "King George's" men. So we shook hands, and I attempted to move towards the Fort: it was not to be done; to use the mildest term, I was "mobbed;" old savages and young savages, old squaws and young squaws, even to boy and girl savages, rushed and scrambled as to who should first shake hands with me. Had I been a "pump" on a desert, surrounded by thirst-famished Indians, and each arm a handle, they could not have been more vigorously plied. Being rescued at last by the combined efforts of trader and captain, I was marched into the Fort, the gates shut with a heavy clang, and most thank-

ful was I to be safe from any further demonstrations of friendship. The evening passed rapidly and pleasantly away; my host was a thorough sportsman, full of anecdote, and hospitable to a fault.

Awaking early, I wandered out, and up into the bastion of the Fort. The sun was just creeping up from behind the ragged peaks of the Cascade Mountains, tinting with rosy light their snow-clad summits; the wind had lulled, or gone off to sea on some boisterous errand; the harbour, smooth as a lake, looked like burnished silver. There was a wild grandeur about the scenery, that awoke feelings of awe rather than admiration; everywhere nothing but vast piles of craggy mountains, clad from the snow-line to the sea with dense pine forests; not an open grassy spot, or even a naked mass of rock, peeped out to break the fearful monotony of these interminable hills.

The Trading Post is a square, enclosed by immense trees, one end sunk in the ground, and placed close together. A platform, about the height of an ordinary man from the top of these pickets, is carried along the sides of this square, so as to enable anyone to peep over without being in danger from an arrow or bullet. The entrance is closed by two massive gates, an inner and outer; all the houses—the chief trader's, employes', trading-house, fur-room, and stores—are within the square. The trade-room is cleverly contrived so as to prevent a sudden rush of Indians; the approach from outside the pickets is by a long narrow passage, bent at an acute angle near the window of the trade-room, being only of a sufficient width to admit one savage at a time (this precaution is necessary, inasmuch as, were the passage straight they would inevitably shoot the trader).

At the angles nearest the Indian village are two bastions, octagonal in shape, and of a very doubtful style of architecture. Four embrasures in each bastion would lead the uninitiated to believe in the existence of as many formidable cannons; with rammers, sponges, neat piles of round shot and grape, magazines of powder, and ready hands to load and fire, and, at the slightest symptom of hostility, to work havoc and destruction on any red-skinned rebels daring to dispute the supremacy of the Hudson's Bay Company. Imagine my surprise on entering this fortress to discover all this a pleasant fiction: two small rusty carronades, buried in the accumulated dust and rubbish of years, that no human power could have loaded, were the sole occupants of the mouldy old turrets.

The bell for breakfast recalling me, I

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J. K. Lord.

[June 24, 1865.]

JUNE 24, 1865.]

jokingly inquired of the chief trader if he had ever been obliged to use this cannon for defensive purposes. He laughed as he replied: "There is a tradition that at some remote period the guns were actually fired, not at the rebellious natives, but over their heads; instead of being terror-stricken at the white man's thunder, away they all scampered in pursuit of the ball, found it, and, marching in triumph back to the fort gate, offered to trade it, that it might be fired again!"

Breakfast finished, the trader, captain, and myself started for the village. Clear of the gates, we scrambled down a rocky path, crossed a mountain burn dividing the Indians from the fort, and entered "the City of the Redskins," which consists of a long row of huts, each hut nearly square, the exterior fantastically frescoed in hieroglyphic patterns, in white, red, and blue, having, however, a symbolic meaning or heraldic value, like the *totem* of the Indians east of the Rocky Mountains; four immense trees, barked and worked smooth, support each corner, the tops, like pediments to a column, carved to resemble some horrible monster; the hut constructed of cedar plank chipped from the solid tree with chisels and hatchets made of stone: many hands combine to accomplish this, hence a hut becomes the joint property of several families. Five tribes live at this village:—

Qua-Kars (numbering about)	. 800	warriors
Qual-quilths	" "	. 100 "
Kum-cutes	" "	. 70 "
Wan-lish	" "	. 50 "
Look-qua-lillas	" "	. 80 "

The entire population, even to the dogs, turned out on our advent. It was puzzling to imagine where they all came from. We soon formed the centre of the vilest assemblage man ever beheld; nothing I have ever seen in pictures or pantomime portraying demons, was half as ugly. The object of our visit was soon made known, and a ring was immediately formed by chiefs and braves, the squaws and children outside.

Had any charming princess, captive in an enchanted castle, been guarded by such a collection of painted ragamuffins as now surrounded us, he would have been a valorous knight that had dared venture to release her.

The first question discussed being the price, a much larger sum was asked than we felt disposed to pay. Although the slave belonged solely to one Indian, the power to sell resting with him only, still everyone had their say. Men gurgled and spluttered strangely unintelligible noises, women chattered and screamed

like furies, whilst children engaged in small battles outside the ring.

Thirty blankets and two trade guns—equal to 50l sterling, the price to be paid—were the terms at last agreed on. We then adjourned to the shed where the slave was a prisoner.

I was in a great state of expectation, picturing to myself an Indian Hebe, limbs exquisitely moulded, native grace and elegance in every movement, gorgeous in "wampum," paint, and waving feathers,—such as I had read of as "Laughing Water," or "Prairie Flower," in the full bloom of youthful loveliness.

Being carried, so to speak, into the shed, a waif in the stream of savages rushing like a human torrent to get in, with all the breath squeezed out of me, I was deposited somewhere; but as my head was enveloped in a dense cloud of pungent smoke, it was some time ere I discovered I was close to the captain. "Sit down," he roared, "you will die of suffocation if you keep your head in the smoke." At once I seated myself on the floor, and can now quite understand what being suffocated in a chimney, as climbing boys were wont to be, is like.

Once more enabled to see, it was easy to discover the secret: there being no place for the smoke to escape arising from about twenty fires, it naturally accumulates at the top of the shed, and one literally, not figuratively, "lives under a cloud." There was a hum and buzz, as in a nest of angry hornets; the din was increased by the dogs that fought and rolled in where I sat, and being by no means particular whether they bit my legs, or any other man's, it required a deal of agility to keep clear.

During an interval of peace, it was easy to make out that the slave was coming.

I longed for my field-glass to magnify her charms, expecting her to glide from beneath the smoke like a spirit—a veritable painted Venus.

Alas, how fleeting are imaginary pictures—poetic dreams—castles in the air!

Half crouching, and waddling rather than walking, came my ideal. Her only covering a ragged, filthy old blanket; her face begrimed with the dirt and paint of a lifetime; short, fat, repulsive, about forty years old, the incarnation of ugliness, a very Hecate!

All my romance vanished like a dissolving view. For what had I been squeezed nearly to death, half-suffocated, poisoned with a noxious stench, my legs imperilled by infuriated curs, my ears deafened, half devoured by insatiable blood-suckers?—to aid in paying 50l. for the ugliest old savage I ever saw.

All the chiefs assembled at the Fort in the

evening, to receive payment and hand over the slave. Squatting on their heels, nose and knees together, their backs against the wall, they formed a circle. The pipe produced (nothing can be done without it)—I say *pipe*, as *oneonly* is used,—filled and lighted, it passes from mouth to mouth; each taking a good pull, puffs the smoke slowly through his nostrils. The thirty blankets and two guns being piled in the centre of this strange assemblage, the slave was led in. Each blanket undergoing a most careful inspection, the guns being snapped and pointed, were finally approved of. A husky grunt from each of the council denoted general approval. The guns and blankets were carried off in triumph; and we became the fortunate possessors of “*the strange purchase.*”

J. K. L.

### THE LADY OF THE HAY-STACK.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

IN the year 1776, a young woman stopped at the village of Bourton, near Bristol, and begged the refreshment of a little milk. In her whole appearance there was something that irresistibly engaged the attention of all who beheld her. She was young and beautiful, and to a highly interesting countenance she added graceful and elegant manners.

Alone, a stranger, and in extreme distress, she used no arts to excite compassion, and uttered no complaint. Her whole deportment exhibited signs of superior breeding, but all her words and actions were marked by a certain wildness and want of consistency. As she could not be induced to make known her name, she was distinguished by that of *Louisa*. After having wandered about all day in search of a resting-place, when night came she laid herself down under a hay-stack. In vain did the neighbouring ladies expostulate with her on the dangers of such a situation. By them she was supplied with the necessaries of life, but neither threats nor entreaties could prevail on her to sleep in a house. As she at times discovered symptoms of insanity, she was conveyed to Bristol, and confined in St. Peter's Hospital, in that city. When released, she hastened with all the speed her shattered strength allowed to her favourite hay-stack, which was six miles from the place of her confinement. Her delight knew no bounds on finding herself once more free and safe beneath this miserable shelter. For four years she devoted herself to this wretched life without knowing the comfort of a bed or the protection of a roof. Although hardship, sickness, and misery gradually impaired her health and injured her

beauty, she had still a lovely figure and an uncommon sweetness of air and manner. She would neither wear nor accept finery or ornaments, but hung them on the bushes as unworthy her attention. Her way of life was harmless and inoffensive; every fine morning she walked about the village, conversed with the poor children, and made them presents of such things as had been given her, receiving in return milk and tea, for on this simple diet only would she live. When asked by the neighbouring ladies to live in a house, she always replied “that trouble and misery dwelt in houses, and that there was no happiness but in liberty and fresh air.” From a certain peculiarity of expression, the construction of some of her sentences, and a slightly foreign accent, it was thought that she was not a native of England, and various attempts were made, but in vain, to draw from her some knowledge of her origin. A gentleman who went to see her, having addressed her in different continental languages, she seemed restless, uneasy, and embarrassed; when at last he spoke in German, she could no longer suppress her emotion, but turned away from him and burst into tears. At length the unfortunate girl was removed to the village of Bitton, in Gloucestershire. Here she was placed under the care of Mr. Henderson, the keeper of a private mad-house, Mrs. Hannah More and her sisters undertaking the management of a subscription to defray the necessary expenses. By the attentions of a clever physician, her health improved, but her intellects became more impaired. It was thought there was more of idiotism than lunacy observable in her behaviour.

As it had been concluded from her accent that she was of German origin, every particular that could be collected concerning her was translated into that language, and sent to the newspapers of Vienna and other large cities of Germany, in the hope that it might lead to some discovery. The story was also published in the principal towns of France. These measures, however, yielded no certain light on the history of poor *Louisa*; but in the year 1785, a pamphlet, without name or place, appeared in the French language, called “*The Stranger: a True History.*” It was thought to have been originally published in some part of the Austrian dominions. The author gives an affecting account of the sufferings of the poor stranger in the neighbourhood of Bristol, translated from the English newspapers, leaving it to the public to determine whether the unhappy *Louisa* and the subject of his story were not one and the same person. This question may also be left to the decision of the present



